

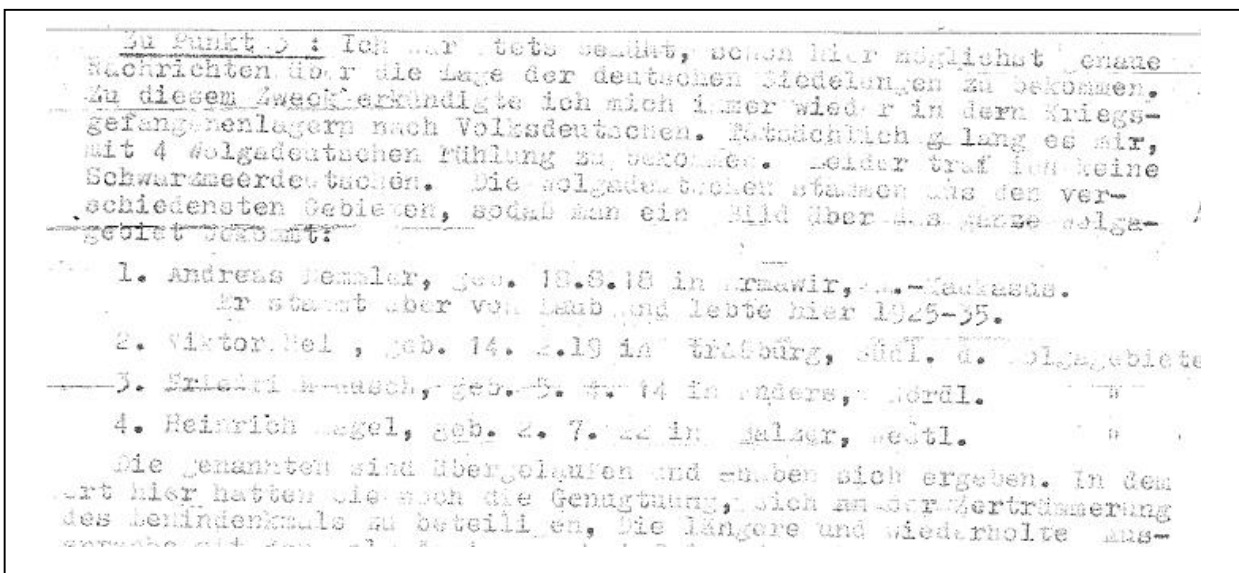
Stumpp Report #6 of 7

Source: DAI Microfilm T-81; Roll #599; Serial 817; Group 1035;
Item 1267; Frame 5386521-5386525

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March, 2022

At the outbreak of World War Two in 1939, the German Reich was invading Poland and annexing various Central European nations while the Soviet Union was busy annexing various parts of the Balkan nations. A Non-Aggression Pact was signed 23 August, 1939 which allowed for each country to extract their ethnic people from the territories annexed by the other. Then, on 22 June, 1941, Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, whose armed forces pushed their way across the Volhynia and Volga Regions on their way to the outskirts of Moscow. Since these two regions had been populated by ethnic Germans for a couple hundred years, the German Reich appointed Karl Stumpp to head a task-force to investigate the condition of the ethnic Germans who had been living under communist rule.

What now follows is my attempt to translate the reports Karl Stumpp drew up as he and his entourage travelled through German occupied land within the Soviet Union. Unaware of whether his reports are already translated into English, I decided to struggle with the documents preserved in the DAI collection. As you can see from the photo below, the typed pages are difficult to read. If the typewriter keys were not cleaned of ribbon residue, and the carbon paper for duplicates and triplicates was over-used, what copies I had to read were in poor condition. So there will be times when I may have misread a letter, or could only determine a portion of the blurred word, or just had to leave a blank in the typing, but try to come up with a translation of the unknown word which best fit the context of the sentence. Words within [square brackets] are those of the translator.



[Translation Begins]

Report #6
by Special Commander Dr. Stumpp

The number of ethnic Germans in **Krementschug** is only small compared to Kirowograd. There are about 70 Germans living here, 13 of them only temporarily. The majority of married people are mixed marriages. Through a German (Thomas Antoni) from Rosental, Crimea, who is present here, I learn for the first time reliably about the fate of the Crimean Germans. As early as **16 August**, 1941, the Germans were told that they had to leave Crimea within a very short time. In many cases, they were only given 3-4 hours. Each person was allowed to take 50 kg [110 lbs.] of things with them. They went to the train stations with horses and wagons and from there to North and South Caucasus, some to the area near Woroshilowsk. The rush at the stations, especially at the Dshankoi junction, was so great that chaotic conditions prevailed. There was no one there who could take back the horses and wagons, and so the horses wandered around without owners. The journey to Woroshilowsk took 6 days. There, the Germans were distributed among the existing collectives and immediately put to work. The men of 17-45 years were drafted and sent to the area near Poltawa, where they had to dig tank and protection trenches. The losses of the ethnic Germans here were great. Only a small part was taken prisoner of war and is now deployed everywhere at German military positions.

When I visited the local **Prisoner-of-War Camp**, I determined that the ethnic Germans be released, except for a small remnant, and put to work. Those left behind are older age groups (*Jahrgänge*), or those who speak German poorly. In one case, I made the observation that an ethnic German (Rempel) spoke only Russian. One could get the impression that he could not speak any German at all. When I asked him how it was that he could not speak German, he replied that he only spoke Low German (*plattdeutsch*). It now turned out that he speaks an unadulterated Low German from the Danzig area, from where his ancestors once emigrated.

Our plane flew calmly first over German, then over Russian territories. In rapid succession, the picture changed. In place of the beautiful German countryside with the well-maintained streets and clean houses came the wide Russian landscape with swamps and forests. One searches in vain for highways, everywhere only dirt roads, which are now hardly passable. The beautiful, clean German houses have now been replaced by the small, loamy huts. At the Border Zone, you can still see crosses on the churches, but after that they disappear. Now, in addition to the often widely separated courtyards, the long kolkhoz buildings, which are surrounded by piles of straw and grain, stand out. Here lives no longer the individual and farmer who governs and rules on his farm, but the communal man (*Maßennensch*) who spends most of his life away from the family, always under control and living in fear.

We drive to **Kiev, the capital of Ukraine**. Finally a really good, but narrow highway. Hundreds of men, but especially women, make a pilgrimage on the streets of the city. They carry heavy bags of agricultural products in order to exchange them in the city for old clothes, soap, shoes, matches, and so forth. Thousands of people stand on the "Jewish Market" and offer a wide variety of items, including impossible trash. One is glad to come out of this bustle of poorly dressed people, on whose face one reads the need. For a pair of women's shoes you need

60 RM [Reich Mark-?]; but you can have the same shoes for 2 liters [$\frac{1}{2}$ gal.] of schnapps (“vodka”). Money has become worthless. The main street in Kiev is a bad shape. Where once beautiful buildings stood, there are now stone and piles of rubble. However, a large part of the city has been preserved, such as the opera, the red university building, in front of it the Schewtschenko monument, the St. Sophia Church, and so forth. In the former Imperial Castle (“Zarski Dworetz”) the GPU [Soviet Secret Police] had settled in and lived terribly here. An old woman, whose husband was shot and who could only survive under an alias, tells of the atrocities of the Bolsheviks. She points out a garden surrounded by high walls and reports that masses of people have been shot here.

Almost 4,000 ethnic Germans live in Kiev, who are now being resettled by the Ethnic German Central Department (*Volksdeutschen Mittelstelle*) in Volhynia-German areas.

The anticipation of the **Christmas days** has returned to the homes of the ethnic Germans. Certainly, there is still necessity everywhere. The sugar and white flour to bake gingerbread are lacking; lacking is the decoration for the Christmas tree. But after many years, these people are allowed to celebrate the German Christmas again in complete freedom. Christmas carols can be heard again in the churches and houses. On this day, fate takes me to Berdischew (?-sp). I am invited to the ethnic German Christmas celebration. The impression was devastating. Children stand in circles and sing Ukrainian songs. While the [candles on the] tree are lit, a member plays the *Theater Waltz*. These children have never experienced a German Christmas celebration. Only after a speech on my part does some festive mood arise. Some German women who come from the countryside separate themselves with their children and sing Christmas carols. The others are silent because they have never heard these songs before.

It is urgently necessary that the ethnic Germans, who have migrated to the cities out of a predicament, be resettled back in the villages as soon as the conditions allow it. There has been a linguistic turmoil in the cities and the number of mixed marriages is considerable.

The rainy weather has been replaced by frost and snowy weather. On the way you get to know the pitfalls, hardships and dangers of the Russian winter. For long distances no village, no human being to be seen. The wind whips at the vehicle, the windows frost over, the engine rumbles and does its best. Suddenly, the reasonably drivable path stops and a deeply rutted, now frozen dirt road begins. The high frozen dirt between the tire tracks are a danger for the vehicle and tear off individual parts at the undercarriage. The ditches filled with snow, or embankments created by snow drifts, are difficult to drive through. Again and again the vehicle gets stuck and has to be pulled out with horses, oxen, cars or people. The columns only move forward slowly, because one vehicle always has to help the other. The thermometer shows 28 degrees *Morgen*, the vehicles do not want to start, the oil is stiff. Everywhere you can see the drivers busy with the vehicles: some make fires under the vehicles, others pour on hot water; here there is cranking, there vehicles are towed with horses or cars. The Russian winter places enormous demands on the German soldier. The homeland is called upon to help the German soldier fighting with the frost and the enemy. Hopefully, she has heard the call and is doing her duty again this time.

The Ukrainian people are also celebrating Christmas again in complete freedom. At the marketplaces, there are huge electrically lit rooms. In the houses, trees are set up and provided with simple decoration. The men stand in the markets and desperately search for vodka. Holidays without vodka are not holidays. The need in the cities is great. It lacks the most necessary products: bread, lard, sugar, matches.

Prices have risen immeasurably. They are out of proportion to the living conditions.

	Before War broke out	Now
10 (eggs)	10-12 ruble	100-200
1 liter [1 qt] milk	2-3 ruble	30-40
1 liter cooking oil	12-18 ruble	150-200
1 <i>Pud</i> flour (=16 kg; 35 lbs)	40-50 ruble	450-500
1 kg [2.2 lbs] potatoes	25-30 kopek	1 ruble per potato
1 box of matches	?	15-20 rubles

When a price freeze occurred, the products disappeared from the market.

Two experiences really shed light on the conditions under Bolshevism. I enter the residence of a Ukrainian family. Three nice blue-eyed children come to meet me. They are pale, malnourished and in tatters. The mother cries bitterly and complains that she has just about traded everything. She has been living like a stranger with her man for 8 years without knowing who he is and where he comes from. Two children bear the father's name, two the mother's name. In Soviet Russia, too, there is chaos in this regard. What is the significance then of the passport or other identification? Our passport department knows how [to get] a song to be sung. Only when the German troops invaded did the man confess to his wife that he was a "repressed" (exile) who was sentenced to 10 years. After 2 years, he fled and sought accommodation with her. In the 8 years he had not slept quietly for a night.

The female head of the local music school is an ethnic German. Her husband is an educated Russian with a well supplied library. Once he was a healthy, strong man who received the 1st prize in heavy athletics in Petersburg in 1912. Today, he is a broken and a nerve-sick man. When in 1937 the whole intelligentsia was arrested and banished, he pretended to leave and spent 4 years in his residence in hiding. He always spoke in a whisper so that the neighbors would not hear him and breathed softly when his wife gave piano lessons to the students. Under the bed, a hatchet, ready to end his life if the militia appeared and wanted to arrest him. Only now does life seem worth living to this person. One of the many thousands of fates in the Soviet paradise.

[Translation Ends]