

Smirnov Evgeniy Nikolaevich

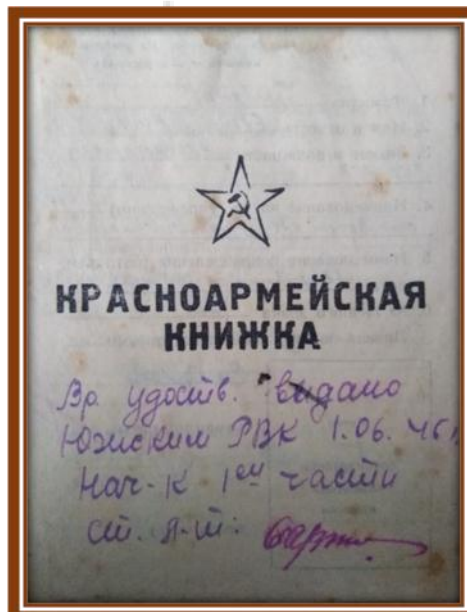
My great-grandfather Smirnov Evgeniy Nikolaevich, was born on the 25th of January, 1921 in Yuzha in a peasant family.



He joined the army on the 7th of September 1940. He served in the 202nd artillery division of machine gunners.



During his military service the Great Patriotic war began. He was captured and placed in one of the Austrian concentration camps on August 28th, 1941 where he remained until April 10th, 1945.

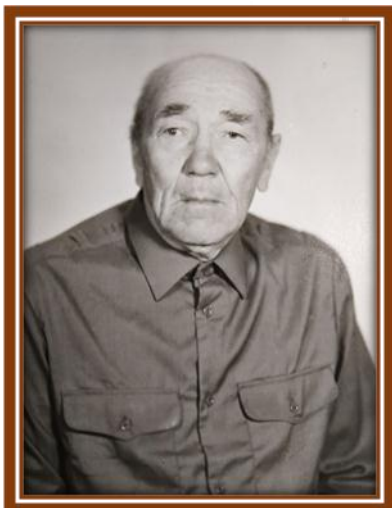


"Every day was the last for someone of us" - my grandfather told my mother about the horrors of camp life. Every day prisoners lined up in a long line and the Nazis killed the Soviet people, accidentally caught under the barrel of weapons. It was a roulette game where everything depended on your luck. They were killed for various reasons: some because of boredom, and some because of poor performance for the good of the Nazi Germany. The work they were doing was really hard: digging trenches, building barricades. It lasted every day without rest. They were fed in a way that even the most unpretentious animals were not fed. It is impossible to describe that food, it had no taste, no clear consistency. Though the days passed quickly, their endless cycles drove many people mad. Any attempt to escape or mutiny was strictly punished by death.

Fortune smiled on my grandfather, he was sent to work on the nearest farm. Doing this he was saved from daily shooting. While he was tending the cattle, he could get at least some stale bread or milk from the cow in order not to die of hunger. On the 11th of April, 1945t he was liberated by the 188th anti-aircraft artillery regiment, and 10 days after liberation he was transferred to the 683rd rifle regiment where he starts to serve as a rifleman and continued to fight on the Western Ukrainian front, where he ended the war against the Nazi invaders. During the battles my great-grandfather was injured by a grenade explosion which deprived him of sight, and he became disabled.

Despite this he was eager to continue serving in the army. His love for his Country and his desire to be useful to it were boundless. He was given the go-ahead and from the 16th of July, 1945 he served in the 214th rifle regiment and was discharged from the reserve on the 24th of June, 1946 for health reasons.

He met his old age in his native city and in the circle of his loving family. My great-grandfather died on the 7th of January, 2001.



There were 18 days before his eightieth birthday. It's a pity that I haven't seen him and couldn't thank him for the peaceful sky above my head. The memory of him and all the other soldiers will be eternal. Our task is to remember and honor our heroes and serve the Motherland so that the memory of us will be the same.

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