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TRANSLATION FROM SOVIET ESTONIAN NEWSPAPER "EELAND"
7 APRIL, 1965

Brave Struggle and a Sad Fate

Arved Viirlaid's book "Rain for the River" has already appeared in Swedish, French and English. Soon a translation into Boer (?) language is expected announced "EPL". (COMMENT: EPL is an abbreviation for an emigree newspaper published in Sweden - considered respectable).

Recently it came to light through a personal letter that two of the best known newspapermen in Stockholm have translated Arved Viirlaid's book into medieval literary style and at the same time concentrated the spreading contents of the book into currently acceptable abbreviated form - a comic book. The personal letter was accompanied by the following text ready for printing.

Eerik Heine's Soul on the Rope

or

A Most Complete Life Story of an Executioner

A sad and, at the same time, educational tale written by Klafakt (COMMENT: Combined pen-names for the newspapermen) as told by Arved Viirlaid and Joseph Paul Bouskila. In the City of Stockholm at the expense of "Estonian Daily", Eskilstuna-Årrens Tryckeri AB

First Part

In the Prison Tower

Brave Eerik was born during the first years of a little state known as the ~~Latvian~~ republic. His father was a rich trading man of German origin who in the town of Dorpat (Tartu) had made a warm nest and who brought up his only son in accordance with his tradesman status under utmost care and fear and whom the caring mother diligently watched, so as to protect him from stupid peasants. This was a time when money and riches were greatly loved and little Eerik learned to love and honor money - which his parents were not lacking - as taught by his pious parents and the entire ~~Latvian~~ society.

From an early age little Eerik was a little different than other children. Other schoolchildren had an interest for arithmetic, geology, arts or philosophy, but brave Eerik was as dumb as an old boot.

When he became of full-age, but not full-minded, he got to know nationalistic socialism, which opened into his soul a tremendous hole so that he no longer could find any interest towards anything else.

But meanwhile a terrible thing happened when the lower class of people assumed power in the Native Land and that nationalistic Eerik was thrown into a deep prison tower, because brave Eerik hollered on the Barklai Square: "Everlasting honor to the National Guard!" Everyone can imagine how difficult it was for him to be in the cold

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and wet prison, a little straw for a mattress and a small piece of bread with water the daily subsistence as if he were a dangerous criminal. However, being of German descent can soothe many a heartache and a soul who looks up on Adolf Hitler will never be condemned!

Eerik's pious parents responded to Fuhrer's call and settled in Prussia and requested the release of brave Eerik in line with the departure of German brood from the Native Land, who praising his pious parents and Adolf Hitler, was brought across the Prussian borders where he immediately joined the Waffen - SS.

And all of a sudden, Hitler's armies, like a damaging thunder cloud, a herd of locusts, robbing and killing, attacked the country of lower class people. The smoking ruins of towns and villages were the signs of its terrifying approach or where it had passed through burning and murdering. Three long years brave Eerik committed the deeds of an executioner in wide Russia, being motivated solely by national aims of Estonian people which in translation means: only racially pure Balto-Germans can stay on Native Land while all the remaining stupid peasants of Estonian descent are to be resettled somewhere far, far away. Thus, it was written on the orders by the great Fuhrer.

Despite all courageous fighting by brave Eerik the cause of Great Germany collapsed and brave Eerik landed again in a prison tower. Brave Eerik was terribly upset about the barbaric surroundings and lack of culture. He was not given coffee with cream, nor a feather bed, despite his continuous service three long years as an executioner.

The only comfort to his soul was the shingle "Voormann's Grocery Store" which he saw on the prisoners journey. This reminded him of the good old days when in the city of Dorpat there was a similar sign "Heine's Grocery Store", stimulating his nationalistic feelings. For this reason brave Eerik often yelled to himself with unbroken spirit: "Long live Native Land, dependant of the Scheel Banking House!" This gave him great spiritual strength and comfort. But nowhere did he get any evidence as to how correct mental deficiencies which have been his major problem since his birth.

Second Part

Wonderous Escape

and

Third Part

Return to Native Land

These parts are the result of pure and clear fantasy contrived in the city of Toronto. Everyone is free to imagine in the contents of second and third parts any stupidity whatever should come to his mind.

Fourth Part

The Journey to Cold Country

In this part one has to summarize which sounds as follows: By naive mumblings and poor adherence to truth this useless book has by translation wedded its format to the contents.

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