

door and Kokevitch with kicks tried to put Dimiter in the cell. The doorstep being too high for my son to roll in, he was again subjected to torture. A powerful blow by Kokevitch, near the injured chest of my son, broke a rib. He was left lying there all day until the arrival of Savitch and Damianovitch, the director of the prison in the evening. To them, particularly to Damianovitch, my son protested the cruelties inflicted upon him, the false and forcefully extracted "depositions" and the surrender to the police. Naturally these protests were to no avail.

In the same evening, assisted by a few criminal prisoners, he was compelled to walk, with swollen and bloody feet, to the railroad station of Nish, on his way to Sremska Mitrovitsa. Among the prisoners there was a young man, unknown to my son, who, witnessing the agony of Dimiter, was crying all along the way and wiping with his handkerchief the blood from the feet of my son. On the morning of December 27, 1934 he arrived in Belgrade and on the twenty-eighth he was taken to Sremska Mitrovitsa. He was confined here from December 28, 1934 to March 22, 1935. Throughout this period, my son spat blood and maintained a fever temperature. He begged to be placed in the hospital, but was told to keep still, otherwise he would be "sent back to the police of Nish." Finally he was taken to the hospital, registering an alarming temperature on May eleventh. Other prisoners have witnessed the falling off of the skin and decaying flesh from his feet. This was the result of the beating in the Nish prison. No medical help was given him in the Sremska Mitrovitsa prison. As I have already shown, he was placed in a room with seventy criminals, in violation of the order from the Minister of Justice, that Dimiter was to be treated as a political prisoner. On November 14, 1935, he was penalized fifteen days solitary confinement, with hands chained, simply because he resisted the order to go to work on the ground that he was a political criminal and dangerously ill.

Your Excellency:

I have attempted to show you briefly a few objective facts pertaining to the atrocious affairs of my dear son, Dimiter. I am quite sure that this is not the whole truth of the matter, because he is not permitted to write about it. I have received but one letter from him in several months, and that highly censored. Whenever he writes, he usually tells me his state of health, that he is very sick and that he feels pains in his feet and chest. The facts stated in this appeal are enough to stir every human heart. This, therefore, causes me to raise my voice and make an earnest protest against the cruelty, to plead in the name of justice and humanity for the following considerations:

1. That you appoint an impartial commission to investigate and determine the truth of the above statements; to arrange permission for my son to speak freely and state the truth of all that has been done to him.
2. To punish the guilty, if the investigating commission determines that there are such, for the cruelties inflicted on my son.
3. To grant an amnesty to my son, who, being sentenced for ten years, has already served nine.
4. If you think it impossible to accomplish this, in spite of my statements, then I beseech you most insistently:
 - a. To remove him to a more hygienic prison (in my former requests I suggested and pleaded for Pozarevats or Skopie, where he can be visited by relatives), to give him a chance to cure himself; and,
 - b. To be treated as a political prisoner.

Sophia, Bulgaria
April 30, 1936.

Elena Tchkatrova,
mother of Dimiter Tchkatroff,
born in the city of Prilep, Macedonia,
but living now in Sophia.