

Peter J. Potichnyj

MY JOURNEY

PART II

LITOPYS UPA

SERIES "EVENTS AND PEOPLE"

BOOK 4, PART II

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

Петро Й. ПОТІЧНИЙ

МОЯ ДОРОГА

частина II

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MY JOURNEY

Part II

A short memoir by Peter-Joseph Potichnyj, describing his life in the United States (1950–1964), his service in the United States Marine Corps during the Korean War, his completion of university education in Philadelphia and New York, followed by his subsequent departure to Canada.

Петро Й. Потічний, "Моя дорога". Частина 2. Короткий спомин Петра-Йосифа Потічного описує його життя в Сполучених Штатах (1950–1964), службу в американській морській піхоті під час Корейської війни, здобуття університетської освіти у Філадельфії і Нью-Йорку та завершується його подальшим переїздом до Канади.

ВІДПОВІДАЛЬНИЙ РЕДАКТОР
Петро Й. ПОТІЧНИЙ

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DP IN MUNICH

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



With friends at Warner Kaserne in 1949

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“REVOLUTIONARY” ACTIVITIES

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

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

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

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

REESTABLISHING FAMILY TIES

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

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

MAKING SAUSAGES

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

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

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

TEACHER'S SEMINARY

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

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

MEETING MY FUTURE WIFE

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



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

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

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

MOVING TO THE USA

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

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



On the train from Funk Kasserne to Bremen

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

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

The food on board was good and plentiful with generous portions of fresh fruit such as apples, oranges and bananas. There was no need to overeat at main meals because some food could be obtained between meals. But at one time a passenger, who apparently could not satisfy



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

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

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

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

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

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

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

GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT

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

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

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

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

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

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



Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral of Immaculate Conception in Philadelphia

THE UKRAINIAN COMMUNITY

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

DANCING

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



Cutting a rug in Philadelphia

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

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

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

BREAD AND CLIMATE

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

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

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

SELF-EDUCATION

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

JOINING THE RESERVES

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

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

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

MOBILIZATION AND BOOT CAMP

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

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

On leave in Philly with
my friend Kowalski



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

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

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

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

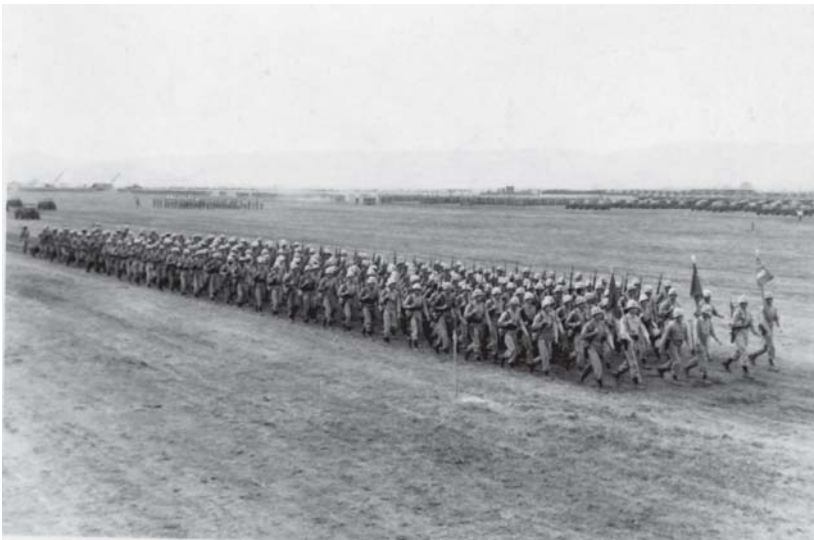
If the “spit shined” boots were not to the liking of the DI the individual in question would be made to hold his boots in his mouth by their strings and forced to sing: “I’m the shit bird till I die, But I’d rather

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

PLATOON GUIDE

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

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



Air-ground combat review at Camp Pendleton, California

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

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

DEMOTION

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

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

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

SHARP SHOOTER

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



Rifle practice on the firing range

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

RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY

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



Me with my friends at Camp Pendleton

Celebrating my birthday



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

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

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



Writing home

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

HAWAII

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

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

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

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



The Royal Hawaiian, Waikiki, Honolulu



Waikiki Beach, Hawaii. Present day view

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

LANGUAGE APPRECIATION

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

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

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

NIGHT SOIL AND “HONEY BUCKETS”

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



My luxury liner from Hawaii to the Orient



Oiran, the highest order of prostitutes in Japan

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

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

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

SEX RESEARCH

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

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



Rest & Recreation – the girlie show in Tokyo



Kabuki theatre in Japan

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

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

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

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

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



One of the many festivals in Japan

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

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

THE CLASH OF CULTURES

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



Waiting for lunch. I am on the left looking up

Being suited for underwater reconnaissance



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

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

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



Fujiyama from our barracks



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



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

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

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

A LINK TO THE MOTHERLAND

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

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



On one of the streets
in Yokohama

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

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

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

THE WAR, TRAINING AND ACCIDENTS

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



Learning how to throw knives

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



Gas mask training

We all had rubber belts that could be inflated. But to do so in this situation was not very wise because while they could keep one on the surface they also prevented fast, needed moves against the waves that were capable of enveloping and pushing one rather deep into the ocean. To avoid this one had to dive into the oncoming wave and come up on the other side. There were three of us in a close proximity to each other when the sergeant whose name escapes me now started screaming that he was drowning. The first rule of military life is that one never abandons a soldier in need. Two of us swam to him and tried to calm him but instead he grabbed the belt of the other man, pulled it off and when the next wave hit promptly lost it. I found a floating paddle next to me, and gave one end of it to the panicked man. But rather than holding on to it, he started to pull me over in order to grab me. The situation was becoming desperate and I asked the third fellow to get to the shore and try to bring some help while I continued to keep the sergeant at a safe distance. The fellow swam



Helicopter training



My first descent out of a helicopter

away and reached the shore, but no help was arriving. Slowly, painfully we made some progress to the shore being pushed by huge waves. Finally, when we were about fifty yards or so, from the shore four swimmers came out to pull us in. During this rescue I drank more sea water than ever before or since. Nobody was lost and the ill-planned training was nicely shelved. For a few days we had peace and quiet. I was then called to the Major's office and was told "well done" for keeping company of the frightened sergeant. The sergeant was transferred from our unit.

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

GETTING TO KNOW JAPAN

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



Himeji-Castle in Japan

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

I got to know various places in Tokyo because, most of the time, that is where I went. I visited various museums and that gave me a good appreciation of Japanese history and civilization, especially the samurai tradition, their life, clothing, weapons. Somewhat more difficult was getting to know Japanese culture. I went to Kabuki performances but found them difficult to comprehend; besides, the helpers on the stage who all dressed in black and were “invisible” to the Japanese, were simply too distracting for me. For some strange reason I found the Noh theatre more appealing, perhaps because it used masks in performances that represented gods, men, women, madmen and devils, etc and not simply painted faces like in Kabuki. There were also performances in which various characters were represented by rather large (3 feet?) puppets, which were being manipulated on the stage by “invisible” men dressed in black. An additional challenge was not understanding the language and the lack of proper literature in English made things even worse. After these heavy performances I usually rewarded myself with the girly shows and cabaret revues in western style. There were plenty of these in Tokyo and the language was completely irrelevant as they were catering to all kinds of tastes.

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



The Great Buddha of Kamakura

translations were published by a reputable publishing house. They must have been good.

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

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

she gave me an origami in a form of a flopping bird to remember her by. She said that it was her own creation. Regrettably I lost it on the way back to the barracks.

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

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



Tofoguji Temple



Kenninji Temple – the
oldest Zen temple in Japan

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

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

Tokyo. I will travel this route again when the time comes for me to return to civilian life. From Kobe we were shipped to San Francisco.

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

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

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

RETURN TO USA

Upon return to the USA we were all asked to re-enlist and some did. I decided that I had enough of military life. Three years in the UPA and now another three years in the Marines gave me both a lot of

heartache but also some wisdom. The Korean War allowed me to see Asia and to get acquainted with the ancient Japanese culture and civilization. Even more importantly I shed a great many stereotypes and prejudices that were with me since my childhood. No more “Yellow Peril” for me and the blacks, Polynesians, Chinese, and Koreans were simply people that I was sharing my life with.

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

When the time of discharge came I was invited by my friend Karo Kostan (Kostanian) to visit his family in Los Angeles. He was of Armenian descent and his extended family had rug and jewelry businesses on various continents. I was received very warmly and his grandmother took charge of me and fed me dolma, shish-kebab, something called quinces (made out of fruit of that name) and a lot of madzoon (a yogurt). I spent a week there and every day something new would appear on the table. A lot of Armenian wine and cognac was also available but I did not touch the cognac. Soon the time to depart was upon me and I took the train for a long trip via Chicago to Philadelphia.

GI BILL AND EDUCATION

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



The choir "Dumka" in Philadelphia

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

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

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

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

UNIVERSITY ENVIRONMENT

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

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



Mitten Hall Temple University

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

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

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

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

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

THE UKRAINIAN CLUB

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



Patricia Boyle, Irish member of the Ukrainian Club at Temple

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



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

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

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

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

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

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

REACQUAINTANCE WITH TAMARA



Tamara on our trip
to Washington, D.C.

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

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

shapely and my interest in her rapidly revived. She remembered me as well and to use the modified old phrase – love blossomed at the second glance. But it was not easy to penetrate the stiff rules and restrictions that prevailed in the school. To overcome them I decided to endear myself to Sister Olga, the nun in charge of the high school. I started with the hand kiss and it worked like a charm. Slowly, I was the only male allowed to remain on the school grounds even in the evening. Tamara and the other



The happiest day of my life

girls were quite happy with this turn of events and quite often we spent an evening in conversation while they were also doing their assignments. Many of them were practicing typewriting or shorthand and this gave me an idea of turning it at least partly to my advantage.

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

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



My graduation photo from Temple University

Catholic Church in New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. Anthony Kuchma officiating. Our witnesses were Roman Lazor, Silver Cross holder from Korea and his future wife Christine Telepko, Tamara's friend from Fox Chase. The wedding reception was held in the home of my in-laws. The group was small, consisting only of family members. From my side only Prof. Lew Shankowsky came to the wedding and delivered a short but sweet speech. We spent our wedding night in a cheap, dumpy hotel in New Haven because it was Yale Homecoming and all decent hotels were

booked well in advance and we had no money for a honeymoon. I returned to Philadelphia a married man but in a couple of months moved to New Haven to be together with Tamara.

LIFE IN NEW HAVEN



The crest of the Sydoryk family

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

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

a prisoner of war and returned to Lviv only after the city was captured by the Poles. His lineage was very old and his family crest hints that his ancestors may have come to Ukraine from Czech lands. Since he was

of advanced age he could not find a decent job he worked as the elevator operator in one of the commercial buildings. He never complained, had an excellent sense of humor, liked good food, drink, clothing, was a good conversationalist and his only fault was that he smoked incessantly. He knew how to handle money and in a few years was able to purchase a three story house on West Chapple Street in a good section of New Haven where he lived until his death. The ability to handle finances was passed on to Tamara and she became the treasurer in our new family.

My mother-in-law Sofia, nee Dudkevych, also came from an old family of landed gentry. Her father served as an officer in the Austrian Imperial Army and later lived on his estate in Rudno near Lviv. Like my wife she attended the Gymnazium that was run by the Basilian Sisters in Lviv and later became a devoted house wife with outstanding culinary skills. She was especially fond of baking superb tortes and various deserts. She lavished her attention on all of us but especially on me and in no time at all I began to look like a very pregnant person. She passed all her skills in cooking and baking to Tamara. She was also a very patient person and this trait, thank God, was also inherited by my wife. All of the stories about mothers-in-law simply did not apply to her. She was my second mother and for the first time since 1945 I felt happily at home.

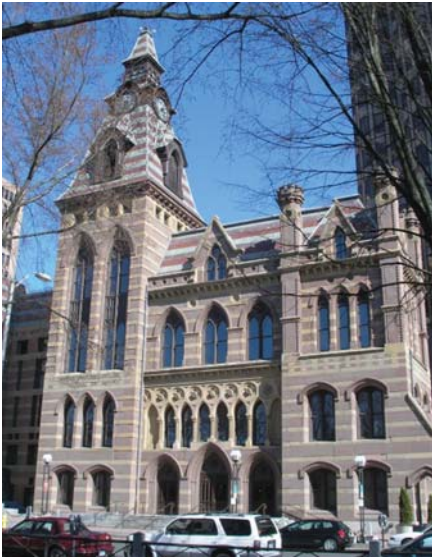


Tamara with her father,
Eugene P. Sydoryk



Tamara at her family home
in New Haven, Connecticut

DEPARTMENT OF WELFARE



New Haven City Hall

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

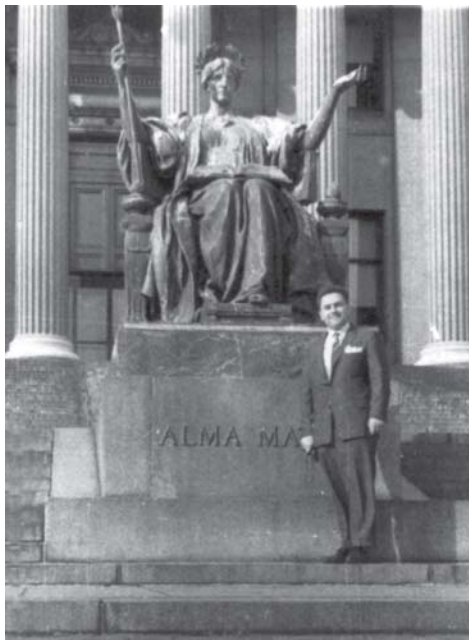
MOVING TO NEW YORK

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



Tamara at Columbia University

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



Me at Columbia University

of my wife and the in-laws I took off for New York City.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

GRADUATE STUDIES

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



My graduation at
Columbia University

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



With my daughter Adriana

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

Russian and Soviet Studies were taught by several very well known professors such as G.T. Robinson, head of the OSS (Office of Strategic

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

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

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

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

PROBLEMS WITH RUSSIANS

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

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

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

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

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

PROLOGUE

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



Rev. Dr. Ivan Hryniokh



Mykola Lebed



Dr. Myroslav Prokop



Yurii Lopatynskyi (“Kalyna”)



Ivan Majstrenko



Kost Kononenko

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

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



Vasyl Potishko



Prof. Lew Shankowsky



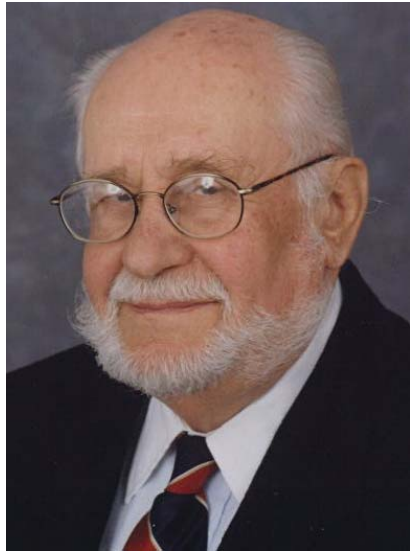
Vasyl Barka



Bohdan Kravtsiv



Prof. George Shevelov



Dr. Anatol Kaminsky



Dr. Roman Oliinyk
(Rakhmanny)



Dr. Lubomyr Ortynskiy



Ukrainian Institute of America

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

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

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

UPA veterans group (the OKV UPA) of which I was a member. We all liked him very much. He died of a heart attack in the Hunter area of upstate New York.

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

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

CIA

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

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

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

BALTIMORE CONFERENCES

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

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



Stepan Chemych
and his wife

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

JEWISH-UKRAINIAN RELATIONS

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

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

MY WORK AT YALE

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



Yale University library

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

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

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

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

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

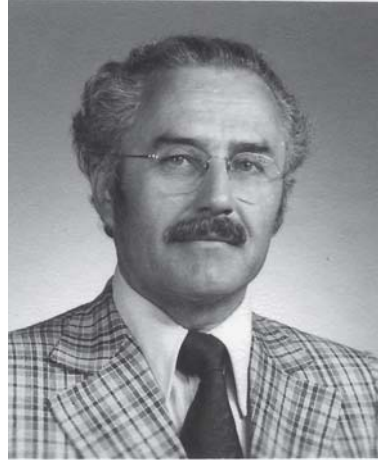
Sometime in September of 1962, we gave the start to my son because he was born on 17 May 1963. It always amuses me to hear how modern husbands are eager to assist their wives in the birth of their children. My presence in the labor room was neither very useful nor exemplary. Every time Tamara made a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

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

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

JOB SEARCH

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



Me at McMaster University

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

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



McMaster University University Hall

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My sincere and profound thanks go to Dr. D. Davidson, Dr. J. Danko, Dr. H. Aster and Dr. I. Homziak for their comments and suggestions during the editing of this book.



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ABBREVIATIONS

ABN – Antibilshhevik Bloc of Nations
ANC – Accidental Non-ritual Circumcision
CIA – Central Intelligence Agency
CIC – Counter Intelligence Corps
D.C. – District of Columbia
DI – Drill Instructor
DP – Displaced Person
FBI – Federal Bureau of Investigation
GIs – Government Issue (pertaining to American servicemen)
IRO – International Refugee Organization
KGB – USSR Committee for State Security
M1 – semi-automatic US rifle
MP – Military Police
OKV UPA – Association of the former UPA soldiers
OSS – Office of Strategic Services
OUN – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists
OUN (B) – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (Bandera)
OUN (M) – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (Melnyk)
PBY – Patrol Bomber “Y” (American flying boat)
POW – Prisoner of War
Pow. – District in Poland
ROA – Russian Liberation Army
RR – Rest & Recreation
SP – Shore Patrol
U.S.N.S. – United States Navy Ship
UHVR – Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council
UN – United Nations
UPA – Ukrainian Insurgent Army
USMC – United States Marine Corps
USMC-SS – United States Marine Corps – Selective Service
USO – United Service Organization
USSR – Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
ZP UHVR – Foreign Representation of the Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council



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LITOPYS UPA – CHRONICLE OF THE UKRAINIAN INSURGENT ARMY

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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), *Lisovyk* (The Forest Dweller), *Informatyvni 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 u 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, Zalishchyk, Zalozhtsi, 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.

Volume 47. The Ukrainian Underground Post. This publication, devoted to the Ukrainian Underground Post, contains brief descriptions of philatelic materials from The Peter J. Potichnyj Collection on Insurgency and Counter-Insurgency in Ukraine as well as articles about the history and activities of the UUP. Toronto-Lviv, 2009. Hardcover: 328 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 48. The UPA in Light of Slovak and Czech Documents: 1945-1948. Book 1. The UPA Raids in the Army and State Security Documents of Czechoslovakia (1945-1946). The two main themes of the book pertain to the propaganda raids of the UPA in North-Eastern Slovakia (August-September 1945 and in April 1946), and the counter-measures undertaken by the Czechoslovak Army and the State Security. The book also contains documents of the Czechoslovak-USSR and the Czechoslovak-Polish cooperation against the UPA, information about the Ukrainian population in South -Eastern Poland ("Zakerzonnia"), and the reaction of the Czechoslovak population to the UPA. Toronto - Lviv, 2010. Hardcover: 864 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 49. The Ternopil Region: "News from the Field" and "News from the Ternopil Region", 1943 - 1950. Book 1 (1943 - 1947). The book contains underground information about the activities of the OUN and UPA and about the socio-political situation in Ternopil oblast and neighbouring regions. Toronto - Lviv, 2010. Hardcover: 832 pp. Illustrations.

Forthcoming volumes of the Main Series:

—**The Ternopil Region: "News from the Field" and "News from the Ternopil Region", 1943 - 1950. Book 2 (1948 - 1950).**

— **The UPA in Light of Slovak and Czech Documents: 1945-1948. Book 2.**

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 Pravylnyk 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.

Volume 5. 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 Two: 1946-1947. This volume contains documents that trace the history of the Stalinist regime's struggle against the Ukrainian national-liberation movement in 1946-1947. These materials served an informational purpose and appear in the form of reports. Kyiv-Toronto, 2002. Hardcover: 574 pp.

Volume 6. 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 Three: 1948. This volume contains documents that trace the history of the Stalinist regime's struggle against the Ukrainian national-liberation movement in 1948. These materials served an informational purpose and appear in the form of reports. Kyiv-Toronto, 2003. Hardcover: 523 pp.

Volume 7. 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 Four: 1949-1959. This volume contains documents that trace the history of the Stalinist regime's struggle against the Ukrainian national-liberation movement in 1949-1959. These materials served an informational purpose and appear in the form of reports. Kyiv-Toronto, 2003. Hardcover: 716 pp.

Volume 8. Volyn, Polissia, Podillia: The UPA and Its Rear Line 1944-1946. Documents and Materials. This volume contains documents pertaining to the UPA-North and UPA-South leaderships, the OUN Regional Command (Holovna Voienna Okruha: HVO) of the PZUZ (North-Western Ukrainian Lands) and the Revolutionary People's Liberation Organization (Narodno-Vyzvolna Revolutsiina Orhanizatsiia: NVRO), as 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.

Volume 9. The Struggle against the Insurgent Movement and Nationalist Underground: Interrogation Protocols of OUN and UPA Leaders Arrested by the Soviet State Security Organs. 1944-1945. This book consists of archival documents of interrogations conducted by the Soviet punitive organs. Among the OUN and UPA leaders who were arrested and interrogated are Mykhailo Stepaniak, Yevhen Basiuk, Mykola Haiduk, Yaroslav Bilynsky, Artemizia Halytska, Oleksandr Lutsky, Yurii Stelmashchuk, Petro Duzhy, Mykola Duzhy, Volodymyr Pavlyk, Omelian Poliovy, Fedir Vorobets, Dmytro Vitovsk, Vasyl Levkovych. Kyiv-Toronto, 2007. Hardcover: 972 pp. Illustrations.

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.

Volume 12. Military Okruha “Buh”. Documents and Materials, 1943 – 1952. Book 1. The compilation contains documents of the UPA Military Okruha “Buh” Command and various subordinate units, its press publications, as well as the reports and information documents of the OUN leadership of Lviv region. Kyiv – Toronto, 2009. Hardcover: 800 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 13. Military Okruha “Buh”. Documents and Materials, 1943 – 1952. Book 2. The compilation contains documents of the UPA Military Okruha “Buh” Command and various subordinate units, its press publications, as well as the reports and information documents of the OUN leadership of Lviv region. Kyiv – Toronto, 2009. Hardcover: 1232 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 14. The UPA and the Rear Line in North-Western Ukrainian Lands, 1943-1945. New documents. The volume contains 266 new, earlier unknown documents of the UPA command (UPA-North), and of its rear line structures that were active in the North-Western, Central, and North-Eastern Volyn and Southern Polissia in 1943-1945. Kyiv-Toronto, 2010. Hardcover: 640 pp. Illustrations.

Forthcoming volumes of the New Series:

– **The Struggle against the Insurgent Movement and Nationalist Underground: Interrogation Protocols of OUN and UPA leaders Arrested by the Soviet State Security Organs. 1946-1952. Book Two.**

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Volume 1. Yurii Stupnytsky. My Past Life. In these memoirs the author, who hails from the Volyn region, describes his family life and experiences starting from his youth in the late 1930s and ending with his release from imprisonment in the mid-1950s. Both he and his father, Col. Leonid Stupnytsky, Chief-of-Staff of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, joined the UPA in 1943. The author was trained in the “Druzhynnyky” UPA Officers’ Training School. Following his arrest in 1944, he spent many years incarcerated in Soviet prisons and concentration camps. Kyiv, 2000. Softcover: 128 pp. Illustrations and maps.

Volume 2. Volodymyr Viatrovych. UPA Raids through Czechoslovakia. This monograph focuses on one of the lesser known aspects of the Ukrainian national-liberation movement of the 1940s and 1950s, namely, the UPA raids in Czechoslovakia. The author reveals the scope of the national-liberation struggle in Ukraine and its impact on events in postwar Europe, without which a correct and objective interpretation of the social processes during this period is not possible. Lviv, 2001. Softcover: 208 pp. Illustrations and maps.

Volume 3. Yaroslav Hrytsai-“Chornota,” Paraskevia Hrytsai. The Wounds Would Not Heal. This book features the memoirs of UPA Commander “Chornota,” which describe UPA events that took place in the Zakerzonnia region in 1943-1945, as well as his incarceration in Soviet prisons and Siberian concentration camps. The memoirs were prepared for publication by the author’s wife Paraskevia (née Rotko) who for many years compiled, supplemented, and systematized her husband’s recollections. Lviv, 2001. Hardcover: 332 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 4. Memoirs of UPA Soldiers and Members of the Armed Underground in the Lviv and Liubachiv Regions. This book contains the memoirs of Vasyl Levkovych (“Vorony”) and his wife Yaroslava, as well as the reminiscences of Company Commander Mykola Taraban (“Tucha”), UPA soldiers Ivan Fil (“Sheremeta”), Ivan Vasylevsky-Putko (“Vus”), Kost Mikhalyk (“Duma”) and the courier Kateryna Kohut-Laluk (“Hrizna”). This collection of memoirs also features a brief biography of Yakiv Chornii (“Kulia,” “Mushka,” “Udarnyk”), the commander of the UPA 6th Military Okruha “Peremyshl,” which was written by Chornii’s fellow countryman Fedir Lopadchak. Lviv, 2003. Hardcover: 448 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 5. Myroslav Horbal. Search Guide. A Register of Persons Connected to the Liberation Struggle in Lviv Oblast (Excluding the Drohobych Region) 1944-1947 (Based on Archival Documents). This volume serves as a summary of archival documents for the period 1944-1947, which are stored at the State Archive of Lviv Oblast (DALO). Included among these documents are informational reports, notifications, stenographic reports of meetings, interrogation reports, underground

documents, prosecutor's analyses, agentura activities, etc., which reveal the fundamental nature of the Soviet regime's struggle against the Ukrainian liberation movement on the territory of Lviv oblast. The guide provides key personal identification data on individuals linked to the movement and lists the sources of these data. Lviv, 2003. Softcover: 416 pp.

Volume 6. Myroslav Horbal. Search Guide. A Register of Persons Connected to the Liberation Struggle in Drohobych Oblast 1939-1950 (Based on Archival Documents). The information compiled in this volume recounts the tragic stories of individuals and events that directly or indirectly, in a positive or negative sense, were linked to the liberation struggle on the territory of Drohobych oblast in 1939-1950. It is thus a synthesis of archival documents stored at the State Archive of Lviv Oblast (DALO) and other archives, as well as related publications and typewritten materials in the form of eyewitness accounts, memoirs, and letters. Lviv, 2005. Hardcover: 1,312 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 7. Volodymyr Kovalchuk. The Activities of the OUN(B) and the UPA Rear Line in Volyn and Southern Polissia (1941-1944). This book sheds light on the informational potential of sources connected to the history of the OUN network and UPA Rear Line activities in the North-Western Ukrainian Lands (PZUZ). The author focuses on the creation of a primary database, the specifics behind the creation and compilation of a physical archive, the classification of documents, and the assessment of the activities of the OUN(B) information network and UPA Rear Line. Lviv, 2006. Hardcover: 512 pp.

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.

Litopys UPA – “Events and People” Series

Book 1. The Unsubdued Commander, ed. Mykola Posivnych. This book traces the life of the leading member of the OUN and UPA, Supreme Commander Roman Shukhevych, the unvanquished leader of the Ukrainian national-liberation struggle. Toronto-Lviv, 2007. Softcover: 64 pp. Illustrations.

Book 2. Kyrylo Osmak—The Unsubdued President of the UHVR, ed. Natalka Osmak. Based on archival documents and materials, this volume contains previously unknown information on the life and activities of one of the key figures of the Ukrainian liberation movement in the 1940s. Toronto-Lviv, 2008. Softcover: 128 pp. Illustrations.

Book 3. Stepan Bandera—A Life Dedicated to Freedom, ed. Mykola Posivnych. This study is devoted to the life and activities of Stepan Bandera, the leader of the OUN and the ZCh OUN in 1920-1959. Based on memoirs and documents, the book sheds light on the Ukrainian national-liberation struggle, and the role of the OUN and the ZCh OUN and its leader in the socio-political processes of the day. The book also contains information on the family, school, and university environments in which Bandera’s character was formed. Toronto-Lviv, 2008. Softcover: 112 pp. Illustrations.

Book 4/I. Peter J. Potichnyj. My Journey. Part I. A short memoir written by Peter-Joseph Potichnyj, tracing his life from his birth to late 1947, when, as a young UPA soldier, he arrived in West Germany. Toronto-Lviv, 2008. Softcover: 124 pp. Illustrations.

Book 4/II. Peter J. Potichnyj. My Journey. Part II. A short memoir by Peter-Joseph Potichnyj, describing his life in the United States (1950–1964), the service in the United States Marine Corps during the Korean War, completion of the University education in Philadelphia and New York and his departure to Canada. Toronto-Lviv, 2010. Softcover: 112 pp. Illustrations.

Book 5. “Hrim”—Colonel of the UPA Mykola Tverdokhlib. Memoirs and Materials, ed. Roman Hrytskiv. This publication is dedicated to UPA Colonel Mykola Tverdokhlib (“Hrim”). The book describes the life and activities of this renowned insurgent commander and highlights the national-liberation struggle in the Carpathian region between 1930 and 1950. Toronto-Lviv, 2008. Softcover: 128 pp. Illustrations.

Book 6. Petro Fedun – “Poltava”. The Leading Ideologist of the OUN and the UPA, ed. Mykhailo Romaniuk. This publication is devoted to the life and activities of Petro Fedun (“Poltava”), one of the leading members of the OUN armed underground and the UPA. The archival documents analyzed here throw light on the formation of his world view, national-patriotic beliefs and his creative works. Toronto-Lviv, 2009. Soft cover: 128 pp. Illustrations.

Book 7. Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council., eds. P.J. Potichnyj and M. Posivnych. The book commemorates the 65th anniversary of the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council. It contains articles by Roman Shukhevych, Mykola Duzhyi, Anatol Kaminskyi and the memoirs of Lew Shankowsky and Daria Rebet. The articles shed light on the role which the UHVR played in the Ukrainian socio-political processes at that time. Toronto-Lviv, 2009. Soft cover: 136 pp. Illustrations.

Book 8. The Flower in Red Hell: The Life of Liudmyla Foia, ed. Volodymyr Ivanchenko. This investigation is devoted to the life of Liudmyla Foia (“Oksana”, “M. Perelesnyk”), 1923-1950, one of the organizers of the OUN (B) underground in Kyiv during WWII. She was arrested by the Soviet NKGB and survived the tortures of its prison. As a key figure in the Soviet operation against the OUN Security Service, she helped thwart plans to expose and destroy the leadership of the Ukrainian liberation movement. She is also the author of wonderful literary works. Liudmyla Foia perished in a skirmish with a Soviet MGB military group while trying to help a wounded friend. Toronto-Lviv, 2009. Soft cover: 128 pp. Illustrations.

Book 9. The Life and Fate of Mykhailo Diachenko – “Marko Boieslav”, ed. Oleksandr Ishchuk. The book describes the life and fate of Mykhailo Diachenko – the poet, writer, underground activist and one of the leaders of the Carpathian Krai Leadership of the OUN. His various poems and stories clearly demonstrate the aims and tasks of the Ukrainian liberation movement of the mid-twentieth century. This book discloses for the first time the extraordinary measures undertaken by the Soviet secret police in its search of M. Diachenko which were kept in the Archive of the Security Service of Ukraine (SBU). Some of his works and little known photographs also derive from this archival source. Toronto-Lviv, 2010. Soft cover: 138 pp. Illustrations.

Book 10. The Life of Halyna Holoiad – “Marta Hai”, eds. Oleksandr Ishchuk and Volodymyr Ivanchenko. The book provides a detailed analysis of the life and fate of Halyna Holoiad (“Marta Hai”), one of the leading activists of the Ukrainian liberation movement, based on the archival documents of the MGB Ukrainian S.S.R. deposited in the Archive of the SB Ukraine. The publication also contains the writer’s works, little known photographs and documents of the Soviet security services. Toronto-Lviv, 2010. Soft cover: 126 pp. Illustrations.



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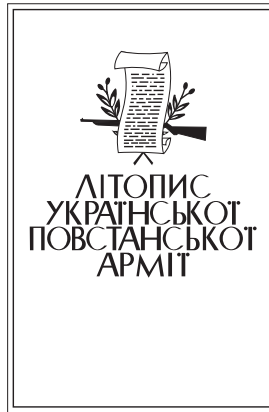
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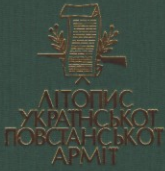
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My Journey

Part II