THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AS I SAW IT



By

MARK CARTER

Digitized by Touro College Libraries
For Project Zikaron
www.zikaron.tourolib.org
2022

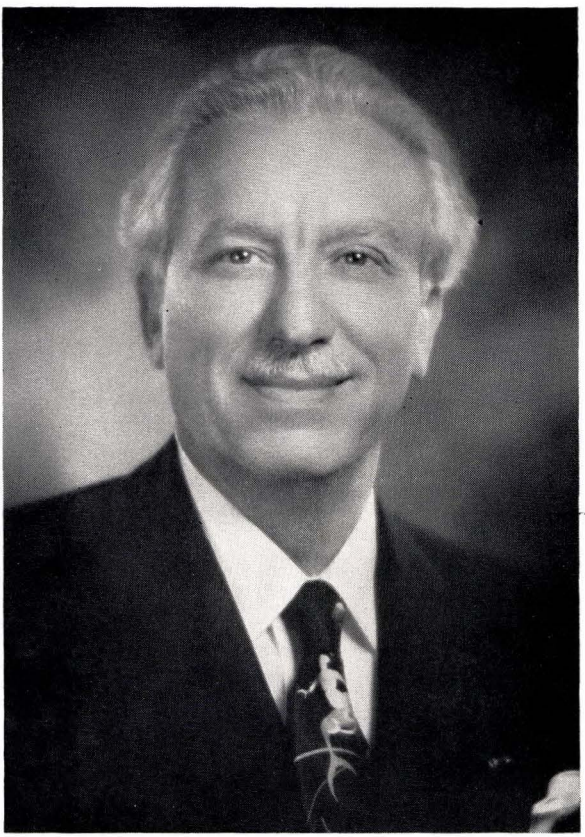
COPYRIGHT 1959

BY

MARK CARTER

Printed in U.S.A.

Wolfer Printing Co., Inc., Los Angeles, California



MARK CARTER

FOREWORD

Every man, when he reaches the biblical years of three score and ten, reminisces on his life. Of all the years, he remembers his youth with stark clarity. These impressionable early years are more vivid than the events which occurred last week.

My youth was spent in Russia—highlighted by the most cataclysmic upheaval of modern times—the Russian Revolution. I was born in Czarist Russia. I lived through the aborted revolution of 1905, the Kerensky Revolution of 1917, the Bolshevik Revolution of October, 1917, and witnessed the coming of communism to the largest country on earth.

Millions of words have been written about Russia under communism, and the Bolshevik Revolution—from every point of view: social, economic, political. This is my story—the story of one man who saw the horror of war sweep in and out of one of the major cities in Russia, Rostov. I know the double-edged sword of communism, the hypocrisy and the contempt for human life which it symbolizes. I know communism from first-hand experience.

When the Bolshevik Revolution broke out—the entire revolution was over in three unbelievable hours in Petrograd and Moscow, yet it continued in Rostov and other cities for nearly three years—Russia was ninety-three per cent illiterate.

Out of 165 million people throughout Russia, only seven per cent could read or write. When Lenin was told in Switzerland that the revolution had come, he did not believe it. Millions of bourgeois and petty capitalists also did not believe

that the revolution was upon them. Deep into the nineteen twenties, there were still those hopeful emigres and refugees living in various parts of the world, living in their dream worlds, that somehow the Bolsheviks would go away, that communism would disappear.

Communism has not disappeared. Instead it has reached out to strangle neighboring countries, to decapitate governments, to enslave millions in Siberia, to freeze the world in a continuous cold war.

When the revolution broke out in 1917, one of the first "gifts" granted the Russian people were free elections. In every city a duma, or parliament, was elected. Entire populations voted for the first time, marking crosses on the ballots for the three parties offering candidates for office: the Bolsheviki, the Bourgeois-Capitalists, and the Socialists. Three per cent of the population voted for the Bolsheviks, six per cent went for the Bourgeois-Capitalists, and ninety-one per cent voted for representatives of the Socialist Party.

From the three per cent vote for the communists, it is not far-fetched to say that three-quarters of these men could not read or write. The Bolsheviks just did not have sufficient numbers in their ranks who could be called upon to help in running the government. This is why the Bolsheviks searched so desperately for men who were literate, men whom they could trust, to install in the new governmental order. This is why, too, they had to call upon, and make use of the services of former bourgeois-capitalists, in the first, formative years of the communist regime.

American and European left-wingers who flirted with communism, until their disillusionment, did not know the full meaning of this new form of human enslavement.

The day after communism swept over Russia, and later over other countries in Eastern Europe, brought the following edicts: All banks are nationalized; all stocks and bonds become worthless and belong to the government; all gold must be turned in

for paper money; all diamonds must be delivered to the government; small stores are nationalized, and the stock turned over to government warehouses; estates and land holdings become the property of the government, and are nationalized; owners of large homes are removed to the stables, and the homes become the property of the state; small houses are measured according to the size of the families living therein; if they are found too large for the family, the home becomes the property of the government, and a new family is moved in; family kitchens must be shared with new families which are moved into the home; small shop-keepers are taken from their stores and sent to the coal mines, or to work on state farms; the individual becomes a number to the state, and is shipped from place to place, to work at jobs assigned by the government. Should a man refuse, he is arrested, and placed in a concentration camp.

These edicts are only the outer clothing of the new order of communism. The disintegration of the human being, the elimination of human dignity, freedom, liberty—ideals which man has striven for through the centuries, are the inner maggots which communism offers.

Communism can clothe itself with civilized manners, with diplomatic double-talk, with scientific achievements, with record production figures, but in the last analysis, it is as alien to the American sense of freedom for the individual, of equal justice under law, as is the concept of a czar ruling the United States.

I have not touched here on the horrible treatment of minorities within Russia by the communists, or by the czars which preceded them—the bloody pogroms, the condoning of murder, looting, burning. I have not dwelt on the treatment of the Jewish segment of the population within Russia. This you will find as you read further.

This is a story—a true story, "The Russian Revolution, As I Saw It." If it will add a footnote to history, if it will bring into

focus a greater awareness of the beginnings of communism, the effort expended in writing it will not have been in vain.

May I express my appreciation to my many friends who encouraged me to write these memoirs, and may I acknowledge my indebtedness to my good friend, Harry L. Lechtman, who aided immeasurably in editing this volume.

Mark Carter
1959

CONTENTS

Foreword 5
The Demonstration of March 2, 1903 . . . *The Beginning of the Russian Revolution* 11
The First Revolution, January 1905 . . . *Bloody Sunday* 24
Episode in Vilna . . . *End of the 1905 Revolution* 34
A Message From Leo Tolstoy to Nicholas II 39
The First Election and the First Duma—1906-1907 41
Dimitri Bogrov vs. Prime Minister Peter Stolipin 43
1914—The First World War 45
Refugees From Smorgon in Rostov—1915 52
Revolution—1917 59
Return to Rostov 64
Overthrow of the Kerensky Government—October, 1917 67
Cooperative Workers From New York 72
The Tramp Who Became a Lawyer 75
Victor Chernov . . . *Revolutionary Leader* 78
Gregory Schreider 82
Incident With Five Riflemen During the Nationalization Period 84
General Bogaevsky 85
The Brest-Litovsk Peace Conference With Germany 88
The Germans In Rostov 91
Vladimir Chenkin . . . *The "Jack Benny of Russia"* 94
The City of Kiev 97
Mrs. Karl Liebknecht—Vladimir Jabotinsky 100
Vladimir Lenin . . . *Mastermind of the October Revolution* 104
Joseph Stalin . . . *The Steel Man of the Russian Revolution* 107
Leon Trotsky . . . *The Bolshevik's Prophet* 111

General Denikin and the White Army....117
Rostov, December, 1919....120
Christmas Eve, 1919....124
The Red Army....126
General Budenny . . . *Hero of the Civil War*....129
The Fight Between the White and the Red Armies....132
Chicherof . . . *My Appointment by the Soviets*....134
Ivan Emelin . . . *President of the Metal Trades Union*....137
Abraham Gitlitz . . . *The Leather Manufacturer*....139
Azary Markov . . . *The Battle for Rostov*....145
Nikita Khrustalev . . . *Rostov's Agricultural Commissar*....155
Communist Zverev . . . *Chief of the Communist Party in Rostov*....159
Boris Ivanovich Wasiljev . . . *Mayor of Rostov*....162
Vasily Shaub . . . *The Conservatory*....167
Period After Nationalization....173
Ivan Nesterof . . . *Chief of Rostov Soviets*....178
The Court of Death....183
The Chamber of Commerce Janitor....185
Osip Minor . . . *Mayor of Moscow*....186
Leonid Lutzky and Dr. Lutzky....187
Michael Rudeman . . . *The Anglo-American Tobacco Trust Agent*....189
Albert Ohlaf....191
The Love of an Ill-Fated Trio....193
Ivan Miroshnik....200
Andrei Kookanov....202
The 1920 Rules and Regulations . . . *Treatment of Former Capitalists*....204
From Rostov to Vladicavcas....206
Nicholas Paramanov . . . *One of Russia's Richest Pre-Revolutionary Men*....214
Leonid Marshack . . . *Commercial Attaché*....216
Life in Tiflis....219
General Moe Bogatin....225
Constantinople . . . *"The International Cemetery"*....227
Mark Fedorovich Kusnezov . . . *Constantinople Attaché*....238
Departure . . . *The Boat, "King Alexander"*....242

The Demonstration of March 2, 1903

The Beginning of the Russian Revolution

MARCH 2, 1903, was one of the most important days in my life. On this day I faced death or the possibility of being permanently crippled from a term in Siberia.

After I witnessed the railroad strike in our town in 1902, I was convinced of the value of revolutionary work. When I was invited to a meeting in December, 1902, I consented to attend. At this meeting, I met Ivan Kondratev, the future chairman of the Soviet, who later was elected in 1917 at the capital of the Don, Novocherkask. He played a great part in the revolution.

Novocherkask was a city similar to Sacramento, where the palace of the governor, or Ataman as he was called, was located. General Kaledin was the Ataman of all the cossacks who lived in the state of the Don, on the Don River. He committed suicide when he discovered the Soviet army approaching Novocherkask.

Ivan Kondratev was a foreman in one of the foundries. He was an intelligent man, and married to a wealthy girl who had graduated from college in St. Petersburg. She was a beautiful girl, with blonde hair and blue eyes. I knew her quite well because my father rented the house we were living in from them. She was a part owner, along with a sister and four brothers. Their parents were dead, and they had left everything to the children. The brothers did not get along too well with their brother-in-law, for they felt that he was not in their class. He was a laborer, and they were business men. They felt badly

that their favorite sister, whom they loved dearly, had married a worker, in addition to his being a revolutionary.

In 1902, Kondratev had his printing press in a garage, and his wife wrote the proclamations. I was surprised to see her and her husband, Ivan, at that meeting, because I knew they lived in Novocherkask, and the meeting was held in Rostov.

After a long discussion on generalities, we began to talk of ways and means to make the people of Rostov aware that the revolutionary party existed. It was finally decided to have a demonstration. The question remained how to do it. We came to a decision after a man named Vasilchenko gave us a blueprint for the demonstration. It was as follows: On a Sunday as many as possible would gather not far from the railroad station, and not far from an area where the crowd met for sports each Sunday. We were to bring a large banner reading "Down with the czar. We demand freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom for all the people of Russia." My friend, Sam Stolkartz, was to prepare the banner and deliver it on the date chosen.

I had met Sam when I was fourteen, in a synagogue where I had gone with my father. After the services were over, a group of people was debating what to do with Sam Stolkartz, also fourteen, with his brother, Matvei, and his sister, Nadia. They said their father was bankrupt. He had lost his business and his wife had died. He wanted to leave town to see if he could obtain money to pay his creditors. The people in the synagogue asked who would be willing to take the children and rear them. Sam was taken by a fine man who owned a small cleaning shop. The older boy was taken by a man who owned a large farm. The beautiful dark-haired, dark-eyed sister was taken by a man who owned a bar. It was also reputed that he ran a house of prostitution. Most of the people gathered were against his taking the girl, but he insisted that he had no children, that he would adopt her, and put her in a very good

home, give her an education, and that she would not know what type of business he conducted. This satisfied everyone, and time proved him to be a man of his word.

Four years later, the father of the children came back, paid all his creditors, and asked his children to return to live with him and his new wife. The children refused, and the father went to court. Inasmuch as no one had legal adoption papers, the judge's decision was the children must go to their father. Sam hated his father, and loved his adopted father very much. He had been very good to him, had given him an education, and had brought him up in the best way possible.

Sam told me that even if he did have to go back to his own father, he would see his adopted parents every day, and he kept his word. When he became eighteen, his father told him to start looking for a job. Sam went to work as a laundry driver. He was most unhappy with his job, but it could not be helped.

Sam suggested that we rent a house, and meet there with all of our friends, to exchange books, read, and hold discussions. It was in this same house that we got our instructions from our friend, Ivan Kondratev of Novocherkask.

We began to work on the banner, which was about 20 feet long, and 3 feet wide. As soon as the demonstration date was decided upon, the banner would be ready. We bought some wood, 12 feet long by 2 inches wide, polished it down with sand paper, and we were ready for work.

The big day finally arrived, March 2, 1903. Three of us left the house. One carried the banner, which was rolled up. I took a large stick. Another friend took another large stick, and we started out, around 9:30 in the morning. It took us nearly an hour. We saw about five or six hundred people, who started fighting. It was almost noon. We all assembled, and our speaker, Sasha Brailovsky, waited for his signal. Two friends raised him up to their shoulders, and he started his speech. It was a rousing description of the czar, and his regime. He urged us all to fight

for our rights, and demand justice. When he finished, everyone promised to join with us, and we all marched towards the center of town.

As we marched down the middle of the street, more people joined us. It appeared as if we had almost two thousand people with us. Suddenly the police appeared on the scene. The precinct chief began talking to us. "Now you have had a lot of fun, boys, go home and forget all about this, or there will really be trouble." We ignored him. Instead, we pushed him up front, making him the unwilling leader of the demonstration. At each corner, we picked up more police. We marched along, singing revolutionary songs. Suddenly at one corner, we saw the cossacks, who began shooting at us. Our answer was stones. With one of the stones, we hit Mr. Antonov, the chief of another precinct. The stone hit him on the head, and be began to bleed. When we saw this, we all ran. In the excitement, I lost my hat and my overcoat. I finally made it to my uncle's house, who lived nearby. The chief, Mr. Antonov, died.

I thought it wiser to stay with my uncle until the next day.

The next day there were news stories on the killing of an officer. The paper gave the names of the men the police had arrested. They were Sasha Brailovsky, the speaker, Sam Stolkartz, Cossack Ivan Koloskov and many others.

I thought it best to leave town, and hid out at a friend's house. He was in the fish business, and introduced me as his new bookkeeper. After a week, everything quieted down, and I felt safe to emerge. I thought it best that I go to Germany. I had always dreamed of going to college, and it now seemed the logical time to go.

I started work on my passport, and went to Novocherkask to obtain a foreign passport. Everything was in order. I had to tie up the loose ends at the rented house, and this I did. We disposed of the printed materials and the circulars. I picked up my brother Israel in the morning, hired a taxi, and put the

equipment on a boat going to Mariupol on the Azov Sea. The material was wrapped in a blanket, put in one of the rooms, and my friend, Matvei Stolkartz, brother of Sam, was asked to deliver it to the revolutionary party in Mariupol.

One evening later, a woman came to the house and asked to see me. She told me the house where we, the underground of the revolution, worked, and where Sam Stolkartz had lived, was surrounded by fifty or more police. She said she was there at the request of a friend, Joe Chasmenik, who later married a sister of Anna Gorby of Los Angeles. She said she had seen me there a few times, and had seen my brother and me carrying packages there that morning. She said she had come to warn me not to go near the house. I told her I was sure she was mistaken, that I had never been there, and did not know to what she was referring. Instead of thanking her, I was abrupt and cool. I disliked acting this way, but the rules of the underground forbade our admitting anything. I regret the way I had to treat this wonderful woman, but this was the life of the revolutionists.

I left for Leipzig, Germany, full of hope and ambition. When I arrived at the Berlin depot on Friedrich Strasse, I boarded a bus which went via the Anhalter Bahnhoff to Leipzig. This bus went all over Berlin and I rode for almost four hours. It was completely different than our city of Rostov. I was nearly starved, for I had not eaten since morning. It was about five in the evening when I arrived at a restaurant. I gave the waiter my order for kalbsbratten with potatoes, soup and tea. The waiter refilled my bread and butter plate three times. I do not remember anything tasting as good to me.

My train left for Leipzig in the evening, and I arrived there around 1 A.M. I had my luggage and a tea-kettle with me. My brother, Oscar, who was in Rostov at that time, had just returned from Berlin, Paris and Rome, recommended that I take a tea-kettle. In this way at every stop crossing Russia I had my hot water, package of tea and sugar, and could enjoy a cup of

tea. They only charged five cents for the water, and five cents for the bread, and in this manner I traveled happily from Russia to Germany.

My friend who lived in Leipzig had given me his phone number. I did not want to disturb him at 1 in the morning, so I took my luggage and started looking for a hotel. After three or four hours, I finally found a room in an inexpensive hotel, for most of the places, after seeing my luggage, were not anxious to rent me a room. I paid my one mark in advance, and went to bed.

At 9 in the morning, I called my friend, Moe Zalevansky. He came to my hotel. We left the luggage there and went looking for another room. I rented a room at Braun Street No. 4, for eight marks, or two dollars, a month. This included breakfast of coffee and sugar and bread. The next day we went to the University. I enrolled in business administration, political economics with Professor Bucher, and geography with Professor Ratzell. I bought my books second hand from peddlers near the University, signed up at the library, and began studying.

My diet in these student days consisted of limburger cheese and tea, made in my tea kettle. Sundays I treated myself to a good lunch of meat and vegetables at the student commissary, for sixty pfenigs or fifteen cents. For dinner, I returned to my diet of cheese. I have not eaten limburger cheese since.

On a Saturday night I was invited to the Russian student body meetings. The president was Vadim Sergeevich Nikitin. His father was president of the Geographical Society in St. Petersburg. I met Nikitin's wife, Asya, a tiny girl five feet tall, beautiful, blonde and blue-eyed. She looked sixteen, but actually was twenty-six. She had graduated from Bestushev Institute in St. Petersburg as an honor student, and had received a gold medal.

Vadim was 29 or 30, bearded, and treated me as if he were my older brother. He always gave me good advice. He was an intellectual, and had been given a contract by the famous

Brokghaus-Efron, the equivalent of the Encyclopedia Brittanica in Russia, to translate the encyclopedia to Russian. He received a good salary and was able to maintain a four room apartment. Asya was very much in love with her husband and they made a wonderful pair. Every Saturday I was invited to their apartment for dinner. I came early, and afterwards while Vadim worked on the encyclopedia, his wife and I discussed world problems. Regarding my revolutionary work, they both said: "Mark, first finish your education. After you have completed your education, you will be worth more to everyone, including the revolution, and you will be able to make proper decisions. Everything you do today is controlled by your emotions. In later life you could possibly regret something you did today."

Each Saturday in Leipzig I went to hear the well-known composer and conductor of the famous symphony orchestra, Arthur Nikish. The price for students on Saturday was only fifty pfenigs or twelve and a half cents. We also went to the Auerbach Cellar where we would pay fifty pfenigs for wine. This was where Goethe wrote "Faust" and where Mephistopheles sat on top of the large oval-shaped wine barrels, prominently displayed there.

I spent my Sunday mornings visiting the museums. Max Klinger, the famous sculptor living in Leipzig at that time, had created the bust of Beethoven. His "Casandra," in vari-colored marble, a departure in sculpture, was also displayed.

Once a month we went to the Cafe Bauer. We did not go on Saturday or Sunday because there was a huge crowd on those days and you could not get in. There were people all over the place, drinking coffee and reading newspapers and magazines from every part of the world.

My room was close to Rosewald Park, and sometimes, even as late as midnight, I would walk through there thinking, dreaming and planning my future. Would it be like I dreamed.

Today, after more than fifty years, I can truly say that I had a wonderful life and a wonderful time. Of course, during the revolution it was extremely precarious, but I survived, and I won the battle of life and the battle of happiness.

The money which I had brought from Rostov was fast disappearing. I wrote my brother, Oscar, and asked him to have father send me some money. In reply I received a long letter in which he said that my father did not agree with my ideas. He felt that I had had enough of a vacation and it was time that I returned. He, also, said that he would not give me the money for my return trip because he was sure I had saved some money from my college savings.

My brother also wrote: "Dear Mark, you know the situation. You are the only one in the family who really knows the business from a to z. No one can replace you. I have tried for the past six months, but nothing was accomplished. It really takes your experience and your return will save the business, for business has been bad of late. I have checked with the accountants and no one knows what to do. I believe if you return to Rostov, it will mean happiness for the entire family. I am sure if you take all this into consideration, you will decide to sacrifice your college education and come back. Why don't you go to Dresden, Paris, Rome, and on the way back stop in Berlin. Take in all of the museums, theatres and operas, and then come home. We will be grateful to you all of our lives. I do not care to be active in the business. I am interested only in writing, and lately, more than ever before, I see a chance for me in this field."

After reading this letter I went to see my friends, Vadim and Asya. They said: "If you stay in Leipzig for another six months, it will not help you too much. We think you should go back. To be a good and honest business man is a wonderful thing, and we believe in your ability."

Later in my life I found that Vadim and Asya were com-

pletely correct, and many times I blessed them. Good people do not always have good luck, however. In 1907 I received a telegram that Vadim was arriving the next day by train in Rostov. I met him at the depot, but hardly recognized him. He had always weighed about 210 pounds. Now he was a mere skeleton of 120. We went to my house and talked the entire day. I learned that he had tuberculosis and the doctors recommended that he leave St. Petersburg where the weather was extremely damp and go to Sochi on the Black Sea. This was where Stalin had built his palace, and where he died.

I answered Oscar that I was returning. I left for Dresden. Dresden to me was the most beautiful city in Germany and very historical. The River Elbe runs through the city, and in the harbor there were many yachts and boats of various descriptions. I ate at a restaurant near the River, which they called "Brillishe Terrace," with hundreds of tables on the terrace outside.

After lunch, the waiter showed us the chair where Czar Alexander I sat when he ate there in 1815. This was during the Napoleonic war. On the chair a brass name-plate marked this fact.

I went to the King Opera House and saw "Lohengrin." The scenery was beautiful, and the painting was so realistic that one actually thought it was the sea.

Later I also went to the Grand Opera House in Paris, Covent Gardens in London, the Emperor's Opera House in Berlin, the Vienna Opera House, and the Czar's Opera House in Moscow. Never had I seen anything as beautiful as what I saw in Dresden. I can still recall it as if it were yesterday, and I shall never forget the wonderful city of Dresden.

The next day I went to the "Gemaldie Galleries," a famous museum. I went there religiously every morning at eight or nine and stayed until five in the evening. I forgot to eat because everything was so interesting. Only a nineteen year old person

could be so enthusiastic. I remember how thrilled I was when I first saw the world famous painting of the "Madonna and Child" by Raphael. When the Russians occupied Dresden, they took this picture to Moscow, but not too long ago, they returned it.

I sat in the room for perhaps three hours and it looked as if Marie were actually walking, and the angels around the child seemed to be flying. When I left there I walked, but I did not know where. I finally found myself in the forest near Dresden, Loshwitz, near the famous sanatorium where Dr. Kneipe who was the first doctor to use therapy, cured many ills with water and electricity. When I started it was three in the afternoon, now it was dark and I did not know where I was.

I saw many pictures, but one picture I cannot forget, even today. This was "The Spring" by Hans Macart. It showed three beautiful girls in wonderful white dresses, holding red flowers in their arms. The smiles on their faces were indescribable. I fell in love with all three of them.

I also saw the famous "Magdalena" and thousands of other pictures. Particularly impressive to me was Arnold Bocklin's "Nymph and Satyr." Bocklin, from Switzerland, had just made a revolution with his paintings. I also saw sculpture such as an excellent copy of Venus de Milo. Four years later I saw the original in Paris at the Louvre. I also saw copies and originals of Auguste Rodin and "Moses" by Michaelangelo. I spent ten days in Dresden, but what days they were! Even today, after 55 years, it seems like the good old days to me. Days of dreaming of the future, dreaming of a future world without wars, without hatred. Even today, I am the same dreamer. I could never be a pessimist, always an optimist.

After leaving Dresden, I went to Schandau and Krippen nearby. I had a letter given to me by Vadim Nikitin to one of his friends. We walked through the Schramstein Mountains to Austria, now Czechoslovakia, and to the cities of Bodenbach

and Tetchen. We took a train back to Dresden, and a friend from Rostov and I went to see a man named Eugene Azef, leader of the Social Revolutionary Party.

Eugene Azef, who was born in Rostov, played an important role in the Social Revolutionary Party. He joined as a young man, but worked both sides of the street, receiving sums of money from the police in Rostov for informing them of activities in the party. Michael Goz, one of the party leaders, was sent to Siberia for twenty years as a result of Azef's reporting. Azef was not a sympathetic man, nor an attractive one. He had a large tumor on his face, close to his eyes. After he attained more authority in the party, he gained more power. He once said he wanted to get out, and do as little as possible, but the central organization said it could not function without him, that "it needed him." He continued to work for the party, and at the same time, for the police. When the central committee fiinally learned that Azef was an informer, the reaction was "if he is an informer, then whom can we believe?" "If Azef, who was in charge of all the terror against the Czarist government is an informer, then we are finished."

The party held its own court martial, and condemned Azef to death. Azef disappeared, and a few years later, during World War I in 1914, wound up in jail in Germany as a Russian spy. When the war was over, he asked the police not to release him. He was afraid of the Russian justice due him. He died in jail soon afterwards. His wife and children, brothers and a sister disowned him, and they all changed their names. They hated the name of Azef. No one knows how many people were killed because of this one man.

This was the same Azef whom I met in Dresden. Meanwhile, he sold out everyone he knew, even his closest friends. Fortunately, I never saw him again.

After Dresden, I went to Berlin, and visited the museums and galleries. I also went to the Kaiser's Opera House, the

Max Reinhardt Art Theatre, and the Unter der Linden, and Der Klein Theatre. After a week in Berlin, I left for Rostov, and arrived home in November, 1903.

When I got home I found my brother, Oscar, had been arrested and was in jail, together with Peter M. Kahn. The food was very bad in jail, and every day my mother took food to Oscar. There was too much for him to eat, so he shared it with Peter Kahn.

Oscar was released in two months. Pete said to my mother " what will I do now?" Mother promised to deliver food to him as long as he remained in jail in Rostov. Three months later Pete was released, married Nadia, and left Russia for London. He later immigrated to the United States, and came to Los Angeles. It was in Los Angeles in 1921 that I met Peter Kahn, his wife and three children, and became life-long friends. We helped each other in many ways. Our friendship lasted until Pete and Nadia were gone. We lost a great man and a great friend of all the people in our city. We will never forget him. In sorrow and in happiness Pete was always with us.

Sasha Brailovsky had his trial in Rostov in 1904 and was condemned to death. The only proviso was that if he asked to be pardoned by Czar Nicholas, he might be spared. Brailvosky's answer was that he would never ask the "murderer of Russia" for a pardon. Cossack Koloskov, who was also condemned to death, said the same thing. Brailovsky's mother asked the Czar for a pardon, saying her son was only eighteen, as was Koloskov. They were both pardoned, but their punishment was 20 years of hard labor in Siberia. They were to remain in Siberia for the rest of their lives.

Sam Stolkartz was sentenced to two years and eight months of hard labor, and then to remain in Siberia for the rest of his life.

A few years later in Siberia, Sasha Brailovsky escaped to France, and eventually made his way to the United States. I

met him in 1921 in Los Angeles. He had changed considerably. His father had left a flourishing grain business to his two brothers. One was a doctor, and the other had the grain business, which the Bolsheviks nationalized. He had lost everything. His brothers could not help him, thus he began giving piano lessons to earn his living.

The First Revolution, January 1905

Bloody Sunday

THE FALL of Port Arthur in January, 1904, ended the war with Japan. In Russia, the people were very disappointed. Russia had underestimated Japan. The military leaders had predicted an easy victory. It was impossible to imagine the Japanese people winning a war against the "Giant with the clay legs." The officers and police who could fight against the working people and students in the streets of Russia could not do the job when they were sent to the front lines. They were not fighters.

The shoes issued to the soldiers were made of cheap leather. Nothing could withstand the cold of Siberia. Supplies shipped over thousands of miles were never delivered in time. While these conditions prevailed and the war went on, the officers paid no attention. They continued enjoying themselves, dancing at the governor's palace. Meanwhile, the Japanese wiped out practically the entire Russian Navy. The cost of living soared, but the workers' wages remained the same as in pre-war days. The price of sugar, for example, in Siberia near the front was as high as $1.00 per pound. There was no OPA in Russia.

In January, 1905, at Putilov's factory in Petrograd, an organization similar to Krupp's in Germany or United States Steel, the workers demanded higher wages. The management refused to consider their demands. The workers consulted the famous priest, Gregory Gapon, who wrote a petition to the

Czar on behalf of the strikers. There was no answer. Three weeks later, Father Gapon led thousands of workers to the gates of the Czar's palace with a petition to the "Little Father."

The Czar's answer was "artillery and rifles." The crowds marched with large pictures of the Czar, Christ and the Madonna, and flags of different churches. They were asking the Czar to assist in their dispute with factory management. When the troops ordered the marchers to disband, they refused. The troops fired. Close to 200 people were killed, with a thousand wounded. This date, January 22, 1905, "Bloody Sunday," was the beginning of the Russian Revolution.

FATHER GAPON

The priest, Gregory Gapon's motives in the Revolution were never clarified. He is still a man of mystery and controversy. He worked for the police before "Bloody Sunday", January 22, 1905, receiving subsidies. Most people did not think he was a provocateur. He tried to work with the workers, and helped them from 1902, but this was difficult and almost impossible during the Czar's reign. Disappointed, he thought by promoting this demonstration, the Czar might hear him and take action.

After the demonstration he went to France where he met workers of the Social Revolutionary Party. When he returned, he double-crossed them, and the party voted to punish him. He was hanged in Finland by the order of the Social Revolutionary Party. To carry on, P. Rutenberg, the noted engineer, was named. Rutenberg later went to Palestine and built the large electricity dam there. In 1921 he was in Los Angeles. Peter M. Kahn donated $5000. at the time, to help Rutenberg build the dam.

The cities, municipalities, counties all joined in demanding

reforms. In the universities students held political demonstrations demanding constitutional reforms.

On February 4, Ivan Kaliaev, a college student, son of a police officer, killed the Governor of Moscow, the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich, the Czar's uncle and married to the Czarina's sister. The assassination was carried out by the Social Revolutionary Party, and planned by the revolutionary Boris Savinkov, who played an important role in the Kerensky Government.

September 5, 1905, peace was concluded between Russia and Japan at Portsmouth, with the aid of President Theodore Roosevelt. Four hundred thousand Russians had been killed. The war had cost the Russians the destruction of their navy plus five hundred million dollars.

October 5, 1905 political tension was reaching the breaking point. One strike swiftly followed another. Printers, bakers, the railroad union, the telegraph and telephone workers all went on strike. The economic life of the country was at a standstill. The strikers paralyzed the cities and the counties. The strikers demanded a constitutent assembly, civil liberties, and an eight-hour working day. This program was demanded all over Russia. There were no newspapers, no electricity, no gas and no water. Barricades were erected in the streets of many cities, such as Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, Ekaterinoslav, Poltava, Kursk, Saratov and Moscow. The business life of the country ground to a halt.

October 16, elections of the St. Petersburg Soviet Workers' Deputies were held throughout the city factories and shops. In the evening there was the first meeting of the St. Petersburg Soviet. The first president, S. Zvorovsky, was elected. The following day, the Czar published the manifesto of October 17, 1905, and appointed Count Sergei Witte as Prime Minister. Witte had made the Japanese Peace Treaty, with the cooperation of President Theodore Roosevelt. President Zvorovsky of

the St. Petersburg Soviet was arrested. A lawyer, George Nosar-Chrustalev, was elected president to succed Zvorovsky. Trostky and Yanovsky were the leading members of the Executive Committee. The manifesto of October 17, written by Prime Minister Witte, contained the following provisions:

Guarantee civil liberties, freedom from arrest, freedom of the press, of opinion, of assembly and of association.

Promise to amend the law of August 6 covering election of the State-Duma, or Congress. Freedom of religion was not included.

October 25, the constituents of the constitutional democratic party, the "Kadets" organized. They included business and professional men, doctors, lawyers, professors from the universities. Ninety percent of the right wing favored a constitutional monarchy, with ten percent arguing for a republic.

October 25 all railways throughout the Empire were on strike. There were more general strikes in St. Petersburg, Poltava, Kursk, Saratov, Moscow and other cities.

The country, stirred by the October Manifesto, responded with conflicting emotions. Professor Milukov, one of the great Russians of the time, a noted author and lecturer and later Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the provisional government, was the leader of the Kadets. He labeled the Manifesto a great victory, but also a new stage of the struggle, because he did not believe that the Czar and his court wanted to grant freedom to the Russian people.

The Revolutionary parties dismissed official promises, even though they feared repercussions on the unity of the revolutionary front. Witte has come, but Trepov, the governor of Moscow and the murderer of the liberal movement, remained in control. Trotsky wrote "The proletariat knows what it does and what it does not want." "It wants neither the police thug, Trepov, nor the liberal financier, Witte; neither the wolf's snout

nor the fox's tail." The proletariat "rejects the police whip wrapped in the parchment of the constitution."

In our town of Rostov there was much excitement. There was a gathering of some ten thousand workers in one of the largest implement factories, "Aksai." After long discussions, workers demanded the release of political prisoners and voted to march directly to the prison. It was ten miles from the factory to the prison. The leader of this mass of people was the famous industrialist, Nicholas Paramonov.

When we arrived at the prison, it was almost four p.m. We made our demands, but the answer was "No." A few minutes later the police and Cossacks on their famous horses arrived and started shooting. Hundreds of people were killed. The rest of them ran for cover in nearby houses and empty lots. This was the beginning of the "Black 100"—the Russian version of the Ku Klux Klan in the American South. These hoodlums started beating the people. I was run down by this mob, and knocked unconscious. When I finally came home, my nose was broken, my jacket torn, and I was certain that every bone in my body was broken. They kicked me with their feet and hit me with their fists. They had robbed me of my money, wallet and watch. It was almost seven p.m. when I arrived home. I called a doctor. Fortunately there was nothing serious. He prescribed some medicine and I went to bed. I slept until ten the next morning. The beginning of the New Era in Russia did not look promising to me personally.

About eleven a.m. the next day I went out and I saw some of our neighbors who told me that the "Black 100" and a mob of hundreds of people were looting Jewish stores. I saw people carrying all kinds of merchandise: chairs, tables, beds, mattresses, cases of beer, sugar, bread, flour and lamps. I saw a man who was with me the day before, who had loudly protested that the government should release political prisoners. He

carried a large blacksmith vise in one hand, and with the other hand carried an anvil on his shoulder. I stopped and asked him if he were the man who was with me the day before. "Yes, I am the one," he said. I asked him, "Yesterday you were demanding the release of political prisoners, and today you are robbing stores. How can you do this?" He answered, "Well, mister, if I don't take it, someone else will. I am a blacksmith and I need a good vise and anvil very desperately for my job." I shook my head and was ashamed for him. He did not seem to be ashamed at all. To him it seemed the only thing to do.

The looting went on right under the noses of the police. When I asked the police why they did not stop these people, their answer was, "We have no orders from the Chief of Police, and that is why we cannot stop it." What a combination! What happened to Prime Minister Witte's promise of freedom? Perhaps he meant that the freedom to rob must also be included in the constitution.

I went to my father's store located on the main street. Robbery was going on here just as it was everywhere else. My father owned one of the largest hardware stores in the city. I saw a mob of one hundred people carrying on their looting. One was standing on a very high ladder and taking merchandise off the shelves. During all this time, the owner of the building who was an army captain, demanded that they leave the store, because he was a gentile. They were determined to burn everything that was left. There were stationery and books all over the floor. It was a terrible picture.

When the owner of the building saw me, he quietly told me that my father, mother, brothers and sister were in his home on the fifth floor. I went there. They told me a gruesome story of people with knives wanting to kill them. They had been living in the back of the store, and these people had entered through the back door into their house. Then the owner,

Captain Esekoff, told them to move to his house on the fifth floor where he gave them two rooms. He occupied the balance of about twenty rooms. He was a wealthy man. In addition to this building, he owned a large leather factory and many other enterprises.

Naturally he did not want any fires in his building. In the first place he was afraid that the insurance companies might not pay him for such a thing as mob robbery with police blessing. In the poorer Jewish neighborhoods near the synagogue, young Jewish boys and girls tried to organize fighting brigades in self defense, but the Cossacks shot and killed many of them.

I saw the leader of the Black 100, a very well-known lawyer, Mr. Sevastianov, directing the mob, and I was very ashamed for him. An educated man who had attended college, he was a member of the Revolutionary Party. Now he had become a hoodlum. His brother was a famous singer in the opera in Petrograd. I remember his mother who used to work in the public libraries for the poor people. She spent her own money. When she died, she left a huge fortune to the libraries, to carry on the work in her name. She left very little to her son. He took the will to court and fought desperately. When he lost, he was so disgusted that he decided to become a leader of the Black 100. Now he was an important figure, and the government asked him for advice. He was the one who gave the orders.

I moved my wife and my daughter, Shura, who was a month old, in with the rest of the family. At three p.m. Captain Esekoff came and told us that the mob had noticed us in his house and were demanding that he ask us to leave at once, otherwise he would get the same treatment that we would receive. We said it would be much easier to move if my brother, Oscar, and I would look for a place. We left the family and promised to return as soon as possible.

We saw a taxi and hired it. No other transportation was

available. Everyone was on strike. Of course, the mob stopped us and wanted to beat us up, but after a discussion, let us go. They were not too sure we were Jews. We lost our taxi and it took us a long time to find the people we were going to see. When we finally arrived, we saw Marie Kondratjev, "Mother of the Rostov Revolution," a remarkable person. She had three sons. One was Ivan Kondratjev, who later, in 1917 during the Kerensky regime, became president of the Soviets in Novocherkask, capital city of the State Don.

Kondratjev was a revolutionary, and had a printing press. His wife, daughter of a wealthy family and well educated, wrote the proclamations against the Czar. He did the printing, and his brother Peter carried the literature hidden under his jacket, to the labor organizations. Another brother and a sister also helped distribute the literature. The actual communications, however, were done by the mother. She was a widow of 55, but looked much older. She was always willing to work for the revolutionary party day and night.

This woman offered us her house, and her neighbors also offered their houses to us. Our mission was a success and we promised to return the next morning. On the way back we saw many people walking on the streets. Transportation had ceased. We also found the stores burning in the market place. Many of them were stores belonging to poor storekeepers, who sold dairy products, butter, cheese, meat, bread, groceries and vegetables. In Russia all of these stores were separate. They were all close together in the market place, but each one was conducted individually. There were also many Gentile stores. They too were burning. Most of the buildings were constructed of wood, and setting fire with one match was enough to destroy the whole market. The fire department was also under the order of the government, and could do nothing. Hatred for the czar grew. The fires raged all night, making an indelible picture.

Nearby was the Russian Church. Naturally, the fire department stood by ready to help the church.

When we got back about seven p.m., we found that our family had moved to the home of a very dear friend, Gregory Suvorov, owner of a coal mine and the son-in-law of a customer, a wealthy land owner and director of the Federal Reserve Bank.

We arrived as they were sitting down to dinner. I shall never forget that meal. It was a banquet. After dinner, our host, Gregory Suvorov, was called to the door. A friend of his, Theodore Paramonov, who also owned a coal mine and a steamship company, was wating. He told Suvorov to "get rid of the Jews" or he would have trouble. When Suvorov came back in the house, he talked in low tones to his wife. Soon she came in and told us what her husband had told her. She said, "I am a Christian woman, and if the hoodlums want to kill my friends, first they will have to kill me. I will never refuse shelter to my friends." We stayed there for three days. Our family never forgot their kindness. We had the best of everything, and when we departed we were closer than ever before. Theodore Paramonov, incidentally, was later killed by the Soviets in 1922 when he returned from Constantinople.

After I left Russia my mother helped the Suvorov's son. In 1921 he was a college student, driving a truck. His mother and father had died. They could not stomach the atrocities they saw around them. The boy's grandfather was killed by his own workers on the farm.

October 20, a large demonstration of some four hundred railroad workers, gentiles, took place. These men marched in Rostov carrying white flags, "Stop these shameless pogroms; let's go back to work and our regular lives." The police did not disturb them, but nothing was accomplished.

October 21, the governor gave orders to stop the pogroms. The police was told to arrest those found guilty. Paradoxically,

again they began to arrest Jews, because they were fighting the hoodlums. There were many court cases. We organized a committee of witnesses, and lawyers began defending the innocent people and prosecuting the guilty ones. The Black 100 Committee also had its lawyers. No one was punished, and no guilty parties were found. Everyone was released because those arrested had already been in jail for at least thirty days. We decided to leave Rostov and started preparations for our departure to Vilna.

When we arrived at the depot, it was difficult to find space, but we finally managed. En route to Vilna at the various junctions we saw many people in rags. Yesterday they were wealthy. Today they had nothing. They wanted to forget their terrible experiences. Everyone repeated the same story—three day pogroms under police protection carried on by hoodlums. There was no interference from the police or any other authorities. Everyone was trying to get nearer to Libau, where it was possible to embark through the Baltic Sea to the United States. This was their dream. In 1906 there was the largest immigration on record of Russian Jews to the United States.

Episode In Vilna

End of the 1905 Revolution

WHEN I ARRIVED in Vilna I had heard quite a good deal about the Jewish speaker, Vladek, who was called the "young Lassalle." I went to hear him. It was the first time in my life that I had heard a revolutionary speech in Yiddish. Vladek spoke remarkably well. His speech was short and to the point.

Vladek said Witte, who had been a minor railway-station master, had now become Prime Minister of Russia. With one hand the Czar signed the manifesto, and with the other he signed a secret proclamation for the police to start pogroms all over Russia. Thousands of innocent people were killed and robbed of everything they possessed.

When I came to the United States in 1921, I reminded Vladek of the time I had seen and heard him. He was flattered that I remembered, after not seeing each other for sixteen years. He was now the manager of one of the largest Jewish newspapers in the world, the New York City "Daily Forward," with a circulation of one million readers. He was the first president of the ORT, and was a councilman in New York, working on plans for slum districts. The city named many projects after him. He was friendly with Prime Minister Leon Blum, Prime Minister Atlee of England, Herbert Morrison, and with all European labor leaders. He devoted most of his life to these various enterprises. He died a very young man, and I lost a dear friend.

We arrived in Vilna at six p.m., and met Oscar Rudnick, who was twelve years old at the time, but acted much older. His youngest brother, Isaac, a ten-year-old, said he was going to a meeting of the "Mali Bund," the "Young Bund." In Vilna as in Warsaw there were no pogroms, but, people were making preparations in the event that there should be. They had secreted revolvers and rifles, which of course did not help too much if the Cossacks and the police fought. The Czar and his cohorts were worried, because the Poles were waiting for a chance to fight the government.

There were outbreaks in the provinces of Kherson, Tambov, Chernigov, Samara, Rostov, Kiev, Odessa, and Saratov. In Riga, the situation was horrible, for the people in Latvia and Esthonia were fighting the German barons. Thousands of the land-owners' homes had been burned, and the people were demanding land. Before they received any satisfaction, they started pogroms on the land owners, because there were no Jews there, and the police were not strong enough to stop them.

Homes and machinery were destroyed because the agrarian workers worked hand in hand with the proletariat of the cities.

A new strike was ordered by the St. Petersburg Soviet on November 1, 1905. The campaign was to establish an eight hour working day. The telephone and telegraph strike was declared on November 16. The people were unhappy with these continuous striking conditions. Store keepers were very angry, and throughout Russia, people were downhearted because of pogroms and strikes.

November 26 the president of the Soviet in St. Petersburg, Nosar Chrustalev, was arrested. The Soviet elected a committee of three, including Trotsky, and issued a manifesto to the armed forces on November 27 urging the people not to pay taxes. The eight newspapers in St. Petersburg which printed this manifesto were confiscated by the police. December 31, all of the Soviet deputies were arrested, and 52 were charged with

conspiracy to overthrow the government. The case was tried in court and lasted for two and a half months, from September to November, 1906. Fifteen defendants, including Trotsky, were sentenced to Siberia for life. The rest were acquitted. Trotsky escaped before reaching Siberia. After spending two weeks in Finland, he immigrated abroad.

Meantime, the government was still faced with the menace of dissatisfaction in the armed forces. Serious insubordination occurred among the troops in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev and Reval. During the middle of November, a mutiny led by Navy Lt. Schmidt, flared up in Sevastopol. It was suppressed, but not until the Cruisers Ochakov and Potemkin had been set afire by shore batteries and 2000 sailors and soldiers were made prisoners.

In Siberia the commanding officers lost control over their troops and the Trans-Siberian railway fell in the hands of an unruly soldiery for three months.

I returned to Rostov in December, 1905, to find preparations underway for an uprising against the government. A meeting place was selected where the railroad workers lived at the edge of town near the railroad. It was in the mountains. Rifles, revolvers and hand grenades were assembled, and soon the shooting began. The Cossacks, with complete artillery, started bombarding the place, but we were hidden between the houses, in holes. Every inch of the ground was covered with people ready to die for the revolution.

When I arrived, Selenin, Ivan Stavsky, Boer, Michailov, Afanasi Mochalov and many other leaders met me. Afanasi Mochalov was the leader of the party for many years. His wife who had been a cripple had died. After her death he married a young girl of 18. After the revolution she divorced him. He was so unhappy about it that he committed suicide. These leaders called out to me: "Look, the capitalist, the bourgeois,

is coming to fight with us at the barricades against the enemy. Bravo!"

I was embarrassed, but I told them what I had seen in Vilna and in other cities. They were interested in what I had to tell them, because the local newspapers gave them no information whatsoever.

The population fed us hot tea, coffee, piroshky, hot dogs, bread and cigarettes. Everyone, especially the girls who were helping, looked upon us as the heroes of the revolution. After ten days we were completely exhausted. Some of the men had not slept for two and three nights. No one was able to sleep comfortably. One slept wherever he could find a chair or stool, exhausted and hungry. One night it was decided that we return to the city, one by one. I was lucky to get home alive. Some were not so lucky. Many were arrested and many were killed. In all, we were disappointed at the results of the uprising. What was next?

December 21, 150,000 went on strike in Moscow.

December 28, government troops began to gain the upper hand in the Moscow insurrection.

December 30, the Moscow insurrection ended.

The revolution of 1905 was over. The revolutionary forces were once more driven underground. The prophetic insight of Trotsky's dramatic summation of the 1905 defeat was "La revolution est morte, viva la revolution"—the revolution is dead—long live the revolution.

Now came the climax. The government was looking for me, and gave orders to arrest me on sight. On the evening of December 28 they came and asked for me. My father pointed to Oscar, my eldest brother, and said, "That's Mark." He said this to gain time. When Oscar protested that he was not Mark, my father said "Don't pay any attention to him." He was arrested and I was saved.

That night in my room, one of the town leaders, Nicholas

Popov of Novorossisk on the Black Sea, one of the revolutionaries and a close friend, came and asked me to hide him. The police came searching, and we started to eat our papers. When the police left, my friend Nicholas Popov and I left town. He left for Vilna and then to Paris. He returned after seven or eight years. He had changed in the interim, and did not participate in the 1917 revolution. He became a good worker for one of the largest cooperative organizations in our town. The next day the police released Oscar and arrested my younger brother, Israel, who managed the factory. They sent him to Siberia, together with the manager, the bookkeeper, the foreman and about five other workers.

All over Russia there were special squadrons of officers and soldiers under the command of General Renenkampf, conducting military executions and court martials. Everyone who had participated in the revolution was shot. Thus was the revolution of 1905 finished—to start again in 1917.

A Message From Leo Tolstoy to Nicholas II

In January 1902, feeling that he might die soon, Tolstoy decided to write the Czar what he believed to be a final letter of advice on the fate that threatened the country if conditions were not radically altered.

He wrote: "Dear Brother: I consider this form of address most suitable, because in this letter I address you as a brother man rather than as a Czar, and also because I am awaiting the approach of death. I write as if it were from the other world. I should not wish to die without telling you what I think of your present activity, of what it might be, what good it might bring to millions of people and to yourself, and what evil it can bring to people and to yourself if it continues in the same direction as now."

Tolstoy then itemized the various abuses under which the whole country groaned. "The land is run by an army of police, and the people have been driven by the cruelties of both the church and government to a point of open rebellion. Do not imagine that popular expressions of enthusiasm in public places are sincere," he warned. "These demonstrations are organized by the authorities."

Tolstoy next reviewed the specific acts of the Czar's regime which he felt contributed to the misery of the people and to the shame of Russia abroad. "In our time the only means of governing a people is by placing oneself at the head of their movement from evil to good, from darkness to light, and by leading them to achieve the goals nearest to that end."

He finally listed the demands of the vast majority of the working people, which were similar to those he set down in his appeal to the Czar and his officials. Once again, as in his earlier appeal, Tolstoy put aside his ultimate convictions to plead for what amounted to a compromise, for he saw 'the bloody handwriting on the wall' if conditions were not remedied.

He persuaded the Grand Duke Nicolai Michailovich to deliver this letter to the Czar. The letter was delivered and the only acknowledgment Tolstoy received from Nicholas II was the comically ironic message: "That he should not worry, for he would not show it to anybody."

Within three years Tolstoy's prophecy of bloody revolution was fulfilled. The revolt that Tolstoy had warned the young Czar about broke out in 1904-05.

When Tolstoy read the manifesto of Nicholas II of October 17 promising civil liberties and an elected Duma—parliament—Tolstoy brusquely dismissed the move. "There is nothing in it for the people. The Czar is not free. He talks now to one, tomorrow to someone else. He listens to his uncles, his mother, Pobedonostsev, the leader of reactionary people. The Czar is a pitiful, insignificant person, and an unkind man."

In his diary in October, he gloomily entered "The revolution is in full swing. There will be killing on both sides."

The First Election and the First Duma—1906-1907

THE ELECTION of the first duma took place in March, 1906. It was one of the happiest days for the people, for this was to usher in a new era. At the polls, the conservatives suffered a crushing defeat. The majority in the duma consisted of opposition deputies, with the constitutional democrats, popularly known as the "Kadets", the strongest party in the duma.

The first duma was opened by the Czar on May 10, 1906, and was dissolved by his ukaze on July 21, 1906.

With the first duma dissolved, duma deputies, under the leadership of the "Kadets" met in Finland, in Vyborg. They issued an appeal to the Russian people urging them to refuse to pay taxes or serve in the army. The Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party also issued a manifesto, calling all the Russian peasants to insurrection. The secretary of the Social Revolutionary Party was Leon Bramson, founder of the ORT, Organization for Rehabilitation and Training.

Stormy debates centered around a bill sponsored by the Kadets which provided for the expropriation of large estates, with compensation to the owners, and distribution of the land among the peasants. Having catered to the land owners, the Czar dissolved the first duma and appointed Peter Stolipin as the Prime Minister.

The second duma was elected March 5, 1907 and dissolved June 15, 1907. It proved more radical than the first duma. The third duma was elected November 14, 1907 and the fourth

was elected in 1912. It continued until the revolution of 1917.

It is of interest to note the strikes which swept through Russia in this period. In 1905 there were 2,750,000 people striking. In 1906 there were one million. In 1907 there were three quarters of a million. In 1908 there were 174,000 strikers. In 1909, 64,000; in 1910, 50,000. "We have no people at all," Krupskaja, Lenin's wife, wrote from Odessa in 1909. Every strike became a political strike. The existence of the duma curtailed the strikes.

Dimitri Bogrov vs. Prime Minister Peter Stolipin

PREMIER STOLIPIN became the dictator of the second duma. This was the duma which had fifty-five representatives of workers and socialists elected by a small minority of the people. Stolipin demanded that these representatives be expelled and ordered sixteen of them arrested. Without waiting for the duma's authorization, the police arrested these representatives. Then Stolipin decided to make new election laws for a new duma, and adjourn the second duma. The people were quiet again. No one protested, for if anyone did, he was immediately arrested.

The third duma was a very conservative one, for the majority was the Octyabrist party, headed by A. L. Gushkov, a right wing wealthy Russian. Labor organizations were declared illegal, and court martials were given out as punishment to anyone who protested. Stolipin was the hero, and the lord over Russia, exhausting the resources of the country.

On September 19, 1911, to celebrate 300 years of the House of Romanoff's reign, there was a gathering of all the nobility at the grand opera in Kiev. Czar Nicholas II came with his right hand, Prime Minister Peter Stolipin. Dimitri Bogrov, the son of a prominent lawyer and an attorney himself, belonged to the Social Revolutionary Party. He had been caught, and served time in jail for a period. He made a deal with the police that he would become an informer, for which he was to receive a monthly salary of $100. The party thought something was

wrong, for many members had been arrested, but no one could discover who the informer was. The party never suspected Bogrov. Bogrov had been growing uneasy, and feared that he would be revealed. He decided first to kill the Czar. At the last moment, he changed his mind, and decided to kill Prime Minister Stolipin. When the curtain went up in the theatre, Dimitri Bogrov walked up to the royal box, took out his revolver and fired. Stolipin was badly wounded, taken to the hospital, and later died. Dimitri Bogrov was condemned to death by the court. This was the end of the strongest and cleverest prime minister of Russia, and of the ill-fated dumas of Russia.

1914—The First World War

JULY 29 the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia prompted Czar Nicholas to announce that the next day Russia would proceed with mobilization. On July 29 S'azonov, secretary of foreign affairs, was warned by the German ambassador that further continuation of Russian mobilization would force the Germans to mobilize.

Austria proclaimed general mobilization on July 31 and France and Germany on August 1. German ultimatums to Russia and France demanding the suspension of military preparations were rejected, and Germany declared war on Russia August 1, 1914, and on France August 3, 1914. The flames of war had started. Russia, militarily and economically, was totally unprepared for the war.

I was mobilized at the beginning of the war. Although I had four small children, it did not make any difference because ninety percent of the "Muzhiks" or farm laborers, with five or six children, were also mobilized. If the army only took men without families, it would not have many for its ranks. I was unhappy at the prospect of going to war. I hated war from previous experience. I had seen the Russian-Japanese war, and had witnessed the loss of life and the many men who had come back crippled for the rest of their lives.

This war was different. We were told that it would be the war to end all wars. It was the last war for the Czar and his generals. As far as the people were concerned, the war created the Bolshevik Revolution.

Incompetent leadership was a serious weakness of the Russian Army. In a report submitted to the Emperor in August, 1915, the military and naval committees of the duma complained that responsible commands of division and army corps were governed by seniority, except when an officer happened to have strong personal backing in high places. Under this system able men, gifted military leaders, never reached the higher commands. As far as the ordinary soldiers were concerned, they were largely illiterate and ignorant of the war's objectives. They were indifferent, lacking the aggressive spirit that an army needs to win.

The Russian strategic plan was as follows: General Renenkampf was to advance on Konigsberg. General Samsonov was to push forward south of Renenkampf through the difficult region of the Masurian Lakes. The two armies were to encircle the German troops. The Russians were superior in number, but their artillery was no match for the Germans.

The Renenkampf advance was disappointing, almost inexplicably slow, while the Samsonov army, lacking in munitions and supplies, out of touch with Renenkampf and Russian headquarters, moved forward blindly through a hostile and inhospitable country. It was finally entrapped by the Germans in the wooded Tannenberg-Soldau region. General Samsonov shot himself, and two of his armies surrendered to the Germans.

Russian losses in East Prussia were estimated at 300,000 men and 700 guns. The shock of the defeat, both in Russia and in the allied countries, was tremendous.

I had charge of instructing the soldiers. The officer in charge of our company had appointed me to teach the soldiers the hand-book. When we heard the news, it was a shock to everyone. All of the men said they were going to desert. Their attitude was, "let them shoot us now, and not wait until we are at the front and be killed by artillery." I tried to reason with them. I got up on one of the tables and started a speech. I tried to

explain the war, that we were really fighting the Germans. We were in war because Serbia killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne.

The soldiers were interested in getting higher prices for their wheat, because this was the chief revenue from their farms. Germany proposed in a new treaty to Russia to attach a higher tariff, approximately twenty percent, on wheat. This meant, if accepted, that the farmer would get twenty percent less. As it was, he was poor enough, but with twenty percent less, he would practically be bankrupt in no time at all. Raising the price of wheat would be impossible, because at this time Canada was selling wheat cheaper than Russia, and here was another reason why it was vital to win the war. If an incident occurred, we should re-examine the situation and put new leaders in charge. Samsonov was a general from our River Don area, a Cossack, and mistakes could happen to anyone.

I also told them about Napoleon, who came to Russia and occupied Moscow, but later abandoned it and left, because of our cold winters. War could not be judged by one attack or one misfortune. I told them that we had wonderful allies in France and England, and that they would win on the other side; that we would reorganize our armies and win too.

My speech was a success. Perhaps as many as 100 men asked me "A Zemelka Budet?" "How about the land?" "Will the government give us the land?" I said "Yes. Yes." Then everyone quieted down. They were reassured that after the war was over, they would get the land.

It was interesting to note that Kerensky and other leaders in the Cabinet, such as Konovalov, king of the textile industry, Tereshenko, the sugar king, and others did not really understand the Russian people. If they had, a small group of fanatics like Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin would never have succeeded in the revolution.

I recall an incident when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was

running for the Democratic nomination, and his rival was Jack Garner, who was backed by Hearst. The chairman of the Democratic party asked Roosevelt if Hearst had asked him for any concessions. Roosevelt's reply was: "Promise him the moon." Hearst was satisfied; Jack Garner was made vice president, and Roosevelt was elected president. History teaches us that you must do what your opponent promises and promise likewise.

The debate of East Prussia and the retreat of 1915 was so great that Russia would have liked to divert Prussia to the Balkans. Russia, according to the draft of a letter written by Winston Churchill to Grey, in March, 1915, "was a broken power but for our aid, and has no resource open but to turn traitor, and this, she could not do."

Constantinople and the Straits were the major item of Russian expansion endorsed by the Allies. Peace feelers, through both official and non-official channels, met with no response from the Imperial Government. There were influential men in Russia, including Witte, who believed that war against Germany was a fatal mistake and should be terminated.

The Russian army consisted of almost eighteen million men, and the shortage of skilled labor was particularly noted in the various industries. The Russian economists did not fear shortages, but rather over-production due to outside and inside markets. Many factories cut their production from 25 to 45 percent, and thus created a shortage of all types of merchandise—even food itself, within Russia. The Kerensky Government proclaimed a State monopoly of the grain trade, but no one paid attention to it. This was another great factor contributing to the October revolution. Bread was hard to get in September, 1917. The attitude of the Czar and his followers was the same as Marie Antoinette "let them eat cake" in the French revolution.

I had many friends who were the largest land owners in the

Don State and also the Kuban State, who rented millions of acres of land from the government at two cents per acre per year. In return, they had to deliver thousands of horses for the cavalry and artillery, at a fixed price, which was none too profitable for them. However, they did make an enormous amount of money on the grain and wheat. One of the land owners told me, "I will never sell my wheat at the government prices. I would rather bury it in the ground than sell it." When I asked him what would happen if no one sold grain, and there would be a Bolshevik revolution, he said, "I don't care what happens."

In 1919 the workers of the large farms hanged him as well as thousands of other land owners, without any court procedure whatsoever. Not only did they kill the land owners, but also their families, and burned their homes.

When I was a young man in 1902, I saw the remarkable life these land owners were living. Most of the time, before they acquired government contracts, they were agrarian laborers. With their government contracts, they obtained money from the banks, and in a short time became millionaires. It was similar to Texans becoming wealthy through oil discoveries.

Rasputin, the Monk, had a great influence over the Czar and the Empress. In 1914 he recommended to them that an old Bureaucrat, and former prime minister, Goremykin, be appointed as the new prime minister. This was done. The Empress feared the popularity of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievich, and Rasputin recommended that the Czar himself be appointed Commander-in-Chief in 1915, a year after the beginning of the war. There was nothing else the Czar could do. Everyone in the army knew that he was a helpless man, and could not even make the smallest decision alone.

In 1916 the Empress recommended that A. D. Protopopov be appointed as Secretary of the Interior. This Protopopov jumped from one idea to another, and could never decide

exactly what he did want to do. Finally late in 1916 Czar Nicholas dismissed Protopopov, but the Empress stood firm, so that a man bordering on insanity remained at the head of the ministry of the interior until the revolution started. These were the leaders of Russia, who thought they would conquer the world.

The duma was in an angry mood. On November 1, 1916, Professor of History Milukov, member of the duma, one of the outstanding men during that time, bitterly attacked the regime and denounced the dark forces behind the throne, mentioning by name the Empress and the new secretary of foreign affairs, Sturmer, as the leaders of the pro-German clique. The closing words of his speech were: "Is this stupidity, or is this treason?"

Finally, in a conspiracy between Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch, a nephew of the Czar, and Prince Felix Yusupov, related by marriage to the Imperial Family, Rasputin was poisoned. It did not take effect, and Rasputin was shot to death at the Palace of Prince Yusupov on December 17, 1916, and his body thrown in the Lake Neva. The Rasputin story was another great factor instrumental in starting the revolution of 1917.

The Empress was not only disliked by the common people for her interference in state affairs, but she was also accused of favoring the enemy, because of her German descent. Every soldier who was mobilized and had two to five children, received only $8.00 per month. It was easier to die from hunger than to live on this pitifully small amount of money. It was a frequent spectacle to see soldiers evicted from their homes because of non-payment of rent.

When I was serving as a soldier, I was the only man in our battalion who could read the letters which the men received from their hometowns, and answer them. Every letter received was full of tragedy. In many letters the wives wrote that their fathers-in-law made them work very hard, and even in some

instances demanded to be their lovers while their son was away. The letters contained tales of all sorts of horrible atrocities. This was what the soldiers were fighting for while their families were starving. Why should they fight? Many of them hid in the woods and in the fields rather than continue fighting. They lost faith in the success of the war, and everyone awaited the end of the "damned war."

In December, 1914, the Chief of Staff, General Yanushkevich, wrote to General Sukhomlinov of mass surrender to the enemy. The slightest rumor about the enemy, the appearance of an insignificant German detachment, led to panic, and the rout of whole regiments. The soldiers began to demand peace, but this was never done as openly, and with such force as now. The officers refused to lead their troops against the enemy, because they were afraid of being killed by their own men. General V. J. Selivacher, Commander of the Seventh Army, wrote in his diary on March 10, 1917, "I am firmly convinced that the common soldier today wants only food and peace, because he is tired of war." Almost the identical words were said to me by the famous actor, Vladimir Chenkin.

Had the Kerensky government studied the facts, how could they demand that the soldiers continue to fight after the revolution. This was one of the greatest mistakes it made, and as a result, the Kerensky government received the same treatment as the Czar. If Kerensky had made peace, and given land to the peasants, it is possible that Lenin would never have come to the Kremlin. Such a program, of course, was Bolshevism in 1917, and would have been opposed by the Allies and by liberal Russians. Yet it was the only practical policy that might have succeeded in the long run in the cause of democracy in Russia and throughout the world.

The cost of war in April, 1917, Chernov said, was 54 million rubles per day; and the deficit was already 40 billion rubles.

Refugees From Smorgon In Rostov—1915

THE WAR in Russia was not going too well. Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaevich, the Czar's uncle, decided to burn the small town of Smorgon. About seventy-five per cent of the population were Jews. They evacuated all those people who had machinery and raw materials; and workers from the famous leather factories where thousands of people were engaged in the manufacture of shoes for the soldiers.

One afternoon the Jewish Community Council in Rostov received word from the Chief Rabbi in Rostov that a large number of cars containing Jewish refugees was arriving that day. The rabbi was asked to organize help for these poor people. Everyone went to the railroad station to help.

My wife and I went to the depot too. We saw some relatives of Oscar Rudnick's, a cantor named Leizer Abramovich, from a small town near Smorgon called Galshany. Cantor Leizer had a wife, two daughters and a son. We put them in our carriage, loaded all their luggage in our truck, and took them to our house. The next day we fixed up a small house in back of ours, gave them furniture, linen, silverware and necessary cooking utensils. They arranged the four rooms very nicely. On Saturday, the cantor went to one of our synagogues, prayed and sang, thanked God that he had found a home for himself and his family.

We kept them supplied with food for a few weeks. One day I said to Cantor Leizer, "I believe it will be difficult for you

to find a synagogue in our city where you can find a job." We had five synagogues in town, and the cantor in each one had definite contracts. I was a member of the board of the Jewish Community Council in Rostov, and knew exactly what could be done and what could not. He told me that I was mistaken, because he had been singing in each one of the synagogues, and the president of the synagogues had taken collections for him. In each case he made a pretty good amount of money. I told him that he could do this once or twice, but who knew how long the war would last, and he could not depend on this arrangement. Leizer said he was not worried; but I told him I was worried, because I had sold our home, and in three or four months we would have to move. The new location had only one house, with sufficient space for my family alone. I told him this was why he would have to move. The owner to whom I had sold the house was a good friend, a Gentile, and had bought the house for his family. Leizer still said he was not worried, that God had always helped him and would help him again. I said, "You have two daughters, one is eighteen and the other sixteen. Why can't they get a job. There are many jobs to be had in the city." He replied, "My children have never worked and never will. I do not believe in girls working."

Two months elapsed and we still had discussions and he still did not agree with me. Finally I told him that I had a cousin living in Mariinsk near Tomsk in Siberia. They could use a cantor there. He said, "It is now winter, and I do not intend to move from Rostov at this time of year." A few days later I went to Mariinsk, 5000 miles away, to see what I could do for him. Ordinarily this trip took five to six days, but during these days, being at war, you could not tell. I made arrangements for my business, and bought a ticket for Mariinsk. When I arrived, I went to see my cousin's brother-in-law Boris Cheifiz, the president of the charitable institutions there. He and the others took

my word that Leizer was a good cantor. They said they would give him a five-year contract with good pay.

On the way home I stopped at Omsk. The town was crowded with army personnel. The officers were in the process of readying a new army for the defense of Russia. All of the hotels were taken over by the Army. It was impossible to get a room for any amount of money.

When I left Mariinsk my cousin gave me the address of his sister's daughter, Lisa, about whom I had heard for many years. In 1912 she was voted the best looking girl in high school. At eighteen she married a wealthy man of forty. The marriage was most unfortunate. He was involved in several questionable deals, and was an uncouth type of person.

At the depot I hired a taxi and rode out to my cousin's home, which was some twenty miles from the depot. It began snowing heavily, and the temperature was around 32 degrees below zero. I arrived at her home at nine in the morning and was frozen to the very bone. She was very cordial. We kissed, and she invited me to have breakfast with her. After a good meal and three glasses of hot tea, I felt much better, and called for a taxi so that I could see my business associates. I promised Lisa that I would return not later than five p.m.

I left my luggage there, took my brief case, and left. Instead of returning at five, I got back about four o'clock. She was very happy to see me and said that dinner would be ready around six o'clock. I sat down, and began writing some letters and sending copies of orders which I had sold that day. About five o'clock she asked me if I would like to go for a sleigh ride. In Russia this type of sleigh was called "Troika Loshadei," which was a sleigh pulled by three horses. The horses' collars had many bells on them. There were many romantic songs and stories written about these sleighs.

Lisa called for a sleigh and in ten minutes we were sitting in

a very beautiful one. We started out, covered with warm blankets. The snow had stopped, and we were very warm and comfortable. Without any forewarning Lisa began kissing me. She took me completely by surprise and I told her so, which caused her to break down and tell me her sad story.

She said her mother was poor and when the opportunity arose for Lisa to marry a rich man, she accepted for her. Lisa cried and argued, but to no avail. Her mother painted a pathetic picture should Lisa not marry this man. Finally, Lisa gave in and agreed. This man had had a sweetheart for years, a woman thirty-five years old. On their wedding night, about 5 a.m., he left Lisa and went to see his mistress. She said that since that time he visited her regularly. Lisa now had two children. One was two years old, and the other eight months. She said he had been away from home for the past three months because the army was looking for him. He was then about forty-four, but in Russia they mobilized everyone up to the age of forty-eight, so he was trying to dodge the draft board. She had heard that he was somewhere in Irkutsk, a large city in Siberia, with his girl friend. Here she was with two children, alone day and night. She said she had no idea when he would return, but fortunately she received money each month for living expenses from his two brothers who were his partners. She said she hated him and had told him so, but he said that did not disturb him. He had what he wanted. He had married the best looking girl in town, the children were healthy and good looking, and that was enough for him.

Lisa said that she had heard from various relatives about me, and had seen my picture when my manager was in Siberia on business in 1911, and she had fallen in love with me from my picture. I told her I was a married man, had four children, and considered that it would be the worst crime possible if I lied to my wife. I told her that I had only known her for a very few

short hours. It was impossible for people to fall in love in that period of time.

She paid no attention to my arguments, and began kissing me again, telling me I was her ideal man. I told her that if this was the situation, to instruct the driver to go back to the house; that I was going to leave immediately for Vjatka, Moscow, and then home. She said that if I did not stay at her house that night, she would go to the officers' ball, and sleep with the first officer she met. I told her that was entirely up to her, but if she had any feeling for her children, she would not do anything like this. I also told her that it seemed to me that she was handling her husband incorrectly. Instead of telling him that he was a good person, so that he would possibly be good, she called him a beast and a crook; and so he acted like a beast and a crook. I told her to change her tactics and approach, and everything would work out better. It was certainly worth a try. I said, as far as making love to the officers, this would only lead to trouble, and I did not think this was her solution. She said this was the only way she knew to punish her husband for his behavior with the other woman. I told the driver to return to her home, had dinner, and took a taxi to the depot.

The next forty-eight hours were horrible, waiting for the train. Every six hours they said the train would be delayed six more hours. I sat in that smoke filled waiting room, sick to my stomach from the stale smells and cigar odors. However, not for one moment did I regret leaving Lisa. I was grateful that I was strong enough to do what I did. Looking back, even now, I feel the same way.

Two years later my brother Israel and his wife, Lida, went to Rostov and passed Omsk. They saw Lisa there. She told them that she had never met as fine a man as Mark Carter, and that she would never forget him. When my brother George was in Paris, and met Lisa there, where she was living with her two

children, she sent special regards to me. Now, after more than forty years, I look back and think how wonderful it is to have a clear conscience about the entire incident.

En route to Vjatka, our train stopped for five or six hours at Ekaterinburg. This town was noted for the large steel mills in the surrounding area. It was also the town where the Czar and his entire family were killed on July 16, 1918.

All of the mills belonged to counts and princes. Czarina Catherine the Great had given them all of the valuable minerals and ore. The people who were living there at the time were serfs to these barons. This situation existed up to 1917. Whatever the barons paid the workers had to be acceptable. This was one main reason for the bloody revolution there in 1917.

At the depot in Ekaterinburg there were twenty-five to thirty tables set up with men and women standing behind them. On the tables was every type of precious stone, rubies, pearls, aquamarines and garnets. It was truly a sight to behold. Each couple had a polishing machine at home. They would do the work there, and come down to the depot to sell their wares. The values were fabulous and unbelievable. I purchased a beautiful aquamarine valued at $150 and I paid $10 for it.

Two days later our train stopped at Vjatka, a town where they manufactured felt boots for the army and for the population. Felt was warm and inexpensive. Waiting at the station to greet me was Moses Rudnick, a brother of Oscar Rudnick. He lived in Vilna, but while he had been connected with one of the steamship companies in Germany, the government had sent him to Vjatka during the war. When he got there he could not do anything and now the war was on, and his wife could not send him any money, because the Germans occupied Vilna. He asked me for help and each month I sent him $100. I stopped at Vjatka to see how he was getting along.

I went to his room, and he told me a hard luck story, and

asked me to lend him $5000 to buy material to manufacture sacks and sell them to the government. He said in this way he could make a living, and it would not be necessary for me to send him the $100 each month. He was at that time a man of fifty, and I was thirty. He cried like a baby. We went to the telegraph office and I wired my wife to send him $5000 by wire. I had already written the wire when he asked me to increase it to $10,000 and he would pay the additional $5000 in sixty days. He said that it was to give him a start, and that it was only temporary. I received the $10,000 from my wife, gave it to him, and left. I never received the $10,000 repayment for the loan.

I stopped in Moscow and saw many of my friends there. Everyone was worried about the war, that the end was not in sight. The Germans were defeating us, and we in Russia could not win, because of the Czar and Czarina.

Finally I arrived home, and began bargaining with Cantor Leizer. A week later we came to an agreement. I was to give him railroad tickets for the entire family and $1500 cash. Then he would leave for Mariinsk and would sign his contract. After he arrived there and got settled, he was the happiest of men. His daughters married there, and his son finished high school and went to college. How lucky he was to have escaped from Vilna before Hitler arrived and burned all the Jews alive. This was the story of Cantor Leizer Abramovich.

Another brother of Oscar Rudnick's, Myron Rudnick, who is now in Israel, asked me for assistance when he came to Rostov; and I opened a hardware store for him.

Revolution—1917

THE REVOLUTION began in Petrograd March 12, 1917. Rostov, the city where I was born, did not know of it, nor did the people in the provinces. After twenty-four hours, the revolutionists were victorious, and Czar Nicholas capitulated.

An interesting incident occured in our town. The Governor of Rostov, General Von Pilchau, called in the leader of the liberal movement, an attorney named Vladimir Zeeler, and offered him the governorship. Zeeler did not believe that the revolutionists were victorious. He was skeptical about accepting the position. He conferred with a group of leaders in our community. After a six-hour discussion, the decision was made that Zeeler accept the governorship. He would be assisted by Nicholas Paramonov, an old leader of the liberal party. This was the beginning of a new era.

Young attorneys took over the city and became police officials. A few days later, when the local government was reorganized, 20,000 people demonstrated. They marched from one end of the town to the other, a distance of more than twenty miles. There were no riots or disturbances of any kind. Everyone was overcome with joy. Not one policeman was needed to keep the people in hand.

Then came the big changes in the city. First came the establishment of a "Merchants and Manufacturers Association," and secondly came the election of a new chamber of com-

merce. Paramonov was named president, and I was elected secretary of this body. Organization of an abritration committee came next, and I was elected vice-chairman. The chairman was president of the metal trades union. Two months later I was elected representative from my town to the duma of Rostov, a group similar to the municipal government. At our merchants and manufacturers offices a meeting was held to elect delegates to go to Petrograd and confer with the government. Our biggest problem was to maintain the factories, and to see that production would not stop because of a shortage of raw materials.

The materials were steel, iron, coal and oil. The major objective was to get priorities for factories which had government orders, and also for factories which manufactured implements. I was chosen the representative from the implement section.

We left our town September 10, and arrived in Petrograd September 14. When we arrived, all of the hotels were occupied, however the government had secured rooms for us in the "Northern" Hotel. We found the city full of people and the restaurants filled to capacity. It was difficult to get into most of them. The theatres were sold out most of the time. The sale of theatre tickets was so great that unless you knew someone influential, or paid black market prices, you could not get any tickets at all. Life, however, was most interesting. Only within the parties were there fights for position and power. On the streets, one would never know what was going on behind closed doors.

I went to meetings of the Jewish Community Council and heard numerous speakers. Everyone was so happy that thus far there had not been any pogroms against the Jewish people. They remembered the terrible revolution of 1905. At that time, in Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, Samara, Kursk, Rostov and many other cities, the "Black 100" was doing terrible things against the Jews. There was no one to stop them. The Jewish stores were burned and robbed. Many lives were lost when store own-

ers stayed inside, trying to put out the fires. We, the Jewish people, had revolvers, but we were no match against the Cossacks with their horses and rifles. The police protected the hoodlums and fired against us. The governor in our city gave orders to stop all the pogroms against the Jews, and the police ordered to arrest all those who were guilty. Instead of arresting the guilty, the police arrested the Jews because they were fighting the hoodlums.

I bought the newspapers when I arrived in Petrograd, and it was interesting to note that the Communists in their "Pravda" newspaper demanded resignation of the Kerensky Government. The ultra-conservative party's paper, the "Novoje Wremia," the "New Times" also demanded the resignation of the Kerensky Government.

In our hotel, we had our meetings in Mr. Malkin, the chairman's, room. He was the representative of W. Stoll from Woronesh, where his firm had a large implement factory and owned nearly 300 stores throughout Russia and Siberia. It was one of the largest implement retail businesses in Russia. Mr. Malkin had a large room, and we ate caviar there, drank tea and vodka, and made decisions about the destiny of implements for Russia. During the war many factories had ceased their manufacture of implements, and produced only war machines.

We spent the days in one of the Czar's palaces, on the street Fontanka No. 50, which was the headquarters for the agricultural department during the war. I had a desk there, and also a secretary. My assignment was to work out a program for all factories which manufactured parts for implements in Russia. It was a giant job, and I shall never forget the wonderful assistance that I received from Henrich Geise, manager of that department. Later, when the Soviet Government took over, it appointed him chief of this same department.

We worked in the department all day, and at night met and discussed our various points of view with the chairman, Mr.

Malkin. If we did not meet at the hotel, we went to different night clubs, theatres, operas and ballets. I had never had such an interesting time in my entire life. I had the opportunity to attend meetings and to listen to all the leaders of every party in the city. It appeared as if no one cared what happened to Russia. Only the intelligentsia was worried. The president of the Social Revolutionary Party was a good friend of mine. He was the one who appointed Kerensky as prime minister, while he was elected by the people of Petrograd as their mayor. His name was Gregory Schreider. He was much older than I, but our families were friendly. I was invited to the Schreider's house for dinner. His wife said that it was a great sacrifice for him to come home to dine, because of the pressure of constant meetings. She said that usually she did not see him for weeks at a time.

Dinner was simple. After dinner tea was served. Mrs. Schreider apologized for not having any sugar. She said that Gregory received hundreds of cars of sugar for distribution to the people of Petrograd, but he distributed it so well that he forgot to bring even one pound home. It was a real treat for me to be there. I constantly asked questions, and he answered me most diplomatically. He asked me how long I was going to remain in Petrograd. I told him of the large program the government had mapped out, and that I had to stay and finish the job. He said that around September 30 he foresaw a major fight for power by the Communists, and that he thought they would win. He said he could not prophesy the exact date, but advised me to go home to Rostov, because the Civil War would last for a long time. He said "You will be here, but your family will be in Rostov, and God knows what would happen to all of you." He was a remarkable personality.

I asked him how long he thought the Soviets would be in power. He answered perhaps six months. I asked him who would succeed in power, and he said "naturally, our party will be in power again, but then it will be forever." How wrong he was.

Today the Soviet Government is in power, and has been for more than forty years, and who can tell how many more years it will continue in power.

Gregory Schreider was not the only one whose thinking ran in this direction. Lenin and Trotsky wrote that they too thought they would be in power for six more months. However, Lenin said that in six months the Russian people would never forget the Soviet philosophy. He repeated that the Russians would strive again to come back in power. Trotsky said "if we have to get out of Russia, we will smash the door of Russia, so that the world will tremble as from a volcano."

In Petrograd, I also met many of the leaders of the Jewish community, including G. B. Sliosberg the famous lawyer and president of the Jewish Community Council, O. O. Grusenberg, another prominent lawyer for the Russian Senate, and member of the Board of Jewish Community Council, Maxim Vinaver, one of the finest organizers and orators in the duma, and a member of the Jewish Community Council board, and Rabbi Eisenstat, a noted scholar and Chief Rabbi in Petrograd, formerly from Rostov. They spoke of the revolution, and asked us to help the Provisional Government under Kerensky.

I packed my belongings later, made last minute visits to all my friends, and left for Moscow, where I stayed for a few days. I saw many new plays. Moscow was very gay, and had no idea that the end of the Kerensky Government was so near at hand. A relative, Aaron Dolmatovsky, a social democrat, who was the Governor of Moscow at the time, did not agree with Schreider's prophecy. A few days later I arrived back in Rostov. After meeting with the leaders of the city, I saw that they were still unaware of what was going on and they could not agree with my predictions. They laughed at the reports of my meetings in Petrograd and my talks with Mayor Schreider. Later they apologized for their ignorance.

Return To Rostov

DURING THIS PERIOD in Rostov the workers began striking in increasing numbers. There were constant demands for increased wages. The cost of food, clothing and shoes had risen considerably. Not only did we have to work to arbitrate disagreements between the laborers and manufacturers, we had to fight the merchants to keep their prices down. By now, the "rob and grab" was so great that it was impossible to control. The retailer complained about the wholesaler, and the wholesaler complained about the manufacturer. I was kept so busy that I neglected my own business. I attended meetings from morning until evening each day. The arbitration committee started work at 6 p.m., and in most cases did not stop until 3 a.m. We had no time for sleep. We did not eat; but there were no complaints. We were a team. Our objective was to settle the strikes in order that production would not cease.

The most important item centered on the eight-hour work day, over which there was much heated debate. Most of the stores were open sixteen hours a day, with a few twelve hours. This is why the sudden demand for an eight-hour day caused so much controversy. One difficulty was finding a solution for the lunch problem. There were few restaurants in Russia; and the ones in existence were very high-priced and usually open only for the dinner hour. Workers went home for lunch, if they did not have too great a distance to travel. The manner in which this problem was solved was most interesting.

The chief opponents to the eight-hour day were the "little" storekeepers who not too long ago had been employees themselves. After three weeks of wrangling and discussions, we established an eight-hour work day. Some stores were open from 8 a.m. until 12 noon, closed for two hours, and then reopened from 2 p.m. until 6 p.m. Both employers and employees were not too satisfied with this arrangement. At the factories we fared a little better with new hours established from 7 a.m. until 12 noon, an hour lunch, and closing at 4 p.m. The meetings of the arbitration committee were productive because here was where all these problems were aired, including discussions on sanitary conditions in the factories, complaints about the bathroom facilities, heating and other issues. We took all of this in stride, were patient with both parties, and tried to satisfy everyone. Both parties seemed grateful, and we thought that we had finally found the solution of keeping everyone happy and in a friendly atmosphere.

The next problem was the strike of the grain mill workers. This was a very strategic strike, and we tried hard to prevent it, because flour meant bread, not only for the population, but for the army, navy and the hospitals. They ignored our pleas and proceeded to strike until we settled their complaints.

We held a meeting at the chamber of commerce, on the fifth floor of a large modern building with elevators. The meeting was to start at 6 p.m., however we were all there at 5:30, as was a representative group of workers. They gave me an ultimatum. If the decision was not what they expected it to be, they would take drastic measures. They pointed to the open window. I stood there for a few moments, then calmly walked toward the elevator and announced that I was going home. I evidently called their bluff, because they all followed me to the elevator, crying it was a joke and to return to my job. I did, and we arbitrated. In this way, the case was settled. By settling this strike,

the entire country benefited and the flow of flour continued. This made a tremendous difference in the country.

The war, meanwhile, as all wars, was very costly, and Kerensky and his colleagues decided to sell victory bonds. They were stymied, of course, because there was no enthusiasm from the public to buy the bonds, and the sale was very slow. I pledged 25,000 rubles, but after a stirring request from Dr. A. Shingarev, treasurer of the new government and one of the most popular members of all the dumas, to increase all contributions, I increased my contribution to 150,000 rubles. Dr. Shingarev called me "Minnin Posharsky," after I made this purchase. In 1913 two men, Minnin and Posharsky, bought thousands of dollars of bonds to save Russia. Dr. Shingarev came back to Petrograd, unsuccessful in his attempt trying to sell bonds. He grew sick, and was in the hospital. Sailors came into the hospital and killed Dr. Shingarev for no reason, other than that he belonged to the Constitutional Democratic Party.

Another friend, Dr. George Kechek, a professor in Moscow University, told me, "I made a big mistake in my life by signing that I belonged to the Cadets, the Constitutional Democratic Party. Now everyone will be killed. I must hide."

In spite of all efforts, the people still did not want to buy bonds. Things became worse each day. Everyone was worrying and wondering what was next. Meetings were held day and night, concentrating on how to save the government.

Overthrow of the Kerensky Government—October 1917

THE OVERTHROW of the Kerensky Government was one of the biggest revolutions in the history of mankind. Many times, even today, people ask how did it come about. The power of the revolution passed from the Provisional Government of Kerensky to the Bolshevik Government. This is actually what happened.

Trotsky, released from prison September, 1917, was elected president of the Petrograd Soviet. This became the prinicipal focal point of Bolshevism. October 9, 1917, Lenin returned to Petrograd to prepare for armed insurrection, and select a political bureau to carry out these orders. This politburo became a permanent institution. It included Lenin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Trotsky, Stalin, Sokolnikov and Bubnov. Six days later, the Petrograd Soviet created a military-revolutionary committee under the leadership of Trotsky, as head of the politburo, to take charge of military preparations for the revolution.

Lenin was not in Petrograd. He was hiding in Finland; and Trotsky was the master-mind in charge, preparing to take over the post offices, telegraph, telephone and railways stations. Later, Trotsky said that the Soviets acted like amateurs under his direction, and insisted that the easy victory was due to the weakness of the Provisional Government. The seizure of the capital, said Trotsky, consisted of about 25,000 soldiers. The uprising was no secret, and was discussed in the newspapers and at all of the meetings.

The Military Revolutionary Committee, headed by Trotsky, organized the distribution of arms and appointed commissars to army units. The first object was to see that the Petrograd troops who refused to be sent to the front would be in charge of the battle, and to prepare for any battles with the troops who would fight for the Provisional Government.

The cruiser, Aurora, under the command of the Sailor Raskolnikov and whose leaders were Bolsheviks, entered the River Neva in Petrograd, and anchored opposite the Winter Palace. Lenin made this sailor an admiral for destroying the Provisional Government. The Provisional Government gave orders to have the cruiser put out to sea; but the chief officers refused to take orders from the Provisional Government, insisting they would only take orders from Trotsky. The two Bolshevik newspapers were seized by the military school Cadets the previous day. They also occupied the bridges and highways leading into the city. The Bolshevik troops fought the Cadets. Naturally, the Cadets were no match for the troops. In no time at all, the newspapers of the Bolsheviks were in the hands of the revolutionary committee.

At the evening meeting of the government, Kerensky delivered an emotional speech, promising to crush the revolt of the Bolsheviks, and called for support from everyone present.

On October 24, Lenin and Trotsky openly took the offensive. All of the troops who were fighting for the Bolsheviks occupied railway stations, bridges, state banks, telephone, telegraph, post offices and the major government buildings. There was no opposition because Kerensky did not have any troops at his command.

Kerensky decided to go to Gatchina, the Czar's summer residence, where General Krasnov from the State Don was in command of the Cossacks and the Osetins from the Caucasus. These were a wild group of soldiers. Kerensky left A. Konovalov in charge of the government. Konovalov was a great indus-

trialist, and the textile industry king in Russia. Kerensky received a car from the American Ambassador, because the American Embassy wanted to help the Kerensky Government. What a tragedy! General Krasnov refused to help the Kerensky Government, and said to Kerensky, "I should deliver you to the Bolsheviks, but I am going to give you a chance to escape."

In the meantime, at 9 a.m., the cruiser Aurora, started firing at the Winter Palace where the Provisional Government was holding sessions. The Cossacks and some of the Cadets withdrew from the Palace at 10 a.m. In an hour the Women's Battalion surrendered. Within another hour, the Kerensky Government also collapsed. The night before, the great social revolutionist, Abraham Goz, wanted to see Kerensky because he knew what the Soviets were preparing for the Government. On the way to the Palace, the troops arrested him and brought him to the Smolny Institute, where the Soviet Government was in charge of the revolution. A. Goz, however, was the vice president of the Soviets, and came in and started shaking hands with everyone. He told the soldiers, who were supposed to guard him, that he had to see the "big chief." He walked into one room, and then walked out of the building. He took a car and a chauffeur, to which he was entitled as vice president. The chauffeur of course knew him, but what the driver did not know was that he had already been arrested for trying to see Kerensky. He told the chauffeur where to go, and in this way escaped the consequences. He was arrested after he was elected to the Constituent Assembly, and sent to prison in Alma-Ata, in Central Asia, for eight years. Goz died in Alma-Ata and thus ended his tragic role in the revolution.

Goz was released after the revolution, after serving eight years in the chain gang for working with the social revolutionary party. Goz, the son of a wealthy tea family, "Visotzky," had a

wonderful personality. His family's tea concern was as famous in Russia as Liptons in England and the United States. He was one of the leaders of the social revolutionary party, and all decisions were made with his advice. His brother, Michael, served twenty years in Siberia. When he was released, he died of cancer.

The Provisional Government was arrested at the Winter Palace, and its members marched to the fortress of Peter and Paul, the prison where all revolutionaries were sentenced to die. The Czar's Government did not send them there—instead, it was the Soviet Government. What an ironic paradox.

In the early morning hours of October 25, 1917, the Bolshevik forces went into action. The key points in the city were occupied. The members of the Kerensky Government were taken prisoners or made fugitives. In the afternoon, Lenin announced to a meeting of the Petrograd Soviet the triumph of the "workers and peasants' revolution," and in the evening the second All-Russian Congress of Soviets proclaimed the transfer of all power throughout Russia to Soviets of Workers, Soldiers and Peasants' Deputies. On the evening of October 26, 1917, the second and last meeting of the congress adopted the decrees on peace and on the land, and approved the composition of the Council of Peoples' Commissars, known as Sovnarkom.

On October 25, when the insurrection was at its height, Trotsky presided at a session of the Petrograd Soviet where Lenin appeared for the first time since his disappearance in July, 1917. The Congress consisted not only of members of the Bolsheviks, but of all the socialist parties. It opened at 10:45 a.m. Three hours later the Kerensky Government was arrested. It was all over in three hours. The opening of the session was a stormy one, as a protest against the Bolshevik revolution. The right wing of the Social Revolutionary Party,

delegates of the minor parties, and the Mensheviks of the Socialist Party withdrew from the Congress, as a protest against the brutality of the Soviets. This left the Bolsheviks in complete control of the Congress. In this way, the fight for power was simplified. The Assembly unanimously passed the decree on land, which had been worked out by Victor Chernov, leader of the Social Revolutionary Party. It was now adopted by Lenin as the best formula for the peasants of Russia. The Assembly also passed the decree on peace, and confirmed the council of Peoples' Commissar, the new power of Russia. In this way, the biggest revolution in the history of mankind was started.

Cooperative Workers From New York

In April, 1917, Maurice Schwarzkop came to Rostov from New York with personal regards for me from my old friend Abram Kompaniez, whose son, Maurice, later married my daughter in 1928 in Los Angeles.

Maurice Schwarzkop and four of his associates from New York came to Russia to manufacture machines which produced cigarettes. In New York the four of them worked in a fine shop where they manufactured these packaging machines. In our town at that time, this was entirely new. Everyone who knows anything about production can understand what a wonderful improvement these packaging machines were. In Rostov the cigarette factories were the largest in Russia, yet the production itself was primitive. Everything was done by hand; even the name was printed by one of the lithographers and then glued on the box.

When Schwarzkop arrived, he brought his tools with him to manufacture the machines to make cigarettes. The package came out sealed with the name of the factory on it as well as the amount of cigarettes.

Schwarzkop came to Russia because the Provisional Government had invited everyone who had left Russia for revolutionary activities to return. The government supplied free transportation. He and his friends came to Rostov to see what they could do to assist the government. All the tools which they brought were delivered duty free. They were also given land to build

their factory by the Kerensky Government. They also had the privilege of selecting the location. They decided it would be best to be near the Azov Sea at one of the ports. After searching, they selected a small, very beautiful town called Berdyansk on the Azov Sea. They all liked this town. It was scenic and the climate was wonderful. The street was called Green Street, and I recall the entire setting vividly. It was picturesque, near the sea, and had rolling green lawns. It reminded me of the Pacific Palisades.

The new cooperative workers invited me to go along and help them select a location for their factory. They also wanted to find a good lawyer who could prepare all the necessary papers. I liked these boys, and gave them all the assistance I possibly could. I never regretted helping them.

When we arrived in Berdyansk we had a meeting with the mayor of the town. We were given the key to the city. The mayor said any place they selected they could have on a 99 year lease, and at a very reasonable price. We made the trip by boat and spent three very relaxing days. After the papers were signed, we returned to Rostov and they packed all their belongings which they had brought from America, and took off for Berdyansk.

Then came the November Bolshevik Revolution. This, however, did not upset these boys. They had spent all the money which they had saved for years, and soon their building was completed. They had all the blueprints which they had brought from America, and began building the machines. They had come to Berdyansk in December, 1919, and in January, 1920, when the factory was ready for production, the Soviet Government nationalized their factory. They were naturally very displeased and dejected. Why should they be nationalized? After going to Petrograd and wrangling for two weeks over this, they could not do anything about it. The factory remained nationalized.

Maurice Schwarzkop was appointed manager, and one of the boys was made his assistant. One of the boys who had his United States citizenship papers said he was going back; but it was not that simple. They arrested him as a counter-revolutionary, as a bourgeois, and having been there only two months, he protested violently. He was sent to Siberia. I do not know what happened to the others, but they were most unhappy. They had the idea, like all the Russian people, that the Bolsheviks would lose power within six months, and someone would save them. They tried to get their investment back from the Government, but the Government turned a deaf ear and said they could not make any exceptions. This is the best example of how unreasonable they could be. Many others tried to open cooperative factories organized by former workers, but the Soviets never gave them a chance. The Soviets did not want any potential capitalists or the philosophy of capitalism. When I came to Berdyansk, I remember what had happened to me when I was there in March of the year 1904.

The Tramp Who Became A Lawyer

ONE DAY a man came to my father's store. He was very drunk, and he asked me for a dime. I gave him the dime, and in talking to him further learned that he had graduated from college in Odessa as a lawyer, and had also majored in physics and mathematics. Now he looked like a tramp and dressed like one. His name was Sergei Komsky. He told me his story, how hard he had worked to get a degree, but that it was all in vain. He had been in love with a nice girl, but her parents felt that he was a poor prospect in addition to having too liberal ideas. He began drinking vodka, and now all he cared about was having a dime or a quarter for a drink.

I became interested in his story, and took him to a restaurant. We had a good dinner, and he made a fine impression on me. I told him of a doctor whom I knew, named Raphael Sabsovich, who had a hospital to cure alcoholics. He listened very attentively to me, and agreed with everything I said. He wanted to know who would pay the doctor, and the hospital. I said I knew the doctor very well, because his son was a good friend of mine, and I thought he could do something for him. The next day I went with him to see the doctor. I took him to a barber shop where the barber shaved his moustache and beard, and he suddenly emerged as a handsome six foot fellow.

The doctor said he would take him into the hospital for six weeks, and would not charge him a penny, but he would have to obey all the rules and regulations. He promised he would.

After six weeks I went to see him, and I did not recognize him. He was a different person. I had many plans for him. He had told me that his brother was one of the most famous attorneys in Berdyansk, and I decided after he was cured to take him to see his brother and ask him to help.

While he was in the hospital he fell in love with his nurse. The three of us decided to go to Berdyansk. She was a beautiful girl, and he was crazy about her. He was about 30 and she 25. I bought Sergei a new suit of clothes, and three tickets for the boat trip to Berdyansk. The journey was rough. The waves were high and we worried at times. Finally we arrived and were relieved to set foot on solid ground.

We looked up the address in the phone book and went directly to his brother's home, where he had an office. When our taxi pulled up at the address, we saw a very beautiful mansion. We rang the bell, and after what seemed a long wait, a maid opened the door and asked whom we wanted. I said we would like to see Alexander Komsky. She said, "Oh, Mr. Alexander Komsky died a few weeks ago, but Mrs. Komsky is home." She took us into the house and to the office where we met Mrs. Komsky. She was an attractive woman of 40, but looked much younger. She greeted us, and when I introduced myself and her brother-in-law, Sergei, she seemed very happy to see us, and invited us into the dining room where she served tea, cookies and jam. Later, she invited Sergei to stay at her home, and gave him his brother's clothes. When we went to visit him the next day, we did not recognize him. He was changed. Sophia, the nurse, and I were very happy for him, and he promised Sophia that as soon as he was able to return to Rostov he would do so, and they would get married. In the meantime, he would write to her. I felt very satisfied with myself, that my mission was accomplished and we went home.

A month later I received a call from Sophia telling me Sergei

had returned. He was drunk as before, and it was the same story. I immediately went to see him, and he told me his story. The sister-in-law had given him a wonderful time the month he was there. She had bought him gifts and taken him places, and convinced him to sign all the papers at the lawyer's office, giving her everything, so he would be unable to collect a cent from the estate, for his brother did not have any children or any other heirs. Then she gave him a few hundred rubles and some vodka and he started drinking.

After hearing this story, I thought that we had better go back there again and hire a lawyer to fight her. I thought if she would give Sergei money for tickets to the United States, where Sergei had relatives, we would gladly settle for that. We had quite a time with her. She was a very difficult person to deal with, for she did not seem to have any feelings whatsoever. The most important thing to her was money. After three days of arguing, we finally settled with her, and returned to Rostov. Sergei and Sophia were married and left for the United States.

In 1910 I received a letter from them in New York, saying that he had become a lawyer and was successful. They had two wonderful children and were very happy. This is the story of the "tramp" in Russia who became a prominent lawyer in America. In Russia, he would have degenerated into an alcoholic and would have died in the gutter. In the United States, it was another story.

Victor Chernov

Revolutionary Leader

VICTOR CHERNOV will go down in history in Russia because he devoted all of his life to fighting Czarism, and never ceased working for this cause.

In 1930 he came to Los Angeles to lecture about the Soviet Government. He told me during the few days he was here what had transpired in Russia, October 26, when the Kerensky Government was overthrown. His point of view was the same as Schreider's. Chernov had been Secretary of Agriculture in the Kerensky Government, and was the one who worked out the program covering the Great Land Reform for Russia.

On January 5, 1918, the great Constituent Assembly, the hope for 100 years to come in Russia, was assembled. The election had been held under the Bolshevik rules, but the majority in Russia voted for the Social Revolutionary Party.

En route to the Touride Palace where the Soviet government was to open the Constituent Assembly, the people were clogging the roads. They were trying to see what was going to happen. The roads however were full of soldiers watching the people, who were marching in front of the palace. People were crying "Long live the Constituent Assembly." The special police arrived and began shooting, just as had happened in January, 1905, under the Czar. Many were killed. People were lying on the ground to avoid being shot. It was the same old story repeated. Thousands were wounded, and they were afraid to go to the hospital because they might be arrested.

Inside the palace there were soldiers and sailors with rifles, watching everyone. Tickets for the galleries were in the hands of the Bolsheviks, who gave them only to the members of the Communist Party. Lenin was afraid that perhaps the Russian mujiks, or peasant soldiers would revolt. He brought special companies of Latvian soldiers who were one hundred percent communist, because he felt he could depend on them. Lenin was very nervous and pale at the beginning of the Assembly meeting, but he gained control of himself.

S. P. Schvezov, an older member of the Social Revolutionary Party, opened the meeting. The meeting was opened for discussions and for the election of a president. The Bolsheviks nominated a woman, Mme. Marie Spiridonova, a left wing social revolutionary member and a most popular fighter. She had killed the Czarist chief of police of Moscow. She did not swing the majority.

Victor Chernov received 244 delegates' votes with 151 against him, and he was elected President. He made a wonderful speech and said that those people who fought against the assembly were traitors. The communists faced him with rifles and a riot broke out. After fifteen minutes, he finished his speech. When he was through, others spoke, and Mr. Skobelev, Secretary of the Interior in the Kerensky Government, demanded that the government prosecute those who had fired into the crowd en route to the meeting. F. S. Steinberg, secretary of justice, speaking for the left wing of the Social Revolutionary Party, did not agree with Chernov and the rest of the right wing of the party. He did not foresee that a year later he would be sorry for his opinion. Steinberg was thrown out of the Soviet Government and came to the United States. What a tragedy for those who believed that you could deal with the Bolsheviks.

The Bolsheviks wanted to arrest Victor Chernov. When he tried to walk to the door, a young man who said he belonged

to the Bolshevik party told Chernov that sailors were waiting for him near his automobile. He advised Chernov not to take his car, because the young men did not agree with the party and its aims. When Chernov walked out, he saw a group of sailors in his car. He went through a side door of the Touride Palace. He thought, "this is the end of the Democratic Government. Now everything is gone."

The newspapers carried the story that Victor Chernov was killed. He actually escaped, and hid in Petrograd. Eventually he made his way to New York. Thus ended the greatest hope of the Russian people. The Bolsheviks locked the Touride Palace, placed guards around the building and took over control.

In 1920, there was a convention of all the printing trades in Moscow. One of the honored delegations from abroad arrived from England, representing the printing trades in Great Britain.

In the delegation from England, incognito, was Victor Chernov. As the convention progressed, Chernov asked for the floor, and told the audience how unfair the Soviet Government had been. He said the Soviets found Chernov's boots in a stranger's house, and as a result, had arrested this man. He was still in prison in Siberia. "What kind of Socialist Government is this," Chernov asked. "I protest. I ask that you all protest."

A man shouted from the floor. The chairman cried, "I don't want to identify the speaker." Chernov arose, and said, "I'm not afraid, let them arrest me. I am Chernov." The audience applauded wildly for a full ten minutes. Chernov changed his suit to a khaki tunic, and put on a soldier's cap. He trimmed off his beard. In this swift manner, he managed to escape from the auditorium. He was still carrying a sack with him, containing important archives and papers. Once again, he escaped from Russia.

As a protest against the Soviet Government, civil wars broke out all over Russia. A new life was introduced by the new

leaders. The Civil War increased in proportion on all sides.

In Southern Russia, the Cossacks under the leadership of the former officers were ready to take over the South. On May 25, 1918, Czechoslovak soldiers from Austria, who had been in the war, occupied Central Volga on their way to Siberia. On July 1, British and French forces landed in Murmansk. On August 1, allied troops occupied Archangel. August 15, American troops landed in Siberia. December 17, French troops landed in Odessa. December 24, Maxim Litvinov appealed to Woodrow Wilson to restore a real peace. December 26, 1918, General Denikin proclaimed himself commander-in-chief of all the White Army and sea forces in Southern Russia. February 18, 1919, Winston Churchill supported Foch's plan for intervention and support of the White Army. March 15, 1919, Kolchak was at the gates of Ufa in Siberia. May 13, 1919, General Yudenich made the first attempt to capture Petrograd. May 25, 1919, Yudenich captured Pskov. October 13, 1919, Denikin took Oryol and opened the road to Moscow, eighty miles away. October 16, Yudenich took Gatchina near Petrograd. November and December saw the disintegration of the White Armies, of Yudenich, Kolchak and Denikin under the pressure of the Red Army offensives.

In 1930, Victor Chernov came to Los Angeles and he spent a few days with me. He came to deliver some lectures on the Soviet Government. Sasha Brailovsky, in Los Angeles at the time, attacked Chernov for his anti-Soviet views. Not long ago, I found some of Victor Chernov's letters. In one of them from Paris in 1945, Chernov wrote he narrowly escaped Hitler and was lecturing. He said he had seen Brailovsky and wrote "What do you know? Now Brailovsky hates the Soviets more than I do. What a change!"

Gregory Schreider

IN 1918, Gregory Schreider, the former Mayor of Petrograd and the former chairman of the Social Revolutionary Party, came to Rostov. He seemed to have aged about twenty years since I had last seen him in Petrograd. For a few months he had been trying to get out of Russia, to get to France or Germany. Many years previously, when Mr. Nitte was the prime minister in Italy, Gregory had been his personal secretary and a consultant on civic affairs. He had considered writing his memoirs about the Russian revolution. We discussed the problems of Russia and he said that he had made a mistake about the time the Bolsheviks would remain in power. He was a broken old man, and wanted peace; but he did not sell himself to the Soviets. He said he could not feel secure in Russia, and that was why he wanted to go anywhere else rather than stay there.

We discussed the overthrow of the Provisional Government and he was very unhappy over the betrayal of the Social Revolutionary Party by the left wing element, who had worked with the Bolsheviks until March 3, 1918. After the treaty of Brest Litovsk, the left wing group of the Social Revolutionary Party withdrew from the Soviet Government. On August 30, 1918, Dora Kaplan of Rostov, a member of the Social Revolutionary Party, wounded Lenin during an assassination attempt. On August 31, 1918, Uritzky, Lenin's assistant, was assassinated in Petrograd. The Soviets declared that all those who belonged to the Social Revolutionary Party should be shot without trial.

These events were only the beginning of the trouble, and Schreider did not feel that he wanted to sit and wait to be killed. All members of the Social Revolutionary Party, particularly the chairman Schreider, were condemned to death in absentia. He now had a different name and had shaved his beard. I would never have recognized him if it were not for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Chenkin, who lived in Rostov.

The Germans were in Rostov. They did not like the Social Revolutionary Party. Later Gregory Schreider left for Georgia, where he had a close friend, Noah Jordania, who was the president of the Republic in Georgia. From Georgia he went through Batum, to Constantinople, and from there to Paris, where he later died—a poor and broken old man. I felt very sorry for this great patriot of Russia. He gave everything he had. I do not know what happened to his wife, who became very ill from all of these events, nor his son and daughter who were with him in Paris. He was very disappointed in the Russian people who would not fight for democracy or equality. The only thing he could say was "sheer brutality."

He said he could not believe that when the Soviets arrested the Provisional Government, no one cared, and the same day when the Bolsheviks had their biggest success, no one cared. All of the stores, restaurants and theatres were doing business as usual, while the biggest revolution in mankind was going on. Everyone thought "here is the mob rule." The only places which were closed that day were the government offices and the schools.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Buchanan, said the same thing about that historical day. He said he walked through the streets that evening, and everything was serene and peaceful. No one seemed to know what was happening, and no one cared!

Incident With Five Riflemen During the Nationalization Period

ONE DAY when I was in my downtown office, five Soviet soldiers demanded to see me. When I asked them what they wanted, their answer was, "We are counter-revolutionists, and we have decided to kill you."

I asked what I had done, and they said, "one of your employees in the tool department said that you do not have blacksmith vises, and as we were walking out, we saw one of them in the main window." I looked in the window, and told them that the one in the window was a machinist vise, and not a blacksmith vise. They accused me of being a capitalist, and said they would have to shoot me. They said they were fighting the White Army, and that I was aiding the White Army. Then they shouted, "Stop talking, and stand against the wall." I became very angry and cried, "Go ahead and shoot, if that is what you want. If you want the good will of the people, this is not the way to do it."

The more I shouted, the quieter they became, and finally they changed the position of their rifles and walked out. In leaving they said, "But remember, if we catch you again, it will be curtains for you, and no mercy."

General Bogaevsky

THE ARMY was now in charge of the city. The young Cossacks were worn out after fighting with rifles less than a week. The young Cossacks were on the side of the Communists. The old Cossacks joined the Constitutional Government. The trenches were in the middle of the city.

The Young Communists had conquered Rostov, and had set up a military government. The army decided to call a meeting of the representatives of the chamber of commerce, a few representative lawyers, judges, bankers and business people, in all a total of eighty people.

We were assembled in the hall of the chamber of commerce building at ten in the morning. A General Bogaevsky, a young man of twenty-five years of age, had two revolvers on the table in front of him, and his two aides had a couple of machine guns. He made a brief speech, and told us that the army needed money to pay the soldiers, and did not have any. Therefore, the army decided that inasmuch as we represented the capitalists of the city of Rostov which supported the White Army, they were demanding that we make a collection among ourselves and hand over fifteen million rubles in twenty-four hours.

The money must come from our mattresses, he said, and not from the banks, because the banks belonged to them now. We started arguing and trying to explain that it would be impossible to collect such an amount, because we did not have that much money between us, and that it was impossible to

collect it in twenty-four hours.

The General became very angry and said he would give 48 hours, and if the money was not delivered, all of us would be arrested and put in jail, and our fate would be decided by court martial. We told him that these threats would do no good, and pleaded with him, and asked for at least 144 hours. He finally compromised and agreed to 72 hours.

For 72 hours we worked long and hard, sleeping in chairs in the Chamber of Commerce building, grabbing brief lunches and dinners and did not have any contact with our families in that period of time. At the end of the 72 hours we had raised eight million rubles. The General was not too happy, but he took the eight million and disappeared. The Soviet Government pronounced him a traitor because he stole the money for himself.

A week later the civil government which was appointed from Moscow, took over and continued the same threats. These men told us we owed them seven million rubbles. Of course, the general had completely disappeared in the Ukraine with his eight million, and all we could do was try to raise the seven million. After long hours of hard work, we succeeded in raising this amount.

We used the same procedure as before, relying on the telephone book. The Committee was divided into industries—the same procedure as used in later days by the United Jewish Welfare Fund in its campaigns. We called on leaders in hardware, lumber, food, plumbing, wearing apparel and restaurants. We also called all the black market operators we knew, in jewelry, amusements, theatres and real estate. We had about sixteen divisions, with five men forming a committee. In this committee we elected three people who were popular with the people, and all complaints were handled by these three people in each committee.

The average people did not complain at anything we asked of them. The majority of complaints came from the racketeers and black market operators. Most of them, of course, had no reason to complain. It was ironic that in about sixty days nearly eighty percent of these same complainers were killed, because the Soviet Government had no court for these people. As soon as they were caught, they were shot the same day. They had no chance for mercy. All the time they had believed "what is the difference; we will do the same no matter which government rules the country, and still make money." How wrong they were.

When we fined or taxed the owner of a large delicatessen and liquor store, a Mr. M. O. Kulakoff, he brought us 200,000 rubles. He told a few members of the committee that he had a great deal of cash, and knowing some members of the committee would not have it, he thought his contribution would help.

After this task was completed, the government was satisfied, even though we were not, we had no choice but to agree.

In November, 1918, the vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, Efim Golden, told me that he saw General Bogaevsky in one of the night clubs in Kiev. General Bogaevsky came up to him, shoved a gun in his ribs, and said, "One word from you will mean death." He disappeared from the night club, and to my knowledge was never apprehended.

The Brest-Litovsk Peace Conference With Germany

THE BREST-LITOVSK peace conference with Germany opened in the war-torn city on December 9, 1917. The Soviet delegation was headed by Adolph Joffe, who later wrote a letter upon Lenin's death to the effect that he possessed Lenin's letter wherein Lenin said, "If the Asian, Stalin, with his politics, comes into power, he will kill everyone who was instrumental in the revolution."

After Stalin's rise to power, Joffe knew that he could not live, because Stalin never forgave or forgot. Joffe committed suicide.

Lenin's prediction was carried out to the letter by Stalin. On January 9, 1918, Leon Trotsky succeeded Joffe as head of the Soviet peace delegation.

The German delegation was presented by Von Kuhlman, secretary of foreign affairs, and General Max Von Hoffman. Also attending the conference were the Austrian foreign secretary, Count Otto Czernin, the Turkish Prime Minister, Talaat Pasha, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, V. Radoslavov, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who presided.

On January 18, Hoffman declared the severance from Russia of the territories and most of the Baltic provinces. The Bolshevik party was divided, and it demanded that Trotsky suspend negotiations. Trotsky offered his celebrated formula: "No War—No Peace. Peace without annexation and contributions."

Lenin demanded to accept any peace with Germany at any price, and to save the Russian revolution. The Russian army was incapable of fighting. Lenin quoted the Russian peasants, "Peace at any price." If the Russian soldiers were forced to fight, Lenin said, they might overthrow the Soviet Government.

At a conference of the Bolshevik leaders held in Petrograd, 15 of the 63 members voted for immediate peace; 32 voted for a revolutionary war; and 16 for Trotsky's formula, "no war —no peace." Trotsky's offer was adopted 9 to 7 by the Central Committee of the Bolshevik party, and Lenin's offer was defeated.

History proved later that Trotsky was wrong, and Lenin was right.

The situation in Brest-Litovsk, meanwhile, became more complicated by the arrival of the delegation of the Ukranian Rada, or parliament, which was admitted with the approval of Trotsky to participate in the conference. The central powers concluded a peace treaty with the representatives of the Rada which put at their disposal the desperately needed Ukranian grain and other agricultural products. It also paved the way for the Austro-German intervention in the south of Russia.

Trotsky dramatically announced that Russia refused to sign a piece of annexation, but at the same time declared that the state of war with the central powers was ended. He said, "We are out of the war, but we refuse to sign the peace treaty."

Orders for demobilization of the Russian army were issued. On the same day the Soviet delegation left Brest-Litovsk and were received with enthusiasm in Petrograd. The German high command meant business, and on February 18 launched an offensive along the entire front, from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The advancing German Army met with no resistance. The German terms, received in Petrograd on February 23, were harsher than before.

Lenin demanded their immediate acceptance. If this were

not done, he would resign. Of the 15 members of the Central Committee, seven voted for his motion, four against, and four, including Trotsky and Joffe, abstained.

The peace treaty was signed at Brest-Litovsk on March 3, 1918. G. Sokolinkov headed the Russian delegation. Trotsky in the meantime, resigned as Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

The treaty of Brest-Litovsk deprived Russia of her Polish, Baltic and Belorussian provinces; also Kars, Batum and Ardagan in the Caucasus. Russia would recognize the independence of Ukraine, Finland and the Central Powers.

The Austro-German troops entered Kiev on March 3, restored the Rada, the parliament, and occupied the entire territory of the new republic.

Lenin's insistence on the acceptance of German terms in February, 1918, was regarded as one of his boldest strokes, and proof of his power of foresight and his capacity for clear thinking. The International Socialist Revolution, that cornerstone of Lenin's theoretical structure, did not take place, either in the defeated or in the victorious countries.

The treaty of Brest-Litovsk was not destroyed by the triumphant proletariat, which was promised by Lenin and Trotsky, of Germany, France or England. It was annuled by Article 15 of the Armistice of November 11, 1918, written by the bourgeois imperialists: England, America, France, Holland, and the rest of the Entente.

The Germans In Rostov

After Brest-Litovsk, Trotsky's slogan: "No war—no peace" was a complete failure. It was unbelievable when the Soviet Army passed Rostov and marched through the streets of our town in April and May, 1918, to see the Germans from 5000 miles away coming into the city.

The Soviet Army passed through our town, and went on to Tzarizin, now Stalingrad. We in the city had been warned by our employees that before the Soviet officials would evacuate the city, they would start the biggest "pogrom" ever known. They would take hostages, and would conduct killings and murders during the night.

Our maid and her sister, the cook, told us that it would be better for us if we disappeared for the night. After consulting some friends on the telephone, we decided to leave our house and hide at our friend's home. I remembered my teacher, who was an elderly person, and his charming wife. When we were in high school, he was the principal. His wife taught boys of 12 to 15. She was beautiful, and even in 1918, she was still a very attactive woman, and always dressed very youthfully.

They did not have any children of their own; and he and I both worked for the same charitable organization—he as president and I as treasurer.

We went to their house. It was about 7:30 p.m. when we passed the main street. Soldiers were walking by, their uniforms covered with dust, and almost in rags. Their faces were

grim. At that moment, they could have killed anyone who was in their path. They were reluctant to part from the magic city of Rostov, where everything was so wonderful. Spring was in the air, and the trees were in bloom, as it was nearing Easter. Who wanted to fight at this time of the year? However, the German artillery was at work, shooting full blast, and we felt that now at least we would be free again from the "soldiers in uniform," but "murderers in action." They could fight the civilians, but they could not fight the German army. Yesterday's enemies became the liberators of today. What a farce.

When we arrived at the teacher's house, he and his wife were happy to see us. We did not sleep the entire night. There were others there, including Sam Brailovsky, the vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, a wealthy grain operator. We discussed the situation of the civilian war, and the war with the Germans the entire night, and speculated about the future of Russia.

In the morning after the Germans arrived, we hurried back to our homes. What a relief! It was not too long before a German officer from the high command and his subordinate occupied our house. It was then that I had the opportunity to learn what was going on in Germany and the rest of the world. The Soviet papers kept us in the dark. No one knew what was happening elsewhere. This was the Brest-Litovsk treaty: peace which became a permanent war!

The Germans were not interested in money, only in raw materials, particularly in grain, corn, wheat, butter, fat, soybeans, soybean oil, linseed oil and flour. They soon started to ship train-loads of these materials into Germany. All of the Russian peasants and landowners who had not cooperated with the Soviets, now had the opportunity to get German paper money for their merchandise. The German paper money became worthless after the revolution.

The people were happy—but not for long. All of the streets

were patrolled by the Germans, and the town became a "quiet town," with business as usual. The Germans tried to pacify everyone, and offered hardware and tools. Business prospects began to look up for everyone.

During the nights, Communists were still trying to kill German officers. Once they even killed the German army chief in charge, who was occupying my father's house. Everyone thought that peace was coming, that there was nothing to worry about.

It was soon so quiet that we decided to make a visit to Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, now under German rule. We left in October, 1918, and we could not believe our eyes when we arrived in Kiev. Life was gay. All the restaurants and cafes were crowded. It seemed that the people were trying to forget that the war, particularly the Civil War, was not over.

Vladimir Chenkin

The "Jack Benny of Russia"

A VERY DEAR FRIEND of mine, Vladimir Chenkin, who later became the leading actor in Russia, came to visit us in Rostov, directly from the front. I invited him and his wife to dinner, along with some other friends. The dinner was a huge success, with a menu of caviar, steak, vodka and cognac.

After dinner, we asked Chenkin what the conditions were at the front. He said, "My dear friends. I have not had a meal like this for the past three years. You are all eating well, are warm and well-clothed, while we at the front, are freezing. We have no proper clothing, no food, shelter or medicine. We don't even have shoes, and you ask us again to fight. We are weary of war. We want to go home to our loved ones. It is easy for you to say that we must help the Allies, but at the same time you are all earning good money, living well, while we go on fighting, never knowing who will be the next one killed. There is no escape at the front. Millions will die before this is over. I for one do not want to die. I want to live."

Vladimir Chenkin was the leading comedian and mimic in Russia, much as Jack Benny in later days in the United States. His performances in Moscow, Kiev, Petrograd, Odessa, Kharkov and Rostov were always a tremendous success. Everyone loved Vladimir. Not only was he a great artist, he was a good friend, kind and generous to everyone who needed his help.

Vladimir Chenkin was my childhood friend. We were both born in Rostov on the same street. The theatre was in his blood.

When we were children, playing in the sand where a new apartment building was rising. Vladimir would entertain everyone with his story-telling. We could have listened to him all night. Once a month in Vladimir's house, we helped stage various shows. Vladimir was joined in this effort by his brother, Victor, who later became an internationally famous actor, under the management of the renowned Sol Hurok. In their home they performed operas such as "Faust," "Eugene Onegin," "La Traviata," and many others. I was the cashier, and saw to it that everyone who attended paid the admission price of ten cents. Great stars of the future were aborning here.

Victor Chenkin came to Los Angeles in the thirties, and performed in the Philharmonic Auditorium for three nights to sell-out audiences. He stayed in my house, and we spent many enjoyable hours talking of many things. He said he was dead tired of traveling and performing every day.

Wherever Victor Chenkin went, he made a smashing success with his dancing, singing and mimicry. His outstanding hits were presentations of the "Italian Boys," Georgian "Kinto," or troubadour from Tiflis, impersonations of rabbis and cantors, and his acting in "Chauve Sourie" with the Russian Troup presented under the direction of Balieff. The critics all eulogized him. Following his success with the Balieff tour, the National Broadcasting Company gave him a contract for all his performances.

Victor Chenkin said he envied me my house, my business, my charitable work, and nearly cried when he had to leave for his next engagement in the Orient. His wife was also an actress, although not in the same league with Victor. She lived in Paris.

Victor Chenkin could have had the choicest acting jobs in Petrograd or Moscow, but his wife could not join in these performances. As a result, to have his wife join him in his presentations, he travelled the provinces, appearing in cities such as Rostov, Kiev, Saratov, Odessa and Samara.

Victor had studied engineering and he could have been a good engineer. His older brother was an engineer and occupied a good position in Rostov in one of the factories.

My brother, George, decided to come to the United States in 1924. On the way, he stopped in Moscow and saw Vladimir Chenkin performing at the famous "Yar" Theatre. Vladimir saw him, and sang from the stage "Dear George, don't forget to say hello to Mark in Los Angeles. No one in the theatre, of course, knew who George was nor who Mark was in Los Angeles, and assumed it was another of Vladimir's jokes.

When my son Victor was born, the Chenkin brothers had a sister who was a midwife, and she helped at the birth. She insisted that we should call the baby Victor, because her brother Victor was a wonderful person.

Victor Chenkin, unfortunately, was not lucky. Victor got sick in New York, and Sol Hurok asked me for help. He was paralyzed and was in bed for nearly a year. When he recovered, his brother Vladimir sent him a ticket to come home. Victor came to Los Angeles on the way to Russia, and we saw each other. It did not take him too long to make a comeback in Russia, but after a few years' performing, he died in Moscow. I lost a very dear friend. I hope that Vladimir is still alive and well.

The City of Kiev

Kiev is a very historical city, the third largest in Russia. There are beautiful forests around the city, and also wonderful fountains throughout the city. The famous River, Dnieper, is nearby. It was here in Kiev that the true fight for power between the Russians, Poles and Finns began.

Prince Rurik, a Scandinavian, became Prince of Kiev. He grew very powerful during his reign. After his death in 879 in Novgorod, near Moscow, one of Rurik's sons took over control. This son was Igor, who was young and the next in succession to the throne. After a time, Oleg succeeded Igor, and Oleg with his company, decided to try and overthrow the government in Kiev. The Princes Askold and Deer were in command here, at this time.

In the center of the city is a magnificent statue of these two brothers. It is still standing.

Oleg, diplomatically, arrested both of them, had them killed, and made himself the Prince of Kiev in 882. After his success there, he started warring on the surrounding towns. Soon he was very powerful, not only over the Russians, but also the Finns and Poles. Not long after this, he ruled all of Russia.

Oleg also dreamed of capturing Constantinople, the capital of Turkey. After accumulating soldiers from surrounding vicinities, Oleg became the hero of this war. He received a great amount of money from the Greeks, who at the time were in power in the famous city of Constantinople. Throughout the years, it became a fight for power. As late as November,

1918, when I came to Kiev, the German soldiers were in evidence everywhere. German officers were in command. They had placed the old Getman Skoropoadsky in command of the Ukraine, and tried to use the Ukraine language exclusively, in the post office, telegraph offices, banks and city government offices.

The sad part of all this was that the majority of the people in Kiev could not speak Ukranian, and it was most confusing when one asked a policeman a question in Russian, and he replied in Ukranian. It started an argument when one could not understand him, but this did not disturb him in the slightest.

The weather in Kiev was cool, no rains, and a great deal of sunshine. It was a most interesting city. Many people were in the streets. Wonderful cafes and restaurants were filled to capacity, and very difficult to enter. The theatres, opera and ballet were also crowded. Ticket scalpers were out in great force, and demanded exorbitant prices. No one objected. Everyone was rejoicing day and night. The guerrillas were fighting the Germans on the outskirts, but in the city all was orderly.

It was a common sight to see broken windows boarded with cardboard. At night the November cold weather penetrated into my rooms, however we were happy to have a place to sleep, and ignored the bitter cold.

Again I met my friend, the famous Vladimir Chenkin. He was not at the front any longer. He was performing in one of the theatres. After his performance, we went out to dinner, around 11 p.m., to an actors' and writers' club. We stayed until 4 a.m., drinking, eating and discussing the situation in Russia.

The situation was very bad. No one was doing anything for the war. Everyone was eating, drinking, and having a good time. All this was short-lived.

On November 11, 1918, Germany signed a peace treaty with the allies, and the revolution started in Germany. The German

soldiers were eager to go home. They milled around the trains, even climbing on top of them, packed into the rest rooms, and standing all about. They were elated that they were finally going home.

We packed our belongings and started back to Rostov. It was not a simple task. We left town around 10 p.m. At 2 a.m., all of the lights in the train were extinguished, and we rode along in darkness, because of the wandering soldiers, guerrillas and bandits who were stopping the trains, robbing the passengers, killing some of them, and letting the trains go on their way. Some shooting started on our train, but the engineer was going full speed, and I was both happy and relieved finally to return to Rostov.

Before getting to Rostov, we had to change trains in Kharkov. At the station we saw soldiers of the White Army beating innocent people when they could not produce their papers. There was nothing we could do, although our hearts cried out to help these poor victims. We choked on our tea, but we were completely unable to help. Eventually, through all the nightmares, we arrived in Rostov.

In Rostov, the situation was the same. The Germans were evacuating the town. We were now expecting a fight for the city, between the Soviet Government and the local army of Cossacks.

Mrs. Karl Liebknecht—Vladimir Jabotinsky

MRS. KARL LIEBKNECHT, nee Mrs. Sonia Reese, was born in Rostov. She came from a wealthy family. Her mother was an intelligent woman, and her brother, Pavel Berlin, was one of the editors of an excellent magazine, "Russkoje Bogatsvo." Everyone read his stories and his reviews of the latest books. There was another brother, Alexander Berlin, a young professor at Moscow University, who was invited to Rostov, to debate with the famous writer and Zionist, Vladimir Jabotinsky, from Odessa.

Our committee asked them to attend a discussion about Zionism and Socialism. The meeting was held in 1904 in our home. We had a large room where we could easily accommodate 400 people. The discussion lasted from eight p.m. until 2 a.m. Jabotinsky was a fiery orator and very enthusiastic. He was easily able to persuade us at that time to Zionism. We were all quite young. Some of us were 18 or 19, but none was over 20. Alexander Berlin represented the Socialist point of view, and knew his subject well. He was no match however, for the fiery Vladimir Jabotinsky, with his square jaw and magnificent personality. He was truly the Ben-Gurion of his day.

A brilliant orator and writer, an ardent follower of Herzl, who devoted his life to militant political Zionism, Jabotinsky created the first Jewish self-defense movement in 1903, during the bloody Russian pogroms.

Known to all Jewry throughout Russia for his fine writing and stirring lectures on Jewish life and thought, Jabotinsky was greatly responsible for laying the seeds for the future state of Israel.

In later years, in opposition to the official Zionist policy of being too cooperative with the British and too conciliatory with the Arabs, Jabotinsky quit the World Zionist movement in 1935, and founded the Zionist-Revisionists.

His simple program: forcing the English to go home; allowing free immigration of Jews to Israel, and the establishment of a Jewish State within Israel's historic boundaries—led to the formation of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, the National Military Organization. It also led to the formation of the Herut Party, Israel's second party today.

Jabotinsky was truly the Abraham Lincoln of the Zionism movement. Perhaps the future will yet take cognizance, and say of Jabotinsky, "Here was a man to be remembered."

The father of Mrs. Sonia Liebknecht was Mr. Boris Reese. He was in the lumber business and quite wealthy. He built stores downtown, and there was never any difficulty renting from him. My father rented his store in one of these buildings for many years. Our store was downstairs on the first floor. The second floor was occupied by the owner, Boris Reese, and his family. Most of the time they lived in Germany or in France, and the children went to school there. They came home for their summer vacations for three months, and then went abroad again.

I remember in 1904 Sonia became engaged to a doctor. The day before the wedding when everything was ready, the groom's father came to see Mr. Boris Reese, the father of the bride, and asked him bluntly, how much "dowry" he was going to give his daughter. Mr. Reese said that it was none of his business, and he insisted that it was his business. After a long discussion Mr. Reese asked him if it was his opinion or his son,

the doctor's, opinion. The answer was that it was both of their opinions. Mr. Reese exclaimed that he did not believe that the young doctor had such archaic ideas, and to proceed with the wedding. A heated argument erupted in the vestibule, and the groom's father left. The Reese home was like a tomb. The next day there was no wedding, because the groom did not show. After the postponement of the wedding everyone cried for three days, and finally the family left for Germany.

In 1911, I became representative for more German and English factories. Soon my old office was not large enough. I rented two one-story buildings from my friend, Boris Reese, and a lot which could hold implements. I also rented three warehouses for $5000 a year. I signed a five-year lease with Reese. After one year I found that one office was sufficient, and also saw that the price was too high for me.

I was going to Germany on business and decided to see Boris Reese, who was spending the summer at Bad Reichenhall. It was a good place for him to cure his throat ailment. I arrived there about four p.m. and decided to see him that same day. When I came, his family was outdoors drinking tea. I could see Mr. Reese grow nervous and he began asking me questions, "Why did I come there, and what did I want?"

I told him that I was not far from the factory which I represented, and I thought I would stop by and spend a day or two with him. You could not fool him, but I decided not to say anything further to him that day. I promised to come by for breakfast the next day. After breakfast, I told him how good it was to see him and his family. Then I told him that $5000. was too much to pay for my lease. He was quiet for a while, and then he asked me if a $500. reduction would do. I said perhaps $1500. would be better, but not less than $1000. He agreed, and gave me a letter to his manager to change the lease to $4000. per year. I was very happy and thought what

a wonderful person he was. He could well have collected $5000. per year from me for five years for the lease had already been signed.

In 1918, when the Germans came to Rostov, the old lady, Mrs. Boris Reese, came back from Germany. Boris Reese had passed away. She invited me for a cup of tea, and told me that Sonia had married Karl Liebknecht, the famous socialist, and that they were living in Germany. He was the son of Wilhelm Liebknecht, also a famous socialist, who had printed many socialist pamphlets. Karl was known as the "Lenin of Germany." She said now she needed money and she would like to have my rent in advance for a year.

Naturally, I gave her the money. We had always been good friends. After that I was very busy, and the following year the Bolsheviks came. It was not necessary to pay rent. Everything was nationalized.

That was the end of the story of some very fine people whom I knew.

Vladimir Lenin

Mastermind of the October Revolution

LENIN'S older brother, Alexander, helped to organize the terrorist groups to kill Czar Alexander III, but his efforts failed. Alexander Lenin was condemned to death on May 20, 1887. This was the beginning of Lenin's life as a revolutionary. He devoted all of his life to this work. In 1894, he published the pamphlet, "We are the friends of the people." In September, 1895, Lenin returned from Europe after establishing an organization for smuggling all kinds of books and magazines into Russia. He set up the ground-work for the Revolution.

It was interesting to note that Lenin liked the people of Latvia. Whenever he was in a tight spot, he always said, "you cannot depend on the Russian soldier, the mujik; he is kind and soft, but the Latvian is hard, and the Latvians are very much in favor of a revolution, no matter what the result may be." At the opening of the Constituent Assembly, Lenin was present. He was lying on a couch, sick. He suggested to use only the Letts Army from Latvia. He said you could depend on them, and not on the Russians. "If anything will happen at the Assembly, the Letts will fight, but not the Russians."

Czar Nicholas was killed in 1918, and the soldiers who murdered the Czar and his family were Latvians. In 1918, when the Russian Army occupied Rostov, the army placed two soldiers from Latvia in our house as mail censors. They read every letter the soldiers wrote, and also letters the soldiers

received. In this way, they knew exactly what was occurring. If the soldiers said anything derogatory of the Communists in a letter, they were sent to the GPU for liquidation. These two soldier-censors lived in our home, and we ate our meals together.

During one of the discussions, I do not recall exactly what I said, but it was something about Lenin. The older soldier took out his gun and said, "Anyone who makes derogatory remarks about our teacher, Lenin, will be killed immediately by me, without any court procedure whatsoever." Naturally, after that remark, I kept my mouth closed, and during the time they were at our house, not one word was said about the Revolution, or about Lenin. We only began to talk after the German soldiers arrived in Rostov and occupied the city.

Until Lenin's illness, he never thought about his successor. After his second stroke on December 16, 1922, he decided to write his last will and testament. He offered his own opinion of the various candidates rather than dictate his decision. He made recommendations about the removal of Stalin from the post of General Secretary, because of his rudeness and disloyalty. He did not advise how his successors could work together. He also gave warning that a serious conflict between Trotsky and Stalin would be a calamity for the party and for the cause.

During the revolution, Lenin wanted to abolish the use of money. He referred to money as the source of evil. He wanted to institute a barter system, food in exchange for articles of clothing. The Soviets printed huge amounts of paper money, and each day, the value of these new rubles went down further and further. Millions were needed to buy food. Finally, it reached the stage where city dwellers were forced to exchange their clothes and shoes for food. Soon it reached the stage where a piano was offered for a sack of potatoes or flour.

Hunger was rampant. Trotsky, however, dismissed conditions. He said, "when six people fight over one mouse, that is hunger." In 1932, Trotsky said the Stalin famine was deliberately brought about as an act of agrarian policy. He estimated the victims amounted to four to eight million dead, and many more millions suffering from chronic ill health.

Lenin's answer was the NEP—the New Economic Policy. The black market was declared open and free. Farmers could set their own prices and policy. The old money was declared invalid, and new money was printed. The old rubles had to be turned in for new money. A maximum amount was set for transferral.

Lenin prepared an important communication for the twelfth party Congress, but he was unable to attend because of his third stroke. On January 21, 1924, Lenin died, and Stalin began his work to take over Russia. First, Stalin had to get rid of all of his comrades: Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Bukharin, Tomsky, Rackovsky and Radek. One by one, he liquidated them all, and eventually became the boss of Russia.

Joseph Stalin

The Steel Man of the Russian Revolution

STALIN, whose name in Petrograd was unknown until he came from Siberia where he had been banished by the Czar's government for revolutionary activities, walked into the editorial room of the Party's newspaper, "Pravda," in 1917. Vyacheslav Molotov who was at the time a young man and occupied the editorial chair, editing all the stories, stood up and gave his chair to Stalin, saying, "You, Joseph, know better what to say about the Bolshevik line and the Bolshevik view, and that is why, please take the chair and be the boss."

Stalin never forgot this incident, and no matter what happened later in the revolution, no matter how many mistakes Molotov made, Stalin never fired him or had him shot. The only thing he did to Molotov was to fire his wife from her official position, and send her to Siberia.

Molotov's wife was a beautiful woman and an actress. She dressed lavishly, much to the disapproval of Stalin. Stalin used his tunic overcoat for years and years, trying to show that a revolutionary or a man who was in charge of the government could not dress differently than the average man.

It is possible that Stalin was jealous of the Molotovs, for Mr. and Mrs. Molotov lived a happy life and had a good marriage. Mrs. Molotov became chief of the cosmetic division in Russia, and thus received a second salary. Stalin was waiting for an opportunity to drag her down. The opportunity came when Mrs. Molotov could not manage her business successfully.

Stalin appointed a committee and upon the recommendation of the committee fired her, and had her sent to Siberia. She served two or three years, and was allowed to return a short time before Stalin died.

Poor Molotov swallowed the fact that he was separated from his wife, and was most unhappy; but he could not say one word to Stalin.

Lenin, during the July days, when he was sought by the Kerensky Government was taken by Stalin and hidden in a home of his old friend, Mr. Allilluyev, who was a railroad worker in Petrograd. There Stalin met Allilluyev's daughter, Nadeshda, or Nadia. She was at the time sixteen years of age. Stalin had lost his first wife, a Georgian, and no one knew her. Whether she had died, or if Stalin had divorced her, or whether she was living with someone else, was unknown. No one discussed this part of his life with Stalin. His son, Jacob, from the first Asiatic-Georgian wife, never wanted to see his father. He and Trotsky's sons lived together in the same dormitory in school. Later this son became an engineer, and worked in one of the factories. Stalin's name was "Djugashvili," but it was rare that the people knew Stalin's real name. During the war with Hitler, Jacob Djugashvili, the son of Stalin, was killed. No one knew that he was Stalin's son.

The fight for power continued. Sverdlov, a room-mate of Stalin's in Siberia, was named chief of the Bolsheviks, along with Lenin, Zinoviev and Stalin. Sverdlov had taught much of his knowledge to Stalin during their time together in Siberia. Sverdlov was intelligent, and in many ways Stalin's mentor. Upon Sverdlov's death, Stalin named a large town in Siberia, Ekaterinburg, in his honor, "Sverdlovsk."

Stalin's second wife, "Nadia Allilluyva," was married to Stalin when she was eighteen. He was forty. She worked in the commissariat of nationalities. She bore him a son, Vasili, and a daughter, Svetlana. Stalin was extremely fond of his daughter.

After the death of his wife—some people said she had committed suicide—Stalin made a great funeral for her. At the funeral, Stalin ran around like a somewhat demented man—directing the funeral and ordering men around, taking full charge like a master of ceremonies.

In Lenin's testament he wrote, "I propose to the comrades to find a way to replace Stalin from his position, and appoint another man, who would be loyal, more courteous, and more considerate to the comrades; a less capricious man."

It was interesting to note that Lenin's wife said in 1926, "If Volodja (Lenin) were alive, he would have been in prison, because Stalin would have sent him there."

After Lenin's death, Stalin suggested a trio committee of three good Bolsheviks to govern Russia. They were Alexei Rykov, Prime Minister Gregory Zinoviev and Lev Kamenev, brother-in-law of Trotsky. Later, Stalin jailed Gregory Zinoviev, and killed him; Lev Kamenev and killed him, and one year later killed Alexei Rykov. Now, Stalin became full dictator and boss of Russia. No one could say one word to Stalin that was not "yes." Molotov succeeded Rykov as chairman of the Council of Peoples' USSR.

On October 10, 1917, sixteen days before the Revolution, there was a meeting of the Supreme Council at the home of N. N. Sukhanov, on the outskirts of Petrograd. Sukhanov was a great friend of Kerensky and Maxim Gorky, an editor of Gorky's paper, "Letopis," and one of the Socialist Revolutionary Party intellectuals. He was not at home during this meeting, however his wife, a member of the party, served as hostess to the group.

Lenin, in hiding in Finland, showed up at the meeting wearing a wig and clean shaven. He was wearing a workingman's cap.

Zinoviev appeared with a beard. Stalin, Kamenev, Trotsky and other top echelon leaders of the revolution were gathered.

The group decided after long discussion and heated debate to inaugurate the revolt against the Kerensky Government. Only Kamenev and Zinoviev dissented. Trotsky stood firm with Lenin.

This fateful decision to start the revolution was made in Sukhanov's home. After the revolution, Sukhanov with Lenin's approval, printed a huge volume, a history of the Revolution. This book was extremely popular in Russia, but it ignored Stalin throughout its pages.

Stalin bided his time for this affront. In 1931, he got his revenge by sending Sukhanov to Siberia, where he died. Mrs. Sukhanov brought this book to the United States, where it was translated and printed in English by the Oxford University Press.

Stalin was not a typical case, according to Dmitry Chesnokov, current head of the U.S.S.R.'s radio and television industry. "His excesses took place when he was an old man. The inner party norms had been infringed. No party congress had been held for thirteen years. The principle of collective leadership had been violated."

How many men were purged, and how many millions were sent to Siberia, is anyone's guess, but Stalin ruled with an iron hand until his death.

Leon Trotsky

The Bolshevik's Prophet

LEON TROTSKY was one of the most energetic men in all the revolutions Russia had. In 1905, he was elected chairman or the president of the Soviet workers in Petrograd. In 1917, he returned to Russia from Canada, where he had been jailed. He began has career which proved spectacular. More highly educated than any other Bolshevik, he was also a newspaper editor. He came from a wealthy farmer family, whose father had purchased 250 acres of land and had leased another 400 acres.

At that time it was rare for Jews to work on farms. Throughout Russia Jews could not buy or rent any land with the exception of a few sections of Russia, and in the southern Steppes near the Black Sea. Trotsky's father was not religious and did not attend the Synagogue. His father was a hard-working farmer. Trotsky's mother was of a different stock. She was more religious, observed the rites, and would not travel on the Sabbath.

Leon Trotsky was born on October 26, 1879. By a twist of fate, this was the precise date on which 38 years later Trotsky was to lead the Bolshevik insurrection in Petrograd in 1917.

Leon Trotsky was arrested in 1898 in Nikolajev and sent to prison. He was transferred to the notorious prison in Kherson where he was kept for several months. Starved, filthy, covered with ice, he paced his cell, knocking at the walls to see whether there was a living soul in the neighboring cell. There was none.

The monotony of these months was horrible. Following this ordeal, he was transferred to prison in Odessa. There, too, he was kept in solitary confinement.

The prison library contained only religious literature. To keep from going out of his mind, and for linguistic exercise, he read the Bible in German, French, English and Italian. This helped him later to know and speak all these languages. In the Moscow prison he met older and more experienced revolutionaries from all parts of Russia. They represented new faces, new impulses, and new ideas. Here he first heard of Lenin and read his solid book, just published, "The Development of Capitalism in Russia." After four and a half years of prison and exile, in 1902, hidden under loads of hay in a peasant wagon rumbling over bumpy Siberian fields, Trotsky was on his way to Irkutsk, a large city in Siberia.

From Irkutsk, outfitted in new clothing, he boarded the trans-Siberian railway with help from his revolutionary friends and a false passport. He stopped at Samara on the River Volga. He was met by his friend, Khrizanovsky-Klair, who in 1918 became the chief of the Soviet State Planning Commission. Early in October, 1902, the fugitive from Siberia knocked violently on a door in London where Lenin and his wife lived. Anxious to examine Trotsky more closely, Lenin took him for long walks and talks. Lenin showed him the Westminster Abbey, the British museum, and other landmarks. Martov, a famous Socialist, shared his home, his meals and his thoughts with Trotsky and Lenin. Martov later was arrested by Lenin and Trotsky in 1918 and placed in jail. Here again, the best friends became the worst enemies through the revolution. Martov became so ill that all of Lenin's and Trotsky's friends demanded to allow Martov to be released from jail. He was finally let out and went to Switzerland where he died soon after from tuberculosis.

In 1903, Lenin wrote a memorandum to all editors of the

party paper, "Iskra" recommending that Leon Trotsky be made editor of the famous little paper, "Iskra." On October 15, 1905, Trotsky returned to Russia and became an important factor in the 1905 revolution. Later in December, Trotsky was elected President of the Soviet in Petersburg, and was considered as the actual leader of the Soviets. In December, the revolution was over and Trotsky was arrested December 16. After his trial January 17, 1907, Trotsky and 14 leaders of the Petersburg Soviet were exiled to life-long exile in Siberia. Trotsky escaped on the way to Siberia, and attended the London Congress, June 1, 1907.

Trotsky arrived in Petrograd from imprisonment in Canada in May 17, 1917. A large cheering crowd met him at the railway in Petrograd. He delivered a stirring speech in line with Lenin's policies. The next few months were packed with world-shaking events. July 17-19 saw the "July Days," the abortive mass insurrection in Petrograd. Lenin, Trotsky and other leaders of the Bolshevik party were accused of being German agents by the Provisional Government. August 5, Trotsky and Lunacharsky, Secretary of Education, were arrested. September 17, they and other Bolshevik leaders were set free. September 24, Trotsky was elected President of the Petrograd Soviet. October 22, the Petrograd Soviets voted to form a military revolutionary committee with Trotsky as the chairman. October 26 saw the beginning of the October revolution and Lenin came out of hiding. Lenin appeared at the session of the Petrograd Soviet, where Trotsky introduced him to the assemblage. On November 9, the first Council of Petrograd Commissars was organized, with Lenin as chairman, Trotsky in charge of foreign affairs and Stalin in control of affairs of nationalities.

December 2 saw negotiations begin for the Brest-Litovsk treaty. Joffe was chief of the delegation. January 10, 1918, the second Brest-Litovsk opened with Trotsky chairman of the delegation. On February 10, Trotsky brought the Brest-Litovsk

conference to a close with the cry, "We are out of the war, but we refuse to sign the peace treaty." He walked out of the conference.

On February 15, the German army began to advance and occupy territories relinquished by the fleeing Russian army. February 28, Sokolnikov was made the new chairman of the delegation and arrived at Brest-Litovsk. By April, Germany had occupied Kharkov, Taganrog, Rostov on Don, all of the Ukraine and the Crimea, and had set up in the Ukraine a dictator, replacing the "Rada" or parliament. The new ruler was Getman Skoropadsky. November 11, 1918 the armistice ended the hostilities of World War I, and brought to an end the Hohenzollern rule in Germany.

When the army disintegrated Trotsky told the soldiers to take their rifles and machine guns with them and go home to fight their "enemies," the Russian capitalists, the bankers, landlords and factory owners.

The order was that everyone should fight in the civil war and see to it that the Soviet system, the "Soviet Rules," be inaugurated all over Russia.

Trotsky was able to swing "deals" with officers of the White Army by promising them double salaries and their same rank. He later told this scheme to Lenin, asking Lenin how many former White Army officers did Lenin think the Soviets had. Lenin said he did not know. Trotsky astounded Lenin when he told him that he had 30,000 former White Army officers under him.

Trotsky later was in charge of the front at Tzaritsyn, which is Stalingrad today. Here was the big battle for control. The White Army and the Cossacks had their strongholds here, and Trotsky fought successfully with them. Stalin decided to make a quick fight and become the hero. He brought with him to Tzaritsyn (Stalingrad) a detachment of Red guards, and two armoured trains. The Cossacks from the Don River and the

Kuban River surrounded the City, fighting against the Soviet troops. Stalin was not supposed to stay at Tzaritsyn. As soon as Lenin became ill, Stalin through his followers, had Tzaritsyn renamed Stalingrad.

The most military man at Tzaritsyn was Voroshilov, the locksmith from Lugansk, a small city near Rostov. He had few ideas of his own but followed Stalin to the end. This is why Voroshilov became President of Russia, and Stalin kept him in office throughout the years.

Trotsky reorganized the army. Lenin wired Stalin to leave Tzaritsyn for the other front near "Perm" where the Kolshak army was pressing. This is how Trotsky succeeded, by appointing General Lashevich in full command. The battle was won from General Semion Budenny on the front, and Lashevich from the other side. Stalin was very angry and never forgave Trotsky. He exiled Trotsky on January, 1928, to Alma-Ata in Central Asia. Later he sent his henchmen to offer Trotsky the privilege of going to Europe. Trotsky was happy to leave.

In 1924, Trotsky, ill, went to Sukhum, on the Black Sea, for a rest. Trotsky received a telegram of Lenin's death, from Stalin. When Trotsky called Stalin, Stalin told him the wrong date for Lenin's funeral. In 1927, Stalin succeeded in expelling Trotsky from the Central Committee of the Politburo.

Stalin talked to Trotsky on the phone and said that Lenin died, and the funeral would be tomorrow. Trotsky said he will leave immediately. Stalin said that it would be too late, and for Trotsky not to bother to come. Later, Stalin told the Politburo that Trotsky had refused to come to Lenin's funeral.

Finally getting out of Russia, Trotsky was permitted to stay in Turkey for a temporary period. He applied for entrance into many countries. The only country which permitted him to reside was Mexico. Here Trotsky lived until his death.

In 1940, Trotsky was struck a mortal blow on the back of

his head with a pick-ax, by one of Stalin's agents. His brain was smashed while he was reading a manuscript brought to him by the assassin. Stalin also killed two sons of Trotsky's, along with their wives and children. His two daughters disappeared. The only one remaining today is Trotsky's wife in Mexico City and his little son, who is now a grown man and an engineer in Mexico, and has nothing to do with politics. Not long ago Trotsky's wife came to New York to deliver a lecture on Trotsky. She left hurriedly, returning to Mexico without delivering her talk for the Soviet agents told her if she would say one word against the Soviets, her only son would be killed.

General Denikin and the White Army

GENERAL DENIKIN had his headquarters in Rostov. He mobilized his army to fight the Soviets.

A destructive cavalry raid behind the Red Front advanced with extreme rapidity and on October 13 took Orel, a town some 80 miles from Moscow, where all of the small ammunition factories were located. After the Germans left, General Denikin formed an army to march against Moscow. Inasmuch as Denikin's army consisted exclusively of officers, it was a dependable force. With mobilization of the youth as he advanced, his swelling army became much less interested in wanting him to win. The White Army was a volunteer army, but as the front grew larger, and he wanted and needed more soldiers, he mobilized them. However, his army soon disintegrated.

The peasantry judged by the behavior of Denikin's officers what fate awaited them in the event of Denikin's victory. The officers, sons of the land-owners, started to punish all of the peasants who tilled the land. They considered it their land, and the officers shot and hanged them. Soon, Denikin had no army, for his troops fell apart and began fighting against him. Denikin had mobilized his army, passing Kharkov and other cities. Instead of making deals with the people who were tilling the land during the war or giving them a part of the produce, Denikin's troops killed these peasants. They took whatever people they could and forced them to join their army in their fight against the Bolsheviks. Denikin's army refused to realize

that the time of slavery had passed. The serfs had been freed in 1863, nearly 60 years previously. The rules Denikin made were even more stringent than the Czars. This volunteer army was doomed to failure. The soldiers went off, taking their rifles with them. Even the Cossacks gradually saw that the fight was useless.

Mutiny and revolts soon made Denikin's threat to Moscow much less formidable than it seemed upon the maps. He was pushed back from Orel on October 19. Having once begun to retreat, he could not stop. On December 26, 1919, the Red Army occupied Rostov.

Impatience with the Russian Whites grew. Wherever they were in power, they showed an incapacity for government equalled only by their ability to quarrel among themselves. Great Britain, disappointed, decided no more help for the White Armies would be given.

During this time, one of Denikin's field generals, General Erogin, was in my home in Rostov. He told me his troops were losing battle after battle. In his rush to save his skin, General Erogin told me he escaped from the front, losing everything on the way. We supplied him with items such as underwear and clothes. The Bolsheviks had murdered and decimated the White troops. The remnants of the White Army tried by every means to escape during the night. By the time they came to Rostov, they were demoralized and disintegrated. They had no shoes or machine gun ammunition. At the same time, Denikins army was fighting the Reds, they were also fighting the Jews, crying "kill the Jews and save Russia." The Red Army did not discriminate in this fashion. They killed only the rich.

In the psychology of revolution, the peasants had been sold a bill of goods. The people did not understand that everything would belong to the state and not to the ordinary people. Thus the final blows against the White Army fell. All over Russia the

White Army was losing ground. Soon, the Reds occupied all of Russia.

The story about President Kulabuchov of the "Rada," in "Ekaterinodar," parliament of the Cossacks from the river Kuban, is an interesting one. Kulabuchov, a former teacher and an intelligent man, was arrested for criticising the army and its leaders. He was sentenced by the military command to death. This made a terrible impression on all the Cossacks in the White Army. This was another force which started the troops deserting from the front with their horses and rifles. It was another factor in the total disintegration of the White Army.

Rostov, December, 1919

DECEMBER, 1919, will go down in the history of the Bolshevik Revolution as a turning point in the victory of the Soviets. After that date they started to wipe out all the small groups all over Russia and Siberia, and consolidate their strength to start building on a new basis for the country.

I had never seen a city in such desperate straits as our city of Rostov. It seemed that the Front was coming closer each day, and the people were in constant fear of what would happen to them and to their children. We all knew this was the last ditch.

A week before Christmas we saw many soldiers, sick and wounded, and also many refugees pouring into town. A town which had a population of some three hundred to three hundred and fifty thousand, swelled to a million. Of course, the owners of homes and apartments took advantage of the situation, and raised prices every day, a thousand rubles per room, but no one complained, for they were content to have a place to hang their hats and a bed to sleep in. In spite of all this, the refugees and also our own citizens were worried what steps to take and where to go.

People who were in politics were afraid to say anything. Anyone who criticized the Soviet Government was worried what would happen to them. No one knew where to go to escape. Caucasus was in flames, but many were still trying to get to the city of Vladikavkas, capital of the Caucasus, and from there

to the city of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, where a mild government of democratic leanings was in power.

This seemed an ideal place to go, but who could get there. The Denikin Government had all the trains, and only those few with literally millions could immigrate. The weather was almost unbearable. It was winter and twenty-eight degrees below zero, and snowing. How many would dare to go.

The true picture of what happened was so colossal, that it is difficult to describe. People were paying unheard of sums of money for a taxi, a horse and buggy, or any vehicle to take them to the railroad station. This went on until December 23 and 24. Business was at a standstill. The only business that went on was the sale of whiskey, vodka, food and more food.

On December 23, the people who had secured railroad tickets had been sitting in the trains for two and three days, and the cars had not moved. There was a shortage of coal and engineers. It was a horrible situation, and rapidly getting worse. The only trains which were moving were the troop trains and trains containing their belongings, machine guns, ammunition and supplies.

I shall never forget General Erogin, who was in charge of the White Army, and who was occupying our house, with his wife, his secretary and the rest of his subordinates. Our entire house was filled with army officers, with the phone ringing constantly. He told me that they were planning to leave that day, and were moving to the Crimea where General Wrangel was in command. General Wrangel had been born in our city. I recall when he was a young man, and I was perhaps five or six years younger, how I envied his epaulettes and his military uniform and bearing.

General Erogin asked me if I could loan him underwear, shirts, socks and similar wearing apparel for his wife, for during their move from one town to another, they had lost all of

their baggage. Naturally, we gave them of everything we had, and they began their move out of the city.

I walked through the streets, and saw things I had never seen before. Thousands of people were moving towards the wooden bridge and the iron bridge over the River Don. When I asked them where they were going, the only answer I received was grim faces. I saw among the masses Ivan Shipov, who was the secretary of the treasury when the Czar was in power. He was walking along with thousands of others, holding two little boys on his shoulders. The cry was, "we have to go, there is no escape; we cannot wait for the punishment the Soviet Government will subject us to."

To me, it appeared as if the entire city was moving away, as though the populace expected an atomic attack or a hydrogen bomb. Only in the Exodus in the Old Testament, the withdrawal of the Jews from Egypt would compare in magnitude to this situation. It was like a nightmare to see all of these people in such a predicament, in freezing weather, not knowing actually where they were going. The only thing they knew was that perhaps on the other side of the river there might be a miracle that would save them. Perhaps Caucasus, the Crimea, or maybe God would save them.

The next day was December 24. That morning the White Army decided to punish all of the Communists they had put in jail, particularly the leaders. They hanged them on trees in the center of town. This was supposed to be an indication to the rest of the Communists what fate held in store for them. It was a violently gruesome sight. All I could think of was that this was Christmas Eve. People were hanging from the trees, covered with snow. Snow fell on their beards, and icicles hung from their bodies. This was in celebration of the birth of Christ?

The Army and the rest of the Government were moving in automobiles, tanks, and anything they could lay their hands on until December 26. Now we felt that the war was in our town,

for the Soviet Army started to move into the city. The Army poured in from all sides. Although it was a dark, cold night, this did not slow them down. They continued pouring in. The soldiers were exhausted, cold, almost frozen to death, but they came on. They had won. Victory was theirs. Between seven and eleven p.m. the town was without a government and without soldiers. The White Army had left, and the Soviet Army was occupying some of the homes in the city. By eleven p.m., it had taken over the entire city. All I could think of was what is going to happen to me, to my family and my friends. There was no answer, for no one knew. What happened later indicated that no one could predict the future. That is history, and we were only small cogs in the huge machine called "revolution."

Christmas Eve, 1919

I SHALL NEVER FORGET the Christmas of 1919 as long as I live. During that day, groups of the White Army soldiers, without their officers, went from house to house, forcibly taking all the people they could, to use as soldiers.

On December 24, General Erogin had left our house. Until his departure, we had felt fairly safe and secure. As soon as he and all of his subordinates left, we felt helpless. Because they had lost the war, the soldiers wanted everyone to be as miserable as they were.

It was very cold and snowing. The White Army, defeated by the Red Army on the outskirts of Oryol, the historical town eighty miles from Moscow, was rapidly disintegrating and losing its troops so swiftly that by Christmas everything the army had prepared and readied for two years was lost in two short months. The order came through that every man under forty would be taken for military service.

I was thirty-five years old, and naturally could be taken. What alternative did I have? During the war with the Germans, I had been released because my two factories were engaged in government work. Now, it was civil war, and factory production was at a standstill. I decided to hide, but the question remained —where? After examining my basement, I found a large space between the floor and the foundation of the house, where I could crawl in. I thought I could stay there, safe until the soldiers left town.

I shall never forget the hours I lay there. It was 7 A.M. when I crawled into my hiding place. I came out around 5 P. M. In those ten hours I lost ten years of my life. It was, of course, very dark. I lay there on my overcoat, and soon I began to feel the mice running over my body. They evidently were well fed, because they were all large. We stored quite an amount of food in the basement, such as flour, meat, rice and sugar. When the cook took these various items out of the containers, she would naturally lose a little here and there, and the mice were well taken care of. There were also sacks of potatoes, carrots and other vegetables, and the mice had found a good source of food.

The idea of all these mice running over me, and around me began to penetrate to the recesses of my mind. I suddenly started screaming. This frightened some of the mice away, but soon they were back. Eventually they did not pay any attention to me at all.

I was desperate. I was able to crawl out, but I was afraid because perhaps at that particular moment, the soldiers might be searching the house. At 5 P. M. there were no more soldiers on the streets, and my wife thought that now it would be safe to come out. She brought a ladder, and I climbed out of the basement, for the hole was directly under the floor, at the corner of our house.

It certainly seemed as though I had been in the basement for three days, and not for ten hours. The thought that everyone had forgotten about me, and that perhaps the soldiers had already killed everyone in the family almost drove me insane. This indeed was the darkest episode in my life.

The Red Army

ON THE NIGHT of December 26, 1919, starting about 11 P. M., I witnessed a sight which I will never forget as long as I live. We put out all of the lights in our house. Our house consisted of twelve rooms, but not one light was left burning. I stood in our bedroom at the corner of the house, parted the drapes a few inches, and watched the corner. I could see everything very clearly, for the moon was shining very brightly, and there were electric lights at the street corner.

As each passer-by came to the corner of twelfth street, he was instantly shot by the soldiers of the Red Army. As soon as he fell in the snow, the soldiers started searching his pockets, looking for guns and money. Of course, the men also took shoes, jackets, trousers, socks, any piece of clothing they could get their hands on. They also looked for identification. When they found any cards of identity, they came to our house and asked my son, Victor, who was ten years old at the time, to tell them whom they had killed. They could not read the identifications.

The soldiers were covered with blood, from their horrible deeds.

I was extremely worried that Victor would always remember this terrible night the rest of his life. I was afraid that psychological forces might mold and twist and warp his character as a result of seeing this blood-bath.

Many of the dead were doctors who were on the way to the hospitals and their patients at that hour. What terrifying actions.

Innocent people were killed merely because they happened to cross Twelfth street at that hour. The same thing was happening at Eighth street, at Tenth street and many others. All through the night death stalked the streets, and none of us slept through the entire night.

In the morning a good friend of mine, Dr. Israilev, walked out of his house and was shot dead, not ten feet from his door. He had not known that the Red Army had occupied the city.

The next morning about 8 A. M. I put on my top coat and started walking through the streets. The sun was shining brightly. There were about two inches of snow on the ground. The temperature was near 28 degrees below zero. I did not walk far, however, for all over the streets, lying in rows, were hundreds of naked dead bodies. The bodies were red, and dead. This was a real hell on earth. I could not walk any further. I had to return home.

In a few hours a delegation of twelve people from my factory came to see me. They offered to stand watch to see that no harm would befall either my family or myself. They posted themselves at the stairs, and at the entrance. We had a constant watch. Needless to say, I was most gratified at the devotion of my employees.

The next day I had a visitor—the manager of my factory, Jacob Kompaniez. We decided to make a tour of the city and see what was transpiring. He told me that when the army occupied the factory, some twenty soldiers or more raped his sister and she nearly died. Even now, she was very sick of shock, and in bed.

We saw at least 1500 people lying in the streets, dead. The new government proclaimed that it was going to leave the bodies there for three days, so that the people of Rostov would know what to expect if they were planning any sabotage.

We saw that one of the naked bodies in the street was the famous Russian physicist, Professor Koni of Warsaw Univer-

sity. He was killed because the soldiers found a top coat in his closet, which belonged to his nephew, an officer. He had tried to explain, but they ignored his pleas and killed him. The decree was that every officer should be killed. The Professor was dressed in the top coat, with a medal on the breast. He was covered with blood.

When we returned home, our house was full of soldiers. The Army had taken over, but fortunately they only occupied the basement, which was where we had the kitchen. We were all above the basement.

Despite all the horrible happenings, they had a difficult time overthrowing the town of Rostov. They decided to go on to Caucasus, and surround it from one side and the Crimea from the other side, where General Wrangel and his troops were located.

Some of the soldiers had been in the army since 1914, the beginning of the war, and had not seen their wives and children and families in five years. They were anxious to go home. Some of them were "young Cossacks," who did not agree with their fathers. Later the sons saw their mistake for fighting for the communists, but it was too late. Here was another factor why the two forces were fighting against each other. It appeared that the wars were over, and that life might go back to normal once more.

Life must go on, and soon the people were returning to their employers to ask when they could start working again. It was not that simple. There was a shortage of coal, fuel, ore and tools. The Committee started working in every factory to form new committees, stewards and managers to start a new life.

General Budenny

Hero of the Civil War

GENERAL BUDENNY was the hero of Rostov. His army captured that wonderful city on December 26, 1919. Everyone thought it would take at least six months or more, particularly since the weather was so bad. There were blizzards, heavy snow and poor communications, but Budenny was a man of the people. Nothing was too difficult for him.

Before the war in 1914, Budenny had worked on a farm near Rostov. He was a great hero during the war. In the Czar's army he was a sergeant, but in the Soviet army he became a general. He knew the weather conditions, and how to fight under such circumstances. Nearly all of his army was on sleds, drawn by horses. He had perhaps 1000 sleds or more, with every sled carrying men and machine guns. To see them reminded one of a later-day Western movie, with the soldiers carrying rifles and machine guns. The soldiers were not in uniform, for there were no uniforms available. It was too early a period for a mechanized army, nor could a mechanized army do much in this weather. They were only using tanks, but not too many of these.

Much of the success of Budenny's army could be attributed to the advice he received from Joseph Stalin. When Budenny and the chiefs of staff were mapping out the campaign, Stalin told Budenny not to go through the Cossack villages, because he would have to fight every village on the way. Every Cossack had a horse and rifle and many machine guns. The Cossacks

felt this was their land. They had their own government. They held elections every year and General Krasnov was at the time their "Ataman" or governmental chief of the Cossacks.

Stalin suggested taking the route to Rostov through the coal mines in the Don Basin area. Here, he said, Budenny would be able to mobilize a good army of coal miners who would fight the Cossacks and the White Army. This proved to be a brilliant suggestion, and the war was finished by Budenny and his army.

When Budenny came to Rostov, the Bolshevik Government officials offered him the best accommodations in the city at a hotel similar to the Ambassador in Los Angeles. He refused. He wanted to see his former boss' wife, Mrs. John Meroshnichenko, whose husband had been a wealthy land-owner and had been killed in the Civil War. Budenny wanted to live in this house, because Mrs. Meroshnichenko was a good cook, and he liked her cooking, and had known her and her late husband for many years. Some people said he was in love with her. The house was only a couple of blocks from our house, and we saw him ride by on his white horse every day. Budenny was a tall man, with long black mustachios.

Mr. and Mrs. Meroshnichenko had been good customers of ours for many years, and came into my father's store often. When I saw Mrs. Meroshnichenko and asked her how she liked her new tenant, she replied she was very happy, because now she was not afraid to be at home by herself at night. There was a guard present all of the time. She also liked the general very much.

Stalin sent Budenny to war in July, 1941, against Hitler. He had been in charge of the cavalry, but the cavalry was outdated. This was a war of machines. Budenny was a failure, and was sent back to his native land and to the River Don area.

He later played an important role in Rostov as underground commander against Hitler's army.

In 1954, Clifton Daniel, a correspondent for the New York Times in the Soviet Union, who later married Margaret Truman, attended a celebration given by Mr. Molotov on the thirty-seventh anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Daniel, on December 12, 1954, wrote the following for the New York Times:

"Marshal Budenny, the old Bolshevist cavalryman with the mustachios, who is one of the friendliest men in the Soviet Union, went around shaking hands with perfect strangers.

Congressman Victor Wickershan of Oklahoma, who had just arrived in Moscow and who is just as friendly as Marshal Budenny, was standing by, and he proceeded to invite the Marshal to Oklahoma, where, it is safe to predict, the old boy would be a sensation.

Mr. Wickersham, who obviously does not believe and has more or less proved that language need not be a barrier to international intercourse, told the Marshal that Fort Sill, once a famous American cavalry school but now an artillery training center, was in his state. Due to an inadequate translation by an innocent bystander, Marshal Budenny did not get the distinction that should have been made between the Russian words, "kavalyer" (knight)) and "kavalyerist" (cavalryman). He looked very puzzled, apparently running over in his mind the unlikely possibility that here was a knight from Oklahoma. He finally got the idea that Congressman Wickersham was like himself, an old cavalryman. He broke into a smile like the rising of the sun, and shook hands all around again."

The Fight Between the White and the Red Armies

ALL of the horrible things which happened in our town made the people sad and miserable. On one side the White Army was killing anyone who was a Communist, a sympathizer, and even people who were liberal-minded and did not agree with either party. These were the democratic people who wanted justice for all, like the government of Kerensky had started out to do.

We heard the artillery between the White Army and the Red Army, and we puzzled. Which was better for the Russian people? Only history could be the judge.

After three days of artillery fighting, we finally saw the Red Army leave the city. I could now foresee that the people who lived in good homes and in the wealthy districts would have to fight for their lives. It was not too long before three soldiers walked into our house and demanded to see the boss. It was about twenty-six degrees below zero, and I thought the safest thing to do was to crawl under the porch where the snow was thick, and this I did. They searched the house for two hours. To me, it seemed like forty-eight hours. I thought I was going to freeze to death. Our dog started to bark. He, too, was under the porch. I held him close to me, and soon he was warm and stopped barking. My wife gave them all the money she had, plus jewelry and all my suits. They left, promising that they would return.

Finally my wife called me into the house. I had caught cold

and was sneezing and coughing. When I came in, I found they had taken all the gold money, paper money, a few diamonds, and all of my clothing. Thank God, I was alive. That was the important item. In two days, the White Army occupied the city, and again it was the same story, killing, shooting and robbing. They could not hold the city for more than twenty-four hours, and they also left, promising to return.

Life was unbearable. The only thought uppermost was how to get out of the city, and out of Russia. Where to go? The United States. That was the dream of every man and woman. But how could it be done? Where would we get the money for such a trip? With a wife and five children it was not so easy. But I reflected how lucky I was to be alive. In six months I left the wonderful city where I was born, where I was so happy, and where I had grown to love every parcel of land. Now it was no more. Blood, blood everywhere.

While I had been lying under the porch in hiding, all of my life, came to me, as in a dream. All of my plans for my children and our family's happiness passed. I was facing death. It was a horrible feeling to experience. I thought that perhaps it was a mistake for me to have aided the revolutionary movement in my younger days. Now the Bolsheviks were in power, and here was the payoff. They would surely kill me. But, who were "they?" People who never saw me before in their lives. They only knew the decision to kill was because the house was on one of the best streets in the city, thus the owner must surely die!

I came to the conclusion that this was revolution; some one must pay with his life, and that my turn was up. Why should it be me, I asked. There was no answer. I firmly decided under that porch that if I ever got out I had to emigrate to the United States. There was no other alternative. I had to find a way to get out of Rostov and Russia.

Chicherof

My Appointment by the Soviets

THE NATIONALIZATION PERIOD saw many factories taken over. Nationalization also included warehouses, offices, bank accounts and everything in safety deposit boxes. Everything was checked by the Soviet Government and if any jewelry was found, or foreign currency or any other valuables, they were confiscated. Many Russians, representing the Soviet Government, became rich through stealing this currency and other valuables. Also, many of these men were later caught and shot. The only items they were not interested in were personal papers, passports, wills or other papers which were of little value.

As soon as all of my belongings were nationalized, I was brought before Engineer Minsky and his committee. I had known Minsky previously when he was employed by one of the largest implement factories in our city. I asked him what he intended to do with me, because as soon as one was unemployed, heaven knows where he might be sent. He answered in a soft voice, "Mark, don't worry, we are putting you in charge of both your factory and your father's factory."

What a relief that was. I thanked him and left the building. When I left the office, I decided to walk home, a distance of three or four miles. I wanted time to think about my situation. By the time I arrived home, I decided to take the consequence, nothing else could be done. I remembered what my grandfather once said, "Everything happens for the best." Perhaps that was

the only way to look at everything around me. After all, so many people were in jail, dying, getting shot, and I was still alive, 35 years of age, and full of ambition and hope. I could manage.

The next day I went to my factory where the news had already been announced. All of my former employees were on hand to congratulate me in my new job, and promised me their full cooperation. After an hour, I went to my father's factory, which was a block away.

All of the workers were assembled when I arrived. They suddenly stopped their discussion and became very quiet. I told them I was happy about my new assignment as manager of their factory. Then a man by the name of Chicherof, one of the oldest workers in the factory, asked the chairman of the assembly for a word. He started a vituperative speech. "Well, here we are. We won the revolution. We nationalized the factory. We threw the old boss of the factory through the door. What do we see now? The Government appoints the son of the boss, and he comes through the window! Boys, this is very bad. I for one will not stand for it, and I don't think any of you should."

For a moment, all was quiet, and I was not very happy about this reception. I also asked the chairman for a word. I jumped on a table, and I started talking to the group. I told them that the government needed people who knew their business, and asked who was better qualified than I in this concern, who knew this business from a to z; that to manage a business it was not necessary to be a lathe man as Chicherof, who was a fine worker, but not in a position to manufacture and know every essential part; that someone had to be responsible for having all the raw materials for the factory, even down to tiny screws. All of this knowledge and information was important and vital.

My speech was inspired, and I continued to give them many other arguments. Finally, I ended it with the following words:

"Mr. Chicherof has known me since 1903, for sixteen years. He knows that I was never against the workers. I was always known to cooperate and do the best for the workers and the people. The best example was that my workers in my own factory had just accepted me because they knew the value of my knowlege for the business."

I told them "I know that many of you know me, and I will not accept the job to manage your factory if you don't want me. It is up to you. You can ask me to leave or accept me." Then, I walked out. The chairman took a vote, and I was unanimously accepted as their manager.

Two days later the White Army came to Rostov. Chicherof was frightened that I might tell the White Army, who might arrest him. He left Rostov on foot, trying to get to the next station. It was bitter cold, almost thirty degrees below zero. He contracted pneumonia, and his son found him, and brought him back on a sled. Three days later he died. I gave Chicherof a fine funeral.

Ivan Emelin

President of the Metal Trades Union

DECEMBER, 1919, with the arrival of the soldiers of the Soviet Army came the arrest of all officers of the White Army who had not evacuated to the Crimea with General Wrangel. They decreed that all former officers had to be registered. Naturally, all who registered were arrested, tried by army court martial, and ninety-nine percent were condemned to death.

There was at this time a man named Ivan Emelin, president of the very powerful metal trades union. He had worked in my factories, and now he was a power in the union circles. He was also popular as a leader of the working people, and a sympathizer of the communists.

Ivan Emelin was a young, clever and extremely honest individual. No matter what country he would have lived in, he would have been a leader. An excellent speaker, he was a great friend of the ordinary citizen. It was always a pleasure to do business with Emelin. In arbitration meetings, he was always fair and just. He always followed decisions to the letter, once an agreement had been reached.

Ivan Emelin had a brother, Peter, who was an officer mobilized in the White Army. Peter was not too worried about the procedure of registering, since he felt that his brother was powerful in the union movements, and therefore thought he had nothing to worry about, he registered. Ivan Emelin knew that there might be trouble, thus he went directly to the army to

explain that Peter was not from Officers' Training School, but that he was a second lieutenant, as were all college boys who were mobilized. If the boys were not in the army, they were considered to be deserters, and put in jail or condemned to death.

This was the explanation that Ivan Emelin presented to the Red Army. He tried to show them that he did not have the White Army philosophy or interests, otherwise he would have moved with the Wrangel Army. His pleas did not help, and the Red Army proceeded with its regular course, saying the Red Army was going to teach these double-crossers a lesson.

No matter what Ivan tried to do to save his brother's life, explaining that he was a farmer and a laborer, and Peter the same, that only by his help was Peter able to go to college, it was to no avail. Even when he stated that he was president of the metal trades union for the past ten years, and had served time in jail many times for his efforts in behalf of labor, the answer was still the same. Peter was condemned to death, and shot.

On the next day I saw Emelin. He was so unhappy and discouraged that he decided to leave town and return to the farm where he was born. He was sick of communism. He went back to the land to try and forget the horrible injustice which the Soviet Government had brought upon his brother. He wanted to be alone, and try to forget. I never saw Ivan Emelin again.

Abraham Gitlitz

The Leather Manufacturer

LIFE IN THE CITY became worse, day after day. There were food shortages, more people were arrested, and each day people came to me for advice and to beg assistance.

One day I was walking downtown on my way home, a distance of four or five miles, and saw a friend go by in a taxi. He stopped and asked me to ride with him. I was happy to get the ride, with such a long walk in view.

My friend, Abraham Gitlitz was a leather manufacturer. People paid him in cash. He had no taxes, and in a short time he had a very large factory. He had done very well, for during the war, this was one of the best and most lucrative businesses. This was before the war in Smorgon, Poland. When he lost the factory, the government provided special trains. Gitlitz was able to evacuate his family and his machinery in 1915, in the same freight train.

When Gitlitz arrived in Rostov, he thought he would be able to reestablish himself, but he was a very ambitious man. He had an energetic son, and he had been able to evacuate his best workers along with his choice machinery. In a short time, he had established a factory in our city.

He received a large order from the Government, and was successful in his operations. His factory grew larger every day. The shortage of leather was so acute that shoe repair shops paid him ten times more than the Government. In no time, he became a millionaire again, forgetting all about his lost

fortune during the war. He actually made more in the four years in Rostov than in the previous twenty years in Smorgon. In Smorgon there were twenty or thirty other similar factories. In Rostov, there was only his. There was no competition, no O.P.A., and he actually did not know what to do with his money.

He was not very charitable, and he thought before long he would be the richest man in town. When the Soviet Government nationalized his factory, he was not too worried because he did not think it would last too long. He enlarged his factory, bought a beautiful home and furniture, and thought the world was his.

When I got into the taxi, I could see that something was wrong. I asked him what had happened. All of his self-assurance was gone. He was trembling as he told me his story.

When the government nationalized his factory, the steward and three members of the committee at the factory had a conference with him, complaining that the government paid them less wages and bonuses than Gitlitz had done when he was boss of the factory.

He offered them a solution. He had a customer who would buy the leather for cash, and he would divide the money between the five of them, but this was to be extremely confidential. They all worked in this manner for three months, and they all made quite a bit of money. His son was the go-between. He was not working at the factory at that time. Apparently, someone reported this activity to the government. An investigation committee went to his factory, called his office and asked him to come at once.

Gitlitz said, "Mark, this is the story. What do you think they will do?" I might have told him the answer, but I felt sorry for the old man. He even looked older than his age of 56. I tried to pacify him, and he seemed relieved momentarily,

that since this was his first offense, he might only get six months in jail.

During the next five days the investigating committee had made their decision. He was condemned to death. His oldest son was sent to Siberia immediately, condemned to hard labor. The second son of sixteen was also sent to Siberia. His wife and the other three children were ordered to vacate their house in twenty-four hours. They were not to take a thing with them, only what they had on their backs, and nothing else. A policeman was assigned to see that everything was carried out as ordered.

His wife came to me, and fell on her knees. She was a young woman. His first wife had died, and this was his second wife. She began kissing my feet, begging me to help her. How could I help? She became hysterical. I told her I did not know who was in charge, but that I would try to find out and do what I could to help.

The next day I went to the government office where the decision had been issued. I noticed the signature of the man in charge, a signature familiar to me. I was not certain, but I asked to see the judge who had given the decision. When his secretary asked my name, I was ushered immediately into a large room furnished with a large desk and chairs. I could not believe my eyes. The judge was my boyhood friend, born on the same street as I, son of a very poor father who had died young. He was Daniel Soshkin. Now he was a judge. I had met him a few times before the revolution. I was already established on the committee, a worker for charitable and public causes, and my name was in the newspapers occasionally. He, at the time, was a conductor on a street car, and was not too happy to see me. He had said to me that his job was only temporary, that he was training for something else. Now he was Daniel Soshkin, the judge.

I asked him about his mother and his wife, who was a

daughter of a Cossack. Then I started to discuss the case of Gitlitz. I said, "I don't want to discuss the case. I know Gitlitz was wrong. He paid with his life; but why punish innocent children, one only two years old, as well as a four-year-old and an eight-year-old. Why do they have to be deprived of bedding, towels and shoes?"

He said that they had to be punished just the same. Their father was a traitor, and they had to suffer the consequences. That was why he sent the sixteen-year-old son to Siberia. He will learn that this government punishes the entire family. The committee was sentenced to three months in jail, and the steward to six months.

The thoughts of Gitlitz telling me his story ran through my mind. When he was arrested he was in the lowest spirits. He told me he thought of God, and that perhaps he had not prayed enough. This was why God was punishing him. He told me that he had been poor, had worked hard, first to be a janitor, later in a factory as an apprentice leather worker. He spoke of the war in 1914, of moving from Smorgon to Rostov, of the Kerensky revolution and the Bolshevik revolution. He brooded that perhaps he had been unfair towards the fatherland, towards Russia. When the army needed boots and leather for shoes, he sold to the black market and not to the government which had contracted with him. Now, he would see his punishment.

Judge Soshkin and I argued back and forth for two hours. Suddenly the Judge began reminiscing how he had been a child in our period of growing up together, how his father and mother worked very hard to keep him in high school. He softened in his harsh decision. He gave me a letter addressed to the police. The new decision was to permit the family to stay in their home for a week, until they found other quarters for themselves. This was final.

I could understand what Abraham Gitlitz had said when

he told me that all his life he had thought that private property was private property, that no one could take it from you. How could be it that with a mere letter, written by people who had not been elected, he could became a pauper? He could not understand this. He argued with me, mentioning the bible as an example. He could not understand that revolutions are not made with "silk gloves." They are made with blood, with fighting, and some one has to pay the consequences. This is the law of life.

Again I realized even more forcefully that I could not take all the punishment meted out to innocent people. These men were living in the dark ages. They could not understand that things were changing every day. It was a new order, a new form of life.

There was another incident with my neighbor, Jacob Laykin, whom I had been friendly with for years. He, too, came to me with his unfortunate story. He had a factory which manufactured iron beds. He had a large government order for hospital beds, but now that the war was over, they did not need them any more. His factory was idle. He registered himself as an owner of a good size factory. Now, he had been notified that he must vacate within 72 hours, and report to the nearest coal mine for work. He was very depressed. He was fifty years old, and he said he did not know the first thing about working in the coal mines. However, there are no such excuses in the Soviet Government. You received your order, and you had to go.

I knew the chief of police secretary very well. I had known his father who had died before the revolution, and I also knew how much Jacob Laykin had done for the father of the chief of police, Dentin.

I went to see Nicholas Dentin, and I told him that they were going to send Jacob Laykin to the mines. I said that first of all, he was not too well; secondly, that he had done many

things for Dentin's father, and that I thought that he owed him something. I said that if he could release him from the mines, to assign him to the job of street cleaner. That would be all right. He promised to change his classification, and again I saved a man from the mines and certain death.

I might have done much more if I were not worried that one day I would be in a position where I would lose my life.

Azary Markov

The Battle for Rostov

ONE DAY IN JANUARY, 1920, a colonel came to our house to inspect the quarters which the soldiers were occupying. He was also looking for a room for himself. The maid showed him where the soldiers occupied the kitchen and the basement, where it was warm, as the heating system was there. The soldiers liked our cook, who was an attractive woman, and an excellent cook. Her sister was the maid, and also a very beautiful girl. Had she had the advantages of cosmetics, she might easily have competed with any of our Hollywood stars. She had striking dark eyes and black hair.

Many of the soldiers were from the same town as the two peasant sisters, and they enjoyed many pleasant days discussing their future and the war.

When the colonel, Azary Markov, went down to the basement, he was chagrined that the soldiers were not occupying the library and dining room above. The library was occupied by a commissar from the mechanized army. Markov said, "What is this? You fought for and conquered the basement, and that capitalist is living upstairs, while you, the fighters, occupy the basement."

He went upstairs. After looking through all the rooms, he selected the room next to our governess, a girl of German descent named Emilia, whom we called Millie. She had blonde hair and blue eyes, and was well educated. She looked after our daughters, taught them the German language and manners, and

took them for walks in the parks. The children liked her very much, and we were all most happy with her.

As soon as Azary Markov moved in his belongings, we all went to dinner. The children had already eaten, and now the adults ate. We discussed world problems. As soon as we sat down at the table, Azary started telling us the following story:

"I have just come from Woronesh, a town between Moscow and Rostov." I had been in Woronesh many times. It was a nice city, but could not compare with Rostov in charm. Markov said: "I was given a room in the home of a wealthy businessman when I arrived there. The man was much older than his wife. She was beautiful, and I liked her very much. She seemed to like me too, but I had trouble with her husband. Whatever I wanted for dinner, he contradicted my wishes. If I wanted borscht, he wanted soup. If I wanted meat, he wanted fish. Finally one day, I became very angry, and I shot him. Since then, my life in Woronesh was a wonderful one. I am telling you this story, my dear new friends, so that you will know that if I like the boss' wife or his daughter, there will be no argument and everything will be all right."

When he finished, I was speechless with rage. Electricity seemed to rush through my body. We were all very quiet. After dinner, everyone went to his room. I thought, "What a future!"

We agreed that the best course of action was to cater to his wishes, and try to make him happy. Our governess, Millie, was not too happy either, but she also was quiet. As the days passed, events seemed a little better and the atmosphere was not so strained. We even began discussing the future of Russia and the entire world. In one of our discussions, Markov brought up the idea that the capitalists seemed to have all of the best-looking women. "But we will take them away from these capitalists."

Millie asked Markov, "You are going to do that?" "Why not?" Markov answered. "But maybe the woman would not

love you?" Millie suggested. Markov replied, "Oh, she must be in love with me. I am a hero. We are the future of Russia, and the future is ours. We will not stand for refusals. We must conquer the world, and all of the beautiful women in it."

In spite of Markov's braggadocio, Millie seemed to like him very much. She admired his square jaw, his uniform, his manner of speaking as a ruler and master. He was brave, and had a handsome head of hair, which made him appear larger and heavier than he was.

As time went on, Millie did not argue with Markov very much. In fact, she started agreeing with him. In two weeks, they became very friendly, and after dinner they went out for long walks. Finally, she fell in love with him. He as a man from the soil, was pleased that Millie loved him. She could sing, dance and play the piano. Our house suddenly changed from a gloomy place into a very happy one. We were all more cheerful forgetting his philosophy about women.

One day, I asked him how he, a Cossack with fifteen acres of land, became so ruthless a killer. He told me his story.

"In 1912," Markov said he went into the cavalry as a soldier. Soon he became a corporal and then a sergeant. He was feeling good about his promotion, but he still wanted to be an officer. He could not get that far. Then the war came in 1914. The Czar made a new ruling that all those who were able to take an examination could become candidates for officers' school. Azary became a second lieutenant. He was very happy. He received more money and had more authority. He was commander of a platoon until the outbreak of the revolution in 1917. He said, "Here, I had been in the army for five years and had seen war and killing, and perhaps one day I might be killed myself." He had lost the meaning of the word "fear," and had the attitude "if I don't kill the Germans, they will kill me."

He was now a colonel, and thought if the war suddenly came to an end, what could he do? He could not go back home and start all over again as a farmer, working hard without a feeling of importance, or fame. Now, he was having a good time, dancing, singing, and he did not have to work from six in the morning until six in the evening. Enjoying this type of life, he decided he would fight for it. This was why he joined the Bolshevik Army, determined to make soldiering his career.

His story seemed pathetic to me. It was Markov's and the truth. I could understand his psychology. He was the product of war. I could more fully appreciate the words of the great philosopher and writer, Leo Tolstoy, and his thoughts in "War and Peace," as well as his violent hatred of war.

As the days went on, Azary and Millie became closer and more in love. One day he came home and said he did not want to eat, that he was not feeling well. Millie took his temperature. It was 102. We called a doctor who came at once. The doctor said Markov had typhoid. He said that no one would be permitted to enter his room, for his disease was contagious. Millie said she would take care of him. Although the doctor warned her that she might contract it herself, she said she did not care, she would be his nurse. For three weeks Markov was gravely ill. There were times when the doctor almost gave him up; but Azary was young and healthy, and he survived. Millie was overjoyed when he started sitting up in bed. In a few days, he walked from room to room, and we were all happy when he was again able to join us at dinner.

A few days later I received a letter from the housing authority in charge of assigning rooms giving me notice that we would have to move from our house. When we asked where the authorities were going to move us, and who would live in our house, they said "None of your business. We think you have lived there long enough. We will move you to the stables. You

have lived in luxury too long, let someone else live now." They ordered us to be prepared to move in 72 hours. I pleaded for more time, but to no avail. I told the authorities that I worked for the Soviet Government just as they did, but nothing moved them. They turned a deaf ear to my pleas. I thought, now I am finished. Where would I go, and what next? My mind was in a turmoil.

When I came home and told my family and also Azary Markov, he said "Don't worry. I will take care of those people who sabotage us." He sent a letter on army stationery to say that he was occupying the house on Twelfth street, Number 15, and that his cook was Mrs. Mark Carter, and furthermore the authorities had better not try to move the Carter family; and he was getting married soon and fully intended to stay on in the house for he liked it, it was essential to him, particularly after his serious illness. Lastly, he underscored the fact that his doctor did not recommend him to move.

We had a visit from the manager of the housing authority, who told us that he needed the house for a very important man in the GPU Secret Police. The Secret Police headquarters was across the street from my house. The house had belonged to a banker. The GPU had taken it over. From the basement of this house, I often heard cries of poor unfortunate men who were being beaten to death.

The authorities told Markov they would find different quarters for him and the Carter family. Markov refused to listen. He stationed four soldiers with machine guns on guard day and night, to make certain that neither he nor the Carter family were disturbed. This was a blow to the housing officials. They could see that they could not do anything when the army was involved, for the army was in charge of the city, and there was no higher authority. They submitted all sorts of propositions to me, but I refused. I told them they would have to take the matter

up with Azary Markov, and not me. Finally they ceased. It was a most dreadful month for all of us. We were all on the verge of collapse.

This was another indication to us that there was no future for a former capitalist in Russia. Our minds were filled with the thoughts of where to go, and how to get there. Every avenue was closed. One could not even purchase a railroad ticket without permission of the police. They were always alert, and the GPU was always on its toes.

There was one man who worked for the GPU as an investigator, named Pedajev. I had known him before the revolution. He was a buyer for the largest soap factory in Russia, located in Rostov. Whenever he bought anything in my store, he always wanted a commission, or for me to show an increased price on the bill. He was completely dishonest. In my opinion, he was an out-and-out thief.

Now he hated me, for I had always refused to be involved in any of his shabby and shady dealings. He was a person who never forgot, or forgave things of this nature. He was the one who wanted my house, and wanted to humiliate me. He was most persistent. Thanks to Azary Markov, he did not succeed in his efforts. It developed as time went on that the same Azary Markov, who had been a murderer, became a changed man after his illness. He was transformed from a beast into a lamb.

Markov was very much in love with Millie. They had now officially announced that they were to be married in June, 1920. We were very happy for both of them.

Because of the shortage of coal, oil and steel, the Soviet authorities decided to close my factory. An engineer from the largest soap factory, "Milovar," came to me and wanted me to be the director. I said that I knew nothing of soap manufacturing. He said that my job would be to see that all ingre-

dients and machinery were delivered on time. He wanted me because at this time, no one was sure if the Soviet government would last. He thought should a former capitalist be placed in charge, and should the Soviets topple, I would look after him. He also said I could have all the soap I wanted, to distribute wherever I chose. I said I would rather work for the agriculture department because I knew the business and I started there the following week.

I was very busy with my job at the agriculture department, for we were on the eve of threshing wheat. I was kept busy with many visitors. The farmers near Rostov came in every day, and each one had a problem. I recall vividly how they tried to involve me by asking for leather belting for the threshing machines. I inquired how many threshing machines they had in their village. They answered one. I asked them how much belting they needed, and they said 200 feet for the belting between the threshing machine and the locomobile. When I told them that new belting which comes with the threshing machine was 75 feet long, and six inches wide, they were surprised that I knew. I asked them what they did with the old belting. They said it was worn out. I asked when they had bought the machine and the belting. They said the belting was purchased three years ago. I told them that it could not wear out in three years and they agreed. Finally I said all that was needed was some patching. After haggling for three long hours, we agreed that a ten-foot piece would be sufficient. I had saved the government 190 feet of six inch wide belting, which was most scarce at that time. Many farmers had worked out the idea to use this belting for repairing their boots and the soles of their shoes. Some belting was sold at black market at exorbitant prices.

Before they started telling me their troubles, the farmers told me that their villages had sent some gifts to me and my helpers in the department. There were ten pounds of butter, twelve

chickens and twelve dozen eggs. These were items that could be purchased only through black market and at very high prices. Naturally, I declined to accept the bribe. They simply could not understand. Heretofore, all government officials were happy to accept such gifts. I told them that if they made such an offer again, I would report them to the police.

What a paradox. The farmers became rich, while the people in the towns fought for food. People went to the provinces and tried to exchange a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes for food. The government decided to teach the farmers an unforgettable lesson.

Our country, the Don River, as well as the Stavropol State near the Kuban River, had good soil. The people were taxed by the government, but they did not pay too much attention to this. They did not deliver grain, milk or meat to the cities, where people were starving. Hospitals went without milk, meat, eggs and poultry for the sick. It was a calamity.

Stalin decided to send an expeditionary force of good soldiers for the food. As before, the farmers did not pay any attention, and gave them as little as possible, hiding the rest. The officers gave them six hours to produce all the food they had on the farms. The answer was "no." The government brought up artillery and started shooting at one of the towns, with a population of 3500. When the farmers saw this, they started pleading with the soldiers to cease fire. They promised to comply with every request. But the government thought it was time these farmers learned their lesson. The artillery destroyed all of their homes, and burned everything to the ground. After this episode, the neighboring villages gave their food willingly. Thus ended the remnants of free enterprise.

When war is at hand, or a revolution, people lose faith in paper money. Something must be done. To me, it was horrible. Innocent children and elderly people were killed with absolutely

no mercy shown. This was the beginning of the recognition of a government. Now the people realized that the Soviet Government meant business. It taught a sad lesson to the people.

As an outgrowth, the Soviet Government started building the famous collective farms, where food or anything produced belonged not to the individual, but to the government. This was certainly not workable, when ninety percent of the population became workers in government-owned Soviet farms. But in this manner, the Soviet Government was able to feed its people during the last forty years. Russia has more land than any other country in the world, yet has not produced enough food for her own consumption. As a contrast, in the United States, the government must regulate our farmers not to produce too much, for overproduction will cause prices to go down. In Russia they cannot produce enough. They have more land, more workers, more than 200,000,000 people, yet still cannot feed themselves.

Pedajev, the investigator of the GPU, was still trying to get my house, using every means to get me to move out. Every day he sent an inspector, but with Markov on hand, nothing could be done. I was worried that should anything happen to Markov, should he be transferred, I would be out in the street. This is what Pedajev was waiting for. I had heard that he was using the same underhanded methods in GPU Secret Police, as he had used when he was in the soap business. First he investigated, then he arrested a former capitalist, and, finally, he called on the man's wife saying that if she paid a huge sum of money her husband would be released. In this way, Pedajev became a very rich man. One of my relatives, who was a cigarette manufacturer, gave him a half million rubles for his release, during the time he was in jail. He became ill from his prison confinement and six months later he died.

Soon after this, Pedajev became chief of the GPU in Rostov

and ruled in his same ruthless way until 1925, either killing or taking huge sums of money to save a dear one's life. In 1925, he was discovered by the Soviet Government and arrested. He was tried, sentenced to death, and everyone thanked God for final justice. Seven years and hundreds of lives as well as untold rubles had gone through his hands.

After we finally got out of Rostov, our janitor wrote that Azary Markov and Millie were married. As soon as they were married, they sold all of our furniture and all that we left behind. We had left it all behind, for we did not want it known that we were leaving, never to return. Each day Azary Markov became more wealthy. He and Millie utilized everything. In October, when it became cold and raining, the coal supply dwindled. They cut down all the trees in our garden. Afanasy asked my mother to write and tell me he was fighting for everything, but that he was helpless. Markov had guns and soldiers at his command.

After this, they started to rent out rooms and collected the rents in my house. As far as I was concerned, what did I care who collected the rent or destroyed the house. I had already forgotten about my belongings. Even if the government offered me real estate or my factory, I never wanted to go back. I was finished with Russia. I never thought for one moment to return.

Nikita Khrustalev

Rostov's Agricultural Commissar

IN THE AGRICULTURE department where I worked as an implements parts specialist, there was a good friend, and engineer, Boris Ivanovich Avilov. Previously he had been the manager of one of the largest implement manufacturing plants, "Aksai." He had just returned from the United States, where he had purchased the latest machinery for the factory.

I was eager to work with him, for he knew the implement field. It was easy working together, for I knew every minute part that went into these implements, after twenty years of experience. Quite naturally, a communist commissar was assigned to supervise and check on my work. His name was Nikita Khrustalev.

Khrustalev was in his early twenties, the son of a miner. His father had been killed fighting the White Army near Rostov, and this helped him in obtaining this post. He knew very little about implements, and I tried to teach him as much as I could. He needed a secretary, and I thought of my friend, Efim Ivanovich Burov. Before coming to Rostov, Burov had been a mayor in one of the towns near Kharkov, and a customer of mine. He had an eighteen-year-old daughter and a son of twenty. His wife had died a year ago from typhoid, and Burov was lost without her.

He was hiding in Rostov, for no one knew him there. In his own town he had been one of the White Army leaders. Now he

wanted his children to work for the Soviets, in order to make things easier for him should he be apprehended.

Helen, Burov's daughter, was a beautiful girl, with hazel eyes and dark hair. She had finished high school, knew secretarial work, and was a clever person. I recommended her to Khrustalev. He met her, approved of her, and hired her.

She was extremely bright. Khrustalev sat and admired her by the hour, as if he had never seen anything like her. Whenever she did anything worthwhile, he ran to kiss her. The ideology gave way to extreme love. He kissed her fingers and her hair and lips. He could not take his eyes off her. He was completely and hopelessly in love.

We started to work together. It was necessary to compile a percentage rate of replacements for gears and pinions for each reaper and mower, as well as create an inventory for implement parts in every warehouse in the city, hence I was extremely busy. The work was done swiftly and well, and Helen proved a magnificent helper for Khrustalev and myself. Each day at noon, Helen made tea for the three of us. Each day, also, Nikita and Helen grew closer to each other.

For the first time in his life, Khrustalev was in love with a beautiful girl and a smart one. He saw her often, as well as her father and brother. Soon he found a job for her brother in one of the army installations. Soon, too, the family forgot that they were former bourgeoisie. Helen and Khrustalev would close the door to their office, and she sat on his lap and kissed. I was happy for the turn of events, for this is what Efim Burov wanted. In a very short time, Helen and Khrustalev were married.

They were a happy couple. Helen gave him lessons in political science and public speaking, and in a short time Khrustalev became one of the outstanding orators in the Komsomol, the young communist organization. He always based his decisions on Helen's advice, and his next advancement was his election as

secretary of this organization. Later he went to Moscow, where he made a name for himself. Many leaders predicted a great future for Khrustalev. Helen was always by his side, giving him lessons in diplomacy and steering him in techniques. She admired him for his height, his broad shoulders and his ready smile. He drank very little, and had a quick mind. When I left, he was already secretary of the Communist Party, replacing Zwerev, who had committed suicide.

Khrustalev was very much in love with Helen. He would kiss her in front of me, and tell me how much he loved her.

As the days passed, my business and office, too, were nationalized. I found a communist commissar ensconced in my office and collecting money from people who needed implement parts. Ninety per cent of monies paid found their way to his pocket.

Worried that perhaps one of my former employees would report, the commissar started to look through my files for something he could hang on me. He found a copy of a letter to my brother, Oscar, in New York, wherein I had written of the notorious General Bogaevsky, who had collected 8 million rubles and disappeared with the money. I was always explicit in writing what I thought of the communists and the crooks. In possession of this letter, he was no longer afraid of what I might do.

He decided to deliver the copy of my letter to the Cheka or GPU. This I learned from my former employee. Now, I thought, this is truly the end of my life. I recalled my good friend from high school, Boris Shotz. Shotz had been arrested in 1902 when the czarists found revolutionary literature, bombs and revolvers in his possession. He had been sent to Siberia in a chain gang. During the revolution he came back, after fifteen years. He had lived on bread and water, and had been beaten nearly to death. The lines in his face were deep and his hair was white, although he was a young man in his thirties.

The Bolsheviks made a big parade for him, when he returned

to Rostov, giving him a "hunger banquet," for he had lost a great deal of weight. I went to him with my story. He said I should not worry, for the chief of the Cheka was with him in Siberia, and he promised to talk to his comrade.

The next day there was a stormy meeting between him and the commissar from my business. Shotz personally assured the leaders of my loyalty to the government, and repeated that General Bogaevsky was a crook, and further emphasized that these thieves make terrible advertising for the communist cause.

When it was over, he warned me not to do anything foolish again.

With this action, I knew that the sooner I got out of Russia, the better for me. I started to work through my friend, Leon Frolov, to obtain a passport. My age was listed as five years older, and my occupation was given as a circus juggler.

I recommended my younger brother, Israel, to my commissar, Nikita Khrustalev. Israel knew the implement business to some extent through working with my father, and Nikita Khrustalev hired him.

I got my job as "secretary" to Merkulov, and we were finally on our way to the Caucasus.

Communist Zverev

Chief of the Communist Party in Rostov

MICHAEL ZVEREV was an engineer who had been born in Rostov. He had finished his engineering course in Kiev. At the outbreak of the first World War a new era had begun. The Army not only needed soldiers but engineers, mechanics and every man with any technical knowledge. This was no longer a horse-and-buggy war, where the cavalry played the most important role. Now it was the production of ammunition, hand grenades, barbed wire and hundreds of small items, such as pliers and wrenches, which were equally important. In order to obtain all of these pieces of equipment, the government organized a large committee, named the War Production Board. This consisted of representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Manufacturers' Association, City Hall spokesmen, personnel from the Army and Navy, and a representative of the Union.

Engineer Zverev joined this committee and worked hard at organizing the machine shops in Rostov. He tried valiantly to force the manufacturers to produce more than they thought they could. Slowly he organized a great number of small factories who were working together to help win the war.

After the revolution, Zverev joined the Communist Party and fought the Kerensky Government, until December 26, 1919, when the Bolsheviks took over the city and became powerful. Now the Communist Party began taking over all positions in the city without holding any elections. The party chose its own men and made its own appointments.

Communist Zverev was highly capable in the party. He was elected secretary, a position with vast responsibilities and great power. Stalin served as secretary of the party in Moscow, and Zverev was secretary in Rostov. Zverev was known as a very powerful man, and strict in his punishment. If anything was said in a derogatory tone against the party, or if any act was committed against the party, Zverev's punishment was swift and sure.

Zverev was a small man, five feet four inches tall, and not very heavy. One, however, could see the strength in his eyes, and in the line of his jaw. He had a powerful personality, and people who came in contact with him knew better than to cross him. To go against Zverev meant certain death. Actually, most of the time the death sentence was on his lips.

One day something almost unbelievable occurred. According to their rules and regulations, any member of the Communist Party could go to a warehouse and obtain clothing, socks, sewing machines, needles or anything he might need, for himself and his family. Zverev's wife was an attractive brunette, about twenty-five years old. They had two children. Her mother did not have very good clothes, or too much to eat. One day the mother and daughter decided to go to the warehouse and get whatever they needed for themselves. They also wanted a little more, to sell on the side, for some extra money. They succeeded the first time, and for a few additional times. Everything was running smoothly until the GPU became suspicious and began to follow them.

The mother had taken about one hundred dozen needles, thread, jackets, shoes, socks, stockings, and had sold them through the black market, where she obtained good prices for these scarce items. It was in this area that she was finally arrested. Her arrest caused a sensation in Rostov. When Zverev came home that evening and his wife told him the story, he was

so shocked and ashamed that he went into his room and shot himself.

Thus ended the career of a very powerful man, capable perhaps of having a great future in a country like the United States. In Russia, where everything was considered a crime, he alone was to blame for this situation, and his family's black-marketeering. His name was most befitting. In Russian, the name "Zver" means "Beast."

Boris Ivanovich Wasiljev

Mayor of Rostov

BORIS IVANOVICH WASILJEV was the leader of the Social-Democratic Party, which did not see eye-to-eye with the Communists. He was six feet tall, slim, blond and blue-eyed, and wore a beard. When he walked through the streets, everyone stopped to turn and look at him. He looked like one of the Apostles. To me and to everyone who knew him, he was thought of as an Apostle, even though we did not agree with his politics. He was a peace-loving man, diplomatic and persuasive. He always spoke of "peace at any price," within the party. When elections were held for the State Duma, he headed the party, and the party received the majority in the legislature.

I was elected in the town near Rostov-Nachichevan. This was a city located similarly to the San Fernando Valley, in relation to Los Angeles. Here beautiful homes had been built, close to the River Don. Being close to the Don meant one could pick up malaria easily. I had malaria for about two and a half years, when I was thirteen, contracted from living near the river. As soon as we moved away to the opposite end of the "steps," where it was greener, I got rid of the disease, and was never ill with it again. Some doctors said that if I were in a swamp area, and drank the water there, I could contract it again.

Nachichevan had the largest soap factory in Russia, the largest tractor factory, the largest plow factory, and one of the largest flour mills, which before the revolution, belonged to Nicholas Paramonov.

It was a very beautiful city, and every street had electric lights, even in the year 1900. The personal secretary and advisor to the Mayor was Gregory Schreider, leader of the Social Revolutionary Party. He had been elected during the revolution as the Mayor of Petrograd. The city sold electricity to all of the homes thirty percent cheaper than in the larger city of Rostov. They had their own water system. Their taxes were cheaper. These were the reasons why all of the large factories were located in Nachichevan. The population was eighty percent Armenian. They had been given the city as a gift from the Empress, Katherine the Great, for their victory over the Turks. Some people said that she gave them the land because one of her lovers was an Armenian. From this time on, up to the revolution, the Mayor was always an Armenian. With the establishment of new rules and a new constitution creating proportional elections by the parties, and not by races, a friend of mine was elected as leader. His name was Andrei Lemanov. He was not an Armenian.

He was a true Russian, and a former president of a cooperative bank where I was chairman of the loan committee. It was a very good institution, for our loans were only made to poor people who were in business, or to professional people like doctors, lawyers, teachers or accountants. We only lent $1000 to each person.

Before I became chairman, we lost quite a bit of money, for everyone who wanted to borrow was given money, whether he could pay or not. No one worried about collecting. After our committee took over, we imposed many limitations. We investigated thoroughly. In one year's time, the picture changed considerably. Instead of losing money, we began making money. We gave all of our profits to charitable institutions, for our bank was established not to make profits, but only to give assistance.

Boris Wasiljev, the president of both Dumas in Rostov and

Nachichevan, organized, and the wheels began turning. The Communists in both cities were in the minority. Their actions were foolish, hence no one paid much attention to them. Equally, their leadership was poor. Both cities were working hard to establish a new life, and progress was noticed with each day. It was a difficult task to change from the old Czarist regime to a new democratic form of government, but everyone cooperated. In a short time we began to see results. There were new rules passed for workers in the stores and offices. New taxations were placed on empty lots, which gave opportunity to build new projects. There were all types of changes in ordinances. The price for electric power per kilowatt was lowered. The concession for telephones, owned by the Swedish firm, Erickson, was rejected, for the firm had tried to increase rates. Instead of five cents per call, the firm wanted ten cents. The street cars belonged to a Belgium syndicate. There was no raise in the five cent fare. We offered to buy them out too, and things were working out well. The citizens were happy with their newly elected government, and we, the members of the Duma, were equally happy. Everything looked good for our future. The only bad news we received was from the papers, where we read of the fighting at the front, and news from Petrograd, the capital. The wrangling for power in the capital became worse with each day, and bitterness grew rapidly. On one side was the Right Wing party, which wanted to turn back the clock to reaction. On the other side the Communists were ready to fight for power, and the democratic government of Kerensky was in constant danger.

In Petrograd the Soviets took over power. We did not allow the Soviets to take over, for Wasiljev, the Duma chairman and a great diplomat, worked hard to keep the Democratic Government in power. Provocation of the Soviets was tremendous. It became greater when an army of the Soviet Government finally arrived in Rostov, and began to arrest people. Here again

Wasiljev went to the powers in the Soviet and pleaded with them to let the Duma work, and to release innocent people who were being sent to jail each day.

Wasiljev kept fighting until one day near Easter, the Germans walked in and took over. They allowed the city government in both cities to continue working as before. Wasiljev again showed his good judgement, and everything was peaceful in our cities. This lasted until November 11, 1918, when the Germans, after their peace treaty with the Allies, withdrew. Now there was danger again that the Soviet Army would take over. The White Army started to mobilize, and General Denikin was placed in charge.

The Right-Wingers, the Old Guard, came back, anxious to turn the clock back. For a time, it looked as if they would succeed. Again, with their policies of hatred, the old guard created animosity among the citizens. They also created hostility in the Army of the Cossacks, who thought that they were the crusaders for a new era. The Cossacks saw that this was nothing new. It was the same old regime of Czarist officers. The White Army started hanging citizens by the scores. Finally, the White Army lost. Wasiljev was always available, and fighting the White Army openly, trying his best to see that the White Army did not accomplish all the evil it wanted to do. After the Red Army came into Rostov, December 26, 1919, he fought them as well. This time, he was not as successful, but he managed to save many people who had been condemned to death, for minor infractions, or heresay.

Wasiljev worked day and night, trying to save the lives of innocent people. If in the beginning they listened to him, they were now getting tired of seeing the "Apostle" again and again. The Red Army decided to put Wasiljev in jail. Now there was no more pleading, and no more mercy. Everything was quiet. The GPU took over, arresting citizens and killing on a wholesale basis. No one knew what happened to Wasiljev before I

left. I sincerely hope that he is still alive. He was a fine man. We who worked with him closely throughout these turbulent times knew him as a man of the highest integrity. We knew he would never sell out to the Communists.

Vasily Shaub

The Conservatory

WE HAD a very fine conservatory of music and art in Rostov. There was a great roster of famous graduates, composers, actors, actresses and singers who participated in conservatory activities.

I recall, in 1915, Vasily Shaub, a talented professor, came from Petrograd. He had graduated from the Petrograd Conservatory at the top of his class and had received a grand piano for his magnificent performance at the final examination. His wife had also received a piano for the women's division in the same year. Our conservatory was proud to have such talented professors on its staff.

After they had been there for a while, we became acquainted and soon were close friends. Later, Shaub's wife, whose maiden name had been Julia Frenkel, came to us as a teacher for our children—Alexandria, Marie and Victor. Julia and Vasily were a happy couple. We were always ready to help them in any way possible. They came to our house frequently and brought with them other professors, as Alexander Strimer, the composer, and his wife, Anna, a piano professor. Alexander Strimer's brother had written the music for the famous "Chauve Sourie."

They brought various instruments with them and Julia sang. She had a wonderful voice. We all admired her greatly. She was young and beautiful, and a warm and friendly person. She and Vasily were truly a charming and compatible couple. Many times during the winter months they spent their evenings with

us, and near 4 A. M. would decide to stay overnight. We were truly fortunate to have such wonderful friends. I was seven or eight years older than they were, but this did not make any difference. They always came to me for advice and counsel.

When the revolution broke out in 1917, we had been together quite a bit and had had many celebrations which made us that much closer. With the October revolution underway, we could not meet so often. Transportation was bad. Our horse and carriage had been taken away from us by the government, and we lived four or five miles away from each other. We talked on the phone, but this was not as satisfactory as being together. Everyone was fighting for his very existence, and all of the parties and celebrations were like a dream for all of us. I was having my own share of grief and worry each day, and I certainly did not want to burden my troubles on them.

Some two months after the Soviet Army occupied our town, it started to communize the city and began a clean-up campaign on the old bosses. The Red Army went so far as to fire the director of the Conservatory, even though he was a conservative.

The Red Army appointed another man named Boris Anutin. Boris and I had gone to school together when we were young. He came from a poor family. I had lost track of him for a time, and only a few years before the revolution I had met him on the street. He had entered the conservatory as a pupil. Previously he had played the piano in a small restaurant. Now he decided to make a career as a musician. He did not have the talent of an Efrem Zimbalist, who came from Rostov, and became world famous, nor the ability of Professor Boris Sibor, who also came from Rostov.

Now Boris Anutin was in complete charge of the Conservatory. When he told me about his new appointment, I could not believe that such a thing could come to pass. There were certainly other people who had far greater talent, such as A.

Strimer and Vasily Shaub, or Efrem Zimbalist's brother, an outstanding musician. No one could understand it. When Vasily Shaub came to our house and discussed the matter with us, neither of us could believe it—but there was nothing that could be done.

Professor Shaub was blond and blue-eyed, six feet tall and handsome. Now he became an alcoholic, a "S-goria," which in Russian means a man or woman who forgets his troubles in drink. Shaub thought that this was the way to forget. His wife Julia became disgusted and tried to reason with him, but he was a true Russian, and felt the only solution was vodka. He became a drunkard.

The Conservatory did not discharge him because he was a true musical genius. He could play any instrument, and during the school hours he seemed to be sober and alert. Finally Julia left him and went to her father's home. Her father lived in the city of Taganrog, about 50 miles from Rostov. Taganrog was a very beautiful and historical city, and it was here that the battle was staged with the Turks who had held the city for they controlled the Azov Sea. The entire city was full of trees and looked like a huge park. It reminded me of the Pacific Palisades at Santa Monica. The famous writer, Anton Chekhov, was born and educated in Taganrog. He wrote many books and plays there, which were played all over the world. His "Cherry Orchard," "Three Sisters," and "Uncle Vanya" and many others were written in Taganrog, later performed at the Moscow Art Theatre by his famous wife, the actress Olga Knipper, who played the leading roles, throughout the world. He died at the age of 44 of tuberculosis in Germany.

In 1812, when Napoleon invaded Russia, Alexander I, Czar of Russia, decided to leave Moscow and burn the city, moving to Taganrog, a thousand miles from Moscow. We called Taganrog the "quiet city" or the "dead city," for business did not flourish there. This was because Rostov was the key in com-

munications with the Caucasus and the River Volga, and Rostov grew very rapidly from 50,000 population in 1825 to one million in 1920. In 1825, Czar Alexander I died in Taganrog. His body was sent to Moscow for burial.

The legend of his death was that he had not died but had disappeared and actually lived in a monastery as Fedor Kusmich. He was disgusted with his life. He did not love his wife, the Empress, and had become deeply religious because of what he considered his "early sin" towards his father, Czar Paul.

Count Nikita, Panin, son of General Peter Panin, then the Vice-Counsellor, and Joseph Ribas, Admiral of the Russian Navy, plotted to kill Czar Paul, father of Alexander I. Panin told the Grand Duke Alexander of the existence of a plot to dispose of his father. On March 11, 1801, the conspirators gained admission to the bed chamber of the Czar and brutally murdered him. Alexander I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, for he had been in the room next to where the assassins had killed Paul. He heard his father cry for help, but was unable to aid the Czar.

Immediately afterward he was proclaimed Czar of Russia. There was no opposition because Czar Paul had not been popular, and the Russian people felt that with Alexander I they could conquer the world. Paul liked everything German, including the German language, uniforms and customs. He spoke German in preference to Russian.

Alexander I however could not erase from his memory the scene when the conspirators killed his father. He could still hear him cry for help while he sat helpless in the next room. This crime was in his mind constantly. That is why, in 1825, he decided to go away to a place where no one knew him, where he could devote his life to praying to God for forgiveness for his "sin."

He liked the city of Taganrog, and here, far away from political turmoil, he received reports that the nobility did not

dislike him as much as they had his father. However, he knew that after all of the wars with Napoleon, and after witnessing the way in which Europeans lived, every officer in the Army thought of the future of Russia, and began to prepare for the revolution. Russian army officers were dreaming of a constitution where the Czar would not be a dictator like Paul. The more intelligent officers were dreaming of freedom for all the Russian people.

The palace in Taganrog was always occupied by a commanding officer and soldiers, even during the Kerensky revolution, and even the Soviet revolution. They kept the palace the same as it was in 1825. It is still preserved as a historical monument. I was at the palace many times. It resembled a very cheap house. It was a one-story brick building. The table where the Czar ate was a simple wooden one, as were the chairs. The bed in which the Czar slept and where he died was an iron bed, similar to a soldier's cot used in the army.

After the Czar died in 1825 in Taganrog, the question arose who would be the czar now. Alexander the First's brother, Constantine, was the governor in Warsaw, Poland. His younger brother, Nicholas, was in Petrograd. The revolutionary movement agreed to ask Constantine to be the Czar and sign the constitution, but Constantine declined the offer and suggested that his younger brother, Nicholas I should be made the czar.

The revolutionary leaders at that time consisted of generals and officers in the army. The army, however, was comprised of soldiers ready to by-pass their commanding officers. Leader of the revolt in the army was a general, Prince Trubeskoy, and the well known writer, Ryleev, Prince D. Rostovsky and Captain Michael Bestuzhev. Along with 700 soldiers they refused to take the oath to Czar Nicholas and shouted that they wanted Constantine. They marched to the Senate Square. Nicholas ordered government troops to start a barrage of artillery. After the third volley, the formation of the insurging mobs broke

down and fled in disorder. In a few minutes the Senate Square was cleared, except for the 100 or so dead. One thousand were arrested, among them the great leader, Sergei Muraviv, Colonel Pestel, and many other well known men. Some were sentenced to hang, and the remainder of the leaders were deported to Siberia. This was the end of the "Decembrist Revolution." The Decembrist Revolution was destroyed, but the ideals these men stood for could not be destroyed, according to the famous writer, Ryleev. Who knows but had the Decembrists had a better organization and had they worked together, they might have been successful. Prince Eugene Obolensky, as an illustration, assumed command of the insurgents, but he did not know what to do. The others were equally confused, for there was no strong leadership to weld them together.

Our friend, Julia Shaub, lived in that historical city, Taganrog. She had met a French businessman with whom she fell in love. She divorced Vasily Shaub and married the Frenchman, and they went to Paris. I saw her husband in Constantinople before he left for Russia. Vasily Shaub drank so heavily that he died, after a lingering illness.

Period After Nationalization

FOLLOWING the nationalization, there was a great deal of trouble in the various industries, particularly in the implement and hardware field. These stores were closed for a time, and people who needed this type of merchandise did not know where to turn. Factories which needed screws, bolts, drills, taps and other similar items could not get any of them. Many of the former owners of firms were in jail, and others were shifted elsewhere. It all added to the state of emergency.

One of my acquaintances who owned a hardware store decided to capitalize on the situation. His brother-in-law was in charge of locking all of the stores, and manager of the Tramot, the Motor Transportation System. Since he had every key, he could take anything he wanted. He started to move all of the fast selling and best merchandise, and placed these items in homes and garages. It was flagrant stealing, and both my friend and his brother-in-law started selling on the black market. The buyers were from the same government, although they were from Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, Kiev and other cities. It became a scramble for merchandise. They paid high prices, still knowing that the merchandise was stolen from the nationalized stores.

I had heard that they had gotten into my store, and had taken some of the critical materials. I did not want to be involved. What difference did it matter to me who were the robbers, the government or the commissars? I know that my friend became very wealthy. He tried to send as much money as he

could obtain to his mother-in-law in Paris for safe-keeping.

Of course, there were many thieves in the Foreign Department. He was merely one. When he finally accumulated a large amount of money, he went to Paris. His mother-in-law told him she had invested the money in various enterprises and would not give him any. She finally agreed to give him an allowance each month. She said that he did not know where to invest his money, that he did not speak French, that her children spoke French and they knew what was best.

This dispute went on for several years, until finally one day he became desperate and threatened to kill her and her family if they did not return his money. They finally agreed on a small amount, which he received. He opened a small grocery store outside Paris. After all the risks he had taken in Russia to obtain this ill-gotten money, this was his reward.

Nationalization also affected the printing industry. The larger print shops were working at top speed, but they had taken all of the machinery and parts from the smaller shops and stored them. There was not too much space for storage, and a great portion of the machinery had to be placed out of doors. To make matters worse, it started to rain and the machinery began to rust. The workers started to steal the precious metals, and thus the industry of twenty to thirty printing shops was completely ruined.

The machine shops, factories and small shops, the sheet metal firms, blacksmith and lathe shops also suffered. The engineers in charge gathered all of the machinery and brought it to a large warehouse named Pastuchov, which had been idle for twenty years. There was a little more space here, but the roof leaked, and several of the rooms in the factory did not even have a roof. The trucks brought lathes, milling machines, shapers, drills, and many other expensive pieces of machinery from all over Rostov. The same thing happened again. It rained and all of this valuable equipment was ruined.

The small shop owners whose machinery had been nationalized came to me crying bitterly. It was the same old answer, "Nichevo ne podelajesh" . . . "nothing could be done." Everything was chaos.

People began complaining to the authorities. Investigations were begun, and this is what they discovered. The man who was in charge was an engineer who had finished school in 1904 but had never practiced his profession. His father died and left him a successful drapery business, and he had decided to run this business. He did very well. When the registration procedures began, he showed the authorities that he was an engineer who had completed his schooling in Germany, and that he was a former communist in 1904. The Soviets put him in charge of machine nationalization. Later he was arrested, but acquitted for they did not consider that he had done anything actually detrimental. He was returned to take charge again. He certainly did not have the proper experience, but he had the background the communists desired him to have.

It was most interesting to note that the communists preferred people who were college graduates. This was indeed paradoxical, for most of them had not even finished high school or grade school, and many were actually ignorant. However, they still wanted college trained men who could do a better job than they. This was their desire for leaders in manufacturing—engineers and highly skilled mechanics.

The food situation meanwhile grew more critical with each day. There was no milk, potatoes, meat or vegetables. The communists desperately urged the people to grow their own vegetables. The government assigned land near the city to factory workers, to raise vegetables. After a hard day's labor, the workers went to the fields and worked with hoes, rakes and shovels. The workers also had to work a half day on Saturday and a half day on Sunday.

I also had to go to the fields. Naturally, there was a long

period of waiting, for after seeds were planted, we still had some time to wait for the produce to grow. No one seemed to know the solution to the ever-growing food problem. The situation was widely discussed in the newspapers, and at meetings in the factories, and the communists decided that the solution was to open large restaurants, feeding places, for the hungry populace. They invited the government from Moscow to send speakers outlining this program. It was here that I had the opportunity to see and hear the great orator, Grigory Zinoviev, who was one of the key men along with Stalin and Leon Trotsky. Zinoviev was a great hero during this period. He had been with Lenin in Finland. Anything he undertook was a great success. His closest friends were not happy with him. It was here too that I learned that jealousy can kill more people than any other disease. It was quite a fight.

On a January Saturday in 1920, about 2:30 in the afternoon, some 100,000 people assembled in an open field between Rostov and Nachichevan. These cities were as close as Los Angeles and Van Nuys. We had gathered to hear the famous orator, Zinoviev, and to hear what his solution was to the food problem.

I stood some three or four feet away from him and could hear every word he spoke clearly, as well as observe his facial expressions and emotions. He was an excellent orator, but as a member of the government and its spokesman, his speech was ridiculous. Here he stood before a mob of thousands of people, and this was his speech. He claimed that the government had won the war on all fronts, and now it was up to the people to win the war of food and production. It was a hard thing to do, but we would surely conquer, he proclaimed. He also claimed that he had heard from his friends that it was not possible to build one of the large eating places, because the people did not have pots and pans, silverware, napkins, tablecloths and

other essentials. Because, they had not tried to take these articles away from the capitalists.

Zinoviev also told the mob not to wait until the government got these for them, but to act today. He urged the mob to go directly from the meeting to the homes of the wealthly people and the large department stores, and take everything they could use for building large community eating places. In this way, he claimed, the problem would be solved.

As I listened to this talk, I could not believe my ears. I could not believe that this man was a leader in the government, and later became one of the trio who **was** the government: Rykoff, Zinoviev and Kamenev. This was before Stalin arrested them and had them killed—one by one.

Had I a pistol or a revolver in my pocket, I would not have hesitated to shoot this senseless mad dog who urged robbing and looting.

That night was a horrible one. Many people were robbed of all their belongings, and some of the wives and daughters were raped, by the angry mob incited by Zinoviev's speech. Many of the people committed suicide. How many were killed will never be known. The same thing happened in nearby Kharkov where Zinoviev spoke, as well as in many other cities.

Later, Zinoviev crawled before Stalin, begging for his life. Stalin however did not believe in letting his rivals live, and turned Zinoviev over to the G.P.U.

Ivan Nesterof

Chief of Rostov Soviets

IN FEBRUARY, 1920, Lenin sent a new governor to the Don State. He was Ivan Nesterof, a bright young man. The bright boys were mostly the sons of the old Bolsheviks, or relatives of the Old Guard and the new Soviet regime. They were young and vigorous, and were not elected to their jobs, but appointed by Lenin and the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party. They were the cream of the new society, and could not be removed from their offices.

When these young men arrived, they wanted good accommodations. After looking around, they finally selected the newest apartment houses which had been built before the war and had modern conveniences, such as gas stoves, heaters, water heaters and showers. The apartments were beautifully decorated and furnished by the best stores. They were the property of the wealthy people who lived there.

The particular apartment selected by Nesterof belonged to a good friend of mine, J. Zaslavsky, who owned a cement factory in Rostov. He rented only to select groups of people. He also lived in the building. His son, an engineer in the cement factory, his son-in-law, whose father was in the tobacco business, a professor who taught in the local music conservatory, and his wife, my cousin, whose husband was a chemist connected with the dairy business, plus a few other executives from the local banks all lived there.

When Nesterof selected this building for himself and his

aides, he moved out all of the tenants except the professor from the conservatory, and my cousin and her husband, Julius Herman. They were naturally pleased that they were the "chosen people" in the new society. Suddenly, they did not care what happened to the other people. They became sympathizers with the new order.

At first everything was wonderful. They all met every evening. The Professor provided good singers and music, and my cousin supplied vodka, caviar and whiskey. My cousin, Sonia, cooked for them, and they all had a fine time.

One day one of the members became ill with typhoid. This man's name, Boris Natalenko, was well known in the United States. For many years he held the position of secretary of the Social Labor Party. Since the revolution, Natalenko came back, and served in an advisory capacity to Lenin. His brother, Peter Natalenko, lived in Rostov. I knew him quite well. We had lunch together occasionally, and had some business dealings. He was an easy-going fellow who liked to drink. His wife was a doctor, and he did not worry too much about earning money, for she made a great deal of money and he knew she was very much in love with him.

Boris was secretary of health in Rostov at this time. When Boris Natalenko became ill with typhoid, it was very difficult to get a doctor. All the doctors available were busy at the hospitals or working with the army. My cousin, Julius Herman, a druggist, called an old friend of his, the best doctor in town. His name was Margulies. He took care of Boris. Julius Herman supplied the drugs. After three weeks the patient was on the road to recovery. He told Julius that he owed his life to him, and would never forget it. Later, when Julius and his wife decided to come to the United States, he provided them with recommendations to the foreign department, and they were able to get their passports to the United States.

Suddenly, Ivan Nesterof, who had been friendly with my

cousin, Sonia Herman, decided to evict all of the bourgeois tenants and former friends of the capitalistic regime. One day when my cousin and her husband were out, Nesterof's men changed the locks on the doors, and locked in all of their belongings. Nesterof nailed a seal on the door with the announcement to see the housing authority. When they came home, they almost collapsed. Everything they possessed was in the apartment, their furniture, pictures, clothes. That night they slept at a friend's house. The next day they went to the office of the housing authority where they were told that according to the decision of the Board of Sovnarkom, their belongings had been nationalized. The only things they could take with them were one dress, one suit, one pair of socks, one pair of stockings, one pair of underwear, two sets of sheets and two towels.

Everything else was now the property of the government. They rushed to their friend, Ivan Nesterof, but he would not see them. They went to the house, but there was a policeman there who would not allow them to enter. The next day they returned, collected the few items which the housing authority had permitted them to take, and left. They had great trouble finding an apartment, and finally had to settle for one room. Their attitude now was completely changed towards the Soviets. Their only thought was how to get out of Russia. Of course, to do this, they needed money. They started to accumulate as much as they could. As the manager of a drug store, Julius had the opportunity to obtain expensive drugs and sell them on the open market. In this way, he made quite a lot of money. As expected, the G.P.U. caught him, and he was arrested. Their troubles now began in earnest. He knew the punishment was death. His wife immediately ran to see Boris Natalenko, who at that moment was in a meeting. This did not deter her. She ran straight into the meeting and started to cry and tell the story of her husband's arrest. Natalenko tried to quiet her down, but could not do a thing with her. She demanded that he phone the G.P.U. im-

mediately to release her husband. He finally had to do this. They both knew that after Julius' release, he was momentarily safe, but not for very long.

They packed their belongings, and with the help of Natalenko left for the United States. They finally came to Los Angeles, through Mexico. After arriving in Los Angeles, he got a job with a salary of $65 per week at a small creamery.

At first, they were happy and contented. Soon, however, they became dissatisfied, and left for New York. New York to them was an unfriendly town. It seemed that everyone was busy. People were running to and from the subway. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry. They were terribly disappointed, but they could not do anything about it.

My brother, Oscar, said he would help them. After two weeks, he found Herman a job as a packer in a wholesale drug company. All of his college degrees in Russia were worthless. He was most unhappy, because no one spoke Russian. He never stopped to ask himself why he did not learn English. His wife got a job in a night club as a cigarette girl and made good wages, but their hours clashed. She came home from work at four in the morning, and he had to be at his job at eight in the morning. They hardly saw each other or had the opportunity to speak to each other.

One day he decided he wanted to go back to Russia, because he was dissatisfied with his future in New York. He told this to my brother. Oscar became so weary of their complaints that he finally told them, "All right, if you really want to go back, let us go right down and buy you a ticket." They went to the steamship company. When my brother started to write a check for the ticket, Julius suddenly changed his mind, and promised never to mention going back to Russia again. He asked Oscar to find him another job, perhaps in a creamery where he could work at his chemistry, making yogurt, cheese and cream products.

My brother found him a job as a chemist in Lima, Ohio. His

salary was $7500 per year. When they got to Lima, his wife got a well-paid job as a buyer in a large department store. Julius worked on his experiments with yogurt and various cheeses. Some of the neighboring dairies in Wisconsin paid him $2,000 to $3000 for his advice.

It seemed that finally they were both happy, however his health was none too good. Lima is situated in a low area, and the climate did not agree with him too well. After living there for ten years he accumulated about $35,000 and came back to California to look for a business to buy. He decided to give up chemistry and the dairy business, for the dampness caused congestion in his lungs. He thought he had better do something else. Finally he found a venetian blind factory for sale and bought it. Business was good. Now he completely changed his attitude toward unions and toward employees. He was on his feet all day assembling the blinds, working with his hammer and nails. He was boss, and had all the available help he needed. I asked him why he worked so hard. His answers were: "When I work with the employees, they work harder and produce more, and they don't hold unnecessary conversations. When I watch them, there is no stealing, and they don't spend so much time in the rest rooms. If the union organizer comes in and tries to organize the factory, I am right there to get him out. If I see some of the employees talking to him, I fire them at once. Until now, I don't have any unionization, and I am saving money."

This was going from one extreme to the other. Finally he drove himself so hard that in 1945 he had a heart attack and died. Here was another example of the wrong way to conduct a business. Health and happiness are worth more than a few extra dollars.

The Court of Death

TWO ROOMS of my Uncle's house were taken over by the county of Rostov, to be used as a peoples's court. All of the counter-revolutionists throughout the state were brought before the court. There were fifteen or twenty similar courts in the city. The courts were composed of two people from nearby small towns, with the presiding officer a commissar or a man who had been a communist for some time, someone who had a good record for his unconcern of the number of people he condemned to death.

The court opened at 10 A.M. and closed at 6 P.M. My uncle was home all of the time, for he was a sick man. He spent most of his time in bed, where he either read or just rested. Inasmuch as the court was now held in his home, he occupied his time listening to the investigators and to the defense.

The court never told the victims directly that they were condemned to death. The court merely said that it would finish the case the next day, and for the defendant to go home. As soon as the poor victim walked out of the house, there were two men waiting outside to do justice. This, of course, meant to kill him. The condemned usually started pleading and crying and protesting his innocence, but the murderers did not bother to argue. They drew their revolvers and shot him on the spot. This went on day after day.

My uncle felt that this was a horrible injustice, for in practically every case, the defendant was actually innocent. However,

this fact did not enter into the picture. My uncle was not in favor of communism. Everyone whom the Soviets arrested had to die, for the sake of their dictatorship. There were no appeals, and no defense lawyers. Everything and everyone conspired against the poor victim. If the prisoner said any word against the government, if he tried to eat a hidden chicken on his farm, if he gave misinformation about his stock of chickens, grain or vegetables, he was condemned as a criminal and a traitor to the state. These factors were considered crimes of the highest order, and meant certain death. Many priests and sextons in the churches and synagogues were victims of this court. My uncle survived a little over three months after these dispensers of justice moved into his house. He could not take the brutality and atrocities he witnessed day after day in the new order.

The Chamber of Commerce Janitor

ABOUT A MONTH after the Soviet Government took possession of Rostov, my friend Sam Brailovsky, vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, one day walked past the building and saw the janitor sweeping the sidewalk in front of the building.

He said, "Pietor, how is everything?" Pete replied, "Everything is wonderful. Now everything is ours, and we are the bosses of everyone." Mr. Brailovsky asked him how long he had been working for the Chamber of Commerce, and he replied, "For nearly twenty years." Then Mr. Brailovsky said, "And all this time you were the janitor?" The janitor replied in the affirmative. Brailovsky asked, "What are you doing now?" Pete answered, "Oh, don't you understand? I may be doing the same thing, and may be doing more work because the people in the government do not know how to keep things clean, but I am not complaining. I am very happy. Now everything is ours."

The contrast with conditions in the United States is overwhelming. I knew a man who worked at the Biltmore Hotel Health Club in Los Angeles as a boot black. He had worked there for fifteen years. About five years ago he quit, and went into partnership with another man building homes in San Bernardino. Today he heads a large mortgage company, and has built some 500 homes. He is well on the way to becoming a millionaire. Here we have free enterprise, where a boot black, if he has brains and ambition, can become president of a mortgage company.

Not long ago, I went to a Los Angeles night club. An elderly gentleman came over to my table to say hello. I did not recognize him at first, and he realized it. He leaned over and confidentially whispered that he was the doorman at the Biltmore Hotel. Here too was a good picture of America.

Osip Minor

Mayor of Moscow

THE STORY OF OSIP MINOR, the Mayor of Moscow, is a tragic yet typical story of another citizen sacrificed to the fires of revolution.

Osip Minor was a revolutionist, fighting for the cause, from his early youth. In 1903 he was captured and sent to Siberia by the Czar's government. From Irkutsk to Yakutsk, a distance of 2,500 miles, Osip had traveled on foot. He was accompanied by his wife, and they were chained along with other prisoners. It was below zero weather, and scores of prisoners died on the way. Osip and his wife had begged the officials for mercy as they had their little child, a baby girl, with them, but they were told "Nyet." Mrs. Minor wrapped the child in whatever clothes, paper and rags she could find, and in this manner they walked mile after mile. At long last, they came to their first stop. When they unwrapped the child, they found a piece of ice. The baby had completely frozen to death.

Osip managed to escape in a few years, and to find his way to Switzerland, where he met with other revolutionists. His friends begged him not to return to Russia, but he was lonesome for revolutionary work and did not listen to their advice. He returned to Russia, and was captured a second time. Once again he was sentenced to Siberia. In 1917 when the revolution overthrew the Czar, he was released, and returned to Moscow, where he was elected Mayor of Moscow, under the Kerensky regime. Unfortunately, his good fortune did not last. When the Bolsheviks took over control, they voted to send Osip Minor back to Siberia. He asked for mercy, but once again he was told "Nyet." He never returned and there he died.

Leonid Lutzky and Dr. Lutzky

LEONID LUTZKY was an engineer who worked at installing small flour mills in Rostov. In small cities between 1910 and 1914 this became a big business. In towns the size of Pomona, California, with a 10,000 population, where the nearby farmers grew their own grain, the farmers would take their grain to a nearby flour mill and pay the mill-owner to grind it rather than sell the grain outright for a ridiculously low price. In this manner, the farmer had enough flour for the entire year for his own family, and was able to sell the balance to stores where flour was sold.

I was familiar with this business for I had been the representative of a Swiss syndicate which made sieves of silk. This became a profitable business in the South of Russia, in Rostov on the River Don and the Kuban Area, for here was the finest land, with the largest crops of wheat.

Leonid Lutzky rented one of my stores from me, and he had his offices there. Here he displayed samples of various milling machines. His wife was a doctor. As soon as Leonid became successful, his wife gave up her practice and devoted her time to their three children, and looking after their home. The revolution interrupted his business, for no one was able to do any milling to any large extent, and no one built new mills. His wife considered resuming her medical practice. In the meantime, the Bolsheviks came into power in 1920, and decided it was time to teach a lesson not only to the men, but to the women

as well, particularly the wives of the intelligent and the well-to-do.

One day the Bolsheviks started a registration for women, the same as they had been doing for men. The "punishment" for the intelligentsia who would not take part in the revolution was that all the women were ordered to clean the toilet bowls in public places, such as police stations, railroad stations, apartment houses, and government offices. The Bolsheviks thought that this type of work would be a good object lesson for these women, whom they assumed knew nothing of physical labor.

Mrs. Lutzky protested that she was a doctor, and there was a shortage of doctors because of the typhoid epidemic. People were dying like flies. They were actually dying more from typhoid than from wounds received in the Civil War. The Bolsheviks, however, told her that it was not her business to tell them how to conduct their matters. She had better obey, without question, their orders. She took her assignment and for six months she worked as a scrub woman. I knew she had belonged to the Social Revolutionary Party with her husband. This was sufficient to punish them both for their membership.

Thus the people in Rostov began taking orders from a new society, a new form of government, not elected, but appointed by the new masters. In the name of communism, these new rulers set about to kill the souls of the good people.

When I left Rostov, to the best of my knowledge, Mrs. Lutsky, the doctor, the highly trained and cultured woman, was still scrubbing toilets for the Bolsheviks.

Michael Rudeman

The Anglo-American Tobacco Trust Agent

MICHAEL RUDEMAN was one of the foremost representatives for tobacco throughout Russia. He bought heavily of the crops of tobacco and shipped them to England. During the war he made so much money, and had so much cash on hand, that he started buying diamonds with his money. Rich widows and wealthy people had begun selling their diamonds to him, inasmuch as he had so much cash, and bought with ready cash.

Within a short period of time, he had accumulated two or three large socks filled with diamonds. He proceeded to bury them in the garden of one of his houses. Most of his purchases were made through the diamond dealers. When the Soviet Government occupied Rostov, they arrested all of the jewelers who were buying and selling gold and diamonds.

The Soviets demanded to know the names of the people to whom those dealers who were arrested had sold some of the diamonds. Many dealers mentioned the name of Michael Rudeman.

The G.P.U. arrested Rudeman and his oldest son. His youngest son was in London, in charge of tobacco transactions. He was the go-between for his father with the Anglo-American Tobacco Company.

When Rudeman and his oldest son were arrested, they were placed in two separate cells in jail. The Bolsheviks brought father and son together, and questioned both of them. Upon

their refusal to tell where they had hidden the diamonds, they shot the son to death. Only then did the father promise to show where he had buried the diamonds. After the Secret Police found the stones, they shot Rudeman. Thus, the "King of Diamonds" in the Caucasus, and the Anglo-American Tobacco Trust agent met his end.

Albert Ohlaf

ALBERT OHLAF was from Latvia-Riga. He was in charge of maleable castings in my factory. He was a very devoted worker, and knew the business from beginning to end. After the nationalization of my factory, Albert was transferred to another factory where the same maleable castings for implements were manufactured.

Albert Ohlaf refused to work in this factory, for he had malaria. He had quit his job at a previous factory where he had been working before he came to work for me, because it was near the River Don, and the climate did not agree with his condition. When one has malaria, one's legs grow weak, and it is impossible to stand on them for a great length of time. Additionally, one's temperature rises to 102 degrees, and it is physically impossible to work under such conditions.

The boss' son of this new factory, Leonid Gutterman, was a young attorney and thoroughly ruthless. He wanted to show the communist leaders that he could be as ruthless as they were. He insisted that Albert start to work.

Poor Ohlaf was desperate. He went from one agency to another, looking for justice. Naturally, he did not accomplish his purpose. He finally decided to go back to his native land, Latvia. He went to the Consul of Latvia and showed him his passport, to prove that he was actually born in Latvia-Riga, and as a citizen, wanted to return to his native land. At this time, 1920, Latvia was not under Russia's protection. After a few months

of arguing, Albert was able to leave. He left the city with his family.

I felt pity for Albert, for he was a fine man and a wonderful worker. Gutterman, however, was determined to make things miserable for him. Thus Russia lost another good worker, for no reason. A man was nothing more than a machine to the Communists. If he were disturbed or physically unable to work, it did not matter. I never heard further from Ohlaf, but I hope he finally made a happy life in Riga.

The Love of an Ill-Fated Trio

THIS IS THE STORY of two friends, Ilja Kinsky and Alexander Danilevsky. I had attended school with Ilja Kinsky. He later became my attorney. He was an industrious and clever fellow, not too good-looking. However, he was a very fine person, and would not harm anyone. In college where he was studying law, he had a room-mate, Alexander Danilevsky, the son of a wealthy and prominent doctor in Rostov. We all called Alexander by the name of Sasha, which is short for Alexander. He was an only son, and his mother and father did everything they could to make sure he was healthy and wealthy. When he was in high school, his father drove him to school in the morning. They drove in a beautiful carriage with rubber tires, and with fine horses. Many times after school, the chauffeur would be waiting for the boy in the carriage, and Ilja Kinsky would ride home with him too.

The boys attended college in Kharkov. Until 1916, we did not have a college in Rostov. The boys attended college in 1906-1907, and were very happy there.

Kinsky's father had a small neighborhood grocery, and was able to send his son to college, although he naturally could not provide him with many of the luxuries. Both boys were very happy together. One day, they became acquainted with a very beautiful girl named Vera Berman. She was slim, about 100 pounds when I met her in 1911, and very beautiful. She had dark hair and beautiful hazel eyes, always full of merriment.

She was a happy person, and also had a lovely singing voice. I remember she would sing lovely ballads, "Two Guitars," a well-known Russian song, and also "Ach Esli Moshno Ostoroshno Polubit E Perestat," which meant, "Ah, if I could live, love and forget."

Sasha was a very handsome boy, about six feet tall, well built, a round smiling face, rosy cheeks and very healthy looking. He always made a fine impression. Here in the United States he would have been the perfect type for a movie actor.

Both Ilja and Sasha were in love with the beautiful Vera, but she loved only Sasha, and one could not actually blame her. In 1910 they both became lawyers and returned to Rostov. Sasha opened an office in a large modern building, and his first client was Paramonov. Paramonov's enterprises shipped over a half-billion dollars in grain, coal and flour, and Sasha was one of the ten lawyers hired by Paramonov's company. Sasha's father was Paramonov's personal physician. Naturally, the elder Danilevsky saw to it that his son was on the staff as a legal advisor.

Ilja went to work in the office of a very good attorney, and received a small salary as an assistant.

Vera had graduated from high school. She came to Rostov where her older sister Anna lived. Anna was also a very pretty girl, blonde and blue-eyed, however she was not as intelligent a girl as Vera, nor did she have that million-dollar smile and personality. She had married a wealthy man, some fifteen years older, although he actually looked as if it were about fifty years.

Now Vera was once again able to see the two boys, Sasha and Ilja, and she was busy dating both of them. Sasha's parents were not enthusiastic about Vera, and gave Sasha long lectures about heredity, and who her parents were. Of course, Sasha did not like all of this questioning, but he had always been an obedient and devoted son, and he and his parents had always been very close. Naturally, he was compelled to listen to them.

Since his childhood his parents had constantly impressed upon him that they must always discuss everything together, and all decisions must be made between the three of them.

The doctor began investigating as to the type of business Vera's father was in. He discovered that her father was in the lumber business, buying from factories, and selling logs to coal and steel mines, on a commission basis. In Russia, this was the equivalent to nothing. It was a "business of wind." Naturally, being a doctor whose patients were the wealthiest and most influential people in the city, Sasha's father considered Vera's father as comparatively nothing. He decided that he did not want to meet the family, and he also said that as long as he lived, he would not give his consent to this marriage.

Sasha was heart-broken. Although he knew how his father felt, he could not help himself. He still had to meet Vera secretly, or the two of them met with Ilja.

In the meantime, Ilja had proposed to Vera, and she had promised to give him an answer. He knew the reason for her hesitancy, because of her love for Sasha. Vera told Sasha that Ilja had proposed, and Sasha said he would give her a definite answer after discussing it with his father again. Again Sasha had a meeting with his mother and father, and again they said they would never consent to the marriage. In addition, they warned Sasha they would disinherit him if he married her without their consent. They told him the best thing to do would be to tell Vera the truth, and for her to marry Ilja. He was a nice boy, in her class, and they should be very happy together.

Poor Sasha was so upset that he did not eat or sleep for three days. On the fourth day he went to Vera and told her the story. They both cried, kissed each other in a long farewell, and thus ended a beautiful romance which had lasted for so many years.

When Vera told Ilja Kinsky she would marry him, he was overcome with joy. He kissed her hands and cheeks and fingers, and tried in every way possible to show his appreciation. He

knew, of course, that she was in love with Sasha, but he did not care, as long as she would marry him.

They were married very quietly, and left for a three week honeymoon in the Crimea. When they returned, Ilja called me and told me that he was married and had opened his office. My wife and I invited them to dinner. This was the first time I had met Vera, the girl who had given up the man she loved and married another. However, she was gay and happy, and did not show her feelings at all. After spending an evening with us, we became very friendly, and I appointed Ilja as my business attorney, and gave him a yearly retainer. Vera was so delighted with my appointing her new husband, that she ran to me and hugged and kissed me.

The retainer was not too great, but I was the one who gave him his start. Later, I tried to send all of my friends and associates to him. He was very happy and she was as pleased as a child who had received a piece of candy. Everything was running smoothly and my business was growing. I paid him more money as time went on, and Ilja was doing very well.

In 1917, the revolution began and changed everything in our lives. I was still busy, but I concerned myself increasingly with community affairs at the expense of my private business, so that we did not see Ilja and Vera very often.

They now had a daughter and they were busy too. Ilja, however, did not play any part in the revolution. It was just another interruption in their lives. Sasha had always been against revolutions. He was the type of person who would be all right as long as a friendship with the wealthiest people existed. He was a snob. One did not need brains for this. One just had to know the right people, meet them at luncheons, tell them a few stories and jokes, and that was that.

Ilja, Sasha and Vera were still a trio. They played cards together and discussed Kerensky, whom they considered too liberal. Why all this nonsense about an eight-hour day, unions,

etc., they asked. After all, the Bolsheviks were terrible, why didn't the Provisional Government put them in jail? They *were* terrible. Suddenly on October 26, 1917, Lenin's group became the new bosses of Russia. However, in our city of Rostov the Bolsheviks did not get there until December 26, 1919. Until that time, there was not too much arresting, or social upheaval. We read it all in the papers, as it happened in other cities.

In August, 1919, Dr. Danilevsky died. After his death Sasha decided that now he could marry Vera. In September, thirty days after his father's death, he spoke to his mother about it. Of course, Vera was married to Ilja, but Sasha could ask her to divorce her husband, which he did. She was very happy about this, and in two weeks it was all settled. Ilja asked that their daughter, now eight years old, remain with him. Vera was relieved about this, because she felt that perhaps Sasha did not care to have Ilja's child around. Vera and Sasha were married, and all of their friends were happy that Vera had finally married the man she had always loved, and that they would be happy.

In 1920, the Bolsheviks came to arrest Sasha. The G.P.U., like the German Gestapo, did not announce why a man was arrested. The G.P.U. merely took the citizen and kept him for a long period, without talking. Later, they would release the man, and one never knew why he was picked up in the first place. When Vera opened the door and the G.P.U. asked for Sasha, she said he was sick in bed.

He was actually sick—with fear. All his life he had lived in a city and his mother had kept him protected from the outside world. He could not face any problems. Vera told them that they could not arrest Sasha, because of his illness. They said they would be back the next day. Sasha decided to feign illness, to make believe that he could not move and could not speak. He would only murmur something that no one could understand. The next day, the G.P.U. came back, and Vera took

them to her patient. The G.P.U. said they would appoint a doctor to verify his illness. A few days later a doctor came and he immediately saw that Sasha was not actually ill. The doctor had known Sasha's father, and remembered how he had helped him in the hospital where they had worked together when Sasha's father had been chairman of the board. He told the G.P.U. that Sasha was telling the truth, and was indeed a very sick man.

The Bolsheviks still were in doubt, and two months later they sent a committee of three doctors who all agreed that he had lost his speech, and was paralyzed in one leg, and could not walk. That was the last visit. Sasha had been putting on an act for so long, that he continued it with his friends, and six months later, he actually became ill. He spent all of his time in bed. Poor Vera had to take care of him, cook, and just watch him waste away. He could not speak and he could not walk. The shock of being arrested had been so great, that in the period of six months, he had actually become ill in the same manner he had imitated. Now his wife began to beg the doctors to save him, but it was hopeless. They came to see him daily, but to no avail. He suffered in this way for four years. Even Vera broke down from the constant vigil, but with her great love for Sasha, she was on the job every day.

Their good friend, Ilja, was very sorry for his friends, Sasha and Vera. Every day he came there, and brought food, bread, fish and sometimes meat. Ilja's daughter came as well, and washed the dishes and took care of the laundry. In those days in Russia, one had to wait three or four hours in line to get food, but Kinsky did not mind standing in line, in the dead of winter, during blizzard weather, or in the heavy summer heat. He just wanted to help. He knew they did not have any money, and he spent his last few cents to bring them food. Vera was very grateful.

Four years elapsed, and Sasha finally died. They had a great

funeral, attended by hundreds of people, and thus ended the tragic love of the young people.

After the funeral, Vera and Ilja went for a long walk near the River Don, and talked for many hours. It did a great deal of good for both of them. Ilja asked Vera to come back and live with him and their daughter. He had never remarried, even though he had the opportunity many times. Vera and Ilja were remarried, and lived a very happy life.

After the four years of suffering with Sasha, Vera felt that she was being punished for her sins, and became extremely religious. She prayed every day for forgiveness, and went to the synagogue and lit candles on Friday. She only lived for Ilja and their thirteen-year-old daughter.

This story is reminiscent of an incident in Russia, where a very famous writer, Nicholas Chernishevsky, was sent by the Czar's government to Siberia. After two years had passed, his wife, who had remained in Moscow, decided to marry someone else. She divorced her husband in Siberia. She wrote him a letter telling him about it, and he approved. After she remarried, she became pregnant, and told her former husband, the writer. He received good pay for his magazine articles, and he sent her money for her doctor bills. Then she told him that the baby was a boy, and she had named him Nicholas, after her former husband. Again he sent money. From this time on, he sent them a check every month. This could only happen in Russia.

Ivan Miroshnik

IVAN MIROSHNIK worked at my factory at the beginning of the war in 1914. He was mobilized and sent to the front near Austria. He was there during the war and became a hero. He received the Cross of St. George for bravery. He told me that the Austrian soldiers were tired of the war, and could not see any reason to sit in the trenches covered with snow, and then, when the snow melted, have to sit in water. Many contracted pneumonia, and died, but Miroshnik was a strong man, and he survived. He came back, and was awarded the cross for heroism, and was happy to get his old job back at my factory.

He had made up his mind that he was going to surrender to the Austrians. He climbed out of the trenches to surrender, but when he reached the Austrian side, thirteen Austrian soldiers climbed out and insisted that Miroshnik take them as prisoners. In this manner, he became a hero, by "capturing" thirteen of the enemy's men.

I noticed that he was losing weight and coughing a great deal. He said he had picked it up during the war in the Carpathian Mountains in Austria, but that it was nothing to worry about. Finally, I insisted that he check with a doctor who was a dear friend of mine. After an examination, the doctor told him that he had tuberculosis. In Russia, as in many parts of the world at this particular time, people who contracted this dreadful disease were practically condemned to death. There was nothing to help those poor people, except for them to go to the

South of Crimea where they could rest, lie in bed, and eat the proper kind of food. This was the only cure prescribed.

My friend, Dr. Kechek, said that if Miroshnik were admitted to a hospital in Crimea, he would probably be saved, and recovery might be possible. We started working on getting Miroshnik admitted. I went to the doctor who examined patients for the Soviet Government, but as always, he was very busy. Finally, I was able to get an appointment, for Miroshnik's examination. The X-rays showed positive. His lungs were bad. The only thing that would save him would be a recommendation to enable him to enter the sanitarium at Yalta, in the Crimea. This was not easy, considering that he was not a member of the Communist Party.

Miroshnik was growing worse every day. His wife came crying to me, to the doctor, and to the committee, but nothing helped. The admission was to be received by mail, but the bureaucrats of the party did not want people admitted who were not in the party.

It did not matter to the communists that Miroshnik had two children, that he had been awarded the Cross of St. George for bravery during the war. All this meant nothing to them. Finally the poor man died in a local hospital. A month after his death, his wife received the admission papers, permitting Miroshnik to enter the sanitarium. I was most unhappy for poor Miroshnik, his wife and their children, but it was too late.

Andrei Kookanov

ANDREI KOOKANOV was a house painter. He was a very good painter, but he was a heavy drinker, particularly of vodka. When he was drunk, he always wanted to fight, and no one could stop him. He was six feet three inches tall, and weighed 250 pounds. He was of heavy build, and never sick a day in his life.

On Saturdays he quit work at noon. Instead of going home, he would stop at the local saloon, where his friends, other painters, also stopped. When he got home about six o'clock, his wife, Marie, and their five children always tried to avoid him, for he abused her and the children. He would beat her. The beatings sometimes were so bad that for a week her face would be swollen and bruised. Sometimes he used a steel ruler, about twenty-eight inches long, called an "arshin." It was about one-quarter inch thick and one inch wide. He would beat his poor wife with this ruler. The neighbors always knew what was going on, by her screams and cries. No one dared to interfere, for they knew that one time some people had interfered and he beat them up as well.

One day I could not stand the horrible crying and the suffering that this poor woman was undergoing, and I called the police for help. When the police arrived, Kookanov started shouting at them. They had a difficult time quieting him down. Then something happened I had not foreseen. The wife began to cry and begged the police not to arrest him. She loved him,

she said, and he was not to blame. She said she was to blame, because she spoke to him in the wrong tone of voice; that she did not kiss him and had refused to accept his attentions.

The police said he was disturbing the peace, and that he would have to be taught a lesson. She threw herself on her knees, and kissed the hands of the police, begging them not to arrest him, because she loved him, and he was a good man. After much discussion, Andrei promised never to disturb the peace again, and the police left.

For three or four weeks all was quiet and peaceful, and then it started again. Six months later Marie became ill from the beatings, and was taken to the hospital. Three weeks later she died. All of the neighbors felt very sorry for the children, and especially for Marie. She had worked hard all of her life, and now she was dead, as a result of her husband's drinking.

We all blamed the Czar for making vodka so easily available to the people. However, the Bolsheviks only did the same as the Czar's Government had done, in manufacturing and distributing vodka. There was a huge profit in the sale of vodka, so that no taxation was necessary. What a tragedy for the 160 million people. Everyone drank heavily to forget his troubles.

This is only one episode, but practically three quarters of the working men, upon receiving their salaries on pay day, spent the money for vodka before they got home to their wives and children, who were waiting for food. The husbands would come home drunk and without any money. It was a terrible struggle for the poor women and their families.

We, the revolutionary party, boycotted all this alcoholic business during the czarist regime. I did not realize until I came to the United States how lucky we are in this country not to use this horrible system which existed during the czar's reign and later was used by the Bolsheviks.

The 1920 Rules and Regulations

Treatment of Former Capitalists

THE FOLLOWING rules and regulations were issued by the Bolsheviks in 1920:

The enemies of the Soviet Government were listed as: the presidents of all banks, all corporations worth more than $50,000; corporation lawyers handling cases involving more than $50,000; former presidents of mines, engaged in fighting the Soviets; owners of factories employing 500 or more workers; presidents of chain stores; all chiefs of police and their collaborators. All these people were ordered arrested, and sent to jail. Some were sent to Siberia, and some were merely taken out and shot to death.

Everyone was ordered to register at once, listing his occupation, his holdings, and his assets.

All vice presidents and other officers of banks or corporations valued at $50,000 were also termed enemies of the Soviets. Additionally, all officers of chain stores, factories, officers of unions fighting the Soviets, employees of the police, judges of superior courts or municipal courts also were ordered arrested.

All small shop keepers, having more than five employees, were ordered sent to the coal mines. Those who were unable to go to the mines, for physical reasons, were ordered to become street cleaners and janitors.

All employers with five employees or more shall be registered, and sent to jail, or assigned to jobs with public works, without pay. They shall not be released without the approval of the people's court.

All houses and personal belongings of the above people shall be confiscated by the state, and given to those people who need them. All empty houses shall be turned over to the party members for their use as living quarters.

Children of former capitalists or children of the bourgeois shall never be allowed to have an education in high schools or colleges.

An important fact to bear in mind in surveying the Russian Revolution from an historical viewpoint is the vast amount of foreign capital and equipment which the revolutionists inherited, or confiscated.

Many of the steel mills in Russia had been built and owned by English firms. The Hughes factory near Ekaterinoslav, now called Stalino, was built by the British. It is still the largest in Russia. The Belgians had also built steel mills in Enakievo, as had the French in Taganrog and Lugansk. The electric street cars in Russia, as well as the concessions to operate them, belonged to Belgian investors. The telephones were the property of Swedish investors. The rubber factories were the property of French stock holders. The gold in Siberia, in the Lake Lena region, belonged to English capitalists. The implement business was supplied by the International Harvester Company of the United States. The thrashing machines came from England, and machines for the flour mills came from Switzerland.

All this heavy investment of foreign goods, materiel and money fell into the hands of the new regime. The Revolutionists also nationalized all the private homes as well as the large office buildings. Since there was no one responsible for the upkeep of these buildings, thousands of pipes froze and burst. Despite the Russian's boast, years later, that they are outstripping the West on the economic front, they are still short of pipe. The greatest accomplishment of the Soviets has been their schools and the vast numbers of students who have been educated under the new regime.

From Rostov to Vladicavcas

MORE AND MORE my decision to leave town and somehow, some way, get to the United States, entrenched itself in my mind. This was the beacon of my life.

I had many conversations during this time with my neighbor, a former manufacturer in a small soap factory. He entertained ideas of going to Georgia where there was a democratic government, but the constant dilemma was how to get to Vladicavcas, a border city near Georgia. His name was Leon Frolof, and he now lives in Israel. It chanced that the man who shared our office was also chief of the automotive division of the army. He had been promoted to the job of chief of all the food distribution in the Caucasus, with headquarters in Vladicavcas. Today the city is known as Orchanikidze. The governor of the state was one of Stalin's close friends. He was also a Georgian. They had been boyhood friends, and remained friends after the revolution. This was why he had received this appointment.

Stalin had instructed him to watch the border of Russia and Georgia for capitalists trying to get through this loophole. Our departure was set for May. Our friend's name was Merculov, a young man in his early twenties, handsome, and the son of a wealthy family in Kiev. He had told me how the czarist and Ukraine police under Getman Skoropadsky put him in jail and had almost beaten him to death. There he contracted typhoid fever. He managed to survive.

After he had recovered, he decided to do anything to help

the Soviet Government. I told him my story, which was the entire truth. He understood my position, and promised to take me with him as his "secretary." Upon arrival in Vladicavcas, I would be able to find ways and means to move on to Georgia.

We started making secret preparations so that no one would know that we were planning to leave the city—the city where we were born and had spent a happy childhood, experiencing much happiness as well as sorrow. Now we finally were going to the United States.

As the time neared for our departure, I tried to collect money from people who had borrowed from me, trying to accumulate as much as possible. One day, we received word from our commissar, Merculov, that next Tuesday, we were to leave Rostov. I waited impatiently for that day. I was over-joyed, yet frantic with worry that the communists would see us leaving. I knew what the consequences would be.

On the important day, I left the house as I usually did, with my briefcase, took the streetcar, and went to the depot. The family left separately in taxis, or on different street cars. One of my former employees took all of our belongings in a truck. Now, I felt that we really were going. I had my identification, given to me by our commissar, but still I did not want to be seen leaving the city. I sat in our car for hours until our car from the freight lines was transferred to the main line passenger train. I wore a khaki shirt, pants and a soldier's cap. In this manner, I sat for hours. It grew dark, and the light was bad. Then I saw the secret police go through the train. Thank heaven, everything was all right. At 8 p.m., our train left Rostov. Destination —Freedom!

We left our janitor, Afanasy, in charge of the house. He was a general handyman. He had been with us for five years and was very devoted. He did the marketing, and in winter took care of the coal supply in the garages, and tended our steam-engine boiler, which required a great deal of coal to heat twelve rooms.

When my son Victor wanted to go out, he went to Afanasy, who took him for walks to the city or to the parks. He was a must in our house, and he did his work very conscientiously. When I told him he was to be in charge, he was very proud; and when we said goodbye, he cried like a baby. He was very sentimental, and deeply attached to the whole family. He was like the janitor in Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard."

Our train left, and we were overwhelmingly relieved that no one had recognized us. We were finally on the road to freedom.

The next day we stopped at the famous city of Kislovodsk, which is in a valley where there are fine mineral waters. It is one of the greatest resorts in Russia. The town was surrounded by beautiful mountains, and was most scenic. Kislovodsk had the best restaurants, theatres, operas and ballets, as well as a symphony orchestra. The leading actors and actresses spent their summers there. The finest European conductors also came to this resort. The climate was perfect, and the people drank the waters, called "narsan," which came directly from the fountains. This water was also used in the baths, which were highly recommended by doctors. During the summer months it was almost impossible to get a room there in any hotel. It took months in advance to reserve a room in the Grand Hotel, for the Grand Hotel had baths with "narsan" as well as a fabulous night life. Here in the mountains, too, was a palace called "Kovarstvo E Lubov," which meant "Love and Hate," five miles away. One climbed to the top by means of a rope ladder. On top the place was always full of patrons. Gypsy music, singing, and dancing continued on through the night. Guests ate shishkabob and drank vodka, while the Cossacks entertained the throngs with wild dances and flaming sword-swallowing acts. It was a scene of gay revelry.

There were generals there, and many of the wealthy people from every part of Russia, as well as from Siberia. The city had an excellent symphony orchestra, with eighty to one hun-

dred musicians, and world renowned conductors came to lead the orchestra. It was truly a wonderful resort, a place for relaxation and peace. People who could not pay the exhorbitant prices at the hotels could rent apartments for a week at a time. The town was alive all night long, full of laughter, music and song.

The next town was Essentuki, which was similar to Kislovodsk, except that it was a quieter town, and the water was like "Vichy" water in France, highly recommended for stomach ailments.

Then there was the town of Pjatigorsk, an historical city where the famous poet, Lermontov, was killed fighting a duel. He was buried in the center of the town, near one of the fountains. The city had mineral waters here also, for bathing and as a cure for rheumatism and arthritis. The waters were also excellent for elderly people suffering from poor circulation.

Another town was Shelesnowodsk, close by, which meant "Iron," or "Iron-Town." This was a similar resort town with mineral waters. It was truly remarkable to see so many spots of relaxation, where people were gay and living only for today, with no thought of tomorrow.

We remained at the station for a day and a half, and did not leave the train to go into the city. I was trying to forget everything familiar around me, and kept thinking of what was next in my life.

Finally the Commissar, Mr. Merkulov, came back from town, with his actress girl-friend, who was also his travelling companion. He said they had had a wonderful time, and also reported to the station master that we were now ready to leave, to resume our schedule. In a few hours we started out, and it was goodbye to European Russia. We were now nearing the Asian Caucasus, where so many legends had been written by famous Russian writers, as Pushkin, Lermontov, and Leo Tolstoy. Tolstoy wrote "Hadji Murat" here, a remarkable story

about the wild life of the Caucasian people and their many fights. Tolstoy was in this war himself, which led to his writing "War and Peace." Tolstoy was once taken prisoner by the wild Asiatic cavalry, the Chechenzes. A rescue party at the last moment saved his life.

In the area around Vladicavcas lived the mountaineers of Caucasus, an Asiatic people called "Cherkes" or "Osetins." They were a brave and vigorous people, and had fought against Russia when Russia was at war with Turkey in 1877. It was a struggle which took a long time before these people were conquered.

I recall once when I was en route to the town of "Mosdok," my coachman told me a story. He said that we were going through a very dangerous section, that the night before a salesman had been killed, and a few days previously they had killed a prominent manufacturer. The Osetins did not care whom they killed, the idea was to kill first, and then find out whom they had killed. They had an iron-clad rule for generations. This was, if someone asked for shelter or food, they offered their home, but after the visitor was gone and about a half-mile away from their home, they killed them. It was small consolation to know that while you were a guest in their home, you would not be killed.

We arrived in Vladicavcas about eleven o'clock in the morning. The depot looked like those in any other Asiatic city—old and dirty, but nevertheless, we were happy to be there.

Our next problem was where were we going to stay? We certainly could not stay at a hotel. I remembered that I had a friend, Nicholaev, who lived there. We went to see him. He was very happy to see us, and said he could help us, but that he did not have too much space.

He suggested that our two older girls, Shura and Marie, share a room with his girls, and that he would find some place for us to stay. He asked the president of the local Jewish Community

Council for help. The president offered his living room. We had to sleep on the floor, and though it was a hardwood floor, we put down our travelling rugs, and the floor seemed soft indeed to us. We could finally see our way to freedom. The floor felt as though we were sleeping on foam rubber, because of the welcome and generosity of our host.

After our lodging was arranged, I started checking on getting permission to leave the city. This was not an easy thing to do. That evening my friend, Nicholaev, invited a former employee of mine, who was now working in the G.P.U. to his home. Nicholaev told me that another one of my former employees had told him that he had seen me in the area, and that he felt very sorry for me, because my trousers were torn, and my khaki soldier's shirt was very worn.

The next day, Nicholaev arranged a meeting for me with the mistress of Sergei Ordjanikidze, the governor of the Caucasus. She needed a cow very badly, for milk for her infant child. Milk was extremely hard to get, as were cows. She said that if I got a cow for her, she would get permission from the G.P.U. for me to go to Georgia, Tiflis or Batum. I agreed to this, not knowing how much a cow would cost. After shopping around, I was able to get a cow for 200,000 rubles in Soviet money. It would be impossible to translate this in American dollars, because one could not get American dollars at any price. After three days, the cow was delivered, and I received permission to leave.

I went to see the Consul of Georgia, and with my false passport saying that I was born in Batum, Georgia, I did not have any trouble at all obtaining entrance into Georgia.

I hired an automobile, a model T Ford, to take us over the Kasbek Mountains. These mountains were about 16,000 feet high. We left early in the morning. It was a beautiful sight to see the mountains covered with snow. For a while, we forgot all of our troubles. There were three adults and five children, as well as luggage. Our car was loaded almost like the Oklahoma

farmers crossing the western part of the United States during the dustbowl thirties.

When we arrived in Vladicavcas, we had our paper money glued into large books. We also had a shoemaker put our gold money inside the soles of our shoes, and in this way, thought we would have some money when we got to Georgia.

I heard from different people that the G.P.U. was checking at the border, examining peoples' shoes and hitting these shoes with hammers, to see if they had gold hidden inside. I removed the gold from our shoes, and told my driver to hide it in the gas tank. He refused to return the gold to me, when we got to Tiflis. Everyone was stealing on all sides, and he was no exception.

How disappointed I was when I learned later what happened. We took half of the paper money with us, and gave the diamonds, gold and jewelry to the Consul. As a citizen of Georgia, he made up a package, and promised to give it to a messenger of the Consulate, to deliver to Tiflis.

I learned later that all of the gold money, the diamonds, and the paper money was confiscated with the arrest of the messenger. When the officials saw my name on the package, as a former capitalist in Russia, they pronounced me a traitor, and ordered to have me condemned to death, in absentia.

After two days of travel, we went through the little town of "Gory," which was Stalin's birthplace, and finally arrived in the vicinity of Tiflis. A few miles out of town, we were stopped, and here we found new trouble. The Georgian Government was screening all people entering from Russia, because the government was worried about communist infiltration into Georgia, which might lead to a revolution for the Soviets.

First, they told me that my passport was phony; that they had already stopped a few others like it. Secondly, they did not want any more people to enter because of the food shortage. Thirdly, they wanted to be sure that I was not a spy for the

Soviets. No matter how strongly I argued with them, their polite answer was always the same, they would have to send me back to Russia. What a prospect. This meant certain death.

Finally, I asked them to allow me to enter Tiflis, where I had many friends, for only one day. I told them that I was not worried, that the Georgian Government knew who I was, and would allow me to enter. At last the Captain in charge agreed to let me go. In the meantime, however, we slept on the grass, which was our hotel, and we had the sky for a roof, and the moon for a light.

We were now refugees in the true sense of the word. I went into Tiflis and found my old friend, Nicholas Paramonov, who at that time was engaged in large transactions with the Georgian government, buying sugar and wheat from the United States, and selling it to the Georgian Government. He took me to the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Chichinadze, and I was given a temporary permission to remain in Georgia, until I received my visa to the United States.

My family's happiness was indescribable. Now we felt we were really on our way to the United States, that we had clear sailing. It was not so clear, because it took us almost an entire year to get to the United States.

Nicholas Paramonov

One of Russia's Richest Pre-Revolutionary Men

I MET Nicholas Paramonov in Tiflis in 1920. I had known Paramonov previously. We met before the revolution in the War Production Board, in 1915-1917, and again when he was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce in Rostov, and I served as secretary. The authorities in Tiflis did not want to allow me to enter because my passport was not from Georgia. If one were not from Georgia, the officials had decreed that the refugees were to return to Russia. Returning to Russia meant jail for me, and who knew what else it might mean.

I had heard that Paramonov was in Tiflis at this time, and I went from the outskirts of the city to see him. I told him my story, and he told me not to worry. He took me to the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Chichinadze. Dr. Chichinadze was also from Rostov. He told me that I could come and stay there until I was able to get a visa to the United States.

Paramonov was one of the richest men in Russia. In 1913 his father died and left him eighty-seven million dollars. In one year, he accumulated another thirteen million, making a total of one hundred million dollars. He and his brother controlled the finest and largest coal mines in the Don Basin, the steamship companies, and flour mills. Paramonov himself was a very liberal-minded man. In 1905 he had books by Marx and other socialist writers printed, and sold for one cent per copy. Naturally, it cost him a great deal of money to make the

people aware of the socialist writings and thought. After the revolution in 1905, the Czar began to resent Paramonov for promoting revolutionary doctrines. Paramonov was indicted by the court, and sentenced to three years in jail. Being as powerful and rich as he was, Paramanov understandably did not want to serve time in jail. He went from one court to another, until the case was finally battled out in the Supreme Court. In 1914, when the War broke out, Paramonov built and donated a hospital for veterans in Rostov, which cost him $300,000. When the Czar heard of this, he was pleased, and had Paramonov pardoned. When the Revolution broke out in 1917, Paramonov played a leading role. However, he soon felt that he did not fit into the revolutionary picture, and stepped out.

In Constantinople, in the early twenties, Paramonov set up his shipping headquarters. I went to see him and thank him. I told him that I was going to the United States. He said if I were to write him and tell him that it was possible for him to earn a living in the United States, he would come. After coming to the United States, and undergoing the difficuty of learning a new language and new customs, I thought it would be impossible for Paramonov—a man in his fifties—to accomplish this. I never wrote to him. Later I received word that Paramonov had moved his firm to Berlin, and then to Paris. He was a fine gentleman, always helping those in need. I remember his kindness with great warmth.

Leonid Marshack

Commercial Attaché

LEONID MARSHACK was a boyhood friend. We went to the same schools, and later our families lived across the street from each other. His sister, whom I knew as a little girl, married Alexei Rykov, one of the trio who ruled Russia for a time, after Lenin's death. The trio included Rykov, Zioviev and Kamenev. Rykov had been an agronomist and an old Bolshevik, prior to his becoming prime minister. The other two men shared Rykov's burden, when he served as number one man in the government. Stalin, fighting Leon Trotsky, wanted help from the trio, who at the time were particularly powerful in the Communist Party. Stalin always kept an eye on the three, especially on Leo Kamenev, Trotsky's brother-in-law.

Leonid Marshack was successful as an engineer in contracting heating systems for large buildings throughout Russia, while I was occupied with implements and hardware. Our offices were in the same building in Rostov—the same building which I rented from Boris Reese. I had a larger office, and also a lot behind the building, which was filled with implement machinery, as well as four warehouses.

During the war, much building was curtailed because of material shortages. Marshack tried to find some other occupation. The Merchants Bank in our city, concentrating on the cigarette business, underwrote a major stock issue. We had four large factories which dominated the cigarette manufactur-

ing business, however they were under-capitalized. The Merchants' Bank, with the aid of the new directors, particularly A. Alperin, now living in Paris, voted to invite young people—new blood—into the organization, and to issue them stock in the cigarette manufacturing company. In a short time, the new stockholders made a great deal of money, because of the rising value of the stock market.

Finally, the Bank started to merge its cigarette manufacturing business with other similar companies throughout the major cities in Russia.

Revolution and nationalization hit everyone. The cigarette business now became a source of income for the Soviet Government. The banks were all nationalized, and the so-called "neauveau riche" were not so rich anymore. They were forced to look for other ventures.

After the nationalization period, it seemed that everyone was trying to leave Russia. I met Leonid Marshack in Vladicavcas en route to Tiflis, Georgia. He and his friend, M. Dorfman, and their families passed us on the military road to Tiflis. They were driving a large government car, a Mercedes, and a truck, loaded with their luggage, was following.

They did not stop for they were in a hurry. The car passed us, and left a trail of dust and sand, as they sped away. We were going in the same direction. There were seven of us, and our chaffeur, in a broken-down Ford, loaded with shabby luggage on the side of the car. When I saw Marshack in Tiflis, he did not speak to me. I understood the reason. He had obtained a job through his brother-in-law, A. Rykov, brother-in-law of the future prime minister of Russia, and he did not want to talk about this. Later I met him in Constantinople, Turkey. It was the same story. He was still avoiding me. Finally one day, my daughter, Shura, who had gone to school with his daughter, met her. She told Shura that their destina-

tion was Berlin, Germany. I heard he had been given the position of Commercial Attache in Berlin, representing the Soviet Government. After living in Berlin a few years, he and his family were called back to Moscow, for another assignment. He knew what this meant, and refused to go. The government fired him. He spent the next few months hunting for different jobs, without success. Finally he broke down, had a heart attack and died.

How pathetic this shock was for his family. His brother-in-law, Alexei Rykov, was expelled from the party in 1930, and succeeded by Molotov as the chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. Rykov was eventually shot by Stalin's orders in 1938.

Stalin was already acting as if Lenin were dead, back in the early twenties.

The basic elements of Stalin's frame-ups were not fantasy. Prior to Lenin's death, Lenin asked for poison in February, 1923, for he said he could not stomach Stalin's actions towards the people of Russia. Krupskaya, Lenin's wife, observed in 1926 "If Lenin were alive, he would be in prison by Stalin's hand and direction."

Life in Tiflis

TIFLIS was a most interesting town. One part was European and the other Asiatic. My dear friend, Vlas Iremashvile, was the president of the Eurasian Bank, as well as the leader of the Socialist Democratic Party. Every Georgian felt that he must belong to the Party. The president of the Georgian Republic was Noah Jordania, a distinguished looking old man with white hair. I saw him frequently riding in his carriage with his friend from Germany, Karl Kautsky, famous leader of the German Socialist Party. Jordania considered him his teacher of Socialism. Karl Kautsky and Karl Marx were dear friends, and Kautsky had spent a good deal of time at Marx' home in London, while Marx was alive.

The Georgian people were very handsome, particularly the aristocracy. Iraklie Tsereteli, who was the postmaster general in the Kerensky Government, for example, was a very handsome gentleman, as well as a dear friend of Victor Chernov. Prince Mdivani, who years later married Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth five and ten cent store heiress, was another illustration of Georgian handsomeness. Another Mdivani brother was the husband of Pola Negri, the actress, and the third brother was married to another movie actress. They also had a beautiful sister. The father, the General, was Governor of Batum. I saw the Mdivani family in Constantinople. My good friend, Beliaev, chairman of the Russian Red Cross, introduced me to Mrs. Mdivani, mother of the family. She was a very brilliant busi-

ness woman. In ten minutes I was ready to purchase antiques from her. She had all kinds of antiques for sale. This was before the family came to the United States.

The biographer, Souvarine, who authored Stalin's French biography, wrote that Stalin's mother was not a pure Georgian, but an "Osetin," and hence there was a mixture of Mongolian blood in Stalin's veins. However, those who knew Stalin well said that Stalin's father was an "Osetin," a very coarse person, like all Osetins who lived in the Caucasian Mountains. It was probably because all of the Georgian people were very gay, excitable and quick-tempered. It is difficult to say who was right and who was wrong in this matter, but from all indications Stalin appeared to be a very strong personality, and he always said, "I can wait." Patience was not a notable Georgian trait. By waiting, Stalin was able to rid himself of all his competition from his comrades. Little by little, he eliminated them one by one.

The town of Gori, where Stalin was born, was picturesquely situated on the banks of the Kura River near Tiflis, along the Transcaucasian railroad. Beautiful streets, widely scattered houses, fruit orchards, orange trees looking like they had gold pieces hanging on them, when the sun shone, which it did most of the time.

Stalin's best friend, Bukharin, called him Genghis Khan, and Stalin himself many times said he was "an Asian and not ashamed of it." The population of Georgia was two and a half million. The country had natural wealth, particularly manganese, the finest product in the world for making steel, and used throughout the world. The mines were in the town of Chiatur, near Batum. English and American steel companies bought the material. There was also a large amount of copper mining there.

The climate was similar to California, except in the winter

it was much colder, and sometimes it snowed. We spent from June to December in Tiflis and in Borshom, where the famous mineral baths were located. The mineral water came down the mountains. People filled their own bottles on the spot, and drank it. Another large industry in Georgia was the vineyards, where some of Europe's finest cognac was made. The workers pressed the grapes with their feet and stored the wine in large clay pitchers. On vacations, everyone always took wine along.

The Georgians were considered the best wine drinkers in the world. Their wine consumption was something to behold. A large factory called the "Saradjev Company" manufactured cognac, which was extremely good, and sold this in all the larger Russian cities. The Georgians also produced silk and cotton in Kachetia, near Tiflis, and livestock breeding was extensively carried on in the steppes.

The food in Tiflis was brought by the farmers on horse back. In most cases, donkeys were used, because the farmers lived in the mountains, and the roads were very steep and narrow.

When I was in Tiflis in 1920, the population was about 250,000. The city was managed very well by the government. The food situation was none too good, but it was still far superior to that in Russia. Most of the flour came from Russia, but now the Georgians had to buy it from Canada or Argentina or the United States. The Georgians also got their sugar from the United States.

Everything seemed well organized in Tiflis, and the city was kept clean. There was a large square, surrounded by cathedrals and many fine buildings. Here, too, were lovely gardens, and a palace for the Viceroy of Russia. Opera houses, museums, wonderful hotels, churches dating from the 14th and 15th century, and public libraries added to the charm of the city. We enjoyed Tiflis very much, particularly the Georgian people, who were always gay, smiling and cheerful.

In Tiflis I had an old friend, Moses Schweizer, who had once

been my father's bookkeeper. He had a home like a palace, on the street Gudovitch No. 4. He invited us to live in an old room where he kept old boxes, barrels and junk. The room did not have any windows. This was the treatment I received from someone who was supposed to be a good friend. In 1906, after he escaped from Siberia, he had come to Rostov to stay with us while he hid from the police. This same friend came to us about 7 in the morning, on February 18th, 1921, in Constantinople. Georgia had been invaded by the Russian army. He asked me if we could take him, his wife and daughter, and give them a place to stay. I showed him our two by four room, where my wife, our five children, and I slept. I told him if he thought we could accommodate three more, he was welcome. He saw that it was impossible, but he left his daughter with us. He rented a room the next day, and came back to pick up his daughter.

I refused Moses Schweizer's "generous" invitation, and went to see my friend, Sam Zingerofsky, who gave me two rooms, and permitted my wife to share the kitchen.

He proved to be a truly good friend. He offered me a partnership in his hardware business, but I declined, because I did not feel safe in Tiflis. I was correct in my decision, for not too many months passed before the Russians took over. We moved on to Constantinople.

In Tiflis, we met many people who were going to Palestine, France, Germany, England and Switzerland. The big dream of every refugee was to get a visa to the United States. I saw people who had been waiting for three or four years and could not get a visa. Every day we met Russian refugees in the cafe of the Golovinsky Prospect, the Broadway of Tiflis. We sat there for hours, discussing where to go. Everyone had his own ideas and his own version on the merits of Paris, Berlin, where one could live cheaply, or Vienna, the cheapest place of all.

We all had a problem. We wanted to make certain that our children did not forget the education that they had received. I found a German school for Victor. Inasmuch as he knew German, it was easy for him to learn the grammar and the German language.

It was not so easy, however, in other respects. The school gave him a third degree, because he was a Jew, and all the schools for children in Tiflis which taught Jewish were filled to capacity. The schools operated on a twenty-four hour basis. It was impossible to do anything. We hired another teacher for the girls. It was hard on the girls as well. Every day we thought about going on to Constantinople, and then to America, but it was only a dream, and every day we felt as if we were sitting on a volcano. As we sat in our two rooms near the stove, watching the fire, many good people came to visit us, and we cheered each other. The beautiful scenery of the city was wasted on us. Every day I went to the English Consulate, and to the American Consulate, and sent letters to my relatives in England. It was to no avail. No replies came.

One day I received a letter from my brother, Oscar, in New York. He was optimistic. He promised a wonderful future for me, and he knew my potential better than anyone else. After receiving this letter, we were cheered considerably. We felt now everything would be all right. The year 1920 was ending. I was worried for fear of being caught in Tiflis. It seemed that we would once again become victims of the Soviet army, Soviet brutality, and we would try to escape all over again.

One day I went to see the English Consul in Tiflis, and asked him of the letters and checks which I was expecting. He asked me my name. When I told him, he asked me if I were from Rostov. I said yes. He said, "I am John Walton, from Baku, an old customer of yours." I was very pleased to see him. Shortly after this, I received a letter from the Arthur Balfour

Company, in Sheffield, England. This was a large steel mill which I had represented in Russia. The firm invited me and my family to come to England. I asked John Walton for a visa and because of the letter, he gave me a visa to England. How wonderful it was to have good friends. After corresponding with my two cousins in Manchester, England, they recommended that I had better go directly to the United States. Once again, we started to work on this dream.

We bought tickets to Batum, a port on the Black Sea, and went there by train. We stayed at a hotel in Batum for three days, and then began to watch the boats which were leaving for Constantinople. The boat we finally were able to get on was filled with passengers. The people did not care where they were placed, whether they had a seat or not. They were jammed in like Norwegian sardines. I paid a man who was in charge of the wireless. In exchange for forty dollars in gold, he gave up his room. In a room which normally accommodated two people, there were seven of us. However, we were happy to have a room. On this same boat we saw the famous lawyer O. O. Grusenberg, the notorious anti-semitic writer, A. A. Stolipin, who wrote for the "Novoje Vremja," the New Times in Petrograd, one of the largest newspapers in that city. He was a brother of the noted prime minister, P. A. Stolipin. The writer had sold his watch to get on the boat. There were many other dignitaries, as well as many people who had done similar things to obtain money for a ticket to Constantinople.

My English cousins had sent me the equivalent of 750 dollars. I kept the check without cashing it. Later I sent it back from Constantinople. They cried with happiness that I was able to return this money, and that we were safe in Constantinople. I had helped these boys go to England. Many years later, during World War II, one of these cousins sent his two daughters to Los Angeles, where we helped them during this period.

General Moe Bogatin

DURING MY TIME in Tiflis in 1920, I received a call one day from Moe Bogatin. He had been a childhood school friend. Bogatin said he wanted to see me. I was very happy to see him and his wife. The last time I had seen him was in 1911, when he left for Belgium to study engineering in a technological school. He told me he had finished school. The first World War started, and he was mobilized. After the war ended in 1918, he returned to Rostov, and set about finding his relatives there.

I told him that his brother and his brother's wife and three children had been killed by the White Army. His other brother had died not too long ago. I also told him that his mother and father had died in the revolution. This was indeed shocking news to him. I told him that many of our boyhood friends with whom we had attended high school were also dead. I said that I was through with Russia, and was going to the United States, as this was one of the few countries in the world where a man could live and not have the constant fear of being arrested or killed.

Moe was appreciative of my information, but said he wanted to see things for himself, and make his own decisions after he got home. I forgot all about him until many years later during World War II, the famous flier, Eddie Rickenbacker, came to Los Angeles. Rickenbacker had flown over a good part of the world. When he was in Russia he met General Bogatin, the same Moe. General Bogatin was one of the principal leaders

in Russia's air force during the war. He asked Rickenbacker to deliver his greetings to his cousin's son, who now lived in Santa Monica.

Quite obviously, Moe Bogatin had cast his lot with the Soviets, despite the fact that his entire family had been wiped out in the war and the revolution.

Constantinople

"The International Cemetery"

We arrived in Constantinople, December 29, 1920, and remained there until August 1, 1921.

When we finally came to Turkey, I was very worried. I only had $1.50 in my pocket, and there were five children and a wife to support. It was assuredly no picnic. While still in Tiflis, I wired my cousin in England. When I arrived in Constantinople and had been there for a week, I still had not heard from him, nor received any money. I had two earrings each with a two karat diamond. I sold them, and we were able to get a room in a hotel in the "Galata." The owner of the hotel was named Polyakof. He was a wonderful person. We had brought bread, salami, cheese with us from Tiflis. We bought meat and cooked a borsch, and we lived in that one room, all seven of us. We had one bed, and the rest of the family slept on the floor.

On the fourth day, our daughter Shura became ill, and we moved to Moda-Kadikey, near Constantinople. I paid a month's rent in advance, and we stayed there for eight months. A week later I received $1330 in single dollar bills from the Arthur Balfour Company, whom I had represented in Russia. I was so excited that I wrapped the money in a newspaper and rushed home. Only later did I realize how foolish I was. I did not sleep all night. The next day I rushed downtown, and deposited the money in the Guarantee Trust Company in Constantinople. It was quite a relief.

A few weeks later I received a letter from Oscar Rudnick,

my cousin in Bakersfield, California. He invited me and the entire family to come to Los Angeles or Bakersfield. He thought there might be something I could do in California to earn a living. He prophesied a great future for me there. He wanted to know how much I would need for tickets to Los Angeles, and said he would wire me this amount. I shall never forget this. I did not wire him, because I already had the money for tickets.

When we arrived in Constantinople in December, 1920, it seemed strange to us to find the Turkish capital occupied by thousands of Russian refugees. There were also innumerable Russian soldiers and officers. It looked as if the city were occupied by the Allied Command. English soldiers were patrolling the streets. For a thousand years, Russia had coveted the Dardanelles. Now, without a struggle, soldiers were all over the city. The Russians did not look like soldiers, however. They wore torn pants and torn shirts. Their uniforms were far from smart-looking.

Constantinople on a sunny day was very beautiful. On one side of the Black Sea was the old city of Istanbul, an Asian city. The modern city was on the other side. The stores were like the stores in any other Asian city. All the signs were written in Turkish. The women all wore veils, and the muezzins sang from their minarets every day at noon. The shops all through the streets sold everything from a needle to beautiful carpets costing thousands of dollars.

On the other side of the Black Sea was the European city, Constantinople, with beautiful shops, boulevards, street cars, automobiles and tall modern buildings, housing the various embassies. I believe Russia had the largest palace for its embassy, as well as the most beautiful. Everyone spoke French although there was some English spoken. It was interesting to learn that the people in business had to know at least ten lan-

guages, otherwise they could not operate. I had never seen such shrewd businessmen as the Greeks and the Armenians who were in Constantinople. One had to be extremely alert in order not to lose everything when purchasing something. A friend of mine bought two carloads of sugar. The next day he changed his mind, because Russia had taken over the state of Georgia, and he could no longer ship to Georgia. This friend had to give the Greeks a twenty percent discount in order to get his money back within twenty-four hours. This was the situation in Constantinople. One could never win.

The thousands of Russian refugees were former government and commerce leaders. Many were also from the army. At this time, the Allies were still hoping to use the Russian White Army to intervene in Russia. The army, however, was slowly starving on starvation allowances. Many soldiers did not have boots. The officers looked bedraggled as a result of the civil war. They did not know what the morrow would bring. Only a few of the formerly wealthy people had any money, diamonds or jewels, which could be sold or pawned. These people spent money recklessly, occupied the best hotels, and paid exorbitant prices for their purchases. Every day they talked of returning to their homes in Russia, to their factories, possessions and estates. They could not believe but that everything would go back to its pre-war status. Their attitude was "Why worry? Why work? If we don't go back today, we will go tomorrow, or in six months from tomorrow." What a pity it was to see these people living in a fool's paradise. These were the Russian people, easy going, reflecting the same "manana" attitude once shown by the Mexican people. Tomorrow everything would be fine.

Not everyone, however, had money. People were beginning to look for work, but in Constantinople, it was easier to find a penny than to earn one. Soon people began committing

suicide, their only way out from the terrible city which I called "the International Cemetery."

A general in the army sold his daughter to a captain on a boat. His payment for the two or three month trip assigned his daughter was $100. She was forced to have intimacies with perhaps twenty to thirty sailors. I could not believe my ears. The Russians would rent a room downtown in Galata, and order their wives and daughters to disrobe, and parade before the Turks and others, who paid ten cents to see them. Not all officers, or Russians, were of this caliber. I knew one former Russian officer, who finally became a janitor in a downtown Los Angeles office building. He saved part of his small salary and sent his son through CalTech. When his son graduated as a chemical engineer, the boy bought a home for his father, and has helped sustain him ever since.

To illustrate how greedy the Turks were for even one dime, here is another episode. Before the Soviets took over in Georgia, a friend of mine sold me two cases of mineral water, "Borjom," similar to the French mineral water, "Vichy." I went down to the dock and picked up the two cases. They weighed approximately 200 pounds each. I hired a Turk to take these cases from one steamship company and deliver them to another boat, which travelled from Constantinople to Kadikey. I asked the Turk how much he would charge for carrying these two cases on his back, first to the boat, in Kadikey, and then to a drug store, where I had sold the two cases. He said it would cost ten cents to the boat, and another ten cents from Kadikey to the drug store. I said I would pay his fare of ten cents, and we started out. Everything was fine, until we reached Kadikey, now occupied by a great number of Russians. When the Turk started to put the two cases on his back, another Turk called him "Chamal." He told him he would not allow him to take business away from the people who lived in Kadikey, inasmuch

as the first Turk lived in Constantinople, he would not be allowed to continue his job.

Within a few minutes, there were six people fighting. The Turk whom I had employed, was covered with blood. Only then did he compromise. He asked me to pay him ten cents, and to give the other Turk the other ten cents. Hunger had forced these people to kill for one dime. It was a horrible scene to witness.

A former admiral in Russia, a neighbor, opened a grocery store, which cost him about three or four hundred dollars to stock. He bought his stock wholesale, and he and his wife served as the salespeople. He told me in this way he and his wife would be able to exist some eighteen months. Otherwise, he said, they would have been dead within six months, for lack of food. Ironically, it seemed that everyone who went into business for himself lost everything, for no one could compete with the Greeks. They were remarkable merchandisers. No matter how cheap one sold an item, the Greeks would sell it cheaper. All of the businesses were in the hands of Greeks and Armenians, for the majority of Turks were farmers, land owners, or occupied government positions. I had another neighbor, a Turkish general, who was the former attache to the Czar in Petrograd before 1917. He was wonderful to us. He gave us coffee and candy for the children. He always inquired whether we needed anything. He and his wife were charming people. The prices for rooms and homes, meanwhile, were very high, and the cost of living was higher still.

Each day people left for Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other European cities. They thought it would be cheaper to live in other countries. Some left for Palestine. Every day I saw young people from Odessa, Rostov and other cities leaving in small boats for Palestine. These were the Zionists, young people who went to work on the farms, and tried to build a new life and

a new future for themselves and their children. These were the youth from Germany, Austria and even from France. The majority, however, came from Russia and Rumania. They worked hard. They sang beautiful songs about their future, and really did a magnificent job in latter years. They did not worry about work, for they knew there was much to do in Palestine, and they were anxious to be there. These were the men and women who battled the Arabs when their war started. They were fanatic about the land, which they considered their own. They could not understand how the Arabs, the rich land owners, could possibly win. Naturally, when the test came, the Arabs lost the fight. The future belonged to the young people who were starting out to build a new life for themselves and their children. Israel was a miracle, which finally offered a refuge for homeless Jews when it became a state in 1948.

The Russian generals and officers knew that this was the beginning of the end, and they encouraged young Russians to emigrate. People chose new countries, such as Brazil, Argentina and Australia, because they were allowed to enter without visas and without money. There were still many who were waiting, however, but had no idea for what they were waiting. People drank constantly in an attempt to forget their future and their present predicament. The most fortunate people were those who received visas to the United States. They were educated men and women, university professors, engineers, agronomists. They came to the United States, and in a very short time received positions of good salary and prestige. The colleges were fortunate to get these cultured people, who wanted to forget the Russia of yesterday. The engineers obtained jobs in the factories, and most of them did very well. The United States was truly a blessed country.

I met my old friend, Stepan Petrov, in Constantinople. In Russia, Stepan Petrov had twenty-five branches of implement

and hardware stores near Saratov on the Volga River. Here in Turkey, he rented a small store. His complete stock was worth about $500. He said he tried to think of the old days in Russia, when he had started in the same way. In Russia, however, he knew the language, the customs, and it was his native country. Here in Turkey, he was now a man of 55. He said he was too old to learn a new language, new customs, and a new way of conducting a business. He was very happy to see me, and immediately offered my son, Victor, a job. The job was selling shoestrings, from Petrov's store, to men and women on the streets, for a Turkish "Yuspara," two and a half cents. Victor was eleven and a half years old. My friend thought Victor might make a few dollars a day. After a few days, Victor came home with tears in his eyes. He said he did not sell a single pair. Thus ended Victor's career selling shoestrings. Victor also sold "Borjom," mineral water, to the drug stores. I enrolled Victor in a French school in Constantinople. A short time later, the French teacher reprimanded him for misbehavior. He was given 200 math problems to do as punishment. But Victor came home saying, "I don't take orders, I give them."

Around Passover time in the Spring, I saw a large group of Jewish refugees standing near the warehouses of the Joint Distribution Committee. The United States representatives were passing out "matzohs" and other food to the poor people. I saw a few Russians in the line, but not many. They were mostly Turkish Jews, from the Arabian countries. The Russian Jews had too much pride. Later, they lost some of their pride, and they, too, stood in line. It was a pitiful picture. To these people, this was the last straw, to stand in line and accept charity. In Russia, many of these people had been wealthy. Some were professional people, doctors, lawyers, actors, musicians. Now, they stood in line for food. Their dream was to go to Paris,

but getting a visa there was not simple. They did not consider the United States good enough. They thought the United States was a land fit for tailors, shoemakers, carpenters or plumbers. After all, they considered themselves the aristocracy. How could they work? How could they live in a country unless they were the "cream of society?" What a tragedy for them. It was also a tragedy for those who went to Berlin, Vienna and Paris. Hitler not only murdered them, but their sons and daughters as well. The only major Jewry who survived this bestial bloodletting was the American Jewry. The American Jews gave help to all the refugees, to Israel, and later helped the remnants of the Jews in Europe to emigrate to Israel. Even today, the American Jewry, through remarkable organizations like the ORT—Organization for Rehabilitation and Training—continues to help the Jews of the world learn new trades and make new lives for themselves.

Many of my friends in Constantinople went quite frequently to the Cafe Totokliani. This cafe was always crowded. Most of the patrons did not order more than a cup of coffee. I could not understand how the restaurant owner stayed in business.

Everyone was trying to make extra money. To do this in Constantinople was almost impossible, hence many played the stock market. They all laughed at me because I did not participate. I told my acquaintances that I did not believe one could make any money in this way. Additionally, I was concentrating my mind and energies on getting to the United States. Finally, however, I told them I would try my hand at the stock market, and would show them that one just could not win. My friends recommended that I buy Austrian money, kronen. I bought $500 worth. The next day, the price of kronen started to come down. Every day it went down a little more. I laughed at my friends. I had proved my theory was correct. I thought, I will lose fifty per cent, take the balance, and forget about specula-

tion. During the next few days, when I came into the cafe, they advised me to sell, and that I would not lose anything. I hurried home, brought the Austrian money back, sold it, and broke even. The only thing I lost was the commission which I had to pay the broker. One month later, the Austrian kronen was worthless, as was the German mark. My theory was right. A friend, Gregory Gorenstein, came from Odessa with $50,000. In four years' time, he lost every cent. Had he eaten and drank his money, he could not have spent it all.

Our trip to the United States was drawing closer. We could not wait to be on our way, and to be able to leave the two miserable rooms where we had been living for the past eight months. We had converted one room into a kitchen. It did not even have a stove, only a small "primus." In the other room, seven of us slept on beds or old couches. Today I can still feel the springs of that couch. Finally, we would be on our way to the "promised land," the land of opportunity where one had the chance to become something, and no cossack interferred with your life.

One day I saw a crowd of people around the steamship company. Many of them were from my home town of Rostov. I asked them where they were going. Their answer was "back home to Russia." They said they did not want to die here alone, without their families. Some of them had left their wives and children in Russia. In the crowd I noticed a cousin of the famous Nicholas Paramonov family. He was much older than Nicholas. He, too, had left his wife and children in Rostov. Now he was going back home. This reminded me of an incident which I could never forget. In October, 1905, the Czar of Russia gave the historical manifesto, the constitution granting freedom to the Russian people. This was on October 17. On October 18, he instructed his police and secret police to start pogroms on the Russian Jews. There were literally rivers of blood all over

Russia. Stores were burned. People were robbed of their merchandise. The Czar was pleased. The people's attention had been diverted from their own troubles. The Czar felt that he had stopped the revolution. Of course, he was wrong. The conditions which existed prior to his manifesto continued unabated.

We had hidden in a friend's home during this period. He was a Russian, who owned coal mines in the Donetz Basin. His wife was a remarkable woman. There were twenty of us seated at dinner one evening, including our entire family and the family of my friend, George Suvorov. The doorbell rang, and our host went outside to talk to the caller. He was Theodore Paramonov. He told Mr. Suvorov that the people in the streets resented the idea that he was harboring Jews in his home, and that they were planning to kill all the Jews as well as George Suvorov and his family, if Suvorov refused to order us out. Mr. Suvorov came back trembling and told us the story. His wife, Alexandra, a very religious woman, said, "We will not throw them out. I don't want to see any killing, and it is extremely unjust to let the mob kill innocent people for no reason at all." We stayed in their home for three days, until the pogrom was over. Then we went home.

Now, we were in Constantinople. Here in line, heading back to Russia, was the same man, Theodore Paramonov. He was now a refugee, like all the others, without money and without family. Perhaps when he saw me, he remembered the incident which happened sixteen years ago. Later I heard when he arrived in Rostov, he was immediately put in jail. He never saw his family. He was condemned to death as a traitor against Russia, and shot. This was the gloomy chapter of his return to his home, sweet home.

Before we left for the United States, we decided to go to a night club where a famous Russian singer, a refugee, entertained, and where the crowd sang many gypsy songs. The Rus-

sians are a sentimental people. Hearing the world famous song "Two Guitars," . . . and the famous song "Dark Eyes": "Ochi Chornia, Ochi Shugichia, Ochi Strastnia" . . . it seemed like a farewell to everything Russian.

The next day I went to see the United States Consul. He said if I applied for a visa in the regular way, it might take three months to get one. However, if I paid for an application by telegram, a sum of $60, he would wire, and we could have an answer within two or three days. I gave him my application, and the following references: The Guarantee Trust Company in Constantinople, where I had my account, and where the manager knew me personally, and the Markt Company, 193 West Street, New York City. Mr. Winchker, president of the company, and also the vice president of the Irving National Bank, New York, and my brother, Oscar, of New York. I received an answer that the visa was granted. Now, it was goodbye to Constantinople, and to all the refugees.

We were leaving for the United States to start a new life, full of hope and happiness.

Mark Fedorovich Kusnezov

Constantinople Attaché

MARK KUSNEZOV was the president of all the co-operative organizations in the Ukraine. His office was in Kharkov. Kusnezov had belonged to the Social Revolutionary Party when the Soviet Government began looking for people who were specialists in business. The government was hard-pressed to find any qualified men in their own ranks. The Soviet Government tried to hire the top people available, by offering them everything from expense money to good living quarters. The government even had to get commissars from their own party to clear these specialists, for a small minority did belong to the communist party before the revolution.

There were so many jobs available in the foreign department that the Soviets offered premiums for those specialists who at least knew another language, such as French, English or perhaps German. The Government also wanted people who were honest, because many of these representatives would be purchasing merchandise involving hundreds of millions of dollars. The government, as always, was worried that it would get people who might double-cross the powers in office. This was how Mark Kusnezov, who was well known in Russia, received his first assignment as commercial attache in Constantinople, in 1921.

At this time, business people from various countries came to Constantinople trying to unload their merchandise. This was another factor in influencing the Soviets to give this job to

Kusnezov. The final approval of the purchase of merchandise was left to the delegation chief, Bronislaw Kudish, who spoke fluent French and was an old Bolshevik as well.

When I came to Constantinople in 1921, Kusnezov was forming his office under the name of "Amtorg." He knew that I was in Constantinople. After a few weeks, a cooperative worker in the Ukraine, Filipovich, asked that I come to his office. The Amtorg office was in Galata, a section of Constantinople. It was near the Guaranty Trust Company Bank of New York and not too far away from the Bank of Turkey. When I came into the office, I saw a desk belonging to the Commissar Paul Broydo. Broydo spoke to me. He offered me $300 a month, a car and an expense account, if I were to come to work for the Amtorg as an implement specialist. My answer was "No." When they asked the reason, I replied that I did not agree with the politics in Russia, nor did I agree with the views held by the Bolsheviks, now stationed in Constantinople, the "International Cemetery."

I said that as soon as I received my visa, I was going to the United States. Then Commisar Broydo said that he had been in America and had come back to Russia, to help the Russian people. He said he could not understand why I refused such a wonderful offer. He said that if I did not want to accept Amtorg's offer in Constantinople, his organization would be happy to send me to London, where my boss would be Leonid Krasyn. Again I refused. He became very angry and screamed that the United States "was a country for plumbers, carpenters, tailors, but not for intelligent people of culture. He said "naturally, you will have plenty of gefilte fish." "If you want to starve to death, that is up to you." I turned and walked out of their office. I have never regretted doing this, for no Russian offer could replace the privilege of being a citizen of the United States.

I saw Mark Kusnezov at various times in restaurants throughout Constantinople. He told me that he had been promoted, and was going to Paris soon to become the Commercial Attache for Amtorg in France. He said he was most happy about this, because he had children, and now he would be able to give them a good education. Later I read in the Constantinople papers that he had departed for Paris.

I lost track of him until ten years later, when one day I read in the papers that he had been asked by Stalin to return to Moscow. He refused to do this, and he was fired. Had he returned to Russia, it would have meant certain death.

I heard that Kusnezov had bought an apartment house in Paris, and had sufficient income to keep his family together. The usual end of the Russians who went to work for the Soviets was that they were called back and shot. Very seldom did someone in an important position survive. Vishinsky and Molotov were exceptions. If a man were not a Bolshevik before the revolution, or born after the revolution and related to the Old Guard, then he would have a chance to be successful.

From the history of the revolution, we saw many of the heroes, such as General Tuchachevsky, General Egorov, General Uborevich and hundreds of others liquidated or demoted. The only top leaders who survived the revolution were General Budenny, Klementi Voroshilov and V. Molotov. General Budenny never wanted to be a general. He was valuable only in a civil war, where one did not need to know strategy. One needed only to be fair to the troops and treat the civilian population in a half-decent manner. Since everyone in the part of Russia where Budenny was stationed knew him when he was a sergeant, he had little trouble. One of the Associated Press correspondents covering Russia in 1930 noted that Budenny had refused to stay in Rostov in a first class hotel, but had gone to live in the home of a former employee. His reason was

that he liked the woman's cooking, and he felt at home with these people.

The other leading survivor of the revolution was Klementi Voroshilov. He had a little locksmith shop near Rostov, in Lugansk. He might have died an unknown little man, but in a revolution such as this, he remained on the best terms with Stalin. No matter what Stalin did, or how ruthless his methods, he was his man. He hated Trotsky and Trotsky's followers. He had been a "little lieutenant" in the Czarist regime. Now he was a general. And finally he became the figure-head of all of Russia, the President of the Soviets. Like Budenny, he could not fight the Germans, and lost every battle with them. He was unable to be a general in an army where one had to fight with one's brains. However, he survived. The full price he paid, of course, is known only to him. He approved murdering the old comrades who had prepared and worked for the revolution all their lives.

General Zukov, the hero of World War II, on the other hand, was a real general, who had not come from a work bench in a small shop. He had studied strategy all his life. Stalin sent him to Odessa to become a professor at the Military Academy. Stalin's stooges and henchmen were afraid of Zukov. Now, when everything is partly forgotten, and Stalin is dead, these men are no longer afraid of General Zukov. This is the lesson of the Soviet "heroes." They were heroes only if they kept silent. Otherwise, their lifes were in constant danger. The Bolsheviki always feared a good general. They had learned their history well. Napoleon and his absolute dictatorship had left an indelible mark on their minds.

Departure

The Boat, "King Alexander"

ON A WONDERFULLY SUNNY DAY, August 1, 1921, we arrived at the dock in Constantinople at ten in the morning. Thousands of people had gathered to say goodbye to the fortunate people who were going to the land of milk and honey, the United States of America.

Our boat had more than 2000 passengers. Some ninety-five per cent of these people were immigrants, refugees from Russia, Turkey, Greece, Roumania and other neighboring countries. We purchased second class tickets, but we were allowed to walk through the first class section, where there were not too many passengers. The second class was completely sold out. The third class was, of course, over-sold. The Russian groups gathered together. We recognized most of them, and became well acquainted with one another in a short period.

Among the passengers in the second class was a former Russian cabaret singer from Constantinople, Marie Michailova. She had come abroad with her new husband, an American naval officer and engineer. He had met Marie in the cabaret where she sang. When he asked her to marry him, she accepted, although she was already married to a Russian officer. The latter spent most of his time drinking in the bars, gambling, and squandering every cent Marie earned. She told me it had not been easy for her to get a divorce. Somehow, she did, and now she was an American wife of an American officer. His cruiser was also leaving for the United States, so he could not travel with us.

Marie was a charming young lady, attractive and gay. She sang Russian and gypsy songs in a delightful manner. We enjoyed her company thoroughly during our twenty-eight days' voyage to the United States.

Another passenger was a man we called "Papa Sam." He was a man 65, former owner of a small restaurant in the downtown area of New York. He was a Roumanian, although he spoke a little Russian. After the war, Sam counted what money he had in the bank, and discovered that if he bought Roumanian paper money, he would be a millionaire. He thought he would like to go home again, to see the scenes where he had spent his youth, and to see his brothers, sisters and relatives. He sold his restaurant for $5000. He deposited this money in the bank, with the proviso that the money not be mailed to him, that he would have to come personally for the money, and that it would be released only to him or to his wife. He wanted to make certain that he would have something should he lose all of his money in Europe. In this way, he thought he would be able to begin again with another restaurant.

As soon as he arrived in Bucharest, he was met at the station by all of his relatives. For the next few weeks he was entertained continuously with many parties. He was most happy at this reception. Soon, however, the relatives started coming to him, begging for money. In one year's time, he loaned nearly $10,000. He concluded, "this is not the place for me." At the time, he was living with his brother. His brother had a mortgage on his house. When Sam arrived in Bucharest, the mortgage became due, and the bank was about to foreclose. Sam lent his brother $1000 in order that the bank give him a new loan and better terms.

This was followed with another event. Sam's sister became very ill. She needed an operation. Again Sam spent $500 on her. After a year had passed he was certain there was no future for him in Roumania. He wrote his friend in the United States

for advice. His friend contacted the man who had bought the restaurant from Sam, and learned that he was willing to sell the place back to Sam. The customers had liked Sam. Sam was a kindly, grey-haired man, who always had a cheery word for the customers. Now he and his wife were on the boat with us, enroute to New York, back to his restaurant business. They had never had any children, and were very fond of ours. They gave them candy, cookies and chocolates throughout the trip.

There was another Roumanian on board. His name was Goldstein, and his home was in Jacksonville, Florida. He had had a similar experience in Roumania. Now he was returning to Florida, to open a grocery store again. He told us that he was going to forget about Europe. He said Europe was filled with "lazy bums" who did not want to work and always complained." He was finished with Europe, as were his wife and children. Now he was most anxious to return to Florida.

Another well-remembered passenger aboard was a Sephardic Jewess from Turkey. She was travelling with her fiance, of whom she constantly complained. She said he had been a thief in Constantinople, and he did not want to work. He was anxious to get to New York for he had a brother there who was a wealthy man, and who had sent him his ticket and money. She said that her fiance was planning to conquer America with his ingenuity. She was greatly in love with the young man, yet she complained about him and his ideas. I told her if she loved him, she should tell him how good he was. Perhaps, if he were praised rather than criticized, he might change for the better.

There were also two brothers aboard, Sam and William Jutovsky. They were heading for Chicago, to see a brother who had left Russia when he was sixteen years old. He had not written for a few years. In the last year, he had sent packages and letters to the family. Sam and William left their home town, Aleksandrovsk, in the Ukraine, where their parents owned an implement factory. The parents wanted the younger

brothers to go to the United States to see their brother, who operated a business in Chicago, on Peoria Street.

When they came to Constantinople, they wired their brother and told him they wanted to come to the United States. He wired them $4000, and asked them to send him all the necessary papers, saying he would mail them a visa. When the brothers received the $4000. they were overcome with surprise and joy. They now had the opportunity to buy such merchandise as sugar and coffee, which were scarce in Georgia. They felt they could double or triple their investment. After long discussion, they invested $3000. and kept $1000. for the trip to Chicago. In this manner, no matter what happened, they would have enough for the trip to the United States.

When the sugar and coffee shipment arrived in Batum, the man who had purchased the merchandise was arrested, and the merchandise was confiscated. The brothers lost all their money. Ashamed and embarrassed, they did not want their brother in Chicago to know what had happened. They bought third class tickets, and boarded the boat. They were miserably unhappy about their losses in Georgia.

Three months later, on my way to Los Angeles from New York, I stopped in Chicago and called Sam Jutovsky. I asked him to meet me at a hotel in the city. When he came into my room, I was shocked. In a period of three months, he had aged ten years. He had lost fifty pounds. His eyes were sunken, and he was very pale. As soon as he said hello, I knew something had happened to him. I asked him what was wrong. Instead of answering me, he started to cry. It was not pleasant to see a man of thirty-five, six feet two inches tall, and close to 170 pounds, crying. I wondered what this was all about. After he had quieted down, he told me his story.

When his brother received the letter from the family, he thought that the entire family was coming to the United States. He had borrowed $4000. from the bank to send back to Con-

stantinople. He thought that as soon as the family arrived, the young people would go to work, and help pay off the $4000. loan. The brother was in the wholesale poultry business. He suggested that William buy a truck, and call on the farmers near Chicago, to buy and sell chickens. Sam would stay in Chicago, to receive and prepare the chickens for marketing.

Now, Sam, a former "big shot" as he pictured himself, the son of an implement manufacturer, and a man about town with the girls, was on his feet from six in the morning until six in the evening, working like a dog, and doing a job which he considered far beneath him. As far as he could see, it would take him two years to pay off the indebtedness, and what kind of a future was there for him?

I tried to reassure him that every immigrant had practically the same story to tell; and that he should not complain. I told him that I worked every day from eight in the morning until nine at night, and on Saturdays from eight in the morning until ten at night, but I was happy. We had no fear at night. No one came to arrest us. No one could send us to the coal mines. No one would shoot at us. I reminded him that we had to be reasonable, and not feel sorry for ourselves. Eventually, I said, everything would work out.

After this, I did not see Sam for fifteen years. One day, when I was passing through Chicago, I saw him and his wife. He had become a very prosperous poultry wholesaler and had established himself in the city. He had twenty people working for him. He also had two children, and was very happy.

On our boat was another interesting girl, Rita Rabinovich, niece of the famous writer, Sholem-Aleichem. She was a beautiful girl, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She had signed a contract with the boat company, and travelled back and forth playing piano for the first class passengers, and singing gypsy melodies. When she sang "Two Guitars" and other famous

songs, everyone crowded into the room to hear her. She and Marie Michailova were the center of attraction. The captain generously invited the Russians to the first class section to participate in the enjoyment of this entertainment. Everyone had a wonderful time, singing, eating, drinking after dinner, and we forgot that we were refugees and immigrants. We did not think of ourselves.

When Rita arrived in New York, she had intended to see her uncle, the famous Sholem-Aleichem. Unfortunately, he had died in 1916. It was a great loss and a vast disappointment to her. She thought of settling in the United States, but the charm of our trip and the good times we had aboard ship were gone.

We also stopped at Pyreus, Greece, the port of Athens, en route. We were there two days, and picked up more passengers. We took a train to Athens, saw the Acropolis and many other beautiful and classic buildings. History greeted the visitor on every street, along with beautiful cafes, where everyone sat and drank coffee. We also stopped for a half day at Patras, Greece. From there, we sailed directly to the United States.

August 29, we were stopped near the Statue of Liberty. The August quota for immigrants entering the United States had been filled. The authorities said we would have to wait until September the first. It was ironical that we were so close to New York, that we could see the city, and could not enter. It caused us great worry and anxiety. I wondered about the future. Papa Sam knew I was worried and tried to console me. He said, "Mr. Carter, why are you worried? Your brother is a well-known writer, and according to his address, 736 Riverside Drive, he lives among the wealthy people. You said his wife is an actress on Broadway. I wish I had such relatives." He added, "Mr. Carter, when you get to New York, Shura, your oldest daughter, will find work in a factory, and will make $15. a week. Marie will earn $12. a week, and Victor can sell newspapers.

You won't have to work. The children will bring home the money, and you won't even have to buy a paper. You can pick one up in the subway free."

Sam did not understand my feelings. His picture of my future was far from my idea. It was the worst picture possible.

On the boat, Shura was very popular, and met a number of nice boys from every walk of life. She had proposals of marriage daily. After we arrived in New York, she met Maurice Kompaniez and eventually married him. A friend of Maurice's, also in New York, wanted to marry her. Shura and Maurice were very happy, and he was a very successful man. Tragically, he developed leukemia, and died very young.

We waited three days on board, until September came. At last we were checked through customs and admitted to the country. After one month on the high seas, we put our feet down on American soil, and looked up at the skyline of New York. My brother, Oscar, had met us. I applied for citizenship papers the second day, and eighteen days later we left by train for Los Angeles. In New York, the vice president of the Irving National Bank, Mr. Winchker, invited me to a press conference and luncheon. The reporters swarmed around me, for Russia, then as now, was very much in the news.

On my second day in New York, I saw my first play in America. It was Paul Muni and Maurice Schwartz in the "Dybbuk" at the famous Yiddish Art Theatre.

The train trip across the United States was as memorable for a newcomer as the trip across the Atlantic. I was met at the station in Los Angeles by Oscar Rudnick, Joseph Sklar, his wife and son, Irving, now Mayor of Oceanside, and Jack Maler, Ben Glassman, Louie Levine, and their families.

I did not want to stay in New York, and be a little screw in a big machine. I wanted to live in the sun, and now a new life opened for me and my family in the wonderful city known as Los Angeles.