



## Khazars Fight!

*The European War*

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1934

### Marshall Bek

Marshall Bek was instrumental in formulating the military policy for the 20th century. Shortly after the Nazis took power in Germany he convened a conference of a dozen advisors. After a day and half of meetings debating the consideration of many possible strategies, Bek concluded that the Kars had several strengths: "For hundreds of years we have practiced the statecraft of espionage, so we have a pretty fair idea what everyone is doing; and for a thousand years or more we have been experts in metallurgy. However, the extent of our industrialization is limited, as is our treasury. The question becomes what can we produce? We could possibly produce one to two thousand engines; but, this gives us very limited modern capabilities: It makes no sense to produce 200 tanks and 400 hundred trucks and 300 artillery pieces along with their additional transport... -- Either the result would be ludicrously insufficient or we would choke on the logistics. -- Depending on alliances with the Czechs or Poles would be as fraught as their dependencies on alliances with the French or British. Then there is the separate issue of Russia. What ever we do will have to be remain secret, be unconventional and poised to inflict a massive first strike." He looked around the room. "Two new technologies come to mind: The *attack aircraft* and the *radio*; today's semblance to a horde of coordinated light cavalry. It seems that with these two items wedded to our ability to infiltrate and fight commando-operations without respect to

enemy-concepts of *front* and *rear* -- we might have something..."

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Sometimes entrenched in a defensive posture in the Caucasus, sometimes taking advantage of Ukrainian or Russian weaknesses and re-emerging back into the Crimea and then onto the steppe, the Federation of the Kars, once a Khanate, shrank and grew with centuries. Their original nucleus was made up of Oghuric Turks, but soon had elements of Hunnic remnants and Avars who may have originated in the southern Fertile Crescent, Armenians, Greeks, Judes, Nakhs --who like the Judes shared Hurrian influences, Bulgars, Alans, Magyars, Goths, Slavs and Celts. From Tabal came the North Kenites with their metal-working skills finally re-united with the South Kenites among the Judes in their dispersion from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea.



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Bek met with arms manufacturers in Switzerland, Sweden, and finally France looking to license the production of a lightweight automatic 20 mm machine-cannons. The neutral countries were politely non-committal and ultimately claimed that they would not license any proprietary product, which Bek knew was untrue. At Hispano-Suiza, the deception was more subtle - almost promising. Monsieur "L" smiled and lowered his eyes as he played with his cigar. "Possibly... perhaps we could... clandestinely... let you have a few..."

"How many?"

L shrugged more in his face than his shoulders, "A few hundred."

Bek asked the price and then winced. Mentally he made calculations. He exhaled with guarded unhappiness. He realized that France needed to take in consideration the position

of Britain, which while not an enemy of the Kars had replaced the Ottomans as the protector of the Holy Lands, and were suspicious of the Kars' desire to redeem Zion, even if this was to be during the Last Judgment.

"You seem to be a smart people, balancing off the Russians and the Saracens for a thousand years. Why don't you do more manufacturing on your own. We know you are working with ultra-light alloys. We know you have mastered many processes with Titanium." Everyone had spies, and as the French might eventually want to trade, Marshal Bek smiled and nodded his head.

"We do some manufacturing..."

"You need to be more capitalistic," L chided.

"There are some wealthy people among us. But most of the larger enterprises are operated under the auspices of the government, often managed by employees under a board of investors -- including government investors."

L waved his cigar as if this were the Kars' single difficulty.

"But you see we are peoples of the land: In the mountains the people are farmers, vine-tenders, goat-herders, metal-workers. On the plains they are cattle-herders and horsemen. But the great equalizer in our lives is the Army. Everyone is in the Army. Having money and honors, and fine suits of clothing is not as important as having a single decoration of military service. I had a great-uncle who fell off a roof he was thatching and crushed his right hand. It was never repaired and withered. He was granted an exemption but wouldn't accept it. He was at the third battle of the Crimea carrying muskets or lances under his left arms. He was wounded by cannon-fire, and it meant more to him than having a good right hand..."

"Admirable," L said, "But doesn't your King possess great wealth that could be used to capitalize more industrialization?"

"No. Oh, he's not a poor man, he owns 30 fine horses..."

"Palaces?"

"These belong to the Nation and are used for official purposes. Our King lives in a large tent..."

L's eyes opened wide. "Oh..." Impulsively he asked, "Do you know him?"

"Yes. He is a distant cousin of my father's. I have met with him...."

L was impressed but Bek did not mention that in coming weeks he was to be anointed by the King and High Rabbinical Authorities before the Knesset as he was designated 'Supreme Marshall.'

"Marshall Bek did you attend Sandhurst? -- I doubt you were at Saint-Cyr because your French, though passable, is not that smooth."

"No. Besides we have no rank of *Lieutenant*. It's merely a training rank for senior

leadership...”

“You have been entrusted with such high-level responsibilities yet your origins are... -- humble?” L queried.

“I was a sergeant assigned to our liaison officer to the Poles, in the field, during the Russo-Polish War. There was a misunderstanding or miscommunication and a Polish defensive line was being withdrawn as Russian cavalry -Cossacks- appeared. -- I quickly unpacked a machine gun from a horse-cart and stopped the charge. Back home I was promoted to Sar-mayah.”

L was impressed again, “But in a dozen years you went from a company commander to a Field Marshall?”

“There were other operations...” Bek admitted, rising to leave, “Every soldier makes a solemn promise... and all commanders from corporal up take an oath: ‘The best for the nation.’ Every general knows this by heart.”

L shook his hand warmly. “Why did your leaders long ago choose the beliefs of the Judes?”

“Many stories. The best concern which faith permitted you wine *and* more than one wife; though polygamy did not survive the 13th Century.” They laughed.

Still immersed in thought L had more questions: “Why help the Poles after Pilsudski’s benevolence was overturned?”

“We’ve had a long, though shallow, relationship with Poland. We minted their first coins in the 12th Century, you know.”

-- “Poor sots, couldn’t even cast metal,” L joked. Bek smiled without commitment. France and Poland were allies and perhaps the Kars needed to become allied with one or both of them. Isolation was a problem. Even the Székely peoples of Hungary were believed to be partial descendants of brother tribes but would currently acknowledge no relationship. Being disowned and cut-off was a route to oblivion for the Kars.

“--Quite a colony of expatriates you have here; largely in Paris,” L said. -- “True,” Bek admitted, “Having a practical and equitable society has its downside: The Arts for example. So Kars with talent or pretensions of talent, or habits considered perverse back home, come here. But if one wants to tinker with the properties of metal our National Capitol is the place to go...”

## **Radio**

Deciding on radio-production made Bek’s head swim further. He sat with several scientists and his heads of the Army & militia, Commandos, Intelligence [PELU מנגל] and Air-Operations which at the moment consisted of a handful of observation planes. He wanted something lightweight, that would be weather-resistant, able to function reliably within short-distances between air and ground and provide longer-distance reports from field to control and headquarters units. Further he wanted to devote as few persons to each radio unit as possible, hopefully one. He became confused as to recommended wave spectrums for short wave, continuous wave, AM, FM and air and ship band. Eighteen-tubes; or more? One

or two crystals? An FM transceiver reliable to three kilometers plus short-wave for longer transmissions perhaps left to night. Voice or Morse or both? Then there was code; they wouldn't want to broadcast strategic orders in the clear, would they? Maybe two people to carry and generate power...

Bek slowly began to lay down parameters. He wasn't very interested in obeying international agreements; what ever was best for the nation. Finally he realized that one-size was not going to fit all. They would need two types of radios. One for field units and aircraft and another to link the field to headquarters. Intricate code would be used only on the larger radios. Changeable nicknames such "pigs" for enemy tanks one day; and maybe "melons" the next could be used easily for all radio operations. It was suggested by one scientist that archaic languages be re-constructed for use on the more sensitive transmissions involving data of less-timely information, such as where forces should convene next week etc. This scientist said a combination of 7th century Oghuric, Carpathian Celtic and ancient Hurrian might work. There was no importance to accuracy as the purpose was not to write peer-reviewed articles but to confuse an eavesdropping enemy; what they didn't know they could make up. Everyone agreed that pilots or ground operators with combat units were not going to learn ancient languages. Overhearing what the enemy already knew like ten "ducks" [bombers] overhead was of little intelligence value, but was vital real-time battle information.

Then how many radios would he need? Bek looked at a map. Radius of the larger radio transmission-net? He thought. Three thousand of the field and aircraft units; Four hundred of the larger units -- to start. General [Sar-eleph **שָׂר אֶלֶף**] Hreger of the Commandos whistled softly between his teeth. His superior Army Senior General [Sar-eleph Gadol-Achod **גָּדוֹל-אֶחָד** **שָׂר אֶלֶף**] Kolan suppressed a grimace. "Unlike Poland and unlike France we will not fight the Goth with too little or too much," Bek told him. "Prepare to grow."

Next the question became what could they hope to produce and what would have to be "acquired." Colonel Tlyf, of Intelligence, would begin a worldwide "buying" program with his agents for vacuum tubes and such.

### **Weapons of the Kars**

As early as 1840 when single-shot percussion rifles were dominating the battlefield, the Kars military adapted the revolving cylinder of an experimental American pistol for use as a cavalry, infantry and mounted-infantry weapon in carbine form. The design was enhanced by a relatively easy removal of the cylinder facilitating the quick re-arming of the weapon with pre-loaded cylinders warped in oil-cloth and maintained in tin holders. The loss of 50 to a 100 meters in accurate range was compensated for by volume of fire. Sharpshooters carrying long rifles were maintained in all infantry units. At Malakoff, a decade later, the Russian advance in division size was halted by a reinforced battalion of Kars with their extra revolver tins laid out before them. Breaks in the action allowed soldiers to reload their empties with powder and ball. The skirmish against the Ottoman Turks at Dokhkuz had the same result. Because of early problems with misfires, troops were trained to use both hands on the pistol grip and not forward of the cylinder.

By 1900 the Kars had improved upon their carbine by reducing the caliber from 10.16 millimeters [.40] to 7.62 [.30] while increasing the charge to smokeless propellant in brass cartridges. This allowed for 8 rounds per cylinder which were now all double-action and could be advanced by simply pulling the trigger. Lever-loading attachments were replaced by quick cylinder evacuation for empty cartridges. The rest of the world's powers were moving to bolt-action rifles with further range and accuracy. The Kars adapted the "7" mm

Mausers for use as a sharpshooter's weapon but valued speed of fire for a body of troops over range. Most decisive engagements were at closer quarters than accurate rifles could fire to. With the inclusion of the machine gun and rifled breech-loaded cannons coordinated with infantry assaults by their adversaries, the Kars changed tactics relegating cavalry to scout functions and breaking up units for maneuver warfare that avoided frontal engagements over infiltration, camouflage, deception and night actions. It was an acknowledgement that money in the form of production value could dominate skill in war.

The revolver-carbine was known as the **Kars 99 Carbine** and was manufactured with improving modifications through 1931. By then almost every house or tent in the land of the Kars had one, as the national militia was enormous. After 1931 the only model being made was the **Kars 99 Short** which resembled a long-barrelled pistol with a folding butt and fired a cartridge with a smaller charge. It was meant for officers or troops who were not intended to be riflemen.

In 1931 the Kars Regular Army [Commandos first] were re-equipped with a new rifle. It was copied from the British .303 Lee-Enfield bolt-action with a dual-trigger for an under-barrelled [also British] STEN 9 mm submachine gun. The weapon was produced from expensive lightweight alloys with a folding aluminum shoulder stock. The entire weapon, unloaded, weighed slightly less than 3 kg [6.5 pounds]. Sacrificed was the ability to smash someone's head in with a heavy rifle butt; but battle helmets had made this task somewhat redundant. The dual-action weapon was called an "**En-Sten .303-9**" or "**E-S**". Its muzzle-tip was built to hold two different rifle grenades which were propelled from elongated blank cartridges [no bullet - only propellant]; a shaped-charge anti-tank grenade [earlier version relied on white phosphorous] and anti-personnel fragmentary rifle grenade. There was a small pivot sight [alidade] on the left of the rifle site for calculating trajectory for either grenade: Anti-tank from 0 to 10 degrees and 20 to 80 degrees for anti-personnel, making it the near equivalent of a short-range mortar accurate to 150 meters. There was also a bayonet available which could be mounted without interfering with rifle-grenades or the submachine-gun as the bayonet was mounted below and to the right of the main muzzle. The Enfield, considered the fastest and smoothest operating bolt-action rifle, was loaded with 10 rounds by stripper clip. It was also accurate to 500 meters. The Sten took a 32 round magazine [sideways] on the port or left side.

By the mid-1930s a new anti-tank and a low-flying anti-aircraft rifle was developed using a 14 mm tungsten-core bullet fired from a large cartridge.<sup>1</sup> This very high speed round could penetrate 40 mm of tank side-armor or an aircraft engine at 300 meters. It was top-loaded with 4 to 7 rounds, depending on the model, in a fixed magazine through a spring-loaded lid above the breech. A Swiss Schmidt-Rubin style single-pull, no-twist, bolt extracted, loaded, and cocked the action from the left side of the weapon so the gunner could maintain his aiming point with a pistol-grip without breaking eye contact with the target. A single extendable unipod could help steady the long barrel for firing. The rear of the chamber sat on a coil-spring which absorbed half of the recoil before dissipating it through the large shoulder brace. Unlike a somewhat similar Polish weapon it had better capabilities and longer barrel life. It was called the '**Jyvar**.' Some models had a wide-roller wheel that could be pulled down from the shoulder brace so that it could be rolled rather than carried using the muzzle as handle [with an insulated mitten after being fired]. A second man was assigned for providing cover, loading and assisting with transport. The second soldier was armed with a submachine gun engineered to fire an improved version of the .32 Winchester which was very similar to the later development of the American 7.62 [.30 caliber] M1 Carbine round and had better range and stopping power than the 9 mm Sten. The second weapon was called an '**Auto-Carbine**.' Production of both weapons was limited though it was supplied abundantly to the Commando units. [<sup>1</sup> A variety of ammunition types were employed including some using sabot technology]

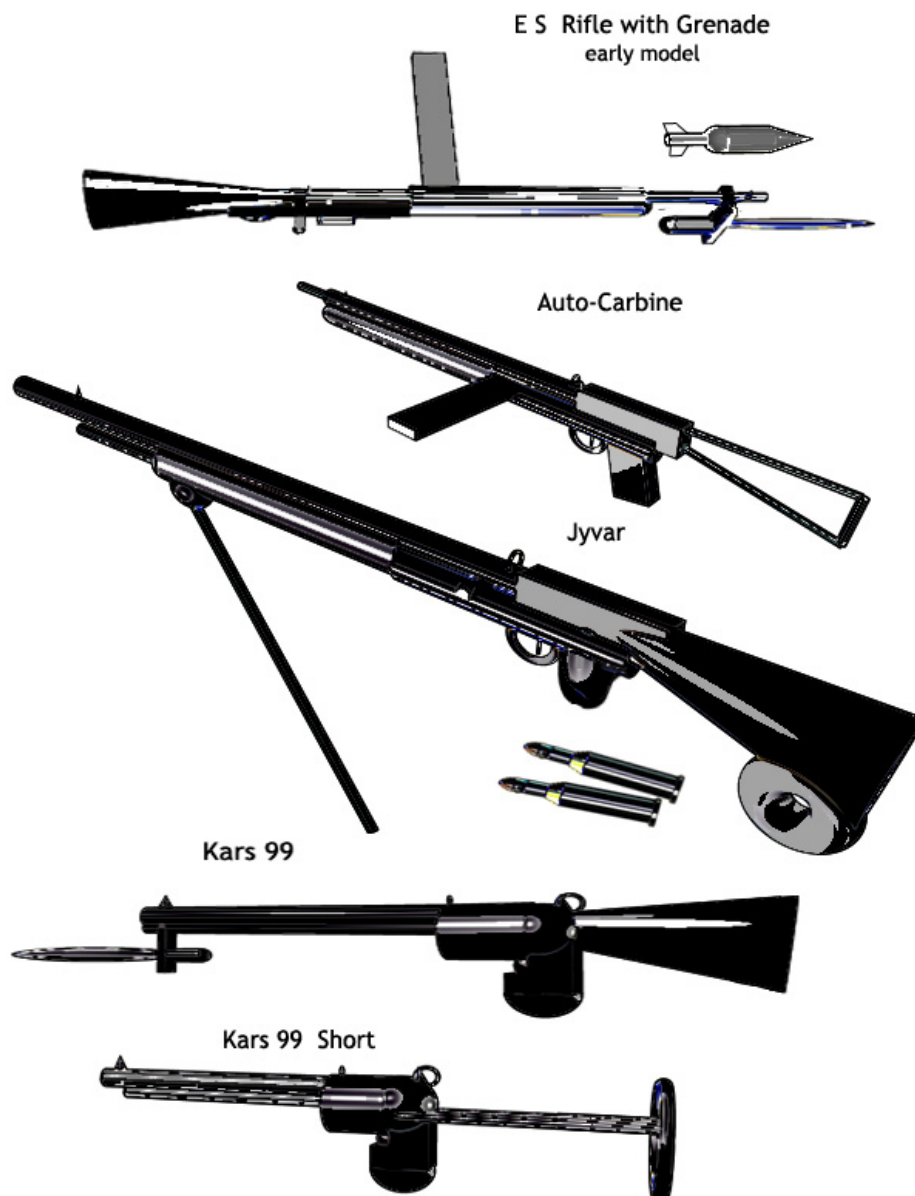
Their most important discovery was in light-weight anti-ballistic armor. Thin layers of titanium and aluminum were pressure formed together, sometimes encasing, as a sandwich, a layer of woven titanium fibers. Depending on the densities, this armor when formed to reduce its flatness [angled slightly for body-armor; curved to encase aircraft engine and fuel tanks] could deflect a variety of lethal calibers.

This type of armor<sup>1</sup> figured prominently into the design of the **4B Attack aircraft**. It had two engines perched midway at the peak of high-loaded gull wings. The primary fuel tank was on top of the engine, as both shared the same armored cowling. This reduced engine noise and made the plane among the quietest ever flown. A dual tail assembly left the tail itself, as the nose, with no obstructions to firing weapons. Periscopic visual 'windows' gave the pilot a view from **1)** his tail; **2)** the area behind and above; and **3)** the area behind and below as he sat in an armored seat molded with side and frontal armor protection. With the large high wings the plane was further stabilized by wing canards extending from both sides of the front of the aircraft between the pilot and nose. The plane had a low stall speed which aided its landing and takeoffs from short unpaved fields. To save weight and cost, retractable landing gear was replaced by an undercarriage of three roller wheels close to the bottom of the fuselage. The armaments themselves proved a problem to the plane's design. Ideally a 37 or 40 mm front-mounted semi-automatic cannon with a two 20 mm automatic machine-cannons [one rearward] would have prepared the aircraft for an attack mission against armor, ground artillery, transport and defending aircraft. But the weight of this ordinance plus their ammunition stocks made such arming impossible. Besides, the Kars did not have such weapons in great supply. The nose and tail of the aircraft were made to swing away and were loaded with smooth-bore and rifled single-firing cannons of various calibers and intended for different uses. Again, light weight, composite alloys reduced weight.<sup>1</sup> The most powerful of the rifled cannons requiring recoil absorption devices were intended to dispense accurate anti-tank rounds firing forward only and intended in a dive-bombing mode at high angle to defeat thin enemy top-armor. Other cannons fired high velocity incendiary 'grapeshot' like a giant shotgun against enemy aircraft and these were available both front and back as were the slightly smaller-caliber 'shotgun' cannons loaded with multiple bullet-sized, solid shot against personnel. These were also mounted front and back as the formations were intended to break high and low with the low planes coming in to suppress ground fire both in-front and behind, as the high planes dove onto targets. The plane was slow by international standards but highly maneuverable and with its engines and pilot protected from a significant percentage of projectiles, tremendous visibility, duplicate & redundant control lines and massive firepower it would be a surprise to any unsuspecting enemy. The Kars built 1,000 of them starting in 1934. [<sup>1</sup> There was considerable discussion within the Army over the composition and battle-role of this aircraft. Sar-eleph Luush, the head of Air Operations, thought it would be a better aircraft without 3,500 pounds of armor -1,588 kg- with much better speed, agility and increased payload. But he was over-ruled by those who had witnessed recent combat: "The plane needs to get down on the deck against tanks within an envelope of high-volume return-fire. And we can not afford to waste pilots or aircraft."]

The **5C Interceptor** took longer to both design and arrive at a modification suitable for production [hence the C]. The experience of developing the **4B** aided immeasurably to the body of aeronautical design knowledge. When available, the 5-type interceptor was the fastest airplane in the world, possessing swept back wings and four engines; two engines mounted forward and two pusher rear-mounted engines -- all on the wings. Again canards were used for additional stabilization. There were two 20mm machine cannons; one fore and one aft sighted through a periscope 'window.' The plane had retractable landing gear and no armor save the back and bottom of the pilot's seat. It was not intended to dogfight, only to power through enemy formations felling aircraft front and rear. Air-brakes on the sides of the fuselage between the pilot and tail allowed the aircraft to drop speed to

compensate for enemy aircraft attempting to maneuver out of their forward line of fire. Twenty five were produced and dispersed to hidden bunker-hangers at camouflaged runways in Army camps near the capital [five planes were usually rotated to hidden fields near the Russian border]. Fifteen planes of the 5D model were also produced. These were meant for secret forward bases and had no landing gear. They were launched with the use of a firing ramp that resembled scaffolding, using large cylinders of compressed air for sudden acceleration. Landing was accomplished by use of a large parachute that was launched from under a dorsal cover. The need for recovery crewmen as well as mechanics and security forces kept this program to a minimum size. One of the problems that had to be overcome was the locking of a feathered propeller at a position horizontal to the wing to avoid damage upon landing. All aircraft were created and maintained in the strictest secrecy with their unveiling to be done in combat.

### Some Kars Infantry Weapons





## Abel Cain

Abel Cain grew up with the anomaly of two conflicting names. The old Bible stories had been edited and redacted so while Cain, the eponymous ancestor of the Kenites, was cast as the slayer of his brother Abel, in earlier stories arranged later in the scriptures, he was the inventor of metallurgy and therefore the founder of civilization with its darker urban settings. Yet, the Kenites themselves were a people of vast contradictions, some having the fearsome reputation of outlaws, others known as musicians, priests and scribes. In general they were pastoralists and a fraction of these insisted on remaining tent-dwellers eschewing houses and residential permanence. So the Kenites were people who both created the city and fled from it. Abel was *always* the lesser known of the Biblical brothers.

And so it was with Abel Cain. His father and uncle owned and operated a small metal fabrication shop on the outskirts of a town in the Northern Caucasus. His older brother was in the Army and his younger brother a gifted student starting University at the capitol. His sisters were married already. He was prone to being moody, perhaps out of boredom, and often lost to daydreaming. Never a gifted athlete and a so-so horseman he abandoned his childish fantasies of martial prowess and wondered what was to become of him in the future. Reporting for Army service he was sent to radio school and after mastering the basics of the field-radio qualified for more advanced training. Part of him was disappointed that if he could finish the advanced training he might be assigned to headquarters unit but the greater portion was relieved. He feared failure in combat which was still the highest virtue among the Kars; but feared an untimely death even more. Fluent mastery of the ancient languages for coding eluded him and he was assigned to a Regular Infantry unit given the advanced designation *Infiltration* and *Assault*. These units had missions similar to the Commandos but with less experience. Cain was frightened both of disgracing himself and other unpleasant consequences.

On leave before reporting to his unit an older cousin took him by train to the city. They visited a tavern among a warren of claustrophobic streets. He had trouble hiding his peculiar interest in the seductive wiles of certain women in this quarter. His cousin seemed to repress a smile in this regard. Once inside the establishment which was warm and dark they had a glass of spirits. Abel Cain's mood brightened as many things became possible. His cousin excused himself and shockingly a woman sat down across from him. She was not beautiful and a good ten years older than he. Suddenly he remembered the gentle mare his cousin had selected for him to learn horse riding when he was thirteen years old. He didn't know whether to laugh or be angry and he looked through the crowd searching for his cousin. The woman put a hand on his leg above the knee. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you," she said smiling...

## Kars Government

In the past the King [Patzya or מלך Melek ] had been called the Khagan; though the King remained head-of-state, his duties had become similar to that of a hereditary High Priest and advisor to the government. During peace time [since 1898] the head-of-government had been the President of the Council of Ministers selected by the Knesset [Parliament or Legislature]. In war-time a senior General [Tarqen or Sar-eleph Gadol] had been made Marshall of the Armies and with the approval of the King and Knesset promoted to Khagan for the duration of the conflict. He became head-of-government as economic and industrial policy as well as foreign and domestic statecraft had to be coordinated through his office. The Khagan was the Commander-in-Chief of the military. The King had the ability of selecting his own successor, and the first-born son had no hereditary right to the position. Kings could be

deposed by the Knesset, though no King had been deposed in several hundred years, and in those days it was generally by the Army. Officials never referred to the King with the title of מלך or Melek, as this was reserved for God. The philosophy of the Kars leadership had been strong ethics concerning service, obligation to the nation, learning, and the military virtues. Ambivalence toward wide-scale industrialization, commerce and finance had proven to be a limitation in terms of international power but an advantage in matters of national tranquillity.

### 33-84 Committee { 1 }

The Committee consisting of three academics -- a Turk Elie Kiloğlu, a Swede, Lars Gytjason and a self-taught Palestinian Jude טינבן דפנה known as 'Daf,' was formed in 1933 with the goal of envisioning the world as it might be in 51 years. One of their publications projected the effect of radio, motion pictures and the vast number of books and magazines as both expanding the means of education and narrowing choices as cultures moved toward 'the regression to the mean;' eliminating the best and hiding the worst. 1933 was also the year the Nazis took power in Germany and their warnings about the rise of Fascism and weaknesses of both 'Conservative' and 'Progressive' Democracies seemed prescient and penetrating. The King was so taken with their work that he extended several chairs of learning to them at the University and invited them to the Kars Capital. Kars Intelligence [PELU מלג] or P7 eagerly devoured their analysis. The Committee was assisted with research by an older, retired 'bureaucrat,' Mar-ven Snerr, who had once been the agent [code name: Abraham] who trained Tlyf.

### Bek with the King

Several weeks after his anointing, Marshall Bek was scheduled to meet with the King, who had said nothing during the ceremony before the entire legislative assembly and senior commanders. The last mile to the King's compound had to be traveled on horse-back. Unlike normal visits with the King through the front entrance of the tent, Bek as Supreme Marshall was shown to a small side entrance and told not to bow but to take the seat on the King's right. The large tent was dark lit solely by a six branch candelabra behind the King. He bowed his head, though the King motioned him to sit.

"How are you my dear sir?" The King inquired in a whisper so that no one could overhear. "Very well, your Highness..."

The King touched his arm lightly. "Unlike the British with their King and Prime Minister; your office, though not hereditary, is higher than mine. No one can school you in this, but I... -- You need to treat me as an advisor, not royalty..."

Unsure of how to respond Bek tried to search the King's face amid the deep shadows for clues concerning how to proceed.

The King led the way, "I understand that you spend much time in our National Library."

"True, and reading intelligence reports; much of which are translational summaries from newspapers across the world."

"Illuminating?"

"Somewhat. -- Building a military option to fight or dissuade our enemies becomes an intricate mathematical computation. For each screw we don't have we need to either find a reliable source, or buy and-or build a machine to make them."

"Who will be our enemies?" The King asked, though Bek knew the King just wanted the Marshall's rationales.

"The newly unified Deutsch-State or Reich, and possibly the Russians as usual."

"...Could we possibly come to some accommodations with the Rus this time? The King

asked.

"We could try, but whatever they might agree to we need at least one third of our reserves prepared for them."

The King nodded. "Hitler; I'm sure you've listened to his speeches. He's a master orator. A demagogue of his abilities doesn't come around often. Thank the Lord for that."

"He's a godhead to the 'volk' but will legally or mortally destroy all of his political detractors, minorities and other elements of Germanic society..."

"Fellow Jude. Perhaps one should prepare for many refugees. Perhaps now they will appreciate the benefits of trade and farming over city life in the belly of the Goth."

"They will come penniless," Bek admitted.

"Some could become soldiers," The King offered.

"Yes..."

"They are not racial supermen these Deutsch-volk. Half of them were Celts who lost their language and culture to the Goth who themselves were terrorized by our wild brothers the Huns. -- Hitler's threat?"

"He tells his people that peace is in store but he's building thousands of airplanes, tanks, artillery pieces and transport. Their army may approach two million men or more..."

"Alliances... for us?" The King asked in an even greater hush.

"The Poles and the Czechs... like herding cats...I don't know if the Czechs will fight; The Poles will."

"France?"

"They won't fight; not until it's too late." Bek replied.

"Are you sure of this. They have the largest Army in Europe."

"France is riddled with defeatism; rotten with reactionary sentiment. The fulcrum of their strategy is hundreds of kilometers of defensive fortifications. They have become stupid."

Bek was embarrassed to allow his personal feelings to color his report.

The King chuckled, "Britain?"

"They are not quite as behind as we are. They have the nucleus of a modern air force. The British Army is the best conventional land army in the world. But the Deutsch will soon overtake them in manpower, materiale, discipline and morale."

"There is the Royal Navy."

"Not of too much consequence in Europe."

"Well, we have the best military Marshall..." The King said.

"Thank you, but I..."

"-- Feel inadequate to the task, do you? A lesser man would not. You have demonstrated your bravery and brilliance for more than a decade Marshall Bek."

Surrendering formality Bek let the facade of leadership fall. "At the moment it feels more like luck and foolishness," he admitted.

"Don't worry, Marshall Bek..." The King said, "You have been chosen by The Lord, for this job..."

Feeling a pang of anxiety Bek looked about the dark tent and felt that he knew nothing and was glimpsing mysteries beyond his comprehension. The King smiled and slowly raised his hand, "I know you are very busy and I thank you for taking time to speak with me. It is much appreciated, sir." Bek rose.

"I will help you all I can, with what-ever small things I could do, we all will..." The King said, and Bek feeling like a small boy again, stepped away as though the Heavenly Host were present. "Thank you my King."

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Though the title had not been explicitly mentioned, to those who understood such things, including the old-timers in the street using colloquial expressions, Bek was now the *Khagan* of the Kars.

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Bek had never thought of his himself as a great strategist or even an analyst, but in reviewing intelligence reports he thought he perceived the German gamble: The fighter-bomber, the tank and the submarine married to surprise, moving with speed, to beat larger countries with greater economies. Czechoslovakia was only the door-stoop to Poland. And Poland merely an entrée to the East. The real targets were France and Russia with the benefit of empire by consuming everything in-between. The shock that dawned on him was the Kars' attempt at the same approach with even fewer resources. He flushed with a sense of panic abetted by proportion. He looked for differences: Hitler was pursuing brutal conquest and satisfying thirst for revenge over imagined indignities; the Kars were on the side of the good; or at least the better. Was this going to be enough? He put the realization aside as there was nothing else to do but continue forward.

### Money

Bek had an informal meeting with the Minister and 'Secretaries' of the Bureau of Finances. He sat at one end of a long polished table at the Ministry he understood the least. "The Army needs some things..." he said. One of the Under-Secretaries who held degrees from the University of Geneva asked, "for war production?" -- Bek was tight-lipped. Finally in an effort not to be rude he threw caution to the wind: "Maybe, the less known the better." -- All those around the table nodded and the Finance Minister himself, a man of sixty and a with great deal of understanding said: "A bond drive to assist the Judea of Europe could be a popular way to raise additional revenues; and the Government could borrow against it. Should there be war, taxes can then be raised, and by that time secrecy of war production would be less valuable..." -- "I see," Bek said, not quite understanding it.

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Afterwards Bek cornered Tlyf a man he could speak to without hesitancy or reservation. He mentioned the bond drive to his head of Intelligence [PELU M331]. "A good idea." -- "I didn't want to talk too much at the Ministry, if Kolan [the Army Chief] gives you the numbers do you have someone who can tell us how much money we need to raise?" -- "Yes, me," Tlyf admitted, "right now we have a slight surplus from petroleum royalties as war-fever worldwide has raised the price. We also have some stockpiles of gold and platinum. Gold's value is tightly controlled, and we will be needing some of the platinum ourselves... there are some things we could do like extortion of foreign leaders trafficking in opium or slaves." -- Bek made a face. "I don't think so." -- "We have a good credit rating; we could sell Government bonds on the outside, pay the interest from the prior *-internal-* bond issue and pay-off the principal of the international bonds from the prerogatives of the victor over the vanquished; and if we *don't* win - default; because nothing else will matter anyway. Call them putatively *Development Bonds* with some boilerplate about industry and national parks in the prospectus..." -- "Why didn't they mention this at the Ministry?" Bek asked. Tlyf chuckled: "To finance ministers borrowing on world markets makes them stay awake at night wondering about the next day... Perhaps you may wish to speak to our King. He has certain personal leverages over the Ministry..." -- "Hmm..." Bek wondered for a moment why Tlyf hadn't been made the Supreme Marshall of the Kars, but then he understood, Tlyf would only speak to one man. "I should have spoken to you about this first," Bek admitted. -- "With the snake comes the apple," Tlyf replied, "money is always somewhere at the root of power, and mandatory to the maintenance of everyone's national security." Sensing that their discussion had concluded Tlyf gave a slight bow of his head, a fraction of which the British offered their sovereign and far less than what had been expected before 1377 with their own people. It was an old world courtesy which Bek returned out of respect for the man's wisdom and loyalty. But Bek had always attempted to quench his desire for more

understanding and called the man back: "Tlyf, what made you so knowledgeable?" -- Almost taken aback, the Intelligence chief spoke with near whimsy on the the subject: "I was trained by a man who read a great deal yet masked his sense of frustration of cant and expediency by vulgar humor. This was a good disguise for a field agent but I decided I needed to concentrate more on the learning than the mask of it." -- Bek considered the crux of Tlyf's quandary but changed the subject: "I have been lectured that we need to be a country of more wealth; yet Britain, France and America are often befuddled about their own pursuits; and what little I know cautions me in these regards..." -- "Wealthy nations have wealthy individuals with disproportionate influence whose own interests can be subversive to the nation's well-being," Tlyf replied. Bek thought this over for a moment, "As Rabbi Yeshu said 'You can't serve God and money' [Matthew 6:24]."

### The Shame

He was called Evon which was another word for *good*, which did not seem in his nature. He did not resemble his father or his brothers or sisters. Kind people said he took after his mother who had been a beauty in her youth. But in his father's mind he resembled a troubadour, a wandering Cossack who strummed the balalaika, and whose personality was suffused with mocking humor and vodka; a charmer and vagabond, looking for a days work he would evade, a free piece of dark bread, some lentils and mutton-stew and while the husband worked and the wife was thrilled to have attention, who knows?

The family had sheep and some goats and culled wool for the markets. They took a wagon-full to the Ukraine twice a year and sometimes a train to Poland. They spoke passable Ukrainian and fair Polish. The boy Evon was always a trouble. In school he set another boy's pants on fire for a joke. No one was hurt but he was expelled for a month. His studies, always haphazard and lackadaisical grew worse upon his reluctant return. His father gave him work to do and he wouldn't do it. The face, the attitude always a reminder of the shame, real or imagined. His father treated him harshly with the backhanded-slap to the face, but it did no good, the moment of fear, the hurt and then the eyes full of mischievous glee. They signed him up for the militia a year early but the Army could do no better with him. He was often in the guard house. When he came home he was even less for sheep and wool and the farm. He wooed a neighbor's daughter with his adventurous misdeeds and made her with child, then denied everything and ran away.

### Religion of the Kars

During the 7th century when the king and nobility formally replaced their god *Tenri* with "the Lord" [YHVH] the Rabbinical Judes who themselves were theological descendants of the *pious separatists* became the religious authority of the aristocracy and regular military. Mithraism<sup>1</sup>, Christyism, Islam and Shamanism were initially tolerated. By the 10th century not only were pressures intensifying between the vise of the Rus and Byzantines; continual warfare with the Arabs in the Caucuses and invasions of new Turks and Mongols on the steppe, but challenges to Rabbinism came from the Karaites, who began arriving toward the end of the 9th Century, as well as re-born anti-rabbinic movements among the Judes [from יהודים *Yehoodaem*; Yudes<sup>1</sup>]: The hereditary Priests thought their authority equal or superior to the Rabbis, the Levites, once made to knuckle under the Priests re-asserted their independence as shamans. Scribes among the Kenites claimed that while Pigs were unclean and improper animals for herders, prohibitions against hunting and separation of milk and dairy were unsound and additionally the original name of the Lord was Almighty God [of the mountain] or "Shaddai." King Joseph having a premonition before the battle of Kiev removed his own royal authority and promoted the eldest son of 'General' Pesak, Sar-eleph Saul, to

Supreme Marshall [Pisäk Tarqan מלך צבא or שר אֶלֶף גדול אחד sometimes קק'ק].

Saul, after defeating the Rus, claimed a mortal and kingly form of anointed-status for himself and forced the rabbis into the army. He also appointed Levite shamans and Kenite scribes as battlefield chaplains even though the former were thought by the Judees to have been polluted by Rus blood given in rapine. He forcibly converted the Moslem auxiliaries in his army and put them on the eastern and southern fronts. He then converted the Slavs, Goths and Celts and put these troops in the Caucasus with the Alans and Avars against the Arabs and Persians, and used the bulk of his regular cavalry to sack the villages of the Pechenegs and Tartars to his West. Saul proclaimed a Jubilee for the emancipation of all slaves [coming over to the Lord and joining the Army would give one 'a name' among the Kars i.e. 'citizenship']. He made peace with the Kar's former allies and tribe-brothers the Bulgars, Magyars and Kabars [or Khavars], hoping to open new fronts against the Rus. He relocated both of his capitals into the Caucasus Mountains. "We cannot indefinitely fight holding actions across a huge expanse. -- But neither can we take as our faith anything that detracts from unity and military defence. To placate the Rabbis he deported Karaites calling them fakers and "newcomers." While Rabbis later regained much of their status, the new state religion took precedence over the Talmud and elevated the Writings of the Prophets beyond the cultic commandments of the Law. Yet pomp and ceremony filled all festivals with great spectacle such as blowing horns and parading of banners and scrolls as special detachments of troops charged past on their war ponies with armor and lances gleaming. "The people do not want to be small," Saul observed, "nor their joy restrained; nor do they wish to be divided by blood, but united by spirit." He considered removing circumcision as a male rite but relented on this. Later, on his deathbed, he declared that the Jude Yeshu venerated by Muslims and deified by Christifers be considered a great Rabbi and called out several of his teachings which needed to be studied. And the people sang: *Is Saul also among the prophets...* [1 Samuel 10:11, 19:24] -- Thus some loose form of Jude-icism became the unifying creed of the Kars' population: "Hear this word all warriors of New-Israel, - the Lord our God is One - we are one!" became the battle rallying cry as troops swirled into formation and then under the blast of hundreds of Levite horns the charge was formed.

<sup>1</sup>A similar transformation happened with the name Jesus which went from יֵשׁוּ 'Yeshu' in Hebrew-Aramaic to Ἰησοῦς 'eYsus' in Greek and was later transformed when the pronunciation of the letter 'J' was introduced into English from the French in the Middle Ages.

A small group of Mithraists<sup>1</sup> petitioned for freedom from persecution in the 9th Century as did a handful of followers of John the Baptist [Acts 18 25; Matt 11:18/19; John 3 25; called "Mandaeans" in Mesopotamia]. It was quietly granted and they are known as Mountain-Ger or *strangers*. [<sup>1</sup> There are those who say the *solar* monstrosity used to display the host in High Christology was borrowed from Mithraism.]

## Turtles { 1 }

'Major' Horvani was from the outskirts of the Capital at Särt Sharkil {סַרְתִּי שַׁרְכִּיל known as Sänä-Ittil or *New-Ittil* until 1401 } and located 100 Kilometers North West of Mingy-Tawe [Mount Elbrus]. From an early age he was an autodidact and polymath; spending large chunks of his youth in libraries across the region. Professors from the University came to know him while he was still an adolescent at the National Library, where he often made requests for books in foreign languages that had just been published across continents. He even came to the attention of the PELU [מַלְאָךְ] as he perused the World's newspapers with dictionaries at hand. They decided to keep him in mind as a potential analyst or operative for the future but once reaching majority he seemed to become a disappointment. He completed his obligations in the militia but if his sergeant was asked about him, he would shrug: "He knows so much for a lad who can do so little..." Obsessed with many subjects, languages,

history, weaponology, metallurgy he seemed like a natural for so many things important to the Kars and it was hard to understand his lack of success. Tlyf himself had chatted with Horvani in the library, without introducing himself of course, "You could do so much for the nation..." but Horvani seemed uninterested. Actually he was too impatient with the Kars way of doing things.

He went to Hungary on his own, working as an interpreter, or laborer, supposedly to investigate the relationship of Hungarian peoples to the Kars. Whether he discovered anything or just became bored with the subject no one knows. A few years later he turned up in Czechoslovakia describing himself as a 'military engineer.' Since he was not interested in money and did not seem to be a German spy they listened to his ideas. When he began describing some of his prescriptions for lightweight armor their eyes lit up. Shortly thereafter several PELU agents and a Kars' Technician appeared in his hotel room. They pulled down the window shades and in the middle of the night made him go over his formulations and blueprints. While satisfied that he had not replicated the exact Kars' armor specification, they impressed upon him not to improve his design: "If you do, you will find yourself back home in a heartbeat either tending goats at pasture or back in the military... -- If you want to build a better mousetrap you will do it for your nation and not for others."

**1936**

### Visit to Germany

Kelskee was in jail and Bek felt an obligation to visit. The man had served under Bek for many years though had a troubled private life that involved drinking and gambling. He had held the rank of corporal several times, but never for more than a year. This time he had been arrested for fighting, but not over a woman or game of chance. He had been involved with a ring who was selling phony war-surplus, all of it imported and probably pilfered from foreign governments. The fight evolved from an argument over profits and the other man was in the hospital with cracked ribs and assorted other minor injuries.

Bek pulled a stool up to the bars. "Kelskee, Kelskee, Kelskee..." Bek said shaking his head. The Senior Private stood to attention and Bek laughed softly. "Sit down; your time in the Army will not be long..."

Kelskee pleaded with the Khagan for understanding and intercession. He had learned his lesson etc. Bek just shook his head. "This is more serious Mosha," using his first name as he had since Bek was his company commander.

Kelskee attempted one more explanation but Bek waved it away, "Please... don't insult me with bullshit." The soldier hung his head in shame.

"Here you are looking at a year in prison and separation from the Army. And it looks like we might be in a major war soon and you'll be shoveling out stables for drinking money..."

"When my sentence is served I'll join the French Foreign Legion. I'll teach them how to fight, sir," Kelskee declared.

"They are not like us. They build loyalty out of cruelty and indifference... Esprit de corps and elan grows from a vacuum. It's like a son whose father will not acknowledge him. You do more to get his notice and feel pride if the insult is only mild. But if you screw-up there; as you have here, the penalties are more Draconian. And you aren't fighting for your nation... Maybe you don't care about that, I don't know..."

Kelskee said nothing. He thanked the Khagan for visiting him and was sorry for the disappointment. Bek squeezed his arm through the bars. "Be well," and left feeling sadness.

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The nation was still at ease, though news reports from the 'lands of the Goth' caused consternation. It was the New Year; Rosh Hashanah, and everyone, even the agnostics, went to prayer. Synagogues were full, but the Kars style of worship was still outside; under a tent canopy if the weather was bad [rare for this holiday] preferably under the sun, sky<sup>1</sup> and breezes if not. Horns blew intermittently in melodic accentuation of the prayers for forgiveness invoking a good new year. [<sup>1</sup> Tenri 𐌹𐌹𐌺𐌹 of Heaven, 'an earlier name' for the LORD, like El Shaddai אֱלֹהֵי שַׁדַּי God Almighty of the mountain, had left its residue.]

Last evening at home Bek's young daughter Seske climbed into his lap and asked if she could go into the Army when she grew up. "Maybe..."

--But ladies don't go now."

"Not many. But years ago we had a Lady General -- Barsbit. And in ancient days there was Deborah... *'Then sang Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam on that day, saying...'*"

"You told me that story. But how come every girl doesn't go into the Army?"

Bek exhaled, "Well you have to sleep on the ground... Years ago the swords were very heavy; now things are getting lighter. And you don't have to be as strong; just smart." He tapped his temple, "So in the future when we need lots of smart people, women could be in the Army. But you know what would be better?"

"What, Papa?"

"Not to need any armies..."

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Khagan Bek and three senior Sergeants traveled to Germany using mid-level diplomatic passports. Inside Germany they were met informally by a man named 'Karl' from Kars Intelligence [P7 or PELU 𐌹𐌹𐌺𐌹] who spoke flawless German. Assuming they were being watched, Karl bumped into the Khagan at the Bahnhof rail station, asked for the time and admired the Khagan's watch [which actually belonged to the Army ministry]. A conversation ensued during which Karl mentioned his company was involved in motor design and gave Bek a business card. They agreed to meet for dinner later. The dinner was closely watched by unobtrusive P7 agents, and when it was decided that the Sicherheitspolizei [Nazi Security Police] was only watching from a distance [Hotel telephone lines had been tapped] they were able to reduce precautions. "Take a walk with me after dinner..." -- "Certainly Mr. Schmidt [Karl]."

Outside, Bek and Karl walked ahead of the other three. "I have read the reports and understand this is a police state with a long list of undesirables including Judeas but it's not quite as I suspected..." Bek admitted. Almost on cue several mildly intoxicated Storm Troopers in their brown shirts [Sturmabteilung or Storm Section] came into view on a street corner tormenting a teenager with books in his hand. Bek paused as did the men behind him. Karl took the Khagan's wrist and led him, but one of the toughs saw Bek's interest and came up to them. "What do you want, Gypsy?" Another slapped the boy across the face and when the lad dropped the books, he dared him to pick one up and then kicked a book into the gutter. The boy, crying finally ran as the Storm Troopers laughed uproariously. Karl turned to Bek and whispered, "Sir, you'll jeopardize your own mission..." Then he turned to



the hooligans and apologized in German: "These men are foreign diplomats here on business. They do not mean to be intrusive..." The hooligans noticed the three trim and fit men behind Bek and decided this was not going to be worth their time. "Mind your own business foreign trash!" Slowly Bek and his party walked on. "I thought Hitler reduced the power of those people," Bek said. "He decapitated it as a potentially competitive organization. But this is the institutional philosophy of the regime," Karl answered.

The next morning Karl, wearing the uniform of a Major in the Schutzstaffel [SS] picked them up in a staff car. "I have paperwork and passes for us to visit someplace... it's quite a long ride. By the way, you gentlemen are senior members of General Antonescu staff [Romania] who are interested in how we get things done in this country."

It was a six hour drive to the Concentration camp at Dachau. Karl presented his identification, passes and Ministry authorizations at the gates and they were opened for them. They drove to an area near the sea of prisoner barracks. More were being built. "The smell, that's the thing..." Karl said. They sat for 15 minutes and saw ragged and emaciated prisoners being herded in various directions. At least two incidents of whippings by guards on prisoners not showing the proper motivation. "I understand they get by on a few hundred calories a day; though not for long, which is the idea..." Karl said.

Looking off into the distance and seeing nothing but his own righteous rage, Bek spoke aloud, but to himself: "We will have to find a way... -- To fight them without mercy and, God willing, beat them to dust so that the world can see what they have done and who they are."

### 33-84 Committee { 2 }

Bek read and re-read the conclusion of a short essay by the 33-84 Committee: 'Given the nature of Germany's controlling governance of its own peoples, and its harsh, even barbaric, treatment of peoples deemed as *undesirable*, Germany will need to expend considerable resources to maintain any conquests. Such harsh maintenance of *victim-nations* will harden the resistance of its potential enemies; either that or Germany must continue to conquer before its adversaries resist, leaving it with too much contention under its authority. Germany does not have the population or economic resources to maintain a domination over Continental Europe for any extended length of time. It's own approach to control and resistance to integration will undermine efforts to fully utilize conquered resources. Instead, the Committee foresees the growth and dominance of other nations who currently have more limited ambitions. In Eurasia this would mean Russia and elsewhere the United States which has the population and modern infrastructure to dominate on a world-wide scale.'

1937

### Trip to Poland

Bek usually traveled abroad in either civilian clothes or wearing a plain soldier's uniform with no more than seven others: His Sergeant Major and six senior Sergeants. The meeting with Marshall Rydz-Śmigły [or 'Smigly'-Rydz] was to be held in a small cottage on the grounds of a large estate. Pilsudski's death in 1935 meant uncertainty for Poland and Eastern Europe. A group of Polish officers, aristocrats by their imperious and breezy bearing, entered the cottage ignoring the salutes of Bek's Sergeants who had remained outside. Their leader a dashing Colonel approached Bek jovially and extended his hand, "Sergeant Bek, we meet again..." Bek, never one for too much formality accepted the handshake though felt something was wrong. The Colonel made apologies for Marshall Rydz-Śmigły who was

detained with important matters of state and could not attend. The other officers, mostly captains seemed amused. Bek cleared his head. Speaking in a hushed voice barely above a whisper he addressed the assembly. "Gentlemen I did not return to Poland so that the German will stand on your graves as he pisses on your parents and rapes your wives and sisters..." His voice rose slightly, "I did not return to Poland to be insulted by a batman and junior officers. The Kars extend a hand in military friendship, so that Poland will not defend its large borders with its only unique martial feature a four pointed peaked hat...[rogatywka - not entirely correct as the Poles were developing a high-velocity rifle for use against light armored vehicles]" Smiles dropped. The young Colonel flushed. "Bring me someone to negotiate with or you can all be damned!" Bek shouted.

The officers fled after their Colonel who stopped outside the cottage to speak heatedly to one another. A Captain hurriedly returned to the cottage's interior, "Forgive me Marshall Bek, can I get you some tea... or for your men?..." Out of the window, Bek could see the remaining officers studiously retuning the salutes of the Kar Sergeants. Bek declined the tea and the Captain stood at attention as the Marshall paced. "At ease Captain," Bek finally said as watched from the window and prepared to leave.

A tall officer, a Major General hurriedly entered the cottage. He bowed his head, "I'm sorry Khagan Bek, but I am authorized to speak for our Marshall," Bek was amazed. He felt better that Poland had a good intelligence service but made a note to find who near the seat of the government was informing to them. "--We need to meet *here* for security purposes..." "I understand," Bek said. Spies and political reactionaries were everywhere.

"Colonel Walewski did not know the purpose of your visit or much about your status. He shall receive a severe reprimand for his lapses."

"No, no... Please, it's not necessary. Had I met him, before?"

"He led the squadron that crossed the Neris River to hold the Russians where you stopped them."

Bek nodded.

"His father awarded you the Cross of Valour afterwards."

"I'm sorry I was abrupt with him. I would like to make amends later... General why isn't Marshall Rydz-Śmigły here?"

The General peered out of the window at nothing, indicating to Bek that Rydz-Śmigły couldn't reach a decision concerning an alliance with the Kars.

Bek indicated several chairs around a small table. "Let us sit." They sat.

"General, Hitler will take the Sudety Mountains and then eat Poland. That is his intention."

"I don't know his intentions..."

"He is building all of these armaments for show?"

The General appeared ill-at-ease. "Why would the Kars get involved?"

"He wants, eventually, to conquer Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals..."

"There's France," The General protested.

"Have you been there recently? Are they full of fight or dissension? -- Britain they think can be bullied into neutrality; they might be right... -- But he wants to humiliate France before taking new frontiers; lands for breathing... --General, if the iron juggernaut comes east we will become trapped between them and the Russians as you are now."

Bek sat forward on his chair with enough intensity to make his opposite grip his sword handle as if he needed it to hold on. "We propose entering this quiet alliance between you and the Czechs..."

The General's eyes opened as more secrets were spilled. "You will mobilize and cross the Ukraine?"

"We don't need to. Less known the better. We can get 30,000 of our special troops into

Western Poland. Allow us to make the early blows and co-ordinate with you.”

“Thirty thousand is nothing!”

“Special troops; specially equipped; and 30,000 more with the Czechs. It would take us some time but we have unhindered rail access from the Black Sea to your eastern borders...”

The General couldn't contain himself and stood. “Let 30,000 Huns<sup>1</sup> and Judes into mother Poland; --to --to suck our blood!” The General sputtered. [<sup>1</sup>*Kars had often been called ‘Turks’ or ‘Huns’ by others; after the defeat of the Byzantines in Anatolia by the Seljuk Turks, Kars were granted the epithet ‘Hun’ as the latter no longer existed.*]

Bek chuckled as he listened to the reactionary sentiment. “Is 30,000 too much or too little?” He teased.

“You said yourself, sir, they were specially equipped... How would this play in the Sejm [parliament]?”

“It wouldn't. It needs to be Top Secret or there is no point in doing it,” Bek said.

“Secret Kars bases on Polish soil. It could never happen. What have the Czechs said?”

“I'm going there soon. I expect their civilian government will be somewhat more receptive as I will bring with me classified cable-traffic from France, and they, not as proud as you, might prefer a few secret Kar bases rather than occupation and annexation by the Goth... Poland might not fare as well, seeing how you will be surrounded by East Prussia, Russia on your east, the Reich to the West with an annexed Czech dagger in your southern flank. They think the Czechs are *almost* humans, not so the Poles; they consider you ape-men only slightly better than Judes.”

The General let out a long exasperating sigh. He hated politics. “I must talk to Marshall Rydz-Śmigły...”

“I'll be available in Poland for another day or two. May I please see Colonel Walewski?”

Walewski stood at stiff attention along the walk next to his captains as Bek led his small contingent from the cottage. Bek stopped before him, “Forgive me Colonel Walewski, I did not recognize you from the Campaign in '21. It is good to see you.” Then he extended his hand in friendship. The Colonel could not restrain an enormous smile of gratitude and relief. Bek had learned not to make enemies if you didn't have to.

### Chaplain Nemonov

Chaplain Nemonov was a very thin, stooped man of 38 with a small ungainly reddish-brown beard and long thinning hair barely covering the head of a man who was always of kindly spirits, inquisitive, helpful but fairly quiet for a chaplain. He wore wire-frame glasses with thick lenses that magnified his scholarly eyes. One would suspect him of being an aging philosophy student and many voiced surprised to find that he had spent 15 years in the Regular Army. His voice was as mild as his disposition. If a Sergeant or Captain had been harsh with a new soldier they could seek out Chaplain Nemonov to provide explanation or guidance. If the officer was wrong Nemonov would eventually speak to that individual at a later time. As he had no pretensions he seemingly had no fear of normal circumstances.

It was the chaplain who welcomed Cain into the outfit, as the new man with the new device. Nemonov's spirit of friendship, fatherhood even, reduced Cain's anxieties and allowed him to force a grin as he absorbed the teasing and abrupt personalities of the young men he was introduced to. Some were happy to get a radio man. Other inquired of his village if he had one. But there were those who offered trick handshakes and comedic

ridicule even if they meant no harm. Eventually Cain settled into a slope between two oak trees and began setting up a rubberized rain-cover over the radio and his field equipment. The Chaplain began helping him and called over another soldier of similar age, height and education to finish his acclimation. After sundown, the *ont* [זְנוּת oath also: שְׁבוּעָה] ceremony would be conducted by campfire. All soldiers upon assignment to their first unit would make their promise to serve the LORD and his people. Cain would be inducted into the brotherhood of the Army under the guidance of Chaplain Nemonov, who took delight in this part of his duties.

## Turtles { 2 }

Aware of the Czech's urgent efforts to fortify their borders with Maginot-Line type defenses, Horvani came up with a fairly inexpensive 'mobile' fortification concept for areas still unprotected: It was a lightly armored-shell, less than one meter high [about 2 and a half feet] with a thin aluminum floor on wide hard-rubber, caster-like rollers that could be locked down with a brake. It could withstand rifle bullets fired from over 100 meters away as well as shrapnel from exploding artillery and came with convenient places to attach twigs and grass to add to its camouflage. The single 'operator' could pull it by a harness almost anywhere. Lock it down, add more camouflage and climb in the front, pulling a wide weave of rope lattice over the opening to allow weapons to fire out but to prevent grenades from being rolled inside. Horvani had created two weapon systems for the 'portable-cave' as he called it. The first was a belt-fed sub-machinegun which fired a large, but low-pressure, pistol round: the .45 Long Colt [11.43 mm] with tracer-tips. The second was a short-throw 'grenade-cannon' good to 150 meters that fired a slow-moving, moderately high trajectory canister that was quite long: 45 centimeters [almost 18 inches] and filled with white-phosphorus. The Czech military was not highly impressed: "It looks like a turtle-shell." --But it was cheap and required limited manpower and they did not know what they would need against the Germans should they have to fight them. Horvani claimed that one man, trained and so-armed could carry 500 rounds and 5 anti-tank grenade-shells into battle to plug a gap against enemy armor or mechanized infantry. They vaguely understood that he was using the Kars' military doctrine of close-order battle [minus the emphasis on high mobility], but made a decision based on its minimal cost. They allowed him to put together half-platoon of these 'turtles' and made him a Lieutenant. In the spring of 1938 Horvani was promoted to Major and sent to positions near the Dresden-Děčín rail line.

1938

## Czech leader Beneš

Hitler demanded the Sudetenland which were defensible border areas of Czechoslovakia on the pretext that the population there was ethnically German *and antagonistic to Czech sovereignty*. France which had guaranteed Czech borders reneged on its Treaty obligations\* convinced that Britain would remain neutral. Czechoslovakia could not trust the territorial ambitions of its other neighbors Poland, Hungary and Romania as well. Nor was it certain of Slovakian loyalty. Russia had proclaimed its willingness to 'defend' Czechoslovakia but this was viewed with suspicion by many. [\* Czechoslovak-French Friendship Treaty March 4, 1924; Czechoslovak-French Locarno Treaty October 16, 1925; Czechoslovak-French Military Treaty September 14, 1926]

## Bek's private meeting with Czech President Edvard Beneš

They spoke French, the language of 'diplomacy.'

"What's the matter my dear President, you look like you've seen a ghost?" -- "Forgive me Khagan Bek, but you remind me of a Hungarian diplomat I've met... To be frank I thought you would look like a Tartar; and you're European!" -- Bek laughed: "The original nucleus of the Kars may have come from Mongolia with the Huns; but they intermingled with Scythians and similar 'riders-of-the-plains.' And we came to empire from the Caucasus, absorbing the people there. Our languages have changed from Oghur to more conventional Turkic, to Slavic and Hebrew; as our alphabet has evolved; though many documents today are written with Hebrew characters... Sorry for the History lesson; but yes, some of our people do look a little Tartar; but who knows exactly when and from where that was acquired. --Now, I'd like to talk to you about Germany and Hitler if I may..." President Beneš' face drained of color.

The Czech leader related the position his nation was in, having to decapitate itself; removing its only defensible border in order to help the French {and the British} to keep Hitler in good humor.

.... "I think in that case require all citizens of German derivation to sign a loyalty oath to the State... if they refuse expel them; they'll clog the roads ahead of the German Army on their way in." -- Beneš blanched. -- "The Allies... --the French will not approve! -- Hitler will be infuriated..." -- "President Beneš, Hitler will not kill you any less because he is not angry..." -- The Czech leader reflected for several seconds: "Besides, I don't think it is the right thing." Bek couldn't tell if the Czech president was sincere or not.

"Mr. President, there is a story from the middle of the 13th Century. Our people had already retreated into the Caucasus when the Mongol Hordes of Ghengis Khan and his various relatives began ravaging the world. One his hordes demanded a route through the Caucasus and this was granted. Our people went to the tops of the mountains with water and grain and some livestock. But they called up to us to render them greater tribute to show our subjugation. So one morning as they approached a particular mountain pass with 20,000 men we set before them vast kegs of wine and salted beef. The wine had opium mixed in it. And by noon that day our warriors descended and cut off their heads. A few days later another 20,000 Mongols came to the pass and were bombarded by 20,000 heads from the ridges above them, followed by arrows. They left and claimed they could no longer locate that particular pass. Now, I don't know if any of this is true. What is true is that we took refuge in the mountains and kept our people and our culture alive against a force for eradication. This is what you must do, no one can make you want to survive; but if you decide to survive others might help you..."

"Hmm, that story reminds me that you have a reputation as a warlike people..." -- Bek regretted the tale: "Maybe 1400 years ago. As the World War ground on there was some interest in taking advantage of either a weakened Russia or a devastated Ottoman Empire; which way to go? But our King advised that there is an uncontrollable 'blood-lust' going on and we would be wise to stay out of it. And we did."

"Current Involvement in the Spanish Civil War?" Beneš asked. There were over 100 Kars Intelligence [PELU M11] agents in Spain who at times had to fight their way out of control checkpoints set up by either side. But they were there to observe Fascist and especially German military efforts. This was not up for discussion. "Some Kars individuals have volunteered. We broke relations with Spain in the 15th Century over the Inquisition..."

"Tell me Khagan Bek... -- Why is it the remainder of European Jutes has not gone to your country?" -- Bek felt his face flush; it was hard not to reveal some displeasure with the concept; harder to explain it. Beneš seemed to regret asking, but Bek put his hand up, "No it's alright. It's a good question. Here in Prague you have Jude teachers, writers, lawyers, artisans... Would they suddenly abandon their, homes, careers, language to go far away? -- And yes, to do what? A small percentage of our people work in the University or the Hospitals; most work the land or are skilled artisans. The Army is central to our ways..." -- "The German Jutes who can get out are trying to get into the United States," Beneš said. -- "Yes, I don't blame them, the United States like Germany is more cosmopolitan." -- "Have you had any success bringing Jutes out of Germany from the concentration camps?" -- "Not much. The Germans were willing to let some of the old and sick leave; without any of their property of course. But by the time arrangements had been worked out through the Swiss many of these people were dead already..." Bek's face held disgust. -- Beneš opened a new conversational track: "The middle-class Jutes don't want to leave their homes; and yet you say expel the Sudeten Germans..." -- "If they don't pledge their loyalty. How can you extend rights to those who would destroy the rights of everyone? Don't you and your nation have rights too?" They were silent and sipped their tea. Bek assumed that the Czech President; a professional man of the law, was trying to discern his character.

"Tell me, Khagan, do the European Jutes regard the Kars as heretics or incomplete Jutes?" -- "Maybe at one time... Do you know what the Talmud is Mr. President?" -- "Only vaguely." -- "Under our state religion, Rabbis must study the Talmud, but it is a discussion-in-progress; not an absolute. The Rabbinical schools went wild with dissension when it was ruled by Khagan-Moshiach Saul in the 10th century that hunting for food be permitted. Finally, the Chief Rabbi and his board of senior Rabbis decided that avoiding the pain of an animal shot with an arrow was not worth weakening the martial skills of the nation that would extol the name of God and protect his followers. But they admonished that the animal should be slain with the first shot and to the jugular vein. The King said OK and the hunters couldn't read such opinions anyway. And that's the way it is with state religions. Most people believe in God and pray from time to time. Hardly anybody goes out and commits murder. People celebrate the festivals. And that's it. People are not theologians... -- And every time Europeans would go mad with fervor against the infidel-Jutes, some would come to us. And our Army went on alert so that neighboring countries would tone down some of this hatred. We were never considered heretics for very long. And today we are seen more as 'rubies' than anything else, as modernity has weakened tradition." -- "And what about the Protocols..." -- "Of what?" Bek queried. -- "The Elders of Zion?" At first Bek couldn't place the tract and responded to a side-libel: "Jutes are forbidden to consume blood [Leviticus 17:10] and don't eat anything human or pig-like..." -- "No, no the idea that a clique of Jude financiers run the world..." Beneš chided. -- "Oh that one. A fabrication of Russian Intelligence borrowed from various fictions... --Who is it who is demanding the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia or the removal of the Danzig corridor, Rothschild or Hitler? Is Krupp Jude? How about IG Farben who is whispering into the Führer's ear which Czech industries it wants..." Beneš could see that Bek was getting angry and he regretted testing the Khagan's mettle.

Bek didn't like to have to talk so much; to strain at being urbane and charming. Finally it wore away at him; either that or Beneš was too much an attorney. "Look. Hitler wants your country and then Poland, and then I don't know... his appetite is profound." He said nothing for over a minute. "I was in Germany in '36. Even managed an unscheduled visit to one of those 'camps'... They are murderers..." -- Beneš wagged his head. Bek felt impatience. "Tell France to eat snails. Hold on to the Sudety Mountains at all costs. Let us help you. Let us hold the Poles to an alliance. We'll fight the Germans here and soon, rather than later when the cancer has metastasized. --- And that's it." His hands were in the air as if he were a magician finished with a conjuring act. Beneš was surprised: "But there is much to work out..." -- Bek nodded: "My Chief of Staff will be here whenever you

wish.”

“You will fight on our behalf and gain nothing?” Beneš asked. -- Bek shrugged: “Kars Fight! Kars Varsha! [ԿԱՐՍԻ ՄԱՐՍԻԱ] Literally ‘Kars *make* War.’ It’s the best deal you’re going to get. You must decide if Czechs will bleed a little for their country or would prefer surrender and humiliation; I can’t decide that for you...” President Beneš thought for a moment and rose as Bek turned to leave: “Please Khagan Bek, I realize that this is an inconvenience, but could you return at 6:00 this evening for a meeting including my Prime Minister General Jan Syrový? I promise you it will be brief and to the point... He is away at this hour and I apologize for lacking foresight in this matter...” -- “Certainly,” Bek replied.

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Bek dined alone in a private dining room on the second floor of the Czech Ministry of the Interior. A senior diplomat made inquiries concerning his meal and beverages, but thought his own station insufficient to sit with a foreign Head of Government. Bek was both annoyed at the protocol and satisfied that he wouldn’t have to do much more talking. “I take it, your excellency you will not take any dairy with your coffee?” Bek was asked. The Khagan couldn’t help himself, and laughed. “Your honor,” Bek addressed the diplomat, “Most of us Kars do not believe in the separation of Cheese and Steak. Abstention from pork is enough. If the Lord and his angels could dine upon calf and curd and milk with father Abraham [Genesis 18:8] it should be good enough for me...” -- The diplomat could think of no excuse for his intrusive misinformation. “Please, sir, sit down and keep me company. And have a plate as there is too much food for one person.” Bek motioned to the empty place next to him. He would make friends where he could. The diplomat sat stiffly next to the Khagan and to make him feel more at ease Bek began to chat: “The prohibition of taking dairy within six hours of consuming meat is an embellishment, or amplification, of not boiling a young goat in its mother’s milk [Deuteronomy 14:21].” -- “And why the amplification, Khagan Bek?” -- Bek shrugged, moving a clean plate over to the gentleman after filling it from the serving dish: “Somewhere it says the followers of the Lord are a holy people...[Deuteronomy 7:6]; though in the early days there was some debate over the nature of the ‘laws’ [Jeremiah 7:22 Ezekiel 20:25].” -- “And you, sir, believe...” -- “That all humanity should know the Lord and be a holy people,” Bek began, “and if not, then we should kill them,” The Khagan smiled showing that he was not entirely serious.

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Bek had met General Syrový previously when the Kars had been interested in the Czech vz. 24 8mm rifle; revolutionary ZH-29 semi-automatic rifle and ZB vz. 26 light automatic weapon. Small quantities had been bought and tested and still remained in inventory but were generally believed to be too heavy for extensive field operations.<sup>1</sup> There were only the three of them sitting at a moderately sized round table. They spoke a combination of French and German, occasionally if there was a lapse into Czech, which Bek was not fluent with, he would answer in Polish and the languages would change. “First off there is the problem of Zaolzie,” Beneš said, “The Poles will not cooperate with us...” -- “So give it back. The equation is 900 square kilometers to Poland or 140,000 square kilometers to Germany; which will it be?” Bek demanded. -- “Right now Hitler is only demanding 28,000 square kilometers...” General Syrový said with a minimum betrayal of emotion. -- “A mere 20%... The Sudety Mountains; and your border defenses...” Bek noted, “And he will then walk into the rest; just weeks ago he annexed Austria [Anschluss] - almost on the second anniversary of his remilitarization of the Rhineland... Look, Gentlemen I will make a speech and put my cards on the table: The German officer corps appreciates Hitler -- he’s given them work and status. Officers who had been clerking are now back in uniform; Lieutenants and Captains are now Majors and Colonels. But the General Staff is uneasy with him. First of

all he is of the wrong class and country: An Austrian-born Corporal at the helm of a Prussian aristocratic class used to goose-stepping [stechmarsch] for the Kaiser [*Caesar*; emperor]. Secondly, the General Staff must make projections for all contingencies [Bek noticed General Syrový nodding ] and the German Army does not think fighting their way through the Czech border will be easy; they are convinced that a broad attack on both Czechoslovakia and Poland simultaneously will be such a strain on resources that it will unravel into a long war. An aggressive Eastern War and Defensive Western War, against France, will be a war that Germany will lose and they know this. However, the French are not prepared to fight. They believe they have an insufficient number of modern aircraft for an advantage. They have tanks but few radios.” -- “We have tanks and an Air Force,” Syrový interjected. -- “Your armor will be useful for maintaining martial law in the Sudetenland and perhaps, if needed, in Slovakia. Your newer armor for mopping up infantry incursions. Your Air Force is outclassed but suitable for aerial observation. I want to go back to Poland with Czech senior Military liaison and a diplomat to work out returning Zaolzie and setting up coordination with the Poles.” Beneš made a face as he had a personal distaste for the Polish Foreign Minister. “My Chief of Staff can be here the day after tomorrow to map out coordination between us. We will need approximately 30 secluded and secret military reservations for our forces... You need to go to full mobilization and quash the Nazi provocateurs in your border regions...” -- “Do you have an Air Force? I know about the abilities of your commandos and intelligence agents; but Air Power?” General Syrový asked. Bek went stone mute. “Are we in business?” Bek inquired. “And if not?” Beneš asked, possibly for the benefit of his Army chief and Prime Minister. -- “If not, in months there will be no Czechoslovakia. In a year no Poland; next either France or the Ukraine. Eventually we will be left with our arch-enemy Russia and our ‘race’-enemy the Nazis. We rank higher on the list of unter-menschen\* than you do... [\* Nazi terminology for *under-people*; inferior races fit for slavery - until extermination]” - - “So where do we leave this?” President Beneš asked. Bek slumped backward in his seat trying to hold back his emphatic urgency, as it might scare them: “Issue an ultimatum along the lines I have suggested. Regardless of ethnicity, loyalty is expected of all citizens; otherwise expect expulsion. Continued German provocation will result in war; and I never use that word lightly. And don’t look to France for approval; they won’t. Instead demand that the French explain their actions, and denounce them politely as disingenuous... I know you are worried about the reactions of your citizens; but stoke their patriotism and not their dependency.” -- “Easy for you to say; your citizens are thousands of kilometers away,” General Syrový retorted. -- “Under the bosom of Russia; and we will fight for you and Poland even though our relationships are often uneven...” -- Beneš asked the leading question: “You seem to have intelligence information that has literally read the future...” Bek flushed and they knew it was true. -- “Yes, I do,” Bek admitted.

<sup>1</sup>The *gyvar* was similar in weight to the ZB vz. 26 but had far greater functionality. Kars mobile infantry tactics emphasized close encounters and preferred fast-moving formations without machineguns. Kars military attaches during the World War were amazed at Central Power infantry forces carrying Mauser or Mannlicher rifles of 1.2 meters in length [4 feet] accurate to 600 meters. One attaché said: ‘Might as well carry a flag-pole so the artillery can better find them.’

### 33-84 Committee { 3 }

Bek thought he might as well add to his quandaries, and read the latest publication of the 33-84 Committee: ‘The existence and independence of the Kars is almost an historical anomaly given the strength of their neighboring rivals. The civil-war of the Ninth Century [The facts of which are hidden in obscurity] followed by the re-alignment of the Byzantines and the Varangian Rus, *concomitant with the uncertainties inherent in the constant new arrivals upon the Steppe*, could have brought an end to the Kars. The hereditary Kingship’s [transferred to Saul as a new dynasty?] Rechabite pledge not to live in houses or *Palaces* [which had appeal to the Kars’ notions of its own beginnings] did much to diminish the burden of



taxation and concentration of power by commercial interests. This pledge may have been a rectification for excesses that brought about the civil war in the first place. Thus an inadvertent dynamo was created in which individuals of great business acumen would emigrate, but would be replaced by immigrants [Judes] seeking relief from persecution and mayhem. There will be a point in the future where the Kars will need the certainties of a modern industrial nation in order to survive. Representative government may be an answer for them, but during times of crises the government along with the King, transfers much authority to the office of the Khagan. Whether the success of this has been dependant upon luck or upon moderate cultural mores is unclear.'

Ironically, there was also a letter from the Committee asking Bek, as head of Government, to open the ancient archives pertaining to the Ninth Century for historical research. Bek phoned Lars Gyttjason who was the acting Chairman [which rotated every six months among the three]. Professor Gyttjason was surprised to hear from the Khagan. After some congratulatory pleasantries Bek told him: "I may be the formal head of Government [not Head of State], but if it has nothing to do with the Army or defense it's not up to me. You could approach the Antiquities Division of the National Museum... [They had nothing there.]... I think, unfortunately, there are no archives. Either nobody wrote down why they were conspiring against whom; or they were lost or destroyed. We've moved quite a bit, you know. Some of that stuff has found its way into stories and religious lore or foreign correspondence..." -- "Much of the scholarship about the Kars is in the hands of others," Gyttjason said, "especially the Russians, and some of it is fairly dreadful..." -- "Such as..." - Reluctantly Gyttjason read him part of a monograph: '*Jude* mercantile interests from Persia co-opted the weakening Kars leadership, which overtime was further diluted with intermarriage... The Kars never possessed a true national dynamic...' " -- "What could one expect? The Russians feel blighted that we were here first [as a nation] while they were tended by *Swedish* mercantile interests; no offense." -- Gyttjason chuckled, "Interesting..." -- "Yet, they have a huge country -at our expense- and the thing is, for all of their adoration of Rabbi Yeshu [Христос, Иисус - Kristos eYsus - Christ, Jesus] if it were not for us, the Rus would be Muslims." -- "True..." Gyttjason said. -- Bek exhaled, "I wish there were State Archives going back to our beginnings. Though maybe it would be less inspiring than what we *want* to believe..."

The centuries-long boiling disdain<sup>1</sup> for Judes [and Kars-Judes] in Russia had become a predominating national policy in Germany, Bek reflected. He vowed to make sure the Army was ready. [<sup>1</sup> Russian Judes were confined to areas of Belarus and could not own property unless they had completed a career in the Russian Army. There was a quota restricting admission to higher education and the practice of professions was limited. Direct emigration to the Land of the Kars was also forbidden.]

### Meeting Allies

At a clearing at the edge of a forest Polish forces came to meet the Kars. Bek, wearing a Field-Marshal's uniform for the occasion wore his Polish Cross of Valor displayed prominently. Behind Bek stood perhaps a hundred men; pilots, mechanics and commandos wearing various uniforms. The Polish formation was at least half a battalion. It marched off the road and took position on the near hill on the other side of the clearing. A few minutes later a staff car approached and to Bek's surprise Marshall Rydz-Śmigły himself, festooned with decorations, was present along with former Colonel Welewski who was now a Brigadier General. The Polish leader approached Bek slowly with Welewski several steps behind and to his right. The Polish Marshall seemed reluctant and stopped one meter from Bek. Rydz-Śmigły nodded "Khagan Bek." "Marshall Rydz-Śmigły," Bek replied.

Marshall Rydz-Śmigły appeared averse to being personable. He couldn't help notice the Polish medal that Bek wore and almost as an afterthought stepped forward to offer his still-gloved hand to Bek for a quick and limp handshake. It appeared that his formal duty completed he was going to return to his car. Bek spoke with authority: "Polska Walcze! [Poland Fights *walczy!*]" He declared offering a battle-cry. Surprised Rydz-Śmigły repeated the phrase almost conversationally, but the Polish troops roared their approval and shouted "Polska Walczy!" as they cheered and waved their rifles in the air. The cheer was echoed by the Kars on the other side who added: "Kars Varsha! [Kars Fight!]: and "Yehoodem L'helachem [Judes Fight! יהודים להלחם ]"

Rydz-Śmigły stepped closer to Bek and looking to one side and then the other almost shrugged. Bek understood that 'Jude-Huns' on Polish soil upset the Field Marshall's universe and threatened his coalition with others even more reactionary than himself. "So, Bek will we hold them till the French and English can attack?"

"The French and English will not attack on behalf of anything that happens here..." For the first time Rydz-Śmigły looked into Bek's eyes. Bek nodded reassuringly "We will cut the Goth off at the knees and your forces will come in for the kill to disembowel the son-of-a-bitch." Rydz-Śmigły made a face that was impossible to read. By now Polish and Kars troops were mingling, shaking hands and trying to converse. Walewski stepped forward to salute and then shake hands with Bek.

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As twilight faded into a temporal darkness Bek spoke with a gathering of Kars commanders and a few pilots and ground troops who were nearby or could be spared: "Look, you are all smart people or you wouldn't be here. You've read a newspaper and heard a radio... It's simple, we have to kill Hitler or he will kill us... all of us... our parents and our children. Better to do it here in Poland than back on our farms with Russia watching... We will have to kill his soldiers too... some of them are very crazy; you could read a hundred books and not know exactly why -- but we know why; we are Kars and we are Judes - that's why... -- But some will look like your brother-in-law, or your cousin, and we have to kill them too. That's the part that will always be a question to you, but you will do it, as it has to be done... The Chaplain will say prayers with you... I will say my own prayers too, always... For the nation." A hundred voices repeated with quiet certainty: "For the nation." Then Bek went to Czechoslovakia to do the same thing.

### The Operative { 1 }

Her name was Aninna but currently she was called Rosa *in-trade*. She was not a beauty; sturdily built with dark hair and eyes. Tall. There was something about her, a confidence, a strength, a powerful secret that made men want to talk to her, to forget their wives and children for awhile. Her code name had originally been *Rehab* then *Jael*; but Tlyf thought that too obvious, as well as potentially demeaning, and made it more innocuous calling her *Rhinoceros* as it reminded him of her obstinacy. Tlyf had been a little bit in love with her at one time and had even considered resigning his position. The Khagan himself, while meeting her after the King gave him the Western Title of 'Field Marshall' was somewhat mesmerized and adopted a stiff formality in her presence.

Kars intelligence services in Spain began in 1470 with the forced-conversion or approaching expulsion of Judes and Muslims from that country [1492]. One of the first 'spies' had been the woman *Leah* of Berber-Judes, whose family fled the Atlas Mountains of North Africa after their kingdom lost the war to the Arabs bringing Islam. They had excelled in Spain with

its relative tolerances until the tolerance was no more and the ‘minorities’ were to be eliminated one way or the other. Kars intelligence services [an informal network of the King of the Kars headed by a Minister] had been established to preserve the lives of Jude and Muslims either under-cover in Spain, or to help evacuate them to the Caliphate\* or to the Land of the Kars. [\*After the 14th Century when the Ottoman Turks dominated Islam, the Kars were often - *though not always*- on friendly terms with them.] Leah’s family had stayed in Spain masquerading as *Conversos* while observing Jude customs in secret. For hundreds of years these families had survived with public and private identities and had remained in contact with the Land of the Kars, reporting on conditions there<sup>1</sup>. From among this select group Aninna came, attending University in the Kars’ capitol and quickly coming to the attention of the PELU [ מַלְאכִים ].

[<sup>1</sup>Information concerning Spanish cargoes and naval formations during the 16th Century had been passed to the English.]

Tlyf had brought her in for training knowing she would make a good *asset*; a “source;” but it wasn’t until after he interviewed her at length that he thought she would make a first-class regular agent; an *operative*. The problem was since 1923 all P7 regular personnel had to complete the 26 week Commando course\* which was physically demanding. [\*From 1913 till 1923, Commandos, and there weren’t many, had to complete an 18 week PELU Course. To become an actual Commando after 1923 one had to be recommended after serving a minimum of 3 years in either the infantry or the cavalry; complete the 26 week course and either serve during peacetime with a Commando unit for a minimum of 2 years and be recommended for the esteemed badge, or during wartime be in action with a Commando unit.] Aninna in her calm and persuasive way told Tlyf, of course she would take the Commando training; she would have it no other way. Tlyf for reasons he couldn’t understand found himself in agreement. The Kars became one of the first nations in the modern era to train female combatants in elite methodology; even if it was so secret the world, or the nation, would never know.

First Commando trials involved self-timed hikes of 20 kilometers to build stamina. The final individual pre-trial was the 150 kilometer cross-country trek equipped with two canteens, four ration bars, a compass and topographical map. These ordeals were conducted alone. Self-reliance and ability to function without conversation were more important qualities to the creation of the Commando than contrived team-work. Team-work in operations was taught repetitiously when trainees were deemed ready. Next came training in Jujutsu in which trainees learned 50 basic strategies with 5 variations each in unarmed self-defense and practiced 10 hours a day, 6 days a week, until each variation of each move had been performed 1,000 times. Next they were taught Kars hand-to-hand combat which could not be practiced upon one another as each move was lethal. Running and weight-lifting as well as calisthenics were practiced as ‘off-duty’ recreation. The trainee who did not practice would either have to be very fit or would suffer in the formal training. Next came weapons familiarization followed by tactics and coordination. Commando trainers saw no value in allowing trainees to improvise what they did not know creating conflict and argument. Every situation had several strategies which were taught many times. Kars Commando training refused to let students ‘learn’ the wrong way under regimes of artificial stress in order to attempt to re-learn the correct way also under artificial stress. There was no reason to speak demeaningly to a trainee either. [If you want children, teach nursery school; if you want warriors, teach professionals]. Along the way, Commando-candidates learned about ‘Building the House:<sup>1</sup>’ Commandos needed to be able to pass a great deal of time in silence. Exercises taught how to survey every clump of grass or noise, or odor in order to detect patterns of difference from the ordinary. Then there would be vast hours where the Commando might not be on primary watch, but not asleep either. Here one learned the rhythm of the internal clock and how to use it with automatic survey-for-change and to engage in isometrics and mental exercises such as the step-by-step building of a boat or a house,

machining a rifle barrel, forging a knife, writing a book etc. Methods for invoking the unconscious process of maintaining the energy reserve for immediate action were taught. The individual without a life-of-the-mind would not make a good fit for the Commandos. Drinking and braggadocio were not encouraged even on leave. The candidates were already the best-of-the-best and encouragement was the goal of the Trainers. Drop-out was almost entirely the choice of the trainee, and oftentimes the trainers would tell the candidate: "Give it another week. The only thing holding you back is you. We are behind you; you can do it..." Still only 65% of the *crème de la crème* finished the 26 week course. Aninna finished at the top of her class.

[<sup>1</sup> Part of the 'Tree-Exercises:' You are still, strong, vigilant and are part of nature, noticing, but not being noticed.]

### **Bek with King Again**

Bek was in his field headquarters 40 kilometers outside the capital. It was a rough complex of small, camouflaged bunkers. Disguised radio aerials sprouted from nearby trees. Dusk had just given way to night and the netting was pulled off of the few anti-aircraft machine cannons in a semicircle along the western perimeter. The Sergeant Major intruded upon Bek, "Sir the King is here. He wishes to speak with you." Surprised, he left the dimly lit bunker and saw several of the commandos speaking with the King's guards holding the reigns of many horses. A dark tent had been set up to the side of the compound. Bek was ushered into the tent through a side flap.

Inside, dark as usual, Bek could make out the King and an empty chair to the King's right. Behind the King were several rabbis sitting on chairs. Bek took his seat as the King spoke:

"Greetings my dear sir. I hope we don't intrude at too sensitive a time..."

"No, my ki..."

"-- I thought it best to confer before we enter battle," the King interrupted. Bek sat quietly.

"There is a private ceremony that we are advised to perform..." The King said.

Bek could see an aged religious leader, perhaps one of the few remaining shamans of The Lord, a Levite or Kenite or even a Ka-r moving slowly to his right side.

"We must stand, you first," the King said with some hesitancy looking to the old man.

Bek stood, then the King stood and the religious leaders surrounded them. The flickering candles grew more dim with the people in front of them. Two ancient swords were brought out and one was given to the King who placed the flat of its blade on Bek's head, the other was placed in Bek's right hand and bent across his chest. The King spoke: "I call upon you, Khagan Bek to arise..."

Bek's hearts sank hearing the ancient title spoken with formal authority. The King continued, "to defeat our enemies, save our nation, protect our peoples in all lands and preserve our ways so that we may serve Almighty God our Lord." Bek stood mute, not knowing what to do. "Do you so swear to lead us?" "I do..." Bek said hoarsely. "Please be seated," the King said. The swords were removed by the religious leaders and Bek sat remembering the legends from pagan days of the ancient Khagans who were ritually executed if they were unsuccessful.

"Do you know that you are in-part descended from the Ashina clan?" The King asked. Bek flushed with panic as if after all this he had been mistaken for somebody else. He wished he were a Sergeant again, sitting in the dark with his rifle. His mouth opened to deny the claim but before he could speak the King put a finger on his sleeve. "Your father probably told you that you were simply soldiers," The King said.

"Yes, partially of Jude origin..."

“During the 9th Century when our empire was at its greatest size and power there was unrest and rebellion. Success often breeds failure... As some of our confederate tribes and peoples left for new lands the ruling classes entered into long feuds...”

Bek was mystified. He didn't *want* to be Ashina. He never imagined his forebears coming from deep inside Asia; from so far away from his homeland. Yet he was aware of the nearly mystical reverence for the ancient warrior-leaders who had formed the nucleus of their peoples.

“I have kept you long enough. Thank you... Arise Khagan Bek and defend our nation,” The King said. Bek stood abruptly, facing the King, who also stood as did all the religious leaders. It seemed as if they were waiting for Bek to speak. “The Best for the Nation!” Bek declared and the assembly nodded and repeated it as if there were recruits. Bek turned and left the tent as the religious leaders invoked blessings. If he didn't have so much to do he might have poured a strong drink and fantasized about going far away.

### 33-84 Committee { 4 }

Bek read another essay-summary from the 33-84 Committee:

The quasi-historical formation of the Tribe of Judah [*Shabet Yahuda* שבט יהודה] involved the coalition of tribes and peoples such as the Kenites, Jerahmeelites, and large Edomite clans *or tribes* particularly the Kenizzites [קניז *Kenaz* meaning **hunter** and Calebites]. The later absorption of the Benjaminites brought the *Gibeonites* as well. Several cities of settled peoples [most likely of partial Hurrian backgrounds] were eventually incorporated into Judah: *Gibeon* [as mentioned], Kephirah, Beeroth and Kiriath-Jearim, often with cultic, religious affiliations passing between them; [Edom itself had supplanted the ‘Horites’ at Seir]. The largest city added to Judah was Jerusalem taken in alliance with the original inhabitants, the Jebusites, who were possibly at least partially Hurrian. The Jebusite High-Priest supervised the nascent Temple cult [which was not monotheistic at this point]; and their local King accepted a high position in the new national government. Judah formed approximately 100-150 years *after* the Israelite Confederation. The two entities had shared a Levitical shaman cult which probably came out of Egypt during the later period of Canaanite supremacy in Northern [Lower] Egypt. The unification of these two confederations did not last long.<sup>1</sup> The legends of Israelite [*and Judahite*] beginnings are unusually humble, identifying themselves as wanderers into a new land [Hebrews, Habiru] migrants and former-slaves. Which brings to mind the SA.Gaz or Hapiru, Habbatum, Sagasu which were labels from the Fertile Crescent to Egypt for migrant workers capable of being robbers and murders [SA.Gaz is thought to mean smash to the head]. Many of these ‘illegals’ were Hurrians; in fact many of the people entering Canaan and other areas of the Levant were coming from Anatolia, the Armenian Plateau and the Caucasus, absorbing the language and cultural as they made themselves permanent. So, who are the Judeans? Descendants of the Jebusite elite who became the Judahite elite; or the descendants of poor farmers and herders? The answer, perhaps, is both. With the loss of their country the Judeans are constantly losing membership, not only through violence but through cultural and national attrition. They lose the people-of-the-land first, and the more knowledgeable last [this could change within a tolerant society].

[<sup>1</sup> Saul, the more honorable king was afflicted with mental illness as well as bad luck. ‘David’ - perhaps this is a title meaning Marshall- was a far shrewder warrior-politician and bypassing the stronger clans of Judah used Philistine allies [Gath- גת; *Kreti*- כְּרֵתִי; *Pleti*- פְּלִתִי <sup>1A</sup>], among others, to help secure an independent capital as a stepping stone to domination of Judah *and* Israel. His son named after the Jebusite city-god Shalem brought ruination to the unified country which dissolved shortly after his death. <sup>1A</sup> Invading ‘Sea-Peoples’ from Crete like many of the ‘new’ inhabitants to

The Kars had a similar route to nationhood. Again, the knowledge of their beginnings are quasi-historical taken not from their own writings, but the notations of others. Several Hunnish tribes, sometimes in confederation, and sometimes with adversarial hostility, came to frequent the area of the 'Silk Road;' the trading route from China to Persia. Absorbing Sarmatian [and Scythian] elements, several of these groups staked out a territory to the North of the Silk Road on the Eastern side of the Caspian Sea of the Caucasus and growing stronger [relatively quickly] by incorporating new peoples from the Caucasus [later the Crimea] either as allies, adherents, advisors or vassals dominated the North-South river-trade routes as well as the areas to the North and East of the Black Sea. Their fortunes have waxed and waned with the arrival of more powerful [though transitory] peoples. They, like the Judees, are not the peoples they came from, neither in race or ethnicity, or original language or original religion. But over so much time have coalesced into a definitive people, made strong by the fact of their land and need to protect it and themselves from hostile encroachment.

**Elie Kiloğlu, Acting Chairman**

Always interested in an outsider's informed opinion Bek phoned Kiloğlu to ask bluntly how the Kars would fare in a war against Germany: The Acting Chairman of the 33-84 Committee assumed that such a war would be defensive, which meant to Bek that operational secrecy was adequate: “-- Well, Khagan, we have been looking at it, and even drew up a map around the mountains [of the Caucasus - *Kafkas Kaja-Särt*] we assume that the Kars nation could hold out for two years inflicting substantial German casualties. -- If enough prisoners were taken, perhaps 25,000 or more, it might inhibit the Germans from dropping poison gas which we assume they would otherwise do...” -- “And eventually, the Germans would have to go home,” Bek prompted. -- “Yes, they do not have the unlimited resources to hold a recalcitrant Eastern Europe on the Asian border, forever, regardless of what the Western ‘allies’ do.” -- “What if the Russians could hold out; they live next door...” -- “Yes, Khagan. In the aftermath of such a war, it is unlikely that the Kars could return to anything resembling the independence they now have even with substantially truncated borders... Would you like a copies of our maps?” -- “Yes, thank you...”

As Rosa González Renovado, Aninna possessed credentials as a member of the Sección Femenina [women's section] of the Spanish Falange [Fascist party], and as such had met *then* Captain Reinhard Müller of the German Condor Legion in Aragon during the Spanish Civil War. Müller had been promoted several times and was currently an Oberstleutnant [Lt. Colonel] and serving as an aide to Generaloberst Ludwig Beck, chief of the German General Staff. And 'Rosa' was now in Germany.

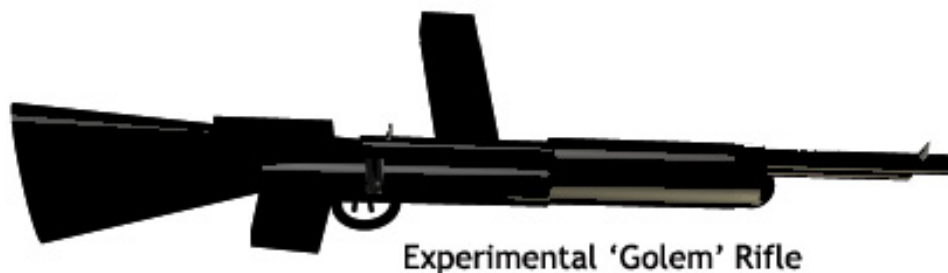
They took a room together in medium sized inn. While alone, 'Rosa' noticed a thin, extra wire-set coming out of the electric lamp and down to the floor where it disappeared into the wall by the molding. She spotted the microphone under the light bulb and her heart sank. But logic told her that it might not be *her* they were interested in. Reinhard was in a buoyant mood made more so by the French wine he brought home. They drank and chatted. "The General Staff seems anxious about the Chancellor [Hitler]... I think they'd like to arrest him, either that or we will be attacking before we're ready..." Rosa was interested in the subject but not in the room. She shushed him. "Suddenly you don't like hearing about the military's politics?" He asked stoking her leg. "Darling, you know I'm a good fascist... You'll tell me later..." She held his head. She heard the movement of two men in the hallway, [PELU training] and rose quickly. "I want some ice in my drink..." she said picking up the ice-pick from its bucket. -- "Since when did you dilute good wine..." There was an abrupt knock on the door. "Yes?" Rosa asked. -- "Open! [öffnen]" -- "Just a moment, I need to put something on..." Rosa said, moving toward the lamp as loud pounding cracked against the door. -- "What are you doing?" Reinhard asked, both alarmed and befuddled. Rosa yanked the second set of wires out of the wall and put her finger to her lips and pointed to the wall between them and the next room. Then she opened the door. Two men, both Gestapo types. PELU training kicked in: There were coincidences; but there were also points of departure from covert behavior. She believed she was at an 80% confidence level for departure. The two men were stepping into the room. The shorter one in front looking up at her, the taller man behind sizing up Reinhard: "Oberstleutnant Müller?" Point-of-departure: attack. Rosa stepped forward on her right foot and smashed the shorter man in the front of his neck with the bottom of her hand's palm crushing his windpipe and sending him to the floor. Then she shoved the taller man into the door jam where he momentarily lost his balance and leaned into the wall. With her left hand she brought the ice-pick through his skull from his right ear canal. He shuddered and collapsed to the floor. She turned over the one choking on the ground, shifted the ice pick into her right hand and jabbed it through the man's skull from where it joined the spine. He writhed violently with wrenching spasms as he expired. She dragged the second man's corpse inside the room and closed the door. Reinhard was ghostly. "Wha, wha, what..." -- She slapped him lightly across the face. "Listen, Reinhard, I care for you deeply... but I am employed by the Army to protect you... You need to get out of the country. I can get you documents. You'll go to Sweden, we'll contact you there [PELU will]. She put some folded papers in the shorter one's pockets. "What's that?" Reinhard asked. -- "Homosexual pornography and S.A. [*Sturmabteilung* Storm-Unit or troops] literature... if they think one's a cracked egg they won't work as hard to solve the case..." Reinhard stood transfixed. "Look there's at least one more next door," Rosa whispered, "We haven't much time. As the Army doesn't trust Hitler, Hitler doesn't trust the Army. You have to go." -- "I can't run; I can't betray my country..." he stammered. -- "Reinhard you already have," she pointed to the dead Gestapo men, "this is your country. Now listen to me. Put on your business suit and throw some things in a bag... If they get you it won't be pretty; they'll take pliers to your testicles. Now hurry."

From the front desk, as Reinhard fidgeted nervously, Rosa calmly called 'The Moving Company:' "Karl, darling... Rosa. How are you? -- Listen I promised you could stay at my place for a few days; yes... But I have to leave. Something very unexpected. But, please do come! You have the key, correct? [They didn't, but didn't need one]. I'm afraid I am leaving the place in a *frightful* mess! You may want to check with my next door neighbor; you might find it helpful... See you soon!" -- She squeezed Reinhard's hand as they left. "I don't feel like I know you..." he sputtered. "How many did you kill in Spain, Reinhard? You are not an innocent." She looked at him with her brilliant eyes. "That was different; and I wasn't a fugitive," he said. -- They walked briskly passing an approaching van. "While you were being a good staff officer, darling, your superiors were involved in an internal intelligence operation that bypassed the National Socialist Party. That made you suspect; that's all: The fortunes of war and politics."

The Moving Company had been shadowing Rosa and was at the Inn within seven minutes. They found her neighbor, a wire-tap specialist with the **Geheime Staatspolizei** [Covert State Police] or *Gestapo* packing up his things. He had assumed that the two agents were bringing Oberstleutnant Reinhard Müller in for interrogation. Karl, in a business suit, showed the man his arrest-warrant tag as well as Classified Identification signed by Himmler himself. He wrote down the man's name [Bruno Troddel] and instructed him to return to headquarters and say nothing. Picking the lock to Rosa's room took 16 seconds. They stripped the corpses of all identification. "Look at this, pornography and..." -- "That's Rosa's doing. Might be useful though." There were minimal amounts of blood to clean up, and the ice pick was washed and returned to the bucket.

The shorter Gestapo agent was found several days later in an alley off the Reeperbahn red-light district in Hamburg bound in a leather harnesses under his trench-coat. The taller man was never found, having been made into fertilizer at a processing plant. The **Geheime Staatspolizei** suspected that the agent had been compromised by Military Intelligence [*Abwehr*] and tipped off Müller. The shorter agent was stricken from the rolls of the agency with no comments.

### The Golem Project



Khagan Bek met with Sar-eleph Hreger of the Commandos regarding the Golem<sup>1</sup> [גולם] project. It grew out of concern of being overwhelmed by German and Russian forces should all buffers be lost and all strategies fail. Design of a new rifle was involved: Development models fired a 6.5 mm 120 grain bullet propelled to 732 meters-per-second with 28 grains of propellant. The firearm was a semi-automatic bullpup-design that was loaded with a 12 round clip [similar methodology as the M1 Garand] from the top of the stock forward of the bolt-carrier group at the back-end. It was short and dual-triggered to also fire full-automatic from a side-loaded 30 round magazine firing the improved version of the .32 Winchester [auto-carbine] round. Blank rifle rounds could be manually inserted directly into the main chamber through a side panel in order to fire grenades. Using high-strength light-weight alloys the rifle weighed 3.2 kg [slightly more than 7 pounds]. The real engineering feat was the full body armor which had to be engineered with a 30° rounding or slope and involved over 40 flexible joints. [Only the top, or 'outside,' of the hands were fully armored; inside gloves were flexible small-weave chain-mail against shrapnel.] The body-suit weighed 56 kilograms [almost 125 pounds]<sup>2</sup> and was not intended for typical infantry maneuvers. Strong, but shorter-statured Commandos were used in the testing of the concept. The men moved and fought from prone positions, obviously with speed somewhat above torpor. The armor was camouflaged and after testing, the Commandos and their commanders believed that 30 men, so equipped, could defend an urban center from battalion-sized incursions of assault troops, until ammunition was exhausted; a hundred men could hold a mountain pass against a regiment-sized incursion. Bek liked the new rifle but knew that they were having trouble producing enough of the "En-Sten .303-9" or "E-S" to shift to a new, not fully tested design.



As far as the armored-suit Bek would rather produce more airplanes. -- “And if the 4B Attack aircraft should fail in combat?” Hreger asked, “We could produce a lot more of these suits than airplanes.” -- “That’s true Sar-eleph, but we’re getting away from our doctrine of mobility and fast penetration; men like these can not crawl to Berlin or Moscow dragging 10,000 cartridges behind them.” -- “Yes, Khagan. But if the devil is at our gates we can’t let him in.” -- Bek nodded. “You’re right. Continue with testing and refinements... Perhaps this new rifle might be chambered for the Mauser 8mm round as well as staying with the Sten [9mm Luger].” -- “It will add to the weight and increase recoil; but I see what you are thinking; let the destroyed-enemy bring re-supply of ammunition...” -- “And look here...” Bek locked the bolt back, “One more lever and the follower with the magazine-spring can be depressed and locked-down. Then the soldier can easily and quickly drop in loose cartridges. Once at the top, release the bolt and then release the follower and magazine spring; you’re in business! -- If the top round didn’t catch; charge the bolt.” -- Hreger was impressed: “Look at that, so simple...” He exhaled, “You know what propels me in this project, Khagan?” -- Bek nodded affirmatively, “The Mongols chasing us into the mountains; only this time not over tribute or booty, but to exterminate us. We will do what we have to do...” Bek said.

[<sup>1</sup> Golem was a medieval mythological legend of the creation of a ‘form’ that could protect Central-European Jews from violent aggressors. <sup>2</sup> The remarkable light-weight of the armored suit was accomplished with the use of a substrate of magnesium alloy and ceramic materials within the laminate.]



As Bek left Hreger he was greeted by his Intelligence chief Tlyf, “Khagan, most interesting developments...” Bek had to stand close to Tlyf as the man had cultivated speaking in reduced volumes: “Additional insight into the German General Staff. -- We have one of their senior aides in Swedish exile. *Rhinoceros* did the job for us. More information coming.” -- “Good work, Tlyf. And a ‘thank you’ to all...” as he accepted the top secret written report.

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After digesting the new material Bek sat in with Tlyf’s top working groups. The German section report was two fold: Hitler was going forward with the ‘conquest’ of Czechoslovakia with Poland scheduled for late summer. The taking of Austria [consensual] was already a success. The German High Command felt Germany was not ready for a two-front war. They were certain the French would honor their treaties with the Czechs and would fight. If Hitler fumbled he would be through. Tentative plans for his arrest by the Army had already been discussed. If Hitler bluffed his way forward and was successful the Army would fall into line. The French Section report was disheartening. France wanted to avoid war at any cost, save the invasion of France. The Russian Section apologized to the Khagan: “There is no way to know what they will do as this ‘discussion’ takes place in the mind of one man. The good news is whatever they do will take time, and we will know about it as soon as they do...” --

"If I may, Khagan;" Kolan asked, "is there any value in a state-to-state meeting with France?" -- "It will only compromise our intelligence sources," Tlyf interjected. -- "You always say that." -- "Tlyf's correct," Bek said, "Daladier knows what's going to happen to Czechoslovakia. The politics around Hitler are less his concern than the politics around Daladier... France is hard to explain; and we have talked about this many times. But there are powerful elements of French society who would prefer Fascist occupation than the Progressive Government." -- "Why?" Hreger asked. "They think that Fascism would enhance the prestige of the Church; Business interests would save on labor costs... All kinds of things." He could see that not everyone understood, including, perhaps, himself. "Look, in our country if you're a greedy bastard people cross the street so they don't have to say hello. In other countries you're looked up to as a symbol of success. Here most people work in the family. If they're angry they're angry at Poppa or brother. When our King went into hospital he had a private room but the same doctor as my Corporal. Things are different here. But France doesn't have to look under rocks to find the wealth to build airplanes, they only need to have the will, which is lacking because they have so many other options. Does that make sense; or am I just spouting hot air?" Bek asked Tlyf and The French Section. "Perfect sense. Plato wrote something like: 'the love of wealth and the spirit of moderation cannot exist together in citizens of the same State.'"<sup>1</sup> The other thing I might add," Tlyf said, "which the Khagan often mentions, is how badly the French bled in the World War." -- Everyone nodded in respect. Bek thanked them and thanked all of P7 [PELU מנגל] and the Army; and as the meeting broke up he said to Tlyf: "Impressive quotation."

Tlyf nodded in gratitude for the acknowledgement. "Khagan, I have something important to discuss..." -- Bek came closer as he knew the PELU chief's voice would drop: "I have spoken to you before about German plans for secret weapons - rockets and pilot-less planes..." Seeing Bek's eyes widen Tlyf added, "These are still in the rudimentary stage and will be so for years... but I have something new to report..." -- "Yes," Bek prompted. -- "We have a scientist seeking asylum; a Leó Szilárd, originally a Hungarian Jude. He studied under Einstein, the Nobel prize winner." Bek was uncertain of the significance of this and his expression did not change. Tlyf continued: "He had come up with a patent for a chain reaction and showed it to the British who were not interested; so he has brought it to us." -- "What does it do?" -- "If it worked it could create terrible energy from small amounts of material; a single bomb that could destroy a city. He is worried that the Germans are working on it..." -- "Are they?" -- "I apologize, Khagan, but we don't know yet how serious it is, there are many experimental laboratories looking into atom-properties and atom-energy; but the feasibility of doing anything with it is unknown at present. We will give it a priority." -- "Do you understand any of this?" Bek asked. -- "This morning I didn't, but I'm learning. I gave it to some of our top people in the metal's division and they were impressed. Problem is neither they nor Szilárd know exactly what material to use..." -- "We could try them all; how many materials are there?" -- "I'm rusty on this but I think the periodic table has about 89 elements..." -- They both stood a moment without speaking. "Destroy a city? And kill everybody?" Bek asked. Tlyf nodded. "A nightmare. -- The Germans..." his voiced trailed off. "Make him comfortable, apartment for his family if he has one. Provide for his research within reason. We might have to borrow from Hreger's Golem [גולם] project ... this sounds like the horrible bookend for it... If ever there were an incarnation of evil it would be these Nazis; or maybe, in the end all of us will stumble out of God's grace..."

[<sup>1</sup> The Republic by Plato approximately 360 B.C., Book VIII, Socrates/Adeimantus; translation by Benjamin Jowett]

## Kanal Omri { 1 }

The Omris traced their family to a clan of the Eastern Polans near Kiev who in lieu of paying

tribute gave their loyalty to the Kars. They were converted and given their family name by Saul himself and for generations served in the cavalry. Kanal considered himself a perfunctory horseman at best, but excelled in his correspondence courses with the military institute. He was surprised to be chosen for special duty and assigned to training squadron A outside of the capital in 1935. He and a handful of other selectees peered into the large barn and instead of finding horses saw a two-seat trainer aircraft. "Welcome to the Air Force," the Sergeant Major said.

Long after they had soloed they spent at least 1,000 hours refining tactics and combat skills in remote areas before receiving Sergeants stripes and pilot wings. The Khagan himself pinned the wings on Kanal Omri's tunic and told all of them: "The fate of the nation rests with you."

Still, they continued to train. Old lessons were repeated. The head of the Air Force had lectured them: "Men in combat often fire in the direction of the enemy hoping to dissuade them from attacking. Sometimes this actually works... In infantry combat laying down intense fire can serve as cover for advance. But in air-to-air combat this will waste limited ammunition. We will train you to the point that this airplane will respond to you better than your cavalry horse as there is only one brain at work here; yours. With that ability to control your aircraft do not let the sudden complexity and anxiety of combat make you push firing buttons to chase away an enemy. Hold your fire until you can destroy him. Let me repeat this lesson in *composure of warfare* -- hold your fire until you can destroy the enemy aircraft. You will use your situational awareness and use of tactics to turn the battle your way. We will train you and train you so that on most occasions you will not even need to think..."

### *Shame*

In Poland in '38 Evon saw the Polish Army was paying a small bonus for anyone with military experience [especially with the Army of the Kars], so he signed up in Siedlce. He moved Westward with the 9th Division. His Sergeant had noticed that he only pretended to fire the wz.29 rifle [A version of the German 8mm Mauser] in practice, probably so he wouldn't have to clean it. As they were short cartridges anyway, the Sergeant overlooked this laziness, noticing that Evon showed some clever inventiveness with the bayonet. His talent was for the girls and he seemed to find one who was willing outside of camp. His squad-mates did not like this and set upon him as he returned in the evening mildly intoxicated. The big one, Tadeusz, sat on him and hammered Evon's pleasant face with his ham-like fists. Evon covered his eyes with his own hands. "I'm going to knock the teeth out of this pretty-boy and smash his nose in," his tormentor declared. Evon sat upright with speed and banged his head into Tadeusz's then bit him on the cheek forcing the monster off him, then he retrieved the very sharp razor knife from his boot. "I'll cut some of that sausage out of you." The Sergeant appeared. Always a politician he told Evon, "put that away," and slapped the big Tadeusz on his face. "Put iodine on that bite, stupid... and all of you stop fighting, you will have plenty to fight about soon. We're moving up to the line against the Germans." -- "But, Sergeant, this *brudny Żyd* [filthy Jude] took a Polish girl!" -- "That's what whores are for, stupid. Any woman who would have anything to do with the lot of you is a worthless tramp, now get your gear in order, you miserable pack of fools!"

### **Warning!**

The Khagan made a radio address the content of which was also carried in a sound-newsreel in French for European dissemination: "... We have long been advocates of minority rights,

as we are believers in the basic rights of all peoples everywhere to live free and productive lives. But when the political manipulation of “self-determination for German minorities” becomes the excuse to foster the murderous dictates of National Socialism -- that will remove the natural rights of all peoples, we can not stand by. We will oppose such aggression with all the means at our disposal. The German leader, Mr. Hitler, has made demands upon the territory of sovereign nations who do not threaten him. Powerful Western nations are either not interested in these developments or consider Czechoslovakia or Poland not to be worth any risk. We view this otherwise. Mr. Hitler and his party have been cruelly depriving their own citizens of life and liberty; and have been making threats upon the heads of other peoples of the world. It is the contention of my government that Nazi Germany threatens not only our nation --in a future sense, but civilization itself. We are an old, but small country. Yet we shall issue our own ultimatum: Any aggressive German mobilization shall be the basis of War between our countries. I should repeat that; but in this modern age you can play the movie again. -- I will close with this prayer: May the Lord God bring the illumination of His wisdom upon the peoples of this world so that we may know peace and decency once more.” The tone was subdued and stilted as the speeches of civilized leaders were, compared to the emotionalism of dictators.

Hitler was reported to have laughed uproariously over the ultimatum. “Jude-Mongols three-thousand kilometers away! [*Juden-Mongolen dreitausend Kilometer entfernt...*] --With no Air Force and no armor! They will throw feces at us; like monkeys!” He chortled with the spoon to his vegetable soup still in hand. Martin Bormann, secretary to the Deputy Führer, seated three persons from Hitler expressed the most amusement. “A day will come when we will clean them out too!” Hitler added furiously before returning to his soup. “The impudence of such vermin [*ungeziefer*]!” Bormann added slurping his soup as well.

However, Czechoslovakia’s intransigence to German and Allied demands and co-ordination with Polish officials caused Hitler to shift his strategy toward invading the broad, poorly defended Polish frontiers while probing the Czech border. After crushing Poland the Czech front could be encircled from the rear through Slovakia.

### Air Attack

The bulk of the German fighter-bomber force arraigned Eastward was concentrated at twenty-two forward bases within range of the Polish and Czech borders. As the columns of German mechanized Army units began to form longer and longer land ‘flotillas’ stretching for many tens of miles it was apparent to Khagan Bek that an attack led by armor under air and artillery cover would take place in days. He sent copies of aerial photos of the serpentine armadas to Marshal Rydz-Śmigły, President Beneš of Czechoslovakia and to the French and British Governments. To his allies Bek included the message, “War is imminent.” To the Western Powers he commented dryly: “Herr Hitler’s good intentions.” Bek had no desire for negotiating or waiting for co-ordination with anyone, they could hear about it on Radio Berlin. Making sure that all intelligence and plans within his own force were distributed he put into operation the battle-plan: ‘Slay the Beast’ [*Igmuk Çhanivar* *ИҮҮМҮҮХ ПҮҮНИ* -or- *destroy the monster.*]

Between 04:30 and 05:10 hours [4:30 to 5:10 AM] the Kars launched 742 4B Attack aircraft from forty hidden airfields. Most aircraft carried drop tanks with extra fuel for the low-level, moon-lit flight to their targets. By first light the German Air Force had much of their planes fueled and ready for takeoff. It was precisely then that the air attack commenced. Between 32 and 34 Kars aircraft arrived at each German base to demolish aircraft on the ground and ignite ordinance and fuel dumps. Pilot and mechanic messes [eating facilities] were also attacked on the opening passes. Radio rooms and control towers were blasted as

well as anti-aircraft batteries that went into action. Each German base required between seven and ten minutes for devastation. The Kars' planes hurried to their own bases to be re-armed and fueled to launch at the German convoys of aggression lurching East and South East. First targets were armor, then towed artillery, motorized and horse-drawn transport of fuel and ammunition stocks and lastly infantry concentrations. They struck at the nose of these convoys and then the tail creating blockages of destruction both ways.

The Germans were completely caught by surprise. They hadn't had time to fake Polish and Czech intrusions upon themselves and had no idea that either country had much of an Air Force as well as the audacity to use it. They hid in ditches near their burning vehicles and wondered why their own Air Force would not respond. By late afternoon the Kars had sortied each plane five times, losing eight aircraft to high caliber anti-aircraft guns; but they had launched almost 3,700 armed missions against the Germans. The mission at 1830 hours [6:30 PM], with auxiliary fuel, returned to the German airfields attacked at dawn. As expected, a panicky rush had brought much new material to these bases which the Kars destroyed with determination and the accuracy that comes from battle experience. They returned to base, refueled and rearmed for the seventh time that day and launched one final mission in the dwindling light against the bleeding juggernaut of German men and equipment hemorrhaging onto road and soil. The Kars insured that fires were burning along the outlines of the German expedition so that night raids of fifty planes each would locate the Germans and launch flares to attack throughout the darkness draining battle ability and morale from the enemy.

The second day the Kars flew almost 6,000 sorties against the Germans. Several small groups of tanks and infantry, led by commanders not tied to orders on their field phones, had separated themselves from the oblivion of the main columns. It wasn't until late in the day that several flights of German fighters tried to fight the Kars. Sighting on the slow but maneuverable **4B** aircraft was like sighting on a hummingbird. Unaware of the **4B**'s periscopic windows the German pilots were amazed that the Kars' planes could not be surprised using tactics perfected in Spain. Slowing down to engage them close-in led to the horrible lesson that they had 'stingers.' There was a 150 meter kill range behind each aircraft. The Messerschmitts were vulnerable to the incendiary shot that exploded out of rear or frontal cannons with a shock of silver-blue tracers. One hit on a wing fuel tank and the Messerschmitt was a flaming time-bomb.

By the third day the German Air Force [Luftwaffe] began massing planes in formation above the Kars attack of German units and trying to swoop down but maintain range when the Kars turned outside their targets thereby limiting the chance of Luftwaffe heavy machine guns and cannons hitting their own land forces below. Kars planes waggled and rolled out of alignment with attacking Messerschmitt 109s and as the attacker closed in [usually from behind] would snap up, putting the German aircraft into the rear sight-panel and 'punch' a shot. Those German pilots able to fire accurately from 200 meters were disheartened as they watched machine gun bullets bounce off the armored engine cowling of the **4B**. Unless striking at highly perpendicular angles cannon rounds did likewise. Often the best the Germans could hope for was damaging one of the planes three-bladed propellers to reduce its agility. Meanwhile they slipped into the kill zone behind the attack aircraft and then had to pass the kill zone in front. Air losses favored the Kars by 8 to 1.

The fourth and last day of the attacks on the German formations saw increased Luftwaffe air assets and refined tactics. The Germans would attempt to triple-team a targeted Kars aircraft with high-low and port or starboard outliers. The Kars knew however, that the Germans had lost half of their Air Force on the ground on Day One, and was protecting its bases with reserves as well as tying up anti-aircraft batteries there. On this day however the hunters became the hunted when 15 high-speed aircraft ran through the German formations

taking out an average of two 109s from each front gun and one from a rear cannon per pass. The Germans had never dreamt of an aircraft like the Kars' 5D Interceptor. While they were slowing down their flight tactics to compensate for the 4B's maneuver advantage they were overwhelmed by the speed of the interceptor which had no intention of dog-fighting them. Five passes of the 5Ds destroyed over 170 German aircraft. It also created bedlam in the formation, several German aircraft experienced mid-air collisions. Underneath them the Kars 4Bs finished with its obliteration of much of the modern German war machine, leaving a charnel house of burnt corpses and disembowelled horses amid the ruin of charcoal truck chassis and blackened tank hulks turned into coffins. Trying to reform in the air the Luftwaffe lost sight of the retreating Kars Air Force and would thereafter see it in small groups on short notice in any of multiple locations. Not only had the initiative passed from the German but so had response.

The German order-of-battle told its men to take water and rations and as much ammunition as they could carry and with bayonet fight their way forward at night. They still had a slight numerical advantage on paper but the enthusiasm of the German conscript to slap their 'Nordic' superiority onto 'Slavic' faces was now fleeing.

Bek sent stacks of aerial photographs depicting the carnage to his allies and the Western powers. To his allies he commented: "Take heart, the Goth's advantage has been turned into ashes." To the French he wrote: "There are merely seven divisions facing you with perhaps 200 aircraft in reserve. This is your chance. In three or four years they will be back to full strength." To the British he added, "*The might of the Gentile unsmote by the sword hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.*" [From Lord Byron's *The Destruction of Sennacherib*, 1815] A Kars' diplomatic undersecretary was instructed to comment to the newspapers that French pacifism was looking more like cowardice. The individual was publicly reprimanded before issuing an apology and going on vacation [holiday].

The Kars had positioned three pilots for every attack aircraft, but even these men were exhausted as they had helped fuel and arm returning planes on missions they did not fly. Quiet services were held for the 65 pilots who were missing or killed as well as to deal with a sense of moral revulsion about the death and destruction they had wrought upon an evil and foolish enemy.

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The German columns should have had a two hour warning of possible air attack from the moment the Kars hit their Air bases. But complete and accurate reports up the chain of command were not forthcoming. And only Hitler could have turned his blitzkrieg into a defensive dispersal. By the time the Führer understood the scope of the destruction of his Air Force his mechanized Army was being dismantled. He responded by demoting and firing many senior military officers and threatened privately to hang several of them. This anger added to the paralysis of senior staff. He even upbraided his long time Nazi colleague Air Marshall Göring. Hitler threatened to have the heads of the various intelligence services shot but refocused his rage when evidence finally appeared that the aircraft that were destroying his dreams of European conquest were from the Kars and flown by them. He was amazed. By then the Germans had surmised that the Kars were operating from small hidden fields on Polish or Czech soil. "Jude-Mongols! [J<sup>y</sup>uden-Mongolen]-- Eastern and Caucasus trash! Mongrels! [Mischling] Asiatic *negers*!" He threatened to invade the Ukraine and called for long range aircraft to drop poison gas on the Kars' capital. Senior advisors cautioned about tempering with Ukrainian neutrality even if it wasn't so neutral, as currently there was no way to invade. It was his architect, Speer who told Hitler that the Kars were in a far better position to repay any escalations than Germany was to carry them out at such long range.

The Germanic Reich was told of this surprise attack by inferior races that had stabbed them in the back as they embarked on peaceful maneuvers within their own borders. Their nation was psychologically prepared for war as their military edge had been largely undone.

## *Kanal Omri* { 2 }

At 03:00 hours [3:00 AM] on the first day of Operation ‘Slay the Beast’ they assembled in the dark near their planes allowing their eyes to adjust to the moonlight after final briefings under red lights in the operations bunker. Their Chaplain shook their hands and they ceased making small jokes as they waited. With heads bowed they repeated the rallying cry of Kars warriors for the last thousand years: “Hear this word all warriors of New-Israel, - the Lord our God is One - we are one! [שמע מילה זו כל הלוחמים של ניו ישראל אֶדְנִי אֶל־הֵינוּ אֶדְנִי אֶחָד אִנְחֵנוּ אֶחָד]” a single plaintiff note was sounded on the Levite horn, and then the more ancient battle-cry: “Kars Varsha! [יִמְיָא יִמְיָא Kars Fight!]” Their throats tight from this last shout they dispersed to their planes and engines were started.

By the third day he was numb with exhaustion. Yet, it was true, whether hitting a ground target high or low, or maneuvering defensively against an overtaking enemy aircraft or aiming his plane for a killing shot on that aggressor he often did not have to think. He knew that at some point he would seek to understand the vast destruction which he was a part of. But for now all he needed was a few hours of sleep and he felt no shame waking up yelling as unfavorable combat scenarios played out in his unconscious mind.

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A day off from flying and he found himself with a few other pilots and mechanics at the rail-head to off-load a train onto a small convoy of Polish wagons. As a senior Sergeant and flight-commander Omri could have complained about being assigned to a work detail; one that he resented doing; but it was not in his nature to shirk any sort of duty. Perhaps it was better than getting blown to smithereens over Germany; but that too could happen the next day. Four Kars commandos lounged near the train as a security detail, and Omri focused his resentment on them. Overhead, a pair of comrades flew in a lazy circle providing visual reconnaissance and armed protection. The barrels of fuel were the most difficult to get into the wagons. He motioned for the Polish teamster to pitch in rather than stand in front of his wagon. A 5D interceptor roared across the sky and climbed to great altitude to assume a Combat Patrol Station thousands of feet above the rail-yard. One of the fuel barrels slipped and pinched Omri’s hand; his first concern was breaking a finger and being unable to fly. You needed two hands for the flight controls and firing buttons. That was it. He lost his composure and yelled out to the Commandos, “Hey, how about giving us a hand!”

They approached. The fighting men of valor. Any one of them looked like they could snap his neck. He wondered if they intended to beat him up and thought vainly about the **Kars 99 Short** strapped to his waist and right leg. Hardly a match for the arsenals they carried. “I’m sorry Sergeant, we are not supposed be with the train,” One commando said. Another, lazily shielding his eyes from sun overhead, joked: “We’re fighting men...”

Omri couldn’t control himself, tears of rage almost came to his eyes: “Damn-it to hell -- I’ve killed over four hundred men this week! Now help us get the fuck out of here! The Air Force is flying protection!”

The four of them scrambled up to the train, “We’re sorry commander!” Strong as oxen they made short work of the fuel barrels freeing up the men of more normal strength to unload

ordinance and rations. Now, Omri felt guilty about losing his temper. As the last of the material was loaded into the wagons for the trip to base, Omri thanked the Commandos for helping and apologized for yelling at them. They just smiled and waved; harboring grudges about perceived insults was not in their makeup.

### **Evon with the Polish 9th Division**

It was an ominous morning with streams of men milling around and then slowly moving toward the sounds of war in the near distance. Their Regiment advanced along a broad front of several kilometers. A lone Polish PZL.23 flew over them to reconnoiter the Germans. It drew fire, sustained damage and limped back, its engine occasionally sputtering as it recrossed their line of advance. A quarter hour later a pair of unknown aircraft flew low over them to attack German positions. "What are they?" -- More firing and explosions in the approaching battle. Their battalion moved around a section of wood and met the fierce faces of men camouflaged for war. The strange men seemed to see through the Polish troops as they ambled by, then they tugged on reins and horses stood and from out of the brush there were more of these men carrying heavy weapons and their mounts. They rode forward almost silently save for hoofs and breaths. "Who were they?" -- "Kars Commandos," Evon said, surprised he knew something somebody else didn't.

They ran into the right flank of the German 30th Infantry Division North-East of Chojnice. "BAY-O-NETS!" The Sergeants screamed up and down the line. "Why don't we shoot first?" - "I only have ten rounds; five in the rifle and five in my pocket..." The figures ahead of Evon were kind of blurry; but then again he knew he needed glasses but was too vain for them. He closed his worse eye, the right one, so he could see better. The cracks of rifle-fire whistled around. Somebody dropped, "Oooff." Everybody thought, 'get up lazy-bones, no time to hide!' Then when they realized his life was over they all got scared. "Remember your training!" The Sergeant screamed. "Hold your rifle like a weapon, not like your cock!"

They actually met the Germans at the bottom of a small ravine that cut across the plain. It was a melee of shouting, shooting, clubbing and stabbing. Evon was out of ammunition quickly and looked for a dead German to rob of cartridges as their rifles fired the same ammunition. He saw Tadeusz in a hollow below doing bayonet drill with a tall German. The German was better and Tadeusz must have known he was about to die. Evon sailed his rifle down the hill bayonet-first like a spear. It took the German above the sternum and slid into his torso with four kilograms of weight behind it [almost 9 pounds]. Tadeusz heard the angels sing in the form of Evon's laugh from above. "Bring me my rifle, would you?" He called down. Before he could do anything a fresh German company came upon them and called for them to surrender. They did. Evon, unarmed save for his hidden knife, looked for an avenue of escape but found it blocked. They were herded together and marched single file for four kilometers. Sounds of the battle receded. twice those strange airplanes flew over and the Germans looked very nervous till they passed. By dusk they stopped at an abandoned farm house, a nice one made of rock stuccoed on the outside and plastered inside with small, broken windows. They were pushed inside with no bread and no water. Germans guarded the outside. Tadeusz looked at Evon and he knew he was forgiven the bite marks on the big man's cheek. Some of the prisoners were edgy and very fearful. "Lets give them the Jude, here," pointing at Evon, "everybody knows the Germans hate the Jude..." Tadeusz picked the man up by his uniform blouse and pushed him into the wall. "Any stool pigeons here and I'll break their necks!" -- "I won't say a word," Evon joked. They sat down on the stone floor and tried to relax, it was cold inside and they shivered.

The hours faded and the supreme effort of combat had drained their strength. A few including Evon felt feverish and as the darkness approached they curled up on the cold stone



floor and slept like tormented souls caught between life and death. Evon had a terrible dream: It was suffused with the deep, angry voice of God speaking for his father. The tenor of the voice made him shake as its power threatened to dissolve the universe. "You are not good, and you will pay a terrible price." His father's disapproving face bore into him. He had no defence; he had no humor, no bluff or contrivance to waylay the emotional blow. He thought in his core, the dream was right and he was wrong. He awoke in fright as arms were reaching in and weapons went off. German soldiers were shooting the prisoners! He tried to stand but was thrown off balance by Tadeusz also standing. The bigger man had his arms around a German he had pulled through the window. Men were milling about in the darkness; the good and the bad, the evil and the foolish and all in between. Evon took his razor knife from his boot and disembowelled the German in Tadeusz's grasp spilling the man's guts and mess onto the floor. Still weapons went off and Poles were dying, calling for their mothers, or at least the Mother of God. Then a grenade and finally a submachine gun firing from the window; a round ricocheted off the wall and slapped Evon across his left eye, then another grenade in the dimness lighting up hell itself in the room. He bounced off a wall and collided with Tadeusz again. Then more shooting outside and silence. Lights went on. He heard a low Kars' voice say to another. "Must be twenty dead Poles in here and a German." -- "I'm not dead," Evon said in Kars. A flashlight in his face, but he could only see from his right blurry eye. Everything hurt; he couldn't move. "One of ours. Shot left eye, compound fracture left leg, hip injury same side." -- "Get him out." -- "What about Tadeusz?" Evon reached around for the big man. "He died for Poland." -- "I saved his life for nothing?" Evon felt a terrible loss; a friendship never fully cemented. The lack of meaning and closure tormented him. He tried to say something but could only howl. Strong hands lifted him over the carrion and the dead beasts of war. "I have to get back to my Division; the 9th..." -- "Don't worry. You're with us now."

### Russian Provocation

Coded messages were often put into nightly radio broadcasts and picked up by units under deep cover who had small crystal receivers. This was how Second Squadron of the Third Commando [Commando 2/3 A & B] were given instructions for early resupply from Base Camp Five. They were in a wood 10 kilometers north of Gorlitz. They were hardened men older than most of the Regular Army soldiers. In their camouflage paint they looked like forest ogres. A deer could forage in their vicinity and not know they were there. Like monks they avoided excessive talking while in the field. They dispatched two couriers to the South where they met two other couriers from Third Squadron [Commando 3/3 A]. Secret orders were relayed back to Second Commando from Intelligence. What looked like a staff car along with three armored cars, possibly Light Panzerspähwagen; one light tank perhaps a Panzer II, and a single truck, no-doubt with troops, was missing from aerial photographs taken the day before of the column of German Army Group South stuck on the road East. They were to be on the alert for these six vehicles as it was suspected that a senior officer was making his escape from the carnage.

The following morning found Second Squadron along the roadway where the burnt hulks of the supply lorries and the carcasses of dead horses had been pushed to the side to rot. Four of them with washed faces and German uniforms began stopping traffic 'looking for deserters.' There was an argument with a German military police company who insisted that that was their job. Twenty Commandos slid out of the grass and bushes and with grenades, submachine guns and combat swords ended the disagreement. Soon, East of this ambush the six suspected vehicles approached and all Commandos went to alert.

There was a senior officer and he was incensed about being detained. Using Jyvars from 20

meters in the brush the armored reconnaissance cars and the single tank had their crews killed or incapacitated with four side-shots each.<sup>1</sup> The staff car and truck had their engines destroyed with one high velocity shot inadvertently spraying one of the Kars in German uniform with hot radiator fluids from the bursting engine. The noise alone was excruciating. In a moment there was a swarm of Commandos on the road firing. The objective was to capture the General but he pulled out a Walther PP automatic pistol and had his head blown off by a Commando covering the action with his Jyvar. Among the dead in the Staff car was a Colonel handcuffed to a large map-case. One Commando held the dead officer's shoulder while another pulled the map-case taunt and a third swung his Khopesh [resembles a Gurkha Kukri but longer] severing the arm of the corpse above the wrist. The pulled off the handcuff and hurried back into the brush moving very quickly as there was a reasonable chance they would be tracked. A mixture of dried rabbit's blood, black pepper and cocaine was left on the ground to keep the bloodhounds at bay.

[<sup>1</sup> Penetrating rounds as well as armor fragments are certain to 'bounce' around the small interior of the vehicles killing or wounding the crew.]

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Intelligence revealed that the Russians were massing troops on the Polish Eastern border. This was quickly confirmed by the Poles. The Kars mobilized much of their militia and Bek made a speech on the radio declaring that the Kars would honor their Polish treaties and were very concerned with the 'neutrality of the Ukraine,' always a euphemism for invasion. The Russians had to divert some troops to their southern border with the Kars. No actual ground skirmishes took place but the Russians overflowed the Kars' border with twenty obsolete Polikarpov aircraft. Scrambling five 5Cs from hidden bases they made three passes and shot down 18 planes. The other two aircraft fled. Bek requested a meeting with the Russian Foreign Minister in still neutral Yalta.

The Russian Foreign Minister, a short man, was bristling about indecencies and escalating hostilities but was surprised when Khagan Bek arrived. He half stood from the table and offered a small bow to the Khagan.

"My good sir you should not be shooting down our aircraft," he said with his duplicitous smile.

"Over our country," Bek said.

"There is some dispute..."

"We have 8 captured airmen as well as 10 corpses which you can have back. Our soldiers are standing on the aircraft wreckage -- in *our* country." Bek slid a photograph across the table. The Russian looked at it and shrugged. "But I have something else for you..." Bek motioned to his Sergeant Major who brought him a large map case with a hole where the lock used to be. "We came upon these very recently and you might be interested in taking a look at them..."

Bek pulled out the map books and flipped to the last two pages. He spun the book around so the Minister could see them better. "-- I -- I ... I'm not a military man so I don't know exactly what... I'm looking at..."

"Look at where the German formations are supposed to be a eighteen months from now... I don't think that's what you agreed to with those bastards," Bek said.

The color drained from the Minister's face. "How do I know these are real?" He demanded. "Think!" Bek exclaimed. "Do you really believe that Hitler would honor agreements to a Russian?"

There was silence. The Minister knew that denials would be a waste of breath.

“Eliminating Poland as a buffer with Germany is simply stupid,” Bek said. Then he slid the map book back to his side of the table. “Back off the borders. Show the Goth that *he* can be made a fool of,” Bek said, taking the map case with him. The Minister sat there and did not move until several minutes after Bek left. He was thinking of how he could present this information to the Russian Head of State, without making himself look bad.

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The Russian mobilization did not end, but intelligence revealed that the readiness of the forces arrayed against Poland was minimal. Fuel stockpiles were not large enough for an advance and transport had been withdrawn anyway. So the Russian troops sat in tents, played cards and cursed. The Kars demobilized much of the militia and the Russians forces on their border began to thin out.

Bek was able to take an evening off and went home to his family. The attention from the children was enormous. The youngest were fearful and the older ones especially his 16 year old son eager to join the Army. “Pay attention to your school work,” Bek told him pinching his cheek. Thoughts about an early end to the conflict bedeviled him for a moment. Alone with Shana, his wife he was mildly surprised when she asked him, “How can you do it? How can you manage the affairs of the Army, the Nation... the fate of Europe?”

He felt like a deer blinded by lights for a moment. He was transfixed. Finally he said, “I can’t.” -- Shana looked at him. “What do you mean?”

“I can’t possibly do these things, yet I seem to be doing them, don’t I?” He pushed his tea away. “I think that I understood the necessities and the limitations of our predicament...” He paused. “But, now, that is in the back of my mind and I function simply like a company commander with a larger area of operations. I do things as they happen... Maybe our King is right... -- There are other things going on that a person can’t know...”

### **Encouragement in battle**

The Sergeant Major brought a Chaplain and four trembling men into the chamber of his office. “Khagan, these men ran away from battle.”

Bek looked them over. The one on the left was the most upset. The others merely devastated. “Gentlemen, even our temporal Moshiach Saul once, as a young private-soldier, ran away from battle. He returned triumphant...” he looked them over. In a small voice he added, “I’m sure you will do well. Please return -- with my blessings...” Three of them, bursting with smiles nodded and hurried out, but the fourth would not leave. “Please sir, put me in prison. I can not face it again. I’m no good for this, I will let everyone down...”

Marshall Bek asked the young man his name and then motioning the chaplain over embraced the two of them. “Daveed...” Bek closed his eyes as he had done before. “--Do you believe in Almighty God?”

“Yes, I do, sir.”

Bek gripped his shoulders. “We will place you in a different unit... -- You will be do heroic things on the battlefield. The Lord God will keep you in His arms. -- For ever and ever. Believe!” Then he released the re-born soldier to the care and admonitions of the Chaplain

who had probably been in more battles than either of them. "Thank you sir! I will try to do well..."

"One day you might have my job, Daveed. Be wise!"

Bek made a note in his journal: Unlike the French, shooting those who have run away is a waste of soldiers and bullets. -- At some point in the past we became more civilized and less bloodthirsty than our enemies. Rather than allow this to become a problem we have married compassion to honor: 'The best for the nation!'

[Once there had been a "weeding-out" of the new men. Sergeants and Commanders of vast experience would say that this 'boy' did not have the size or strength or 'heart' to be warrior and they would make them runners, couriers or ammunition, ration or water bearers. But often in the midst of a battle gone badly it was these underrated men who would display heroism and take to the fight with stunning dedication as if a lifetime of being "losers" had inured them to the expectation of easy success. Kars' Military history was full of stories of the trumpet blower, or drummer boy, or field runner or bearer who took the weapons of the shocked and dismayed and went forward into the charge of the enemy saving the day and rallying the troops. There no longer was a "weeding out." Nature would take its course.]

### **First Blood**

They moved briskly through the wood toward the sounds of motors. At one point the two Sergeants conferred with the Sar-mayah [*Captain-of-hundred{s}* or company commander] over the map. Cain looked at them and waited to be summoned but when they seemed uninterested in communications, he left the line of march to urinate. There was a loud crack followed by an explosion, dribbling urine Cain threw himself to the ground. When he had gathered himself he saw a small knot of men circling a smoking hole. He came a little bit forward but passed a man going the other way with tears in his eyes: "They've killed them; they're... blown apart." Several men looked for an enemy artillery spotter in the trees, but there was no direction or order. Suddenly an elite unit had become a large group of school boys who were not only made leaderless, but had their heads emptied of everything they had been taught by the Army. Chaplain Nemonov walked over to the spot where the three leaders were killed and walked back toward the men. He picked up one of the Sergeant's ES rifle and motioned everybody else, "Follow me." and he turned and led them. Like children being promised a way out of this madness the troop followed after the chaplain, their hearts growing lighter with hope. Perhaps they would step right into their villages and see their mothers and fathers and friends soon.

The Chaplain led them to a small ravine formed from a dry stream at the edge of the wood before a grassy field. He motioned that they should take positions in a line 3 meters apart. They would rest now. The Chaplain would hear their woes and provide comfort, like a father or older brother. "Count off by fives and then by sevens," The Chaplain advised. They counted off quietly, happy to have something to do. "Every seventh man prepare Anti-Tank rifle-grenade; every fifth man anti-personnel... and don't forget to adjust your ..." "Elevation-trajectory sight," someone helped him with, the words falling into his mouth from who knew where. "Right." The Chaplain smiled. "Stay concealed now..."

Every fifth man ejected a live cartridge and selected an anti-personnel rifle grenade. They loaded a special blank round and placed the aluminum stock onto the earth as they sighted. It was good to have something to do.

The noise grew louder. They could see a body of German troops advancing behind five Panzer III medium tanks. There was much smoke and dust in the air. The Chaplain pushed his glasses up his nose and tried to find an approaching target. He picked out a Nazi officer in a black uniform half exposed in a tank turret. He decided it was more important to gage the distance than for his shot to count. They got closer and closer. Chaplain Nemonov flinched before he pulled the trigger and lost his target in the din and confusion that followed. A hail of bullets and grenades met the Germans. Over a dozen anti-tank rounds blew explosions into the five tanks. One tank, on fire and full of dead soldiers kept coming until it hit a tree in front of them. "OK, boychiks, bayonets..." The Chaplain advised and using the burning German tank in their own lines as cover he led them into the field where running in a crouch they fired submachine rounds into Germans who were not yet dead. Germans at the far end of the clearing began running away, many of them dropping their 4 kg [9 pounds] 8 mm Karabiner rifles to run faster. Nemonov ran forward singing the last line of the Alenu prayer: "*V'Ne-emar -- V'haya Adoni L'Melech al-call-ha-aretz. B'yom hahu [repeat] B'yom hahu, yeheya Adoni achod, ooshemaw [repeat] ooshemaw [repeat] ooshemaw achod.*" The Chaplain moved behind another burning tank and found a young German officer with a gash in his knee lying on the ground with a Luger pistol in his hand. While trying to think of the German words for 'You should surrender, drop your weapon' the officer shot him in the chest with a 9mm bullet. It hit the Chaplain's breast-plate and though it felt like a punch, the round was deflected. Shocked and unable to think of what to say Nemonov pulled the Sten trigger and loosed 10 rounds into the German, killing him. -- Except for the moaning and burning the battlefield was quiet now and the Chaplain pulled off his helmet and began to cry. Several Kars soldiers came to him, "What is the matter Rabbi, are you hurt?" He shook his head, sobbing, "No, I'm not hurt. I killed a man... I killed a man and I don't like it. Not one bit..." His soldiers put their hands on his shoulders and escorted him back to cover as Cain came forward with a radio connection to Battalion.

They were advised to cover 3 kilometers on a North East heading as fast as possible. There was another German unit that was trying to cut them off and trap them. They needed to get to an area with a mix of forests for cover but enough open area for the planes to get the Germans. They thought they shouldn't leave their dead behind so they wrapped them in tarps and struggled with them. After their line of march became too elongated as they waited for the stragglers with the heavier burden, the Chaplain had the bodies of their two Sergeants and Sar-mayah laid together in a hollow. He chanted the Mourner's Kaddish quickly, tried to mark the spot on a map, and then told the troops to run.

They ran but they didn't run fast enough. Coming to a hilltop they saw a mechanized column of light and medium tanks slicing toward them with troop carriers behind. The Chaplain had the men return to an area of bushes and some fallen trees. He surveyed their position: "You know, boychiks, this doesn't seem like a very good spot..." But the Germans were over the hilltop and the Chaplain had to duck. "Every other man Anti-Tank!" He instructed. They would have enough for maybe two volleys and then there would be no more. Sensing the Kars might be there, the German main column held at the top of the hill and sent some dismounted troopers to reconnoiter. "Horse poop!" The Chaplain said, making a few men titter nervously. "Abel Cain, we need the Air Force..." Cain was having trouble reaching anyone. "I'm trying Rabbi," he said, sweat ringing his face.

"Let them come, boychiks, if they see us and fire, shoot their legs..." The Chaplain instructed concerning the recon patrol of at least two squads. If the Germans got on top of them they could be trapped close enough to render enemy tank-fire or longer-range artillery moot. Half of the German armor on the top of the hill pulled back, probably to try flanking them from the left or right.

The Germans on foot lay down to reduce their target size and began 'reconnoitering by fire'

by shooting in their direction. "Down!" The Chaplain said. But two of his men were hit and cried out. An undisciplined return volley came from some of the Kars; several Germans were also hit, but the Kars had been discovered. The German tanks on the hill fired over their own men and nasty holes were blasted among the Kars' ragged line. The Chaplain looked to his right and to his left and cursed himself for leading his boychicks into a trap that would kill them all. He grasped his rifle and would have sacrificed himself if that would have saved everyone else.

Cain got through to an Air Force pilot dispatched with three other planes sent to hunt those Germans. He screamed above the shooting and explosions, the map trembling in his hands, as he provided their position and the enemy's. He also told the pilot that some of the German armor had pulled back and was probably coming at them from an unseen direction. Someone near him fell over with an "Ugh." Cain was at the edge of his own self-control. If he didn't have the radio, he thought, he would have run screaming in any direction. He cocked the Short Carbine and pulled the shoulder extension out snapping it closed. His hands shook so much he didn't think he could even fire it.

Two planes flying low blasted shrapnel in multiple bursts into the German armor on the hill. Synchronized seconds later two high aircraft dove down at an angle of about 80 degrees and fired cannon rounds into the tops of the tanks. They pulled up at the last moment and came around low on the other side to blast shrapnel in multiple bursts as the first two planes which had climbed to altitude now dove down firing cannons. The two passes destroyed all the tanks on the hill. Now the Kars poured accurate and concentrated fire at the Germans on the ground in front of them. They shot every German within a minute.

The split column of German tanks that had left the hilltop now roared toward them through a gully on their right. The Chaplain ordered everyone to evacuate the wounded and make a dash for the wood-line 200 meters to their left. Cain was frozen. He reported the new threat to the Air Force and explained that the bulk of the Kars' force was now moving toward whence they came. It took a moment for the planes to spot the second German column and organize their approach; but within a minute most of the enemy tanks were burning. One tank pulled out and sat still under a canopy of large trees. It looked squat and smug as it waited. Cain could almost imagine it smiling. He reported the tank to the Air Force. They made several passes but couldn't see it. It was 100 meters away from him; even if he had an anti-tank grenade Cain doubted he could hit it. The tank fired its cannon at the retreating Kars and then loosed a volley of machine-gun fire. "It's shooting! Can you see it now?" Cain demanded.

The planes swooped overhead, but the Tank ceased firing. When the planes were gone it opened up again. They all went through this dance again, then the Air Force pilot told Cain they were running low on fuel and they couldn't loiter much longer. "Is there some way to mark the tank?" The pilot asked.

"Uh... let me know when you're about to make your next pass." Cain said. He reached around and found the En-Sten .303-9 the fallen soldier had left. Cain sighted on the tank hulk. "Approaching," The pilot said over the radio. Cain fired the .303 rifle making a spark as the round bounced off the hull, then he worked the bolt and fired again, making another spark. The Tank moved its cannon toward him. He could hear the roar of the airplane coming from behind and fired a string of 9mm bullets from the Sten at a higher angle. Half bounced off the tank making little sparks like firecrackers. The tank fired a machine gun burst at Cain. "See it," The pilot said and blasted the tank with anti-aircraft incendiary to mark it. There was chatter on the radio as the pilot told his high aircraft where to look for flames in the canopy. This second plane dove firing cannons and hit the tank on the roof blasting a hole through it causing it to smoke and burn. "We have to return for fuel and

ammunition, now..." The pilot said. "It's ok. I think you got them all..." Cain said.

The Chaplain led the troops back. There were several wounded and two more dead. The Chaplain was weary. He was glad that Cain was alright. "You'll get a medal Abel Cain. You with your radio saved all our lives. Talk is powerful Abel Cain, see? And you made yourself a target, too, shooting at that tank. What a good Kars soldier you are!" He patted Cain's shoulder, and comically kissed the radio, then he checked on his wounded and held their hands, adjusted bandages and urged everyone on. They were victorious but didn't feel that way, they felt lucky to be alive as they limped off a battlefield littered with dead German soldiers and their machines. The Chaplain tried to lift their spirits by singing a snappy version of the concluding prayer 'Adon Olam.'



### Vindications

The Sar-eleph katan [*Captain of thousands* -small or battalion commander] held a formation at the edge of the forest for Cain's company. The lightly wounded either sat, or lay in stretchers, amongst their fellows who stood at ease as their leader went to each man. A few had tears for the fallen as this was also a memorial service conducted by the Chaplain. The commander embraced the distraught and shook hands warmly with the others. Among the Kars out of the field, Sergeants and company commanders addressed their men by their first names or nicknames, but senior officers called the soldiers "Son," or "My Son" and the troops were encouraged to call senior commanders: "Father [*Atte* or *Abba*]." It was Moshiach Saul who had commanded the Army officer corps in the 10th Century to treat each soldier as if they were one's own son: "In war our most vital component is our people. Never forget that," he had instructed. A general who had sacrificed his troops by sending them before him into an ambush had been cut off from the people and exiled into ignominy. He went to the Byzantines and served as a captain of auxiliaries but eventually took his life by his own hand.

Toward the conclusion of the memorial service the Commander told the assembled they had passed from innocence into the warrior brother-hood. They would never be the same again, but would, the Lord willing, harden into the diamonds of the nation and eventually, if

blessed with years, soften into wisdom. Five men were called forward for special commendation. Among them a young soldier named Daveed who led the left branching of the charge into the Germans as the Chaplain led the right. Abel Cain for remaining behind to guide the Air Force to their rescue and the destruction of the enemy; as well as giving himself up as a target to bring the enemy from hiding. Two others for evacuation of the wounded under intense fire. These four men were awarded the 'Star of Valor.' The highest decoration 'Patar Kars' was given to Chaplain Nemonov for gallantry of leadership in the face of extreme adversity. The Rabbi wept quietly for the 'boychiks' whose lives ended on that fateful day. The Commander patted the Chaplain's shoulders and called him "Father" remembering the Rabbi from when he was a Sergeant.

Looking on from a distance was Sar-eleph Betan Kolan, the Brigade Commander. He did not know the individual soldiers so he did not intrude upon their ceremony. He had the casualty reports and decoration citations in a folder bearing his signatures. He sat on the motorcycle side-car next to his Sergeant Major and watched. His father, now the Senior Army General had told him when he was a boy: "When units under your command are first bloodied make yourself aware of it. These are the sons, brothers, intendeds, husbands and fathers of our people. We can not afford to waste their lives. And yet, being unknowing rather than omniscient we sometimes do..."

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The high respect the Kars maintained for their military can also be traced to a formative event near the banks of the Dnieper River in 1377 near where Kherson is presently located. The Army was supposed to be on alert for Mamai and his 'Blue Horde' of Mongols. The officers, however, had a party and had become incapacitated. The main body of Kars cavalry was alerted by the Corporal-of-the-Guard and led by non-commissioned officers into the field. The Blue Horde was chased to the North where the Russians would have to deal with them. The King and the Grand Bek removed the divide between commissioned and non-commissioned officers much to the displeasure of the 'ruling class.' Junior officer ranks were abolished and every military man had to start as a private. No one gained admission to the War College until after they were promoted from Sergeant to Sar-mayah, the equivalent of Captain. For a hundred years officers had to wear a black ribbon on their tunics to remember the shame of the Battle of Dunuv. No officer was allowed to eat before his men ate; or to eat better. No officer could sleep on a bed softer or higher than the bed his men slept on. The obligation of bowing to senior officers was removed; and saluting reserved for ceremonial events. This innovation, plus the ethic of martial virtue, enabled the Kars Army to become and remain an Army of the people of the Nation.

### Chaplain Leaves

A new company commander and platoon Sergeant came to the company with the Battalion commander [Sar-eleph katan ] who introduced the new men to the company and the company to the new leaders. He then escorted Chaplain Nemonov to the edge of the clearing. "We have plans for you Chaplain..." Nemonov nodded his head hoping he wouldn't have to leave the men.

"Our nation needs good men like you..." the Battalion commander continued.

"Well, I'll do what I can to help the new Sar-mayah, and..."

"One week travel, one week of specialized training." The commander continued, "That's all you'll need. You've been in the Army long enough you probably know it all anyway; we only have to prove to you that you know it already... We're going to make you a Sar-mayah; we



are forming new units from select militia-men..."

The Chaplain face became pale. "Me a company commander? -- What do I know..." "What is this, here?" He poked at the small black sword on gold-shield patch on the right side of the Chaplain's collar: '*Patar Kars*' for gallantry in command. We are short good officers. We need you..."

"But, why do I have to leave my boychiks?" The Chaplain asked anguished. The Battalion commander grasped Nemonov's arm, "Unfortunately they can't wait for you. In two weeks you will be back with new boychiks... They will need you too. The nation needs you."

--

The Chaplain said his individual goodbyes trying not to be morose. He patted Cain's arm and seemed to be lost for words for a moment, but only for a moment: "Able Cain, maybe soon you will get a short leave and see your family..." Cain looked off noncommittally and also seemed lost for words. They stood a moment; the Chaplain didn't want to leave the unit and Cain didn't want him to either. Finally Cain asked, "What will I say, when people back home ask me how many Germans I've killed?"

The Chaplain hung his head as if the thought pained him. Of course the war was still young, but such 'opportunities' could work both ways... "You'll say, Able Cain, that you fought for your country. And that's all you have to say. All the details are like state-secrets. They are your secrets. Besides, who's going to ask? Your mother's not going to ask. Your father's not going to ask. Most of the other boychiks are also in the Army; and they aren't going to ask. You are the only one who is asking. And, believe me, Able Cain, if I could give you the man I had to shoot I would do so... You got a medal, and you saved our skins, and you deserved that medal. Don't be so hard on yourself Able Cain. You are a good man..." Cain shook hands with the Chaplain, but thought he would never appreciate a leader as much as he appreciated Chaplain Nemonov.

## Holocaust

Abel Cain's *Infiltration* and *Assault* company [*the '4/9'*] was operating to the Northwest of Częstochowa [in Poland]. Two platoons were assigned to Sergeant Boz, an older militia-man new to the company who saw action against the Russians in '21 and were in pursuit of a German auxiliary police unit accompanying a Schutzstaffel [SS] special team. The other two platoons of the Company maintained a surveillance screen to the West, under the direction of acting-Corporal Daveed and the new company leader Sar-mayah Kogan. Kogan had just finished his war college training after spending several years as a Sergeant of cavalry scouts.

Boz was short and broad shouldered. He was a barrel-maker and a woodsman with a barrel-chest as well. His beard was beginning to show a few streaks of gray, his hands were rough as bricks but he had more stamina than many of the youngsters he led. His accent reflected Dagestan, though originally his family had come from the North. He was not much of a talker and would often show a soldier, "this way," by doing it.

They were chasing the tracks of the German unit that included two vehicles running on tires and about 30 additional men who sometimes rode and sometimes walked. It seemed that the Germans had gone into a nearby village which was two kilometers away on the map. "Abel Cain, my friend, use your device to talk to the aeroplanes. Maybe they see some Germans for us... Catch up." Then he turned and waving an arm that held an "E-S" rifle as if it were a match-stick, "Hurry." And he led the men away at a trot in two columns.

Cain took off the radio and fiddled with dials, straightened the aerial and tried to make contact with the Air Force in his sector. Suddenly there was some sustained shooting in the distance. Cain looked around. He thought he saw bushes move 75 meters to his left. He cocked his Kars 99 Short Carbine and continued his radio work while watching the tree-line in his vicinity. After making radio contact and giving his position he put the radio on his back and keeping his weapon ready made haste toward his men. He was angry at Sergeant Boz for not detailing a half-squad for cover as he should have, and almost expected to be felled by a shot. He was certain that he was being watched.

Trying to run winded him after a kilometer. He paused among some oak trees to catch his breath and something caught his eye. Cautiously he moved through some brush and saw brightly colored fabric along the forest floor. He stepped closer and saw three girls, young women of maybe 16 or 17 years old transfixed in death. Dresses had been pulled up, undergarments torn or missing indicating they had been violated. One of them was looking his way with eyes that couldn't see anymore. She had been a lovely girl, with light brown hair; the kind you could fall in love with. Cain's knees grew weak. She had lost her maidenhead as well as her life within the last hour. Cain moved back to the trail. His senses were keen now and his anger much more focused. He needed no more time to catch his breath and ran like a deer. A brown form waved at him from the brush. It was Sergeant Boz huddled with three other men. In a thick whisper Cain began to tell him about the young women. "Yes, we know... the Germans are down there... It's somebody else too... Come my friends, but be quiet." Crouching, they left their cover and advanced. There were 70 of them arising from the forest like agents of vengeance.

It was a small village and they could tell that the people that had been there were Judea. A few Poles were looting some of the empty houses. Boz waved at his third squad to hold the looters till later. The rest moved quietly down the empty street to the edge of the town. There was a cemetery there and Germans were relaxing near their two trucks. There was a machine gun in the back of one of them and Boz grabbed his best shooter and pointed at the machine gun. Then he sent first, second and fourth squad to circle left as he led First Platoon right. Cain fell in behind First Platoon.

As they circled the cemetery they saw a large pit at the far end full of bodies. They were the townspeople; men women and children. Even babies. Boz put a finger to his lips as he urged First Platoon to spread out. When in place he motioned Cain over to him. "Talk to aeroplanes?" Cain nodded yes. "More Germans than these?" Boz asked. "They don't know; a flight is on its way." Sergeant Boz studied the Germans and then their victims. He was a rough man but already he had grandchildren. He shook his head and muttered to no one: "This is herem [הרע total war]." He stood up to get better aim, as he was sturdy as wood, and shot the SS Lieutenant who seemed to be in command from 50 meters. A volley of Kars fire felled most of the rest. A small group slid down the far side of the ditch and tried to run. Fourth squad got two of them and the remainder --about 9-- hid behind some rocks. Third squad joined them bringing five Polish looters with them. The Poles looked frightened. Sergeant Boz detailed his squads to flank the last of the Germans in the rocks and looked over the looters. One was a woman and he sent her away. Of the men he looked at their faces closely and then their fingernails. He motioned at one of them, a fellow of about 19 or 20 about scratches on his face. "Pull his pants down," he asked two of his soldiers. Another Kars soldier had to hold him up so he wouldn't faint from terror, thinking he was about to be castrated. Boz read his mind and muttered to himself. "We don't do that." He sniffed the man and looked closely at his genitals. "You have blood on your penis... maybe it's shit from fucking a cow in the ass... [laughter in the ranks] -- but those scratches on your face and blood under your fingernails..." The Pole did not understand and began to sob with no tears. He sucked his breath painfully as his diaphragm went into

spasm. His mouth caked with chalky saliva.

There was commotion on the trail and they saw the woman Boz had released leading a company of Polish infantry their way. The woman pointed at Boz and at the other Kars as she spoke hurriedly to the Polish captain.

The Polish captain was a tall young man, not a reservist either; probably an aristocrat. A complete contrast to Sergeant Boz who was short and feral and probably ended his formal education after four years of primary school. The Polish prisoner with his pants down was heartened and spoke rapidly in Polish to the Captain. The 200 men of the Polish company began to file up the trail from the village. Surprisingly Sergeant Boz spoke Polish fairly well from his Regular Army days. "Have you seen the raped and murdered children along the road before the village?... These men did it," he told the Captain. This was a difficult standoff. A welcome distraction came from the Germans trapped in the rocks; they wished to surrender to the Poles. -- Geneva convention. "You have no authorities over Polish nationals on our soil," The Polish Captain said, his hand was resting on his pistol case. There was a drone overhead and everyone looked up as two Kars attack planes circled. Abel Cain quickly established radio contact. Sergeant Boz smiled. "Authority ultimately comes from God above," he told the Captain who probably weighed as much as he but was a foot taller. A crash came from their right and suddenly 25 horsemen emerged from the brush riding chestnut mares and wearing leather chaps. These men looked like tree-trunks. They were hard and total warriors, [Giborim גבירים mighty-men] These were the Kars mounted commandos. The scales of authority had turned; but they were still 'guests' on Polish soil. "I will not waste bullets or dull my knife on these trash," Boz said to the Captain and to the Pole with his pants down he wagged his finger and spoke in Polish, "God will punish you for Rape and Murder. These are mortal sins for you and no one can forgive you but the dead." Then he pinched his right ear off his head as he pushed him over to the Polish troops. The Captain blanched as Boz threw the ear to the ground. But Boz was not finished. "Look there Captain. See!" He pointed to the pit full of murdered civilians. The Captain looked and looked away. "You can do what you like to the Germans," the Captain said as he led the looters and his troops away. The Pole with the missing ear stumbled as he tried to staunch the bleeding with his shirt and pull his pants up. The commando leader motioned at the Germans in the rocks calling after the Poles to take them prisoner. Sergeant Boz shrugged, "Be my guest."

Several Commandos dismounted and used two grenades and then leaped among the Germans with the Khopesh slaughtering them as the special action Policemen called out to surrender. The Commandos said not a word.

"Maybe one who is learned will say a Kaddish," Sergeant Boz said to his men, "But we must leave the dead to the dead and the Poles to the Poles..."

--

After the Kars left, two squads of the least-useful Polish soldiers were detailed to cover the corpses. First they liberated some spirits from one of the empty homes, and eventually dragged the German dead over their Jude victims. There never seemed to be enough dirt from out of the hole to fill it again, so they covered the bodies with firewood and doused the wood with fuel from the German trucks. They lit this funeral pyre and quickly left, taking the enemy's weapons with them. Despite, the smell and the pall of black smoke, neighboring villagers came and took everything of value that had been left in the unoccupied houses. The only things they didn't take were the photographs.

--

That evening as Cain tuned the radio Sergeant Boz sat beside him on the log. "Abel Cain, my friend I wonder if you could be doing me a favor."

"Yes?"

-- You see I don't write so good, and I wonder if I tell you what to put, maybe you write the report for the Sar-mayah. And this one is important."

"Sure."

"What's the matter Abel Cain, you are very upset by the things you see today? -- Because I know you are a decorated veteran already; but what you see this day is different, no?"

Cain didn't want to talk about it. There was a pause. "You should assign covering forces for me if I'm left behind. -- I only have a carbine and need to pay attention to the radio..."

Sergeant Boz laughed. "Oh, I know that! -- But today you never alone... No, my friend."

Cain looked at the forest-man. "The Kars Commando. They was in the trees shadowing us all along," Boz said.

"You knew that; how?" Cain demanded, interested in this now profound mystery.

"I knew maybe 15 to 30... I heard them and I could smell the horses. You should not have worried."

"How did you know they were Kars?" Cain asked.

Boz shrugged. "I knew."

--

The next morning a courier brought a message from the Sar-mayah. Sergeant Boz read it slowly moving his lips silently. Then he read it again. Finally he gave the message to Able Cain. "There's a word I don't know here and this message makes no sense..."

Cain read it. The Polish Government was alerting all Allied units in Western Poland that German assassination teams were murdering Polish nobility, civil leaders and intellectuals.

"What is an intellectual. I've heard the word but..."

-- Like a writer or a teacher... a thinker..." Cain said.

Boz laughed. "I'm a thinker too; but not much of a writer... Why are they doing that -- killing people who won't fight back?"

Cain couldn't readily explain. He shook his head. Boz nodded. "I know. They are the devil. ... They are the devil and it is our job to send them to hell. Tell my friends we're on the move in ten minutes."

### **Mobile Battle**

There was considerable fluidity as small unit action swept eastward into Poland. Abel Cain's *Infiltration* and *Assault* company [*the '4/9'*] was still split into two groups, with two platoons taking turns running screens as the other two acted as a quick-reaction force. At 08:35 Hrs [08:35 AM] A force of 65 mounted Kars Commandos [Commando 3/3 B] rode into camp. The leader, a man Cain had not seen before, cantered his mount over to him. Pulling in the reins he asked: "Radio-man, can you ride?"

Cain looked at him. "Can you ride a horse?" The Commando Sergeant asked.

"Yes, but..."

"Kahooly bring a mount!" The Commando Sergeant shouted to another who held a spare horse.

"Just a minute!" Boz interrupted, running to Cain's side ready to fight.  
"Boz! -- I thought you'd be knitting scarves!" The Commando Sergeant taunted him.

"Oh, it's you Greb..." Boz laughed, relaxing his guard.  
"You're in the infantry now. I thought you retired," Greb said.

"I was. -- In the militia... If I was ten years younger I'd be showing you what to do."  
"We're on horses, not donkeys..."

"A comedian," Boz commented to Cain.  
"We need the radio man. I've got permission from the Sar-eleph, and your company commander, who told us where you were..."

"You can't have him." Boz protested.  
"We need him."  
"Why?"  
"The Germans have managed a breakout and are heading to the Warta River. The Poles can't seem to maintain coordination..."

"Oh, it's that dumb 'Shmeegwa' [Śmigły- the Polish Marshall]; and Rommel is worse [Polish Commander Łódź Army Group]; I know these guys from '21. They only seemed smart then because they was fighting the Russians and the Russian Generals had brains like chickens."  
To Cain: "Can you really ride a horse, not like a pony or merry-go-round?"  
"Nothing fancy but I can ride a horse..." Cain admitted.

Greb offered the reins of the spare horse to Cain. "Her name is Zalhen. Fall in behind Kahooly over there... [to Kahooly] and get him a rifle!"

Cain mounted Zalhen and led her over to Kahooly and his mount in the formation. Greb watched him direct the horse and did not seem disappointed. He leaned over toward Boz, "Can he fight?"

"First day he gets a Star-of-Valor... but he's got a radio, now a horse, a rifle... it'll be too heavy."  
Greb laughed, "You his Nurse?"

"We needed a radio-man, and he's my friend."  
"He writes your field reports, don't he, Boz?" Greb chided.

Boz grumbled with laughter, "I never said I was no scholar..." Greb rounded his mount toward the formation. "Get your spacing..."  
"Take care of my friend!" Boz shouted.

Greb nodded "Take care of yourself, old-timer," ... "-- For-ward.. Hrrah!"  
"Damn crazy Commandos..." Boz complained, as the horsemen rode off.

--

Five hours into the ride Cain didn't know who would give out first, him or the horse. He had wild thoughts of pulling out of formation. Let them shoot me, he thought; better than the Germans! At last, the pain in his legs and back receded into a hypnotic trance. He had decided he would ride till they reached the North Pole and die in the saddle -- after all he never expected to be able to walk again. He was unaware that Sergeant Greb had fallen back and was riding alongside him. "Any radio contact?" Cain didn't hear. "I asked you

radio-man..." Greb shouted. Then the words filed into his brain. After all the Commandos did not talk very much. "No. I need to dismount." Greb gave him a look of disgust but Cain was disinterested and didn't bother explaining. He looked forward and continued riding as if that was reason for living. Angrily Greb commanded a halt and posted outriders. "We are able to do things from the saddle," Greb chided.

Cain thought to himself: 'Screw you; I did not volunteer for the Commandos.' He dismounted, keeping the wincing pain to his eyes and brow only, as not to provide any satisfaction. He loped the reins around Zalhen's left foreleg and took the radio off his back. The battery was too low for transmission so he detached the hand-crank generator unit, pulled out the ground drill-bit and screwed it into the soil, then sitting cross-legged on the earth wound the generator with one hand as he spoke on the ground-air frequency using the headset. It was obvious to Greb that this could not be done from the saddle and the Sergeant looked chagrined.

As Cain made radio contact, Greb and three other Commandos circled their horses around him. It occurred to Cain that he was the guest of honor if not the center-piece of their mission. It also occurred to him that his lack-of-deference was not hurting him.

There was an Air Force flight in their area providing armed reconnaissance. "...Wise-Owl [the Commando unit's current call-sign] We have moderate herd unknown reindeer approaching three apples Left-South-Left [West-South-West]..." Cain looked up at Greb he pointed in the direction he was given: "Unknown cavalry troop coming this way; three kilometers out. Greb split the bridle reins giving one to each man at his side to steady his mount and pushed himself above the saddle, and stood on it for better altitude while he surveyed the horizon with binoculars.

They waited and they waited. The horses at least became somewhat nervous. Cain felt nothing, only relief to be off the horse. Thinking the battery had enough charge for the receiver he stood to stretch his legs. Kahooly grinned. He knew Cain had not been on a horse in a long time.

At last Greb announced: "Poles." He slid back into his saddle. "Signal flag for the Poles!" A rider went forward waving a banner flag with Polish and Kars markings attached to a collapsible tent-pole. "You can't monitor the radio from the horse?" Greb asked Cain with out any trace of condescension. Cain checked the meter, and his wrist watch. "For maybe 25 minutes..." He re-shouldered the radio and mounted Zalhen.

They met the Polish troop in two columns. It was a squadron of the 12th Uhlan and it had been battered. There were wounded men in the saddle and without discussing it the Kars knew that the 12th Uhlan had riders missing from horses and horses missing from riders. The Captain was genuinely pleased to see them and shook hands with Sergeant Greb. They had halted a German battalion-sized night advance of what had been the 4th Panzers fighting on foot. The Uhlans got caught between several machine guns. "Your Air Force saw the action at dawn and provided cover for us to withdraw. He pointed to Cain. "A radio? That small? If we had those, we..." He stopped fantasizing. "We have been ordered east toward the Warta."

"Us too. We are to provide ground-to-air coordination for you," Greb said. The Captain seemed to have tears in his eyes. He nodded, waited for the lump in his throat to clear. Too many lost men on too few hours of rest. His country and his loved ones were in jeopardy. "Thank you," he managed to Greb. "Long Live Poland!" He shouted as he rallied his troop. "Nee-jea-Polska," Greb repeated. Both troops help up their rifles as they passed and the Poles drew out their fighting spirit and gave out a "Hurrah."

"Poles and 'Jude-Huns' [Żyd Hunowie *Jshid-Hunovia*] happy to see one another," Cain joked to himself. A few others shrugged over the irony. Greb checked his own wrist watch and they headed east.

A quarter hour later Greb dropped back to ride next to Cain. "Radio-Man... That generator you turn; does it have to be done a certain way?" -- "Even a Commando could do it," Cain replied inducing a few chuckles. Greb could not completely repress a smile which twisted out of the right side of his mouth. "Oh, you are Boz's man, alright. -- Kahooly you will be this man's partner turning the dynamo as we ride."

--

Before dusk they came upon a slight ridge of a hill rising two and half meters at its highest point in the midst of a large expanse of tall grass near a stream. They were not far from the Warta. They brushed down the horses and gave them some oats before restricting their movement with leg cuffs allowing them to graze on the eastern side of the hill. They dug two-man holes and camouflaged them. Kahooly fixed grass onto the radio aerial as well as Cain's helmet. "How'd you win the Star of Valor?" He asked. Cain considered a lengthy explanation but remembered what the Chaplain had said, "Fighting for my country..." Kahooly nodded "Are you a good shot?" Cain shook his head sideways, "I'm better with the radio."

The Commandos were quiet. What conversation he overheard was brief, almost abrupt, and seemed to concern operations. Weather was a concern: It enhanced or restricted visibility. Wind velocity and barometer affected trajectory and general marksmanship. Cain was exhausted and everything hurt. He ate part of a ration bar and fell asleep half-sitting up.

--

The next day they watched and listened. Battles raged to the North of them, to the South and to the East. They heard the artillery and sometimes small arms fire and saw airplanes in the distance. There were at least two air-battles between Kars or Polish planes and the Germans. But their sector was quiet all morning and into the afternoon. Greb was beginning to think he had picked the wrong spot. Cain had linked up with headquarters before dawn but no radio-traffic since.

Then their Western outrider hurried in "Somebody's coming; company sized..."

Greb surveyed the approach with binoculars as did his second in command, Corporal Kaškir, someone Cain recognized from the Village. "That's a big gun under tow ... a really long one..." The Corporal commented. "Eighty-eight on a two-wheel carriage -- They're Germans. Cain call the Air Force," Greb said.

Cain tried. Kahooly cranked. "No Air this sector." He switched frequencies and tried to reach headquarters, but daylight transmission on the long-range frequency was uncertain. He kept trying.

Greb could not wait. He ordered 8 men to reign in the horses and keep them down on the far side of hill. They checked the wind and how it waved the grass. "Two columns Right Left; fast lizard wind..." Greb said. "They're moving at an angle we won't catch them..." Kaškir said. Greb nodded, he turned around "I'll need a sacrifice out to 50 meters from here in about 7 minutes..."

Kahooly volunteered, "I'll go Sergeant."

"OK, get your horse and keep her down until it's time to go. Everybody else check watches and compasses..." He paused and tugged on Kahooly's chest armor, "Keep it tight Preshluk," and patted him on the helmet.

Cain was amazed that the Commandos could move so fast on hands, elbows, knees and feet. They burst forward in the grass but paused with the cessation of each wind gust and then went again. They checked compasses and corrected with each new movement. Five minutes into their operation Cain gave up on the Air Force as he couldn't see his own forces and wouldn't bring fire down on the Commandos as well. He sat in his fox hole and watched. Two minutes later Kahooly flew over the ridge on his mount at a full gallop. He made directly for the Germans, then rode the last several seconds with one foot in the stirrup on the far side of the horse. Much rifle fire rang out and he dropped down pulling the horse flat next to him. The Germans stopped their forward advance and sent a party out toward Kahooly. They began turning the big cannon around. It would take a little over two minutes to put it into position and fire. Each second hammered at Cain as he watched. He couldn't take it anymore and clicked the safety off the **E S** rifle. Maybe now I'll get that German, he thought. The party looking for Kahooly was getting closer. Cain aimed and ... **BLAM** the trigger was far more sensitive than any he had ever pulled before. He had missed his shot and brought a great deal of fire in his direction. Something smacked him across the head and his scalp tingled. But the Germans were frozen in their positions and that was what was needed. The Commandos popped up with **E S** rifles and a screaming **Jyvar** and killed every German on the gun crew. Then the second team popped up with **E S** rifles, **auto-carbines** and anti-personnel rifle-grenades and annihilated the forward German platoon. A two man Commando team came within 60 meters of the German 88 gun and hit the breech with an anti-tank rifle-grenade taking it out of the war.

Suddenly the radio crackled. "Wise Owl, this is Peacock, see action your sector..." Cain looked up and saw a flight of two **4Bs** "Acknowledged Peacock. Wise Owl forces within 50 meters East of burning cannon. OK to fire west of that zone. West is Hostile." Cain stood up and screamed "Greb!" He attracted much fire but Sergeant Greb imagined that Cain had made radio contact, he looked up saw the two planes looping into an attack pattern and called his people back. The planes blasted the Germans with bullet-shot smashing men and horses. Then they fired incendiary on the ammunition wagons and produced tremendous secondary explosions. The Commandos pulled back to where Kahooly went down and shot every German left standing after the planes circled off target. Kahooly stood and several comrades helped encourage the horse up. Kahooly was limping but that was from the jump from the horse. He was not wounded.

The Commandos walked off the smoking field. Greb went up to Cain and without saying a word lifted off Cain's helmet to show him the bullet crease on the right side. "No wonder you got a medal, you're meshugga [**משוגע** crazy]." He turned to his Corporal. "Put it in the report the Radio-man and his assistant were both decoy-'sacrifices.' Put Preshluk Kahooly in for the Star and an action-medal for the guys who hit the cannon with the anti-tank." -- "Him?" Corporal Kaškir asked of Cain: "He saved our asses; we would have had 10 casualties with the German far platoons." Greb shrugged: "That's his job. The mention in dispatches will probably make him a Lance Corporal."

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At 08:00 Hrs [8:00 AM] the next day the '4/9' *Infiltration and Assault* company reached their position after an over-night trek. They had two new field radio-operators. Boz called out to Greb "I'll give you my new Radio-Man. He knows how to talk to the aeroplanes, and he has a pretty picture of his wife and little baby..." he lowered his voice "-- he don't write my words as good...The reports sound like a recipe for cupcakes..." Greb laughed. "No deal.



That Abel Cain is a crazy man and he belongs with us.” -- “Of course,” Boz said, “He’s crazy; you’re crazy it’s a good fit, but --” he lowered his voice again, “You could make this new guy crazy, too.”

Commando 3/3 B [Wise Owl] was waiting for the squadron of the 12th Uhlan to return as they were joining them in a reconnaissance patrol to the North West. Sergeant Boz spoke with Cain, “Abel Cain I hear things. The Sar mayah says they’re going to be making you a Lance Corporal. I was maybe three years in the Army before making Lance Corporal, but I’m not smart like you...” Cain laughed, which made his head hurt. “So, listen,” Boz continued, I think maybe you gonna one day make Sar eleph; and when you do, if you hear some young big shot say maybe we gonna send that old Boz home; and he can’t write no good report, you stick up for me, ok?”

“Okay Sergeant Boz.” They shook hands, “And take care of yourself Able Cain. Don’t eat none of them Polish rations it’s got pig-fat in it and will make your belly hurt and your brain fuzzy. “Oh here they come. Look at them, on horses too, everybody is taller than me!” The Uhlans arrived. Sar-mayah Kogan checked some of the Polish horses that showed minor cuts. Anybody who knew anything knew he was an ex-cavalry man himself and that he wanted to mount up and ride. They were quiet and answered his questions respectfully. He shook hands with the Polish Captain and they talked for a bit.

### **New Front**

As German initiative ebbed in Western Poland the next move was for the Allies to stabilize the Czech situation and move into Germany. Bek and Marshall Rydz-Śmigły were scheduled to review troops and have a conference. The Polish General Staff realized that if the Kars hadn’t destroyed such a vast majority of German Armor, Air Power and logistics in the first few days of the war the current situation would be entirely different. They were also aware of the Kars forceful dealings with the Russians which had apparently neutralized them. The problem in their mind was what price they might have to pay. They did not want to be drawn into tributary status to a greater ‘Karsaria.’ They wondered if the Kars would retake the Ukraine, call up two million militia-men and throw Poland over its shoulder. Bek wasted no time with the Polish Marshall. “We will not stay in Poland after the war. We have no intention of moving back onto the Steppe [Ukraine]. I went to Germany in ‘36 and Marshall they are evil... Murderers!” He let Śmigły look into his soul. The Polish leader looked away. He didn’t know what to believe. They walked a few paces and Śmigły shrugged, “What now?”

“Some advice?” Bek inquired.

“Why not...”

“I would replace General Juliusz Rómmel...”

“He’s been with me for a long time...”

“Send him to the Russian front. General Wiktor Thommée would be someone worth considering for the Łódź Army Group...”

The Polish Marshall stopped. “Marshall Bek, believe it or not, I have more politics to play than you do. I even have a President [Ignacy Mościcki] and a Prime Minister [Felicjan Składkowski] I don’t have a King and Pope in Warszawa to bless me and make me the Holy Roman Emperor...”

Uncontrollably Marshall Bek chuckled; he also knew that the Polish Marshall did not defer to other officials over military affairs. “So give Rómmel a medal.”

Śmigły was silent for a moment. “I’ll speak frankly, Khagan Bek, -- I’m not sure how you

people manage your affairs...” -- “How so?” Bek inquired.

“Well there’s Hitler and Mussolini always making speeches. Tremendous speeches full of emotion. You get on the radio once in awhile and talk like a schoolteacher for 30 seconds... Yet you can do as you please... How is that?”

“My dear Marshall,” Bek began with humor in his face, “You flatter me. I have the confidence of my King, my Ministers, the Army and the People. Hitler promises everybody a load of lies that will eventually catch up with him.”

“How do you maintain that confidence?” The Polish leader asked.

“Uh...uh...” Bek was surprised to find that he hadn’t thought about it. He looked reflectively up. “In some places people work for money, or for prestige; I have given myself to the service of the nation and my only foible is to try and be correct. If I am correct more than I am wrong than I will have helped the nation to succeed...”

Marshall Rydz-Śmigły shook his head. “You Kars are a strange people. We admire some things about you; but we don’t understand you.” --

“Most of us work within the family, on family farms or herding-ranges, or small businesses as skilled craftsmen or tradesmen, so the dynamic of pleasure or displeasure; satisfaction or dis-satisfaction or disaffection stays at home. It doesn’t transfer to the body-politic. I suppose you could call it a conservative approach. For the larger things there is the government; the Army, the National University; the big hospitals...” Bek said, then changing his tone: “And you know, we taught you how to ride. You Polans were farmers when the Kars were the riders of the Steppe [grassy plains stretching from the Ukraine to Central Asia].” Rydz-Śmigły waved the suggestion away angrily. But released a thin smile. “So, now we try to conclude a treaty with that Hitler?”

“No, sir. Now we take the fight to him. We invade. Either that or the Germans will be back with 10,000 tanks, planes and guns in a few years. And this time the French *will* act. They will not miss such an opportunity.”

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Deep in the bowels of the Army Ministry, ‘short-records’ were kept for each soldier on their current unit’s roster. There were updated to and from the master records for each individual. Redundancy was part of the plan should something be destroyed. The Master records were maintained in vast vaults; the unit rosters were far more accessible. For instance for Kanal Omri his short record would list his enlistment date, next-of-kin, rank, units with dates of assignment and qualifications such as Cavalry Reconnaissance; Pilot 4B Attack etc. Abel Cain’s qualifications were Field-Radio I & A inf. Sergeant Greb’s qualifications were I & A Infantry, Cavalry Reconnaissance with the notation of ח [ÇH] ג [G] י [O] standing for חַיִּל [Chayel] גִּבּוֹר [Gibor] וְיָצִיט [Olbut] [though arranged right to left as both languages are written]. The first two words were Hebrew and the third Late-Oghur [Turkic] for Valiant, Heroic [literally: *mighty-man*] Warrior. This is the designation for the Commandos. The Commando badge is a 5 cm [about 2 inches] golden Khopesh or curved sword with a wide front -- the three letters rising from the blade. When dispatches from the Commandos reached headquarters through Sar-mayah Kogan of the 4/9, Battalion and then Brigade requesting that Abel Cain be assigned permanently to them someone had to make a decision: ח י were placed after his name [Valiant Warrior]. Modern battle requirements were changing assumptions and duties.

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Select units in the area were ordered to report to an area south of Kalisz to be presented in

formation before the Polish and Kars military leadership before moving West and South against the Nazis. One of the Commandos recognized for his work with fuses and demolitions had learned some of his skills as a Jeweler's apprentice to his father before the Army. Sergeant Greb handed him a spare Commando's badge and whispered to him about a 'mission.' Meanwhile the Corporal and Kahooly, who was still limping, were to instruct Cain in fast dismounts from horseback as well as a few other refinements to his nascent riding abilities. Later it was time to brush down their combat uniforms and apply badges and medals for formation. Cain couldn't find his Field-Radio badge [also 5 cm] which was three lightning bolts ascending from the center of a Kars 99 short carbine. Seeing him search earnestly through his small field pack Sergeant Greb and others including Kahooly and the former jeweler's apprentice had a surprise for him. It was a Commando badge with the central **а** [G] replaced with the three lightning bolts. "You're not yet a mighty-hero, but still a valiant-warrior; Welcome to the Commandos, Able Cain." Corporal Kaškir added: "Next time we get supply we will issue you a Khopesh to mount along your saddle." Cain was speechless but pleased and nodded his appreciation. All of the Commandos lined up to playfully punch him or tousle his hair. "You can't bruise his radio-arm!"

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Before formation Khagan Bek met with several representatives from the military and government to deal with problems large and small that had worked their way up to his level. Sar-eleph Tlyf [formerly a Colonel], of Intelligence had found the link to Polish intelligence: A loyal stable-hand of the King who liked to talk. "Is the Pole a patriot for his country or a professional agent capable of working for someone else?" -- "A Polish patriot" -- "Then just keep an eye on him. German agents?" -- "A few suspicious characters working out of the Italian embassy and the Japanese Consulate as well as two suspicious characters associated with the Bulgarian and Hungarian consulates respectively." [The German consulate had been closed and all personnel shipped to Italy at the opening of hostilities.] "The original Bulgars, the Magyars were once our kin..." -- "We have them so shadowed by obvious counter-agents and watched continuously by in-obvious ones they will find nothing." Bek made a face, "Go on."

"An item of shame... A mounted Commando unit in the East, currently in reserve, was caught moving opium from Central Asia into Russia," Tlyf said. -- "To the Russians, only?" -- "Yes." -- "For money?" -- "Yes." -- "Used for?" -- "Whoring, gambling, buying baubles for wives or girlfriends..." -- "Caught by Intelligence?" -- "Yes."

Bek exhaled. "Give the agent, or agents, who discovered this a promotion and a commendation... Put a line through their Commando and Cavalry certifications on the records [short & master-file]. Have them break their Commando badge in half and wear each half on different sides of their tunic. Appropriate all contraband and monies derived from the contraband. Demote each one a rank; mix them up and put them in some of the new units forming from conscripts and militia-men... -- they might be useful cadre... Make sure they are assigned to our best officers in Infantry or I and A. -- All foot, no mounted. If they redeem themselves all's well, if not, prison after the war. Pass this on to Sar-eleph Gadol [Senior Army General] Kolan for expedition with my name on it. Oh, and also give the same deal to former Private Mosha Kelskee if you can find him."

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There were a few pilots available for decoration as well as several Commando and *Infiltration* and *Assault* Companies. A few Polish units including the 12th Uhlan were also present. Flights of 4B Attack planes circled the area all day and occasionally a 5C interceptor roared to a Combat Patrol Station high overhead. Sar-eleph Betan Kolan, the Brigade Commander and son of the Army Chief-of-Staff was to present commendations to

the Kars. Kolan had read, almost memorizing, all the dispatches and commendations and was anxious to place the faces with the names. He had asked his father about the mass-murders uncovered by the 4/9 in the Częstochowa region. Inquiries had been made. Intelligence Agents had visited the scene. Local women had buried the violated girls. Even the Poles were aware of atrocities going on wherever there were German intrusions. Colonel Surówka of the Legion was presenting to the Poles.

A band played anthems of both countries [visitors first] as Khagan Bek and Marshall Rydz-Śmigły slowly strode down the field between the Poles on the Left and Kars on the Right merely 6 meters apart [about 20 feet]. Squadron or Company and Battalion Commanders would join the procession before their units and introduce various soldiers for decoration by one of the presenters and both Marshalls would offer the final handshake.

Everyone of the pilots was decorated. "Senior Sergeant Kanal Omri, Flight Commander Attack Aircraft. Destroyed 22 German aircraft on the ground. Destroyed 8 German Aircraft in air-to-air combat. Destroyed 17 Medium Tanks with crews, 14 Armored Fighting Vehicles with crews and some with troops, 19 field guns four with gun-crews, 4 anti-aircraft guns with gun-crews, 29 transport vehicles, some with troops and numerous infantry." Kolan could see pain in the Pilot's eyes. He shook hands with him. It was perfunctory and Kolan felt guilty about the show-and-tell feel of the ceremony. "Promotion to Master Sergeant, Action Medal 1st Class, Air Combat Medal 1st Class, Distinguished Warrior Medal 1st Class. The nation thanks you Sergeant Omri. May God be with you my son" -- "Thank you, father." Bek patted his shoulder "Better days ahead, good-son." Omri fought breaking down. He accepted a limp handshake from the Polish Field Marshall and a "Good shooting." to which he smiled, but as the procession passed tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Able Cain..." -- "Yes, I've read about you," Kolan said handing Cain a Lance Corporal's chevron. "You seem to have a penchant about exposing yourself to enemy fire to save your comrades." He had watched Cain's original decoration from a distance. That seemed a more pure ceremony to Kolan, with less intrusion. Before they could move on, Khagan Bek spotted a form familiar from a long time ago. He couldn't believe it, and stepped around to look into the face of the man. "Bulan Boz is that you?" The Khagan croaked, feeling blessed. -- "Yes, your honor, it is me," Boz said astounded that the Marshall and Khagan should remember him. The Khagan hugged Boz and pulled him out of line presenting him to all the dignitaries present: "My Lance Corporal!" -- "It's true, Boz explained. I was loading bullets for him while he was shooting," -- The Khagan took a few moments to inquire about his family and whereabouts, but had to move on, slapping Boz's shoulders affectionately: "I saw him carry two wounded men off the battlefield. Two!" -- "They was light. Polish boys..." Boz said modestly. As the dignitaries moved past, Boz repeated to anyone who could listen: "It's true I loaded bullets while the Khagan was shooting... he was a Sergeant then; but a smart Sergeant, always reading books... That's why he's the Khagan and I'm wiping you snot-noses," he laughed gesturing at his young 'friends' in formation.

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### *Turtles { 3 }*

Horvani and his men off-loaded their equipment from the last car of the train in large burlap containers 21 kilometers from the frontier. They waited three hours for the horse teams to arrive that would bring them close to their positions. Five wagons brought them to a gradual upward slope in the terrain. Here they removed the burlap and laid each 'turtle-shell' holding rations, ammunition and supplies on the ground. Horses were unhitched from the wagons, the 'turtles' were de-braked, and in 7 single files, individual horses pulled several

of the shells up hill as the men guided them. They reached a flat area before the top of the hill two hours before dusk. The horses and drivers were sent back before nightfall and the men pulled their 'portable caves' the remaining 500 meters into position near the crest of a long gentle hill slope covered with brush and some trees above a medium density wood below. To the sides were steeper cliff faces much more difficult to scale. Here Horvani had to take care in positioning all twenty of the mobile fortifications. Ideally they should have been spaced about 12 meters apart [approximately 40 feet]. But he had to take into consideration natural camouflage, fields of fire and placement so that a 'turtle-shell' could be turned during battle. "Too close to the rock on the left; you'll get jammed if you need to turn." -- He calculated that they could cover the 275 meters [about 900 feet] of the most appropriate inbound route an enemy might chose; with a field-of-fire extending from 400 meters across to 75 meters deep well beyond the tree-line below. As night fell, Horvani posted guards and the other men turned in. A few men slept in the open rather than in their shelters and Horvani hoped it wasn't because they were claustrophobic.

The next day they had to establish communications and camouflage. They had several kilometers of thin telephone field-wire on spools but only eight telephone-operator headsets and microphones. Originally they had been given five, but Horvani had cannibalized the duplex headsets to stretch communication capabilities. The end fortifications would be on the same loop as Horvani who was positioned in the center. It was one large intercom and strict protocols would have to be followed so that jabbering-excitement wouldn't paralyze communications while engaged with the enemy. Only one other military man with Horvani had Kars military training, a mercenary named Kachak who was serving as a Corporal. The rest were Czechs plucked from the infantry and they had little appreciation for the profundities and nuances of camouflage. "No, no, no... it's not a question of just hacking bushes and sticking them on your positions. You must take care not to trample the landscape. You can't make a bigger mess hiding telephone field-wire than what existed before. -- You don't need to stretch the wire tight from position to position; let it loop gently. Keep in mind that the enemy must view the landscape as pristine. Don't walk like elephants; walk like goats, as Kachak does..." Later he had Kachak climb a few trees in their vicinity to gauge camouflage from the air and to make suggestions where needed.

They had no communications with the outside, not even a runner. Horvani stripped 10 meters of telephone wire and used it for a crystal-radio aerial. He could pull in a station in Prague and at night Berlin. On the third day out, he was prepared to send a man down the hill to cross the several kilometers to their left where Czech fortifications were emplaced, when he heard a great deal of explosions in the distance. Then they saw some unrecognizable aircraft overhead. Hours later a flight of three aircraft crossed low directly above them. They had Kars markings on them! Radio Prague was playing patriotic music with no news bulletins. The explosions went on all day and into the night. By evening Hornavi picked up excited radio bulletins from Berlin. "We seem to be at war, gentlemen..." He told his men, "Czechoslovakia and Poland have been named among the perfidious instruments of the Jude-Huns who have stabbed Germany in the back but will pay with pain and blood etc, etc..." The men seemed cheered that Poland and the Kars were supporting them against the Germans, though a few asked about the big western ally, France. Horvani had to shrug, then he doubled the guard.

The next morning a courier came from Regiment to check on them. "Expect attack at any time. Someone will be here tomorrow evening to see how you are. Hodně štěstí! [*hodinay-stiskey* Good Luck!]" Horvani felt thirsty but couldn't seem to drink more than a mouthful from his canteen. Kachak crawled forward and lay flat in the grasses for a half hour then crawled back to them. "There are formations of troops massing below and I heard a few vehicles..." -- "All right. Don't panic. Take a piss; take a crap just leave your camouflage intact then button up inside your emplacements." [There was a slot on the right side floor of the

'Turtle-shells' to urinate through, though cumbersome and less than ideal.] "And remember to strap your gear on the notches above and behind you [to reduce the ricocheting of bullets should they come in through the front]. Don't fire until I do; or if something happens to me -- Sergeant Hus or Corporal Kachak. I will not fire until they are within 30 to 40 meters. Remember your training! -- Nejlepší v boji [best in the battle]."

Horvani was the last man to climb into his turtle. He clamped down the front-top of the turret leaving a firing and viewing portal of 25 centimeters by 48 cm [about 10 by 19 inches]. He tied down the rope lattice in the front, armed an anti-tank round and loaded it and charged the .45 Long Colt machinegun. Belatedly he checked the hand-brake which was on and waited. The steel helmet [his only body armor] felt uncomfortable at this angle; but a stiff neck was the least of his worries.

He heard discombobulated voices and wondered if he was going mad. -- The headset! He had forgotten about it. He unbuckled the helmet, put on the headset and then put the helmet back on. Seven men were excitedly chatting. "This is the commander; what is going on?" He asked. "We just wondered if you were okay Major..." Horvani chuckled. I forgot to put this thing on. I'm listening now but be quiet if there's nothing to report. Remember most of the fellows don't have one." He was greeted by a few snickers, but the men felt better hearing his voice. This both pleased and troubled him. He had been a loner most of his life; a fiddler with books and things. Now, men put their confidence in him and he wondered if this was a good idea. Perhaps they might be disappointed. He remembered one of his superiors in the Militia [Sergeant Boz] telling him: "Horvani, my friend, you could probably build your own ax, but I'm afraid you might chop off your foot with it..."



Two companies of German Infantry were attempting to follow three Panzer II *light*-medium tanks up the approaching incline. Horvani stuffed cotton into his left ear; the right was covered with the headphone. The tanks were having some trouble as their treads chewed through the ground and spat it out behind them. They shifted into lower gear and pushed

their engines for more power shifting from side to side as one tread gave way faster than the other side. The infantry moved from behind the tanks and eventually got ahead of them. "You men, no anti-tank; they're coming up the middle," Horvani told the seven men on the ends his own formation. Each step the Germans took went too quick and lasted too long. Horvani aimed his anti-tank weapon at the most center of the approaching vehicles. He adjusted and re-adjusted the small sight. He cursed the grasses intended to camouflage him as they interfered with his vision. The lead German troops were now within 30 meters; yet the tanks were still at 50 meters. He sighted again and pulled the trigger. There was only a small charge to the shell but the whine and scratch of it firing reverberated tremendously in his little cocoon. Within a moment 13 anti-tanks rounds were reaching out to the tanks. Ten impacted on the tanks; four on one tank; four on another and two on the third tank. Horvani went to his machinegun. Its weight and relatively slow rate-of-fire at 400 rounds-per-minute added to its stability. The twenty Czech positions opened up with short accurate bursts. The heavy bullets knocked down the Germans as they stood bewildered amid their smoking tanks. Each hit sounded like the *thwunk* of a wooden mallet striking a leather chair. One anti-tank round would have been enough to burn through the thin armor on the Panzer IIs. The molten, sparking metal and thick, choking smoke added to the horror. To the rear, and near the tanks, German soldiers had been showered with burning white phosphorous from the shells that ate flesh to the bone. Horvani was sickened. Not only the noise echoing in his fortification, and the smell of the exploded nitro-cellulose cartridge propellant which faintly resembled skunk, but the scene from hell in front of him was awful. As more German infantry kept climbing forward it could soon be his turn to scream.

Horvani assumed that a German General somewhere pouring over maps overlaid with aerial photographs had decided that his hill was the place to break through, and no realities from below would change the course of events in any hurry. No one would expect Hitler to stoop to hand-wringing over a few unimportant lives; this was a man who wanted Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals and had threatened to jump on the British Prime Minister if he had to talk to him again. It was his eager intention to annihilate more human beings than Genghis Khan. The Germans coming up in the third wave were more cautious and crawling over their fallen; sometimes playing dead until a comrade became a target, and then scooting forward. It was dawning on them that there were a limited number of Czech shooters. It was dawning on the Czechs that they were running out of machinegun ammunition; as each victory was requiring more rounds than before. One German made it to within 7 meters of Horvani before he was spotted and shot. Then a far-away rumble... Artillery fell on the Czech positions. Horvani hunkered down flat as shrapnel scrapped and banged against his fortification. He thought he heard a shrieking *crunch* from nearby. He released his brake and using a combat knife pushed the turtle shell 20 degrees left. Then he pushed his thin periscope out to survey his line. An artillery shell had hit one of the 'Turtle-shells' turning it into a twisted, reddened mess. Horvani felt ill again. Another nickname for the 'portable cave' came to mind: *coffin*. He moved back into position and braked. *Was this to be the end of his studies and innovations; a battle-field experiment, that no matter how well-intentioned would be a footnote to his demise? -- What a shameful waste*, he thought. The artillery fire slackened. He counted his remaining rounds coiled on the ammunition belt: 80 which would not see him through another ground assault. He had a vz. 24 automatic pistol with an 8 round magazine, firing 9 mm-*short* cartridges [.380 ACP]; and a combat knife. As the artillery fire fell away he scurried out of his Turtle-shell and moving quickly retrieved the 8mm *Karabiner Mauser* rifle and cartridge belt from the German who had been shot close by. The man was still gurgling when he stripped off the belt. Horvani had fired the 7mm Mauser sharp-shooter's weapon in his Kars military training, and saw little difference between the 7mm and the 8mm rifle as far as operation. Within minutes the Germans began peeking up from below. Czech return fire; parsimonious now, elicited directed sniper fire from the tree line below. One round flew into Horvani's shelter centimeters from his head. It ricocheted three or four times around him cutting the surface of his shoulder before

ricocheting one more time and burying half way into the floor. Amazed with child-like glee he tried to pick up the spent bullet burning his fingers. His becoming so easily enthralled with scientific trivia made him laugh. Horvani responded to the sniper fire with two anti-tank rounds into the tree-line which burned the enemy troops there hellishly. Then he fired off a few of his own long-range rifle rounds. They could spend the afternoon this way.

The intercom erupted: "Commander, I am low on ammunition..." -- "Me too!" -- "I have only..." -- "Me as well;" Horvani admitted, "switch to single-fire; but you may use the White-phosphorous shells against snipers in the tree-line. Just save one or two rounds in case we see more tanks." -- It was three in the afternoon when the smoke came to the attention of either the Czech or Kars Air Force and two Kars attack planes came around for a look. They fired cannon and anti-personnel at something beyond Horvani's view; maybe tanks, or artillery, or supply trucks or troop concentrations. An hour later a white flag appeared from the Germans. Horvani crawled out of the turtle and brushed himself off. "Ja? [Yes?]" he called out in German. -- "...Talk [Sprechen]..." came the answer. Feeling nervous, Horvani walked to the edge of the hill. "What do you want?" A German lieutenant stepped forward holding the flag: "We would like to arrange the recovery of our wounded..." -- "I just got here, Leutnant [*loit-nant*], but I see you've got quite a mess," Horvani lied -- "Yes, Herr Hauptfach [Major]..." and the German lieutenant saluted smartly from the bottom of the hill. Horvani returned the salute perfunctorily. "You must remove your corpses from Czech soil... A few of my men will assist in sending down to you the dead from above," --as he did not want the Germans to see their defenses up close. "We..." The junior officer started to object. "Those are our terms; agreed?" -- The German officer looked off for instructions and then nodded, "As you say."

Horvani returned to his lines, he called out 11 of his remaining 18 men to roll the German bodies to the bottom of the ravine, but to take the rifles<sup>1</sup> and ammunition for themselves and their comrades. Then he looked in on the *coffin*. It was hard to see the remains, gruesome parts were rigidly encased in bulges of metal. The whole thing would have to be buried. It was all that was left of Private Lidice, a 20 year old Czech patriot.

[<sup>1</sup> The Czech vz. 24 8mm rifle had been based on the Mauser 8mm so there was immense similarity, making it familiar to Czech soldiers.]

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Horvani stood alone in the dark, looking over the scene of the hillside. Either the odor was in his nose or still in the trees and their embers, but he could smell death and devastation. He was surprised to learn that the Kars had an Air Force; and even more surprised to see them in Western Czechoslovakia. He felt a twinge of guilt for not remaining in his homeland. Another mystery was the reduction of the large German military to a handful of old tanks and front-line companies. Could the Kars have that big an Air Force? Suddenly he felt as if somebody were with him. There were two men -*ghostlike*- very close to him. One spoke in a low, but husky voice -- in Kars: "Major Horvani, we are Kars **Commando 3/3** Ashina [A troop]... We will be operating forward of your area. In several days Kars Infiltration and Assault Companies will come through..." -- "Oh. -- Good..." They were ready to depart but Horvani wanted to know something: "Sergeant?" -- "Yes Major?" -- "Am I in any trouble?" Horvani asked. -- "For?..." The Commando leader queried. -- "For not reporting to my Militia call-up?" Horvani asked. -- "You'd have to ask the Khagan; but I think you are serving the nation..." Horvani felt better.

### Rosa's despondency

The German Section became alarmed about Aninna's lack of contact. Tlyf personally



dispatched Karl to Sweden. The meeting was arranged as a 'seduction' in a small bar in Stockholm's Vasastan district. Her eyes were full as if she had drugs or too much sleep. Her movements were slow. "How's Reinhard?" Karl inquired. She smoked a cigarette and looked away. "He's beside himself with self-abuse, recrimination, he hates me..." -- "That's hard to believe." -- "There's a war on and he's not in it. He's in hiding." -- "Germans are getting their asses kicked." -- "Doesn't matter." She removed a flake of tobacco from her tongue. -- "You never smoked," Karl remarked. -- "I never did a lot of things..." They sat quietly for a moment until Karl began to leer and lean forward to whisper. She instinctively withdrew even though she knew it was protocol. "I'm having trouble with all this," she confessed. -- "Talk to me; everyone is concerned. The boss, even the ... Bek..." -- This startled her. "He's aware?..." -- "Rosa, you don't know how important you've been. You couldn't guess," Karl told her. She began to cry quietly. "I don't know who I am anymore. I'm Spanish, I'm Catholic, I'm Rosa, I'm Fascist; I'm Aninna, I'm Jude, I'm part Kars, I want to walk humbly with the Lord; I'm a killer, a lover, a whore... You can't imagine. Sometimes I don't know which game I'm playing. Sometimes I believe I am with Reinhard because I want to be; sometime I think I actually care for him.... But why? -- Why?" -- "It's all true. All sides of it," Karl said, "The final truth is always what your heart wants. If you want blood for blood's sake, victory for victory's sake, then you are who you pretend to be..." She shook her head negatively and Karl continued, "If in your heart-of-hearts you want peace and love and kindness and goodness, then that is the greater truth." -- "But Karl, you don't know the things I've had to do." -- "I know because I've done them also. All of them. And I've taken life; and can't say that they were all evil, some were just soldiers... We did not make this world, we are only trying to survive in it with a small belief in the truth..." She looked up at him, her eyes were wet, but bright again. He knew she would be alright. "Thanks Karl..." -- "Tell the family you miss them?" -- "Yes, please do. I shall charge forward like... like a rhinoceros."

### Action Summary 1

Top Secret Action Summaries were prepared by the Army Chief of Staff and the Chief of Intelligence. They were reviewed by the Khagan and then provided to the King and President of the Council-of-Ministers, as well the Head of the Air Force and selected Brigade Commanders who like the Air Commander may have had input to parts of the summary but were not aware of the entirety of the situation. They were written with Hebrew characters in Kars with its current inventory of Hebrew, Slavic, Varangian, French and English 'loan-words.'

### Action Summary [Week Two]

**AIR:** German tactical combat aircraft inventory reduced by 60%. Experienced German combat pilots reduced by approximately 45%. Coordination and communication between German Air Force and Infantry units operating across broad, mobile Polish front negligible, further reducing German Air Force efficiencies. German military coordination between ground and Air Forces on the static Czech front better and improving. Average number of sorties per German combat aircraft flown approximately 1.5 up from 1 on third day of conflict. Average German combat losses per day [post Operation Slay the Beast]: 30. Approximate percentage of German Air Force held in reserve for strategic protection on Germany's Eastern fronts: 20%; approximate percentage of German Air Force held in reserve on its Western Front [France] 5%. Delay in German logistics created by hardening Air Bases approximately 3 to 7 days. Approximate number of days before German Air Force inventory reaches pre-conflict levels: 300; Approximate number of days before Air Force inventory reaches 70-75% of pre-conflict levels: 200. Expect pilot replacement to exceed airplane replacement, but experience and ability of pilots are diminishing. Experience of German Pilots seasoned in the Spanish Civil War detracted from current combat conditions but aided

in general aviation skills. Of note: German Air Force has initiated indiscriminate use of incendiary bombs [White Phosphorous - sometimes mixed with petrol] on civilian as well as suspected Allied military targets. Suggest long-range commando penetration of 3 to 4 forward German Air Bases to eliminate at least 100 German Air Force pilots.

**GROUND**: Reduction of German medium and heavy armored forces available for the Polish and Czech fronts 85 to 90% reducing the utilization of German armored divisions to zero. Reduction of German motorized transport available for the Polish and Czech fronts 75 to 85%; Reduction of German horse transport available for the Polish and Czech fronts 55 to 65% -- net effect: lines of German logistics are severely truncated eliminating further initiative toward Polish interior. Reduction of German medium and heavy artillery available for the Polish and Czech fronts 50 to 60 %. Current inventory of artillery ordinance available to forward German units: less than one day at full barrage; further limited by lack of effective transport to front. Of note: Large concentrations of ordinance are becoming stockpiled [bottle-necked] at central rail yards. Suggest long-range air assault to destroy the larger stockpiles. Need to coordinate interceptor cover for attack-plane initiative. Suggest moving 10 5Cs to runways in Poland to assist 5Ds operating from forward areas. Of concern: Czech front deteriorating. Czech and Polish governments unable to agree concerning supplementing Czech forces with Polish Army. Day three of the conflict saw worst outcome for Kars' unit: I & A company 3/4 took 50 % casualties. Radio-man killed, radio destroyed during opening assault; subsequently no Air cover. Problem: Unit operating as defensive unit from static site. Suggest increasing operational size of units, adding more Radio-men and taking initiative beyond defence line. Of concern: Polish forces are not making good use of the decline in German initiative, either through poor coordination or mixed motives the Polish advance is alarmingly resembling a World War stagnation -- *toward trench defenses?* It is estimated that there is 4 to 6 weeks remaining before German superiority in manpower and manufacturing begins to remove Allied advantages. If this crucial period toward the elimination of the German Army/State/Government is lost within a year the war will be lost. In which case we will see the Germans again in the Ukraine at a disadvantage to ourselves.

**German Casualties** [approximate]: TOTAL this time: 55,000 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 55,000

**Polish Casualties** [approximate]: TOTAL this time: 9,000 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 9,000

**Czech Casualties** [approximate]: TOTAL this time: 7,000 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 7,000

**KARS Casualties** *as of this report*: Killed in action: 649; Died accidents/injuries/diseases: 19; Serious Wounds: 708; Serious Injuries: 22; Other wounds/injuries/illness requiring treatment: 112; TOTAL this time: 1,510 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 1,510 -- *Representing 2.5 % of forward forces.*

At the bottom the Khagan jotted:  [Read/Approved - Bek {right-to-left}] in Kars.

### *First Friend*

At the field hospital they operated on his head and set his leg. He was debriefed.<sup>1</sup> Slowly he was moved toward home. Hospital train. National Hospital. Wards full of Kars veterans. He had another surgery and had what amounted to a partial cast on his head. They gave him a

crutch to help him walk. Always he talked to Tadeusz. About everything. About what the Talmud was, not that he himself knew. He explained everything to Tadeusz. He told him about sheep and wool and even about his father who maybe wasn't really his father. Tadeusz was very understanding. Occasionally the big man told him to shut-up and go to sleep, and he would disappear but when Evon fell asleep his new friend was always there to talk to. Evon would approach morning believing that Tadeusz maybe was still alive and would return; but as he saw the blurry hospital he knew this would not happen; but later in the day he would talk to Tadeusz again. They fitted Evon with a half-pair of glasses that was taped onto the bandages and now he could see pretty good on his right side. Soon, they said, he could go home for a visit. He didn't want to but they said it would be all right. So he began to think about it and eventually discussed this with Tadeusz. In a dream the big man said: "You have to forgive him for not forgiving you. You have to make him your father whether he was or wasn't, because a father could be a good thing to have in this rootless world and who else is there?"

[<sup>1</sup> Debriefing was conducted by Army *Intelligence and Organization*, staffed by 'retired' military men too old for the field but not old enough for senility; so they would not become puffed-up with self-importance they held the rank of Adjutant or Javer [חַוַּר].

## Reverses

The Polish offensive had halted. Several anti-Jude riots [pogroms] had broken out in Polish areas far from German attacks. Some areas of the Czech front were collapsing; in fact Czechoslovakia was in danger of breakdown and civil war. The Russians were genuinely mobilizing for War at Poland's Eastern frontier and along the border with the Kars. Learning from the Kars' attack on German forces, they had dispersed and camouflaged their combat aircraft, putting some in hardened hangers surrounded with anti-aircraft batteries. The Ukraine had announced it intended on observing its neutrality and had stopped the transshipment of Kars' war material across its soil. Khagan Bek sat alone by candlelight in profound despair. He berated himself for supposing that a collection of 3rd rate countries with histories of mutual distrust could successfully challenge regional powers. Out-of-character fantasies of appealing to France and Britain lingered in his imagination. This rare self-flagellation included an examination of his own 'Anti-Semitism' which itself was a non sequitur as the ancestors of a plurality of Middle-Eastern Jews were descendants of people from Anatolia, the Armenian plateau and the Caucasus who did not originally speak Semitic languages [likewise the Kurds and a multitude of 'Arabs']. Nonetheless, Bek had previously been lukewarm about encouraging the emigration of French, British and German Jews to the land of the Kars fearing that they had absorbed too many bourgeois values from their host countries and had [perhaps not due to their own faults] lost any feeling for the 'land' as a concept. He regretted this sense of prejudice and illogically linked it to the catastrophes that were waiting.

He pushed aside a sheaf of plans to attack the German General Staff and almost fantastic strategies to Kill Hitler including bombing the Chancellery building with delayed-action 1,000 pound heavy steel-encased bombs, or if they chased him to Berghof in Bavaria creating secret drop points for fuel at places suitable for aircraft landings and using a combined air-Commando assault in the Bavarian Alps. Fantastic ideas, he now believed. Besides, Hitler's military interventions had been more of a help than a hindrance in recent events. Yet, was he simply fighting a war or trying to also save the Jews? Idly, he wondered about suicide but this seemed ludicrous to him and he chuckled. " 'I call upon you, Khagan Bek to arise' " He blew out the candle and left the room. "Sergeant Major please get me Kolan [the Army Chief-of-Staff]."

The Kars mobilized three million men [most militia ‘classes’ from 22 - 42]. They knew they could hold their own borders with Russia with 750,000 militia plus Regular Army and Air Force being held in reserve. One and a half million Kars soldiers were soon assembled in Kuban for a march along the interior Ukrainian border facing Russia. The incursion began with two infantry divisions accompanied by some artillery [manufacture circa 1905 - 1915]. They entered a nearly evacuated Sverdlovsk singing ancient marching songs: “We will chase the Cossack and defeat the Rus; We are the mighty Kars [*barga Kars*] and Kars Fight! [Kars Varsha! *УНИЙІ РИЙІ* ].” The units would halt forward movement to stamp their feet in-place to the frightening refrain “Kars Fight! Kars Fight! [Kars Varsha!] Remaining inhabitants fled in terror from the ‘Jude-Huns’ [Жид-гуни Zhyd-Gunas]. The Ukrainian Border Police and Armed Forces melted away.

Khagan Bek with a Commando entourage went to Lviv for a hasty meeting with the Ukrainian leader Taras Chukhevich. The meeting was frosty. Bek asked for all aides to leave. He told the Ukrainian leader “I don’t want your country. Holding on to it for any length of time would be too much for us...” Then he rose from the table and rounded to the other side, pulling a chair over to sit close to Chukhevich and whispered into his ear. “Allow the movement of the supplies to our forces in the West... Or you will not have to worry about Russian overtures...” Chukhevich drew his head back in displeasure, Bek leaned closer and continued, “I already have blood on my hands Taras, -- do as I recommend or either I will personally kill you or turn you over to Polish intelligence who will flay you inch by inch [for atrocities committed against Poles in the past].

..

Bek had just returned to his new forward headquarters outside Kielce when he received a phone call from the Polish Marshall Rydz-Śmigły: “I thought you didn’t intend to re-occupy the Ukraine?” -- “I don’t ‘intend’ to, that is...” He heard a mixture of anxiety and tension in the Polish leader’s tone. “I am confident we can beat back a Russian attack...” Bek said, “the idea of the Kars occupying Russia, Poland and the Ukraine is magical thinking; and that, my good sir, is one difference between me and Hitler: He’s insane; I am not...” Śmigły answered with some mild bombast, which Bek listened to for a moment and cut him off: “I don’t care who it is that is provoking the pogroms against the Jude, it could be your political allies or high clergy for all I care, but you need to stop it absolutely and forcefully. I can not ask my people to defend Poland if the hair on one Polish Jude is shorn. Furthermore if you do not advance further into Eastern Germany the French will not walk into Western Germany and you and I will be holding a Tiger by the jaws...” The Polish Marshall replied about his concerns for the Czech front. “Yes, Marshall,” Bek answered, “that could doom our efforts and I will personally take care of the situation with Kars’ blood.”

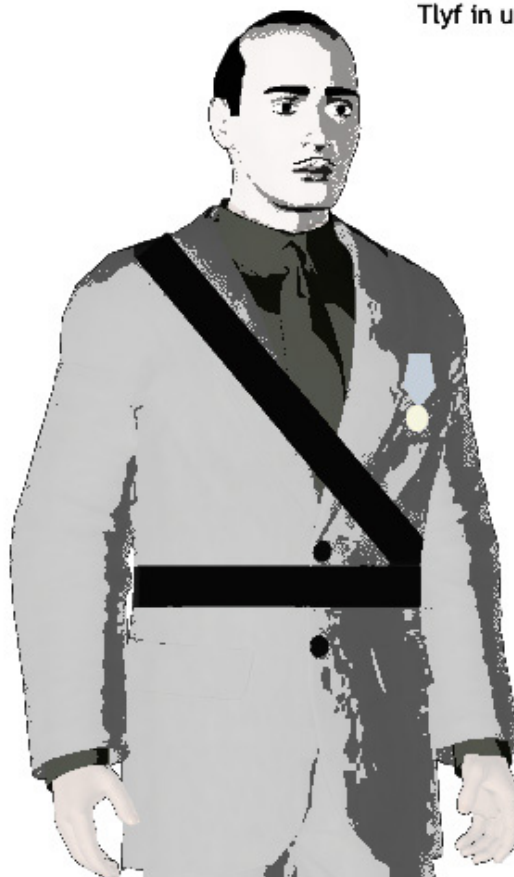
Next he had to deal with cable traffic from the Foreign Ministry. The Russians wanted to meet with him. Throwing caution to the wind he phoned the Foreign Minister who was in Warszawa [Warsaw]: “Hello... Khagan Bek?” -- “Yes it’s me and probably Polish intelligence is also on the line; thought I’d save them some trouble... Why do the Russians want to see me?” --The Minister wouldn’t talk. -- “...They say its of the utmost importance, Khagan...” - - “I’ve already met with them. All other meetings are to be at the Ministerial level.” -- “Well, uh... I think...” -- “What do they want, sir? ... speculate,” Bek asked. -- The Minister exhaled in exasperation. Kars intelligence [PELU] was probably also on the line. “I think... maybe... perhaps the Russians would like to invade some Baltic countries; maybe even Eastern Finland...” -- “What?” --The Kars could not defend all of Europe. Relations with Finland were pleasant, but Bek thought little of Latvia or Estonia.-- “Lithuania was once part of Poland, we would think of that as encirclement, especially after the intransigent pocket of East Prussia has been eliminated...” -- Bek smiled, thinking that the Polish

Intelligence corp would be beside themselves in glee. -- "Finland... the other Baltics?" -- Bek was puzzled. The Russians were not ready to fight a major land war with the Kars to the point of strengthening Hitler and Germany, but what was going on with them? Finally it dawned on Bek that the Russian Army was all dressed up with no where to go. They wanted to fight somebody. Preferably someone small. "The Finns will fight back," Bek predicted. "We won't withdraw from the Ukraine or stand down until we see Russian friendliness. ... Tell them we are still smarting from that German Whore Catherine [the Great, Empress of Russia] who took the remainder of the Steppe from us!" -- "Oh, I couldn't say that, Khagan," the Minister said, knowing that Bek was not being serious. At the conclusion of the phone conversation Bek drafted a Top Secret Cable to his Intelligence Chief requesting him to subtly give the Finns warning of a possible Russian attack. He debated doing the same for the Baltic countries but decided there was no useful reason to do so.

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**Commando 2/3 A & B and Commando 3/3 A** with a total of 205 men at 0220 hours [02:20 AM] penetrated the perimeter of the German Air base at Jesau 50 Kilometers North-East of Dresden and 80 Kilometers North-West of Görlitz. They took the pilots and mechanics quarters with grenades and Auto-Carbines. Counter-fire from machine-gun guard-towers and bunkers was silenced quickly with accurate Jyvar fire. Over 90 percent of the aircraft were destroyed as well as 4 fuel and ordinance stockpiles. Personnel crucial to the Luftwaffe [German Air Force] had been made casualties. The attack was over in 19 minutes. The Commandos split into three groups and melted into the blazing night.

#### Bek with Sar-eleph Tlyf



Tlyf in uniform

The Kars had adopted the rank of 'Colonel' from the French and English during the 17th Century and used it as a title for high-ranking officers [usually Staff Officers] who did not command *thousands* [Sar-eleph \* literally: captain 1,000 שָׂר אֶלֶף] but who ranked higher than those who commanded *hundreds* [Sar-mayeh \* literally: captain 100 שָׂר מֵאָה]. By 1937 Tlyf, the head of intelligence [PELU מַלְאָךְ] or P7 did indeed command thousands and his rank was changed accordingly. [\*Fully written with plurals see Numbers 31:14]

Bek met with Tlyf frequently not only for intelligence but for creative discussions of strategy in war and politics: "I believe, Khagan, that the French are reluctant because of British reluctance; and the British reluctance is related to French reluctance..." -- "I agree with you. They both exhausted themselves in the World War," Bek said, "the Somme is an example; instead of looking for new thinking in tactics and technology, they let an arthritic class-system with trappings of 'Knight's honors' destroy a half million boys. Now they are afraid to defend Europe from the Devil! -- But nothing is without cost! The mobilization against the Russians led to a dozen injuries and three non-hostile deaths. Three men will not return to their families and much wealth was consumed by gambles and posturing. This is the black-price of leadership... -- Thank God for the Women, they not only maintain the home and raise the children but with the men in the Army they tend the fields and the flocks. They package the cartridges and the rations going to the front." -- "And here's to our lady warriors too," Tlyf said raising his glass of tea. -- Bek nodded, knowing of whom the Intelligence chief was referring. He was quiet for a moment, "-- I apologize for rambling, Tlyf. You wanted to ask for something; I know that." Bek waved a finger at the Intelligence chief.

Tlyf smiled, "We need to continue, when and where possible the photographing of our soldiers." -- "Why?" -- "And I would also ask that I select another 300 from among the Commandos, Reconnaissance Cavalry or Infiltration and Assault Infantry." -- "I can see that these two requests are related, what do you want the 300 for; the total-immersion German language training?" -- "That's part of it." -- "How many have you qualified so far?" -- "2,200 -- but we will need at least 5,000" Bek thought. "No Commandos. We need more for the Western Fronts. I will rotate out units held in reserve in order to re-constitute units --back here that suffer high casualties," Bek said, his mood growing dark: "We need to plug the Czech front, and encourage the Poles forward."

"Respectfully Khagan Bek, I will ask you to reconsider." -- Bek nodded. "Keep talking, maybe I'll relent. What are the Russians doing?" -- "Took Estonia and Latvia without too much difficulty; despite warnings from the Poles. I think you informed Polish intelligence of this yourself." -- Bek grinned: "Except for terrorizing Jude civilians neither country has a professional military or police. Finland?" -- "Fighting cleverly and with dedication." -- Bek thought. "They use German weapons. A lot of German ammunition and spare rifles have fallen into our and Polish possession. I think we could get some of that to the Finns."

"Are you standing down the entire Army?" Tlyf asked. Bek was lost in thought. "Khagan?" Tlyf prompted. "I'm sorry... I was thinking about that. I believe I'll keep 200,000 men on the border; another 100,000 in Kuban and I'll move 400,000 to Czechoslovakia. It will present hardship on the nation to maintain one quarter of the Army fully mobilized. But the Slovaks will behave and the Sudeten Germans will take notice. What do you think of digging up Karl Frank and maybe Konrad Henlein among others [Sudeten Nazi agitators]? -- "Shooting them?" -- "Well after the blood they've put on their hands; I wouldn't be kissing them..." -- "We're already looking for them," Tlyf said. -- "Good... and about taking another 300 Commandos. I'll leave it to your discretion. I don't want them to leave the field to spend a month in school. But if you can figure out a way to work them into your plans without impairing our current needs, I'll let you do it." -- "Thank you Khagan." -- "But remember, we are not a rich country; every Kars has to get up an hour early to get an extra pail of milk

from the cow to support an agent in the field for less than one hour.” -- “I always remember, Khagan,” Tlyf smiled, “And I have a report on an unrelated matter: German attempts to utilize atom-energy...” -- “Yes?” -- “Between their political repression and race-laws they chased a significant number of their scientists away. Making a weapon out of such a process requires enormous expenditures of resources, and the Germans will not get there in the foreseeable future...” -- “Good. What’s going on with Szilárd?” Bek asked. -- “He’s getting frustrated as well...” -- “Then share this information with him, that the Germans will not have an atom-energy bomb this year or next...” Tlyf nodded in agreement.

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From 8am till dark, double lines of Kars soldiers marched through Prague, many still shouldering the Kars 99 [Long!].

We are the Kars; friend to the Czech  
Serve the Lord God; salute Khagan Bek

One-two...three-four  
Kars Fight! -- Kars Fight!

Down Wilsonova, up Václavské and down Wenceslas Square. From every balcony and through every open window within a half kilometer the drone of the Kars filtered through everyone’s consciousness all day. With the breezes the foreign syllables blew in and out of all Prague’s ears:

E-bär Kars; tus Czech  
Kar-es Adoni; ük- Khagan Bek

Per-ik...vish-tävat  
Kars Varsha! -- Kars Varsha!

## Radar

The Spanish Section might have been the oldest branch of the Intelligence service [Concern with Russia or the Seljuk Turks had been the province of the Army], but the International Section had the widest area of responsibility. Originally its jurisdiction was other than continental Europe. This meant England and later included India and Afghanistan. Eventually the Americas were added. Bek had been given reports about German and British efforts with radar [Radio Detection and Ranging] and soon after it was determined that the United States was also pursuing the technology. Radio waves could be used to ‘echo’ or bounce off of objects such as aircraft at considerable distances in order to provide early warning of their approach. Bek had concluded that it would be nice to have but not immediately feasible along with everything else. Flying very low would defeat most radars as radio waves traveled straight and the earth’s surface was contoured. The many military installations around the capital and along the coast and borders had been alerted to report any movements of aircraft whether to be believed friendly or not. There were generally two **5C Interceptors** on combat air patrol during daylight in the vicinity of the capitol and five more on five-minute runway alert.

Conversations between Bek and his top people over radar involved the size and scope of the project as well as the number of troops taken away from combat to support it. Sar-eleph Hreger of the Commandos and Sar-eleph Gadol Kolan, the Chief of Staff had gotten into a heated discussion on the subject. “If we have to, we will use women for this job,” Hreger

said. -- "No we will not!" Kolan insisted. Bek intervened. "If we have to, we will use children, but we don't have to..." Tlyf looked more closed-mouth than usual, and Bek knew what he was thinking. "Gentlemen, we will do what we have to do to survive; but calling women publicly into service, even as volunteers, would create some social and even religious discord. If we need to do it I will give the order. But what we can't do is stop building field radio sets to put together a building full of radar staffed by a company. I want a radar that can 'see' merely 20 or 30 miles<sup>1</sup> that we can put at elevated military sites around the capital; something that a single radio-man<sup>1</sup> can operate. Six of these will provide 10 minute warning for the capital. I know it's not fool-proof. The scientists for electronics can work on this. Hitler is impulsive and will do *something*..." -- "Poison gas?" Sar-eleph Luush the head of Air Operations asked. Tlyf nodded, "A possibility." -- "Do we have enough gas masks for civilians?" Kolan asked. "No," Bek admitted, "Tlyf, that Bulgarian agent with diplomatic credentials moonlighting for the Nazis..." -- "Yes?" -- "Let him find our poison gas factory, arrest him and throw him out of the country." -- "We have a poison gas factory?" Hreger asked. "No, but we can get some drums of paint thinner, print up labels and so forth. It'll be cheaper than millions of gas-masks. Hitler won't open up the way for us to fumigate Berlin... After discovery, guard the site like it was the National Palace for a month and then dismantle it."

"What else is there for me?" Bek asked the chiefs of National Security [Sher Hutleh שר חטלה]. If there were nothing new for the Khagan he could go to meetings with other agencies who had felt his absence while he was at forward field headquarters. Generally the next person to leave would be Tlyf. Kolan, the Chief of Staff spoke up: "Let me share my embarrassment..." He dropped a roll of blueprints on the table that were dog-eared around the edges. "This is not radar," Kolan admitted, "but these plans for three new weapons-systems had been languishing at Militia headquarters for some time..." Kolan opened the rolls pulling two smaller ones from the middle. He slid them all across to Hreger of the Commandos, as the Commandos were usually the first to review infantry weapons. "What have we got here?" Bek asked as he and Tlyf stood to get a better view. "Detailed plans for three weapons: An anti-tank grenade launcher, a belt-fed 'heavy' sub-machinegun, and a belt-fed semi-automatic .303 rifle; the latter is very light weight --too light for full automatic. Designed for using 40 rounds of chain-linked ammunition that runs through a series of easy-to-clean brushes prior to the cartridge feed-tray assembly so dirt should not be a problem... Given the tolerances seems like it's a high reliability weapon. Very quick to load as well..." Kolan said. Hreger was very interested in the rifle. "I like this one." -- "Where did it come from?" Bek asked. -- "A rather so-so young man doing his national service duty," Kolan said, "name of Horvani..." Tlyf's eyes squinted as he ran through his memories of such a name. "He has a PELU file, I checked with your department," Kolan continued. -- "Yes, I remember him from when he was 15 years old. Very bright boy, a bit *strange* perhaps... thought he'd be *perfect* for us, but he went off his own way." -- "Where is he now?" Bek asked. -- "With the Czech Army; they seem to appreciate him." They were all quiet for a moment. "We have a lot of fellows with the Allies," Kolan added. -- "A lot with the French Légion Étrangère [Foreign Legion] in Africa," Tlyf said. "Why is that?" Luush of the Air Force asked. "Because sometimes, despite all the comforts of home - Kars Fight [Kars Varsha קארס ורשה]," Bek said, "Maybe have the Weapon's Division work up a prototype for this one. Anything else?"

[<sup>1</sup> Similar to the SCR-717 radar soon to be developed for airborne use with the U.S. Army Air Force; but with less range.]

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Shortly after a coup put the Fascists in control of Rumania, the Luftwaffe sent two engine bombers and transports to bases there. The Kars puzzled over their maps. "Straight across



the Black Sea and still they are at the end of their range for return,” Sar-eleph Luush head of Air Operations said. -- “Maybe it’s a one-way trip?” Bek wondered, “We need to be alert. Tell the Black Sea Patrol to watch for aircraft; how many radars have we got working?” -- “Sometimes one; sometimes two.” -- “Hmm, it’s like that, huh? Do what you can.”

A coastal look-out station thought they heard aircraft but couldn’t see anything. An alert was issued. Mounted Commandos raced their horses to the King’s compound of tents to get him and his family under cover. What few anti-aircraft guns there were trained skyward. Ten **5C Interceptors** went airborne with drop-tanks. But no one knew where the threat was, or even if it was real. Fortunately one of the radars was working and was manned by a man recovering from injuries as a combat field radio-operator who understood air operations. He found an array of inbound ‘targets’ in three main groups and called out their position. Then he watched on the radar scope as the interceptors headed toward the rear of the enemy aircraft and he called off a vector attack-angle of 240°. This way the interceptors would cross the enemy formations at their widest point. The bombers were coming lower as they approached. Firing at the port engine of each enemy plane put the cockpit at the same heading. Each interceptor crossed the enemy formations port-to-starboard targeting three to four aircraft on each pass; then straightened to hit one or two with the rear gun as they went starboard-to-port on the subsequent pass. The Heinkel’s return fire was not very accurate and the biggest concern for the Kars pilots was that they would run out of ammunition. Meanwhile 80 of the slower **4B Attack** planes struggled to make altitude above the enemy formations so they could dive down on them. They would not have the power and speed to do this more than once, so timing was everything. The **4B Attack** planes came down on the middle formation and received more accurate return fire but much of this was deflected by armor. In four minutes the majority of the German aircraft were scattered along the mountains. Only the end of the last formation was intact and the **5C Interceptors** were turning for them, intending to drop down on the cockpit with the port-rear engine to use the propeller to ‘kill’ the plane as most were out of 20mm ammunition. But this formation scattered. It contained paratroopers who jumped prematurely rather than be destroyed in the air. One Kars **4B Attack** plane was lost in the air-to-air encounter in its role as an interceptor. Several of the Bombers had 13mm dorsal machineguns which managed to cut the **4B**’s main and backup control cables as he dove. The pilot survived.

The Army chiefs came to Bek with the good and bad news. The bad news was a battalion of shock-parachute troops had taken over a village 20 kilometers from the capital. “I guess they were intending to land here [Army headquarters] or to take our King. Everyone in the village is a hostage; it will be a costly fight down into that valley....” Bek stood over the papier-mâché topographical mock-up the capital sector, as he examined fresh aerial photographs: The Germans had set up hard-points on the road at each end of the village, and even here villagers were being held under arrest. “Sar-eleph Hreger, maybe it’s time to test the Golem [גולם] project...” -- “But we will be unveiling secrets...” -- “They won’t be going back to Germany. The ones who live will be accommodated at our new prisoner-of-war compound on the roof of the National Palace.” -- “Is that legal?” Kolan asked. Bek shrugged, “Maybe not... Bring the Commandos into this room so they can see the three dimensional aspects of this operation.” -- “Yes, Khagan.”

**Commando 1/2 Experimental [Denek]** with **Commando 1/1 A & B** in reserve, spent the afternoon and evening moving their equipment up above the valley on mules. They spent the first part of the night alternating between guard and rest and suited up under a half-moon at 0400 hours [4 AM]. At first light the German guard snapped awake to the strange sounds of a slow-moving rock-slide: Ninety dark forms were sliding down the hillsides. They seemed to have limbs. What matter of mountain creature was this? A **Maschinengewehr 34** [machinegun] opened up a long arcing burst that hit one or two of the forms at 150 meters. The rounds appeared to deflect. Immediately return fire came from the forms. The **Golem** troops came

to the floor of the village nestled tightly among the hills just before dawn. They slithered forward under fire, taking time to accurately return the compliment when they were certain of their targets. They consolidated into four groups. The first two groups crawled to the hard-points at the East and West positions of the road and the larger two groups began to encircle the small town itself. Within minutes the hard-points were cleared: Human voices came from the forms speaking Kars to the frightened villagers who had spent the night shaking under German guns. "We are Kars Commandos. Don't worry. Lay down. We will be careful with your families. Everything will be alright." Once the hard-points were cleared **Commando 1/1 A & B** came up the road in both directions with radio-men to coordinate with the Air Force in case any Germans tried to escape. In fifteen minutes half of the German battalion was dead. The rest surrendered. **Commando 1/1 A & B** took control of the prisoners as the **Golem** forces crawled away, exhausted, to reconstitute themselves into human beings.

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Hitler was reported to be in a dark mood the next day, but said nothing even to his close subordinates. They dared not raise the issue.

### Chaplains Crises

The seven days of training for the Chaplain had turned into ten. The hours were long but he could sleep in the family bed most nights and saw his wife and children when possible. Tactics were changing: The new Sar-mayah Nemonov was to command a 'battle-group' of over 280 men which in essence was two combined companies assigned a minimum of three Sergeants and four Radio operators. The 'Radio-Control-Team' [one or two infantrymen assigned to assist each Radio operator] were to be issued flares and colored smoke grenades to mark positions for air support. Rumor had it that two **15D** forward interceptors were lost to non-hostile causes so the Kars were down to 13 total. Seven of these aircraft were now assigned to the Czech front, where rumor had it the new battle-groups were also destined. Of the original 750 **4B** attack aircraft assigned to the 'Western Fronts' approximately 630 were still on flying status though capable of at least 1900 sorties a day. Over 200 of these aircraft had been shifted to support the failing Czech front as the others continued supporting Polish efforts along the border in Eastern Germany.

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Sar-mayah Nemonov found himself most anxious about the assignment of a Chaplain to his command. He knew he needed to separate himself from those duties for the 'good of the nation,' but found the transition difficult. However, no new Chaplain was assigned. The number of dead and seriously wounded Kars soldiers was over 2,000 and Chaplains were administering to the men and their families. He received a mixture of men; young and old, experienced, inexperienced, mostly provincial but from different areas. All had gone through abbreviated *Infiltration* and *Assault* training. But as Nemonov looked them over he wondered why some had been separated from their home Militia infantry units. He had been assigned 'cadre' of more experienced soldiers, but was warned that several of these had been in trouble involving serious wrongdoing and were on their second chance. Whatever lessons in securing the confidence of the new men, that he had recently been taught, went out of his head. He wandered among them as if gauging their spiritual souls. The ones he found most troubling would probably be the best fighters. "I see you were awarded the 'Patar Kars,' aye, Commander?" An imposing figure of a man asked, breaking the ice. This was Bardun, a former Sergeant, and disgraced Commando. Nemonov's first impulse was to explain that it was a 'mistake,' but he didn't do it. "Yes, Corporal, I wear it in memory for

the good youngsters who died with me that day, for our country. -- My boychiks," his eyes teared up and he did nothing to hide it. Bardun almost grinned but somehow was touched, "Yes," he said solemnly in respect. Nemonov looked him over: Bardun, on foot, no longer possessed a Khopesh but had the curved knife in his belt; called an "avdi" up North and an "egdü" in the South. He carried a new model 'E-S' rifle-sub-machine-gun with the aluminum fold-out stock, and had quite a few grenades attached to his kit. In lieu of the three Sergeants who had yet to turn up on his roster, Nemonov instinctively felt he needed to pull Bardun into his fold. "--You are all my boychiks now," he told them all, "Even some of you who are old enough to be my Father," he said to a grinning old-timer. He began settling them into the various sections of his command and assigned responsibility to Bardun, another Corporal and a Lance Corporal.

On the outside of the group stood a lone soldier leaning on his rifle. He was neither young nor terribly old. Nemonov knew he was an experienced soldier by his relaxed stance. Yet, there was something else about him that he couldn't quite decide on. "Mosha Kelskee; Sar-mayah. You're the fighting Rabbi aren't you? -- Heard about you." The name was familiar and Nemonov tried to place him from the pile of reports and files he had reviewed at headquarters. "I'm 'last-chance Kelskee.' I made it to Corporal more than once. -- I served with the Khagan when he had the same rank as you. It might of been him who got me back in..." -- "Why are you telling me this?" Nemonov asked. -- "Don't you want to know what kind of a package you've got." -- "I'm sure you're a good man Mosha Kelskee, or the Khagan wouldn't have sent you to me. He knows I need you. Welcome to the *9/11&12 Battle-Group*." -- "Yes sir, thank you Sar-mayah..."

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Nemonov walked among the troops as they set up their tarps and equipment. He made sure no one was to themselves or struggling with anything. He joked with some of the men. This was the kind of thing he had been doing most of his adult life. He noticed one tall fellow with reddish hair who still a youth-full roundness to his face. He was carrying his Militia issued **Kars 99**. Nemonov asked his name and when told it was "Yitzhak [Isaac]" his memory was jarred. This was a lad marked 'Only surviving child' who could not be conscripted. Not only had Yitzhak volunteered for the Militia, and then volunteered for the Regular Army, but both his parents or guardians had to do likewise. "So you still have the **Kars 99**? When I came in, it was all everyone had except for the marksmen," Nemonov said. -- "Yes, and I'm a good shot with it; I've gone 8 for 8 twelve times at 125 meters." -- "Pretty good." -- "Sar-mayah, do you think if I do well here I might make it to the Commandos?" Nemonov sat down to talk to him awhile. -- "Well, the Commandos generally require a lot of seasoning. Years of seasoning. But our missions in the I & A are pretty similar even if we lack some of the finesse. And everyone is important to the nation. Even the old-timers loading munitions..."

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### Czech front

They were posted to the NorthWest of Decin forward of border fortifications the Germans had both feared and ridiculed. The Commandos and the Air Force had forced German units back and Infiltration and Assault Battle Groups backed up by Divisions of Kars Militia prepared to render harmless the German Infantry and Panzer forces *without* tanks, significant supplies or petrol. There was reason to believe that further reverses would embolden the German Army to remove Hitler and the Nazi Party.

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Behind Nemonov's 9/11&12 Battle-Group [and covering both flanks] were a Battalion of Kars Militia fronted by the 'Old-Timers' Company A [*Ashina*] made up of veterans from the campaigns against the Russians. They had been issued modern battle helmets but still wore the old shrapnel vests and skirts dated to 1917. They had the Kars 99 "44" with the 44 cm long barrel [about 17.3 inches] as the longer barrels proved too heavy for constant firing from the pistol grip. They had dug deep holes for themselves and ate the old rations of hardtack biscuits and jerky, though they had set up a field kitchen to the rear that made vegetable stew and baked fresh bread.

It was an evening of full moon though low clouds, and fog would fall upon everything and then depart with the breezes. The Aroma of the fresh bread wafted out to the 9/11&12. Bardun told his Sar-mayah, Nemonov, that it was from the Militia Kitchens a kilometer or more behind them. The Commander decided to see if they could beg some fresh bread and took most of his first squad, second platoon of the 12th with him, including Bardun and Emil Tuzmut, the oldest man in the unit, who knew some of the fellows behind them. It was a longer walk than expected and difficult when the moon hid from them in a blanket of fog. The cooks and bakers all wearing the Kars 99 short on their side had extra and encouraged the men from the forward Infiltration & Assault Battle Group to take as much as they could carry. -- "It's Czech wheat, probably grown by Slovak farmers," the old baker with the gnarled hands told them. Arms full of fresh loaves they precariously made their way back toward their own units. Passing the last Militia company Nemonov saw an odd ceremony of many men standing around camp fires with their arms half raised. The older men surrounded the younger ones. "What is that?" Nemonov asked. -- "The ancient, before-battle funeral; the warrior *Olbut* [Olbut] death rites." Bardun said, "I've never really seen one before but I've heard of it." -- After a sustained hesitancy Tuzmut spoke in a small voice. "I have been to one before battle with the Russians..." They all stopped walking, and arms full of delicious fresh bread they watched the ceremony. "I have been a Rabbi and a Military Chaplain for over fifteen years and have never heard of this," Nemonov admitted, fascinated. "Well, sire," Tuzmut began in a tremulous voice, "Everyone pledges that if they should survive they will look after the widow and orphan of those who don't, and greet the parents and siblings with a personal message; something that the Army now promises... But everyone releases themselves... Bad thoughts and evil dreams go to the nothingness and good ideas and love go to God to disperse to other souls. There are tears of loss and regret but never any wailing... Confessions are made each man to himself and then to a holy-man... -- Nowadays everyone writes letters..." -- "Is this to an ancient god?" Nemonov wanted to know, trying to keep the shock out of his voice. -- "Oh, no, sire... maybe in the times before the Lord, but not any more." They could hear the soft sobs of men preparing to give up their lives and the men's arms were now down. The older men provided some consolation as they passed the younger men leaving the circle. A curious and small figure emerged from the center of the inner most circle as the fires burned not as brightly behind him. He approached using a cane, but stopped on a small hill rise before them. He called out to them in an old voice: "Greetings warriors... I know who you are..." -- "Who is he?" Nemonov asked in a whisper. -- "A holy-man," Bardun said. -- "He is a Ka-r," Tuzmut said. "The King has prayed, but some of you will see the future. Release yourselves my children..." The old Holy-Man told them. Goose bumps ran up Nemonov's spine. "Thank you, your honor," he called out to the man and they turned to continue on their journey. Nemonov thought of talking to his men, even praying with them, but could not compromise his role as Commander to act as Chaplain. He would recommend that men write letters by candlelight under tarp shelters and that the letters be collected and brought back before they left the line.

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Sar-mayah Nemonov moved through the encampment collecting letters and handing out blank pages and empty envelopes to the one who needed prodding. "Come on, tell your Momma you're all right; that we're feeding you. Get it out now, because when we go forward we're all business. We'll be 100% concentration..." He caught Bardun, Kelskee and a few others playing dice. "Excellent. A donation for the Widows and Orphans fund," he said scooping up all the money and putting it into an empty envelope. Kelskee was trying to think of a clever complaint, as apparently it was mostly his winnings but Bardun spoke over him: "We won't need it where we're going."

Nemonov wrote one last letter and sealed it. He called over Yitzhak, "Listen, boychik, I need you to take the mail back to the Militia Company behind us; and give this one to the Company Commander. -- "Alright Sar-mayah, but give me time to get back before you move out..." -- "Uh, that's the thing Yitzhak... The Militia Company has a lot of old men there. Some probably can't see too good. They need a good marksman like you; it's important." He saw that the young soldier was disappointed, "It's for the nation..." Nemonov gave Yitzhak's shoulder a friendly squeeze as he handed off the mail. The last letter sealed to the Militia Company Commander read: 'This is Yitzhak. He is a double volunteer but the 'only surviving child' of his family. Lest Abraham be missing Isaac keep him with you. He says he's a pretty good shot. *Sar-mayah Nemonov Commander 9/11&12 Infiltration & Assault Battle-Group.*'

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Brigade had advised against moving along the ridges if the moon was hidden. Men would fall in the dark and the noise would give them away. As long as the fog and clouds held he was better off taking the Battle Group across the floor of the Valley. At the far end was a wood through which they could better infiltrate the German rear. Sar-mayah Nemonov did not feel good about this plan. The 23rd Psalm echoed through his mind; but it provided little comfort. "Why not move at first light?" He had asked, but Brigade knew better. After all, his experience as a Commander was limited. Privately he fumed. If his was an independent Battle-Group why did he have to operate as a cog in a big machine? Then again, maybe Brigade did know better. The Moon was covered in clouds and at the moment everything was cloaked in fog which rolled in and rolled out with the breezes which came from their rear. Breezes that brought the aroma of fresh bread! He had only two radio-men for the entire group and no actual Sergeants. There were too many slap-dash elements to this design. He was depending on the combat leadership of men who had either been to or were avoiding prison. --And most of all he hated it when his own thinking was so negative. He was not a negative person. He regretted not writing the letter he should have written to his wife and children, too. He should have told them 'goodbye, I love you;' because that's what he was feeling.

They got their spacing and moved out slowly with a radius of five meters per man; which was large for movement in the dark, and they would either bunch up while traveling or some of the far elements would stray and become separated. There was no talking. Each man carried his own thoughts. A Commando probe had reconnoitered after dusk and claimed there were no land mines. Still...

Unable to find anything constructive to think about he was overcome by a reverie about coming home for a long stay. He could even smell the kitchen with all the good food simmering in the pots. Something interrupted. It was Bardun who had left his two platoons to find him. He was about to say: 'Why are you here?' When Bardun slapped him across his breast-plate backhanded and pointed up. The moon was coming out. "No!" He whispered; "Move to the right, to hill-cover..." Bardun nodded and took off like a gazelle to their right

flank. The wind from the rear blew the fog away, the same wind which was going in the wrong direction to let them hear the 88s ahead of them firing. The silky night became punctuated by flashes brighter than day. Noise. Railroad locomotives smashing into one another. Whines and hisses. Then screams and moans. Things were not there anymore. Men to his sides and behind him were gone. --Walking there one moment in another dimension the next. Something else. His left arm was gone. Nemonov dropped to his knees and pulled out the field tallit [prayer shawl] from the small pack on the rear of his belt. He looped it around the stub of his upper arm and tied it in a loop using his teeth; then he pulled it as tight as he could and knotted it off. For a moment he wanted to run forward and fight the big guns that did this; but he knew better. He had to help his boychiks and he looked for people who could still walk who could help carry those who couldn't. They were all down now, crawling around trying to help those worse but still in this world. It seemed to take a week but he got many of the wounded to the hill where he dispersed them among the lower rocks. Bardun and Kelske found him there comforting the boys who were hurt badly and afraid of dying alone. "Sar-mayeh..." They were shocked to see him as he was. "It's my own fault Corporal Bardun. I knew the plan was stupid, and I did it anyway like a good soldier. I should have done it my own way; and now I've slaughtered all my boychiks... And if I had been paying better attention we could have pulled another squad out before the artillery hit..." -- "We think the spotters are up in the hills in emplacements. I have three platoons from the 12th up in the hill; shouldn't we go forward with them?" Bardun asked. -- "No. Keep them safe... Take a few fellows out to get the spotters if you can. If I find one of my Radio-Men with a working set I'm going to call the Air Force. Who's there?" -- "It's me Emil Tuzmut..." -- "Emile I need you to find our Radio-Men. The one that was behind me, Yakov, is gone; about 100 to 150 meters that way. I forgot to check on the set. I screwed up..." -- "Your arm is gone, Sar-mayeh..." Bardun reminded. "So are my men!" Nemonov coughed out overwhelmed with emotion. "Alright everybody... Do your jobs..." And he turned to heed someone calling from his delirium.

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Emil Tuzmut crawled out quickly, occasionally rising to a running crouch. He knew he was too old for this; but better him than his son. There was much carnage. He knew he was at the right spot because he found the Sar-mayeh's arm; but it could have been somebody else's arm. He crawled around looking for a radio. Parts of men. No radio. He heard movement and froze. Germans. Two squads probing. He wondered if he should shoot; warn the others? He decided to continue looking for the radio as that's what the Sar-mayeh wanted. He was very quiet as he scurried around like a rat, he thought.

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Nemonov saw the Germans moving slowly among the Kars dead. It seemed sacrilegious. He unslung his rifle with one hand and laying it on the ground and stepping on the barrel he pulled the aluminum stock toward him till it snapped open. He took the safeties off and crawled out in the darkness to meet the Germans. At thirty meters he stopped, lay the rifle in his lap as he sat cross-legged, removed a fragmentation grenade, armed it and rolled it forcefully forward as the German continued to advance. He counted the seconds then aiming hip-high to compensate for muzzle-climb; one-handed with the stock on his shoulder, squeezed the submachine-gun trigger. 'This time I won't feel bad about it,' he told himself. He released three bursts of 4-to-5 9mm bullets by the time the grenade exploded. There were yells, screams, German language, smoke. German boys were now dying, and he felt bad anyway. There was one or two shots fired in return, not terribly accurate and scattered answering fire came from the hill behind him. Nemonov regretted the assistance, 'Now they'll know where we are,' he thought. But the Germans had their hands full getting their wounded off the battlefield, and Nemonov, surprised at still being alive, crawled back toward his wounded men in the rocks.

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Bardun leaned over the rock face and hissed at the troops: "No more shooting. Change position after you've fired." He set up listening posts and passwords along both ends of the ridge-line and took Kelskee with him. "You are cover man; seven meters back..." Staying within two feet of the ground to give Kelskee the elevation to fire over him the two men moved like foxes toward the Germans. Bardun kept his firearm slung over his back. He had a grenade in his left hand and the avd<sub>i</sub> [curved knife] in his right.

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Emil Tuzmut saw the Sar-mayeh attack the Germans. Many fell and the others left quickly. He couldn't find any radio so he went to where he believed Nemonov was.

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There were two dug-in emplacements along the ridge line, one 15 meters behind the other for cover. Each one had a machine-gun and three or four troops. Even in the dark Bardun could see the field telephone wire snaking along the ground. He motioned Kelskee and they shifted, moving off the hillside to the far side to approach the lead German emplacement from their '8:00 o'clock' position; Kelskee was to come in behind the secondary emplacement from its '6:00 o'clock.' Kelskee looped the rifle sling around his neck so it hung below him. He armed a grenade in his left hand and held the **E S bayonet** in his right. They approached quietly listening to the German-whispering, smelling the body odor, sweat and fear. Pins away they rolled the grenades into the emplacements. In the first emplacement a German stood up to stretch. He saw the grenade rolling and batted it out of the hole. 'Shit! -- I was too fast' Bardun thought. As the grenade exploded 5 meters from where it could do its damage Bardun launched himself among the Germans whipping the knife blade through faces, necks, wrists what ever the knife wouldn't get stuck in. Kelskee's grenade went off in the second emplacement and he fell into the hot and smoking hole stabbing with the bayonet and then holding his firearm by the pistol grip went to assist Bardun. There was one hysterical German Bardun couldn't finish off; he was crying and bleeding and managed to turn the machinegun with his hand on the trigger. Rounds flew. One hit Bardun point blank in the mid-section and penetrated his body armor. Another round flying wildly behind him hit Kelskee in the right arm under the shoulder practically tearing it off. Bardun grabbed the German by his balls and pulled him close to saw through his throat. A geyser of blood shot out all over them. All the Germans seemed to be dead. "Kelskee?" Bardun hissed. Nothing, only some moaning. He tried to get out of the hole but his legs were not working. "Shit, I'm done for..." With great effort he pulled himself out of the emplacement and closer to Kelskee who was almost bled out. Using the knife he cut away some his Kelskee's rifle sling to fashion a tourniquet. He pulled it tight and pinched Kelskee's cheek. He had stopped moaning. "Shit. Sorry Kelskee, I was too fast..." Groaning, Bardun forced himself over onto his back with Kelskee's rifle in his hand. The moon was bright. He made sure the safeties were off [they were]: 'I hope they restore me to Commando status... posthumously...' he thought. Then he thought of long ago, and of home and more innocent people and a girl he had liked. 'The moon sure is pretty, even if it caused so much harm,' he thought.

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Nemonov felt very tired. He couldn't move another meter. He was surprised there was so little pain from his arm but knew that sometimes it happened that way. He curled up on his right side and felt a powerful sleep coming on. He wondered what happened to all those young men in his charge. Did they just end? Was God in his Heaven? Was the life force more subtle; a fleeting stream of barely perceptible light, a rhythm maybe, that sometimes told you to duck and sometimes didn't; that sometimes brought good news to your parents and sometimes terrible news? The only thing that gave him hope was the inexplicable; the Warrior Rites he witnessed. Maybe there were vast unknown, phenomenological truths

behind everything. Life casting a veil over truth with day-to-day obligations and monotonies-of-order. But finding potential hope in these fleeting things that he couldn't understand or explain and not the Torah or the Prophets or the Discussion and Study and Commentaries... -what did that mean for him? Was his life a mistake culminating in this tragedy? He cried softly from shame. "I had become stiff-necked [kawsheh - קשה]." He felt better falling back on his Rabbinical training for reference but then forgot the faint hope he had before. He drifted off into a deadening sleep.

When Emil Tuzmut reached his Sar-mayeh, Nemonov was quivering as his body retreated into shock. "Are you alright, Sar-mayeh?" -- There was no answer, so like a concerned father he felt Nemonov's forehead. Cool; too cool. He couldn't carry him and was afraid to try, thinking it would injure him further. Tuzmut removed the Commander's tarp from his pack and covered him with it. Then he removed his own and covered him twice. "This might help, sir... I couldn't find any radio; and maybe there is no one who knows how to work it anyway... Should I go to our lines for help? -- I think I should... -- I hope I don't run into any Germans because then nobody will know what happened to us. I'll see you soon Sar-mayeh." Holding his rifle at the ready Emil Tuzmut trotted off the way they had come.

He seemed to have trotted much further than the walk that took them to where the artillery found them. He was physically and emotionally exhausted. He thought his old heart would explode. His sides ached and feet felt like leaden clay. His breath came in deep gasps. 'I hope I'm going the right way... -- Am I speaking aloud; I shouldn't...' he wondered. There were lumps on the ground ahead of him and now he knew he had gone the wrong way; as they had passed no rocks in the valley. The lumps came alive around him. "Moshiach? [anointed - משיח] the master-password was hissed at him. -- "Shaoool [Saul - שאול]." These were the Commandos about 7 of them led by a Sergeant and with a Radio-Man; their faces were blackened with charcoal and they meant business. Emil fell to his knees and his tale poured out of him: "The shells came killing and wounding many. The Sar-mayeh lost his arm, but still he fought the Germans killing four or five and chasing the rest away... Three platoons are alright but hiding along the hill above where the Sar-mayeh brought the wounded. Bardun and Kelskee went to attack some German positions; I don't know what happened to them..." -- The Sergeant was calm, his voice low: "What unit?" -- "The 9/11&12 Battle-Group..." The Commando Sergeant whispered to the Radio-Man who quietly provided dispassionate and taciturn information over the radio.

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The lead German Battalion broke through the left side of the devastated 11th and avoiding the higher ground in front, made a run around the Kars' rear toward the right. Aerial observance from the day before had revealed no machine gun fortifications. They could expect to move a Regiment through the line by midnight and a Division or two by morning. The Ashina Company [Company A Kars Militia Battalion] watched the advance of over 500 German infantryman in front of them. "Captain? [Jertush]" -- "Wait till the front ranks get to 130 meters..." They waited laying in the dirt half out of their holes, right hand on the Kars 99 pistol grip, left hand underneath pulling the stock tight into their shoulders, weight spread on their forearms, eyes open and moving from the foreground to the ring site. "Alright!" The Kars Captain called: "...Ready on the line!" -- everyman repeated though not as loudly: "Ready on the line!" -- a rising murmur like the hint of a summer storm. "Select Target!" The Captain called. -- Again the near-repetition: "Targets-Selected." --- "CO-mmence FIRING!" Then came the storm; each Kars' barrel bobbing in that trained rhythm of firing double-action quickly and accurately. Three hundred and fifty-five Germans fell half-way through the first volley. The ones in the rear who got to the ground and tried to return fire were targeted by multiple shooters and destroyed as persons. Men from Bihar Company [Company B Kars Militia Battalion] including the old baker, came over the top of their hill with



an aged Vickers machine gun from '21 and laid down bursts on the position. No more than forty Germans crawled back to their lines alive.

"Attack?" The Ashina Company commander was asked. "Re-Arm!" He yelled and the order was repeated as those who hadn't replaced the emptied cylinders did so. "Re-Load!" Time was taken to put fresh cartridges into the emptied cylinders. "BAY-O-Nets!" They affixed the blades repeating "Bayonets..." Then the fog drifted in heavily. The Captain heard a rumble a few kilometers away. "GET DOWN!" They pulled their rifles upright into the holes, blades up, and went to the bottom pushing helmets back to cover necks and arms and legs underneath. The exploded artillery shells had the whine of shrapnel from air-bursts. The shrapnel vests and skirts should cover their backs. Luckily the Germans had to be frugal with their ordinance and the barrage lifted after a mad minute. Another minute passed and five more single volleys hit them. When the air grew still and the Captain was sure the ringing in his ears was not covering up outgoing rounds he called for a man-check. Ashina company had come through with four casualties. -- "Expect a probe or more artillery fire," The Captain\* advised [\* "Jertush - יֵרְטוּשׁ " was used in the Militia as often as "Sar-mayah - שָׂר מַאָה"]. Someone noticed the tall, new fellow from the Regular Army crying softly. "You hit?" The veteran Commander asked. -- "No sir... I don't feel too good..." -- "Shooting the enemy and being blasted will do that to you, son. I feel like crap myself. Nothing like being a *hero*," he added facetiously as he moved on along the line checking on the rest.

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When the fog thinned the Air Force went into action against the German artillery positions. Kanal Omri banked his 4B attack plane at outgoing flashes below. He could see by muzzle-blast the gun crews loading and firing. He knew his two wingmen were lined up and on the first pass they all blasted solid and incendiary anti-aircraft shot. Ineffective machine gun tracers looked vainly for them as they banked again for another pass. Secondary explosions caused fires below and he could see enemy soldiers on the ground writhing in agony. He told himself that if he survived the war he would take early retirement from the military. He never wanted to touch an airplane again. Perhaps he would go back to the University and study medicine. There was a late secondary from behind and below, he peered into the blackness behind him. He thought he could make out his left wingman; but the right who would be trailing to the outside in the turn? Concerned, he keyed the radio: "Number three, are you alright?" There was a pause but then the static laden response: "I'm okay."

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The 7 man Commando team maneuvered swiftly along the ridge-line. They used the master-password at the forward listening post that Bardun had set up for 9/12. They paused briefly as two Commandos descended the rocks to check on the status of the wounded below: "Men will be coming for you soon." Then rallying the three platoons above they led them toward the German positions, pausing again by Bardun and Kelskee. They surveyed the scene and knew instantly what had transpired. "Do you know him, Sergeant?" The team leader was asked as he gazed down into Bardun's lifeless eyes looking up. "We trained together." The Commando Sergeant stood. "Patar Kars for both," he said motioning toward Bardun and Kelskee dead among the dead. Then they moved forward in a crouch.

By morning there were almost 3,000 Kars troops among the German positions calling in air-strikes on all concentrations. German guns damaged the night before, with their crews dead or wounded, were destroyed. Three squadrons of the Luftwaffe [German Air Force] tried to provide air support but 7 5D and 6 5C Interceptors caused extensive losses. The remaining German planes then had to contend with 200 4Bs which were annihilating any German ground force that could put up resistance. Attacking 4Bs was like putting one's hand into a

hornets' nest. Already the German Air Force pilots had come up with their own grim statistics: Being attacked by a Kars' Interceptor came with a 90% chance of being shot down; going after a Kars' Attack plane, one on one, carried a 50% chance of being destroyed. Like the German infantry they were no longer certain what the war was about. If it was to avenge some humiliation from before they were born it was not achieving its goal. By mid-day German soldiers were surrendering by the hundreds.

The Kars' Militia Battalion advanced into the valley and along the ridge-line bringing Regimental field Surgeons with them. As they set up forward positions they watched as German soldiers without helmets or weapons approached their lines with hands up being led by no one. Ahead of them was uncertainty; behind them was death.

The Ninth Brigade Commander sent his report to Army Headquarters. At the bottom he added a summation: I sent out units that were neither up to operational strength or training. Overall we have been successful. There are no longer any enemy front-line units opposing us. This sector has been secured. The Germans had camouflaged an artillery battery which during the night caused terrible casualties among one of my units the 9/11 and one platoon of the 9/12 both commanded by Sar-mayeh Nemonov, who despite grievous wounds carried on with extraordinary determination. He is in surgery as I write this and the outcome is unknown. Also I must mention the heroism of Senior Private Mosha Kelskee and Corporal Kozarig Bardun who sacrificed their lives destroying key German positions. My recommendations for Patar Kars for both men are attached. By my order I posthumously promote Mosha Kelskee to Corporal, and Khozarig Bardun to Sergeant. I also re-instate Bardun into the rolls of the Commandos; *killed in action*. Other recommendations for valor are also attached. The performance of the Militia Companies has been outstanding, reflecting credit upon themselves and the Army of the Kars.

### Action Summary { 2 } [Week Six]

**AIR:** German tactical combat aircraft inventory reduced by 85%. Experienced German combat pilots reduced by approximately 70%. Coordination and communication between German Air Force and Infantry units operating across broad, mobile Polish-Eastern German Front negligible, further reducing German Air Force efficiencies. German military coordination between ground and Air Forces on the more concentrated Czech front better but with vastly declining resources. Average number of sorties per German combat aircraft flown approximately .65 down from .85 week Five. Average German combat losses per day : 20. Approximate percentage of German Air Force held in reserve for strategic protection on Germany's Eastern fronts: 10%; approximate percentage of German Air Force held in reserve on its Western Front [France] 3%. Approximate number of days before German Air Force inventory reaches pre-conflict levels: 300; Approximate number of days before Air Force inventory reaches 70-75% of pre-conflict levels: 220. Experience of German Pilots deteriorating. Suggest more long-range commando penetration of German Air Bases to eliminate aircraft, crews and pilots within reasonable risks. Note: Six of the new 4C3 Attack planes were put into service. The design is nearly identical to the 4B though scaled 30% larger with new engines and front and rear gunners operating automatic *Jyvars*. There are also oscillating .303 machineguns front and back angled under the turrets to provide ground-suppression fire. Initial combat results for the aircraft were excellent.

**GROUND:** No German medium or heavy armored forces available for either active front. Some Panzer units held in reserve toward France {2}. 95% destruction of German motorized transport; Reduction of German horse transport available for the Polish and Czech fronts 70 to 85% -- net effect: lines of German logistics withdrawing into Germany proper. Reduction

of German medium and heavy artillery perhaps by 60 to 75%. Current inventory of artillery ordinance available to forward German units: less than half a day at full barrage; As German transport lines grow shorter ability to supply increases! Of note: Twenty Large concentrations of ordinance stockpiled [bottle-necked] at central rail yards destroyed by Air Attack; Five more by Commando raids. Suggest more long-range air assault to destroy stockpiles. 7 5Cs have been transferred to runways in Western Czechoslovakia to assist 5Ds operating from forward areas. Note: Czech Front firming. Czech and Polish governments unable to agree or coordinate offensive. Week Six saw the worst outcome for a Kars' unit with the tactical obliteration of five platoons under the command of a decorated and distinguished Kars commander. The Brigade gambled successfully on securing their sector but unknown enemy resources {Hidden Artillery} caused exceptionally high casualties. We are beyond the projected time when German manpower and war material should gain advantage. Believe that political and morale factors have affected strategy and ability to execute tactical considerations.

**German Casualties** [approximate]: TOTAL this time: 75,000 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 130,000

**Polish Casualties** [approximate]: TOTAL this time: 6,000 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 15,000

**Czech Casualties** [approximate]: TOTAL this time: 9,000 Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 16,000

**KARS Casualties** *since* prior report: Killed in action: 903; Died accidents/injuries/diseases: 40; Serious Wounds: 1,232; Serious Injuries: 59; Other wounds/injuries/illness requiring treatment: 108; TOTAL this time: 2,342; Wounded/Injured returned to duty: 201; Cumulative TOTAL this conflict: 3,651 -- Representing 6 % of REGULAR forward forces.

At the bottom the Khagan jotted: **ᲔᲘ ᲞᲗ᲏Თ** [Read/Approved - Bek {right-to-left}] in Kars.

Dispatches had the information of Mosha Kelskee fatality which was disconcerting. But Bek regretted his bravado to the Polish Marshall about stabilizing the Czech situation with 'Kars' blood.' This comment was now haunting him. He decided he needed to go to the field hospital where the casualties from the **9/11&12 Infiltration-&Assault** Battle-Group were.

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Ninth Brigade Commander Sar-eleph Tubal sat next to Nemonov who was propped up with pillows. He face was swollen and eyes glassy. He did not look well but was expected to recover without his left arm. "Yes, in retrospect taking the ridge would have been better, but they could have targeted the ridge as well..." Tubal explained. Nemonov eyes reddened. He was not by nature an impolite person. "I appreciate your taking the time to come here Sar-eleph," Nemonov sputtered. They both became aware of a third party standing quietly at the foot of Nemonov's bed. "Khagan!" Tubal said, rising with respect. Bek waved the Brigade Commander to his seat and pulled another chair over next to the bed. "You are improving my good son?" Bek asked Nemonov. "Yes," Nemonov said, beginning to cry and he hid his face in his hand. -- "Some of that sadness is from the morphine," I know," Bek said, "I fell off my horse once and broke my leg... -- The rest is from grieving; of this I know as well..." He turned to his Brigade Commander, "Overall a good job in your sector." Tubal did not look pleased. "Look, my sons, everyone is blaming themselves. The Air Force, the Commandos, the Army, Brigade; why didn't we know the Germans could recover initiative, after all, they built a world-class military in record time? -

- But ultimately all the responsibility lies with me. It was me who committed us to the Czech front. It was me who told the Army and the Brigade Commanders 'time is not on our side; we need to do things quickly.' Me. And I lost an old comrade there as well: Mosha Kelskee. He could be a trouble to himself; but to the Army he was always one hundred per cent. And I pulled him back from his life to serve the nation." -- "He was a good Kars soldier, and wanted to be there," Nemonov said. Bek nodded: "Listen it wasn't only King - Khagan - Moshiah Saul who caused us to think of our soldiers as our children -- in a good way [the root of infantry is *infant*], but after we re-emerged from the Caucasus in the 14th Century... --You know about Dunuv, I'm sure. That's when we eliminated the Officer corps as a special part of the Army. The step from Sergeant to Sar-mayeh does not convey any change in class. Effectively the hereditary and feudal aristocracy withered away as a result: That's why we could not have a Battle of the Somme. The problem is always in men versus outcome whether we make a step too far or a step too short. War is a game to which the rules are unknown and changing..." -- "Thank you Khagan," Nemonov said. "And take time to recover," Bek said, "Don't be too hard on yourself. If you want to go home you can do so on a full pension. The Hospital will give you an arm so you can maybe carry a book... Or stay in the Army. We need good men like you..." -- "Maybe I should go back to being a Chaplain," Nemonov volunteered. -- "Maybe, that's up to you," the Khagan said.

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### **Kars 99 Short**

A crashed Kars pilot was seen to be overwhelmed by German ground forces as his airborne comrades watched. He was too close to his over-takers for the 4Bs to fire. When his Kars 99 Short proved inadequate to his defense he was killed and then the flight of Kars planes destroyed his victors. There was call to supply pilots with the Auto-Carbine. The idea went no further than the Head of Air Operations who together with the Army Chief Staff issued a memorandum concerning troops armed with the Kars 99 Short:

Putting an automatic carbine with a large magazine into the tight confines of an airplane cockpit makes little sense. Every model of the Kars 99 Short whether with the 10 or 12 inch barrel [25.4 cm - 30.48 cm] is tested [via lock-down] at the arsenal to guarantee it is accurate to 100 meters for 16 out of 16 rounds within a 10 cm pattern [almost 4 inches]. With its 11 to 12 inch pull-out shoulder-brace [27.94 cm - 30.48 cm] it should be accurate to the user at 75 meters [82 yards] for 7 out of 8 rounds into a head-&-torso target. Changing out an empty cylinder for a loaded one can be accomplished in under 3 seconds. All pilots, ground-crew, radio-men, mounted couriers, and field officers need to achieve the following accuracies: 7 out of 8 rounds into a head-&-torso target in 10 seconds or less at 75 meters; 13 out of 16 with one reload in 25 seconds or less at double-action fire at same range; shoulder-brace may be extended. There would be complaints and perhaps in a perfect world most of those equipped with the large revolver should have an auto-carbine but other ground-combat units came first. There were still militia-men whose original Kars 99 had not yet been upgraded to the smoother, faster trigger. Of course both leaders knew that troops currently in combat were not going to be able to receive additional training.

### **Bad Turn for Horvani**

At 0800 hours [8 AM] They heard two motorcycles approaching on the road to their rear. Twenty minutes later a Czech Lieutenant made it to the top of the hill. He was slightly winded and uncertain of his actions. He saluted Horvani, "The Colonel wants to see you,

he's down below... I'm supposed to replace you up here..." -- "What?" The Lieutenant shrugged. He was the same age as Horvani but 'green.' Rather than argue with the man Horvani simply instructed him: "Sergeant Hus and Corporal Kachak can tell you what we do..." He took his pack and started down the mountain. There were two motorcycles with side cars waiting along the dirt road below. Colonel Imroš returned his salute: "Good job, Major, Gave a solid licking to what remained of the 35th Regiment of 4th Panzer! I have something for you... a trinket..." He pinned a Czechoslovak War Cross on Horvani's tunic. Then he seemed perplexed. "Let me ask you a question, Major, and please don't be upset..." Colonel Imroš examined Horvani's face closely as he slowly asked: "Horvani, are you Kars Intelligence?" Horvani was mystified. "No, what would I be doing here if I was?" -- "Good point. I don't think so; I'm not a professional, but can usually tell when a man is not telling the truth; a normal man that is... point is we understand that you are fluent with languages..." -- "Yes." -- "Which ones?" -- "Reading or speaking?" Horvani asked. "I can read about 15 languages, but I only speak about 6 and not all that well..." -- "Good-God man, what are you doing here, in the woods?" -- "...Sometimes I wonder the same thing." Colonel Imroš laughed, "Well, Major, they want you in Prague. This motorcyclist will take you there." -- "What about my unit? - Are they staying here, or moving up?" -- "Good question. The Kars are coming in. Seems we're having difficulty transitioning to the offensive... I suppose you know all about the Kars Order of Battle." Imroš said as he climbed into the side-car -- "I didn't even know the Kars had an Air Force. My military experience with the Kars was as a private." -- "Well then I guess they don't know everything because they seriously underestimated you. Take care Major!" Imroš motioned his driver forward and they sped away. Horvani went to the other motorcycle and climbed into the side-car. "I don't think I've ever been in one of these things." -- "I'll drive slowly, sir. You'll get used to it," The driver said goosing the engine and engaging the gear.

They did drive slowly but the bumps said otherwise. A flap on Horvani's belt opened and a hand-full of 9 x 17 mm cartridges tumbled out. Horvani scooped them up and having no place to put them stuffed them into the tops of his boots. The driver seemed to take a wrong turn at another dirt road and Horvani attempted to get the driver's attention when an explosion took down a tree across the road. The driver braked but they skidded on the loose soil and collided at low speed with the tree. Five men in camouflage uniforms were upon them before they had their bearings. Horvani was looking into the barrel of an 8mm *Karabiner Mauser* rifle. A C96 Mauser semi-automatic 7.63mm pistol [the "broomhandle"] was at the driver's throat. Horvani was relieved of his side-arm. They grabbed his pack thinking perhaps it was full of maps, or codes or classified documents and motioned him out of the side car. Horvani's hands were in the air. He tried to act easy so his driver who was very worried would not be overwhelmed with fright. "That's only got my underwear in it," Horvani said of the pack, in German which he then realized was a mistake. "You speak excellent German!" He was complimented by the commander of the small group.

They marched on foot through the entire day and were put into a truck for the ride South. They slept in the bed of the truck but were separated the next morning. Horvani was seated in a dark room with a single light. His interrogator was a young German Captain with very blond, short hair. There was something wolf-like about the man and Horvani did not like him at all. "So Major Horvani, your German is better than your Czech; why is that?" -- Horvani shrugged. -- "I think I know why. You could be a German traitor, but I don't think so... I think you are a Jude." Horvani thought that being simply a Jude rather than a Kars-Jude would be simpler, so he agreed. "I thought you were. I suppose your father is some banker in Prague, or maybe he's a Professor of the arts teaching decadent corruption..." Horvani's father grew tobacco and grapes and tanned hides. But there was something in the manner of the interrogator that indicated he was not being entirely serious, yet was ominous none-the-less. "And what did you get that medal for, kissing some politician's big fat ass?" -- "I got it for shooting Germans who wandered into Czechoslovakia..." The smack across his face was

unexpected. His nose and lip bled and his eyes watered. The German leaned in close and growled at him: "I don't like Judes; and especially smart-aleck Judes."

Horvani was beaten up for the remainder of the day. He would have confessed the Czechoslovak Order of Battle had he known it, which he didn't. But he got the impression none of that meant much anymore as German military options were becoming more limited. The beating, it seemed, was for the pleasure of his beater. Finally his captor dropped an ugly, course uniform that looked like striped pajamas on the table. "Put this on, we're going for a little ride." The German put on his own jacket and hat and Horvani saw that it had a *totenkopf* [skull or death's head] emblem on the right-collar and hatband -- "I'm a Czech Officer and a Prisoner of War, and I'm not putting anything on, so you can shoot me right now," Horvani said. The German was slightly impressed. "Alright, I don't care. Get into the back of the truck," and he shoved him outside.

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Horvani rode for a long time. He was hungry and his face was swollen. He was released into the now-enclosed and guarded Leopoldstadt Ghetto in Vienna. "Maybe you can sell your medal for a piece of bread from your fellow Judes," his captor taunted as he turned his attention to the guard detail of which he now seemed to be in command of.

As soon as Horvani moved away from the perimeter guards, people stopped to talk to him. "Is the Czech Army close by?" -- "Czechs and the Kars; should be here... in a few weeks, maybe..." -- "The Kars! Thank God!" -- "I haven't any money, but I could use..." -- "Something to eat? There isn't much here, but come with me maybe we can get you something..." -- "And I need some tools, and metal parts..." Horvani said.

The people of the Ghetto, though beginning to starve, were eager to help Horvani as they thought he could provide some salvation. Occasionally he passed others in World War uniforms, a few holding the Iron Cross 1st class. They would nod at each other as members of related fraternities. He wanted to build a radio, but there were several already there. The news from Prague was encouraging but vague. He was invited into somebody's basement kitchen and had a slice of stale bread and a piece of very hard cheese which he had to soften in some watery soup in order to bite as some of his teeth were loose. Then for his shopping list he was shown to an abandoned plumber's garage. There he found the drill and bits and files and other tools he would need. Next he rummaged through the inventory for thick-walled tubing, steel sheeting and tool-steel, of various lengths and thicknesses [or something he could cannibalize for it], connectors, pins, lock-nuts and finally two springs, one stronger than the other.

It took him the better part of a week, but finally he was almost finished save for a piece of wood to fashion into a handle. The 9 x 17 mm cartridges [.380 auto or 9mm short] carried into Leopoldstadt in his boots, operated at considerably lower pressure than the 9mm Luger round [9x19mm Parabellum; approximately 20,000 psi vs 34,000 psi] and Horvani felt confident that the non-rifled tubing he used would prove adequate for close-range operation. It would have been easy to manufacture a sub-machinegun but Horvani only had 8 rounds of ammunition and did not want to risk wasting them with one pull of the trigger. He ended up creating a pistol that needed to be cocked [left-side] for each round. In a dry-fire exercise he found he could do it quite quickly. Lack of proper nourishment had deteriorated his overall mental abilities and he had decided that he would simply walk up to the main gate and shoot his way out, or die trying. He put the pistol into his empty holster and felt better already.

On the way to his denouement he was stopped by people who had befriended him and was

handed a loaf of bread wrapped in paper. "We need you..." he was told. So he went back to his workshop and added some craftsmanship to the rough pistol handle.

In days to come he heard much commotion about the camp including some shooting. The radio had little information other than 'progress' 'into Germany,' so Horvani had no hope of early liberation. He saw the camp guards scurrying near the main gate and wantonly shoot bystanders who were in their way. Pistol drawn, but kept to his side, he walked slowly, close to the building toward the gate approaching Nordbahn Straße. He didn't know that a PELU team and Kars Commandos were picking off the camp's guards, hence their frenetic actions. With steadfast calm he approached the main gate house. He was shocked and delighted to see his German tormentor from the SS, a Captain whose name he did not know. He approached the man, who was generating the appropriate disgust before drawing his own sidearm, but their eyes were locked in some exchange of prey and victim. Horvani leveled his pistol as he continued walking. -- "What have you got there?" The German asked, the color draining from his face, his knees weakening and bowels loosening. "You don't like smart-aleck Jude; and I don't like you..." Aiming at the center of his face Horvani pulled the trigger at 2 meters, the shot was not accurate and tore the left side of the German's jaw bone off. He cocked the pistol as the German fell. "By the way, I am Kars," and finished him off. Horvani cocked his pistol a third time to deal with a party he sensed approaching. "Hello Major Horvani. Nice little pistol you made there..." came the Kars voice. He looked, it had been dark that night. "3/3 Commando?" -- "Yes, we have been looking for you..." -- Horvani almost collapsed and the Sergeant steadied him. "These people need bread, Sergeant." -- "Yes, we will do what we can, but we can't stay long right now. We'll be back, though, with 50,000 men."

### The Train

A known German agent [Abwehr] approached a Kars Diplomat in Geneva. The agent opened his hands in greeting, as he did not wish to be shot by Kars Security trailing the Diplomat. When all parties had stopped mid-sidewalk, the security people with pistols in hand under the jackets, the German greeted the diplomat with a nod: "You dropped this," he said and handed the diplomat a folded handkerchief. Later, inside the handkerchief was found an interesting note presumed to be from the Wehrmacht [German Armed Forces]: "On Sunday next at four o'clock in the afternoon an armored and blacked-out train carrying live cargo which you will be interested in will approach the border outside of Trebnitz. We suggest that members of your Armed Forces at Company strength be dressed in the uniforms of the Allgemeine-Schutzstaffel in order to impress your new charges. Such uniforms should be readily acquired from corpses in Western Poland. Our problem will now be your opportunity. Hoping we can talk further." Within an hour the note was in the hands of the PELU [Kars intelligence M21] also known as P7 as the office of the Chief of Intelligence Sar-eleph Tlyf occupied Suite 7 in the Army Ministry.

Under air cover and ringed by reconnaissance commando cavalry units several select units that had been in the area congregated along the train-line approaching Trebnitz. The detail was under the command of PELU agent 'Karl' who wore a tailored black SS uniform with the rank of Major. Commando 3/3 B and the 4/9 I & A Infantry had been assigned the duty. Several hundred uniforms had been dredged up from nearby battlefields; sorted with most too degraded for use; boiled; bullet holes darned and pressed. The men, other than Radio troops, had a day to select a size that fit them. Boz had the most difficulty and Greb had no mercy on him: "We need a size 50 jacket for a circus bear with a boys' short pants for Boz here." There was much good humor among the troops as they changed clothes in the woods.

Boz finally located a jacket and pants that fit him but with a foot or so of extra sleeve and leg room. "I think I will be needing a tailor." One of the 4/9's new Radio-Men was a tailor and hemmed the garments within an hour. Once they had the feel of the uniforms they practiced with captured German weapons like the 9mm **MP38** submachine guns. There weren't enough for everyone and Boz was handed a Karabiner 98. "I don't want this one!" and pulling rank he switched with a private who had the more exotic firearm. 'Major Karl' took an interest. "You have an officer's rank on your tunic there Sergeant Boz, we could give you a Walther P38... Just a second..." Karl gave Boz a close examination. "Why are you looking at me like this?" Boz demanded. Sar-mayah Kogan walked over to the two of them. "I don't know if he'll do," Karl said. Boz was already getting mad. "I don't think he looks 'Aryan' enough," The sandy-haired Karl said. Kogan examined Boz. "The short, thickset stature, the Tartar appearance around the eyes..." Karl said. "Are we taking hostages off that train?" Kogan asked. Karl wouldn't say. "If there is to be a fight, or crowd control, Boz is the best man you have within a 1,000 kilometers," Kogan said. Boz's quivering anger was reduced to tearful pride. "He can keep that Nazi-hat peak-down over his face, but he should be with us..." Kogan added. Karl agreed: "Sorry for my hasty judgment Sergeant Boz, your commander is correct." Boz was still trembling from the indignity: "I was fighting since 1921! Since '21... and besides I got my friend to sew this uniform so nicely. And you can give that pistol to somebody else, it looks too small for me; I will be keeping with the submachine gun."

Karl drilled the men in Nazi marching formation, but when he saw it was hopeless he told them just not to slouch like Kars in the saddle; but to stand as if a broomstick had been put up their behind. At 1600 hours [04:00 PM] there was no sign of a train from the aircraft circling overhead. Finally at 1720 hours [05:20 PM] the Air Force saw a train and everyone went on alert. The radio men, Cain included were secluded behind bushes as the detail formed up adjacent to the tracks. "High level Germans may think they are escaping, but it could be a trick," Karl told them. "A suicidal trick," Kogan added watching the **4B** Attack planes maneuvering overhead and then climbing out of sight.

The Train slowed to a crawl and finally stopped. Everyone's heart was hammering. Karl waited till the last car marked with Swastikas pulled alongside and boarded the stairs speaking fluent German. The only two words that Greb understood was: "...mein Führer..." Then Karl waved the Kars aboard behind him, and at the opposite end of the car. He whispered the Kars' Commando order: "Forced Rush!" and they piled into the car, arms ready. The car's internal hallway was narrow and each car door to a private compartment was snapped open and entered brusquely. It was a grisly scene: Compartment after compartment: Air Marshall Göring death by cyanide capsule; Reich Commissioner Himmler of the Schutzstaffel [SS] death by cyanide capsule; Propaganda Minister Goebbels death by cyanide capsule; Interior Minister Frick, death by cyanide capsule; Rudolf Hess's personal secretary Martin Bormann death by cyanide capsule. Führer Adolf Hitler, death by pistol bullet through the right temple. Only Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess, the Minister for Armaments Fritz Todt and Chief Architect Albert Speer were still alive. They were frisked by hard and fast hands. Their mouths were opened and fingers shoved around their tongue and teeth feeling for cyanide capsules. "Bite me and I pull your guts through your throat," Boz warned Todt. Then they were manhandled off the train. Boz pinched Hess by the ear as he shoved him outside where they were to be strip-searched. Meanwhile the bodies were also removed and dumped onto the dirt next to the tracks.

They made a last search through the car for anything else that might have been overlooked. Then the train began to move slowly in reverse. "Should we stop the train?" Kogan asked Karl. -- "No..." A German officer waved from a car behind the locomotive: "We'll have to end this war soon. It wasn't as much fun as we expected." The officer called to them. As the train began accelerating in reverse he called out one more time: "Nice uniforms, by the



way. I guess even those fools could tell East from West..." Kogan's brows furled "What did he mean by that?" -- "They realized they were going in the wrong direction," Karl answered, pointing at the dead men in the dirt.

The bodies and later the prisoners were photographed by Karl who had two small cameras with him. He worked quickly as they were losing the light. He took close-ups face-front and profile of all subjects dead or alive, and then asked several select Kars men in SS uniforms to pose with the dead and the captives though he avoided showing an identifiable face of these Kars soldiers. Next he called over the Radio men who had remained in Kars uniform and had them kneel by the dead or stand alongside the quivering captives. Cain felt both humbled and exalted to kneel between Hitler and Göring's corpses. *Was this what the war was about? -- This refuse fit for the earth?* The first detail of men in SS uniforms were ready to become Kars soldiers again, but Karl had other ideas: "In that bag over there are six Heer [German Army] uniforms. You six men please change quickly and will do another series of photos..."


Speer could no longer stand with his hands up and sat cross-legged on the ground. Hess's arms wavered and he dared to look around till he caught Boz's eyes. "I am looking right at you German. And you have to behave yourself." Hess could not understand the language, but he understood the meaning and put his hands back on his head. Finished with the photography, Karl had other instructions: The three prisoners were to change into Kars uniforms for transport back to the Caucasus. The dead were to be stripped naked and buried behind the bushes. The Kars combat troops did not like this duty: "Why Major Karl?" - - "P7 will go through the uniforms, they might be useful for something later on..." -- "Yes that fat one's [Göring] tunic could make a nice tent for several soldiers," Boz said, allowing laughter to break the tension.

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As they all began to move out, 'Major' Karl called over Greb and nine other men: "Would you be interested in a special assignment? It would involve killing the enemy, though some of them might not be armed at the time..." -- "We've done that before." -- "Not this way; you would be operating in extreme peril. You would not wish to be taken alive as you would be tortured horribly before being killed..." Karl examined their faces. -- "Spies?" One man asked distastefully. -- "No, you will be armed at all times. I'm sorry but I can't tell you any more than this... other than it's for the nation." To a man they all volunteered.



### The Plan

Bek met with Tlyf [PELU] and Army Chief of Staff Kolan. "When I first heard that the German Army professionals bundled Hitler and his top deputies onto a train to take them to safety and abandoned them to us I was overjoyed," Bek admitted. Then I heard Marshall Rydz-Śmigły rejoicing as the victor of a war he could barely manage and I realized how brilliant the idea was. If Hitler's invasion had gone well he would have cemented himself into Germany; as a failure made even him expendable..." -- "Especially as the Generals expected to be punished for it," Tlyf added. -- "And the Western Allies patted themselves on the back and congratulated themselves on doing nothing..." Kolan said.

"So Germany run by the Army can get an armistice and what happens three years from now?" Bek asked rhetorically. "They come back to us, wiser and stronger," Kolan answered. Tlyf pushed his tea glass away. He leaned his elbows on the map. "It is very risky Khagan..." -- "Yes I know," Bek answered, "But we must do it. Give the order on State Security [Sher hutleh  ]."

## State Security

A large barn was all that remained of a farm 50 Kilometers North of Prague. For weeks men selected for special missions assembled in the woods nearby and ten to fifteen at a time entered the barn. They received close-cropped haircuts, were able to shave and shower and put on clean under garments. They stood around joking nervously with their eyes on the rows of oiled **P38** automatic pistols and **MP38** submachine guns [sometimes called 'Schmeissers' after an early smg designer] as well as the boxes and boxes of cartridges and fragmentation grenades. Tailors measured them and then they were fitted with lighter, thinner body armor. "It will only protect you from pistol rounds. Then they were given dress shirts and ties and fine suits of business clothes as well as raincoats and fedoras [dress hats]. "These hats are kind of heavy... --and hard!" -- "They have armor in them as well." -- "And what are those round tubes; housings for rifle grenades?" -- "Silencers; they will reduce the sound a pistol shot makes by 75%"

They were given coats of various colors and textures. Some received trench coats. Some leather coats. Each coat pocket opened into the inside for holding concealed weapons along side the body. They posed for identification photographs, learned how to tie a neck tie if they didn't know; and how to tie dress shoes if all they had worn during their lives was boots. From out of a little room in the back identification badges with names and pictures came and were handed out. "Greb; this is yours." Greb looked at it. The black German eagle  [reichsadler] from the days of the Tuetonic Knights and Holy Roman Empire was used as an embossed seal on the upper right, and the German Cross  embossed on the other three corners. Central to the ID badge were the words **Deutschland** [Germany] and **Staatssicherheit** which few could read and no one understood. "Statsi-zi-height... It means **State Security**, like national security [Sher hutleh שְׁהִיטְלֵה נַצְיוֹנָלִית] ] and under it is your picture and under that your made-up name; like yours: 'Hermann Klinder' and your rank: 'Deputy Inspector.'" -- "I've been promoted ... this looks like the real thing for them, huh?" Greb prodded. -- 'Major Karl' shrugged: "As far as I know there is no German Bureau of State Security yet. It will be us." -- The men laughed but understood they would be going into combat cloaked not by trees and brush but by audacity. They would not lurk in cover but walk defiantly in the open. "We're hoping that if you look like an official, and act like one and stick a badge in a German's face he will obey..." Karl said. -- "And if not then we shoot him," Kahooly joked. Karl shrugged. You will be led by agents who speak fluent German. Many of them have spent years there. --We don't know how this will turn out..." Every man looked over the weapons. This, at least, they understood.

Karl lectured them briefly: "Look fellows, in the last five years 5 % of the German population has been investigated or arrested. Hundreds of thousands have disappeared: been murdered. This is a country that observes the iron rule of brutal force. And this is how we must operate there. One ironic rule learned from the Nazis; the more preposterous the charge the better... -- Every Kars Agent that leads you has gone through Commando training. The action commands are the same; but you will need to understand them in German, as we will not be able to break cover. You will be given reichsmarks [German currency]. You may commandeer anything in the name of 'State Security:' transportation, lodging, local police files, but if you are taking from individuals like an apartment or a hotel suite, pay generously for it. We have plenty of this paper. It is of excellent quality and of course, entirely counterfeit... [Laughter] ...always be certain even angry, never hesitate..." Then the men practiced special-police operations with their assigned agents instructing them in German.

After the second day they responded to “Eintrag” as ordered entry and “Halten!” for stopping a suspect as if they had been doing it for years. Finally they practiced with the weapons. Their field uniforms had been washed and they switched clothes, leaving much of their military gear behind as they headed toward the border. Mines, wires and guard towers had already been destroyed; there were German troops but with little discipline and not looking for trouble. Inside Germany they switched clothes again and strode up the main road toward a checkpoint. The first checkpoint was manned by eight SS troops who were already busy shooting suspects. There were two bodies in a ditch; both of soldiers, one previously wounded and bandaged. Another soldier was being readied for an impromptu firing squad when Karl led 14 men in what looked like Gestapo [Geheime Staats Polizei or Secret State Police] attire toward the uniformed Nazis. “Papiere. [papers]” -- “Staatssicherheit! [State Security!]” Karl barked, flashing his identification. It bought them enough time to close by two paces before Greb and three others opened their coat flaps and fired over 70 submachine gun rounds into the checkpoint personnel and the firing-squad along the side of the road. They followed Karl’s example and took out their pistols to administer a coup de grâce to the eight Schutzstaffel personnel now lying on the ground. The soldier who was about to be executed looked at the Agents with renewed terror. Karl shouted “Staatssicherheit! [State Security!]” at the man, and waved him to leave the area immediately. The soldier readily complied. There was a staff car and small truck at the checkpoint and they took these vehicles for the drive to Dresden and then onto Berlin.

Karl’s team [P7-732] was among the last to operate in Germany. The PELU or P7 [Kars Intelligence M21] had over 1,000 teams in place when the operations orders came from Bek through Tlyf. Field Marshall Wilhelm Keitel and his deputy Colonel-General Alfred Jodl were both arrested and left as corpses. Kars State-Security teams forced newspapers in Munich to run the picture of Hitler’s body ringed by German Regular Army soldiers and Kars State-Security teams in Frankfurt forced a newspaper to print the picture of Hitler’s body ringed by traitors [Verräter] in Schutzstaffel [SS] uniforms. The pictures or their descriptions were never released to any wire-service. As Germany was at war; nothing was. Everywhere there were national traitors “Reich Verräter” which had to be ferreted out. Keitel and Jodl had both been Nazi sycophants and their demise could be blamed on either camp. Twenty Kars State-Security teams had descended on the Interior Ministry and National Socialist party headquarters carrying off reams of names and addresses. They began to round up top military men and a large collection of thugs, rapists, killers, sadists and bullies who had prospered in the accomplishment of their personal fulfillment as Nazis. The National Socialist apparatus made civil war on the Heer [Regular Army]. Roving bands of plainclothes and uniformed Nazis took their war to the streets. Gun-battles often took place as Kars “Staatssicherheit! [State Security!]” met up with “Geheime Staats Polizei [Secret State Police or ‘Gestapo’]” or the uniformed Sicherheitsdienst [SS Security Service]. Meanwhile the Kars had on their lists: Viktor Lutze, Robert Wagner, Julius Streicher, Joachim Eggeling, Jakob Sprenger, Gustav Simon, Friedrich Hildebrandt, Adolf Wagner, Karl Hanke, August Eigruber, Fritz Bracht, Otto Telschow, Wilhelm Kube, Josef Bürckel, Friedrich Rainer, Konrad Henlein, Bernhard Rust, Fritz Sauckel, Arthur Greiser, Paul Giesler, Heinrich Müller, Odilo Globocnik, Richard Heidrich, Adolf Eichmann, Wilhelm Murr, Oskar Dirlewanger, Otto Ohlendorf, Josef Dietrich, Karl Hanke, Kurt Daluge and many others.

The Army tried to mount an offensive but ordinary soldiers no longer had loyalty to the Army or the State or anyone else. They kept their weapons and traveled in groups on alert for SS or Gestapo or Military Police or anyone. Anarchy prevailed.

The Staatssicherheit [State Security - Kars PELU] forced the newspapers to publish long lists of regulations, some of them ridiculous like the carrying of fish wrapped in paper was now forbidden [“verboten!”]. The idea was to make the public aware of the strange new powers

of this new and fearful agency. One Kars agent toyed with the idea of making Kosher [Kashrut כַּשְׁרוּת] laws mandatory for men over the age of 40. He did not do that.

On the street Karl's group [P7-732] was intercepted by Gestapo. Both groups demanded credentials as the firing began. A 9mm bullet hit Greb in the right arm and penetrated along the inside of his breast plate causing much bleeding. The Kars finished off the attackers as Greb collapsed. They rushed him across the street to a hospital and with their Identification flashing they commandeered service. They were told the operating theaters were on the third floor and they carried him up upstairs placing him on a gurney. "Your best thoracic surgeon!" Karl demanded. Greb began to go into shock. The Chief of Medicine came to the commotion. "What's going on here?" Karl showed his ID, "Staatssicherheit! [State Security!]" -- "What was that?" The Doctor, a distinguished looking man in his late 40s, asked. Greb began to mumble in Kars. "What's going on here?" The Doctor inquired, "--He's a Kars!" -- "He is cooperating with us. We need him alive!" Karl said. The other Doctors and Nurses stood around waiting on the outcome. -- "We don't treat prisoners or scoundrels here!" The Chief of Medicine declared: "Show me your identification. I have been a party member since 1934!" He told Karl. "I'm going to make a phone call here..." -- "Let me see your party card!" Karl answered and nodded to two other Kars agents. They took the Doctor's wallet and handed it to Karl as the Chief of Medicine objected. Karl pulled papers out of the wallet. He looked at one briefly and announced to the Doctor. "You are under arrest for the murder of Adolf Hitler." Karl gestured at the window behind them. One agent opened the window and two other agents seized the Chief of Medicine and threw him out head first as if he were an empty suitcase. Karl pocketed the now deceased Physician's party card and announced to the other Doctors: "As you saw we got a full confession before sentence was carried out. Now if something happens to my prisoner here, you will follow your Chief of Medicine; with haste! ["maçhen schnell!"]

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Karl watched the surgery for twenty minutes, but ironically felt squeamish doing so. He tried to avoid thinking about the execution of the Chief of Medicine but knew that many Nazi Doctors were already practicing "euthanasia" by murdering developmentally disabled children and others. Fear and obedience were a Nazi legacy; and he had heard the Khagan himself say that we would have to fight them without mercy.

He left the operating theater leaving Kahooly outside and using a hospital telephone contacted Staatssicherheit Hauptquartiers or "State Security Headquarters" which moved frequently and was last thought to be in an apartment in Dresden where the German lines were retreating from the Czech border. Karl believed he recognized Sar-eleph Tlyf's voice on the other end. The German accent was provincial and Tlyf's voice modulated low from a lifetime of whispered secrets: "Inspector Schmidt [Karl], We have information that uniformed subversives are laying charges to destroy the Moltke Bridge... Two other teams have been alerted..." -- "Jawohl, mein Kommandant [Yes sir, my commander]." -- Karl couldn't explain about casualties or extenuating circumstances. He assumed that Allied Forces could be several days from Berlin. He sought out the head Nurse and after reviewing her identity papers, wrote down her name and address: "It is important that my informer be properly looked after. We have been called away by superiors and like you, we must do our duty."

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In several days Greb was feeling a little stronger. He was alone in a private hospital room and had no recollection of how he got there. He had felt under his pillow and found a **Walther P38** automatic pistol as well as another lump which he presumed was his

identification badge. There was talking in the hallway in German. A sixth sense informed him that the conversation pertained to him. His German was not very good and if he was going to die it wasn't going to be behind a wall of lies. He cocked the pistol and waited. An older, civil policeman [Ordnungs-Polizei or Order-Police] entered his room with another man who looked like a prisoner himself. Greb expected others to follow. He pointed the pistol and announced: "Ich bin J[Y]uden Hunnen [ I am a Jude-Hun]." The man, a Pole, smiled and spoke to Greb in Polish: "The war is over. Four hundred thousand Kars are coming here from Dresden, the Poznan Army [Polish] is also on its way, and the French, Belgians and British are assembling in Metz and Brussels." The old Policeman slowly removed his pistol and put it on the foot of Greb's bed: "Ich kapitulieren [ I surrender]."

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What Greb did not know at the time was that P7-732 had been in a furious fight with a platoon of Schutzstaffel at the Moltke Bridge and in an ensuing explosion its leader 'Inspector,' or 'Major' 'Karl Schmidt' was missing. His real name was Yosef Barjik and he was a Kars hero.

### *A new small country*

Khagan Bek, Army Chief-of-Staff Sar-eleph Gadol-Achod [ שר אלף גדול-אחד ] Kolan, Sar-eleph Hreger of the Commandos and Sar-eleph Tlyf of P7 stood in the midst of the Buchenwald concentration camp. They had already read reports concerning the liberation of the Dachau concentration camp. Elsewhere across Germany PELU teams were racing toward other camps, some still under construction like Flossenbürg and Neuengamme. Germany had become a dungeon of Secret Police torture chambers and work camps where starvation and brutality were the norm. Paraphrasing Josephus, everywhere were holes lacking bodies and bodies lacking holes. "Situation with the occupation?" Bek asked as they walked through the mayhem. Kars soldiers were dumbfounded by the scale of the misery. They shared their rations and called for doctors. Chaplains wept openly.

"Poles moving slowly. Dragging their artillery," Kolan said. -- "Do they think they will be fighting; us?" Bek queried with a sardonic expression. -- "General Welewski is believed to be heading the lead elements; part of the 14th Infantry Division," Kolan added. -- "Good for him; I'll say hello when I get to Berlin. French? British?" The Khagan asked. "French are also moving slowly but with considerable mobilization. The British occupation expeditionary force is very small so far, as is the Belgian," Tlyf said. Bek thought as they continued walking: "Mobilize another 250,000 men. Make sure Berlin is orderly before the Poles arrive. Move the Air Force and what ever forward forces that remain from Poland to Germany..." Bek stopped. "Map?" Tlyf spread a map against a barrack's wall. They all crowded around it. Bek tapped a point. "Gentlemen I think we need to get here before the French or the Belgians or the British... The PELU should concentrate their efforts at arresting as many of these Nazi criminals as possible; this time for trial. We should document what we are seeing here. Let the newsreels in. -- I want Commandos followed by Air Force Units and then Regular Army. Use the damn Trains! Seventy thousand men by next week." They studied the map. "Wesermünde," Tlyf said approvingly, "The Kriegsmarine [German Navy], excellent move." Bek laughed softly. "That's why I keep you gentlemen around. I hadn't thought of that... Alright make it 90,000 troops. I want that province and that port on the Western side of the Jutland Peninsula. They'll be a lot of Judes and other people coming out of these places who won't want to return to their confiscated homes and two-faced neighbors."

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[<sup>1</sup>Gilee's forefather had come to the land of the Kars from Crete in 900 AD as a slave brought by a Byzantine Naval expedition aided by Varangian mercenaries. This forefather adopted the religion of his master and was later freed after serving as a fighting sailor in the Kars' Black Sea fleet against the Byzantines.]

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Several hours later a runner from First Squad, Second Platoon came to Boz. "Sergeant we have somebody interesting down the street who was wounded. Says he's P7 and he speaks Kars but he had an enemy pistol and enemy identification," which the soldier presented to Boz. Boz started waving it away rather than pretend he could read German but did happen to glance at it. "Sergeant, I think it says 'State Security'..." -- "Lemme see that..." Boz examined the picture on the Identification. "Can it be? -- Where is he? -- Tell the Corporal to take over for me..." Boz hurried up the street and rounded the corner. He saw a tall man wearing a trench coat over hospital pajamas, leaning against the wall under the watchful eye of three Kars soldiers. "Greb!?" -- "Boz!" They shook hands. "Please, get this man a chair to sit on. --You picked up a little something there, huh?" Boz asked, peering at the bandages visible over Greb's lower neckline... -- So you're still here!" Greb shrugged: "As long as there's a view there's something to see."



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Judenstaat [“Yuden-staat” German] for ‘Jude-State’ or יהודיִם (Jy<sup>e</sup>di Shër in Kars)

On behalf of the British Government Lord Moyne sought a conference with Khagan Bek. After preliminary congratulations over the elimination of Hitler and the defeat of the German military, Moyne attempted to quote the provisions of an obscure Naval Conference as a basis for ‘sharing’ the ships of the Kriegsmarine. Bek looked at him as if he had lapsed into foreign tongues beyond comprehension. As a former military man himself, Moyne recognized that if you don’t fight you don’t divide the spoils. He opened an unexpected second ‘front’ in his negotiations: “Can’t you do anything about Judea sneaking into Palestine?” -- “Why?” -- “They’re hiring peasants [Fellaheen, فلاحين] to redeem the land, between the two camps, population is swelling. Chaos will ensue...” -- “I have not been to Canaan [כנען דְנִיָּן], the Holy Land... but the American, Mark Twain went there the last century and described the place as desolate...” -- “Well it won’t be desolate for long. It will be a powder-keg.” -- “Personally,” Bek offered, “I think Jerusalem was a Jebusite village dedicated to their pagan god Shalem. Nothing but death and destruction came from there... from Babylon, Rome... -- thousands of Judea were martyred there, many by crucifixion including Rabbi Yeshu...” -- “So you’re sympathetic to our obligations under the League of Nations?” -- “No. Many Judea want to stand before the old wall of the Second Temple and pray -- or cry. Maybe this should be another Jude country... -- called Zion.” -- Moyne produced an unpleasant face, “Really, a Jude country in the middle of the House of Islam [Dar es-Salam دار الإسلام]!” -- “Only a tiny one, the size of a principality, perhaps like Liechtenstein, in the vast bosom of the Arabian and Saharan ‘Steppe.’ You know it was us who stopped the march of Islam toward Eastern Europe at Derbent in the 8th Century. Meanwhile they had appropriated the Near East and North Africa by the sword and presently have to deal with Britain, France and Italy as rival claimants...” -- “You’ll have to barter with the Royal Navy, you know...” Moyne threatened, taking Bek seriously. Bek smiled and calculated the cost of a few small aircraft carriers, perhaps ones that could submerge like submarines on route to station, as a mental exercise. -- “What have you got against the Muslims anyway?” Moyne demanded -- “Me? Nothing. God should bless them with peace and prosperity. We have no colonies in the Middle East or Africa... I am concerned only with my nation --the Kars. My nation would like to offer protection to people, like us, who believe in the Lord...” -- “Well then that would include us, wouldn’t it?” -- “Good. Nice to hear it; I thought that maybe Empire and the Pound Sterling took precedence...” -- “Look here, sir, that could be construed as an impudent remark...” Bek shrugged. The diplomat realized that he had overstepped his own bounds and would have to make amends. His Majesty’s Government was not going to avert war with Hitler and than antagonize the vanquisher of Hitler for the sake of argument. The Kars were no threat to Britain or India or Egypt or the Suez Canal, or British interests in Iraq, ambitions in Persia [Iran] at least not yet, anyway. Upsetting any balance in Palestine, however, was a worry because of its potential to provoke ‘native’ nationalist sentiment. Nationalism in Arabia during the World War was encouraged by the Foreign Office because the Ottoman Turks ruled there; nationalism now was an entirely different matter. And a Kars Naval presence in the North Sea, even if rudimentary, was of concern! “By the way, sir,” Bek began, “We picked up a person of interest to you at Tempelhof [airport] in Berlin...” -- “The Mufti... al-Husseini?” -- “Yes, he was in transit from Italy... So you want him?” Moyne thought about it. “Well, it would be nice if he could just... disappear?” -- Bek thought. “If we try him for crimes against Judea in the Holy Land than we become complicit in exactly what you don’t want us to do... -- and no, we have stopped shooting people on the street. Everyone arrested since the cessation of major hostilities now faces trial.” -- “I see... Well, I suppose we could take him off your hands... quietly, perhaps.” Bek nodded. Moyne nodded. They had found some common ground after all. Perhaps as they sipped tea, Khagan Bek would extol the characteristics of the Enfield short-throw bolt-action and the *British* .303 cartridge as well as the *Sten* open-bolt sub-



machinegun mechanism of the Kars' E S firearm which accounted for more than a few German casualties.

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The Cardinal spoke German slowly and carefully. A Bishop added commentary in case Bek could not understand. "His Grace would like to warn you of the dangers of giving Bremer and the surrounding area to the Jude. Taking sovereignty from its rightful owners is a form of theft." -- "I understand... but as Rabbi Yeshu has said, and I paraphrase, Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." -- As the clergy was silent Bek translated this into French, then Polish. -- "Yes we understand... But you do not accept Jesus as the Christ." -- "Anointed you mean?" -- They nodded affirmatively and Bek politely chuckled. "You see that's a problem. I am also *anointed* for military and government affairs. My King is *anointed* for matters of faith and ethics.<sup>1</sup> Speaking for myself I am quite an ordinary man full of flaws and vanities... Jude of the First Century and earlier were under the influence of Persians to amplify the meanings of anointing..." -- "Christ is more than that; he was, and is, God made Flesh." -- "Perhaps; but I can not discuss what I do not understand." -- "Do you have the authority to call Jesus, Rabbi?" -- "If the Prophet can call the Persian King Cyrus 'the anointed' [Isaiah 45:1] we can call Yeshu, Rabbi [teacher רבי John 1:38 ] ... Judenstaat will stand over the bayonets and bullets of Kars soldiers," Bek smiled pleasantly: "May the Almighty grant you grace and wisdom. Good day Gentlemen."

[<sup>1</sup> The Czars of Russia were also anointed - помазал - during their coronation.]

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The casualties for the last ten days of the war had been the worst, including substantial increases in militia dead, wounded, injured and missing. There was no time to finesse things. Speed was imperative. Intelligence was not omniscient. Oftentimes *Reconnaissance* was by *Assault*; fields of fire were laid down as forces maneuvered quickly using what ever cover that was available. Men used themselves as articles-of-war so their brothers could come from behind them and so on. Kars, Poles and Czechs moved into Germany with blood on their bayonets and bitterness in their hearts.

Secluded in a small base taken from the Germans, West of Bremer, the Khagan insisted on reviewing the entire casualty report: Killed in action, Died of wounds, accidents and disease; Disabling wounds and injuries and Missing-in-Action. By the Khagan's orders Kars serving with the Allies [if known] were also listed in all categories. Sometimes Bek's eyes would glaze over at so many names he couldn't put faces too, and he would rebuke himself for not reading the name of a man who died or gave his blood to the nation and he would go back and read the name slowly as if it were a prayer. Then he would wince as he saw someone he knew, a man he had served with, someone he had recommended for the Commandos, a man from his company... *Mosha Kelskee*. He chewed his lip reading *Yosef Barjik's* [Karl Schmidt] name among the missing. He saw a name crossed off missing, a Czech Major Horvani recovered by Kars Commando and PELU [creator of the 'Horvani' semi-automatic rifle]. But a tremendous pressure was building in the Khagan and he went outside to try and walk by himself. Hreger and Tlyf had insisted on tremendous security against 'dead-enders' of the Nazis. Once in the fresh air Bek was surrounded by Commandos. He felt like chastising his chiefs for wasting so many men on such a task, but Bek realized they were only doing their jobs. He gently dismissed the Commandos, "I need to take a walk by myself..." The men to whom auto-carbines seemed to grow from their hands like branches looked upset with him. Then there were the 'civilians' wandering aimlessly 50 meters out: PELU agents. Bek waved them away. "Tell Tlyf it's ok..."

Sixty meters behind, his follower checked all the angles of the compass, also from the ground. It was good to be out of Sweden and away from the subterfuge, to have simple orders and commitments. But she saw the Khagan in distress and her heart went out to him. She began to think of herself; her father's little girl who wanted to fight all the evil in the world. She had killed five Fascists in Spain including an Italian and a German. She killed two Gestapo men in Zossen months ago. She felt unclean and uncontrollable wept for the loss of her innocence. The Khagan was up already and she tried to roll into a depression in the earth but he was already looking for her. "I see you there," he called. Sheepishly she stood. "I knew that Tlyf would assign his best agent..." Bek said, approaching. "How are you Rhinoceros?" -- "Well, sir..." He saw that her cheeks were wet. "There, there Aninna, all will be better soon, come..." And his hand on her arm as if she were his own daughter they walked together back to the field headquarters.

It was evening when he entered the kitchen. Just his parents were there. He wore a Kars' Army uniform with Polish and Kars decorations. His head and right leg were still in a partial cast. He had half of an eyeglass and he limped forward on his crutch. His mother screeched in astonishment and he nodded at her. But his father stood back by the stove, impassive at this excuse for a man hobbling across his kitchen. Evon slowly lowered himself to the floor laying his crutch down and crawled forward toward his father. "Atte, Atte... [Poppa, Poppa] Forgive me..." He reached his father's foot and touching it as it were a holy relic, "accept me...please," he pleaded. His father looked at his mother much unspoken was said between them in that look. He stepped back thinking to tend to the livestock, something he understood. "Please, Atte..." Then he stepped forward and helped the Kars veteran to his feet and picked up the crutch so the man wouldn't fall over. His mother clasped her hands together and exclaimed scripture: "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee!" His father looked into the part of his face he could see and gently pinched his right ear, "Come we will have some soup."

There were trials in Prague and Sait Sharkil (サイシャキル) for several dozen war criminals including Minister for Armaments Fritz Todt, Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess and Chief Architect Albert Speer. All were hung except Speer who received a life-sentence from the court. Newspapers in the United States focused briefly on the Japanese behavior in China and then returned to their relentless economic problems. Several papers in the West called for leniency for one or more of the defendants, but interest was slight and waned quickly.

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A cropped picture of Lance Corporal Able Cain kneeling beside Hitler's corpse was in all the Kars newspapers. Released to international wire-services it was soon in all the world's newspapers. The nation demanded that this Kars soldier be decorated and Khagan Bek called Able Cain to the capital for such a ceremony. Cain asked for a private meeting and once alone with the Khagan begged to cancel the ceremony.

"Please, sir. I didn't do anything! They called me over because I was already in uniform and 'Karl' only had so much time to take all the pictures before it got dark. I didn't even board the train!"

Bek put a hand on Able Cain's shoulder. "Listen good son; none of this matters. There are people who did much more and gave their lives and I can not decorate them, or kiss them, or shake their hands. There are others who did much less and are being toasted in village taverns all over the land. Neither life nor war is fair. --Do you think I feel like I deserve to be Khagan of the Kars? I woke up every morning trembling, hoping I wouldn't stumble into disaster for my people. The nation doesn't want an explanation. They have a picture, now they have a name to that picture, and they want a nice ending."

"I would never feel right about it," Cain protested, thinking it would twist his life into a lie. -- "You served your nation. Luck was with you Able Cain. Accept it. Take it for those who can't be here; who have no memory and have left us in that flash of heat and light and pain. It is your duty!" And so the Khagan gave the medal of Patar Kars [ԿԱՐՍԻ ՄԵԴԱԼ] to Able Cain before the King and the Ministers and the entire assembly as cameras clicked and rolled.

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Later, when the Khagan was being congratulated by the King for a job well done: "We all had confidence in you Khagan Bek." -- "I thank you... As the international 'experts' are saying, we may have avoided a longer, wider more horrible war; but do you know what? What ever small things humanity learns for whatever short time humanity may remember it, will not be learned," Bek said. -- The King nodded, "I know." They stood for a moment and Bek spoke again, "I'll be stepping down from being Khagan very soon --perhaps at this moment..." -- "There are still too many uncertainties; not yet," The King replied. Bek paused then spoke again, "Can you tell me why I was selected?" He felt foolish asking and expected the King to avoid answering. -- "As I have said, some things are beyond the conscious... I was *advised* to consider you... From a purely objective perspective you were a forthright person as well as being smart, inquisitive, imaginative and respected... and with considerable *humility*..." -- Bek replied, "Thank you, my King."

### *After-word from the King*

Centuries ago before we came to know the Lord, our people ruled the Steppe, held dominance over the Caucuses, owned the Crimea; were the power from the Aral Sea in the East to the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains in the West. We transformed Kiev from a village to a town. We extracted tribute from Slavs, Celts, Goths, Magyars, Bulgars, Alans, Avars and many more. We fought the Arabs, stopping the advance of Islam at Derbent. We traded with the Vikings; when they disobeyed our agreements we were victorious over them too. We were feared and, yes, hated... But things changed: Rebellions, new peoples; crueller, more blood-thirsty, more hated. We needed to change our place; subdue our own arrogance, exercise humility. As Abram added a syllable to his name when the Lord made him Abraham [Genesis 17:5] we took away a syllable to reduce ourselves as we pleaded to

Almighty God to save us from destruction; to remain a sovereign people in our own lands and not to be scattered like dust in the wind. So we began to call ourselves the Kars which in our language at the time meant *to serve*; meaning to serve God and one another. Before that we had been called the Kazars [  $\text{K}^{\text{Y}}\text{Y}^{\text{Y}}\text{Y}$  or sometimes  $\text{K}^{\text{Y}}\text{X}^{\text{Y}}\text{Y}$  ].

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**Dedicated** to the tens-of-millions of Allied Soldiers of the Second World War: American, Russian, *Chinese* {against Japan}, British, Polish, Canadian, Anzac, French, Greek and many others; slightly more than a million of whom were from the ‘Jude’ minorities.

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The **Khazars**, originally akin to the Huns, incorporated various ethnic peoples as they rose to empire from the NorthEast Caucasus [approximately 600 AD] to become the major power of approximately 3,000,000\* square kilometers of what is now parts of Russia, the Ukraine and nations to the South and East [900 AD; *\*close in size to India*]. They prevented the NorthWest spread of Islam from entering Eastern Europe from the South [8th Century AD]. Also during the 8th Century The King and other Khazars accepted Judaism. They disappeared as a People by 1000 AD. While there has been some conjecture whether any modern Jews have some Khazar inheritance, the matter is further complicated by the fact that the peoples of the Caucasus share similar ancestry with ancient Israelites, peoples of the Fertile crescent, Anatolia, the Mediterranean and Southern Europe. What can be assumed with some reliability is that there were medieval Jews who became affiliated with the Khazars. It is thought that many Khazar descendants merged with Central Asian Muslim peoples. The Székely people of Hungary may also be partial descendants of Khazars who joined the Magyars, and used a *runic* alphabet similar to the Khazars’ until the 18th Century.

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Note: The Khazarian Rovas Font was occasionally used in this document. Many thanks to Dr. Gábor Hosszú, and others, for making this font available [*spellings, however, are mostly the guess of the author*]. The FREELANG Dictionary of Chuvash was consulted for use of a handful of terms; as was Dr. Sergei Starostin’s Altaic etymology database.

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“33-84 Committee” from 1965  
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