

JIM-JIT



In reply refer to
DS

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

Jitkoff

*Rec'd
H. M. ...
copy sent
Oct 14, 47*

October 8, 1947

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I refer to the Department's letter of May 13, 1947 stating that the American Embassy at Belgrade, Yugoslavia had been requested by air mail to report such information as might be available concerning Mrs. Dolly Jitkoff's step-brother, Mr. Ivan Haug.

I have received a report dated September 8 from the Embassy containing information in substance as follows:

According to a report from the Foreign Ministry the competent Yugoslav authorities have been unable to ascertain Mr. Haug's whereabouts. However, it is stated that he has not been sent to the Bor Mines for forced labor.

Mrs. Jitkoff may wish to enlist the assistance of her local Red Cross chapter or of one of the members of the Central Location Index, Incorporated, which are mentioned in the enclosed pamphlet, in a further effort to obtain information regarding Mr. Haug.

Sincerely yours,

Robert H. ...
Acting Secretary

Enclosure:
Pamphlet.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Apartment Six A,
29 Washington Square West,
New York 11, New York.

DEBYE

RECEIVED
MAY 15 1947
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO
SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D.C.



DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

May 13, 1947

In reply refer to
SPD 340.0015/4-2947

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have received your letter of April 29, 1947 concerning the desire of Mrs. Dolly Jitkoff of Houston, Texas to ascertain the whereabouts of her step-brother, Mr. Ivan Haug, who was last known to be performing forced labor in Yugoslavia.

I have requested the American Embassy at Belgrade via air mail to report such information as may be available regarding Mr. Haug, and as soon as a reply is received the Department will notify you.

Sincerely yours,

Dean Rusk

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was in the Belgrade jail and later Apartment Six A, to Secret Rudolf Copper since in 29 Washington Square West, nobody heard her New York 11, New York, rumore that he was sent to Russia.

Very sincerely yours,



April 29, 1947

Dear Mr. Secretary:

I received a letter from Mrs. Dolly Jitkoff, 212 Sul Ross, Houston 6, Texas, and she is trying to locate her step-brother Ivan Haug.

I have no idea if you can do anything to help locate him, but I shall give you the facts about him.

He was born in Kiev, Russia on February 28, 1914. His father's name is Adrien Haug and his mother's name is Katherine Haug-Chepigo. He is a German citizen but his step-sister is an American citizen.

According to letters received from Europe, he was arrested by the Tito troops, was in the Belgrade jail and later was sent to Boraki Rudnik Copper mines to hard labor. After that nobody heard nor has seen him. There were rumors that he was sent to Russia.

Very sincerely yours,

**НАША ДОПИСНИЦА
СА Г-БОМ РУЗВЕЛТ**



Гђа Рузвелт (у средини) у женском клубу у Хјустону,
у америчкој држави Тексас. Лево дописница „Вре-
мена“ гђа Доли Хауг - Житкова

Париз, маја.

Прератак давно заборављених широких сукања, а нарочито кринолина оживео је фине ручне радове, које су се наједном појавили као најлепши украс на летњи хаљинама. Набори, фалге; диено ошвичени волани, сити ришеви, разнолики везови, шуйљике и фантастичне и крустације појављују се све више у колико се хаљине шире.



Хаљина од белог органдиа посута је руком изкрустираним букетима од црне чипке и украсена црним корсетом од тафте. Десно: хаљина од тешке пенхта - свице има мали, тесак џакет од зелене тафте, опточен црним гајтаном.

енглеског веза појавиле су се и вечерње хаљине, окићене ручним радом, од којих свака за себе преставаља ремек дело укуса и најбриљкивије израде. Румичаста чипка уметнута на вечерњој хаљини од бледо-румичастог платна ствара једну новину овога лета, а бели и црни органди искоришћен је исто тако за оригиналну вечерњу хаљину, која је цела направљена од крупних црно-белих коцки. Једна друга вечерња хаљина од немно-зеленог тила посута је руком уметнутим листовима од ланеа у истом тону.

Прозрачне рукавице

Сам тога, разним ручним везом и наборима украсавају се и летње рукавице, које се ове године носе од тила, органдиа, свице и чипала. Према добу дана, коме су намењене, варирају и њихови украси. Тако рукавице за дан, од тила, имају извезено бало класје, а вечерње рукавице од чипала у боји допуњене су

везена сребрним шљом и кратког џакета у облику стима, који је направљен шљепица, чије ластек бичмавају бајадер-пруге.

★

+ СА ПЛИСИРАНОМ ЊОМ МАРИНСКЕ БОЈЕ нов џакет од бисерно-сивог који се замочава помећу црних малих свице крушке од стичке материје, окупран плавим ткићем.

★

+ КОСТИМ ЗА ТРКЕ од црних и беле кариране отемаи свиц допуњен је малим жиране широм од црне спане, на којој се као једини украс налази ластек румичасте птице.

★

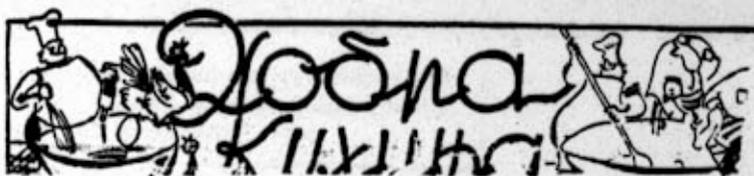
+ МАШИНА ОД ЦРНОГА ТРАКАНА придржала на кука наборе на пукном п



Косметика

Како ћем изгледати 10 ГОДИНА млађе

Овај је чланак намењен онима које су ушле у пету Жене „Балзамовак г“ садржају се сад као девојки



212 SUL ROSS AVENUE
HOUSTON 6, TEXAS

March 12, 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

You are very close to my heart, because inspite of my being all my life on the ~~the~~ other continent, I read many articles written by you. I heard many wise opinions expressed by you, and knew about things that were made with your clever head, good understanding heart and busy hands, and through all my life I never stoped admiring you.

During my life I also tried to help people in my small capacity, working as a journalist and helping in our community when and where it was possible.

When I had a home I had a big picture of you on my desk. My family and I, even long before the war, wanted to come to the United States, but if I knew this country as I do now (after being here only six months), we probably would try even harder to come to this most woderful and the most free country in the world.

My only daughter came with her husband to the United States in 1937 and they live in Texas ever since.

My daughter had a privilege of meeting you in April 1939 in Houston, Texas, and wrote an article about this meeting in the Belgrade newspaper "Vreme". This article was published (May 21, 1939) on the first page together with your picture, - and was reprinted by many other small tomm Yugoslavian newspapers. It gave me a motive to give a lecture in the "Literarian Society of Poetry and Prose" (this society was organized by me in Belgrade and I was president of it) the name and the theme of the lecture was: "Mrs. Roosevelt the most outstanding lady of the world". In this lecture, as in all my European lectures and articles, I put all my sincere admiration, love and respect that I always felt and feel toward you.

I thought very often about you, thinking how very kind you are to all human beings, how very talented as an journalist and speaker and understanding to humanity.

Now because of my terrible sorrow, not knowing anything about my beloved son - the uncertainty of his fate-, in one of my sleepless nights, when thoughts and brain work quickly and ideas come, the ideas that during a busy day would never come, I decided to take a very daring step, - to write to you, because I saw in you the only hope in my grief, in my misfortune.

You are a mother yourself and you will understand.
Please help me.

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HOUSTON 5, TEXAS

The son I am speaking of, is my stepson, but I love him as if he is my very own. I think (and life proved it to me), that it is a mistaken opinion that parents can love only children that were born to them. I got so attached to child, whose mother died when he was only few months old, that the boy himself never suspected that I am not his mother.

The life writes stories; - he was born to my husband's (Adrian Haough) first wife (she was an Austrian) and she died in an automobile accident very shortly after her son's birth. Her husband (whom I later married), had a French mother (Comtesse de Saint'Aulaire) and a German descent father; he lived all his life in Russia (before the first world war) and tried to get the Russian Citizenship even before he married me. His wife was opposed to it, and later, when she was dying, she tried to make him promise not to do it. He did not promise it, but he had to give the promise for his son, (who was only 2 months old at that time), that he will stay a German Citizen under all circumstances. We found out later, that being an Austrian herself, she hoped to receive some kind of inheritance and a title... My poor boy, who was little to understand all this, - was forced to have something (because of the promise given to his dying mother) that brought him later nothing but terrible unhappiness...

But one does not see his future. The boy was a German only on the paper, and nobody paid any attention to a thing like that in time of peace. My husband (Adrian Haough) took the Russian Citizenship during the first World War, because he (like his favorite German poet Heine) did not like the Germans because of his loyalty to the old Russian Government and also being half French and I, his second wife was a native Russian and everybody in our family including the little boy Ivan, we all belong to the Russian Greek Orthodox church (the religion played an important role in the old Russia), because of all this he was accepted into the Russian Citizenship and also into the Russian army as a Commanding officer of a Red Cross Special Detachment (during the Kerensky Gov.). In 1917 he received the highest reward a St. George cross for the bravery beyond the call of his duty (evacuation of the Tarnopol's depots-warehouses). His son could not change his German citizenship, because of the foolish promise that was forced on him by a dying woman. Many tears were shed by me, because I felt with my heart that this promise sometimes will play a fatal role in the life of my beloved son.

Then came the world's meanest madman-Hitler like a tornado he crossed Europe, destroying everything and everybody, the countries and millions of people. Like the Piper of Hamelin, leading the rats and then the children to a complete destruction, charming them with his flute, - so did Hitler hypnotizing the masses with a crazy hypnose and oratorial power, lead to a fatal destruction his own people and other countries with them. My unfortunate boy, inspite of being brought up a Russian woman was mobilized as a translator by the Germans.

(He went to a Russo-Serbian school and later to a Politechnikum in Belgrade, Yugoslavia). He hated Hitler and the Nazi movement with all his heart and imitated Hitler wonderfully. He had an imitatin talent and also a beautiful voice for singing. It did not take long for the Germans to find out that Ivan Haough (or Haug as they changed his name, because the spelling of his last name "Haough" was too English for them), was not their friend. And inspite of his German uniform, he was arrested by them in 1944 and spent many time in Gestapo. We almost lost our minds then. When he finally was released and came home, he was in a terrible moral and physical state, because of torments and tortures that were inflicted on him.

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HOUSTON 6, TEXAS

All this was too much of a shock to my husband - he blamed himself for all the happenings and for the unfortunate fate of our son. He was getting weaker and weaker and died from the weakening of heart after a light operation. My son was forced to continue as a translator, but on this job he was able to help the oppressed and the poor people; did all that was in his power to save lives from the Hitler's cruelty. As in his childhood, when he brought home poor and homeless children from the street and fed them in our house and gave them his cloths, so did he, in spite of his German uniform, whenever he saw the Badoglio prisoners in Belgrade passing by our house on their way to work, gathered them around him giving them all the food he could find.

An example as how he liked everything Americanis : when I was leaving Belgrade (women and children were evacuated, but men were not allowed to go), he said: "Mother please leave the picture of Mrs. Roosevelt" I answered that I am afraid he will get into troubles for this, and he said "I don't mind getting into troubles or suffering for what I believe is right". Belgrade was evacuated... My son had to stay there- this was in September 1944, when I saw him last time.

I was trying to go to my daughter to the United States, moving slowly West, first to Vienna, then Dresden, the only city that was not bombed yet (till February 11th, 1945). Some people explained it half seriously half jokingly that Dresden was not bombed, because of the aunt of Mr. Churchill who lives there, - whether she lived there or not I do not know, but it was the only city in Germany that was not bombed then.

In Belgrade during the German occupation and later bombing we lost everything- all our possessions and I came with very little to Dresden. After the enormous and unexpected bombing of Dresden, when the whole city was on fire and the burning people and houses were all around, I decided to leave the city after loosing the leftovers of my luggage. Walking most of the time, sometimes using the horses and trying to get into a train to continue my voyage South (trying all the time to be closer to the American Army), knowing the war will be over soon ~~having in mind~~ my final goal - to go to my daughter. But a man proposes and God disposes : on my way out of Dresden, I was wounded during an air raid on the railroad station. I received a head wound and as a result of this wound was paralysed. My second husband saved my life miraculously, digging me out of under the burning railroad car. After that I was in 3 different hospitals, was moved on stretchers. It was a terrible time. I think God sent me this experience with a purpose: suffering physically and being very sick as I was I thought less (was not able to think) about the fate of my beloved boy. After spending one year in hospitals, I am now able to walk with a help of an instrument worn on my leg. My heart is in bad condition after all these years of suffering. I have very high blood pressure and an enlarged aorta, - I know that I cannot live long. The purpose of my life, the greatest desire is to find my son and to help him. According to letters received from Europe, he was arrested by the Tito troops, was in the Belgrade jail and later was sent to Bor (Borski Rudnik) Borsky Copper mines to hard labor. After that nobody heard nor has seen him. There were rumors that he was sent to Russia. I beg you most humbly to please help me to inquire or to find some information about his whereabouts, whether he is alive, and if he is alive (I pray to God that he is), whether there is a possibility of helping him? Such a long time has passed since he last heard from us. He does not know anything about us (since the end of 1944), he was not able to write nor to contact neither my daughter, nor me, nor his wife. He has 2 children, the youngest was born after he was missing, - he does not know their whereabouts, because his wife and children were also ordered out of Belgrade (in 1944) and because of the war and bombing were

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HOUSTON 6, TEXAS

traveling constantly without being able to find him, not to contact him.

So much blood and so many tears the war brought. Maybe it is possible to save one young life, until it is too late... |

You are the only person in the whole world who can help him, who can save his life. |

His name is: Ivan Haug, born in Kiev, Russia, February 28th, 1914.
(father Adrieß Haug, mother Katherine Haug-Chepigo)
was mobilized by Germans and worked as a translator first in Vienna
then in Belgrade, Yugoslavia in "Feldkommendatur". |

Forgive me this letter. I appreciate your kindness and thank you in advance for the time and consideration you had given in reading this letter.

Respectfully and sincerely yours

Katherine Haug Chopigo

Katherine Haug Chopigo

212 Sul Ross, Houston 6, Texas