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Via Sweden (Göteborg)

Received in U.S.A. May 5th, 1952.

.....April 29, 1952.

Dear Albin!

Finally I am able to write you a letter, in which I can tell about our life in more detail.

I wish we could meet again and sit down at a glass of beer in "Mazā parki" as we did before, but as it is not possible, let us talk things over in a letter.

As I wrote you before, I received your letter, which gave us courage and force to see it through.

In his time our common deceased friend Janis let you feel that we are not sitting our hands in our laps, but we do as much as it's possible to help our poor fatherland. We realize that our work and help for the whole cause is a very minor thing, but at least we are proud that we do some little thing to justify a real Latvian name.

As I wrote you before, the situation for me and my friends is getting worse and worse each day. Each day passes with a feeling that any moment we can fall sick with a durable and serious sickness.

Probably it is hard for you, Albin, to imagine how necessary and useful it would be if one of your friends could pay a visit to us. He could help us a lot, especially with medicine, which is not available at all.

It is wonderful that I'm not alone, but all around me I have friends who think the same as I do and we all hope for a better future.

I know you, Albin, that you stand for our common cause, and hope that you have not changed since.

Do not forget, Albin, that we still are on this world, and that we

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are able to do something because we have not forgotten to work as we did once.

But, friend, the days pass.....It is springtime here, but it didn't bring what we had hoped for--to meet with our good friends and relatives.

I have to admit that this and the local circumstances smash more and more our hopes and our strength for the future, however, our hope and trust to our cause make us strong enough to endure, but for how long?

I do not want to reproach you, Albin, but it seems to me that you did not do enough for us and our common cause. I realize--I do not know your opportunities, but knowing the abilities of your friends, we wanted something more real. All these years we are waiting for your instructions, your help, but in vain. However, we are confident that we will succeed in establishing a closer contact between us and with common strength we'll be able to help our Fatherland more than up to now. I hope that it will succeed to send your letters through the same channels as before.

As soon as you get this letter, please write, so that we know our mail is still working.

Best wishes to you and your friends from Gunars Kugitis and others.

With regards your

^{a?}
Ilmars.

P.S.

Please give my best regards and birthday wishes to Intan and my very good friend Veltas. I think of them at all times.

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Letter No. 8 -- From Ilmars Rupners to Albins Sietinsons (mailed in
Sweden)

sickness - compromise

what we had hoped for - an agent infiltration.

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