

I Chose Freedom

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A certain Yasenev, acting of course under higher authority, had put pressure on various workers to "denounce" me.

Los was pushing his persecution with frantic speed. In a few days they called a special closed meeting of the factory Party Committee to resume consideration of my case. Only two comrades dared to come over to me. They were Sillim and Gushchin, both plain workers and both older men. Apparently their age had protected them.

At that time Los had taken precautions against interference with his fanatic determination to smoke out another "saboteur." Every actor had his lines and his cues. Los provided the overture. His speech was a masterpiece of innuendo and mob appeal. My guilt, he said, had been proven "in great part." "My father was an active Member of the Party beyond doubt." "The details of my sabotage would be determined by other means" and "in other places."

But wasn't it a remarkable coincidence that so many of my co-workers and friends in my plant, in the institute, in our trust, had been struck down by the naked sword of the revolution, the N.K.V.D.? Similar recollections followed.

"Enough! Let's end the comedy and expel this enemy!" a voice - Makarov's, I thought - cried out.

No, comrades, Los declared, "Khravchenko is entitled to his trial and if he wishes, he has the right to appeal." "Expulsion!" I walked to the stage. In my mind I had prepared for this moment but I had not foreseen the possibility that I would have to little time. In telescoping my arguments I unavoidably weakened them. I felt that I was not making the best of this chance. As I talked, I could not keep my eyes from Dorogan, still looking disdainfully in the doorway. I knew that everyone of my listeners, everyone on the platform, was more conscious of this fleshy symbol of the police-state than of the words I was uttering.

When the vote was taken, only half a dozen voted against expulsion. Los disregarded them.

By unanimous vote, he announced, "this meeting recommends to the City Committee the expulsion of Victor Andreovich Khravchenko."

"Well, are you going to appeal?" Dorogan, chief of the N.K.V.D., asked as I reached him.

"Yes, certainly," I replied. "I shall telegraph Comrade Ordzhonikidze and lodge protests in Kharkov and in Moscow, and tomorrow I shall appeal to the City Committee."

"Khravchenko," he puffed his cigarette and blew out the smoke slowly before finishing the sentence, "believe me, it would be a pity to bother so many people. Yes, a pity."

I went out into the dark and walked toward home. I decided to search the house once again, for the last time, for the wretched documents. As if guided by some fresh intuition, I went to a closet where various cast-off articles were piled in disorder. Right at the top of the pile lay a "Miracle of Miracles."

This time I looked into the side pocket, and there - miracle of miracles! - were the rough copies of the orders for instruments and the carbon copies which I had been seeking. I gazed at the dog-eared, crushed and smudged half-sheet of white "kibrity," then at the wings of the first prize in a grand lottery feels like.

Among the papers were copies of calculations made by the Chief Trust of the Oil Industry, based on plans later curtailed. These would prove, to any other mind, that the quantities of spare parts and special tools ordered were fully justified by the original specifications. The actual orders were countersigned by Vishnev, as I had thought. The whole sorry case against the now seemed shattered.

I could no longer sleep, in my eagerness to tell the good news to Brachko and particularly to Vishnev, whose fate was probably linked with mine. My first stop was at Brachko's office. With make-believe casualness I tossed the papers on his desk.

"Oh, well, here they are, Piotr Petrovich," I said.

"Yes, the documents?"

For a long time the director looked through them. As he proceeded his face brightened and finally broke into a joyous smile.

"Victor Andreovich, you're the luckiest of men! You must have been born under a lucky star. Poor Vishnev must be told immediately. He's nearly out of his mind. I'm so happy for you, for Vishnev, for myself."

The favorable tips in my own case, clinched by testimony clearing my father's name, was the exception. Throughout Russia the purge gathered new fury.

Prosecutor Vishnysky's energetic assistant, Matulevich, did a ruthless and shrewd job in preparing the defendants for the firing squad. Soon after the trial,

The Courier Journal



Information Desk Sacred Heart Prayers

Q. What were the promises made by the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary?

A. There were twelve promises in all: the twelfth, which refers to the devotion of the Nine First Fridays, is usually called "the great promise." The first eleven refer to those who practice devotion to the Sacred Heart, and propose this devotion.

(1) I will give them the graces necessary for their state in life.

(2) I will give peace in their families.

(3) I will comfort them in all their trials and afflictions.

(4) I will be their secure refuge in life and in death.

(5) I will bestow abundant blessings on all their undertakings.

(6) Sinners shall find in My Heart an ocean of mercy.

(7) Impiety shall become fervent.

(8) Fervent souls shall advance rapidly to white perfection.

(9) I will bless every dwelling in which an image of My Heart shall be exposed and honored.

(10) I will give priests a peculiar facility in converting the most hardened souls.

(11) The persons who spread this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be effaced.

(12) I promise also, in the excessive mercy of My Heart, that its all-powerful love will grant to all those who go to Communion on nine first Fridays of the month, the final grace of repentance: they shall not die in My disfavor, nor without receiving the sacrament. My Divine Heart becoming their example.

A Story for Flag Day

By Sister M. Marselle, O. S. U.

"FLAG DAY seems like a good day for a story," said Betsy. "Let's ask Michael to tell us one about the war."

"Michael tells wonderful stories and all true ones, too," I guess Michael was the best soldier in the whole army," said Dennis, and all the children agreed.

Big Brother Michael did not need to be coaxed. He gathered them all around him.

This is Michael's story:

Not long before the end of the war a small band of paratroopers was trapped in a tiny village high in the hills in enemy territory. They had been there several days and had managed to wreck some bridges and cut communications wires before they were discovered.

AS SOON AS they knew the enemy had found them out the soldiers went into an abandoned school house at the edge of the village. They had food and ammunition enough to last for some time and prepared to defend themselves to the end.

The enemy seemed in no hurry to end the siege. For several days they were satisfied to hold the Americans there. Then one morning the Americans watched a small cannon being mounted in a position to cover the whole village, and knew their time was short.

Toward noon that day the enemy sent an old man from the village with a message.

"Surrender or we will destroy the village, and all in it. You have until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"We must give ourselves up to save our friends," the Americans decided.

BUT THE OLD man protested. "We are your friends. We have a plan to save you. There is a boy in the village, my grandson who keeps homing pigeons in the loft of the school here. I will take a pigeon with me under my

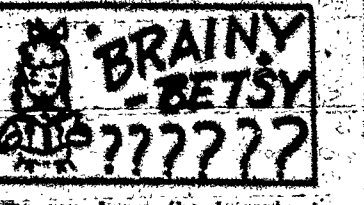
If the boy had not come the motorized column would never have turned up the side road to the village in the hills.

Now it was the group of enemy soldiers which was cut off from help. All were captured before the cannon was fired, for they had relaxed their vigilance, feeling themselves safe.

When the boy told the villagers how the enemy had planned to destroy the mail, men, women and children, turned to the village church to give thanks for their deliverance. The tired American soldiers joined in the prayers before they climbed into jeeps and waved goodby to their friends.

"That was a good story, Michael. How did you know so much about it? Did one of the soldiers tell you?"

"No one needed to tell me, Betsy dear. I was one of the soldiers saved by a boy's courage and the people's prayers."



FLAG DAY CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1 Across: Banner of our country

2 Down: Same as 11 across

3 Down: U.S. colors become

4 Down: Untruth

5 Across: St. Jean Vianney was the Cure of

6 Down: Lairs of wild beast

7 Down: Deavour

8 Across: Any, each

9 Down: Myself

10 Down: Behold

11 Across: Flag of our country is red, and blue

12 Down: Opposite of shut

13 Down: Triumph

14 Down: Means over; used in poetry

15 Down: Punctuation mark used after name in direct address

16 Across: Amper (Abbr.)

17 Down: On the surface of

18 Down: White-tailed sea eagle of Europe

19 Across: Fruit with heart removed is

20 Down: Borders

21 Down: Soldiers wear overseas

22 Down: Male child

23 Down: Road (Abbr.)

24 Down: Virginia (Abbr.)

25 Across: Like

26 Down: 1 When a flag is used a long

FUN WITH NUMBERS

9 x 9 = 81, x = 10

12 1/3 = 40/3

70 ÷ 7 = 10

Here is a trick with numbers to try on your friends. You can give them the answer to a certain problem without knowing a single figure they put down.

Ask each person present to write down any number in the hundreds in which the middle figure is less than the first and the last is less than the middle one. For example 822. Next have them reverse the number chosen and subtract it from the first number. 822 minus 228 equals 594.

Now have them add to their answer that same answer reversed, as 594 plus 495.

The answer is easy. It will always be 1089.

To make your friends wonder even more, write down 1089 on a paper beforehand. Hide the paper before they begin figuring. When you can tell them where to find the answer.

Korea's Partition Cuts Parishes

By REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR

Seoul, Korea - (NC) - A thin crooked pole a small American flag fluttered under a rainy Korean sky. Alongside stood a somber Quonset hut, a lonely outpost manned by six U. S. soldiers.

This was an American roadblock at the 38th parallel which divides Korea. A half mile farther on was the Soviet roadblock. If I passed that, the Russians could intern me, I was told.

At this line on every road running north and south the soldiers of the two occupying armies stand guard while Korea suffers from the artificial division and the population up north finds that it has exchanged Japanese regimentation for Russian regimentation.

Korea's partition is a glaring social and economic monstrosity, an injustice continuing nine months after the country's declared liberation.

The division cuts through a province it even cuts through a parish. The Rev. Thomas Neillgan, St. Columban priest and pastor of Hongehun's mission, has one station just north of the boundary line. He went to the Russians asking permission to cross the border to celebrate Mass and administer the Sacraments to his little flock. From where he stood he could see the house nearby in which he used to gather his people on his semi-annual visit. But he was brusquely refused permission.

Three entire parishes of the St. Columban's mission territory are in the Soviet occupied zone with a solitary Korean priest in charge. The St. Columban's Fathers are barred from crossing and one of their parish churches has been occupied by the Russians. On the American side all the St. Columban's priests are working freely in all their parishes.

Last week I went to the dividing line and to the nearby towns. I heard independent but uniform accounts given by refugees concerning conditions up north. They report high pressure Communist organizations and the commandeering of food and livestock. While American troops live on supplies imported from the United States, Soviet troops are consistently described as living off the land in northern Korea.

American correspondents are still barred from the Soviet occupied zone.

Comic Strip Draws Protest

Washington - (NC) - The Washington office of the National Organization for Decent Literature has announced that a protest has been lodged with the Publishers Syndicate of Chicago, producers of the comic strip "Kerry Drake" which is syndicated in newspapers throughout the country.

The N.O.D.L. said its objections are based on the fact that "some of the cartoons worn by the characters are quite objectionable," and that "over a period of time, this comic strip tends to glorify and glamorize criminal acts, and the sordid life of the underworld."

The letter continues: "Since you must be aware that this comic strip is read by hundreds of thousands of young, impressionable children, you must also be aware that it must have a very bad effect on young minds, warping them so that they come to believe that there is something glamorous and wonderful about crime and the sordid life of sex."

Near East Missions

Sixteen Heroes

BREAD SO DEAR, BLOOD SO CHEAP!

CONSCIOUS

WONDERFUL

INDULGENCE

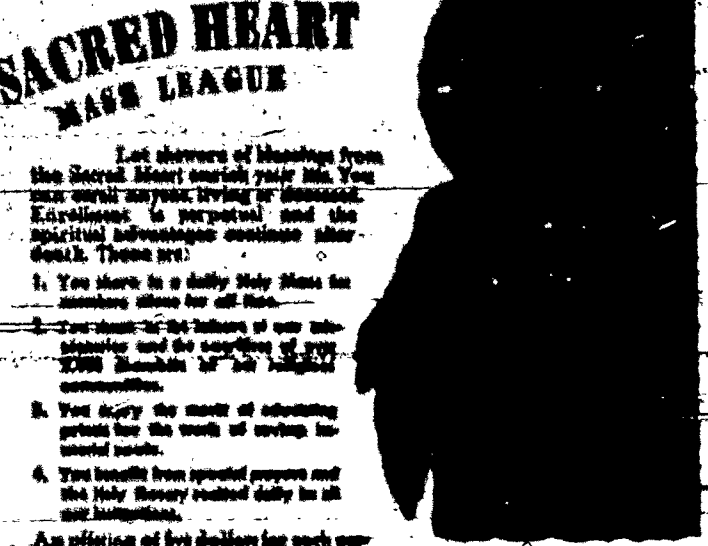
ONLY ONE

SINGULAR VESSEL

SWAN SONG

MOTHER TONGUE

Catholic Near East Welfare Association



Let showers of blessings from the Sacred Heart reach your life. You can receive them every day. Exchange is a perpetual and the spiritual advantages continue after death. These are:

1. You share in a daily Holy Mass to atone for all sins.
2. You share in the fruits of one Holy Mass for all the souls in purgatory.
3. You enjoy the merit of educating priests for the work of saving souls.
4. You benefit from special prayers and the Holy Eucharist daily for all intentions.

Answers

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2 Same as 11 across

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