

**IN THE MORNING**

Out  
on an ambrosial limb  
an oriole chants in monotone  
to the rising sun;  
a somnolent rustic  
calls the dozing Guernseys  
while bark-smoke  
oozes  
from the sooted chimney  
of a pioneer-cabin;  
and the oriole sings  
on an ambrosial limb.

In  
an obsequious city  
the howl of a paupered babe  
greet the clatter  
of Davenport trams;  
a be-capped smelter  
hastens with lunch-pail  
past  
the noisome coffee-shops  
and shoeless GLOBE sellers;  
and the paupered babe  
greet the clatter.

—G. K. '51.

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**VISA TO A NEW LIFE**

My name is Kristina Moysiyakha, but at home I am called Nina. I was born in Bechyne in Southern Czechoslovakia in April 1928. When I was three years old my parents moved to the eastern part of Czechoslovakia where both of them began teaching in the normal schools. We lived there until 1939 when the war broke out. At once my father was arrested by the Hungarian Nazis who occupied this part of Czechoslovakia. After some time my mother succeeded in getting him released temporarily and he fled to Prague. About a month later we were able to follow him with the last group of persons to evacuate the Hungarian Occupation Zone.



Life in Prague under German occupation was very difficult for everyone as it was all over Czechoslovakia. It was especially hard for us because we did not even have a home. However, my mother was able to borrow money from the temporary Czech government to start a woollen shop.

The life of the people during the war was very hard. Everything was rationed, no one could speak freely, we were forbidden to listen to the foreign radio, and there was always the fear of arrest. Doctors, lawyers, religious, in fact all people with education were in concentration camps. The young people were taken to labour camps in Germany. Universities were closed and thus it was impossible to receive any higher education. We younger ones studied as much as we could in the gymnasium but it wasn't always easy because everything was taught from the Nazi's point of view. Everybody hoped and waited for the end of war.

In 1945 we hoped that the Americans would come to free Prague in spite of the fact that the great percentage of our people on account of Russian propaganda and the radio were waiting for Russia to liberate them, for they hoped that then their suffering and hardship would come to an end. But after some time they began to see that the promises would not be fulfilled. We knew it beforehand because my father had been a soldier of the White Army before he left Russia in 1918. And we also knew it from information we received during the war telling us that the regime in Russia was still the same—there was no freedom of speech, no freedom of the press or freedom of religion. My father again chose life in exile to life under the Communists. He knew that he would be arrested again if he stayed, so he fled to the West part of Germany which was occupied by troops from the United States. After this we saw that he was right because all the emigrants from Russia in 1918 were either sent back to Russia or shot in Czechoslovakia. My mother hadn't followed my father because she had hoped that the regime would change and also because she wanted to give us the education and the better food that were to be found in the refugee camps. The secret police checked our home frequently, in fact we became quite used to them, and in 1948 when the Communists took over complete control of our country, we planned to follow my father. But in the meantime my mother was arrested because she was in contact with the underground, and for two months we did not know where she was.



I was now obliged to take care of my sister, our home, the shop and the finding of help for my mother. My studies were finished. The police continued to check at all hours of the day and night, sometimes three or four times a week.

After my mother was sentenced we got her out for three months by means of a doctor's certificate and we decided to flee; but because my mother was ill and the conditions of the Communist and Nazi prison camp were the same we could not leave the country until autumn. After several attempts we were successful, and we crossed the border in the night. Later we came to Berlin where we tried to make some contact with my father. Berlin was overflowing with refugees from the eastern part of Germany and for two months we slept on the floor and received help from the Red Cross. It was the first time in five years that we felt we could breathe freely. Through time my father, with the help through the I.R.O., was able to arrange for us to join him at the camp where he lived near Munich. We were very glad to be together after five years.

The life of the Germans was difficult because most of Germany was destroyed and more than a million people were unemployed. It was therefore very difficult for anyone to find work. It was even harder for the refugees. I. R. O.'s assistance was extremely helpful but it was just enough to keep the people from starving. The level of morality was extremely low with so many people, young and old, living together in very small rooms.

Under these conditions the young people tried to live and study. Only a small number who were able to afford it had the advantage of being able to study in the German Universities. A Students' Relief Organization was founded in Germany and the students looked to this, as to a star, for a ray of hope. But again only a few were able to receive help.

There was no Czech school in Munich but because I was able to speak and write the Ukrainian language I was able to finish my studies in the gymnasium of the Ukrainian school at the camp. After that I tried to find work so that I might give my family further help than the I.R.O. provided. Because I knew German, Czech, Ukrainian, Russian and understood Polish, Serbian and some English I was able to get a position as a typist in the Welfare Division issuing the documents and the Identity Cards for the Displaced Persons.



In the meantime I did all I could to find a way to emigrate. Because I entered Red Germany in 1949 and was over 21 I was not considered dependent on my father and so could not emigrate with my family to the United States. I tried every possibility to get to America for naturally I wanted to be somewhere nearer my family.

As a last resort and without any hope of receiving help I went like many other students to the Students' Relief. Here I was received very kindly. They told me that they had nothing to offer me at the time but promised to try to help me. Really, I did not expect anything and so I was very surprised when after a week they called me at the office and asked me to come to see them. They told me that one of the fifteen chosen to go to Canada could not leave and that the College to which he would have gone would accept a girl as a replacement. It seemed almost unbelievable, a gift from Heaven, this rescue from the life in the refugee camps. In order to get all the necessary papers I had to go from camp to camp and from city to city. Finally I went to the Consul and heard the words which meant a new life, "I think we will give you the visa" he said, and wished me luck.

I left Germany from Frankfurt Airport on Saturday and after stops at London, Shannon, Gander, Sydney, Halifax and Moncton, I arrived here safely on Thursday morning. I did not expect anyone to meet me for I had been told not to be disappointed since you might not know when I was to arrive.

Imagine my surprise and delight to find so many people waiting for me, for one poor D.P. I was still in a dream when Dr. O'Hanley came to me and said, "Is this Kristina?" and on my answer "yes", he said to me "welcome to Canada, more particularly to Prince Edward Island and most especially to Saint Dunstan's." This I will never forget, for in the weeks that I have been here I have found that they are really sincere and will come through because everyone I have met has been very kind and helpful to me.

I am really happy to be here and I will try to do my best to show my thanks to you who brought me here. Naturally the beginning is not so easy and I shall have to learn your language and your customs. Although it may sometimes seem that only with great difficulty shall I become one of you, I feel sure that with you helping me I shall succeed.

—KRISTINA MOYSIYAKHA '53.