

3 May 1950

Part One of BOGDAN's Trip

1. At frequent intervals during our flight from Fürstenfeldbruck to the Ukraine on the night of 30-31 May 1950, SLAVKO, our jumpmaster, checked with the pilots in the cockpit to determine our location. When he returned to the rear of the plane, SLAVKO would tell me what he had learned from the pilots about our position, ETA, etc. At one point I remember SLAVKO telling me that we had passed over Kosice, Slovakia, and that it would take us about twenty minutes to get to Turka. Between Kosice and Turka, SLAVKO untied the cargo package and moved it close to the door which he then opened. At this point the tall blond pilot came to the rear of the plane and told us that we were passing over Turka. I asked PASS, who knew the area well, to look out of the open door to see if he could recognize the town or the surrounding area. The fact that PASS could not recognize the terrain below us gave me considerable concern. I do not know how long it took us to get from Kosice to Turka or from there to our drop point because I was very preoccupied with thoughts of my responsibility for the outcome of our mission and had no concept of the passage of time. Suddenly the bell in the plane sounded. I cannot say positively whether there were one or two rings but at the sound of the bell we all assumed jump positions. I was in the doorway of the plane with SLAVKO, HROMENKO, HYDALKA, and PASS stood behind me in that order. SLAVKO and I were observing the terrain below and I remember shouting to him that I did not recognize the area when the bell sounded again. Although I am not positive of it, I believe there were two short rings. At that moment, SLAVKO was kneeling at the door with his left arm through the heavy cord webbing on the left side of the door ready to push the package out. I was standing to the right of the package which was poised in the middle of the doorway. Suddenly to the astonishment of SLAVKO and myself, the tall blond pilot pushed the package out of the plane. I wanted to jump out after the package but suddenly noted a light of some kind below us in the meadow forward and to the right (B178-717). Since I had already told Mr. 'H' and the pilots before leaving Fürstenfeldbruck that we would not jump if there were lights, fires or anything suspicious observable on the ground around the drop area, I shouted to SLAVKO that I would not jump and that 'the package was lost.' The tall blond pilot grabbed my left arm and tried to shove me out of the plane but when I turned on him he let go of my arm and stepped back. The pilot then went forward to the cockpit and then shortly afterward I became conscious of the fact that the plane was banking to the right and making a turn. In a very short while, exactly how long I can't say, the pilot returned. SLAVKO and I were still looking out of the open door and caught sight of what looked like a good meadow (B180-698) for jumping. At this point I believed that the package was lost but since we had made plans for receiving resupply packs in the coming months and since the principal aim of my mission was to get back into contact with the underground, I decided that we would jump.

2. Our jump order was myself, HROMENKO, <sup>\*</sup>ROGNER and PASS respectively. I remember that I was conscious of the fact that I was waiting for my chute to open before it actually did a few seconds after I left the plane. I was not conscious of any jarring effect when my chute unfurled. I was able to see my companions as they flared northward and to orient myself generally in regard to the terrain immediately below. It was a meadow with brush of varying heights and some clear grassy areas. I was in the air only a few seconds when I became conscious of people running below us. It was almost dawn and I was able to see people running out of the houses (Janina B178-704) which were only a few hundred

Signed: *[Signature]*

R.O. #128 - Unit

Note: If destruction, cite reasons and coordinate

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meters from the meadow over which we had jumped. We later learned that a wedding feast was in progress that morning and the sound of the airplane had attracted the attention of the celebrants who came running out of the houses. I feel sure that the pilot must have seen the two or three illuminated houses which were not visible to us from the rear door of the plane since the plane must have passed slightly north of the houses on the eastward flight and to the south of them after the plane circled and came back westward. When I heard the cries below us I immediately assumed that we had been spotted by Bolshevik patrols and that an alert had been sounded. I drew my pistol out from inside of my jacket and held it in my hand as I floated downward. I could see people running from the houses in the direction of the meadow over which we were descending. We landed about 30 to 35 meters apart in an approximate east-west line. I, HROMENKO and RYBALKA landed within the confines of the meadow while PASS who was the last to jump landed in a spot (B175-700) extremely close to the village which is separated from the meadow by a narrow strip of wood running southwest northeast. I made a very smooth landing even though my chute got caught in the tops of some rather high brush. After I made my tumble, I jumped to my feet and freed myself from my parachute harness. I unslung my carbine, readied it for action, and then dropped to the ground prepared to fight it out with NWD troops. Although I could still hear people moving in our direction from the village, I had already begun to discount the possibility of NWD attack. Because of the presence of people in the vicinity, I figured that it would be too dangerous for us to try to assemble in the meadow and tried to analyze what the other boys would be thinking. Knowing in what general area the others landed and being aware that the people from the village were coming at us in a southeasterly direction, I figured the other boys would make for the southwestern edge of the woods (B176-696) where I then headed. As I moved across the meadow toward the edge of the wood, I whistled loud and shrill once and a little later heard one whistle in answer to mine. I whistled again but got no answer. I whistled instead of using signals agreed on in Germany because I feared that in all the confusion the others would not hear the "insect" call we had planned to use. It was about thirty minutes after we had landed that I finally found RYBALKA and PASS in the area where I had originally expected them to show up. RYBALKA and PASS had made good landings and had been able to camouflage their chutes in the brush near the narrow strip of wood which separates the village from the meadow where I landed. Although they landed on opposite sides of the narrow wooded strip, PASS and RYBALKA met in the brush and hid their chutes together in a hole. Since HROMENKO had not shown up and my parachute was still stuck on the tops of the high brush where I landed, we were presented with a serious problem of what action to take. We could still hear the movement of people but it seemed to be farther away now as though people were returning to the village so we decided to go back to look for HROMENKO and my parachute. But first I, PASS and RYBALKA returned where their chutes were buried in a hole in the woods. We covered them better with earth and brush. Then moving single file with our machine pistols in ready position we moved up along the inside edge of the narrow strip of wood, consisting of brush six to ten feet high interspersed with tall oak trees. At one point we saw two men walking in a clearing in the brush just ahead of us but we hid ourselves until they passed. As we moved further we became conscious of noise up ahead of us. As we moved forward we

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caught sight of a parachute caught high up in a tall oak (B-1870). We came up to a path that led past the oak and as we approached the tree we realized that the groaning was coming from the low brush just off the path. We separated the brush and found HROMENKO with his eyes and face all covered with blood from the scratches and gashes he received in his fall from the tree. When he realized that it was us, he called out to us saying that he had broken his arms and legs. When I asked him what had happened, he said that he heard and saw the people running towards us from the village as he was descending and fearing Bolshevik attack momentarily panicked, whipped out his knife and cut his shroud lines. Judging from the position of his parachute, I would say he fell about fifty feet. We could hear the sound of voices somewhere not far off as we bent over HROMENKO and realized that we had to take some fast action. We tried to straighten out one of his legs which was folded under the other but he screamed so that I told the boys to take his weapons and we picked him up, screaming, and carried him on our shoulders southeastward into the woods. We had decided that it would be impossible at this time for us to recover HROMENKO's or my parachute. Two men pasturing horses in the northeast corner of the meadow (at B-178-701) saw us through the brush as we moved up the meadow into the woods (B-183-698). The men made no move; merely observed us from behind the horses. It was completely dawn as we entered the woods carrying HROMENKO who was almost out of his mind from pain. About this time we heard what we believed to be an automobile somewhere in the village but despite our fears we decided that we could go no further with HROMENKO who was screaming all the while. We later learned that a road passes to the left of the village and that the car, which did not stop, was passing along this road. We found a hole in the woods (B-185-696) in which we placed HROMENKO whom we camouflaged with brush and leaves. He continued moaning but more quietly. We took all of the mail, including codes which he had on his person, and PASS buried HROMENKO's weapons and fatigue equipment nearby in the woods and then hid himself in the vicinity prepared to kill HROMENKO and himself if necessary in case of attack by the MVD. We took codes, etc., from HROMENKO and PASS including HROMENKO's maps. Since HROMENKO had refused to accept a 'poison pill' before we left Germany, because he thought them effeminate, RYBALKA gave his to HROMENKO.

3. "As RYBALKA and I started southeast through the woods, it was already day. (We told PASS that we would return later after we had reconnoitered the woods and determined where we were.) About 1030 hours 31 May, we reached point (B-208-662) in the Las Drosowski where the wood seemed excellent for hiding because of its density. Suddenly we became aware of the sound of wood being cut somewhere not far away. RYBALKA and I hid all of our mail and codes in the wood and moved toward the sound of the wood cutting. When we approached the point from which the noise was coming we saw an old man of about fifty-five and a boy of about fourteen chopping trees. The old man was quite startled when he caught sight of us and refused to talk when we came up to him. He was obviously frightened and asked us to go on and leave him alone. When I asked him where he lived he answered Bolechow (B-2365). This was the first indication

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that we had as to where we were. Until this moment we didn't even know for certain that we were in the Ukraine. The old man, however, remained adamant in his refusal to be drawn into conversation. I gathered that he was afraid that we were Bolshevik provocateurs. From his reactions I felt that he was a traitor-by-man, although he was obviously cutting veed illegally, and I continued to try to gain his confidence. When after a half hour of prodding he still refused to talk to me I asked him for some food. He answered that he had nothing but that I could go to Beloshev and buy some. At this point I told KIBALKA to move off a bit with the old man while I talked to his son. I told the boy that he should go to the town and buy us some food. I explained to the boy that unless he performed this mission for us and told no one of our presence in the wood, his father who can be remain in our custody would suffer for it. As I talked to the boy I blushed that KIBALKA and I were Bolsheviks. About one and one-half hours later, the boy returned with some bread, sausage and champagne which he purchased with the 300 rubles I had given him. Since the old man still refused to talk, I invited him to eat and drink with us. The old man took a swig of the champagne and I encouraged him to drink some more, talking to him all the while trying to build up his confidence in us. When I noticed that he was getting a bit intoxicated, I told him that we were partisans, that we knew there were other partisans in the area but that we did not know the terrain very well. The old man then told us that the Bolsheviks had arrested his son-in-law, a male nurse, and that he and his daughter were very worried about what the Soviets would do to him. He then began to tell us about people he knew in the town, saying that he considered certain of them good people and others untrustworthy. He never said anything concrete in defense of his judgments of the people but indicated that some of them might have the information we were seeking. He then suggested the son of a shopkeeper in Beloshev as a likely prospect for us. Leaving the old man behind in the woods, KIBALKA, I and the old man's son went eastward until we got to the edge of the wood (D-217-666). Remaining at the edge of the wood, we sent the boy into town to purchase some food for us at the shopkeeper's store and to bring back with him the shopkeeper's son. The shopkeeper's son, a youth of about nineteen, returned with the woodcutter's son bringing a pound of sausage and some bread which had been purchased with a couple hundred rubles. We sent the woodcutter's boy home and tried to engage the shopkeeper's son, nicknamed KURUSO, in conversation. He refused to reveal any information to us but finally consented to lead us back to Taulava. Eureka, we talked in general terms and I got the impression that he was a decent type of person. I told him that we were partisans, that we were lost and in a bad way. As we approached the point where we had left KROCHENKO and PASS, I told the youth that one of our number had been seriously wounded by the Bolsheviks and asked the youth what we should do with our casualty. The youth got frightened when I said this and I felt obliged to show KROCHENKO to him. When the youth saw KROCHENKO's condition he quickly changed his mind and said that he would help us come what might. He said that the area of the wood where we were located was very dangerous from the point of view of Bolshevik patrols and that we should move at once. It was already dark when the youth, PASS and KIBALKA went to the meadow where we had jumped and caught one of the horses pastured there. They led the horse back to where I had remained with KROCHENKO and we put KROCHENKO on the horse's back. Months later I heard that the old man and his son were arrested and were to be shot for aiding us. I also heard that many

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people in Taniaia were arrested and shot. The women had made panties out of our parachutes but the Bolsheviks took them off.)

4. "By this time we had determined that HROSHENKO had not broken any bones but that he must have torn ligaments in his legs or been paralyzed by the fall because he could not stand on his legs. However, the whole procedure was very painful for HROSHENKO because he moaned and screamed as we moved him through the wood on horseback. We moved due south in the wood to a point about (B-185-680). The boy then led the horse to a path that led back to the pasturing meadow and encouraged the horse to return by slapping him on the hind quarters. We then sent the boy home with some money to buy food which he should bring with him the next day. When the boy left us, we lifted HROSHENKO onto our shoulders again and moved south to a point about (B-187-670). The next morning, 1 June, I and KIBALKA returned to the spot where we parted with the shopkeeper's son. The boy returned bringing food and wine and I talked to him for a while to see if there had been any change in his attitude. All of his reactions gave me confidence in him and I asked him if he could help us to make contact with the local partisans. I gave him a watch and told him that I would give him more money for helping us than he would get from the Bolsheviks by turning us in. He promised to help us and said that he knew a raivenovi (PIDEKOWA) but didn't say where the man lived. I asked the youth to go to the raivenovi and arrange a meeting between the latter and ourselves. I told the boy that the raivenovi could set the terms and procedure of our meeting. Four days later, 5 June, the boy returned to our rendezvous point at B-185-680. The boy told us that some UPA men wanted to meet with us but that only one of us was to come with him and unarmed. The boy said that the partisans were waiting at a point about two kilometers away. I sent PASS with a pistol hidden in his pocket off with the boy. The pair had gone about one kilometer when they were suddenly intercepted by two men who jumped out of the wood. PASS began to talk to them as they approached each other and they seemed to accept PASS as a partisan because of his manner of speech and partisan jargon. The two partisans, PASS and the boy, HRIHKO, returned to the point where I was waiting and I talked to them for a while. From their reactions, attitudes and gestures, I felt that they really were partisans and good people. The leader of the two was named PIDEKOWA and his friend, BOGDAN. PIDEKOWA said that he and his friend were asleep in the woods north of Taniaia on the night that we jumped. They said that they were awakened by the noise of the plane and that they had seen us jump. I asked PIDEKOWA to help us get contact with higher headquarters. He agreed but said that partisans had instructions to disarm any parachutists and then turn them over to higher partisan headquarters. I told him that I believed that such instructions were undoubtedly issued but that we would not surrender our arms. I asked him to pass on the information that BOGDAN was in the vicinity. He agreed to this and then told us that the villagers had taken my parachute down from the brush and hidden it. Since they were unable to reach HROSHENKO's chute, the villagers had to cut down the oak before they could get at the chute to hide it. PIDEKOWA said that a little booklet had been found in the harness of HROSHENKO's parachute. PIDEKOWA believed that the booklet contained instructions written in English for use of

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the chute. At any rate, the booklet had been forwarded through channels to higher headquarters. PIDKOVA said that about twenty villagers had seen us jump but that as yet no one but the villagers and themselves appeared to be aware of our presence. PIDKOVA said that he had spoken to the villagers and that they had hidden the chutes. It was from PIDKOVA that we learned a wedding feast was in progress the morning that we jumped. I told PIDKOVA about HROMENKO and he decided that we should get HROMENKO out of the area at once. We sent the shopkeeper's son, HRINKO, back to Boloshev and then led PIDKOVA and BOGDAN to where we were hiding HROMENKO. In the evening after dark, we hoisted HROMENKO onto our shoulders again and the six of us started northeast circling the village Pocharedorf Krysee to the north, then headed southeast to a point B-243-633 just north of Boloshowka Gora. PIDKOVA said that this was the safest area in the vicinity, since MVD patrols rarely came into this part of the wood. When PIDKOVA told me that he and BOGDAN were to meet with partisans on the next day, I conceived the plan of having PIDKOVA and BOGDAN go off to make contact with higher headquarters while the two new men stayed with us to give us support and protection.

5. "Early 6 June, I, RYBALKA, PIDKOVA and BOGDAN went off to meet the two new partisans while PASS stayed behind to guard HROMENKO. One of the new men turned out to be a Koshchovoi named LEV and the other was named KRUTII. My immediate general impression of LEV was that he seemed like a good reliable person but I was a little suspicious of KRUTII because he seemed a little wild in his ideas. LEV told me that KRUTII was a recent partisan but that he seemed to be a good man. We all returned to the spot where HROMENKO was kept in hiding, camouflaged with brush and leaves.

6. "I then decided that PIDKOVA and BOGDAN should go off to seek contact with higher headquarters and at the same time reconnoiter the area especially around Taniawa to determine whether the Bolsheviks had learned of our arrival. They left on 6 June promising to return within three days at most. When they left, I, RYBALKA, PASS, LEV and KRUTII carried HROMENKO about one kilometer away and hid him again. We then quartered here until PIDKOVA and BOGDAN returned on 8 June. I had so arranged trips to town for food so that one of us always accompanied either LEV or KRUTII into Boloshev. PASS went north to the rendezvous spot during the early afternoon hours of 8 June and finding no one there returned to us. Later that afternoon, toward dusk, PIDKOVA and BOGDAN returned and finding no one at the meeting place decided to go in search of us. While we were sitting quietly in the vicinity of HROMENKO, we became aware of movement in the wood in our vicinity. We caught sight of two men moving quietly through the brush about 100 meters from where we were. LEV soon recognized them as PIDKOVA and BOGDAN and we made our presence known. The two joined us and reported that as yet the Bolsheviks seemed to know nothing of our presence, that the people in the village of Taniawa were discussing our drop but only among themselves. PIDKOVA stated that they had been unable to make contact with the partisans in the area where they had hoped to because of heavy Bolshevik actions in the vicinity. (Source did not state where PIDKOVA expected to make contact.) PIDKOVA further stated that it would be necessary to wait until 16 June before another attempt could be made to contact people when he knew.



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7. "On 9 June, I, RYBALKA, PIDKOVA and BOGDAN left LEV and KRUTII with PASS who was delegated the responsibility of HROMENKO's care and security. When we left HROMENKO he had recovered from the shock caused by his fall, but his left leg had begun to shrivel and he was unable to stand by himself. He had to be assisted whenever he had to move from one spot to another. Otherwise he seemed to be in good health. We made our way through the woods to Tanisna where we contacted the peasants to learn whether the Bolsheviks had heard of our arrival and to begin looking for the cargo package. As far as we were able to determine from the peasants, the Bolsheviks were still unaware of our presence in the Ukraine. At first no one seemed to have any information about our cargo pack but eventually we heard that one of the village peasants had some knowledge about some pack or other. When we located the villager, he would admit to no knowledge of the pack but after he became convinced that PIDKOVA was a bona fide partisan he admitted to having located the cargo pack. The peasant said that the package was almost completely buried in the ground when he found it and that the outside covering had burst so that the contents were visible. He said that he had removed a sweater and some underwear (packed in the cushion tied to the bottom of the cargo pack) and some of the food which he took home after he covered the cargo pack with dirt to hide it from view. The peasant returned the sweater and underwear to us and then led us to the spot where he had masked the presence of the pack. It was on 10 June that the peasant led us to where the pack was (B-173-907). When we cleaned away the dirt and brush we saw that the package had hit the ground lengthwise and buried itself in the earth so that the top of the pack was even with the ground around it. The canvas wrapping was burst open so that we could see the contents. I, RYBALKA, PIDKOVA, and BOGDAN lifted the pack out of the ground and carried it about three kilometers into the woods where we set it down and examined the contents. Not one piece of equipment was intact. Even the pliers were broken and the generator was twisted beyond repair. The wooden box which had contained the radio set was crushed and the radios completely ruined. The peasant who found the package early on the morning of 31 May said that he saw no traces of a parachute either on the package or in its vicinity. I did not see the chute of the cargo pack open after the blond pilot shoved it out of the airplane. Even the ammunition that was in the pack was ruined; each bullet was twisted or crushed. After we had examined the package thoroughly, we buried it in a hole (B-2070) and camouflaged the spot with dirt and brush.

8. "The four of us moved on to B-1771 which we reached on 16 June. Here we met with one CHERNENKO, a raionovi propagandist who was waiting for us. PIDKOVA had arranged this meeting when he and BOGDAN were on their reconnoitering mission from 6-8 June. It turned out that CHERNENKO was PIDKOVA's superior in the raion. CHERNENKO was accompanied by two armed partisans whose names I do not remember. That evening we all moved southwest to another point in the wood where we quartered for a few nights. At this point we were joined by two more partisans who came from some point west of us. The next day PIDKOVA accompanied by CHERNENKO's two men returned to their own terrain and the rest of us moved westward through the woods.

9. "On 18 June we met some more partisans with whom we left BOGDAN. CHERNENKO, RYBALKA, and I, accompanied by two partisan escorts, went off to

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meet with an okrushi providnik who led me to the camp of an okrushi SS. Early 19 June, I met with the okrushi SS and told him what had happened to HRONENKO. The SS, who turned out to be an old friend of HRONENKO's, immediately sent word to the raioni providnik and CHERNENKO to pick up BOGDAN and for the three of them to go to HRONENKO and to do everything possible for him. In the event there was Bolshevik activity in the area, they were to hide HRONENKO in a bunker; otherwise, they were to move him to some other secure spot in the woods.

10. "On 20 June, we made our first contact that promised to lead us to higher headquarters. On 21 June, RIBALKA and I were near Szeroka. Since SLAVKO had heard me say that the package was lost, I realized that he would carry this information back with him and that an attempt might be made to send us a resupply pack. Therefore, someone had to remain at Szeroka to observe. I decided to leave RIBALKA there with a man named STEFAN assigned by the local okrushi providnik whom I had met on 18 June."

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Part Two of BOGDAN'S Trip

1. "On 21 June I went off to seek further contact with persons who could lead me to headquarters. I was accompanied by one other UPA man who had been detailed to me as guide by an Ukrainian SBist (otrug SB chief). It took me until 15 July to reach Central Headquarters. I prefer not to give the details of this trip since they involve the internal security of the underground. I was received at Central Headquarters on 15 July by the heads of UPA, OUN and UNVR, who had convened for their annual conference. To these men who heard me out for two days, I reported everything confided to me by my American case officers and by the chiefs of the ZPUNVR. Answers to all of the questions raised were given me for conveyance either by radio or by courier to the originators in Germany. At the end of two days I was informed that that would be all the time that the highest officials of the underground could afford to devote to the question of the emigration and the Americans. Since the council could for security reasons only meet for a week, it was decided that the remaining five days would be devoted to the more pressing and immediate problems of the fight in the homeland. During the two days I learned that two couriers from BANDERA had arrived from Germany before me. Their names were PIMSTA and SLAVKO. PIMSTA and SLAVKO allegedly came to the Ukraine by way of Poland. I also heard that two other BANDERA couriers, named KOMAR and BOGDAN, had traveled successfully through Czechoslovakia and delivered their pouch to headquarters. (As far as I know KOMAR and BOGDAN remained in the Ukraine whereas PIMSTA and SLAVKO set out for Germany again around 10 September 1950 through Poland.) Around 25 July, when I was decorated with the UPA Gold Cross First Class, PIMSTA and SLAVKO were also decorated with lesser medals and I got a good look at them. (Case Officer Comments: For a description of these two men see WASH 20245.) Major POLTAVA, chief of the General Secretariat of the UNVR, made the awards and read the citations.

2. "The remainder of July and the first nine days of August I spent in a search for the other three members of my jump team. It is pertinent for me to mention here, however, that on 17 July, Major POLTAVA, who with Col. KOVAL and others had participated in my debriefing, informed me that perhaps I would receive an order to return to Germany on a courier mission. He instructed me to organize on my own responsibility and initiative the operation to receive the promised re-supply package drop. At this time RYBALKA and SERPAN were already at Serecha waiting for a plane to arrive. I was subordinated to a commander of UPA before leaving headquarters. The latter was to supervise the coordination of the package reception and radio operation with headquarters. This commander whose name I do not choose to tell was also to turn over to me a telegram for the base station as soon as the radios had been received and set up. Responsibility for high-level radio traffic was to be strictly that of this commander. Matters concerned with getting the radio station set up fell within my realm of responsibility. I too, was given authority to compose and send certain types of telegrams, such as situation reports, service messages, etc. All policy cables were, however, to be cleared with my superior. If I needed to request food or other supplies for my group to be sent from Germany, that was also within the limits of my competence. I also was free to choose the location of

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the prospective radio station. (I don't think that RUBAN would receive such broad responsibility. I am pretty sure that since MYKOLA is now a commander and has all the codes and signal plans in his possession that he will be the man in charge of picking the spot and setting up the radio station next year. He is an old partisan, a good radio operator and knows his way around.)

3. "On 5 August I heard from two partisans I met at a support point that the Bolsheviks had made a large, coordinated raid (oblava) on the woods in which HROSENKO was hidden on 7 July. The partisans said that two partisans had been killed during this action as they were going from Bolshow to the wood. On 6 August I headed towards Smercha escorted by a group of twenty to twenty-five partisans from the area. Passing through the woods where HROSENKO had hidden, I inspected the spot where he had been and found him gone. There was however a written message there from KRUTII addressed to one of the partisans who had originally escorted me to headquarters. The note said: 'I have gone to another spot with HROSENKO. Please leave a note citing where I can meet you or stay here until I come back with HROSENKO. HROSENKO is feeling better.' I then marched two kilometers further and sent out two men to try to find HROSENKO in the woods. The scouts were naturally unsuccessful. Then we marched on. When I had seen that the note (zapiska) was not written by PESS or LEV, but only by KRUTII, the junior member of the group, I concluded that this meant that PESS and LEV had been killed. When I got to the next rendezvous point around 8 August 1950, I met another partisan and heard that there had been a three-day long oblava from 6 to 9 July and that during that oblava the Bolsheviks had shot down two partisans and captured two others alive. One of the men taken alive was KRUTII who had apparently turned his companion over to the Bolsheviks and accompanied the latter to the raion headquarters unfettered and seemingly on his own volition. After PESS and LEV were killed, KRUTII probably realized that there was no longer any control over him and while the Bolsheviks were combing the woods he contacted them and led them to where HROSENKO was hidden. KRUTII was a recent UPist and nobody in central headquarters seemed to know anything about him although they knew of LEV and had complete confidence in him. We learned later from the partisans that HROSENKO was taken to the one hospital in Dolina where he was under constant guard by two NKVD men. I personally learned from the underground of his presence in Dolina. Up until the end of July there were no indications that HROSENKO had talked; however, the rumor went around the underground circles that HROSENKO was passing himself off as a Bulgarian. That is all I know about his case. The same source who told me of the oblava also told me that he had heard that a few days later KRUTII had appeared in several neighboring villages asking the villagers for contact with the partisans. He stated that he had to get in touch with the partisans on behalf of their sick parachutist friend. In one village, I am not sure which, KRUTII repeated his story and told the villagers that the partisans could contact him at such and such a place in the woods. A nadraionovi gospodarnik, VILKHOVEY, who had already heard that there were genuine partisan parachutists in the vicinity but knew nothing about HROSENKO's capture, knew KRUTII. He therefore went with CHUKOVNIKO and another partisan to meet KRUTII

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at the designated spot, VILKHOVEY saw that other people were standing with KRUTII. One of them had on HROMENKO's motorcyclist's leather cap and another had on PASS' American army fatigue uniform made out of American cloth. VILKHOVEY assumed naturally that these were the partisan parachutists. He went up to KRUTII, whom he recognized, to shake hands. At this point the men with KRUTII jumped. VILKHOVEY and Bolsheviks hidden in the woods started shooting at HROMENKO and the other partisan. HROMENKO and his companion, although both slightly wounded, succeeded in getting away. Thus in effect the MVD agent KRUTII was able to deliver four partisans to the Bolsheviks. Two alive, two dead. When I left the support point where I heard this account, I went to the next contact point where I heard that the Bolsheviks had made a huge encirclement raid around the point where KYBALKA and STEFAN were at Sseroka. STEFAN had been killed. During the raid, the Bolsheviks stumbled across a bunker which was empty at the time because the partisan inhabitants had received adequate warning that an oblava was in the offing and had left. Naturally I started thinking fast why the Bolsheviks had made an oblava on this particular forest. I asked several other partisans. I found out that a few days before the attack on KYBALKA and STEFAN the Bolsheviks had found another bunker at approximately point B-CIO-558 where a printing press was located. In capturing this bunker, the Bolsheviks shot and killed one of the occupants. From the evidence they found inside they were undoubtedly able to determine that this was one of the bunkers of an okrug chief (okrugnyi proviǎnik). The other oblava which involved KYBALKA and STEFAN a few days later was probably made in order to find out if there were any other bunkers in the area. The empty bunker they stumbled on at point B-COZ-546 was in fact this okrugnyi proviǎnik's (okrug chief's) main headquarters. The other possibility of course is that HROMENKO had told the Bolsheviks of the eleven drop points he had memorized. I, however, tend to discount this possibility. I asked our intelligence service to check whether oblavas on the other drop points had been made. None had. Why should the Bolsheviks make a raid on this drop point around Sseroka and not around the others. After all, HROMENKO knew all eleven spots, but he did not know that Sseroka was one of the two selected for a re-supply drop. It is true that he could have asked PASS for the other half of the code number for this particular spot, but he had no logical reason to do so and I do not believe he did.

4. After I had heard this account I started off to look for KYBALKA on about 9 August. I did not know at this time whether KYBALKA was dead or alive. I knew only that allegedly one man, either KYBALKA or STEFAN, was dead. I then turned around and went back towards headquarters. On the way I met my new chief, the one who was assigned me from headquarters, and MIKOLA. (See MIA-46973). I recounted to the former everything I had learned. After he had heard me out, he said that I had to go to Germany again. He asked how my health was, whether I thought that I would be able to get through safely, etc. and then gave me the order to go. He asked what ideas I had on the route and supplies. He told me that I would have all the supply support that I needed. He added that I would have a free hand to choose my escort. A few days later he spoke concretely with me about these problems. Then I went to another rendezvous point. There a commander placed OSIP and GIBIL under my command. In a village civilian clothes were bought for me

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and my escort and a few days later I was escorted to another support point and there briefed by commander FOLTAVA. Commander FOLTAVA told me what the instructions were for my mission. He answered concretely again all the points raised by ZPUHR and the Americans. The briefing was verbal and I made notes of what he said. He told me that everything that he was telling me verbally was also in writing in the pouch I would carry. I assume though that there were also other things in the pouch about which he did not tell me. He spoke with me for about fifteen hours. At night I left. He also gave me a bit of political orientation about the opinions of the government in the underground. Then I left with CHMIL and OSIF. QUEST had not yet joined the group. A few days later I was in the raion of Borisya. Here was a raion I knew well. I got contact through a civilian with RYBALKA who had been waiting for the promised package drop. RYBALKA and his companion STEFAN were hidden at approximately point E-032538 when a tremendous force of MIB troops swooped down on the general area. They were encircled several times. STEFAN was killed. RYBALKA kept the MIB in constant pursuit. After killing STEFAN, the MIB troops stopped firing even though they had several excellent chances to kill RYBALKA. They wanted, however, to take him alive. They hoped by keeping him on the run that they would be able to wear him out and catch him when he was so exhausted and dazed that he could go no further. For about six days RYBALKA was continually on the run. During these six days he used up all the ammunition he had in his PPSH and on the sixth day had only about forty shots left for his pistol. RYBALKA fired with his pistol when the Bolsheviks got too close for comfort and shot many point blank. KRUTII or conceivably HREBKHED must have given the Bolsheviks a description of RYBALKA and STEFAN for on the fifth and sixth days the MIB troops started using psychological methods to confuse RYBALKA. Each time the Bolsheviks closed in on him one would call out, 'Don't shoot ROMAN! (another UFA pseudonym used by RYBALKA). It is I, your friend, STEFAN'; or 'ROMAN why do you shoot? Don't shoot, don't run away! We won't hurt you. Come back ROMAN! Don't run away! Don't shoot! ROMAN, it's I, STEFAN, your friend. Don't shoot! Since RYBALKA had only a small pistol to fight back with, he says that he did not fire except at a point blank range of four to five meters. He believes that he must have killed or wounded over twenty Bolsheviks. While pursuing ROMAN the Bolsheviks used field telephone and what was probably a walkie-talkie radio. Finally on the fifth day towards evening he was so tired that he considered suicide. In this state of mind and completely exhausted, he suddenly had a vision. Suddenly BOGDAN appeared beside him and took him by the arm, saying 'ROMAN, don't try to go any further. Stop. Lie down in this little gully and I will camouflage you. Go to sleep! Keep your pistol muzzle under your chin and your finger on the trigger!' Just before RYBALKA passed out he remembers the sound of the encircling rings of Bolsheviks retreating in the dark. When RYBALKA woke up at dawn, he found that he was lying in a gully, excellently camouflaged, with his pistol in his hand with the muzzle at his throat. When recounting the story to me, RYBALKA thanked me for saving his life. I told him that he had merely imagined that I was in the woods with him, but he refused to believe me, claiming over and over that he knew that I had been with him and it was useless for me to tell a lie. I believe now that RYBALKA's vision, hallucination, call it what you like, must have been something like the visions of the early saints. (Villagers

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who were in the vicinity of Sseroka reported in mid-July that 125 large army trucks carrying about thirty MEB troops each had parked along the road prior to the raid.) After he had told me this story, I order RYBALKA to go to a contact point where SYKOLA would meet him and return to Sseroka to await further developments. In Borinya raion I bought some more provisions. Then we marched in the direction of Davniaez (A-4680) and the border. We had the benefit of an escort as far as the immediate border area.

5. "I, OSIP, and OREST approached the border, at Davniaez Goray (AA58801), on 5 September, around 2390 hours. The providnik and CIMIL separated from us about 2 kilometers from the border, after instructing a sheep herder, eighteen years old, to lead us closer to the border. CIMIL dropped out because he had a bad leg. OREST took his place. The boy accompanied us to within 100 meters of the border. We caught sight of the border posts and we sent him back and I gave him 100 rubles. OSIP went first, then I and OREST. The border posts were about two and one-half or three meters high, made of cement. They measure about twenty-five centimeters on a side, unpainted, and if I remember rightly, are curved on top facing the Polish side of the border. (See Attachment A) There are five or six strands of barbed wire, evenly spaced, attached to the cement posts in a manner which I did not ascertain. This fence is the first indication of any border obstacles. We spread two of the barbed wire strands and crept through the fence. As far as we could determine, the fence was not electrified or connected in any way with rocket flares. We then crossed a clearing of about fifty meters in width. This area had been cleared of trees and brush but was not plowed. Immediately after this clear area we came to a plowed strip which measured about eight to ten meters wide. This strip had been raked so that the earth was soft and very smooth. OSIP was the first to reach the plowed strip and as OREST and I reached the point where he was waiting, we caught sight of the lamp of a Soviet patrol about 200 meters to the left of us. They were probably walking along the path which is right next to the plowed strip and checking for foot prints. We decided to make a quick dash across the strip and moved as quickly and as quietly as we could over the 300 meters of cleared area which still separated us from the river San. We waded across the river which is wide but only knee deep at this point. When we crossed the plowed strip we did not attempt to try to hide our footprints since we would have required a rake to do so and even then it would be obvious by the manner of raking and the color of the earth that a patching job had been performed. I have heard that the Bolsheviks rake the strip about once a week but of this I am not certain. As a rule, the border is more difficult/cross since the Bolsheviks employ coils of barbed wire about two meters high and two or three meters in depth, a plowed strip and then another obstacle of coiled barbed wire. I believe that the reason the obstacles were less difficult where we crossed was that there is a unit of about forty guards stationed at about A-46808 close to the village. I did not see the houses in which they are quartered but the providnik and the shepherd told us that they were there. We had originally intended to cross the border at a point about ten kilometers northwest (A-435815) but I decided that it might be better tactics to try nearer the place where the border guard unit was located. Actually, I did not know at that time that the border obstacles would be so easy to overcome at the point we finally decided upon.

6. After we had waded quietly across the dam, we started southwest toward the wood and when we reached a point around A-445775 we heard three shots fired. This was at least a half hour after we had crossed the plowed strip. The sound seemed to come from the point where we crossed the plowed strip on the border. About ten minutes after we heard the firing, we heard a dog running in our direction. He had obviously run a long way because he was breathing very hard as he approached us. My first impulse was to shoot him and I advised GIMP to whom the dog was closest to do so. But then I called out to GIMP not to shoot if the dog did not attack. Actually, the dog came up to me, looked at the choice of us, then turned and ran back in the direction from which it had come. It was a very big light brown dog of the German Police breed. It is my opinion that the border guards found our footprints in the plowed area very shortly after we crossed and that a patrol went out in immediate pursuit of us. The shots which were fired a good half hour later were only precaution to make us think that our traces had just been discovered.

7. When the dog turned back we moved into the wood and going in a southeasterly direction reached a hilltop (A-42778) where we spent the night, two sleeping, one standing guard, until about 0700 hours, 6 September. By ten o'clock that morning we reached the edge of the wood (A-3782-768) where we wanted to cross the river Volosandy. We heard noises of people and rifles ahead of us and as we crept to the edge of the wood we saw three groups of Poles in green uniforms. I can't give any more details of their uniforms or weapons but I saw that a group riding past in a truck were carrying automatic rifles. Trucks and cars moved back and forth along the road and we decided to wait until nightfall before we attempted to break through the Polish patrol barrier. Late that night we moved northward a little and crossed the road and river at about A-362-777. Just after we crossed, GIMP, who was first, ran into four or five Poles who immediately retreated southeast across the river, without firing a shot. GIMP and I didn't see them. As far as we were able to determine, the Poles had strung out a line of troops from above Stopyany (A-3943) to the Slovak border below Boryshyl Gory. In addition to the motorized units there were groups of four to five Poles stationed along this line. The distance from one group to another depended on how good the line of sight was in the area.

8. After we crossed the river we continued westwards until we reached a point around A-3678 where we stopped to sleep for a few hours. At daylight we started west again moving along the Slovak border which we kept always about two kilometers to our left. The night of 8-9 September we camped at A-458-777. The next morning (9 September) we moved along the mountain path that runs from Baskla (A-2080) to Plaska (A-1877). All along the path we saw signs in Russian to the effect that the area to Plaska Hill (A-182-780) had been cleared of mines to a depth of fifty meters on either side of the path. At least that is the way we understood the sign. After we had crossed the road leading from Rusko (A-1478) to Rudin (A-1873) at a point around A-165-766 we heard the voices of two girls walking along the road. We stopped to listen and heard that they were speaking Slovak. Then we knew for certain that we had safely crossed into Slovakia. We continued westward to



the edge of wood A-114740, crossed the open fields to the brush area immediately west and dug up some potatoes at about A-093745, and then went northwest to the wood crossing a main road at A-087752 and spent the night at A-070754. The next morning, 10 September, we cooked the potatoes we had stolen. Up to this point we had been eating the rations from the Ukraine: the salt pork (about 3 kilos), sausage (2 kilos), bread (5 kilos), honey (1 kilo), butter (1 kilo), rolls (3 kilos). We each had a brief case to carry these provisions in. During the day when we thought we might be observed, we carried the brief cases so that we would look like tourists. At other times we hooked them up to our shoulder straps and carried them on our backs. We had also received 20,000 Rr, 600 dollars, 400 DM for expenses. Had we needed more money I would have taken some of the 3,000 dollars from the pouch.

9. "Before I, OSIP and CHMIL started for the border from headquarters, Commander POLYAVA called us to him and gave us a speech, mainly for the benefit of my two companions. POLYAVA said that he was sending us to the American Zone of Germany on a very dangerous but important trip. He said that I was to be in charge of all preparations and plans and that I would have the responsibility for any further briefing of OSIP and CHMIL. Just before we crossed the Soviet-Polish border, after CHMIL had left and CHEST had joined our group, I briefed the boys so that they could carry on if anything happened to me. I told them that we were to contact the ZP in Germany, that we had mail to be turned over to one Dr. Ivan HRYNIOCH. If I should be killed, they were to get to Germany, turn themselves in to Americans, ask for HRYNIOCH, Mr. LEBED, or Commander KALINA and say nothing to anyone until they had talked with HRYNIOCH, LEBED or KALINA. I told them about the American Mr. 'H', gave them his description, told them he was connected with the Army in Munich, and said that he would be able to get them into contact with the ZFOHVE. I divided up the pouch so that I was carrying the most important mail; CHEST, who was to bring up the rear, had copies of the important things I was carrying; and OSIP carried the remainder of the pouch. Before we left the Ukraine, we sewed the little cloth sealed pouches to the rear top of our trousers so that at no time would the pouch be out of our physical possession. One of the packets I pinned to inside of my shirt.

10. "After we had eaten the morning of 10 September, we continued walking through the wood in a southeasterly direction. We crossed several roads, one at A-063753, one at A-028714 and another at A-012706. We continued westward and went through the village of Pichne at its edge, V-974712, and turned south into the wood and spent the night of 10-11 September at V-970698. In the morning, (11 September), OSIP and I went into the village of Pichne. We walked toward the village and approached the first house at the southernmost extremity of the village (V-977706). We went up to the door where the owner and a younger man, evidently the owner's son, were carrying potatoes from a cart into the cellar. I said good-day and he seemed to notice immediately that we were not from this locality. He asked whether we were hungry. I said we would appreciate food and that we would pay for it. They answered that it was not necessary for us to pay. The man went in to tell his mother to prepare something and then he invited us inside. The mother got some bread,

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cheese, milk, butter out; we ate. It was already afternoon when we finished eating and the young man tried to find out who we were. I gave him to understand we were not persons who would be harmful to him and he said that in 1947 Ukrainian partisans had stopped by his place. I took him outside and told him we were Ukrainian partisans but didn't tell him where we were from. I asked if he could help us. He agreed to do all if we would tell no one about it. I gave my hand on it. I think that the boy's name was JOHAN but I don't remember exactly. Don't know father or mother's name. He was married, about 21 years old, average height, long blond hair combed back, face long, medium build, was in Slovak army under Germans, First Brigade, wounded at the front in one leg. Father was about 55 years old, average build and weight, a little bent, brown hair. The wife of the son has some relative in America. The wife of the boy was of average height, not thin, not fat, brunette, hair combed very smooth, bucktoothed. His mother was short, fat, liked to talk even on political themes. She was more forward than her husband or son. This family was friendly with us when we convinced them that we were Ukrainians. They were all anxious to help us in any way they could. The mother asked what she could pack us for the road. We spent a couple of hours with them. During this time from our conversation I oriented myself as to the police situation in the area. I decided that we could travel by bicycle now. I decided to spend a couple days in the woods while the son bought us bicycles, food and an automobile map. The boy (11 September) went into Snina and Humenne for bicycles with the 8000 krs I gave him. He couldn't find them the first day because they were so expensive, I heard when I met him at his house that night. The next day (12 September) OSIP and OREST went to him with twenty American dollars to be used with kronen. They told him that I had gone to my commander to say that we had found a good man who would help us. I did this to give him the impression we were many in the area. Thus he would be very careful in how he helped us since if something happened to us others would call him to task. He told OSIP and OREST he had found some bicycles in the meanwhile in Humenne and Snina but wasn't sure we wanted to pay so much for them. He took twenty dollars. The next day (13 September) he bought the bicycles in various places so as not to attract attention. He bought eight kilos sausage, ten kilos bread, two kilos cheese, butter, in addition to the three bicycles. We collected this equipment the night of 13 September at his house. The whole thing cost us about 13,000 kronen. We returned to the woods with request to buy us autocarte and for him to come to us in woods next day, 14 September. He came to the appointed spot with the map. I gave him the two PPS's we had with us with request that he hide them. I also gave him a Soviet shil'terhalf. We ate together, had a drink of whiskey, talked a bit and I told him that we were leaving that day but didn't say where we were going. I did not tell him anything of my connections with the Americans. I asked him to hide the guns, to say nothing of their existence, adding that one of the three of us would return for them later. He then left us. Toward evening on 14 September we started out on the road on bicycles. (The son also gave us one of his suits which OREST put on. We hid OREST's partisan uniform in the woods, but gave the son OREST's boots. OSIP and I spent the entire trip in civilian clothes, but OREST joined the group too late for us to get him civilian clothes in the Ukraine.)

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11. We rode northward to Pichas, through the village, along the road to Zahna (V-9473), continued southwestward through Vys Hrusov, through the town southwestwards until we reached a crossroads at approximately V-538646. Here the road crosses a stream and then a railroad intersection. A train was coming from the north so we were obliged to stop. A bus drove up behind us and stopped for the train to pass also. There were two gendarmes in the bus and one got out to look around. He strode about and stared at us a few times, but when the train passed they got back in the bus which drove on. We went on and took the first main turn leading northward to Lubisa (V-9463). Just before reaching the town we took a sharp left and continued on the road leading to Vys Ladichovec (V-8171). From this point on I am not sure which road we took, but we went in a generally northeast direction. On the evening of 15 September we slept in a spot I cannot locate on the map and on 16 September we reached Slov-Maslavice (V-9988). After we left this village, we stopped in the first large woods on our right (V-992873) where we washed and shaved. Since we had only an automobile map, we decided we would have to go through Presov. We then pedaled in a generally southerly direction toward Presov. We went through Presov and continued on the main road west and stopped off at the woods located at V-289737 where we spent the night of 16-17 September. Early on the morning of 17 September which was a Sunday, we got back on the road and started west but drove only about five kilometers and stopped in a forest at the left side of the road at about V-224742. We passed the whole day in this woods because our clothes were not good enough to make us inconspicuous among the Sunday traffic. On the morning of 18 September we set out again on the same main road which leads to Levoca (D-8580). When we reached a point on this road approximately D-033770, we heard shot off by an automatic rifle just ahead of us. Fearing that a road block had been set up, we turned into the woods on the right of the road and for half an hour hid on the edge of the woods about point D-033772. Then we decided that the shots were coming from a firing range located several kilometers up the road. I think the range was somewhere around D-0278. We came out of the woods and continued along the road to Levoca. As we left the town of Spis Pechradie, we noticed a military compound of six large barracks buildings at approximately D-963769. The compound was surrounded by a high iron fence and in some places by a high wall. I have no idea how many soldiers were there, but we saw quite a few on the grounds and near the central entrance. Toward evening we crossed through Levoca. We cycled along the principal highway leading to Poprad (D-6586). On the night of 18 September, before reaching Poprad, we drove off into a brush area located on the right of the road about one and one-half kilometers before Poprad. We slept here in the brush (D-662850). On the morning of 19 September, we got back on the road, drove through Poprad intending to continue on the main road west. We took, however, the wrong road and went due south on a main road and passed through Kvetnice (D-6382), and went as far as Hranovica (D-6478). Realizing that we had taken the wrong road, we decided to take a secondary road going westward. From Hranovica we took a road leading due west to Kubachy (D-6090). From Kubachy we went on westwards to Kraviany (D-5780) through Vikartovec (D-5380). At approximately D-500795, we took a tiny path headed west to another secondary road following the narrow gauge road which went along the river Cierny Vah. At approximately point D-382847 I pointed

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out to the boys the beehive RUBAN had robbed the previous year. Continuing on we reached a point D-300856 where we quartered in the forest for the night 19-20 September. I recognized a herd of sheep that I had seen the year before close to this woods. I decided to pay a visit to the shepherd with whom I had talked the year before. We left OREST, our packs and bicycles in the woods and I and OSIP went down to a shepherd's hut located at D-299854. We wanted to look into the shelter without being observed, but the dog saw us and four people came running out of the shelter. They were all young men who were very frightened when they caught sight of us. As we approached I asked if they remembered me when I recognized the sons of the shepherd who had helped us the previous year. When they answered in the negative, I asked them whether they had gotten rid of the dollars with which I had paid for the cheese the previous year. The boys then recognized me and welcomed me warmly, asking all sorts of questions about what I had done since I was last there. They told me that their father had broken his leg and died five weeks before. The oldest one was blond, 175 cm tall, round face, and looked twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. The next oldest son was about the same height, heavy build, round, full face, brown hair combed straight back. He looked about eighteen or nineteen years old. The youngest brother was about twelve years old. He had in general the same family features. The fourth man was a friend of the brothers about nineteen years old, short, heavy build, light brown hair worn long and combed straight back. I gave them a little money, to buy bread, sugar and sausage and also gave them two hundred kronen for themselves, telling them to buy what they liked as a souvenir of our visit with them. That night we went back to where OREST was in the woods. The evening of the next day, 20 September, the three of us went back to the shepherd, took the provisions they had bought for us. We ate with them; they treated us to some hard liquor they had bought with the two hundred kronen. After supper with them, we went back and spent the night at the same place where we had slept the night before. At dawn of the twenty-first, we set forth again back on the same road until we arrived at Smikaneq (D-2787). Then we took the main road leading northwest to Lipt St. Mikulas (D-1999). Then we passed through Vlasy (D-0597), Martineek Liskova (C-9697), and then we came to Rusceberok (D-9397). Just before we entered the town, OSIP got a flat tire on his bike. We all got excited because we were only two hundred yards from the town. We were afraid that the police might pass and take an interest in us. It was impossible to continue on through the town with the incapacitated bicycles. Within about ten or fifteen minutes we had repaired the flat and went on. This was lucky, for we had thought we would have trouble in Rusceberok, because I had had trouble here last year. Rusceberok is in a pass and is perfect for control points. We had a plan of attack for getting through the city in any event. OSIP was to ride through the town first. The big crossroads would be the natural place for a roadblock. I followed OSIP about ten or fifteen meters behind and OREST rode behind me at considerable distance but close enough to keep me always in sight. If they were to run into an ambush resulting from any tip-off or advance warning that we were coming through, then OSIP and I would save ourselves as best we could by running to the left or the right of the road, depending on the situation. OREST who was far in the rear would see what was happening and turn back and save himself. If, however, we were stopped for a spot document check, OSIP was to ride up to the authorities and pretend to submit to the check; I

was to ride quickly up and stop behind the checker and QWEST was to bring up the rear rapidly so that we would have the gendarmes encircled on the road. If the situation looked difficult, theoretically I was to be the first to draw and fire. By this plan we figured that the gendarmes, who usually patrol in groups of two, would have their attention taken up by either OSIP or myself so that one of us would have the opportunity to draw and fire. Luckily for us, we encountered no such obstacles and hence the plan was not used.

12. "From Ruzomberok we took the main road leading through Hrbolcova (C-8900), Gombas (C-8402), Stakovany (C-8305), Kralovany (C-8106), Rathova (C-7705), Turany (C-7503), Suceany (C-7002), and Prikopsa (C-6502) where we turned left on the Turc Sv Martin (C-6399). About one km before Turc Sv Martin, we turned off to the left of the road into a big field where we spent the night of 21-22 September. The next morning we rode through Turc Sv Martin along the main road to Pribovec (C-6192). About one-half km beyond the town we veered off to the right on the secondary road leading to Valca (C-5992). We continued along this road until it came to an end at C-52988.

13. "We passed through Valca (C-5993) and went on along the road leading northwest and coming to a dead end at C-52987. We then took off into the forest due north until we hit another road in the wood at C-522607. We rode northward on this road, passed through Kuzered (C-9813), then Kamsuna-Foruba (C-9692), took a small path leading due south from the town to the woods before nightfall to a sawmill at a point T-9710. Just before we got to the mill, we drove our bicycles into the woods and left QWEST to guard them. Then OSIP and I just before nightfall went to the mill-owner's house about fifty meters east of the mill. The owner, Anshi TUSHINCHIN, had helped me the year before. QWEST stayed behind at the edge of the woods. As we came up to the house, Anshi and his wife saw me through the window, recognized me, and ran out of the house to meet us. Suddenly he stopped short seemingly overwhelmed by uncertainty. Then he came forward, greeted me heartily and dragged me into the house. He took out vodka. It was raining at the time and we were quite wet. After I had had two shots of vodka, and I had talked with him a while to make certain that his Weltanschauung had not changed from the year before. Once that was established, I said that a companion was waiting for me at the edge of the woods. I asked him if he would go to fetch my companion to reduce the risk of my being seen around the house. Anshi mentioned, however, that he had to go to town to buy some fuel for his lamps. He went on his motorcycle to Kamsuna-Foruba to fetch some naphtha. Before he returned, OSIP went to the woods and brought QWEST into the house. When Anshi returned his wife prepared a good supper of soup, goulash, bread and butter. We talked during the meal. I asked what effect our presence last year had had. He replied that there were police searches in the neighborhood and the police had also come to his house and asked him whether any strangers had come to his house or passed by. He said to the police that he had seen no one. The police allegedly seemed satisfied. This was all the result of our encounter with Czech police at approximately C-6291, about forty kilometers east of his house. The people in the C-6090 area had seen us pass through the unwooded fields. On the same day of that

encounter in October 1949, the woods were full of police searching for us. Since that time all had been quiet until once in the spring when two policemen had been seen on the top of a hill near his house, (0-985100). They spent about a day wandering around the area. Anzhi did not know why they came, but suspected that it was because of persons preaching wood. He also told us that a lot of Czech soldiers with direction finders were combing the entire complex of woods around 0-6090 in an attempt to locate members of the "White League" who were allegedly transmitting illegal, anti-communist propaganda, allegedly at the following times: on Sundays at 2030 and 0030 hours Mondays, Anzhi and his friend, a Czech army captain (name unknown to me), had listened to these broadcasts in Slovák at the captain's house. The captain lived in Zilina (0-9827). The captain was an avid hunter, however, and had a little hunting shelter southeast of Anzhi's house located at 0-985085. It was to this shelter that Anzhi went on Sundays to hear the illegal broadcasts. The programs were often on political subjects, gave the names of communist party members in the area, criticized the Czech government, commented on the international situation, made appeals to whoever was helping the Russians to mend their ways and came back into the democratic fold.

14. "After he had finished talking about these broadcasts we talked on general subjects. We spent the night of 23-23 September in his house and early in the morning we re-entered the woods after telling Anzhi that we would need some food and maps. It soon began raining, however, and Anzhi came out to us and asked us to come back to the house to keep dry. We stayed in the house the rest of the day. The night of 23-24 September we spent in his house also. Next morning early we went into the woods and Anzhi's wife brought us lunch herself. On 24 September, TUSHINCHIN went on his motorcycle to Zilina and bought us maps and food. That evening we went to his house. He turned over to us what he had bought and packed it in our briefcases, also supper with him and then went back to the woods to spend the night. On 25 September, TUSHINCHIN went to Zilina again and bought some more food. I gave him twenty American dollars for all that he had bought for us. We turned the food over to us in the wood. It was at that time that we discussed the possibility of recruiting the army captain to drive us further west in his automobile. I did not want to go further on the bicycles because I felt it was time to change our tactics. He drew up the following plan. Anzhi would arrange a private meeting between myself and the captain at which time I would attempt to persuade him to drive us by car. Should he refuse, I would force him to comply with our wishes with my pistol. Anzhi had arranged to go bear hunting with the captain that night. While he and the captain were off in the woods, I was to go to the captain's shelter about 1900 hours and await their return unbeknownst to the captain. Anzhi and I had arranged for him to light up a cigarette as they approached the shelter to signal that everything was in order. Anzhi was not to tell the captain anything about my plan or presence. Anzhi was to appear as startled as the captain at seeing me in the cabin. He was, however, to recognize me and to introduce me to the captain as one of the group which had passed through the area the previous year. (This would all fit in because Anzhi had explained to me that he had told the captain of our visit of the previous year after he had discovered that the captain was a man who could be trusted and they had listened to the illegal programs



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together. The captain had asked Anzhi why he had not told the police of our presence in the area. Anzhi had answered that he had not wanted to betray us. He then asked the captain what he would have done in his place. The captain had answered that Anzhi was right, it would not have been just or right to inform the police.) After we had discussed this plan, Anzhi returned home and was supposed to go to the captain's later to determine whether the hunting date was still on and whether the captain was in a good humor. Late that afternoon GREST, OSIP and I went to Anzhi's house and learned from him that the captain had returned from Rajec (0-9311) that day with a friend who was to go along on the hunting trip and spend the night at the captain's shelter. This ruined my plan. I then decided that we must spend another night in the woods and try again the next day to catch the captain and carry out our plan. On the morning of 26 September, Anzhi went back to the captain's shelter to find out what the situation was. At 1300 hours Anzhi came to us in the woods and told us that this visitor was still at the captain's and would spend the night there. Again my plan was thwarted. Then I decided to try a different tack. I asked Anzhi to drive to Rajec to contact a friend about whom he had already told me. I do not know his name. This man owned an automobile and Anzhi was to ask him whether he would be willing to rent his services as a chauffeur to some tourists. If this driver consented, he and Anzhi were to return to Anzhi's together using their respective vehicles. Toward evening OSIP, GREST and I went to the edge of the clearing where Anzhi's house was located. In about ten minutes Anzhi drove up to his house on his motorcycle, followed by his friend in the car five minutes later. When the chauffeur saw that the house was empty and no tourists were there as Anzhi had led him to believe, he became nervous. TUZHINCHIN explained that the tourists were taking a walk in the woods and that he would fetch them. TUZHINCHIN came to us and explained the situation and I told him that instead of the four of us returning to TUZHINCHIN's house, TUZHINCHIN should return alone and say that the tourists were waiting up the road a piece. Because TUZHINCHIN did not explain the situation very clearly, the chauffeur became more nervous but drove up the road with Anzhi to where we were waiting, just beyond the crossroad on the road to Rajec at 0-965105. GREST was about two hundred meters further up the road from where OSIP and I waited together. The chauffeur drove up to us and stopped, got out of the car, opened a rear door of his Tatra and asked us to get in. I wanted to talk with him, but he stopped me and said that all he knew was that we were tourists and that was all he wanted to know. By his manner of speaking, I gathered that he realized that something illegal was going on. We got in. I said good-bye to Anzhi. I told him that OSIP and I were continuing on our way, but that GREST would stay in the area to check to see whether there were any security leaks about our presence. GREST, I added, would punish any one who discussed our visit. TUZHINCHIN's feelings were hurt, but he assured me that no harm would come to us through him. Our chauffeur drove off at about        hours on 26 September.

15. "I can give the following description of these three people: Anzhi TUZHINCHIN, his wife, and our chauffeur:

- a. Anzhi TUZHINCHIN - apparent age-38; about 6' 2" tall; slim; markedly stooped; light brown hair combed straight back; very round face; light, slightly ruddy, complexion; youthful face; forester by profession; energetic type; quick-witted; serious; has small six-month old baby MARTUSHA.

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- b. wife - name unknown; apparent age-22 or 23; about 5' 8" tall; attractive, sympathetic personality; nice chest but thin legs; slightly long face; ruddy complexion; very pregnant as of last time subject saw her.
- c. chauffeur - name unknown; medium height; round face; corpulent; owner of soda water factory in Rajec; brown hair combed straight back; apparent age-40.

In passing I should also like to note that Akmal TUSHINCHIN is very anxious to work for the AIS. The first time I met him in 1949, I noticed in talking with him that he was a great admirer of the United States of America. When, therefore, he asked me who and what I was, I implied that although no American I worked for American intelligence and had direct contact with Americans. His cooperation and helpfulness in October 1949 had been marvelous after I had confidentially made this revelation to him. He explained to me that he was a Slovak nationalist at heart, had belonged to the Slovak nationalist brigade in 1943 and had been one of the personal body guards of the president of the short-lived Slovak republic. He told me in 1949 that he had many friends in influential positions in the vicinity and that he too would be glad to work for the Americans against the Bolsheviks. I told him at that time that I would bring his desire to the attention of my superiors. I instructed him to sit tight and confide in no one until I returned. Naturally my re-appearance in September 1950 caused TUSHINCHIN to bring up this subject again. I told TUSHINCHIN to collect whatever information he could from his friends, write it up and either I or someone else would pay him a visit to pick the reports up. I arranged a password with him for the eventuality that someone else would make the contact. Personally I feel that TUSHINCHIN's value as a safe house resident and supply procurer far outweighs his potential as a collector of intelligence. The location of his house alone in the woods is perfect. It was only to appease the man's feeling of self-importance that I gave him the assignment of gathering information. I do not think that he will take unwarranted security risks for I deem his sense of security good. He realizes quite well that it is only his own neck he is risking. I do not want to give at the present the recognition password that I arranged with TUSHINCHIN. I do not think it a good idea that this password be part of your memorandum. TUSHINCHIN knows RUKAN, GRIP and GREST personally. They need no password. Before any one is sent back to the Ukraine next spring, however, I would like to impart this password to them, not in person, but through your case officer in Munich. Until some one is about to be despatched who can put this contact to good use, I feel that good security demands that I keep this password to myself.

16. To resume our trip, on the way to Rajec in the evening of 26 September with our new chauffeur, I gave the latter the following information and instructions; he was to drive through Rajec without stopping either at his house or anywhere else, he was to drive us west across the Vah and Morava rivers in the direction of Erno, he must not stop anywhere in any town or city, if the police stop the car to check documents he should show his and then we would see about showing ours, in this case pistols. The man agreed to obey my instructions and we drove on. He repeated gratefully that he did not want to know who we were, adding that as far as he was concerned we were

conclude and if he knew no more than that he would have nothing to reveal if the police arrested and interrogated him later. As we drove through Rajec, the chauffeur became slightly nervous. I said that he should not be afraid because we had driven by our around a good bit of Slovakia and Czechoslovakia without any difficulties with the police. He calmed down after we had driven an hour or so and said that he should not be nervous, that he would get to our destination without any trouble. We drove through the night over the following route: Puchov (0-409030) - Gyanany (3-580960) - Zilavca (2-409040) - Ondubry (2-719040) - Horn (2-655970) - Palsavala (2-442990) - Plachar (2-999925) - Huspava (2-979920) - Stala (2-542980) - Red Sam (2-211911) - Jemel (2-472920) - St. Augustin (2-999905) - Baum (2-470920) - In Road (2-422920) - Vahelny (2-466970) - Burian (2-409090) - Thartha Buzovka (2-409070) - had junction (2-409080) - Kuchovska (2-409094) - Harjank (2-000005) - Husava (2-999995). Between Husava and Vranov (2-912920) group left onto an winding of 26 September 1949 and set out on foot through woods to the south to vicinity of Rakovka (2-409760) where the group rested.

17. We saw no policemen or anything else of interest during this ride. We told the chauffeur 3,000 kronas and twenty Austrian dollars. Actually I had intended to pay only 3,000 kronas, but the chauffeur begged me to give him a one-dollar bill as a souvenir. Since I had no bill that small, I had to give him twenty. After great protestations of eternal friendship we left the chauffeur at about 0130 hours on 27 September near a small church at 2-732858. We crossed the large woods just to the south and slept the entire morning around 2-88706 in the next forest. At dark we arrived at the edge of the woods at point 2-818743. Then we walked southwest by night, starting villages to the woods near Rajack (2-618635) where we spent the daylight hours of 28 September. In the night we went on by foot to point 2-564612 where we camped through the day of 29 September. During the following evening, our group marched south and crossed the Czech-Austrian border about 2-592897. At 0200 hours on 30 September I knocked on the door of a man who had helped us the year before. This man lives in Palmarovka (2-49921), where he is a farmer. Luckily, there were people still up in this house. The farmer and his son recognized us and we ate, drank and talked until morning. Then we went into the woods and slept through the day. I do not know the name of this farmer, but I have his address. His mailing address is Palmarovka Post Lageral (general delivery) #2. We stayed five days in the vicinity of Palmarovka sleeping at various places in the woods by day and dining at a dark in the farmer's house in the village. The farmer's son charged forty Austrian dollars for us in Vienna. The farmer was quite surprised to see us alive because he and his son had followed our trail of the previous year via the newspapers which had reported the shooting incident we had had with the police at and had reported that two of the 'bandits' had been shot and killed. This of course was untrue; none of us were killed. (Case Officer Note: It will be remembered that in November 1949 the Austrian Soviet press carried articles about a group of 'Polarian bandits' surrounding farms in the Soviet zone of Austria. This press campaign had the main purpose of alerting the rural population in the hope that no one would give aid or shelter to the group and would report their presence to the authorities.) In addition to purchasing clothing with our dollars, the farmer and his son bought us three

bicycles. On the night of the fifth day, i.e. the night of 4-5 October, as we were moving through the woods before going to the farmer's house to pick up our bicycles, new provisions, etc., and leave, we accidentally came face to face with a poacher, a big farmer who was hunting rabbits. He asked us several times nervously who we were and what we were doing there. I told him gently but firmly that since only he and God knew that we were there he had better forget that he had seen us. I added that he should not even tell his wife that he had seen us. For emphasis I took out my pistol and brandished it in his face. He said that he would keep our presence a secret, smiled sheepishly, shook hands, gave his word of honor and invited us to come to his house for a drink of wine. Such a rapid transition had us confused. Was this man sincere? I had to find out. I told him that we could not accept his invitation to come to his wine cellar but that we would wait if he would fetch some wine for us. He ran gleefully off and returned a little later with a bottle of wine. He toasted, drank and took our leave. Before dawn of 5 October, we had collected our bicycles, etc., bid the farmer good-bye and pedalled out of Falkenstein on the road to Staats (S-352424). Since I did not have time to keep my diary, I am not exactly aware of where we bivouacked or how far we went on any given day. In general our route was as follows: Road junction (S-406466) - Staats (S-436420) - Gaubitzsch (S-352424) - Eichenbrunn (S-322386) - Patzmannsdorf (S-389398) - Haslach (S-220359) - Asperndorf (S-156733) - Schöngrebers (S-125140) - Gars (S-850360) - Rostenberg (S-592236) - Grafenschlag (S-478160) - Arbesbach (S-323133) - Königswiesen (S-810035) - Weiterfelden (S-158104) - Freistadt (Q-990026) - Auerbach (S-935068) - Reichenau (Q-885055) - Swettl (Q-824060) - Farnstein (Q-636084) - Sarleinsbach (Q-515128) - crossing of Austrian German border was made at Vogelsfeld (Q-467170).

18. "One day we rode about 100 kilometers; on another eighty. I rode always in the lead with the other two trailing behind in single file. At night we slept in woods beside the road. In the daytime we only stopped for lunch when we were on lonely stretches bordered by woods. We ate of course only soup in the woods out of sight of the road. Our provisions consisted solely of what the farmer in Falkenstein had supplied us with. We bought nothing further, we asked directions from no one, and we spoke to no one. The few times we had to go through large cities, we waited until the workers were either riding their bicycles to or from work. Thus we were able to mix with the crowd and did not attract attention. I rode out in front for two reasons: first, neither of the other boys knew German; secondly, because I wanted no hesitation at crossroads. Whenever I came to a crossroad where people were gathered I never stared at the road signs. I did not want anyone to notice that we were unfamiliar with the area. It was about 0800 hours on 10 October when we arrived at the German border. We waded across the Rhane river at about point Q-467170 carrying our bicycles on our shoulders. We then rode to approximately the wooded area Q-4217 where we buried the pouch material. The morning of 10 October was already dawning when we buried the seven little packets of pouch material. We then rode on to Passau where I went to the local CIC office and, after some difficulty with a prying German female receptionist, I was able to talk with the alleged 'chief'. I told him that I wanted to get in touch with a 'Mister STIFT' in Munich. (Case Officer Note: 'Mister STIFT' is

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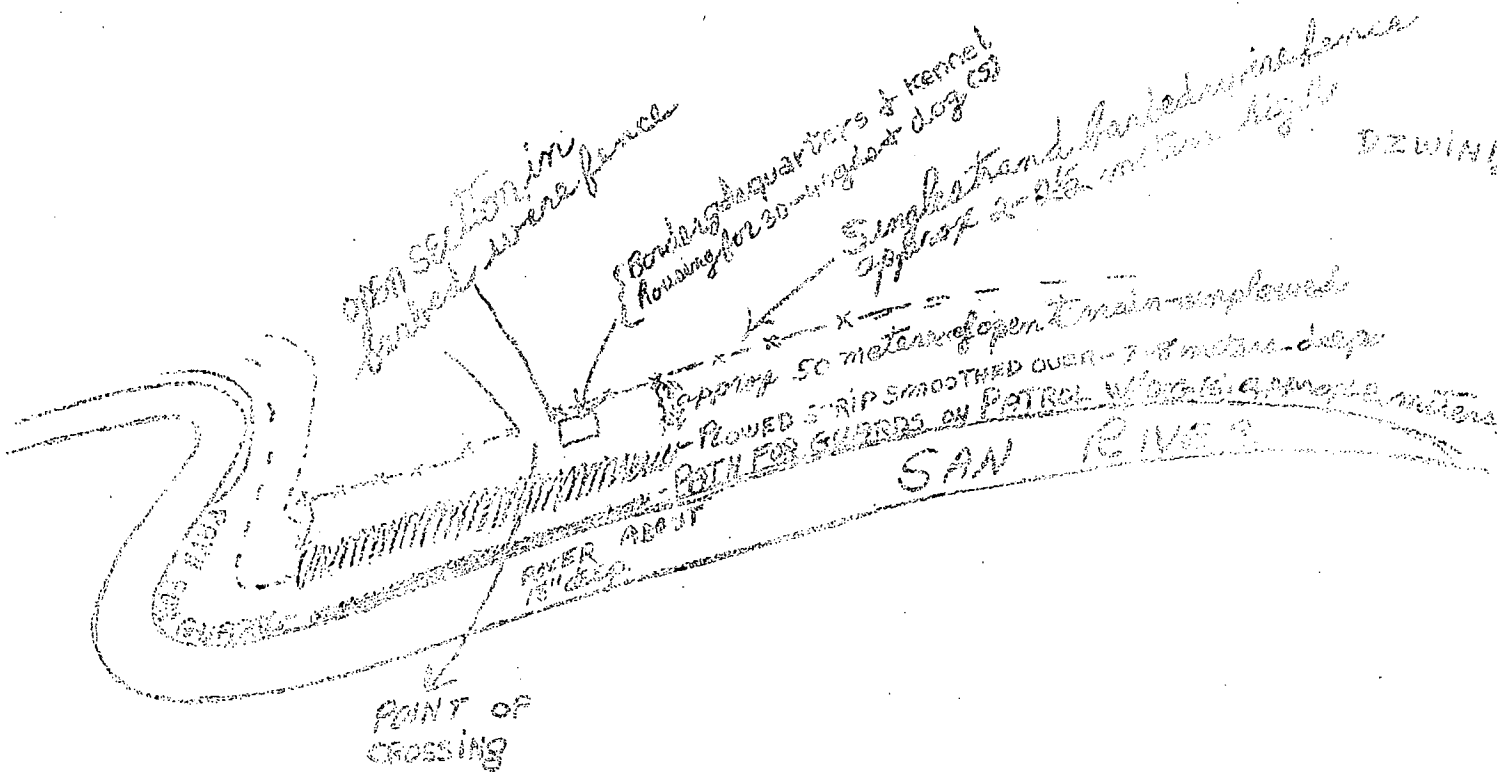
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an obvious garble of 'Mr. H's' true first name) After several futile attempts to debrief me and my companions, CIG Passau transferred us to CIG R. gauburg where we slept overnight in a safe house. The next day 'Mister GROWTH' came and picked us up for transfer to Munich."

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# UKRAINE



# POLAND

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