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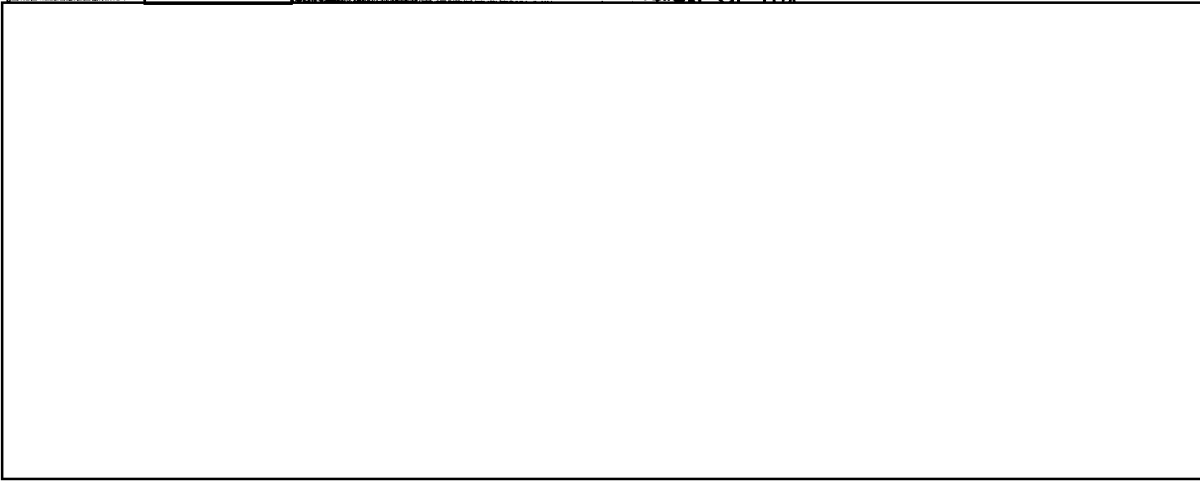
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SUPPLEMENT TO REPORT NO. 25X1X



AN OPEN LETTER TO UKRAINIAN EMIGRES

Dear Countrymen,

Cruel fate drove some of you a long time ago, others more recently, beyond the frontiers of your birthplace, the Ukraine. There are not many places left in this world which have not known Ukrainian wanderers. I feel your longing, your pain and nostalgia for your Fatherland. Accept this letter as a sincere greeting bringing you the scented air of home fields. Accept these words as you would accept them from your own brother who came to you through many great dangers to share with you his and your suffering and to pour out from the bottom of his heart all the hopes of your brothers, who in sweat, pain, and blood struggle for the freedom of our beloved mother Ukraine.

Beloved brothers and sisters--you who are now in far off foreign lands, I address you in your own tongue from the hearts and souls of the wide masses of your Ukrainian brothers from the mother country Ukraine. My true Ukrainian conscience prompts me to write this appeal in the belief that every true Ukrainian patriot would not hesitate to sign it instead of the author.

The sufferings which we now undergo "in our own country" have no equal in the history of the Ukraine. The Ukrainian peasant spends his miserable existence on a hunger diet in the accursed kolkhoz. The Ukrainian worker, also starving, exhausts his last ounce of strength in the mines of the Donbas, or in some equally hard work in various factories. The member of the Ukrainian intelligentsia has to deny his own soul--his open Ukrainian soul--and go down deep into himself, even beyond his national consciousness, or, if he is abject and vile, to change into a Moscow soul. The Ukrainian woman has become a real slave of the "Socialist heaven". "More black than the blackest soul", she sweats out her blood on the kolkhoz fields or deep down in the dark mines. The

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Ukrainian youth is being terrorized, depraved, and poisoned by the "wise" teachings and doctrines of Lenin and Stalin. Those of the young people who refuse to join the Komsomoly are thrown out of the schools. Even small children in elementary schools are not left in peace by the Moscow-Bolshevik barbarians. They are being forced to join the Pioneer organization. Teachers who refuse to organize Komsomoly or Pioneer movements in their schools, and those who attend church services or wish to be married in church, are immediately dismissed from their posts.

For some time now there have been no decent priests left in the churches; they were either shot or deported to Siberia. Their place has been taken by obedient Bolshevik instruments. The people are still very pious, but there is nobody to speak to them of religion. The church is desecrated and exists only for propaganda purposes.

In the Ukrainian towns one cannot hear Ukrainian spoken; the intelligentsia speaks Russian. To speak Ukrainian is to draw suspicion on oneself of the mighty MGB and to find oneself in the most desolate spots of Siberia. But this is not all. The savage Moscow-Bolshevik terror in the Ukraine knows no limit. No Ukrainian can be certain of tomorrow. No one here sleeps peacefully. At all hours of the night in the villages you can hear the shouting and cries of the people. If they do not arrest and deport people at once, the officials and his assistants turn everything upside down in the cottages or yards. All the various quotas of bread, meat, taxes, and rents are being ruthlessly collected at all times of the day and night.

The Ukrainian people have been turned into beggars and nobody is released from bond servitude—even the real beggars. Everybody has to be in a kolkhoz which is run by the Bolsheviks. In return for their hard working days, people receive a starvation diet. Exploitation of the Ukrainian peasantry in the kolkhozy has far surpassed the former serfdom on the land. In many cases, for a full working day people received less than 300 grams of grain. Of course, there are a few kolkhozy in the Ukraine specially reserved for visitors from abroad or from the so-called lands of the popular democracies. They are kept purely for propaganda purposes and life there is much better.

In the Western Ukraine the Bolsheviks have not yet succeeded in organizing the kolkhoz everywhere and the exploitation and plunder of those villages which are still outside kolkhozy is beyond human endurance. For example, I can mention the village of Pidperachi, Stanislav Raion, which consists of about 700 individual farms. In 1949 the village had to deliver 6,000 centners of grain, which of course meant hard grain. To this one had to add the forced purchase of grain by the State as well as the proportional delivery of other crops including hay and all sorts of fodder. In 1949 the same village had to pay 100,000 krb in taxes. Other villages had to deliver proportionally the same amounts.

But even that is not the full picture of the poverty and exploitation of the Ukrainian peasant. It is seldom that a peasant has more than one cow. In spite of this he has to deliver a yearly quota of 250 liters of milk with a fat content of not less than four percent. Each farm has to deliver a yearly quota of 30 liters of milk per year. But you must not think one can be excused for any reason whatsoever from these deliveries. The quotas of bread, meat, milk, eggs, money, rates, and taxes must be paid and delivered in full. If they are not, heavy sentences follow—in the most lenient cases heavy fines, but usually confiscation of property and several years in Siberia. The following is an example of one of many thousands of such cases.

Peasant Mykhaylo Lutski from the village of Bondariv, Stanislav Raion, had to deliver 38 centners of bread grain from his farm of seven hectares in the year 1947. After he had threshed all his corn he discovered that he could only deliver 30 centners, which would not even leave him any grain for sowing or anything to make his own bread. He tried to explain this and sent a petition asking to be released from the delivery of the remaining eight centners of his quota, as he did not know where he could obtain it. It was all in vain. He was sentenced to ten years of forced labor in Siberia for non-delivery of eight centners of grain. Such things happen here every day.

In 1949 the peasants were paid five krb for 100 kgs of rye, but one kg of rye bread in the State shops (there are no others) costs 1.90 krb. Shoes for a ten-year-old child are officially priced at 80 krb. If a peasant has no milk, he has to deliver ten kg of butter instead of the 250 liters of milk; for his

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butter he receives 5.60 krb per one kg. The very same day if the peasant wishes to buy the same butter in the same shop he has to pay 35 krb for one kg.

Every peasant has to work, sometimes several days in the forest for the government, often scores of kilometers away from his cottage.

In order to avoid prison or Siberia many peasants simply leave their homes and wander about. The authorities organize raids on villages to catch those who hide for fear of being arrested and deported. If any young people are caught, they are primarily sent to the Donbas mines but some of them have been taken to China and made to join the Communist Army. Many letters have already been received from those who were forced to enlist in the Chinese Communist Army.

On top of all this misery sits the Moscow-Bolshevik bandit who sneers at the Ukrainian nation. Let me give you one or two examples.

The peasants are made to deliver their bread grain quota to the raion centers in red wagons with bands playing at the head of the column. Is this not sheer mockery? The poor people curse and weep as they see their last piece of bread taken away from them by the Bolshevik bandits. Then these inhuman monsters write in all their papers about the great enthusiasm of the people who, with bands playing, deliver their bread quota to the State raion centers.

Or another picture: During October 1947 there was a mass deportation of peasants from the Western Ukraine to Siberia, about five to ten percent of the population was deported. The manner in which this was done closely resembled the Tartar invasion of Kiev in 1240. The Bolsheviks employed a special army which they brought from the east. They also used NKVD units and armed members of the administration. On 21 October 1947 during the night, all the cottages whose inhabitants were marked for deportation were surrounded by the military. Then all hell broke loose, shots were fired, there was shouting, weeping, dogs barking, animals bleating, orders being shouted by the Bolshevik bandits, and dead bodies of those who had the courage to resist. This is a picture, rather scanty and deficient in detail, of the twentieth century's "most democratic country in the world". To add to the misery there was a heavy snowfall and in the trucks which came to take them away, the barefooted and half-naked children, women, old men, and cripples were crying bitterly. But no tears or blood (there were many cases of suicide) would move the hearts of the "peace-loving Socialists". All that these unfortunate people who were being deported were allowed to take with them had to be packed into one small sack, at the most two!

However, nothing prevented those cynical Moscow-Bolsheviks from writing on the heavily barred railway cars, into which these unfortunates had been herded: "Voluntary departure of Ukrainian peasants to the east". And at some stations they even had bands playing!

Is that not all sheer mockery? Many children and old people perished on the way. Since we are talking about deportations it must be mentioned that they are taking place even now, with the difference that they are not on such a large scale as before; people are being deported from individual villages, but this happens all the time and the final result is the same. "Either throw yourself at the stone, or throw the stone at yourself". There are villages today in the Western Ukraine where twenty percent of the population has been deported to Siberia.

Take as an example the village of Yamnitsa in Stanislaw Raion. The village originally numbered about 600 families: 200 of whom were deported to Siberia; 70 persons were arrested and imprisoned; and 200 were killed by the Bolsheviks, 180 of them died in the ranks of the OUN-UPA. There are many such villages in the Stanislaw Raion, i.e., Posich, Mayanik, and Gutiska, where not even one family of the original inhabitants is left. People of these three villages were dispersed to various kolkhozy in the Eastern Ukraine.

From the end of 1949 until the time of this report there has been a marked increase in terrorist activities and, as the kolkhozy spread, the people underwent superhuman sufferings. The founding of a kolkhoz in a village was usually preceded by arrests and deportations. This was done in order to frighten the people. If that was not enough and they still did not join the kolkhoz, a garrison was stationed there, usually composed of about 30 to 50 men picked

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from UD and MGB units and thus the "voluntary" organization of the kolkhoz began. They arrested people and employed every means of terror known to the Bolsheviks as persuasion. They beat them up, pushed their fingers between doors and jammed them up in cellars full of water for several days without food in the middle of winter, until they agreed to sign a petition for the founding of the kolkhoz. One simply cannot imagine anything more cruel. The Inquisition of the Middle Ages was but child's play in comparison with the Bolshevik methods of organized terror.

However, special treatment is reserved by the Bolsheviks for the Ukrainian underground, the OUN. By means of savage terror the MGB mobilized a whole army of agents whose task is to watch and report every movement of the Ukrainian revolutionaries and insurgents. For every two to three villages one official is appointed, ranging in rank from a lieutenant to a colonel, who generally has under him ten to thirty men, real bad characters. At night these men set traps and ambushes all over the country and in day-time raid suspected cottages. There are also some operational groups which are engaged in searching forests, hills, and fields. Apart from these methods the Kremlin reptiles use all sorts of filthy propaganda to discredit the Ukrainian soldiers in the eyes of the Ukrainian people. They have little success however. The whole Ukrainian nation with the exception of the Bolshevik hirelings, and there are not many of them, support wholeheartedly their sole protectors and defenders. The enemy is raging, as none of the insurgents will give himself up alive, although there are many victims in this merciless and ruthless struggle. The moral strength of the Ukrainian insurgents is undiminished, and all over the Soviet Union the resounding voice of the Ukrainian revolution is being heard, whilst the Kremlin schemes with all the perfidy of a crooked mentality on how to stifle this everliving voice of the Ukrainian spirit.

This is only a mere outline of the tragic and at the same time heroic picture of the present Ukraine. Perhaps these few inadequate but sincere words will move the conscience of those of our brethren who, in foreign lands, fish in troubled waters of discord and quarrel or sink in the mire of Moscow-Bolshevik propaganda.

To all of you, dear brothers and sisters in far away Canada, the United States, or in other parts of the world, who have inhaled the poisonous vapors of Moscow Communism, we give a sincere Ukrainian warning: see through it all and do not put more heavy burdens on the Ukrainian people through your collaboration with those who so cruelly oppress your own folk in your own land! If you do not believe us, come, if only for one hour, to your place of birth--your village or town--and talk frankly with your relations or close friends. They will open their hearts and tell you the truth. They will explain to you all about your Masters. We believe that one bitter tear from their eyes will wash away from your souls all the Moscow-Bolshevik poison. Do not talk, however, to the Bolshevik agitators or agents; they will never tell you the truth. If you are good Ukrainians, seek the truth certainly not among the Moscow-Bolshevik hirelings, but rather amongst your own martyred nation and you will find it in the blood and sacrifice of her great sons and fighters!

We also appeal to you, dear brothers and sisters in the emigration, because you live in discord and quarrel with each other. Why should it be so? Are political convictions, party or territorial ambitions so much more important than the call of your Ukrainian blood; even more than the voice of fighters fallen for a free Ukraine; even more than the good cause of your Fatherland? Are party ambitions or desire for power so strong that you will bring about a split in the national front? Answer me! The sufferings of millions of your brothers enslaved by the enemy, the tears of orphans, the agony of those tortured in prisons and those deported to the wilderness of Siberia--your own brothers and mothers--the insult to your history, tradition, national honor, and respect--do not all these things grieve your hearts? Is it not better to fill your hearts with hate and anger against the eternal oppressor than to nurse such anger in your hearts against your own flesh and blood because they have different political conceptions? Oh, Ukrainians! Ukrainians! Come to your senses. Did not our great leader, Ivan Mazepa write:

"There is no love, no agreement  
Beginning with Yellow Water\*,  
Through discord we lost all  
and helped to conquer ourselves."

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Is this not true? In the past as today our quarrels and national divisions have been our greatest enemy. Where is your real patriotism? Even small nations, even various colonial peoples have achieved national independence. Even culturally backward people, some tribes, have united in the name of national interest. And we? Where is our Ukrainian state? Why does the Ukrainian name not resound in the world as strongly as it should, as it is entitled to?

In the name of all the blood shed by millions of fighters, in the name of the millions of oppressed brothers, in the name of the glorious Ukrainian past, in the name of the speedy creation of an independent united Ukrainian state, we beg of all of you in whose breasts beats a true Ukrainian heart, who hear the call of Ukrainian blood, to love your brother, give him your heart, help him in his need and protect him. In the name of brotherly love, in the name of a free Ukraine, we ask you to hate our enemy--the savage Kremlin setup, the Moscow-Bolshevik imperialism and all its dirt which has contaminated our Ukrainian hearts and souls. In the name of our great Ukrainian future, in the name of the real union of all brothers in all parts of the world, we ask you to kindle in your hearts a mighty fire of hate and anger against the Moscow-Bolshevik oppressor who is also responsible for our national divisions!

Once more, we appeal to you, all Ukrainians in the emigration, with the words of our great prophet, Taras Shevchenko:

"Unite and be brothers"

We commiserate with you from the bottom of our hearts and sympathize with your difficulties in the emigration. But your troubles are very small in comparison with the tragedy and suffering of the Ukrainian nation at home. You must remember that your chances to work for the good of the Ukrainian cause are much bigger than ours here. I confess to you frankly that, as I write this letter, I keep looking over my shoulder and I listen as to whether a Kremlin bandit is not sneaking up behind me with a knife. Death can be very sudden here. If you are really touched by the cruel fate of your own nation, you will do your best to help set her free. Remember that you did not leave your own country to save your lives, but rather to gain for the Ukraine abroad all that which it was impossible to achieve here in the clutches of the Kremlin vampire. Do not let even a moment pass without doing something for the cause.

Remember that all the blood and suffering of our fighters and martyrs will fall on your conscience if you waste your time in party quarrels! We rejoice to learn good news from you, but, on the other hand, every quarrel of yours is like the sharp point of a knife in our hearts.

Remember that today the Ukraine passes through her greatest tragedy. Know that your nation today shows the greatest heroism in her history and in the history of the entire world. Here a ruthless fight is being waged for every Ukrainian soul. No day passes without a victim, and everywhere in our country heroic blood has been shed. You should be proud of your great nation and by your devoted action, brotherly love, agreement, and solidarity, you should gain for your people respect and glory amongst the nations of the world!

Every good deed of yours for the good of the cause makes us rejoice. Every despicable action of yours which stains the good name of the Ukraine fills our souls with fresh suffering.

Dear brothers and sisters accept these words not as an angry reproach, but rather as an expression of love from your own oppressed nation.

I send to all dear Ukrainians abroad sincere greetings and love from the mother country.

(Signature deleted)

May 1950

25X1A [ ] Comment: Yellow Water--a place famous for the great victory of Ukrainian insurgents under Bohdan Khmel'nitski over the Polish Army in the seventeenth century.