

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
NEWS AMERICAN

E - 198,955
S - 286,466

OCT 15 1973



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Beware of Russia

Our Central Intelligence Agency operatives in the U.S.S.R. have suddenly uncovered the existence -- alive -- of great Red Army Gen. Pyotr G. Grigorenko, the proud wearer of every Soviet military honor.

For four years even General Grigorenko's family has not known whether he was dead.

The Kremlin had this Soviet war hero judged insane in 1969 for protesting the Soviet Aug. 20-21, 1968, reconquest of Czechoslovakia.

General Grigorenko was, of course, sane. But the KGB secret police seized him in the middle of the night near Moscow's Kinyetsky Bridge and confined him secretly in the KGB's Serbsky Institute. He vanished.

After about a year there the Kremlin transferred this war hero to Chernyakhovsk Hospital, a psychiatric prison near the Baltic city of Kaliningrad.

On Sept. 21 our CIA agents saw the KGB take from Kaliningrad what remains of General Grigorenko. He was hauled to the ghastly madhouse at Stolbovaya, 30 kilometers from Moscow.

General Grigorenko is there -- with no name.

This war hero, presently 66, used to look as though he could straighten horseshoes and tear telephone books with his bare hands. Today his health is shattered. His eyes are dull as pebbles; his eyeglasses thick and mottled. He gazes around him dazed as a hammered steer. He walks with a shuffle and his backbone is curved like a bow.

Meanwhile, bemuddled General Yofin Davidovich is charged with creating "antistate literature." General Davidovich has been retired and is being held at Minsk.

Both took the risk of the rope dancer in Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" who walked a rope over the heads of his peers and fell.

So did Czechoslovakian Premier Alexander Dubcek, whose country's reconquest General Grigorenko protested. It was Dubcek's movement toward the liberalization of Czech communism that was crushed by the Russian tanks.

Present Soviet stooge Czech leader Ludvik Svoboda, a Brezhnev lackey, lives in grandeur in medieval Hradcany Castle looking down on Prague, king-like and remote.

The CIA has located Dubcek working in a

lumber mill outside Bratislava, maintaining the mechanical saw.

In March 1971 the Mexican government expelled Charge d'Affairs Dimitri Diakonov and four other Soviet "diplomats" at the Soviet embassy in Mexico City for building a spy ring.

Failure has its Kremlin penalty. Our CIA agents have now uncovered Diakonov. He is in Moscow's Butirki Prison. Diakonov is in solitary confinement -- and has been ever since he left Mexico City.

On Sept. 24, 1971, fed up with the growing Soviet espionage rings and saying so in a scathing official proclamation, the British government expelled 90 Soviet agents on that single day and 20 more suspected agents.

The CIA finds nearly the entire 90 are in prison. They are jailed at Alma Ata, deep in the Siberian tundras -- part of the great Soviet legion of the living dead.

Our CIA agents have likewise uncovered the whereabouts of a Lithuanian sailor whom you may recall. His is Simas Kudirka.

The U. S. Coast-Guard officials, in an inexcusable lapse, scandalously allowed Soviet bully boys to come aboard the U. S. cutter, beat Kudirka senseless and haul him back to their Soviet ship when he sought asylum.

Sailor Kudirka is in prison at Vilna -- still to this day undergoing "interrogation" on treason charges.

Persecuted Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, recently in the United States, took refuge for a full 15 years in the gray, weather-beaten U. S. Embassy on Budapest's Szabadsag Ter (so-called Freedom Square) until he left on Sept. 28, 1971, age 79. And through that embassy the CIA has located the Hungarian AVH secret police's former chief.

Years ago the Soviet KGB in Budapest, for reasons unknown, locked him up before kidnapping Britisher Horace Greville, wanted in Moscow in the famous Oleg Perovski espionage case.

The former chief is at Szolnok, the garrison headquarters for the Soviet Red Army in Hungary -- still in prison.

The leopard has changed his spots? This is communism in practice. While we rejoice in the U. S.-Soviet entente, we must never trust this enemy. He is always dangerous -- especially when he seems accommodating.

The danger is never over. It just changes shape.