

there they helped to make arrangements for our landing. One of the most famous units that served with the Free French was Taras Shevchenao, which is now serving with the French Foreign Legion. The refugees were sent away to many places. Some were evacuated to England, and some were used in Army and Air Force units. Again it was my fortune to be able to speak Ukrainian and a little French in my dealings with the people. I was able to deal with them very closely. It was the same as we continued on our way up through Belgium and Holland and after we eventually crossed the Rhine on our R-day. It broke the hearts of all that saw the long streams of people pushing carts, pulling little wagons, and carrying their belongings—mothers, husbands, wives, and children—making a general exodus westward. When we asked them why they were moving, they tried to explain. Some could not, and some would not. They all felt that only by going westward could they reach the freedom and privileges they had all dreamed of, and which had been denied them. They were all hopeful of meeting the British forces, and the American forces, and I was very proud to hear them say that over and above everything else they wanted to meet the Canadians. Canada herself has built up a reputation unequalled in the world. No nation, with all due respect to England and the United States—no nation has ever exceeded the respect and prestige which Canada has there. No soldiers were treated better anywhere in the country—in France, in Holland, even in Germany—than were the Canadian soldiers, and I hope we treated them as well and were successful to some extent in justifying ourselves. It is only because of that I want to present their case.

I underline the subject not as a Canadian officer, but as a Canadian citizen who has been away from Canada for five years, and as a citizen who has come back to his country. I was born, raised, and expect to die in Canada. I expect my children will live here, and I want to try to do everything I can to make this country, and the country of my children, the best country in the world.

When I met the refugees I saw many hordes of struggling humanity coming along the road, and they often blocked our passage, often interfered with our military operations. We all felt one and the same thing—if there was only something we could do for them—if we could move them back into the wilderness of Canada, to open it up. They are willing to work. If there was only somewhere they could be set up and develop along the lines of freedom it would be worth while. It was my privilege to work with them, and to talk with them, and to learn what could be done, and what should be done, for them.

It was also my privilege to help the military government and UNNRA organize camps. This I did as a side-line when I was free from ordinary service duties. I was privileged in knowing two languages, and being able to talk to them. The first camp was at Wentorf near Hamburg. At Unterless there were forty Ukrainian girls. I was able to have conversation with them. Major Hodginson was the Military Commander in charge there. We said we were going to Belgium to celebrate Easter, and to sing our Ukrainian Easter carols and to carry on the celebration of Easter with a Ukrainian feast. They were amazed that such a thing was possible and that such a thing existed. It was the same story in all the camps in the British zone, and in the American zone.

I would like now to give you a brief picture of the camps as they are now. The camp at Heidenan, near Hamburg, had several Ukrainians. In six months they had organized fifteen institutions in the camp itself. It is a completely self-supporting unit. They have built a church—converted a barn into a church. They have built a beautiful theatre, organized a kindergarten for one hundred and twenty children, they have a high-school, and university for adult education. They are completely independent, and completely self-supporting, and, as all military people dealing with them know, they are a very industrious, and very