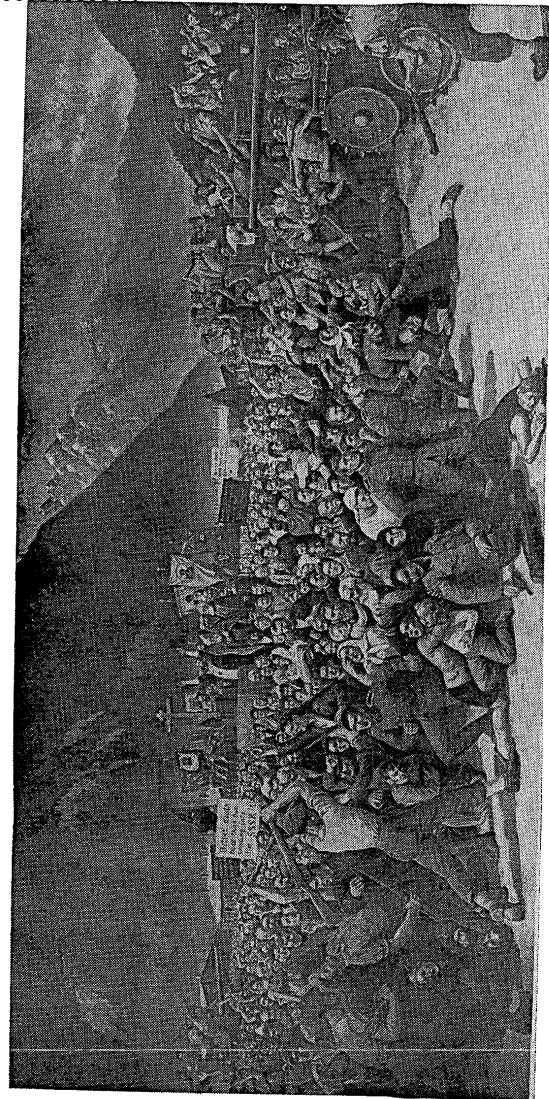


**A
MEMENTO
FOR
THE
FREE
WORLD**

T. KUBANSKY



A MEMENTO
FOR
THE FREE WORLD

To Mr. Allen W. Dulles, with
the best compliments and
sincere good wishes from the
author.

Th. Kubansky (F. Gorb.)

May 18, 1960.

STAT

MR FEDOR CORB

On the cover: the scene of the forced repatriation of Cossacks
and their families carried out on the orders of the British govern-
ment in Lienz, June 1, 1945. (Reproduction from a painting by
S. Korolkov.)

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THEODOR KUBANSKY

A MEMENTO
FOR
THE FREE WORLD

This book has been published by the author at his own expense. It has not been priced, but any voluntary contribution sent toward covering the cost of publishing will be greatly appreciated.

Contributions are to be sent to: Mr. Fedor Gorb, P. O. Box 2943, Paterson 29, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Paterson, New Jersey, U. S. A.
1960

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FOR E W O R D

A MEMENTO FOR THE FREE WORLD gives a vivid picture of the grim reality of the building of socialism in Russia, and of the subsequent developments.

This book will be of a particular interest for all those who deal with the leaders of the USSR as well as for those who are willing to accept the coexistence with the regime of the Red Kremlin the final goal of which is, and always will be, the WORLD COMMUNIST REVOLUTION.

It is my hope that the book will serve as a reminder of the ruthlessness of the rulers of the Red East, and help the reader to get a better insight into the essence of the Soviet regime.

The West must remember the atrocities committed by those in power in Russia, and not for a moment forget the tactics of the Red Kremlin.

God grant it that the Western World be spared the kind of socialism described on these pages.

THEODOR KUBANSKY

ON THE ORDERS OF THE RED KREMLIN

(A Historical Sketch)

I

... The bottom rank masters of people's destinies gathered in a large, square, high ceiling room of the Stanitza* Council building. The walls in the corridor and other rooms were adorned with numerous slogans calling for the "liquidation of kulaks as a class", and for the new "socialist offensive in the village".

The meeting of the presidium of the Stanitza Council, in which politically active poor peasants and farm hands were invited to participate, was presided over by the chairman, Ivan Kotelnikov, a fat-faced man of medium height, who was sitting at the "ataman's" desk. His new coat with an Astrakhan collar was unbuttoned and hung down from his shoulders showing his fat neck. His small pug nose gave the impression of always sniffing at something. His slightly squinting, unblinking eyes ran up and down a sheet of paper lying in front of him as he was making some red pencil marks on it, saying aloud:

"Good. We have two hundred and sixteen of them now. Petrenko, Mikhail Tarasovitch will make the two hundred

* In the regions settled by Cossacks the term *stanitza* rather than *derjennya* (village) was used for a Cossack settlement.

and seventeenth one. We won't even discuss this one, he is a hundred percent kulak".

"Too few, Comrade Kotelnikov," remarked the secretary of the party cell, Lugansky, who was sitting at another desk. He stood up, very tall and erect, set right his ill fitting fur coat, thrust his long-nosed face forward, his eyes restlessly looking around, and said: "We have received an exact plan: three hundred kulak families are to be evicted in February. And what have we done? This is the beginning of February, and we hardly have two hundred disfranchised people, and we are getting nowhere for fear of hurting the wealthy white guards. Comrades poor peasants! You must be more active in suggesting candidates for eviction, even those will do who are not altogether kulaks. At this pace we won't break up the meeting until dawn, for the list must be ready today!" And he sat down wheezing noisily, scanning expectantly the faces of the "active poor peasants" who were, as everybody knew, nothing but toadies, loafers, drunkards, and card-players.

In a minute Ivan Tzesarsky, one of such "active peasants," got up, and with an effort opening his eyes puffed up with too much sleep and drink, said:

"And why should we look for somebody such a long time? How about Mikhail Petrenko's two sons, Pavlo and Alyokha? You think that if they set up independent households, and took deeds of division from the Stanitza Council, they have become poor peasants at once? They come from the same nest, and should be sent down the same road as their father!" And this man, a well-known loafer in the stanitza, who spent summers sitting on the river bank with a fishing rod, or playing cards in the shade of the trees, and who in winter loudly proclaimed his being a "poor peasant", sat down heavily onto a wooden bench pleased as a punch with his speech.

"Right, Comrade Tzesarsky. Such types must be eradicated completely! They are chips of the same old block", said Kotelnikov hurriedly entering the names of the two sons of

Mikhail Petrenko in the list. But before he finished writing, he stopped, and looked questioningly at those present.

"But they have not yet been disfranchised. The Rayon Executive Committee may not approve their eviction, don't you think so?—the Soviet "ataman" asked anxiously. The gathering fell to thinking what could be done.

Suddenly a tall Cossack in a worn-out sheepskin coat, who was also present at the meeting, rose up, and, twirling his long red moustache, said with unconcealed irony:

"Comrade Chairman, you better take the lists of all peasants in our stanitza, count off as many as you need, and enter them in the list of the "kulaks" to be evicted. How can you destroy such husbandmen as Pavlo or Alyokha Petrenko? What do they have on their farms? A horse, a cow, and a hut of a house. They are living now all by themselves, they separated from their father. And if we talk about their father, Mikhail Tarasovich: from whom has he ever extorted anything? Whom of those present here has he ever hurt in any way? And if he worked day and night like an ox to improve his farm, this is a good lesson for us, fools as we are. . ."

And he would have continued talking in his peculiar manner interspersing his Kuban (Ukrainian) speech with Russian words but he was cut short:

"A kulak supporter, a kulak supporter", the gathering began to murmur.

"Dancing to the kulak's tune, are you?" said Lugansky angrily to him.

"Such speeches do not become you. Watch out that I do not hear anything of the kind from you again. Otherwise we won't spare you either, a poor peasant as you are. We must carry out the plan on time, do you understand that?"

The peasant sat down in silence with his head bent low sadly, and did not try to say anything any more.

"Well, comrades poor peasants, who knows some violations of the Soviet laws on the part of these two sons of Petrenko?" insisted the Chairman of the Village Council

being in a hurry to complete the list of the kulaks to be evicted.

"Here is what, Comrade Chairman", suggested a tall short sighted fellow, a certain Yermolay Tarasov, a loafer and a lout, who came to the stanitza from Central Russia in the twenties. "Here is what," he said, "last Sunday I was in Rostov on the market place, and I saw myself how Pavel Petrenko was selling eggs and dressed chickens. His brother Aleksey was standing next to him. This looks very much like black market operations".

"Oh, that's how it is! . . . Selling agricultural products on the black market! Fine . . . Comrade Matzalo," Kotelnikov turned to the secretary of the Stanitza Council with animation, "write the minutes: citizens Petrenko Pavel, and Petrenko Aleksey are to be disfranchised in accordance with the article 15, paragraph "3" of the instruction of the VTZIK RSFSR. Only these minutes should be dated some fifteen or twenty days back. Date them January 24. And on the basis of these minutes we shall include the men in the list of those to be evicted in accordance with the decision of the meeting. But you yourself know very well how this should be done. . ."

And Matzala did as Kotelnikov ordered him to. Nobody raised any objections.

This is an exact description of how a meeting of this kind was carried on at the Starominskiy Stanitza Council on the Kuban, on February 12, 1930. The author has not altered anything. None of the participants has been invented, and their true names have been given.

II

And what kind of a peasant was the husbandman Mikhail Petrenko at that time? Did he have a steam thrashing machine, did he rent hundreds of hectares of land? Was he a "kulak-exploiter" who used hired labor, i.e. was he indeed the kind of a rural "bourgeois" whom the proper authorities would have liquidated without a moment's hesitation? No,

and once more no. It was a common, industrious, simple Cossack family of fourteen.

Mikhail Tarasovich's three sons Pavel, Aleksey and Arseny married hard working girls, like everybody else in a Cossack family, and not wishing to split their household, lived all together in one house, as a single closely bound family, up to the fall of 1928.

Mikhail Petrenko's exemplary farm made some loafers and idlers envious. He had four well-fed, well-groomed horses, three red German cows of high milking qualities, about a hundred laying hens of Leghorn and Minorca breeds, ten "Dadanov" type bee hives, a small orchard, and other fowl and cattle as well. In the latest re-allocation of land his family received over thirty hectares (two and three tenth hectares per person). He cultivated the land painstakingly and lovingly, rotating the crops in accordance with the agronomist's instruction, and his crops were always abundant.

This was all what this family of a common Cossack husbandman possessed, and peasants like him formed an overwhelming majority in the Kuban stanitzas.

He always paid all the taxes fully and on time in accordance with the governmental requirements. Beginning with 1928 Mikhail Petrenko constantly took part in the "red grain delivery trains" trying hard to fulfill the plans which were impossible to fulfill. He was one of the first to pay in full for the *Tractorcenter Shares* which all peasants were compelled to buy, and which were just another form of taxation. Later those shares as well as the Tractor Center were abolished by the government but nobody received any money for the shares he owned. Difficult as it was, he still paid in full for a thousand rubles' worth of shares of the state loan the "STRENGTHENING OF PEASANTS' FARMING". This loan was immediately renamed by peasants the "Ruin of Peasants' Farming" since every farm was forcibly assigned a definite amount of shares to be bought. The failure to pay the money required was as bad as the failure to pay the taxes. And peasants were actually ruined trying to meet the obligations

thus forced upon them. But the Soviet press called the purchase of these, as well as of all other shares "voluntary". Everybody smiled at it but nobody dared to open his mouth to say that the failure to pay up the money for the shares resulted in the confiscation of horses and other property. Those who failed to meet the obligation would be arrested in the night, and kept in jail until another member of the family paid that "voluntary" loan in full.

And still Mikhail Tarasovich found it possible even to help his needy neighbors when they asked him for some help.

In 1928, having a premonition of the coming misfortune and wishing to placate the local authorities who frowned upon the well-to-do farm (and the farm of a family of fourteen could not but be well-to-do), the elder sons of Mikhail Petrenko, Pavel and Aleksey, split the farm with their father, and moved out with their share of possessions to separate lots where they had previously built small houses. But even this did not save the family from the ruin and destruction which the communist "progress" during the early years of the "socialist construction" brought for it.

As it was mentioned above Mikhail Tarasovich Petrenko was first of all disfranchised which served as a "legal" basis for the nationalization of his property as that of a kulak and for further persecution.

Disfranchisement in the Soviet Union, especially in the thirties of our century, did not mean that citizen so and so was deprived of the right to take part in elections, i.e. he could not vote. This is what many people in the West think. Far from it! A man disfranchised became actually an outlaw. He was treated the same way lepers were treated in Middle Ages. Any good-for-nothing poor peasant or farm hand could come to his farm, and take anything he wanted; or, coming across a disfranchised man on the street, he could rob him of his money or any other valuables, and be in no danger of being persecuted for the robbery. It was useless for a disfranchised man to complain, for the authorities would

not even listen to him. It happened once that a bunch of local "active" peasants broke into the house of a disfranchised man, and began looting. When the owner tried to resist them, they took him out into the stable and shot him to death. His wife and neighbors went to the militia station with a complaint at once but the militia would not even investigate the case.

"A kulak has been dispatched, so what of it? There is nothing to it," answered the "keepers of order", and even did not summon the murderers to testify.

Some Komsomol members, attending evening parties of young people, would attack and rape kulak's daughters. Even if the girl sometimes tried to complain it was useless since it was always the "Komsomol word of honor" that was believed and not a kulak's daughter.

Disfranchisement brought with it a one thousand per cent increase in all taxes and insurances plus special taxes for those who were deprived of vote. It is clear that no one could possibly pay these taxes, and then all his possessions were nationalized as a penalty for failing in his obligations toward the state.

This is what disfranchisement means in the land of socialism.

Tens and hundreds of thousands of the best husbandmen of the country were treated like that. Cossack Petrenko of whom we spoke above was treated in the same way, too.

III

Several days after he had been disfranchised, all Mikhail Tarasovich's possessions, horses, cattle, fowl, implements, all the grain, almost all the flour, and the greatest part of the household effects were confiscated. All this was supposedly intended for the first large kolkhoz soon to be organized in the stanitza, but the greatest part of it was pillaged by those who were in charge of confiscations. But that was not the greatest misfortune yet.

In the night of February 18, 1930 a member of the Taganrog Operation Section of the OGPU accompanied by a militiaman and two former red partisans in the Civil War Fedoseev and Voron, who where local residents but not natives of the stanitza, broke into the house of Mikhail Petrenko, and in the name of the party and government ordered savagely:

"Get to hell out of here! Clear the place this very minute!"

On hearing such "greeting", Mikhail Tarasovich felt his legs give way under him, and a lump rise in his throat. He half opened his mouth but could not utter a word. The women began to wail plaintively.

"My dear man," the grey-haired housewife and mother was wailing kneeling at the feet of the OGPU member, "where shall we go this cold night? All my children grew up under this roof, these walls have kept us warm for thirty years; father himself built them! Why are you driving us out of our own home? Have mercy on the small children, they are but innocent angels! Where will they go in this severe frost, in the deep snow at night?!"

"Shut up!" shouted the OGPU man pushing away the old woman who was kneeling before him. "Don't compel me to use arms! You think I would hesitate? Oh, no! In liquidating counter-revolutionary Cossacks I'll stop at nothing!"

One could see that his threats were not in vain, and that he was capable to commit any atrocities.

"Moscow does not believe tears", said Fedoseev with a sneer.

"But how is it," finally said Mikhail Tarasovich, "I have paid up everything, all the taxes, the insurances, shares, everything, why do you confiscate my house? What is it done for?"

"For the building of socialism, citizen Petrenko," said the militiaman, "and with people like you we cannot build socialism. Get out, otherwise. . ."

Without exchanging a word, weeping and wailing the Petrenko family left their home. Silent, his head bent low,

Mikhail Tarasovich crossed the threshold of his own house for the last time. Going out of the court yard, he took off his cap, crossed himself, kissed the gate covered with hoary frost, stepped aside toward the poplar trees he himself had planted along the fence, and began to cry bitterly. This sixty year old Cossack-husbandman was crying unable to protect himself against the legalized night robbery.

The peaceful family thrown out of their own home, where they had lived all their lives, in the name of the Red Kremlin, stood crowded together on the street near their fence in silence not knowing what to do next, where to go.

"It's cold here, let's go home!" Five year old Vasya began to cry. He could not understand why they were standing on the street in the cold while it was so warm in the house close by.

This childish prattle brought them out of stupor.

"Let's go over to Pavel's place", said Irina, Vasya's mother, the wife of the youngest son of Mikhail Tarasovich. They began to walk in silence.

But coming closer to Pavel's house, they found him in the same situation: Pavel had been thrown out into the street an hour before, too, and he with his wife and two children was walking toward his father's place. What was to be done?

The whole crowd went to a distant relative of theirs, a "poor" peasant. The kind hearted man was about to let them in, and give them shelter, when a group of the Bolshevik hounds, who were liquidating kulaks that night, happened to be passing by. Noticing Petrenko's family at the window of another man's house, they stopped.

"Hey, what assembly is this? You watch out for yourself, or you'll get into trouble, too! Let them spend the night in the streets! Don't you know there is an order that forbids people to give shelter to disfranchised kulaks?" shouted Aleksey Mutzkiy, the leader of this local group of toadies and lickspittles, well-known in the stanitza for his brutal cruelty in treating his own fellow Cossacks. In some houses he threw

children out of windows right into snow drifts in the middle of the night. His atrocities astonished even the OGPU men although he was a non-party man himself. He was assisted by several bandits and marauders of the same kind who spent on drinking all they had. But the majority of the Cossacks, even the so-called "poor ones" did not take part in the bands of the Bolshevik hounds, and watched with uneasiness that barbarity of the twentieth century. . . . The order forbidding charity of the twentieth century. . . . The order forbidding to give shelter or medical assistance to the families of dispossessed kulaks was indeed in existence.

"Well, what can I do," said the man after Mutzkiy's threats. "Go away, God speed you! I feel for you, I would be glad to let you into the house but you see yourselves I am not free to do it". And he shut the door.

Petrenko's family went into the street again. And only before dawn did they succeed in finding shelter until the next day in the house of a widow who was living on the outskirts of the stanitza. Thus, they (as well as others in the same position) were left without roof over their heads, and were forced to seek shelter for a night separately and by stealth in the house of their friends. . . .

People with the past of bandits, with a license for plunder, set up by the OGPU men raced all over the stanitza like hounds, searching houses and robbing disfranchised kulaks.

In the most atrocious manner they robbed the unfortunate people of their last money, jewelry and other valuables, and even the shares of the state loans. Part of the loot they kept as a remuneration for their "trouble", the rest they handed over to the Operation Department of the OGPU.

In a few days after the beginning of nationalization of kulaks' property the men of all the families that were subjected to eviction were arrested and put into a large public stable under a heavy guard. Their families were driven straight to the railroad station, and permitted to take with them only a very limited amount of food stuffs.

IV

Soon afterwards a long freight train crammed full of women, children, old people under the heavy guard of the OGPU troops was standing near the station.

Vasya, a five year old grandson of Mikhail Tarasovich, contracted pneumonia in the terrible conditions and severe drafts of the freight car. Irina Petrenko, his mother, succeeded in evading the vigilance of the guards, slipped out of the car, and rushed with the sick boy to the stanitza dispensary. The patients let her see the doctor without having to wait for her turn. The doctor, writing down the history of the case, suddenly stopped, and taking off his glasses, looked fixedly at Irina.

"You say you are being evicted together with the dispossessed kulaks?"

"Yes, yes, they have evicted us. The train my start soon." Irina began talking hurriedly. "They stuffed us into freight cars full of holes, no heat, the wind goes clear through. That's how my little boy has caught cold and fell ill. He has such a high temperature that I am afraid something bad can befall him. Be so kind, examine him quickly, help him."

"I cannot help you, citizenship," suddenly said the doctor, "I have no right. The day before yesterday we received an excerpt from the order of the People's Commissariat of Health which clearly states: it is categorically prohibited to give any medical help to disfranchised people as well as to the members of the kulak families subject to eviction. . . . I understand your position and feel for you deeply but . . . really I am not free to do as I wish to."

And the doctor apparently embarrassed himself at his callousness turned away from the moaning child. Weeping bitterly under this inconceivable insult to a human being, unable to understand the reason of it, pressing to her bosom her little son who was delirious and in high fever, Irina returned to her family in the dirty unheated freight car.

In the night Vasya died. Guards came in, wrapped the

body in a bast mat and carried it away. Mother was not even permitted to bury her own child. Irina cried and raved hysterically for a long time but she was not allowed to leave the car.

Even animals show sympathy, and sometimes even render help to a sick or wounded animal but the super beast, Stalin, forbade to give medical help to people. The history of mankind has never known such barbarity. . . .

Two days later all men who had been kept under arrest were brought to the train to join their families. The train of the evicted was ready to start for the unknown destination somewhere far away. . . .

All along the station buildings, and crowded in the square stood the stanitza residents of all ages and means who came to say good-bye to their friends and relatives.

Mikhail Petrenko stood at the open door of the freight car gazing silently at the faces of his fellow Cossacks whom he was about to leave, and sorrowfully surveyed the broad streets of his native stanitza. He felt he was parting from them for ever. His sad silence concealed many an anxious thought about the future destiny of his native region. All people were silent: both those who were evicted forcibly from their home stanitza, and those who were seeing them off. And this extraordinary silence was portent of a terrible frightful force which needed only some supernatural shift, some shock to vent its fury, and to destroy the devilish toils of the Bolshevik barbarians but the shock did not occur (for the hour had not struck yet), and the people were . . . silent. Only the OGPU men were shouting as they scurried around getting the train ready to depart, and showing their "heroism" by driving the doomed women, children, and old people into the freight cars with the butts of their guns.

An elderly Cossack with a red moustache, in a discolored sheepskin coat made his way through the crowd to the door of the car, stretched his hands toward those who came to see them off, and shouted:

"Good-bye, fellow countrymen, good-bye, Cossacks, and

all of you who have been living among us in good will these many years! Don't forget us, don't forget the evil done to us by strangers, by highway robbers. We have no grudge against you. Not you are to be blamed for this violence but. . . ."

The train began to move, and his last words became inaudible. The clanking of buffers, and the rumbling of the wheels drowned his voice. . . .

Heart-rending wails, words of farewell, shouts of the OGPU men, the rumble of springless wheels of the freight cars—all blended into a terrible din. And this din which seemed to be coming out of hell, and the wailing of the people remaining in the stanitza, resounded in the station square for quite some time until the train disappeared behind the Kanelovskiy Hill. . . .

(This is a description of an administrative eviction in winter of 1930, in one stanitza only. But the same happened to the best ploughmen in all the stanitzas on the Don, the Kuban', the Terek, and in the Ukraine without any exception.)

V

The Starominskij husbandmen were brought to the dense forests of Nadezhdinskij Rayon, Sverdlovskaya Oblast far removed from any settlements. They were ordered to leave the train and to march fifteen kilometers into the very thicket of the pine forest in the deep snow. There all men were drawn up in one row, given axes and saws, and told: "Fell the trees! If you don't want to freeze to death, and to let your families freeze to death, begin building houses for yourselves! Don't expect any other housing from us. You must be grateful for the axes and saws we have supplied you with for the purpose. . . . Now, go to!"

Women and children were sitting right there on the snow with their miserable chattel using whatever they had to protect themselves from the snow storm and the icy wind.

But the toilers of the Kuban' fields did not lose heart! Even here, in snow storms and below zero temperatures, with-

out any help whatsoever, they with their inborn energy of Cossack husbandmen which surprised even the OGPU men, in a few days built primitive barracks, stuffed the chinks in the walls with the moss they got from under the snow, thus providing shelter for their freezing families.

In unheated barracks the Cossack-husbandmen from the vast steppes of the Kuban' pressed close to each other; they worked up to their waists in snow felling timber for the Soviet export in order to earn a daily portion of bread from the OGPU men.

But soon a misfortune that proved fateful for many of them drew close to the outcasts. The scant supply of food stuffs brought along from the stanitza was running out, and food rations were given only to those who were working at timber cutting and fulfilled the required norms.

People with large families were the first to feel the bony hand of famine. More and more frequently was the life of the doomed people cut short by death. . . .

Neither did Mikhail Tarasovich Petrenko live to see his native stanitza again. Toward the end of May of the same year this Cossack-husbandman exiled from his native region to the North through no fault of his own died of cold and hunger. Soon his wife died of malnutrition, too. Their sixteen year old daughter Marusya was crushed to death by a carelessly cut pine tree. Such people were not entitled to medical help in the "country of socialism" in those years. All of them were abandoned to their own resources. Many of them, those who were harder, began to flee the camp. But the majority of the fugitives were caught by the OGPU men who were prowling everywhere. They were beaten almost to death, and sent to the penal sections of concentration camps from which hardly anybody ever came back. Only in rare cases were the fugitives returned to the barracks of the evicted Cossacks.

VI

. . . The son of the late Mikhail Tarasovich, Aleksey Petrenko, together with his wife and a two year old son, Kolya,

also fled their place of exile, and after long and dangerous travels succeeded in reaching his native stanitza.

His brother-in-law, who did not expect to see his sister again, gave the fugitives from the Ural a warm welcome, and let them stay in his house in secret.

But the watchful all-seeing eyes of the secret agents of the OGPU, who were numerous in the stanitza, were vigilant, and soon the local OGPU organs learned where the runaway "kulak's son" was hiding. Already a week after Aleksey's return to stanitza, "guests" from the OGPU surprised his brother-in-law late at night. Aleksey was arrested and sent away somewhere. And he was never heard about ever since.

His wife, Olga Petrenko, and his small son, Kolya were shown unusual mercy for some reason or other, and they were left alone. Probably the faithful "builders of socialism" were too busy with other, more important, "enemies of the people."

Olga was even permitted to enter the kolkhoz and to work together with others. The Stanitza Council gave her permission to move into an empty little hut that was standing on the outskirts of the stanitza. And with her inborn industry of a Cossack woman she began to work energetically: not for her own sake but for the sake of the child, her only son, little Kolya.

VII

Then came the terrible winter of 1932-33. It was terrible not because of the cold weather or destruction brought about by a military campaign, but because of an artificial famine created by the tyrants of the Red Kremlin. The Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the VKP (B) under the guidance of Stalin, and with the active participation of Molotov, Kaganovich, Khrushchev, and others, decided to destroy several millions of superfluous husbandmen by confiscating all the grain, and thus to achieve two goals: to do away with all the potential enemies of socialism in rural areas, and to cause the longed for international economic

crisis by filling the markets of the West with the Soviet grain, thus making the world communist revolution imminent.

These were mainly husbandsmen from the Cossack regions of the Kuban, the Don, the Terek, and of the Ukraine who were subjected to the "extra grain deliveries," i. e. to the grain confiscation, and death from starvation. The decree of the Central Committee and SOVNARKOM of August 7, 1932, served as a guidance for that devilish feat. The decree ordered death before the firing squad for "plundering the socialist property". The local authorities answered: "Happy to please!" and began to liquidate the "plunderers of socialist property" in batches. Any one could be found guilty under the provision of the decree. Thus, if a kolkhoznik or anybody else had plucked an ear of the kolkhoz wheat, a sunflower head, or a cob of corn, he was sentenced to die before a firing squad for those "plunders", and only under highly extenuating circumstances the death sentence was commuted to ten years prison term and the confiscation of all the property.

In every stanitza dozens and hundreds of kolkhoz (and non-kolkhoz) members were tried every day for the violation of the law of August 7, 1932. Nobody was spared: neither old people, nor women, nor the servile toadies-activists, nor the former red partisans of the Civil War, nor even the local communists. The cases were not even properly tried, and all the formality of the "trial comedy" lasted not longer than five minutes. The judge had before him a testimony of a kolkhoz inspector regarding the "plunder on the kolkhoz fields", and a "Stakhanovite" type conclusion by the local militiaman, an agent of the Criminal Division, or by an OGPU agent. That was all. The "judges" even did not leave the room for deliberation before bringing in a verdict as they used to. But simply sitting at his table, after asking the defendant a question or two, the judge would declare:

... "Ivan Ivanov, while sowing wheat, took grain out of the sowing machine and ate it. In accordance with the testimony of the witnesses, and his own confession, he ate up

about one kilogram of grain—DEATH BEFORE FIRING SQUADRON! Maria Marchenko, passing by the kolkhoz field, plucked two ears of wheat and ate them. Taking into consideration her youth, the court sentences her to ten years in jail, and the confiscation of all her property... "The next?!"

The judge did not pay the slightest attention to the two jurors who were sitting on both sides of him. They were usually appointed from among half-literate kolkhozniks, and theirs was the role of dumb performers only. But they even would be afraid to raise any objections, for the judge could always sentence them to ten years in jail for insubordination, and no complaints would help them.

For those who have not lived "over there," who have not seen, and do not know what is being done in our native country it is difficult to believe these things. But the writer of these lines has seen, heard, and gone through all the "attractions" of the socialist advance in those terrible years, and is ready to testify under oath to the truth of his narrative.

Those atrocities in the South of Russia were committed by the most faithful stalinists: by Nikita Khrushchev in the Ukraine, by Lazar M. Kaganovich in the North Caucasus, together with the secretary of the Kray Committee of VKP (B) of the North Caucasus, Boris Sheboldayev, with the chairman of the Kray Executive Committee of the North Caucasus, Larin, and the head of the political sector of the MTS of the North Caucasus, Steingart. All of them met death before firing squadrons during "Yezhovshchina" (the Yezhov purges) without being tried at all, with the exception of Kaganovich who remained invulnerable, and Khrushchev who ascended the throne of the Kremlin in place of Stalin.

The worst atrocities were committed by the Kremlin cannibals in the stanitzas of the Kuban.

The Kuban stanitzas were depopulated. Many families died from starvation, and their bodies were lying all around, in the houses, in the yards, on the doorsteps since there was no one around who could bury them. In accordance with Kaganovich's decree the population of three stanitza's, Poi-

tavskaya, Umanskaya, and Urupskaya was exiled to the North. Nobody was spared; neither old crippled people, nor women, children, former red partisans, nor even the local communists and their toadies. The reason was: they did not work well in the kolkhoz, and some refused to join the kolkhoz at all. Later Byelorussian Red Army men and their families moved into the empty houses, and the stanitzas were re-named.

Some other stanitzas were put on the so-called "black list". That meant that all food stuffs and other goods were to be taken out of the stanitza without any delay; the employees were deprived of their ration tickets, and no one was permitted to leave the place. Only special "closed distribution stores" had all the necessary food and goods for the Kremlin envoys, OGPU members, and communists. Railway and port workers as well as tractor drivers were the only ones entitled to some food rations.

Thus, for instance, stanitza Staroshcherbinovskaya, Eiskiy Rayon, was put on the "black list" by the Kray Executive Committee. Immediately all the food stuffs, not only grain and flour, but also beans, potatoes, red beets, etc. were confiscated. Domestic animals and fowl had disappeared long before. No traces were left of even cats and dogs in the stanitzas of the Kuban: all of them had been eaten.

After that Staroshcherbinovskaya was surrounded by the OGPU troops, and they demanded from the starving population to hand over a tremendous amount of grain presumably buried in the ground by the "kulak saboteurs". Nobody was permitted to leave the stanitzas for over a month. Naturally there was no grain hidden in the ground but as a result all the population was dead. The spring of 1933 began. Decaying bodies were lying around in houses, on the streets. Their stench floated over the once wealthy and flourishing stanitza. Only later, special sanitary brigades arrived from Rostov, cleared the place of dead bodies, and strew some powder in the houses and streets to kill the stench.

At the very same time the Kuban grain was loaded for

export in the near-by port of Eisk (Staroshcherbinovskaya is located 35 kilometers away from Eisk) day and night. The same was going on in the ports of Novorossiysk, Tuapse, Odessa, and others. The confiscated food products were exported abroad where they were sold at low prices for the sole purpose of fulfilling "Stalin's export plan", to stuf the markets of the West with cheap Soviet grain, to cause an economic crisis there, and thus to advance the approach of the international communist revolution. At the same time millions of the bodies of the starvation victims covered the villages and stanitzas in the South of their own country.

And nobody protested against that. Nobody raised a voice against it either abroad or at home, and naturally the famine has not been mentioned in any Soviet newspaper up to the present.

As for the Democratic West, it was delighted with the great "economic prosperity" in Soviet Russia. Never before had so many food products been exported from "over there". How could one help being delighted?

And even before the six million dead bodies of the victims of red cannibalism were removed from sight, the President of the USA, F. D. Roosevelt, stretched over the ocean a hand of "friendship" to the cannibals of the red Kremlin. Immediately after the famine of 1933 the United States of America recognized the USSR. Up to then there had been no diplomatic relations between the USA and the USSR. Maxim Litvinov came over to the USA, and was received by Roosevelt in the pink room of the White House in the friendliest manner possible. It took them little time to come to terms. The first Soviet political representative, Troyanovskiy, was welcomed in the port of New York with 17 gun salvos! Such welcome had not been accorded to any other foreign ambassador in America before.

This is how the Kremlin cannibals strengthened their "socialism". No despot in all the history of mankind scored the heights of such barbarity. But . . . "one can trade even with cannibals" as Lloyd George said once. So they began

trading with them, and now the point has been reached when they do not know how to save mankind from the red world cannibalism . . . As for those who preach "coexistence," or at the "Institutes of Chattering" chatter about the possible revolution within the USSR, they are direct agents of the cannibals of the red Kremlin. Even a child can see that under modern dictatorships REVOLUTIONS ARE IMPOSSIBLE! They cannot be carried out! Even if in communist Russia or some other communist country somebody really ventured an open opposition, such group of daring people would be crushed at the very outset. Even in satellite countries this is an impossible thing. The 1956 uprising in Hungary is a good proof of it. As for Soviet Russia, no people's revolution will ever break out there because under the modern Kremlin dictatorship this is an impossibility. Whatever barbarity, famine, terror and violence are committed in the country, however great may be the internal dissatisfaction of every one there, nobody will raise a dissenting voice for fear of others, in the belief that nothing will come of it. This is how it has been over there, and it will continue so until an external shock, (and only an external one) will wake up the "sleeping bear of all Russia." Whether we like it or not, only an armed intervention from outside can save mankind from the menace of communist tyranny. And if this does not happen now, it will be too late a few years later, mankind may find itself in the mouth of the red cannibals of the twentieth century.

VIII

In order to complete the picture of a Cossack woman in the person of Olga Petrenko, we must go back to the thrice cursed year of 1933.

In those terrible days Olga Petrenko alone with her four year old son, Kolya was nearing the end of her days. Colza oil cakes, burdok roots, beet root peels—everything had already been eaten. She had not heard a word from her husband arrested by the OGPU men. Her only brother, the one

who welcomed her so enthusiastically on her return from the Ural, had already died of starvation together with all his family.

Kolya, all swollen, was lying in bed without any motion, and even stopped begging for a "bit of bread". Olga, shadow-like, kept moving about the room for fear of never getting up again if she lay down. She stood motionless in front of the window for hours recollecting her former wealthy, and care-free life as a girl, her love for young Aleksey, her happy marriage, the joy of the early days of their married life, songs on June evenings in the vast steppes, the abundance of food, and . . . looking around she shuddered at the horror of the present. And now, having attained the final stage of moral and physical suffering she felt brutal hatred pervade her soul, hatred for everything and everybody alive.

She sat down in front of the child and stared at him for a long time. Her look was glassy, fixed. She did not feel any pity for her child. On the contrary something terrible, unnatural was disturbing her reason. Jumping up, she, like one demented, began rushing about the room. She broke the glass in the windows, tore her threadbare clothes flinging them all around.

Suddenly a knife lying on the floor caught her eye, and reason left her completely. She shuddered, picked up the knife, grasping it tight in her hand, and with a frightfully distorted face she approached the child's bed. The reason of this once kind woman forsook her, and she became a beast of prey. Gnashing her teeth, Olga raised her hand and . . . stuck the knife in her child's chest. . .

Kolya even did not cry out. He only opened his little mouth for a second gave his mother an unusual fast fading look, and closed his eyes for ever. That last look of his expressed pity and reproach, a mute appeal of dying, and a farewell. . .

For a minute Olga was looking at the boy's body in silence, then she gave a wild cry, snatched the knife out of the deep bloodless wound, pressed her lips to it, and began

kissing it whispering tender words of endearment which only a mother can think of. But in a few moments her reason fled again. She suddenly broke out in a savage laughter, and screwed up her eyes with a mysterious mien. Slowly, with a calm white, as if turned to stone face, she picked up the knife from the floor, and as if by chance looked out of the window. Nobody was in sight. In spite of her extreme weakness from starvation Olga began moving around quite adroitly. She made fire in the stove, put a pot with water on it. Moved by the maddening instinct of hunger, she again picked up the knife, went up to the body of her child, and...

Soon the commission of "twenty five thousand" which was searching houses one after another looking for presumably hidden grain came into her hut. At that time Olga was "calmly" standing at the stove over a pot, cooking her "dinner"... She was arrested...

IX

The empty streets of the stanitza covered with tall weeds and grass that was not mown down any more did not have a trace of resemblance to their former flourishing appearance. Gates and fences were gone. The dry spring wind was sweeping through the empty uninhabited houses with their broken windows and doors thrown ajar, and a few chance survivors listened to it in sorrow and despondency. The dead silence at nighttime was frightful: no dog ever barked, no cat mewed, no cock crowed, as they used to. All of them were eaten up, and nothing reminded of the gay songs of young people that used to resound there.

Nevertheless, at that very same time there were well-fed people in the stanitza as well, the privileged select few of the "socialist construction". About two hundred party members, forty militiamen and their families, the OGPU members, and some others were entitled to buy the necessary food at the "closed distribution stores". (By the way, in 1913 there had been only one policeman in the stanitza, while in the thirties

there were over forty militiamen, and about ten OGPU members). The dungeons of the OGPU were still filled with dying martyrs, residents of the stanitza. And the "people's courts" continued their work like a machine set in motion. So the families of this privileged society crowded into the court room the day Olga's "case" was brought up before the court.

"Here she is, here she is", cried people in the court room. "I have heard that this woman lost her reason", said one of the "twenty five thousand" who was standing near the door. "Such people should not be brought before the court! I remember in Moscow..."

"Oh, stop it! said another voice. We have not been sent down here to pamper counter-revolutionary Cossacks. Not all the laws can be applied to them nowadays. In Moscow, yes, if a man is insane, he cannot be brought up before the court but... here we cannot take it into consideration. We must destroy all, the sane and the insane, and nobody can find faults with that, for we are not going to have any medical examinations in a sabotaging stanitza..."

"I just don't see why we need that trial", the first one retorted. "There were so many cases of cannibalism, and we did without trials. Actually there was no one that could be tried: those who were devouring cadavers were not people any more but insane ugly skeletons who themselves died soon afterwards. And here, look! A trial before the court, and so many of our own people were sent to attend!"

"It means it must be done that way. We must give evidence of our being democratic from time to time! Possibly someone from Rostov or even Moscow will turn up here, so they want to show that there has been a single case of cannibalism, otherwise everything is just fine..."

This is how the people of the privileged society sent by red Moscow to the Kuban to liquidate the "kulak sabotage" were talking. They lived well even at that time although the stanitza streets were covered with dead human bodies, the

bodies of old people, children, and, to a lesser extent, women because the latter proved to be hardier. The sight of those unfortunate victims did not disturb the serpent's hearts of the Bolshevik vampires sent down by the Kremlin. With complete indifference they would step over the bodies of women and children sneering or kicking them with their feet in disgust.

Those who did not have the experience of actual famine will never understand the psychology of a starving man. There is nothing surprising in the fact that a man on the point of death from starvation becomes worse than a beast no matter how kind hearted he used to be. Insane and dying people devoured their relatives who were on the verge of death, and then died themselves.

And this happened not among savage cannibals in the early times, but in the twentieth century, in the fertile and once flourishing region of the Kuban, during the first "Stalinist Five Year Plan," during the building of socialism in Russia. . . .

Side by side with dying people, swollen with hunger, and dead bodies of those who had starved to death, the "creators of socialism" sent down by the Kremlin, and the local authorities, were enjoying life on the stanitzas as if nothing extraordinary were happening. . . .

It was they who flocked into the court room when the "case" of Olga Petrenko was brought up before the court.

Olga followed by two militiamen was slowly approaching the court house. Her long loose hair was hanging down to her waist, from time to time covering her once beautiful face. Her eyes had a dry savage gleam in them. She would often stop, raise her bony arms, and make movements with them as if she were protecting herself from the attack of some unseen foe. She would back in horror but pushed by the militiamen from behind would resume her slow progress. She looked like a living skeleton with just a glimmer of life left in it. It was a frightful sight to see that pitiful and horrible human ghost maimed by the evil will of the red Kremlin.

On entering the room she rested her elbows on the bar, and swaying back and forth, stood looking around unable to understand what was happening.

"Olga Petrenko", began judge Vennikov, red-cheeked and fat like a pig. "You are accused of a crime which has not even been provided for in the articles of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR—cannibalism. Do you plead guilty?"

Olga was silent. Vennikov repeated his question.

Suddenly Olga shuddered, waved her hands in a paroxysm of despair, her eyes staring fixedly at the corner, and screamed wildly:

"Aaah! Aaah! Kolya! Ko-o-lyal! I . . ."

And she . . . tumbled down.

A militiaman came up to her, kicked her with his foot, then pulled her up by the hand but she did not move. Olga was dead. . . .

X

This is a true story of one family only, of the family of an honest Cossack husbandman Mikhail Tarasovich Petrenko. But how many millions of honest toilers of Southern Russia fell victims to the tyranny of the Kremlin communism-fascism in the years of the building of "socialism"? Future historians will tell the world about it sometime, and for many and many centuries to come the terrible truth of the facts unknown to the world, like a nightmare, will haunt the descendants of those who saw "socialism at work".

This is how "socialism" has been built in one sixth part of our planet (in Russia), this is how it will be built in all the countries to which communism has already come, or will come.

Let this true story of the eyewitness serve as a grave warning to all those who hope to "coexist" with the robber band from the red Kremlin, and to all those who believe that communism does not threaten the life of Western states.

Can the peoples of free democracies want to go through the experiences narrated in this sketch?

Come to your senses before it is too late! . . .

A MONUMENT ON THE DRAVVA RIVER

(A Historical Sketch)

(This is a true story of how in 1945 the Western States forcibly handed over to the Bolsheviks more than 100,000 Cossacks and other irreconcilable fighters against Bolshevism.)
 (Abridged).

I

Deaths of hundreds of thousands of Cossacks before firing squadrons, in the artificially created famine of 1932-33, the terrible repressions during the period of the nationalization of kulaks property and forced collectivization, and other instances of communist lawlessness in the Cossack stantizas of the North Caucasus caused the population of these stantizas leave their native country, and follow the German army into the unknown.

After the break through on the Stalingrad front, when the Germans began to retreat from the territory of the North Caucasus at the end of January 1943, Cossacks and their families left their homes not only in Kubanskaya Oblast but also in Stavropolskaya Oblast, on the Terek, and in the highland republics of the North Caucasus.

In doing that they were motivated by the reasons mentioned above.

Dozens of thousands of families left their homes, and, driving in their own or other people's horse carts, set out for the unknown together with the retreating German troops.

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Over one hundred thousand refugees left the North Caucasus alone, without counting the people from the Don region.

In the Ukraine the evacuated Cossacks were formed into the regiments of the Kuban Cossacks. In spring 1943 two Kuban Cossack regiments, mostly of single Cossacks, were formed in the vicinity of Kherson. Those Cossacks who had families, and who arrived in thousands of horse carts, set up their quarters not only around the city of Kherson but also in other villages and towns of the Ukraine. . .

Besides the two Kuban Cossack regiments, the Don and the Terek Cossack regiments were formed as well.

Later on, in the town of Mlava (Poland) the first Cossack division was formed with the regiments that had been formed before. The division was put under the command of the German Colonel Helmuth von Pannwitz who was immediately promoted to the rank of general. . .

The Eastern Ministry had a special department *Kosakenleitstelle* for the Cossacks from the Don, the Kuban, and the Terek, or, rather for all the Cossacks and their families who had left the North Caucasus at the retreat of the German army. This organization was located in Berlin and was headed by Doctor N. Himpel, a German by origin, but born and educated in Petersburg. Having a perfect command of the Russian language, he was able to render a considerable help to the evacuated Cossacks and their families, and encouraged old and new Cossack social workers to take part in that work. He immediately got in touch with General P. Krasnov, and invited him to take charge of Cossack affairs. Actually it was Dr. Himpel who organized the Main Administration of the Cossack Troops which came into being in accordance with the special order issued by the General of the volunteer troops of March 31, 1944, which ran:

“BY THE GENERAL OF THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS

The organization of the Main Administration of the Cossack Troops has been approved.

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The Main Administration of the Cossack Troops has been organized for the purpose of representing Cossacks before the German Command, and for safeguarding their interests. It consists of the following persons:

General P. Krasnov, Head of the Administration
 General V. Naumenko
 Colonel S. Pavlov
 Colonel Kulakov

Kesting
 March 31, 1944
 Cavalry General . . . "

This order is a clear evidence that the Main Administration was organized not for serving in the German army but for safeguarding the Cossack interests before the German Command, and it was exactly what it did during the time of its existence. . .

By the end of 1943 all the evacuated Cossacks and their families were concentrated in Western Byelorussia around Novogrudki and Baranovichi.

The Unified Cossack Camp was headed by the Campaign Ataman, Colonel S. Pavlov. The troop senior officer T. I. Domanov was Chief-of-Staff.

In spring 1944 the Headquarters of the Cossack Camp was located in the town of Novogrudki, by that time the majority of people was concentrated there, when a great misfortune suddenly befell the Cossacks: Ataman S. Pavlov was killed on June 17, 1944. . .

After Pavlov's death his deputy, senior officer Timofey Ivanovich Domanov, a Cossack from the stantiza of Mlgulenskaya, of the Great Don Army, was appointed the Camp Ataman.

II

But the Cossack Camp did not remain in Western Byelorussia, around Novogrudki and Baranovichi, long. The German army was suffering defeat in the East, and was com-

pelled to retreat fighting all the way. When the Red Army was approaching Poland, the whole camp had to decamp, and retreat further west, its file of carts stretching 15 or 20 kilometers long.

In accordance with the agreement between the German and the Italian governments and a corresponding permission, the refugees of the Cossack camp, and the Cossack reserve regiments, occupied the territory of North Italy particularly badly infested with anti-German partisans.

Since the Cossacks received the permission to settle there from the German governor of the Trieste region, Obergruppenfuhrer Globochnik, the Cossacks were immediately ordered to fight against all anti-German partisans: Tito men, Gribaldi men, Badoglio men, etc.

In accordance with Globochnik's order the residents of Italian villages, who were considered unreliable politically, were moved out, and the Cossacks, mainly the Cossacks of the Don Army, moved into their houses. In the places where the Cossacks from the Kuban, the Terek, and from Stavropol were housed, the local residents were not moved out of their houses but had to make room for the Cossacks in their homes.

Although until then, the Campaign Ataman was under the orders from the Main Administration of the Cossack Troops, on moving into Italy, he became fully subordinated to Obergruppenfuhrer Globochnik from whom he now took orders and received remuneration in money and in kind.

At first the center of the Campaign Ataman was located in Gemona, later it moved to Tolmezzo, while the Cossack families stayed where they were: in Oleso, Covazzo, etc.

At the end of April, 1945, the town of Oleso was severely bombed by British airplanes. Many residents of the defenseless town, women, children, old people, mostly civilians, were killed in the air raid. Beginning with that day the "Cossack Land" in North Italy grew "shaky". Cossack families began to head North leaving everything behind, without asking anybody's permission. In short, that air raid of Oleso by British airplanes started the "Great Exodus" of the Cossack

refugees from North Italy infested with partisans and hostile to everybody who was under the German flag. . .

They set out at nighttime, jumping out of beds, harnessed their horses to carts, and drove away. Those who had no horses set out on foot, through Tolmezzo, and farther on into the unknown. They were walking in a downpour. It was raining heavily day and night at that time, and water was coming in buckets on the heads of the outcasts. It was especially hard for those who had no horses, no transportation of any kind. They not only carried their suitcases, but some pulled hand-drawn carts, or baby carriages with small children in them.

All along the road drove and walked the remnants of Cossack regiments, women, children, old people, cripples, and those wounded who could somehow move on.

III

Thus, at the end of April and the beginning of May, 1945, the tragic march of the Cossack Camp refugees from North Italy to Austria had commenced.

. . . All along the winding road from the town of Poluzze up to the village of Timau, the last one in North Italy there stretched a file of horse carts and pedestrians of the Cossack Camp, all heading North-East. It was raining heavily all the time. The sky seemed to have opened its troughs, and was mercilessly pouring down upon the multitude of the Cossack families going North for several days without a single break. A steep ascent of 30-40° began beyond the village of Timau stretching some 10 kilometers toward the Italian-Austrian border.

In that pass, two kilometers above the sea level, the rain changed to snow, the wind began to blow, and a regular snow storm broke out. On both the sides of the road along which the refugees were driving and walking, deep snow drifts piled up alongside of steep ravines. People and horses often fell into

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those drifts, and many, overpowered by fatigue, did not rise any more, disappeared in the snow without any traces, and remained for ever to lie in the strange country, in its mountains.

Later, several weeks afterwards, the Titoist "heroes" cleared the road of the dead bodies of horses and people lying along the road that came to sight after the snow had melted. With disgust they threw the bodies down into the deep ravine.

The people in that long stretching file looked upon everything with complete indifference. Apathy took hold of everybody. . .

The file was several kilometers long: people were driving their horse carts or walking, a few pulled hand-drawn carts or baby carriages with small children in them. All were going into the unknown, heading toward the Italian-Austrian border trying to escape the Stalinist-Titoist hords.

Shrieks of despair, moans, the neighing of horses that fell down exhausted and had to be shot, curses were heard on that tragic march of the Cossack refugees. At the height of 2500 meters above the sea level, in the midst of the snow storm, that cold night of May 3, 1945, an unforgettable tragic scene took place. They were approaching the summit of the Alpine pass which is a natural boundary between Italy and Austria. It was close to midnight.

"Oh, Lord! Why art Thou trying us so severely? What have we broken to deserve such suffering, oh Lord!" wailed an old Cossack woman from the Kuban.

Suddenly, in the lull in the storm, a loud voice of a Cossack was heard:

"Brothers, but this is Maundy Thursday night!"

Everybody stopped at once as if benumbed. That same Cossack who had reminded the people of our Lord's Passion jumped up upon a cart, and taking off his cap began singing the hymn of the "Wise Robber" in a powerful baritone voice. All at once two more Cossacks appeared out of the dark-

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ness, jumped up upon the cart, and joined in the singing. Their tenor voices echoed the lead of the baritone as he sang "Make me worthy oh, Lord. . ." "Me, too", sang solo the baritone. "Me, too", repeated the tenors. "Upon the wooden cross . . ." sobbed the baritone. "Upon the wooden cross . . ." wept the tenors. "Enlighten me and save me!"

Even the storm subsided as if listening to the singing of the holy hymn, and only snow flakes were slowly descending on the bare heads of the people standing there still and silent.

It is difficult to describe this unforgettable scene which has remained unknown to the rest of the world: several thousand people, refugees from the Bolshevik butchery in the Cossack regions, were standing bare-headed in the snow storm, in the dead of night, high up the Alpine pass, listening to the singing of the "Wise Robber" which was echoed by a mountainous stream running somewhere below in the ravine.

At that moment everything was forgotten: the misfortune that befell them, their own suffering, the uncertain future. Several Cossacks who had been swearing incessantly became quiet. In that mountain pass, on the snow covered road, in the darkness of the night there rose before their eyes He who had done no evil but was crucified and died a torturous death at the hands of ungrateful people.

The hymn the "Wise Robber" was repeated thrice by that beautiful but unknown trio. Never before had the Alpine peaks heard such divinely beautiful singing of the holy hymn, at such a late hour. After a moment's pause the same Christian warriors sang gently "Glory to Thy long patience, oh, Lord", and then silently descended from the cart. It began snowing heavily again. The storm increased in violence.

"Well, in God's name, move on!" said an old man who was walking on foot. The people, silent, resumed their march toward the Austrian border.

"Come, old man, get up onto my cart, I'll make room for you," said to that old man a Cossack who was sitting on a cart, and who until then had refused to take any one on.

Everything seemed to have transformed. People began helping those who were pulling their carts, offering a lift to exhausted women who had to walk, all of their own accord. Some, doubtful of the strength of their horses, jumped down from their carts offering room on them to the people who were walking on foot saying: "I have been sitting long enough, now you get on the cart, and rest a little!"

They were moving along in almost complete silence now, their heads bent low. All of them were recollecting other Holy Nights at home when they, or rather their fathers, would come home from church carrying lighted candles. Those would return to their own homes, knowing no fear, no need to flee. And now these people were on the way to the unknown Austria, fleeing a merciless foe, but still hoping to see the day when they would be able to celebrate these holidays again, but differently—at home, in their own country freed from red fascism.

That was midnight of May 4, 1945, the Holy Thursday night of Passion week. A sad night of torment it was for the refugees from the Cossack regions who had left their homes of their free will, or against it.

But at that time these people did not expect that the greatest tragedy to happen to them was yet to come some-what later, in four weeks.

IV

After the evacuation from North Italy, the people of the Cossack Camp gathered in the vicinity of the town of Lienz in the Austrian province of Carinthia. The Cossack regiments and their transport as well as some units of the North Caucasus Mountaineer regiments encamped along the left bank of the Drava, South-East of Lienz, down up to the town of Oberdrauburg. Those who had families as well as the employees, the wounded and the sick were housed in the numerous barracks of the Camp of Peggetz.

Over fifteen thousand refugees from the North Caucasus, Cossacks and their families, as well as non-Cossacks (Caucasian Highlanders, Kalmuks, Ukrainians, etc.) were housed in the Pegetz Camp.

At the outset, up to the second half of May, Cossacks and their families remained under the authority of their own Atamans, and lived without any restrictions of their freedom.

But all of a sudden, on May 27, on Sunday, at noon, a strict order was issued: all officers and others in possession of firearms had to hand them over without any delay! The failure to comply with the order carried with it a death sentence. . . This order of the British Command was complied with uncontestedly within an hour.

At Domanov's Headquarters it was said that disorderly conduct of some cutthroats, mainly from among Caucasian nationals, was the reason for the general disarmament. Other officers of the Pegetz Camp also took it calmly saying: "After all we are British prisoners of war. How can a war prisoner be permitted to run around with a gun at his side? Who has ever heard such a thing? . . ."

And naturally the majority agreed with this reasoning. . . Lieutenant-Colonel Andrey Shkuro was taken by the British on May 26 in an unknown direction for some kind of "explanation". As it came out later, he was arrested on the demand of the Soviets. . . But nobody knew about it on the day of disarmament, and everything was quiet. . .

But on the same day, May 27, Major Davis of the British General Headquarters, accompanied by his aide, came to see General Domanov with the request that all the officers of his Headquarters should assemble in the places of their encampment by 1 p.m., on May 28, to be taken for a conference with the Commander of the British Eighth Army, General Alexander.

On May 28, about noon, an order was issued by Domanov's Headquarters for the Camp of Pegetz commanding *all officers and military employees* to draw up in accordance

with their regiments: The Don, the Kuban, and the Terek regiments, by 1 p.m. to be taken in British trucks to a "conference" which was to take place somewhere about twenty kilometers South of Lienz. Presumably, the Commander of the Eighth Army, General Alexander himself, wanted to speak to the Cossack officers.

When some became doubtful, and asked the officer who had arrived from the Headquarters whether it would be safe for all of them to go, he said:

"This is an order: all officers and employees are to go. Pyotr Nikolayevich himself told our officers that he trusted a British officer just as he would trust his own self. An officer of His Majesty, the King of Great Britain could not give his "word of honor," and then break it. If the British Command found it necessary to have such conference, then it had to be so. And one should not spread absurd rumors about dishonesty of the British."

Well, if the "old man," as General Pyotr Krasnov was called by many, said that, then there was no reason for doubting because many people (and all people from the Don) held Petr Nikolayevich in a great esteem. . .

Many officers of the Pegetz Camp took the news as a special honor for themselves, and dressed up in their best. The officers of the Kuban and the Terek units put on their Circassian national coats, and tall fur caps long treasured and carefully packed in their lockers, the officers of the Don units put on their Cossack uniforms. All were clean shaven and wore their gala uniforms.

By 1 p.m. all the officers and military employees (that is almost all of them) formed up on the square of the Camp Pegetz, and then marched toward the North Gate where British trucks were waiting for them. The Don officers were marching at the head, followed by those from the Kuban under the command of colonel Lukyanenko. Then came the Terek Army under the command of Colonel Zimin who was particularly anxious that his officers should display proper uniforms and good military bearing.

And . . . over two thousand Cossack officers and military employees got into British military trucks, and under the escort of British machine guns set out for the "conference". . . .

Both the officers who left, and their families, were told by an English officer that they would be back by nightfall.

But they did not come back either by nightfall, nor in the night, nor on the next day. Alarming rumors began to spread in the camp: "The British have betrayed us! It was a trap for our officers, not a "conference". . . .

A day later it became known that several officers who went to the "conference," writer Tarussky among them, had committed suicide.

"But why?" people in the camp asked one another.

"They are being handed over to the Bolsheviks", was a surmise.

And that surmise proved to be a terrible reality.

The trucks (over fifty of them) which were taking the Cossack officers to the "Conference" were stopped fifteen kilometers South of Lienz, and surrounded by British light tanks. Under the escort of these tanks the officers were brought to the town of Spital (69 kilometers South-East of Lienz). In Spital they were driven into barracks surrounded by a tall triple fence of barbed wire, and were heavily guarded. Only then did the Cossack officers understand that they had been trapped. In the evening a loudspeaker announced in Russian: "Tomorrow at six all of you will leave for your homeland!"

All were terrorstricken. They could not believe such treachery. At that time none of those who were in the Cossack Camp knew that their extradition to the Bolsheviks had been decided upon already at the Yalta Conference of the "Big Three": the United States, Great Britain, and the

¹ The author describes here the setting out for the "conference" from the Camp of Peggett only. He does not touch upon the departure of officers from Domanov's Headquarters, and other places.

Soviet Union. But as it became known later, even at the Yalta Conference of the "Big Three," it was decided to repatriate compulsorily only former Soviet citizens but not "old" emigrants who had lived for 25 years in Yugoslavia, France, Bulgaria, and other countries of Western Europe, and who had even acquired the citizenship of those countries. So the British outdid themselves in their attempts to please "Uncle Joe".

Several officers, while in Spital, made an attempt to get separated from former Soviet citizens. They wanted to prepare lists of "white emigrants." But Pyotr Krasnov did not permit it. He placed too much faith in the "word of honor" of an officer of the British Crown. Even after they had been put behind the barbed wire in Spital, after all of them had been searched and placed under a heavy guard, General P. Krasnov kept saying:

"I can't believe it is a treachery on the part of the British! Don't pay any attention to the rumors spread by panic-mongers. We had to expect that. The aftermath of the war and our activity. . . Today at the conference everything will be explained and settled. . . ."

But for this firm belief on the part of General Krasnov, and other generals in the officer of His British Majesty, the tragedy of the Cossack officers would have been tenfold less. Had they but said openly that in our time one could not rely on the "word of honor" of an officer, things would have been different. But when everything became clear, it was much too late to do anything. Even P. Krasnov's petition to "His Majesty," King George VI, written by him in French, did not do any good.

On May 29, 1945, all of them, "the old" and "the new" were forced with the butts of the guns into trucks, severely beaten, and under a heavy guard brought to the location of the Soviet troops in Judenburg beyond the bridge across the Mur River. It was on that bridge that the Cossack officers deceived and betrayed by the "word of honor" of the British were handed over to the Bolsheviks. Among those officers

were such well-known anti-Bolsheviks as the generals—Pyotr Krasnov, Semyon Krasnov, Andrey Shkuro, T. Domanov, Golovko, Tikhotzky, Salamakhin, Vasilyev, and hundreds of other senior officers of the Cossack regiments. No attention was paid to the fact that Lieutenant-General Andrey Shkuro had been decorated with the highest British order by the King. The Western allies placed more value on the friendship and good will of Stalin than on the decorations received from the King. Anything, only not to hurt the feelings of the Kremlin rulers, and damn the rest...

While being driven across the bridge several officers succeeded in jumping out, and dashing themselves to death against the rocky river bed. Several were accorded the usual "humane" Bolshevik treatment, and were shot to death while still in Judenburg. Others were sent to hard labor camps where the majority of elder officers died of overwork, starvation, and inhuman maltreatment.

The generals: P. Krasnov, S. Krasnov, T. Domanov, A. Shkuro, Von Pannwitz, who joined the Cossack officers in Judenburg; Sultan-Chirey, Klych, after being tortured for a long time in the Lubyanka jail in Moscow, were sentenced to death by hanging. All of them were executed in January, 1947...

V

The extradition of the officers of the Cossack Camp was carried out by the British with the aim of depriving the Cossack Camp of its leadership. It was only the beginning of their rough justice meted out to all Cossack families and all the people who had escaped the Bolsheviks, and found themselves together with the Cossacks.

Two days after the officers had been taken out of the Camp, on May 30, a large covered truck followed by two light tanks drove into the Camp of Pegeetz, and the loudspeaker announced the terrible news:

"The day after tomorrow all of you will start for your homeland! Get your things ready, all of you!

All the refugees who heard the announcement shouted in reply:

"We won't go!"

In a moment all to a man gathered on the Camp square without any order for it. Unanimously the Camp declared a hunger strike. The food, when it arrived from the British, was not accepted, and was piled up near the fence. Black flags were hoisted on all the barracks, gates, and even on the pile of food. Slogans in the English language saying something to the effect: "WE PREFER DEATH TO THE RETURN TO THE SOVIET UNION!" were put up where they could be well seen.

New officers were elected instead of those who had left for the "conference." A young smart Don Cossack, Kuzma Polunin, was elected temporary deputy of the Ataman.

He called meetings several times a day.

"Brothers, we shall hold our own!" Kuzma would say.

"We will, we will," the Cossacks would answer him in unison.

"They just want to scare us", he would say. "But don't let them scare you. The British are civilized people, they won't hand us over to the Bolsheviks against our will! These are only threats to scare us but later they will be glad we remained firm, and will thank us for it. Our officers have also sent us a word from Spital to hold our own, and to remain united, and nobody will hand us over. Our officers, too, can come back now any day. . ."

Did Kuzma mean what he was saying being influenced by various provocateurs who prowled around the Camp, or was maybe he carrying out "somebody's" orders? The day he was saying this all the officers who had been in Spital were handed over to the Bolshevik inquisitors but no one in the Camp knew anything about it.

In the large Camp church mass was said day and night. Thousands received absolution and Holy Communion.

Head of the clergy of the Cossack Camp, archpriest, Father Vasily Grigoriyev said several times from the pulpit:

"We have sent a petition to the King of England. Maybe at this very moment while we are standing here, the King is reading our petition, and surely he will not disregard our appeal. As you know we have written in it that we are against those who shot to death a relative of the English King, the Emperor of All-Russia, Nikolay Aleksandrovich. . . And surely not only the next days but the next hours may bring us a favorable solution of our predicament. . ."

The petition had been read in church before all the people. It was written rather well and truthfully, but it is quite evident that it never got farther than Lienz, or maybe even the office of the Camp Peggetz.

And what would it have helped even had the petition been indeed forwarded to King George VI in London? At that time all Western statesmen glorified the "great Uncle Joe". Churchill's wife wrote an elegant little booklet in praise of "our great friend", Stalin, and presented him with an initialed penholder with a golden pen, and wrote to him on that occasion: "I hope that you, our dear friend, will write with this pen many a friendly letter to my husband. . ."

On May 31 Major Davis, the British Commandant, declared officially:

"Tomorrow all of you must leave for your home country! He did not pay any attention to the loud cries of protest.

At the Cossack meeting in the evening of May 31, it was decided that on June, at 5 a. m. all the inmates of the Camp would gather on the Camp square for a solemn mass. Nobody was to stay behind in the barracks: the old and the young, the sick and invalids, all were to appear for the general prayer. Strong Cossacks were to help the cripples and the sick. At that meeting an old Cossack climbed the platform, and exclaimed heatedly: "Brothers! Seven hundred years ago when Tartar hords overran Russia, even they, Tartar conquerors, did not disturb people at prayers. When they came to a church where people were praying, they always waited for the end of the service before they attacked. Can it be that now, in the twentieth century representatives of the civilized



Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin — signatories of the Yalta Agreement in accordance with which about one hundred thousand Cossacks and their families as well as many hundreds of thousands of other fighters against Bolshevism were forcibly delivered into the hands of the Bolsheviks in Austria, Italy and Germany in 1945-47.

English nation will be more savage than the Tartars of the thirteenth century? Can it be that they will disturb our prayers? Never! . . . ”

All were quite certain that the British would never use violence against peaceful unarmed people only in order to satisfy a bloody tyrant, next in succession to Hitler—Joseph Dzhugashvili.

. . . On June 1, 1945, as early as 6 a. m. church service was already in progress on the square of the Camp Pegetz. Two large choirs were singing. Twelve priests led by Father Vladimir N., and three deacons were officiating. All inmates of the Camp to the last man gathered around the primitive platform in the center of which stood a communion table with all the necessary church plate and the Holy Communion upon it. In half an hour columns of unarmed Cossacks from the regiments located with their horses and carts along the Drava River entered the square from the South. They came with their regiment priests carrying pendants with holy images, singing Easter hymns, and joined the crowd praying on the square.

. . . At 7 a. m. several dozens of military trucks entered the square and stopped near the crowd at prayer. All understood that the trucks had come for them. Young Cossacks grasping one another's hands formed a cordon around the praying crowd to prevent anybody being taken by the British for repatriation to the USSR. They still believed in the victory of their firmness. To demonstrate their solidarity Cossacks (unarmed) stood guard the whole night on the bridge across the Drava not to permit any weakling to slip out into the forest beyond the river, and to be able to show up in force on the Camp square.

At 7.30 a car with the British Commandant, Major Davis, and Ataman Kuzma in it drove up close to the crowd. Both looked at the service in silence for a couple of minutes, and drove away. But apparently Lieutenant-Colonel Malcholin, head of the Lienz garrison, who was in charge of the extradition of the Cossack refugees, had a

different order. About ten minutes later after Major Davis and Ataman Kuzma had left, two platoons of British soldiers armed with machine-guns, automatic rifles and thick wooden clubs approached the praying crowd from North-East and North-West, and formed a cordon around it. They came up at the singing of "Our Father." The Holy Communion began, and suddenly . . . shrieks, screams, and groans. The soldiers in the uniforms of His British Majesty rushed from both the sides upon the defenseless crowd, and began hitting right and left, women and children, with their clubs and rifle butts. At the same time machine-guns placed at the corners of the square began shooting aiming a little over the heads of the people. The communion table was overturned, the icons and church plate fell on the ground. The soldiers knocked down men, women, children that were closest to them, and threw them into the trucks as if they were logs. One of the deacons, a smallish man with a red beard, was seized by the legs and thrown into the truck just as he was in his vestments as if he were a block of wood, and he was driven away.

The cordon of young Cossacks who had formed a "protective" wall around the fifteen thousand people was broken through. Those who would not submit, who tried to resist, were beaten till they lost their senses, and even bayoneted.

The human avalanche swept toward the Southern fence which fell down at once under the pressure of the crowd. Women and children trodden down in the rush were screaming but the running crowd did not pay any attention to them.*

The roaring Drava was rolling near the Camp. There was a narrow wooden bridge across it. The crowd made for the bridge beyond which there was a forest, and farther on,

* The scene of the forced repatriation of Cossacks and their families carried out on the orders of the British government in Lienz on June 1, 1945, as painted by S. Korolkov, is reproduced on the cover.

mountains which could offer asylum. But the way to the bridge was cut off by the fire of British snipers. And here hundreds of panic-stricken people began jumping into the roaring river. The turbid devilish whirlpool of the Drava overflowing with spring floods swallowed its victims. People would run up to the steep bank, cross themselves hurriedly, jump down into the perilous whirlpool, and disappear in it in a moment for ever.

These scenes are not to be forgotten: a young woman, all disheveled, with two small children, came running to the bank. A hurried hug of the mother, and one of the girls was hurried into the roaring precipice. The other girl, clinging to her mother's skirt was crying pitifully: "Mummy, don't, mummy, I'm scared!"

"Don't be afraid! I am coming with you!" cried the mother losing her reason. A jerk . . . and the second child went flying into the swift waves. Then she raised her hand to cross herself: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on my sinful soul!" and before her hand touched her left shoulder, she jumped after the children. And the roaring waves swallowed her at once . . .

"We prefer death to the return to the Soviet Union!" This was written not only on posters but in everybody's heart.

The British soldiers stopped shooting, and watched those "interesting" for them scenes of suicide in surprise and bewilderment. An endless number of such scenes can be described. The Catholic cathedral in Lienz hoisted a black flag, and a bell began to toll. All at once, as if by a signal, the bells of all churches began to toll. They were tolling an alarm . . .

A tank platoon which was driving in a file along the left bank of the Drava, checked the crowd. The people rushed back but there were tanks behind them, too (and those against women and children!). Finding themselves surrounded they stopped not knowing what to do. Somebody shouted: "On your knees!" in a moment everybody was

kneeling. Someone began singing: "Christ is risen . . .", and the whole multi-thousand crowd joined in the singing of this Easter hymn in a unanimous impulse.

It is impossible to describe that scene: a kneeling crowd of fifteen thousand people surrounded by the British tanks in an open field between the camp and the roaring river singing in unison "Christ is risen . . ."

This singing and kneeling calmed the people somewhat down. The British soldiers, too, stood at some distance, watching the interesting scene, and did not touch anybody.

The people did not try to get to the river any more but stood still looking with horror around at the tanks with the gun muzzles aiming at them.

Nobody knows how many people from the Peggetz Camp were swallowed by the roaring Drava that day. According to some information, about 400 people were drowned, while Austrians insisted that they had picked up over 600 corpses near another bridge, 5 kilometers South of Peggetz, two days after the incident. The corpses were of both sexes, and of various age.

The crowd remained surrounded by the tanks in the field till 2 p. m. Nobody was permitted to leave till that time. The sun was very hot. All were thirsty. Many fainted because of thirst and beatings administered to them.

In the afternoon some women succeeded in persuading the British soldiers to permit them to fetch some water. Some members of medical profession gave first aid to those who were in need of it as far as it was possible under the circumstances. Doctor Vera Petrovna Kasinova-Razuvayeva who is now living in Argentina was particularly helpful and efficient in attending to the sick.

After 2 p. m. the tanks began leaving one by one. Here and there the British soldiers were still standing with their automatic guns but they seemed to be paying no attention to the people any more, and did not prevent them from leaving the square. And the people began to scatter little by

little. Some made for the forest, others for the distant mountains, and some dragged themselves back to their barracks in the Camp.

The dead bodies, two babies trodden to death under foot among them, remained lying in the square of the Peggetz Camp, where the massacre had taken place, up to the evening. The International Red Cross was said not to permit to bury the bodies while some "investigation" was carried out. Others said on some authority that it was done on the request of reporters from some newspapers who wanted to have interesting snapshots for their papers . . .

The cadets who were staying some distance away from the Camp of Peggetz were surrounded and repatriated to the Soviet Union . . .

Those people who went back to their barracks, mostly refugees from the Soviet Union, were repatriated forcibly to their "homeland" a few days after the tragedy of the first of June. The people became so apathetic, so indifferent to their fate that they showed almost no resistance.

Over fifteen thousand Cossacks, those faithful allies of the West, were delivered up to the Soviet Union.

And nobody said a word in their defense at that time: neither Russians living in America and Europe, nor newspapers, nor any organizations.

At the time when the British soldiers were bayonetting the defenseless crowd, and were throwing bleeding people into the freight cars to be delivered up, Churchill was incensing before his friend Stalin, praising him to the skies. Gay parties were given in Dzhugashvili's honor all over England, Lady Churchill wrote panegyrics to unforgettable uncle Joe, and sent him valuable gifts . . .

Even the British people were disgusted with Churchill's toadyism before the Kremlin, and kicked him out of office, electing the Labor Party leader — Attlee. The victor was rejected by his own people. Why???

The British treated the Caucasian Highlanders who were staying a little farther south from Lienz just as cruelly.

With the same mean treachery did the British deliver up the 15th Cavalry Corps (Cossacks) together with its Commander General von Pannwitz. The latter expressed the wish to share the fate of the troops he was in charge of, and refused to take advantage of his being a German national.

And how many Cossacks perished in those days in the Alps, and near Suworov's Cross, while escaping from the pursuit of the British? How many of them committed suicide in the forest? In accordance with the data of the Red Cross, about a hundred bodies of Cossacks who had hanged themselves were taken down from the trees.

They preferred death to the return to the Soviet Union! This was written on posters on the Camp of Peggetz, and they did as they said . . .

VI

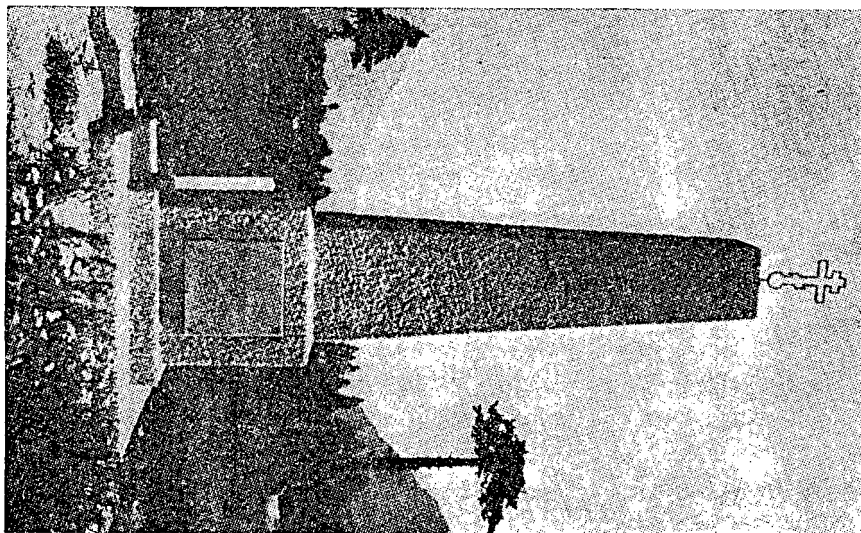
Several months after the butchery described here Russians who live in the district of Peggetz, with the permission of the British Commandant, Major Richards, erected the first modest monument to the victims of June 1, 1945.

Six years later after that horrible misdeed, Cossacks who remained in Austria, with the help of other refugees from communism, erected another, more imposing monument. The golden letters on the monument say:

TO COSSACKS — VICTIMS OF JUNE 1, 1945

A small orthodox cemetery, in the center of which the monument stands, is located on the left bank of the Drava, quite close to the place where the Camp used to be. The cemetery is a square 14 by 14 meters. In the middle of that square stands the monument fenced in by a wire enclosure supported by concrete posts.

Both, the cemetery and monument are kept up in excellent order reminding the world of that criminal mistake which was committed by the British who cruelly did away with their best allies in the struggle against communism



Monument to the Cossacks and their families, victims of the forcible repatriation, killed on June 1, 1945, located in the Orthodox Cemetery in Lienz (Austria).

by delivering them forcibly into the hands of the red Krem-
lin . . .

On August 15, 1951, Archbishop Stephen of Austria, now living in Salzburg, together with the local clergy, at a solemn service, blessed this second monument to the victims of June 1, 1945 . . .

Thus, the "Valley of Death" in Carinthia claimed new Cossack victims in our seemingly "civilized" twentieth century.

* * *

In many other places, not in Austria only but also in Germany and Italy, and other countries anti-communists were delivered up with almost as much force and violence. Members of Vlasov's army were delivered up, Cossacks were delivered up as well as all those who wanted to put an end to communism in Russia, those who wanted to destroy the Kremlin communism-fascism, and thus to rescue mankind from the menace which is threatening all the world with destruction. They were delivered up to red Moscow, to their certain death!

Why then those who are guilty of these hideous crimes have not yet been prosecuted for them? Their names are known! . . .

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Besides the book *A MEMMENTO FOR THE FREE WORLD*, Theodor Kubansky (a pen name) has written and published five books in the Russian language.

The books, as described below, have appeared in the U.S.A., and are available at present.

1. *ON THE FREE STEPPES OF THE KUBAN*, New York, 1955, 448 pages.

The novel describes the life of the Kuban Cossacks prior to the Revolution. The love affair of the story is presented against the background of the Cossack mores and traditions typical for Cossack-husbands in the South of Russia before 1914. Such local customs as getting acquainted among young people, amusements, courtship, and wedding ceremonies (which used to last for two weeks) are treated in detail. The book also gives the picture of military training at schools (which in those days began in the second grade when the boys were eight year old, or over, and was compulsory; it was supervised by experienced officers, and tested in large-scale annual manoeuvres) as well as of the regular military service in peacetime. The scenes depicting family life, harvesting time, folk superstitions and beliefs, the celebrations of religious holidays (Christmas — two weeks; Easter — nine days; Whit-sun-tide — three days, etc.) are vivid and entertaining. A number of rare illustrations add to the attraction of the book.

2. *THE BLACK TORNADO*, New York, 1957, 212 pages.

The book contains three stories which present the Soviet reality as experienced by the author himself.

The first story *IN THE MOUNTAINS OF DAGHESTAN* narrates the struggle of the Caucasian mountaineers against the Soviet rule in 1930—1940. The author, who was himself among the Caucasian outlaws, witnessed their fight against Bolshevism in the USSR.

The second story deals with the author's arrest by the NKVD in 1939. It describes the tortures he was subjected to, Soviet hard labor camps where perished millions of Poles, Jews, Ukrainians exiled there from Poland after the division of that country between Hitler and Stalin. It also presents a vivid picture of the cruel punishment meted out by the NKVD to their own soldiers who managed to escape from the German POW camps in 1942.

The third story, *THE THIRD DAY*, deals with the war of 1941—1945 and the post-war years, revealing the causes of the setbacks of the Soviet Army and its subsequent victories. A particular attention has been given to the Leningrad and Volkhov fronts. It also depicts the author's experiences during that period, his capture by the Germans, his life in the German POW camps, the forcible repatriation, mass death sentences and executions of those who were repatriated, the author's life in a Soviet hard labor camp, his escape from it, and his return to the American zone in Austria.

3. *A MEMMENTO*, New York, 1958, 247 pages.

The book contains seventeen stories and short novels some of which contain factual information about the inside life of Soviet Russia. Thus, the story *THE INCUBATOR OF INQUISITORS* describes the education of the future members of the Soviet secret police who were selected from among orphaned children.

IN THE NAME OF THE KREMLIN provides some factual material on the building of socialism in Russia, namely, the extermination of six million peasants in the South of Russia by Khrushchev and Kaganovitch; it also makes reference to President Roosevelt's recognition of the Red Kremlin.

THE MOUNTAIN ON THE DRAVA RIVER is a detailed account of the forcible repatriation of Cossacks and their families. *A HEROINE* is an episode that took place during the war in the Balkans in 1942—43.

All the stories deal with the historical events of the recent past, and contribute to the understanding of the sources of strength and power of the Soviet Union, and who carries the responsibility for it.

4. *EAGLES OF THEIR NATIVE LAND*, Argentina, 1960, 300 pages.

This historical novel is a sequence to the novel *ON THE FREE STEPPES OF THE KUBAN*. It follows up the events through the First World War, 1914—1917, and has such historic personages as Tsar Nicholas II, Tsarina Alexandra Federovna, their court, Rasputin, and others appear on its pages. It also touches upon the

developments of such significance as the February Revolution in Petersburg, the appointment of the Provisional Government, etc.

5. *THOSE STEPPES, VAST AND BLOOD-DRENCHED*, New York, 1960, 300 pages.

Another historic novel of the Civil War of 1917—1920 in Russia. It deals with the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, the campaigns of the Generals Kornilov, Denikin, Vrangeli, Yudenitch, Kolchack, Brusilov, and others. It speaks of the massacre of the Tsar's family in Yekaterinburg, the causes of the Bolshevik victory, the defeat of the White Armies, that of Baron Vrangeli among them, and their evacuation from Russia.

The two last books can be compared in their scope to the *WAR AND PEACE* by L. Tolstoy except that they deal with the war of 1914—1920 instead of 1812.

Theodore Kubansky's book the *BLACK TORNADO* is being prepared for publication in the English language. In this historical novel the author, who was an eye-witness of the working of the Soviet tyranny during the period from 1938 up to the present, reveals the essence of Bolshevism as he himself experienced it.

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Th. Kubanskiy

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