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Attached is the autobiography of Subject  
of reference memorandum.

     

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Curriculum Vitae\*

June, 1952

Lev Viktorovich ANTONOV

Father: Lew Wiktorowitsch ANTONOFF, Naval Officer, formerly Rear Admiral.  
After the Revolution he was in command of the Sovtorg Fleet.

Olga ANTONOVA SHEBALINA

Mother: Olga ANTONOWA, nee SCHEBALINA, nurse.

Schpalernaja (WONOWA)

1920

I was born on 30 November in Petrograd (Leningrad). We lived on Schpalernaja (WONOWA) Street in the home of my mother's parents. Before the Revolution my grandfather worked in the Palace Ministry (Palastministerium) and had his quarters there. My uncle, on my mother's side, also lived with us. At first we had eight rooms, later only three, in accordance with the established norm for living quarters space. The uncle who lived with us had been an officer and after the Revolution he still remained with the army. Later, sometime after 1920, he was drafted into the GPU. My second uncle kept on living in Moscow and also was an officer. My third uncle, on my father's side, was an engineer, but he had formerly also been an officer. My other uncles on my father's side were executed during the Revolution.

In the fall of 1929 I entered School No. 14 in Leningrad.

Sometime during the thirties, I don't remember exactly when, my father was arrested for the first time and was imprisoned for about three months for unknown reasons. He had gotten work with the Black Sea fleet. Twice we were on the coast of the Black Sea in the summer, about 1929 and 1930, and travelled with father on his ships.

In 1933 or 1934 (perhaps even later) my father was arrested again. This was during the first large wave of arrests, and many navy personnel were arrested. In order to get food packages to him, we children and our mother had to stand in line in front of the prison from three or four o'clock in the morning on. Besides that, like all the rest, we had to stand watch outside the prison several times during the week in order not to fail to observe whether father was being sent somewhere with a transport of prisoners. Again he was released after three months of imprisonment. GPU people (comrades of my uncle) had helped. He was forbidden to travel abroad and got a job in the Archaeological Institute in Sewmorputj. We also had to move to other quarters because the house was turned over to the administration of the GPU. We got two rooms on Tscermischewsky Street. This was in 1934 or 1935.

Sewmorputj

Chernischevskij

In 1935 (perhaps earlier or later) I met my stepbrother on my father's side. His mother was a physician, an assistant to Professor PAVLOFF. He was a student in the Chemical School of the University and was six years older than I. We were good friends. He was strongly anti-Soviet. Before this we had never talked about politics at all in our family.

PAVLOV

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[ ]

In 1935 or 1936 our school class was transferred to School No. 19. In 1937 it was transferred to School No. 28, a new building.

In time, a group of students with similar anti-Soviet ideas emerged in our school class. There were no tattlers among us. The group was composed chiefly of the children of persecuted persons.

In about 1936 my uncle was arrested and sent to Novorossisk in Siberia. He died there.

In 1937 my father was arrested during the Eschovtschina reign of terror. Many of the parents of my schoolmates were also arrested. After three months he came back again. Meanwhile, we had had to sell part of the family's possessions.

*x Yesovchinn Yezhovschinn yezhov head NKVD*

Hitler came to power in Germany and there was civil war in Spain. The situation was tense and we hoped for a war.

At the University, as in school, (and almost everywhere) there were small groups of people, who had known each other for a long time, who were anti-Soviet. In the winter of 1937 (approximately) my brother, along with some of his comrades, placed the Swastika on the Rostral Tower near the Stock Exchange. Leaflets with the phrase: "Hitler will come soon, then living will be better." were distributed.

A comrade of mine was arrested--a broadcasting set had been found at his home. Although it was only a amateur set, he was to be executed. His girl friend, however, was the daughter of the Chairman of the Military Tribunal, and he got a special dispensation and received a sentence of only ten years.

In 1937 or 1938 my brother handed me a greeting from one "Ivan Ivanovich," who was working as the leader of an anti-Soviet group. Later I learned that this group was connected with the German Intelligence Service. They also distributed anti-Soviet leaflets.

In 1939 I took my final examination and passed with the "Gold Certificate." That entitled me to enter any Hochschule without having to take an examination. Our little group decided to hold together as long as possible and to go over to the Germans in case of a war.

I wanted to go to the Military Academy but was advised not to because my origin was rather "dark" (bourgeois) and if strict political checks were made, I would have to expect that I would at least have "unpleasant experiences" with the NKVD.

In the summer of 1939 I was in Moscow at my uncle's home. In the fall of that year I entered the Electro-technical Institute.

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Tolmatschew

In late fall of 1939 the war with Finland began. I went to Artillery School 3 LAU. Several members of our school group also entered LAU. I was in training school until 1941, going to summer and winter camps near Luga. In June of 1941 the first German airplanes flew over our camp. My first taste of battle was near Tolmatschew as a soldier. We were committed because the regular troops were not yet properly trained.

In July, 1941 we went to Leningrad, took our final examinations, and became officers. I wished to marry a school friend of mine (our fathers were both former captains and were good friends) but no time was left. I got orders to go to Novgorod and from there to Moscow for further training. Most of our old group from school was also there. In the period from approximately August to October, 1941 I was at Alabino near Moscow taking a short period of training in rocket weapons, a new invention. That is, we got the weapons and had to find out ourselves how to fire them. There were no specialists in this type of artillery yet, nothing but incomplete firing tables.

My brother had been drafted and was flying low-level bombers. I haven't heard anything from him since.

My father also received orders to take a job concerned with a supply line to the Arctic Ocean.

From the end of October to November, 1941 I was on the southern front as commander of an artillery platoon. Most of my school comrades also went to the southern front. We were in the fighting around Kharkov. When our battalion commander was reported missing, I was made battalion executive officer (Stabschef). At the front there was no talk of politics. We first had to fight and help out our infantry, which was suffering very heavy losses. We decided that we would see later what we could do.

Chugueff

In the winter of 1941 I was in the battle near Tschugueff on the Donetz. There the Germans broke through to Lissitschanak. At that time I was a First Lieutenant and battery commander. We counter-attacked to Belaja Zerkoff with Cavalry Corps (KRUTSCHENKIN), with our artillery battalion supporting the Corps. I and a friend of mine, who also was a battery commander, were fighting together there as neighbors. We made frequent artillery raids (Artillerie-jagden) on the Germans.

KRUCHENKIN

Vovonezh

Donetz

Belaja Zerkov

At Woronesch we had a short period of rest and rehabilitation. Then we began fighting on the Donetz. We made a counter-attack to Kharkov and I was wounded, once in the face and once on both feet. Leningrad, where my mother and sister were, was surrounded. It was a very cold winter and our troops could scarcely move because of the deep snow. However, our tanks managed to move in spite of the snow with the help of tractors, and we made limited counter-attacks.

In the spring of 1942 I was in battles round the bend of the Don. At this time I was a captain and battalion commander, having been promoted by a decision of the War Council at the front on "successful battles." The Germans broke through to the Don and our front collapsed. We fought through to the Don by ourselves, uniting along the way with the remnants of various division staffs. The infantry had already run far to the rear or had been taken prisoner. We had almost no rockets left. We crossed the Don near Kalatsch.

At the end of June and in July, 1942 we made a counter-attack to the bend of the Don, and there were heavy battles on the Don. Contact was resumed with Leningrad, and I learned that my mother and sister had been evacuated to the Caucasus. My unit returned to Kalatsch. The Germans attacked toward Stalingrad, and there was heavy fighting. Few regular troops were there, and the military training schools defended an outer girdle of strong points around Stalingrad. I was in fighting near Tingutin (Waldosse). The only artillery unit on this sector of the front was our battalion. I was decorated. A German break-through to the Volga appeared unpreventable, and I and my friends decided to break through to the Caucasus if this occurred. In August, 1942 I received orders to organize a mobile task force (Stossgruppe) of rocket artillery and to try a counter-attack toward Kleskaja.

On the 15th of August, 1942 I forced the Don with my first tanks. My tank got into a German tank trap, and I was taken prisoner. At first they put me in the German field hospital and then in the prisoners' hospital near Perepolny. In September, 1942 I was taken to the prison camp Winniza, special camp for "interesting prisoners" near Headquarters. Here I first met General VLASOV, who was also a prisoner. Our rations were good, also our quarters. Some other Russian generals were there, about thirty persons in all. We often talked about Russia's general situation. We could speak freely here and criticize the German and Soviet Governments. Nearly all of us were dissatisfied with the Soviets, but we were also dissatisfied with the Germans--with the brutal treatment of prisoners of war in other camps and with the situation in the occupied areas. The generally accepted motto was "Against the Communists, but for Russia." In order to undertake such a battle as we had in mind, one needs allies--said General VLASOV--and Germans were the only ones who could be considered. Russia is too strong for the Germans, they can't win a war against Russia without the help of the Russian people. They will support us.

Thus we decided on a national struggle against the Communists. Germans including Captain STRICK and Colonel MARTIN, among others at Headquarters, made suggestions to VLASOV that this struggle be organized.

In the middle of October, 1942 I was taken to the prisoner of war camp at Hammelburg. Conditions there were very difficult. Prisoners were dying of hunger, but in spite of this the majority were against the Soviets. In November of 1942 (or later) I became a worker at the glass factory at Furth im Wald. There were about ten of us, and there was another group from Hammelburg in another factory there.

In March of 1943 I was transferred to Loetzen, where a camp for the forming of VLASOV'S Army was set up officially. Actually, however, it was more of a sorting-out camp, although nobody was considered a prisoner of war any longer, and we could move around in the city freely. We had been given special uniforms. General VLASOV and his fellow prisoners from Winniza had arranged that I be brought there. I also brought all of my comrades from Hammelburg and Furth im Wald to Loetzen.

In April (or May) of 1943 I went to Berlin as adjutant to General VLASOV. At the end of May and in June of 1943 I accompanied him on a propaganda tour of northwestern Russia. The population received us enthusiastically everywhere, even in the partisan areas west of Pskov, Luga, (Gatschino), Det. Selo, Riga, Tilsit, and other areas. Everyone welcomed the formation of a Russian Army of Liberation (ROA). In Dabendorf bei Berlin a propaganda school was begun, and officers' schools were established near Mariapol and in other towns in Germany and Russia. At VLASOV'S request the German commanders at the front (KUECHLER, KLEIST, and MANNSTEIN, among others) declared themselves willing to release their "HIWI" contingents (Hilfswillige--willing to help) of former Russian prisoners who were with the army in a service capacity. (There were about 600,000 "HIWI"). At first, our staff was in a small villa in Kiebitzweg. Then we got seven more houses, and, finally, the military staff was in a seven-story building in Maria Theresienstrasse, while the other offices covered a large area. Every day about 1,500 applications came from prisoners of war and Eastern workers for voluntary service in the VLASOV Army. Many applications came from occupied areas of Russia. At a guess, more than 800,000 applicants were suitable for immediate service in the army.

The first Russian troop units (not HIWIs) marched on the streets of Berlin. Even the Germans were enthusiastic. (Militsev)

In the fall of 1943 the entire undertaking was halted. BORMANN, ROSENBERG, and HITLER were against it, although the general staff and DOENITZ and GOERING were supporting it. VLASOV was transferred to Wehlau in East Prussia, and I went with him. There we met (MALZEW), a Russian Air Force General, and he later worked with us. Instead of a large all-Russian Army, the Germans tried to set up small national units with men who had emigrated long ago at their head, but nothing came of it. VLASOV'S popularity was already too great, and the German military situation was already bad. We came back to Berlin in the winter of 1943.

I was in Berlin during the spring and summer of 1944. Our whole plan had been halted, and we were under continual surveillance. Nevertheless, many Russians came and proposed an underground movement against the Germans and the Communists. The majority of our officers were for it, but VLASOV refused, stating that we had no materiel to support such a struggle. We could not depend on the Western Allies because they were allied with the Communists. In the fall of 1944 the situation on the front was even worse. Now HITLER and the entire SS were supporting our plans, especially Colonel STAUFFENBERG, who a few months later attempted to take HITLER'S life, of Headquarters.

In November of 1944 in Prague the first manifesto was proclaimed; the Political Program of VLASOV'S movement. The first three divisions were brought together. But the situation, nevertheless, was tense. The editor-in-chief of our newspaper was arrested by the Germans and disappeared. He was a Jew named ZYKOFF, a former editor of Izvestia.

At the beginning of 1945 one division was on the Oder front, and our propaganda troops were near Stettin. There were many deserters from the Red Army.

In March of 1945 our staff was in Karlsbad, and the Second Division was ready for combat. The Third Division was being formed. Berlin was encircled. The First (VLASOV) Division worked its way to Italy through Czechoslovakia. According to VLASOV'S plan, the Second and Third Divisions were to get to Italy, too, along with all the Cossack units from Southern Italy and the Balkans. From there he planned to carry on a partisan war against the Soviets with the support of the West.

As the First Division was marching through Czechoslovakia, they passed Prague, and here there were clashes with German SS troops. Field Marshal ~~SCHOERNER~~ (Front Commander in Czechoslovakia) forbade our division to march to Italy. He wished to keep it there, and hand it over to the Soviets later. He himself is now in the service of the Soviets. At the end of April and in May of 1945 we were with the First Division in Kossojedi, Prague, Czechoslovakia.

On the 18th or 19th of May in 1945 the war ended. I went to Pilsen to consult with the Americans in order to get them to allow us to bring our division into the American-controlled area. The Americans refused unless we came as prisoners.

Shortly before that I had been in Prague as a representative of General VLASOV at the first session of the Czech Government. They thanked us for protecting Prague from being destroyed as the SS troops had wished to do. Finally, they handed me a letter of thanks addressed to General VLASOV for the liberation

of Prague from the SS troops, although some Communist members of the government opposed this. The co mander of the Czech troops, General PRCHALA(?) advised us to go to the Americans as soon as possible because if we didn't, the Soviet troops would come and our situation would be hopeless. The division moved to the American demarcation line near Schlosselburg. VLASOV himself drove to the Americans at Pilsen, but his discussion with the American division commander brought nothing new. They recommended that the division come to American territory as prisoners, but they could not give a guarantee that the division would not be turned over to the Soviets. They only suggested that they would take VLASOV himself to Germany. He refused, and we drove to our division.

The Russian troops now were directly in front of the division. The American city commander informed us that this territory would be taken over by the Russians on the following day. The division was broken up and got to the West in small groups. Meanwhile, the castle in which we were surrounded by Soviet troops. The day before, the American commander had suggested to us that we go to Germany with a group of former Britishers who were prisoners, but VLASOV turned this down because his troops were still in danger. On the afternoon of 19 May VLASOV and his staff were to be taken to the American Divisional Staff Headquarters, and the castle commandant asked what he should say; perhaps that VLASOV wasn't there any more? But VLASOV already had said that he was ready to go.

On the way our column was halted by a Soviet sub-machine gun unit (about one kilometer from Schlosselburg), even though American trucks were escorting us. The American tanks came to help us, but an American major ordered the tanks to retire, saying, "Let the Russians settle their own internal affairs." We tried to put General VLASOV into an American truck traveling in the opposite direction and take him back to the castle, but the truck was halted. Then I tried to get through to the castle to bring reinforcements. I got there, but too late. The column was already in motion, and the American sentries would not let us through to the column any more. We came back to the castle, and next morning we got to the German border in American uniforms with American trucks. From there we went on foot.

At first there were eight of us, later only two (I and my chauffeur). We got to Ruhpolding bei Traunstein, where my chauffeur's wife lived. We hid from the Soviet Repatriation Mission there for a few days and then found some other officers who already had gotten false identity documents. I wanted to go on to Wangen, where my girl friend lived. I had known her in Berlin, and we had lived as man and wife. Her name was Julia ~~VERTSCHIK~~ (WORONKO),

*RODIONOFF*      *Julia VERTCHIK (WORONKO)*

I and my comrade RODIONOFF (he is now in Traunstein) went on. He wanted to get to Kempten to his father's. On the way, as we were crossing the Inn River

where American guards were standing, we got new identity documents from a teacher. I took the name of FROELICH, and my comrade took that of TESSMANN.

In Kempten he found his father, and I found many of my war comrades. They provided me with new documents under the name of SCHEBALIN and reported me at the DP camp so that I could get rations. *SHEBALIN*

I didn't find my girl friend in Wangen. Only her mother was there. Then I went to Austria and the Italian border (of Austria), where she had last been. I found my friend again in Innsbruck by accident. We went back over the mountains (the highway was blockaded) to Wangen. There the French gendarmerie wanted to turn me over to the Soviets, so we escaped to Kempten, where the Americans were. Thus the fall of 1946 came. We had reported at the camp but were living in a private home under the name of FROELICH. We also had papers under the names of SCHEBALIN and ANTONOFF to be prepared for all eventualities. *ANTONOFF*

In August, 1945 people in Kempten were being turned over to the Soviets. We and our friends fled in the direction of Fuesen, and on the road we met an artist who was coming from the direction of Fuesen, where, he said, it was also troublesome. We turned back and lived in Kempten, Brachgasse 6, but there was unpleasantness in the family. In September, 1946 my girl friend fled to Munich. I followed and was arrested in the Deutsches Museum. She had betrayed the fact that I had been with VLASOV.

I was in the jail in Stadelheim until the middle of November, went before the War Court and was released. I returned to Kempten and carried on trade across the border of the French Zone with my comrades.

In 1947 I met my present wife, Tatjana RAUN, in Biberach. We married in Kempten. There was danger in Biberach of being turned over to the Soviets. The entire group of artists (my wife was a singer) fled to Memmingen in the American Zone near Kempten. *SEMENICHIN*

I and my comrade SEMENICHIN did more smuggling in liquor and fruit.

*KRESTINSKI*  
I lived in Kempten officially and worked in the technical office of Ing. KRESTINSKY, who was a good friend of mine. I was arrested when ration cards for food were issued because I was going under two names. I proved that all the people whose names appeared on my documents actually existed and was released. In 1948 came the monetary reform, and we started a canteen at the airfield, three companions and I (all four of us were formerly decorated by the Soviets). My daughter was born in 1949. My friend went to America, but IRO would not allow me to emigrate because I was with the VLASOV Army.

In 1950 two other companions of mine emigrated to the United States, but I still could not emigrate. I had gotten DP status, but too late. I ran the

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canteen at the airfield alone, though it is now called a grocery store, and I hope that sooner or later I will be able to emigrate to the United States.

You know about my short period of work in the summer and fall of 1951. I have reported about this in detail.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: It is believed that because the writer of the above Lebenslauf is not a native speaker of German, the spelling of German names and place names is incorrect in many cases. Since an adequate Gazetteer is not available at PCB, no effort has been made to correct the spelling except in cases where the translator is certain of the correct version.

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