
GOLDEN DAYS OF
SOVIET RUSSIA
NOÉ

MOSCOW

OREL

U. S. S. R.

KURSK

KHARKOV

DONETZ
COAL BASIN

GOLDEN DAYS *of* SOVIET RUSSIA

To My Wife,

Mary

The Cathedral of St. Basil, formerly the holiest chuch of Moscow, is at present a museum

GOLDEN DAYS
of
SOVIET RUSSIA

By

ADOLF CARL NOÉ

Illustrations by

EDMUND GIESBERT

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GOLDEN DAYS *of* SOVIET RUSSIA

INTRODUCTION

THIS book describes a trip to Russia, now officially known as the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (U. S. S. R.), by a member of a Commission formed in America through the agency of the Donetz Basin Coal Corporation in 1927. It was the business of this Commission to examine old coal mines and to plan new ones. In Russia, the Donetz Basin Coal Corporation is called "Donugol." It belongs, like all Russian corporations, to the Soviet Government. The Donetz Basin is usually referred to as "Donbass"; it is located in the Ukraine, an autonomous republic of the Soviet Union, in southwestern Russia. The name *Russia,* it may be noted here, is no longer officially in use, except as applied to one of the members of the Soviet Union—the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic (R. S. F. S. R.). The writer acted as mining geologist for the Commission. Names of persons in the book, except those of public men, are slightly altered, or, if the owner is still living, the family name is sometimes omitted. The standard monetary unit in Russia is the *ruble.* One ruble and ninety-four kopecks are equivalent to a dollar. Outside of Russia, the ruble is worth less.

The narrative is based on notes jotted down under the impressions of the moment. The period of time covered by the book was one of high hopes and enthusiastic planning, when faith in the speedy realization of the ideas set forth by the Soviet leaders was at its height. A spirit of undampened optimism filled the air. It was, in short, the Golden Age of Soviet Russia. Since then, serious obstacles have been encountered, which had not been anticipated, and which have brought everyone face to face with grim realities. In contrast with the earlier period, the present era (1931) may be considered the Iron Age. If, however, the Soviet regime succeeds in at least partially surmounting the difficulties of the present, there may ensue a Silver Age, in which the visions of Russia's future will have been greatly modified, but in which that great country will enjoy a certain measure of stability and prosperity.

Chapter I

EN ROUTE TO MOSCOW

MAY 28, 1927, saw us on our way from Germany to Sovietland. We left Berlin at 1:40 P. M. on the International Paris-to-Warsaw train. It had been impossible to secure sleeping reservations on short notice. Our train was filled with a French Military Commission bound for Poland. In Berlin, the French officers wore civilian clothing, but, after passing the Polish frontier, they soon blossomed out in horizon-blue uniforms.

Eight hours later we reached the Polish border. We entered Poland shortly before ten o'clock, having before us a twenty-four-hour journey through Poland and fifteen hours more from the Polish border to Moscow. To this, there had to be added an hour for the change from Central European to

Eastern European time, so that the Berlin-Moscow trip consumed approximately forty-eight hours.

We had to sit up all night or, rather, stretch ourselves on the seats of our first-class compartment. There being six in our party, it was none too comfortable. Besides, it was necessary to get up for customs inspection. The Polish customs inspection was comparatively easy; the officials were polite and all spoke German. Also, the Polish conductor, who took care of the train after the frontier was passed, spoke perfect German.

The next day, Sunday, passed quietly in the train. We did not stop in Poland, but watched life from the car window. The country is flat; some of it is pasture, some is cultivated. There were plenty of woods and occasionally we could see, from the train, ditches forming zig-zags with barbed wire in front of them. These were old trenches; some from the Great War, some from the Polish-Russian War.

Many officers and soldiers could be seen at the railroad stations. In the country, we saw some cavalry barracks with horses being led around in the adjoining riding-squares. The uniforms of the Polish Army, with their four-cornered forage caps and the many-colored trimmings on the khaki coats looked smart, and there was an ample display of medals on the chests of many of the officers and petty officers. A large number of decorations must have been issued to faithful servants by the grateful Polish republic in the eight years since its establishment. We had to change from German to Polish money, and I noticed that the conductor of the dining car, whenever he was

given a Polish bill, held it against the light to see whether it was genuine. Sometimes he refused it.

In the evening we were rolling toward the Russian frontier which we reached at ten. At the last Polish station, Stolbtzi, where the train stopped for some time, Polish gendarmes, accompanied by soldiers, visited the train and inspected our passports. Then the train slowly started through a so-called no-man's land toward Niegoreloye, the first station in Soviet Russia.

We were all intensely curious to see how Soviet Russia would look. Even in Berlin, no one seemed well informed about it. I, in particular, felt a little uneasy because of a silk skirt in my steamer trunk. The Russian representative of a German steel concern had asked me in Berlin if I would do him a favor. He was entitled to one, because he had rendered us a good many; so I cheerfully agreed. He handed me a little package containing a silk skirt which was to be delivered to the father of a young girl in Kharkov. Her father had not dared to take it into Russia, because he was a Russian and he was afraid that importation of silk cloth would either bring him a heavy fine or arrest. But my Russian friend in Berlin thought that American citizens would not be bothered with much custom-house inspection and that we could bring in almost anything we wanted to. I had opened the package and laid the skirt among my underwear, hoping it would attract no attention; in fact, it was entirely overlooked when my baggage was examined in the Russian frontier station.

One of our fellow travelers, who had passed the Russian frontier a good many times, pointed out to me some men in long coats and green caps, who stood on the platform of the station when the train rolled into Niegoreloye. They were the soldiers of the G. P. U.*, the Russian political police, successors to the famous Cheka. When the train stopped, they looked under the cars to see whether anybody was trying to enter Russia illegally by clinging to the brakes. One of the long-coated, green-capped men entered the train and asked in Russian for our *passports,* this being also the name for the particular object in Russian. We handed them to him and he took them into the customhouse office of the station building, where we followed him later with our hand luggage, while our trunks were carried there by Russian porters.

Entering the customhouse office we realized that we were really in Russia. The officials looked very much like the porters, and the rooms were neither very tidy nor elegant. There was a proletarian atmosphere, but the men were polite, did not bother us very much, and slowly we got through all the necessary routine of a customhouse inspection. This was not intended to be very rigid in our case, because we were employees of the Soviet Government hired to render them expert advice on coal mining. There were some small fees to be paid and our heavy baggage was forwarded in bond to Kharkov, our final place of destination. Of the customhouse officials,

*G. P. U. are the initial letters of *Gosudarstnoye Politicheskoye Upravlyenye,* meaning Government Political Bureau.

We saw women in gayly-colored skirts and with bright kerchiefs on their heads working in the fields

a few spoke German, as well as Russian, and there was an official interpreter, who could talk English, but who did not help us very much.

I was among the last to buy the sleeping car accommodations on the Russian train, to which we were transferred, but the train would not have been allowed to start until the last passenger had come through the customhouse rigmarole and purchased his tickets.

It was twelve o'clock when we entered the Russian train. We were glad to be through all the ceremonies of entering a foreign country and ready to go to sleep.

The Russian railroads have a wider gauge than those of Central Europe and no through trains can run across the border. This difference in gauge dates back to the time of the Tsars. It was intended to make a hostile invasion of Russia more difficult. The train from Niegoreloye to Moscow belongs to a schedule of express trains connecting Paris with Moscow. It is second only to the train running from Moscow to Vladivostok, which is the best one in Russia.

The train started soon after midnight.

In the morning our eyes greeted the Russian landscape for the first time. The train rolled through stations which bore inscriptions in Russian letters. In the country, we saw women in gayly-colored skirts and with bright kerchiefs on their heads working in the fields. On the roads were Russian farm wagons, called *troikas,* with high yokes and bearded drivers, who drove the three horses of the *troika* leisurely on their way.

There was a dining car on the train. There we found the food excellent and waiters who spoke both German and French. We had to handle Russian money, of which we had taken a sufficient supply along from Berlin.

On our first morning in Russia, I took a picture of a woman section-hand. As I had no permit yet for taking pictures, I took it from behind a curtain and through the glass pane of the window from the railroad car. There were a number of women working on the track, and their male boss lay in the shadow of a car, giving directions from a comfortable place.

Chapter II

SIGHT-SEEING IN THE SOVIET CAPITAL

WE ARRIVED in Moscow, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the White Russian-Baltic Station, which was formerly called the Alexander Station. As soon as the train stopped, the conductor informed me a man wanted to see us. He was a little, gray-haired man with a pointed beard and had the words "Savoy Hotel" on his sleeve band. He had been professor of modern languages in former days. I had made reservations by telegraph from Berlin to this hotel, indicating the train on which we would come, and the hotel had sent its interpreter to meet us. He engaged porters for our baggage and we walked out on the Tverskaya Sastava Place, where our interpreter hired two automobiles for us and our baggage, bargaining for the fare for nearly an hour.

Meanwhile, a great number of loafers gathered around us, pushing too near for comfort, but being animated by pure curiosity to see the *Americanskys*. Later, I became accustomed to the same type of shabby-looking, not-too-clean loafers and to be unafraid of them, but I always watched my pockets in their presence. They are friendly, but contain a high percentage of pickpockets.

Our two automobiles drove at full speed over terrible pavement, cutting all corners very short, toward the hotel, and I thought the cars never would arrive there in toto. I learned later that reckless driving is comparatively safe, if there are few other cars on the road, and that Russian cars can stand an enormous amount of punishment in spite of their frequently very dilapidated appearance. They were the noisiest cars in my experience. In Russia, I saw also excellent automobiles—high priced German Mercedes cars, Buicks, Rolls Royces, Austrian cars from the former ammunition factory in Steyer, and a lot of others. These were all intended for the use of high officials of the Soviet Government or prominent administrators of the Government Trusts.

A mechanic always sits with the chauffeur in a Russian government car. Behind them can be seen the comrade commissar, or whatever he is. He usually wears the attire of a common workingman, is not smoothly shaven, and looks very proletarian. A proletarian appearance is often affected for political purposes. It seems strange to see such rather common looking persons ride in unusually fine cars, behind

two servants who, in turn, also have to look proletarian. I suspect that some of the chauffeurs had owned fine cars themselves in prerevolutionary times. Some talked French to me, which always is a sign of past high social standing. The genuine proletarian speaks no French, although many of them talk German and a few also English.

In the Hotel Savoy we found excellent accommodations. Our party of six had three bedrooms with twin beds and three bathrooms. The furniture was superb, but incongruous; some beautiful antiques, some excellent pictures, but apparently collected from a variety of former aristocratic homes.

Our first walk from the hotel led to the office of the director of one of the Russian corporations with which we were doing business. Our interpreter from the hotel accompanied us, but soon I noticed that he and the commissar, with whom we were dealing, apparently did not get along any too well and I broke into the conversation in German, which cleared the situation. The commissar spoke excellent German. Later I found, throughout my entire Russian experience, that the elimination of an interpreter always promoted good understanding. Interpreters usually have to condense the conversation of both parties and if they do not fully understand the business of the negotiations, they are apt to misinterpret rather than interpret. Sometimes there is also a lack of honesty on the part of the interpreter, who wishes to please one or the other party and tries to accentuate or to soften certain viewpoints, often very much against the interest or desire of those he serves.

Of this conversation, I remember in particular an episode in which the commissar pointed to a map of the world and said, "Here is America, a great country, and here is the Soviet Union, the only other great country in the world, and it is necessary for us in Russia to adopt American methods of mass production and mass consumption. The methods of the smaller countries do not fill our purpose." But he also added, "Here sits the spider, England, who tries to poison our friendly relations."

After having visited another office and having tried to make some arrangements for an early start to Kharkov, which was to be the headquarters of our activity, we were free for the remainder of the day.

After the day's business was done, we strolled through the town toward the Kremlin, which was formerly the holiest part of Moscow, but at present the seat of the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (U. S. S. R.). Its gates are closed to strangers; so we could only stay on the Red Square and look at the medieval fortress with the many towers and churches behind the high red brick wall, which had defended the citadel of Moscow against Tartars and Poles. On the tops of these towers still hovered the gilded double eagles of the Tsars.

The Red Square is an oblong place, stretching northwest-southeast. We reached it through the Ilyinka between the two Arcades and looked upon Lenin's Tomb, just outside the Kremlin. It was a temporary wooden structure painted red.

An endless line of people was passing through it. We joined the procession. Two soldiers in long coats guarded its entrance with fixed bayonets. We descended a staircase and suddenly faced Lenin himself slumbering under a glass cover. He looked like a sleeping man, with a bald head and a short red beard. A red blanket covered his feet, and he wore the coat of a working-man. Two soldiers stood guard over him and watched us with piercing looks. On the west side of the vault hung the banner of the Communist International, as well as the war banner of the Paris Commune of 1871.

After leaving the Tomb of Lenin, we noticed a long row of graves along the wall of the Kremlin behind the mausoleum. On one of the tombstones, we read the name of John Reed, an American communist, who died in 1920 in Moscow.

Walking to the northern end of the Red Place, we noticed a very small church, the smallest I ever saw. It could hold only a few people at a time, and a priest was chanting in it before a statute of the Holy Virgin. The Russians called it the *Iberian Virgin*.* It stands between two buildings with a passage on both sides. The building north of the Chapel is the Second House of the Moscow Soviet. An inscription on it quotes the passage from Marx, "Religion is opium for the people."

We then walked along the two great buildings on the northeast side of the Square. They are called the Arcades

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*The Chapel of the Iberian Virgin is reported recently to have been destroyed by order of the Government.

and contain a bazaar with a thousand shops. In front of the Arcades is the monument of Minin and Poysharsky. Minin was a butcher of Nishny Novgorod and Poysharsky a prince. The butcher had organized the troops which the Prince led against the Poles, whom he drove out of Moscow, sometime in the seventeenth century. Further south, close to the Arcades is a round elevated platform of stone called the place of skulls—*Labnoye Mesto*. Here the executions took place which Tsar Ivan the Terrible enjoyed seeing from a tower of the Kremlin. Afterwards, Tsar Ivan used to chant mass in one of his many churches, being the high priest of the Orthodox Greek Church.

Another souvenir of Ivan the Terrible is the strange-looking church at the southeast end of the Red Square. There stands the Cathedral of St. Basil. It is a cluster of many towers, each crowned with a dome in the form and color of a fruit or vegetable. We see a pineapple, a melon, a red beet, a turnip, and so on. Now it is a museum. Ivan the Terrible asked the architect whether he could duplicate this building; and the man, hoping for another job, said, "Yes." "But I want it to be unique," answered the Tsar, "and, therefore, I shall have your eyes put out."

We returned to the hotel for supper, which was excellent and expensive, and afterwards walked around in the city. Sometimes beggars molested us and many poor people who might have seen better days asked us for alms, which were hard to refuse. A pretty girl in rags implored in Russian for money and received a silver coin. Thereupon, she stole a

flower from a florist's stand and put it in my coat lapel. Numerous beggar children roamed about in indescribably dirty rags.

The next day, we went to the Governmental offices again to find out how soon we could have travel facilities to Kharkov, where our headquarters were to be during our stay in Soviet Russia. We learned that sleeping accommodations had been engaged for us on the 11:40 P. M. train. We had had an entire day to spend sight-seeing in Moscow and could easily have spent a month for this purpose without running out of observation material.

Our guide rented four *droshkes* or horse cabs for our party. To engage a cab requires the following procedure: You tell the cabman where you want to go and offer him a price; for instance, one ruble (51 cents). He shakes his bearded head and asks for two rubles. You say "*Nitchevo*," which means "nothing doing," and walk on. He follows you with his cab and reduces his price to one ruble, seventy-five kopecks. Again "*Nitchevo*" and further walking. After a block or so, he catches up with you and offers the ride for one ruble, fifty, and again "*Nitchevo*." The next offer will be one ruble, twenty-five, and you say "*Khorosho*" (very well) and take it.

After due bartering, we drove off* and took in many places of interest. We visited in the Vavarska Street, the seventeenth-

*A Chicago newspaper reported that we had been seen riding through Moscow in limousines wearing cowboy hats. A clipping of this report I received three weeks later in Kharkov. I may say for the correspondent of the paper that there was little of special interest going on in Russia at that time and that he was short of news.

century house of the Boyar Romanoff, said to have been the founder of the Romanoff family. It is now a museum, and we each paid an eighty-four kopecks admission fee. We found it an interesting and odd building with beautiful old Russian decorations and porcelain stoves, pictures, and furniture. It stands near the Moskva and, driving over a bridge, we saw two fenced public bathing places, one for men and one for women. Anybody could take off his or her clothes and go into the water stark naked. The air felt chilly, but numerous people were in the water.

Another place of interest was the Cathedral of Christ the Redeemer, situated on a hill along the Moskva, whence a wonderful view over the Kremlin and parts of Moscow could be had. The church was built as a memorial of Napoleon's defeat. The cupola is gilded. In the interior, on the walls of the corridor, is pictured the history of the War of 1812. The Tsars used to pray in this church. It is well kept and still devoted to religious acts.

While riding through one of the main streets of Moscow, I noticed a crowd of several hundred people waiting before a large building. I inquired about their business and learned that they were applicants for jobs in the great film studio where Sergei Eisenstein produces such wonderful films as "Potemkin" (pronounced Patyo'mkin) and his educational movies through which the adult masses in Russia receive much of their instruction about handling modern implements. Eisenstein uses no professional movie actors, but selects his character types from

the masses, with infinite patience. I had seen Potemkin in America and had greatly admired its mass movements and highly original light effects.

We were told that the trains to Kharkov had no dining cars attached. In fact there were none in Russia except on the Paris-Moscow and the Moscow-Vladivostok trains. So we had to provide ourselves with food, which we purchased in the biggest coöperative store in Moscow. I never saw a more extensive grocery store in my life. For the sum of forty-five rubles, we got Siberian grouse, to be carried along as cold meat, caviar, bread, cheese, cakes, exquisite pastry, cigarettes, mineral water, wine, and cognac to last six people for a night and day.

Chapter III

FROM MOSCOW TO KHARKOV

AT MIDNIGHT we were on the train, with sleeping quarters in three compartments, one each for two of us. The bed linen had to be rented from the conductor for three rubles a night per person. It did not look clean, and we suspected bedbugs. I never rented bed clothing again in Russia after that night's experience.

Every railroad car in Russia has a conductor, and, after he has checked up the tickets, which include place assignments, his main occupation is to bring hot water to the travelers, who make tea on the train. Nobody who has any sense at all drinks unboiled water in Russia. Therefore, the perpetual tea-drinking. The compartments are lighted with candles at night, and the same candles must also illuminate the corridor.

The passengers lock the doors and windows, lest pickpockets might invade the compartments. If you leave your compartment at a railroad station, you have the conductor lock your door or you will miss something or everything upon your return. I slept in my trousers, rolling my shoes in my coat, which I placed under my head, and covered myself with an overcoat. This precaution guaranteed the safety of my most necessary belongings. My money, I carried in a belt and in my trouser pockets, also my watch and, especially, my passport. Thievishness seemed to be quite prevalent in Russia, and we were sufficiently warned.

I thought that it would take me some time to feel confident that I could travel all over Russia without an interpreter. Everything was so different there. Even to buy a ticket involved a procedure that had to be learned.

A railway station is filled with a surging mass of humanity. Peasants squat with their families on the floor, or sleep on benches, tables, stairs. They seem to come to the station and live there until they get a ticket and catch a train—which may happen today, tomorrow, or next week. The ticket office opens one hour before train time, and two or three hundred people may be lined up, carefully kept in order by a policeman. The first fifty may get tickets; the others wait for another train. Or the ticket office runs short of tickets and none can be sold until a new supply has arrived, although the train may be only half full.

The experienced traveler hires a *nosilshchik* (porter), gives

him money to buy a ticket, and remembers the number of the porter. The latter is absolutely dependable and turns up in time for the train. He hands you the ticket and whatever change is due you, takes your handbags to the car, and receives a good tip. He has obtained the ticket through the back door of the ticket office. In a similar way, you attend to your baggage. In large towns like Leningrad, Moscow, or Kharkov, you can buy tickets and check baggage through the Derutra, a German-Russian travel bureau. Also the hotel or any government office with which we did business would secure tickets for us. It would have been out of the question for us to do it ourselves except at small stations.

The Russian railroad cars are divided into compartments, and the so-called soft cars are very comfortable. You can stretch out on the upholstered benches, but, if you do it, you must take your shoes off, or you pay three rubles *strafe* (fine). The so-called hard cars are all right for a short trip, but are not to be recommended for long distances, partly on account of the motley crowd which uses them and also because they are very uncomfortable. They are more like box-cars with three decks of shelves.

It is always advisable to take food and bottled spring water along. The trains stop at stations with restaurants, but service is slow, and anybody who is not familiar with Russian travel and the Russian language may miss his train while eating at the station. This may be avoided by paying close attention to signals. A loud bell rings first, when passengers may board

the train, a second time when they should, and a third time, when they must because the train will start in a few minutes.

Wednesday, June 1, was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed the journey through central and southern Russia. We passed Tulsa, Orel (pronounced Aryoll) and Kursk. An amusing incident happened at Orel. It was a hot day and we had exhausted our supply of drinkables. With one companion, I left the train to buy beer. The Russians are used to adding figures on a counting machine consisting of a wooden frame with wires strung across on which beads are filed. Without this device, adding becomes a major operation. When I asked the price for eight bottles of beer at sixty kopecks each, the waiter meditated a while and said 4.50 rubles. But a guest in the restaurant estimated the sum at 4.90 rubles. Finally a doctor of medicine, whom I had met in the train, guessed the correct price, 4.80 rubles, which I paid.

A source of curiosity were the many beggars. At each station, they appeared. They are artists in making themselves up with hundreds of patches. Long beards and long hair seem to be indispensable in the profession. They come to the window of the train and tell their unintelligible stories. I threw them the copper coins which I gathered shopping in Moscow. Their numbers are countless. I remember a small boy, who got ten kopecks from me. Soon a girl appeared and also received ten kopecks. Thereupon, the boy requested her to give him five kopecks for having pointed me out to her. Besides the beggars, there are vendors of apples, of milk, of cigarettes,

and of flowers; and red-capped policemen, who try to chase them away.

At eight in the evening we arrived in Kharkov and were received by several officials and two interpreters who spoke English. The officials spoke German but neither French nor English. In the train I had met many Russians who spoke German, but none who could talk English or French.

We drove through Kharkov to the Krassnaya Gastinitza (Red Inn). Here we were divided into parties of two, each party getting a bedroom, a bathroom, and a sitting room. We ordered a samovar and cakes. When I ordered two cakes in Russian, a loaf of bread was brought. I tried to order cakes again, and two roast chickens were brought in. This experience showed me how deficient my Russian still was.

Our trip from Moscow to Kharkov had taken nineteen hours and cost sixty rubles per person, besides about eight rubles for our entire baggage. The hotel in Moscow charged eight rubles per day per person, besides numerous tips. Meals at the Savoy Hotel had varied from two to six rubles per person. These prices were not exorbitant, since we had the best that could be obtained, and that was very good indeed.

On Thursday morning, June 2, we woke up very early. It was daylight at three o'clock and church bells began to ring loudly and persistently at an early hour. For it was a Russian holiday, the Virgin's Assumption. There was nothing to do but sight-seeing.

I liked Kharkov. It is a bright and sunny Ukrainian town

of about 400,000 inhabitants with much business and building going on. Kharkov lies in the best wheat land of Soviet Russia and is the commercial center for the great Donetz coal field. It lies not very far from the Black Sea and is predestined by nature to be the industrial, commercial, and agricultural center of southeastern Russia. The Ukrainian girls struck me as being very pretty; they were dressed with taste, but simply. Most of the men on the streets wore the Ukrainian embroidered shirt and riding breeches with high boots and caps. There were no elegant costumes anywhere to be seen.

There are many parks through Kharkov, and all were thronged with pleasure seekers. The ubiquitous beggars were there, and the wild boys and girls in their rags, also some indescribably dirty gypsies. Everywhere was music and singing. Orchestras played in all the beer gardens and parks and their music was uncommonly good. The old University campus is now a public park. People seemed to be happy and joyful. The only somber figures were the Russian priests, unkempt and in old robes, whose black color has turned green, brown, or gray in the many years since they left the tailor shop.

I met the father of the girl whose silk skirt I had brought to Russia, but unfortunately not the girl, who was out of town that day. She was to wear the skirt at her graduation from high school in a fortnight. In the evening we went to a beer garden, had beer with sour black rye bread and salt, and listened to music. The beer was mediocre. There had been a Bavarian brewery in Kharkov, but the revolutionists

destroyed it, and the Russians cannot make first class beer.

In the beer garden, a beggar began to pester us. The waiters tried to move him by gentle persuasion, but the begging dervish laid himself flat on the ground and continued his perorations from this post for two hours. He was still there when we left. We were early warned not to give to beggars. The nuisance would become unbearable to us, if it were known that the *Americanskys* had a soft spot for beggars.

On Friday, we visited the offices of the Bank for Foreign Trade and of the Donetz Coal Trust (Donugol), and had conferences with officials, assisted by interpreters. Our own offices were to be in the Bureau of New Projects called "U. N. S." (Upravlyenye Novoy Stroitelstvey). Everything in Russia seems to be called by the initial letters of the somewhat lengthy Russian designations.

We still ate at the Red Inn at fair prices for excellent food. Our room rent was paid by the Donugol.

We spent Saturday in endless conferences with mining engineers and financial experts. Talking is a very important business in Russia and is accompanied by the smoking of countless cigarettes and occasional tea drinking. The cigarettes are bought from peddlers. They have a long mouth piece of pasteboard and are called *papiroshi*. The tea is called *tchie* (*ie* pronounced as in *lie*). Everybody was very polite and friendly. All of the engineers spoke German, but very few, French or English. We arranged for an early trip to the Donetz coal field. I bought a pair of Russian linen trousers

for six rubles; also a new cap for three rubles—my American cap having left me somewhere between Moscow and Kharkov. We arranged to go, the next day, to Donbass (abbreviation for Donetzky Basin—Donetz Coal Basin).

Chapter IV

IN THE MINING REGION

ON SUNDAY, June 5, we left Kharkov for Bakhmut (now officially called Artemovsk) at 11:25 P. M., in company with one Russian mining engineer* and one interpreter. We had sleeping compartments, but I did not rent bedding from the conductor.

We arrived at Bakhmut at 8 A. M. on Monday, June 6, and drove to the clubhouse of the Donugol Trust. Breakfast being over, we waited for a meal to be prepared. Meanwhile, we were served with tea and fresh cucumbers, picked in a near-by garden. Russians eat cucumbers as Americans eat bananas. Breakfast consisted of tea, eggs, bread, and butter.

*Nikolay Andreyevitch Krshishanowsky. He was condemned to death during the trial of the Donbass engineers and executed July 10, 1928. I liked him and we were together a great deal during my stay in Russia. (May the earth lie lightly on thee, Nicholas.)

IN THE MINING REGION

We took autos to the Vasilyevska Prochodka Mine near Krindachevka in the Bokovo-Khroustalsky coal basin and stopped at the mine club. The engineers in charge of the mine met us and we became friends quickly. One of them was the son of a German colonist and spoke perfect German. He offered me a much-needed bath in his home. After the bath, he treated me to good beer. We did much sight-seeing and inspected the place where we were to build a mine, whose temporary designation is "16-bis." The chimney and a portion of the mine shaft were already in existence. Around it, we were expected to construct our mine. Chimney and shaft had been started before the war. Unfortunately, they were in the wrong place.

While in London, I had a happy idea. I bought an ample supply of toilet paper and insect powder for our party. Both were needed here. Russian toilets are very seldom modern, and insects were numerous in our sleeping quarters. The insect powder went into action with indifferent success. But we slept well, tired as we were from the automobile ride of sixty miles over rough ground and plenty of walking afterwards.

Our automobile ride that day will long be remembered. We rode in two fine Mercedes cars, each having cost $10,000. Besides the driver, a mechanic sat on the front seat. We traveled over the Ukrainian *steppe,* which looks very much like an American prairie, but has only very indifferent roads. These can be negotiated in automobiles in summer when they are dry, but dusty; in sleighs in winter when they are covered

with snow; and only on horseback when they are flooded by the season's rains. Most of the time we drove directly over the grass. Certainly all curves were taken that way. The big cars shook and trembled during the fast driving over this very rough ground. The leading car traveled much by guess and the second car followed as closely as possible in order to keep from getting lost. If separated, they never would have met again. In consequence, the passengers of the second car were covered with a crust of dust, when, after a few mistaken directions, we happily arrived in Krindachevka.

The dinner at the club-house consisted of *borsch* (which is a very delicious thick cabbage soup), chicken, pudding, tea, and beer.

The next day, some of us went underground in the morning and again in the afternoon. The mines were well ventilated, but had low passageways. We had only benzine safety lamps which did not give much light. The coal is wonderful, but the mines are gaseous. I have never seen better anthracite in my life. The coal seams are thin, rather steep, and very deep under the surface, as compared with American seams. They are situated more like the German coal beds. The miners work six hours daily, out of which the time for changing of clothes, going underground, coming up, bathing, and for changing of clothes again, is taken, leaving only about four and one-half hours for actual work. The work on top of the mine is done mostly by women, but under the supervision of men.

In the forenoon I had a slight accident and bruised the ankle of my right foot. When we returned to the club in the afternoon, the doctor was called to inspect my ankle. She was a young girl of about twenty-one years. Her first and middle names were Lydia Mikhailovna. She had studied one year of medicine after graduating from high school. Fortunately, my injury was very slight and really needed no attention. The thirteen hundred men employed in this mine depend upon the surgical and medical skill of Lydia. She first insisted upon putting a moist compress upon my right ankle and later wanted to examine my back to see whether a rib was broken. After raising my khaki shirt, she tried to pull my union suit up, with which she was unfamiliar, since B. V. D.'s are unknown in Russia. She exclaimed, "Oh, *Americansky* costume." After this detail had been arranged, she put plenty of iodine on my back and arms in order to safeguard me against any possible bad results from my fall. At first, I felt a considerable itching from the iodine, but slept soundly until morning, while my friends fought a battle royal against a bedbug invasion which was bigger and better than anything we ever had seen in Russia. I concluded that iodine is a good antidote against bedbugs.

At 5:30 the following morning, Lydia Mikhailovna called to inquire about my bruised ankle and counseled me to spare it for some days. At 6:00, we started on another automobile ride of about 120 miles over the steppe. We passed by the Skotchinsky Mine, which is called after Russia's most famous

contemporary mining engineer. The mine was nearing completion. Afterwards, we drove to the Artem Mine,* which is at present the largest coal mine in Soviet Russia and makes an excellent impression.

On Thursday, three men of our party went underground while two others and I had a conference, lasting all morning, with two engineers of the Artem Mine. All items of production, cleaning, storage of coal, etc., were gone over, together with problems of power, labor, and expense. In this part of the Donbass, I saw camels on the steppe. They are used for transportation purposes. This was a reminder that we were approaching the Orient.

We boarded a train for Rostov-on-Don at the railway station of Shakhtmaya at 1:03 P. M. and arrived in Rostov at 3:30. There were Circassian peddlers in the streets and I saw a pretty walking stick offered for sale. Price—five rubles; offer—two rubles, a sale. I bought it.

We got our supper at a large amusement park, which was crowded with pleasure-seekers, and a special table had to be provided for us in front of the restaurant. We attracted attention and soon an inebriate comrade wished to join us. Our Russian friends mildly protested: "But don't you see, dear comrade, that we are hungry and want to eat in peace?" The response was: "But I am lonesome and wish to join you." The argument lasted for more than one hour, when we had

*The chief engineer of this Mine was later convicted in the trial of the Donbass engineers and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

finished our meal and started for another stroll. The would-be companion left us with the stinging remark: "I was a great hero in the revolution. I know who will be no heroes in the next revolution—you!"

We took a street car to the station, paid the conductress (nearly all street-car conductors in Russia are women) fifteen kopecks apiece for fare and soon were settled down in our sleeping compartments on the train. It left at 8 P. M. for Gorlovka, where some more coal mines had to be seen.

A fellow passenger on the train with whom I entered into a conversation pointed out to me the ruins of some magnificent mansions that could be seen from time to time. They were the burned manors of the great nobles. Revolution and civil war had swept over the country side in numerous waves. Many great country seats and most of their inhabitants had been the victims.

I was told in the Donbass by the wife of a mine manager that their home had eighteen different military occupations during one month at the time of the civil war. One morning the Cossacks of Wrangel's army had left early. In the evening, red soldiers of the bolshevik army arrived and, at noon the same day, a band of bandits had dropped in. She showed me a cannonball which had fallen into her garden during these rather exciting times.

It was a wonderful night. First, the train followed the Don River which becomes broader and broader. Finally, the river enters the Sea of Azov, which is a bay of the Black Sea

between the Caucasus and the Crimean Peninsula. The moon was shining over the slowly moving stream that gains a width of over two miles at its delta. The Sea of Azov was calm, with the moonlight mirrored in the rippling water. Far away, some lights were shining from houses on the Caucasian promontory. Once this land belonged to the Tartars, later to the Cossacks, and now it is a federal republic of the U. S. S. R. During the Great War, a German Army penetrated to Rostov and held this land with difficulty, because the inhabitants used to murder the German sentinels at night.

Early in the morning, Friday, we arrived in Gorlovka. When we stepped out of the train, a man of our party was approached by a wild boy, who held his filthy cap against the face of our friend and meanwhile picked a gold pencil from the engineer's coat pocket. All this was done so swiftly that we could not capture the boy, but someone merely grabbed his dirty cap, which was quickly thrown away. It was a practical lesson to beware of pickpockets.

In Gorlovka, we visited a mine and, later proceeded to Bayrak, where the coal beds stand at an angle of 70°. It is excellent coking coal.

While some of us went underground, others inspected the upper part of the mine and took pictures. We were treated to a lunch by Ivan Suffovitch, the director of the mine. It consisted of fish, caviar, meat, and fruit soup, which was the last course. There was much vodka on the table and constant urging to use it. Vodka is potato alcohol of about 40 to 50

Ivan Suffovitch sang and danced for us, and then kissed every one of us on both cheeks

per cent strength. The meaning of *vodka* is "dear little water." Since there were not enough glasses, I used a china cup for the vodka, and nobody saw that it was usually empty when I pretended to drink. This was an excellent idea, because it saved me from getting drunk in a very foreign place, far away even from the railroad.

Ivan Suffovitch sang and danced for us, and kissed every one of us on both cheeks. I was so glad I had not shaved for a week. I felt protected like a porcupine. We hoped to escape our genial host, but he joined us in our automobile ride to the station at Nikitovka. As he weighed around 300 pounds, he filled a large portion of the big car, the rest of us being considerably crowded. At the station restaurant, he ordered more meat, shellfish, and much cognac for us and himself. The meat was a Caucasian dish, called *Zatchlik*. Slices of mutton, bacon, and onions had been placed on a wooden stick and roasted on an open fire—a wonderful fare for people with an appetite, but not for us.

As our host became very noisy, all the loafers of Nikitovka gathered to watch us. We constantly feared arrest by the red-capped policemen who were among the spectators. Ivan Suffovitch called for more cognac and I told the waiters that I would smash any bottle of liquor that was brought to our table. I felt that we had all we could stand and rather more than less. While I was talking to the waiter, our friend Ivan had opened a bottle by himself and drank it out to its last drop. Fortunately, his chauffeur arrived just then. I asked

him, "How can we get rid of your boss?" He suggested we should make a promenade in the direction of the car. Ivan Suffovitch took one of us under each arm. The others followed and all the loafers of Nikitovka formed the escort. Ivan roared like a combination of a steer and a lion and moved slowly toward his Mercedes car. He mounted it as though it were a platform, starting a speech with, *Tovarishtchi!* (Comrades.) The rest of the oration was lost to us, because I had handed the chauffeur five rubles and he stepped on the gas. The car disappeared around the corner and we were left in peace to wait for the train, which was late as usual.

At Bayrak, we saw a large number of new living houses under construction. They looked healthful, comfortable, and pretty, and the director of the mine pointed out with pride the difference between these new houses and the miserable shacks which the private corporations had provided in pre-war times for the working-men. The difference was striking, especially when the best modern and the worst old habitations were compared, which our friends seem to prefer having us do. As a rule, we were not influenced or propagandized in our visits to industrial plants, but could walk around, inspect, and ask questions as we liked. But a natural pride in recent industrial and social improvements and a desire to talk about them was noticeable among our Russian friends. Russian building operations are different from ours. At first, a substantial scaffold is created and inside of it grows masonry work. The scaffold is sometimes almost as strong as the

building, but it is removed when the building is completed.

There were many boilers, hoists, and coal separators, and much other construction material lying around in the mine yard ready to be put in place. Some of these objects were of Russian origin, but many had German inscriptions, and some were American. I never did see any English or French machinery in the U. S. S. R.

The Russian engineers that we met in the Donbass were extremely courteous and agreeable. Sometimes, I had the privilege of their hospitality in their homes. Usually, I was informed by some friend of the first and father's name of my host and hostess and I addressed them accordingly. For instance, in the home of Engineer Protopov, I addressed him Ivan Sergyevitch and his wife, Sylvia Pavlovna, and both called me Adolf Karlovitch. Every Russian has three names: his Christian name; for instance, Ivan; then his father's name with the suffix -vitch, like Sergyevitch, the son of Sergy; and his family name; for instance, Protopov. Ivan's sister may be called Yulya Sergyeva Protopova, the latter being the feminine form of Protopov. Since my middle name is Carl, I changed it to Karlovitch in Russia, although my father's name was not Carl. A compromise between my middle name in my passport and Russian social requirements had to be worked out.

This custom, which is of long standing, of calling one's friends by their Christian and father's names and avoiding the Russian corresponding to Mr., Mrs., or Miss, makes social

contacts in Russia very charming and cordial from the very beginning of an acquaintance. This pleasant custom, however, seems to be unpopular with the communists, and is becoming less general.

One day, about the beginning of August, an engineer from the Kisel Coal Trust called at our office to make arrangements for American technical advice to his organization. He called up our office by telephone and made an appointment with our interpreter to see us in our apartment. When he arrived, he could not talk English. Fortunately, our visitor knew German well. He had studied mining at the Austrian School of Mines in Leoben. He told us a good deal about living and working in the Urals, where one of the best deposits of coal in the U. S. S. R. is to be found. We discussed Russian coal fields in general and were informed that the greatest Russian coal deposit is the one at Kusnetz in Siberia, the so-called Kusbass. Next comes the Donbass, third, the Moscow Basin and, fourth, the Kisel Basin in the Urals. But it is quite possible that some of the only partly known or still unknown great basins in Siberia and Turkestan might prove to be bigger than any presently known Russian field.

The trend of Russia in heavy industries is toward Asia. Western Siberia and Turkestan will sometime be the center of Russian metallurgical industry. This is another reason why Russia is becoming more Asiatic all the time.

On Saturday evening, August 20, I started on a new trip to the Donbass. I took a cab to the larger railroad station,

where I met two geologists of the Donugol, my friends, Nikolay Nikolayevich and Nikolay Alexandrovich. The tickets had been procured during the day and, after being refreshed a little at the railroad restaurant, we boarded the train. The compartment had four sleeping places and the fourth passenger was an elderly civil engineer, as I recognized from the insignia on his cap. He and I had the two lower berths and the two geologists slept in the upper berths. The civil engineer rolled himself into a blanket and soon was asleep, while I still looked at his typical old Russian features. He was tall and slender, had a friendly expression on his face, and wore a forked beard, as many officers and bureaucrats in old Russia used to wear. These beards are rarely seen now in modern Soviet Russia, most of the men being beardless, except for the peasants and cab drivers.

After a very refreshing rest and a not very punctilious morning toilet—shaving is not necessary every day in Russia—we reached Sheretovka in the Donbass and changed trains for Nikitovka. Breakfast was taken at the station restaurant in Sheretovka and consisted of tea, soft-boiled eggs, bread, butter, and the inevitable cucumbers.

Arriving in Nikitovka, we had dinner in the station restaurant. The meal consisted of *borsch* (cabbage soup), roast pork, potatoes, omelette, soufflé, tea, mineral water, and a glass of cognac. It was good. The weather was excellent. At the station, a phaeton (in Russian, *equipage*) waited for us. We mounted it and it partly broke down under the heavy weight

of Nikolay Alexandrovich. We laughed heartily about the mishap. The driver secured a *lineyka,* to which he harnessed his horses. A *lineyka* is the regular Russian travel car. The word means "a ruler," and the car has this name because of its flat, longitudinal top. People sit on both sides of this top and put their feet on the running-board below. We then drove off to meet our friend, Inokente Ivanovich, and his charming wife, Sylvia Mikhaylovna, who were to be our hosts for two days in Krindachevka.

Soon I was comfortably settled in the home of my hosts. They had a good bathroom, but they were afraid to leave the windows of the house open at night for fear of burglars, and I was allowed to open my window only before I went to bed.

The afternoon was spent in visits to the mine structures and to see the most important geologic features of the coal basin near Krindachevka. Shura, the little girl of our hosts, went with us. She wore sandals and a very much abbreviated sort of overalls.

Tramping through the coal basin with its prairies and forest patches, country roads, and low hills reminded me very much of doing the same thing in southern Illinois. I could forget temporarily that I was in the Ukraine. But, when I passed a group of Little-Russian peasant girls, who were walking home from work, singing and laughing, and were dressed in all colors of the rainbow, I doubted that I was in Illinois. And, when I remembered that in my field quarters

were waiting an ice-cold bottle of wine and a large portion of caviar, I was quite sure that it was not Illinois.

In the evening, my hosts, my traveling companions, two engineers who lived in the same house, and I sat together with a glass of port wine, talking about the world at large and the Donetz Basin in particular. I felt very much at home, and my host said, "Adolph Karlovitch, we have been together only for half a day, but it seems as if we had known each other for twenty years." It is easy to make friends in Russia and I never had the feeling of being in a new country. The Russians are one of the most lovable races in the world.

My two Russian friends and I started early Monday morning for a trip through the Bokovo-Khroustelsky coal basin, which is located near Krindachevka. Part of the time we used a car, but mostly we walked. We were joined by a young lady geologist from Leningrad, who was working in this region for the Geologic Committee of the U. S. S. R., which corresponds in its functions to the Federal Geological Survey (U. S. Geological Survey) of America. She had a *lineyka* and a driver and stowed her specimens of fossils and rocks in a bunch of hay on the car. Zinaida Vasilyevna seemed to be an able field worker and a helpful companion; she secured for me many valuable fossil specimens. On our way, we met another field worker of the Geologic Committee, whose equipment and field clothes were exactly like those of a young American geologist. He worked on foot and made a good impression on me. Russian geologists have accomplished a

great deal of work and seem very competent. Theirs is the largest geologic survey in the world, numbering over one thousand permanent employees, to whom are added over three thousand temporary workers for the summer. The rapid exploration of Russia's enormous mineral resources is due to the indefatigable and very efficient work of their geologists. Most of them were trained in the famous mining school of Leningrad, and their basic training is engineering, not university work, as in America or western Europe. There is a professional school of geology in the mining school of Leningrad, and mining seems to be an excellent approach to the study of geology, especially economic geology, which is at present Russia's greatest need. They may not always get as much theoretical training as a purely university course would give, but their practical training is excellent.

During the day we saw outcrops of rocks, faults in the formations, drill holes, and small country mines, some of which were abandoned, and I enjoyed the fresh water coming out of a spring in the rocks. It was the best water that I drank in Russia and the only water that I dared to drink unboiled.

My friends showed me interesting formations which indicated the boundary line of the Muscovian and Uralian systems of Russian coal measures. Both systems are represented in the Donetz Basin and their exact line of demarcation is somewhat in doubt, because the so-called index fossils are not sharply enough divided. One of them is the Spirifer Moscovensis, a fossil clam shell, that, in many instances, is very well preserved.

IN THE MINING REGION

The evening was again spent in the home of Inokente Ivanovich and Sylvia Mikhailovna.

The next morning we drove to the Amerikanka Mine in the Snezhnyansky Basin south of Krindachevka. Before reaching it, we passed through the little town, Dofvino-Brodskaya, near which the Amerikanka is situated. This mine was designed by American engineers; therefore, the name. It is nothing of which American engineering needs to be very proud. In the early days of the American technical help to Russia, many people were employed whose home reputation did not warrant the high salaries which the Russians paid them.

It was a delightful drive through the valleys of the Donbass. Pretty Ukrainian villages lay half hidden among little woods. The roofs were of straw and the walls glistening white.

Near one of the villages stood a little church on a hill. Its dome was blue and the walls white. Along the road ran a high power electric line and the church peeped out behind the wires. Its view symbolized the combination of old and new Russia.

In the distance appeared a large power station near a lake. Everywhere intensive building operations were going on. This activity was a testimony to the energy with which the new five year program of the government was being pushed ahead. The country seemed wide awake after a thousand or more years of sleep.

When we arrived at the mine camp, it was after one o'clock and lunch had been eaten in the various dining rooms where

the technical staff usually dined. But the young wife of a Russian engineer, who looked after one of these dining rooms, set up a good meal for us, which was heartily appreciated. I asked her if I might photograph her, to which she cheerfully consented. A number of men from the mine office near-by crowded into the picture and I invited a policeman to join the group. He was so pleased with the honor that he forgot to ask me for my permit to take pictures.

There was plenty of work under way in the mine camp. Two slopes were driven into the earth to run more than a thousand feet underground. A railroad cut was being broken through the limestone bed, which forms part of the surface of the land here. A series of deep holes was made in the rock with chisels and sledge hammers, all by hand without the use of dynamite. Later, the holes were to be connected and the rails laid. I wished to take a picture of one of these holes, which showed plainly the limestone formation. As soon as I had taken out the camera, all workmen lined up to be photographed. They could not imagine why I should be interested in photographing a rock. I took their picture first and, after they were gone, photographed the rock. I found the camera very often to be a convenient means of gaining the good will of a crowd. To be photographed seemed to be quite a satisfaction for the peasants or workmen and, for diplomatic reasons, I often went through the motions of clicking the camera, with or without films in it.

Office buildings, engine houses, workers' homes, houses for

the officials, shops and foundries were either under construction or already operating. Great masses of timber were being cut and trimmed, and everywhere the typical Russian workingmen were busy, some with heavy beards, and all wearing the Russian shirt, like a blouse, with a belt.

Later in the afternoon, I met Commissar Georgi Ippolytovich with an assistant, Igor Nikolyaevich, in a big German Mercedes car. They were going to Artemovsk, there to take the train to Kharkov. They invited me to ride with them and I had a pleasant drive with the two men, both of whom spoke German. It was a long ride of some fifty miles over rough country. We passed many villages; the pigs, ducks, and chickens scattering in front of the automobile. When we arrived in Artemovsk, we found that the train was two hours late, and the Commissar invited me to a chicken dinner in the park restaurant. We had good music, and the time passed quickly under an animated conversation. We talked of Russia and America, mostly of various technical matters concerning mining.

When we went to the station, we found that no more tickets were to be sold for this train. The Commissar had his pass, good on all Russian railroads, but his assistant and I had to wait until next morning. So we went to the club-house of the Coal Trust and slept there comfortably.

The next day, when Igor Nikolayevich and I went to breakfast in Artemovsk, we saw the town in mourning. Red Soviet flags with broad black borders were hanging on all

public and many private buildings. The newspapers had black borders and big headlines. Sacco and Vanzetti had been executed the previous day in the United States. It was discussed in my presence, but without impolite remarks to me. All Russia was officially mourning for the two dead radicals, who were proclaimed martyrs of the proletariat and victims of the capitalistic world.

We took a slow train of so-called hard cars for Kharkov. A hard car is very much like a box-car with two tiers of benches. People can sit or lie in two, sometimes three, stories of the car. It was mostly filled during the ride, and the interest of the crowd in the *Amerikansky* was great. I was always called "comrade" and the conversation was slow on account of my limited Russian vocabulary. If I did not understand what my companions said, they wrote it on paper. As I had no dictionary with me, the writing did not help much. But patience was great on all sides and the feeling always very friendly. I felt perfectly at ease in their company and could see the most varied types of miners, peasants, woodchoppers, and hoboes. They were much concerned about my comfort and reprimanded any comrade who crowded me too much in his eagerness to get information. At the numerous stops of the car, the comrades got apples or water for me. One brought me a German newspaper. I shared my cigarettes with them. The conversation usually contained three questions, which I easily understood and for which I had a ready answer in Russian. They were:

(1) "How much money do you get?"

Answer: "Twenty-five rubles a day." (I figured that this sum would be neither too large to arouse envy nor too small to create contempt.)

(2) "How much does a Ford car cost in America?"

Answer: "Nine hundred rubles." ($450; an answer which was not exact, but generally satisfactory.)

(3) "When will be the revolution in America?"

Answer: "We have had it already in 1776." (No country is considered in good standing which has not had a revolution, but, of course, the proletarian revolution is really what the comrades had in mind.)

It was a very hot day, and I was glad when it got evening and Kharkov was reached. I had consumed a good many bottles of mineral water and some fruit and bread, which were obtained at the many stops of the train, also a hasty lunch of good soup, meat and potatoes at a station restaurant.

By Saturday, I had finished the drawings for the underground development of coal mine 16-bis. The life of the mine was estimated to be thirty years, with normal production beginning in the third year. The various underground communications, entries, and rooms had to be drawn in different colors to indicate clearly where the works would be in any given year of the mine's life. Since the geologic data of this field were inadequately known, I had serious doubts about the value of such minutely specified forecasts of production, ventilation, haulage, etc. I was told not to worry about

that, since I would not be made responsible for inaccuracies that might show in such a distant future.

Almost all Russian mining terms are taken from German. This made the subject a little easier for me.

Chapter V

EXPERIENCES IN KHARKOV

WE arrived in Kharkov at 5:10 A. M. on Saturday, June 11th, and the same morning had a conference with the chief engineers of the U. N. S. Bureau in the Donugol offices. Details for our work were laid out, and we were handed a Russian copy of the building rules and mine laws of the U. S. S. R., for which we hastened to engage a translator.

We spent Sunday resting from our trip and working on our notes. On Monday, we settled down to regular office routine in the U. N. S. Bureau, living the daily life of Russian engineers, to which were added some of the comforts from America and a better income.

Our office hours were supposed to be from 9 A. M. to 3:30

P. M., with half an hour's lunch time at noon. At twelve o'clock, a sturdy peasant woman in bare feet walked through the corridors of the building ringing a big bell. It meant Tchie (tea); presently tea was served in every room in glasses and we sent the youngest member of our party to buy pastry. At 12:30, the bell rang back to work and at 3:30, everybody was supposed to be free for the rest of the day. It happens that men in responsible positions always stayed overtime or came back in the evening. In the latter case, it was necessary to advise the janitor in advance, in order to get into the building. The janitor had the euphonic title of *Commandant*. But he was always agreeable and friendly, without expecting a tip. It must be said in honor of the proletarian regime that the proletariat is polite and friendly, at least to Americans.

I had an experience, the next day, which showed me the preference given to American citizens. We had a letter of credit to the Vneshtorgbank (Bank of Foreign Trades) in Kharkov, and a charming young lady, secretary to the director of the Bank, directed our destinies in matters of finance. Whenever we were in doubt we asked Yelyena Pavlovna. This day, I had to exchange German money and thought the matter too unimportant to importune Yelyena. By way of explanation, I might say that Yelyena is the Russian equivalent for Helen. I went directly to the cashier of the Bank of Foreign Trades and asked to have 165 Marks changed into Rubles. "Oh, we cannot do that," was the reply. "You must go to the Gosbank (Government Bank)." There I went and saw the cashier.

He introduced me to the assistant cashier, and the latter to his secretary. She made out a list of the bills in triplicate, putting all series numbers on it. After this was done, I was told to go to Window No. 2 for the Rubles. There the teller assured me that no *dokumenti* had arrived yet, meaning the description of the bills. I waited patiently or, rather, impatiently, for the *dokumenti.* Just as I saw a suspicious bundle of papers pushed under the teller's cage and hoped to be through, the *tchie* bell rang. Everybody had tea in the bank, including myself. After half an hour, the bell rang to work, and I expectantly approached Teller No. 2. "Oh, yes," he said, "these are your *dokumenti,* but I must check them up first." Another half hour passed while the bills and their triplicate descriptions were carefully compared. Finally, I got 80.25 rubles and a day's work was done. Returning, I happened to meet Helen and told her my experience, "Oh," she said, "why did you not tell our own cashier that you are an American and he would have made the transaction for you in a minute. He probably thought you were a German."

The following day, a considerable amount of time was consumed with conferences in our office. Everybody seemed to feel that they ought to visit with us, shake hands, inquire about our work, our health, and stay for a while. There were, of course, many official conferences with important government engineers, but the number of other calls was greater by far and more time consuming.

The U. N. S. had a whole archive of mine projects, pre-

pared by Russians. These were beautiful drawings, but none had been executed. Too many pictures and too little coal digging, I thought. The Russians felt it themselves and were anxious to see more action. But their organizations were still too clumsy and over-staffed and not quite practical. This, however, was natural. Only a few years had elapsed since the chaos of the civil war had given way to order and organization. An enormous amount of work had been done during these last five years and had given hope for increased efficiency in the future. Everybody from the chief engineers to the last draftsman was in deadly earnest to work hard. But they also watched the Americanskys from whom they expected more than miracles. When I walked through the offices of the Donugol, I was astonished at the great number of clerks and subalterns, filling out blanks incessantly with endless statistics and reports. I wondered who read them and where they could be filed. The proportion of office work to coal production seemed ludicrous to anybody familiar with the extreme simplicity of American business administration.

However, many of the Russian engineers are highly trained and educated men; it was a great pleasure to collaborate with them and often to learn from them.

Jones, an American mining man in Kharkov, and I took a stroll in the great public park late in the afternoon on Thursday. He had been here for nearly a year and expected soon to leave Kharkov. He was a practical mining man and his opinion of Russia was based on seeing and not at all on

reading. He had had a rather easy time here, being a specialist in shaft sinking and no shaft had been sunk yet by the group of engineers to which Jones belonged. He had little faith in the development of Russia. He did not see the larger picture of economic evolution, but only the small activities around him. He said that the Russians are great in projecting and poor in executing. That may be true to a considerable degree. But why should not the Russians be able to change their temperament? The Germans did it during the industrial revolution in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and the English in the earlier part of the same century. The Russians are having their industrial revolution right now, and there is no a priori reason for their not succeeding in it.

I usually left the office at four in the afternoon and, on the way to our apartment, purchased an afternoon paper in Russian and inquired at the newspaper kiosks for German papers, the only foreign papers which are sold everywhere in Kharkov. The Berlin papers were always one week old. I found the *Berliner Tageblatt, Vossische Zeitung, Frankfurter Zeitung,* and, especially, the German communist paper, *Rote Fahne.* One day I saw another German communist paper, *Der Kolonist,* published in southeastern Russia, but I did not see it more than once.

Kharkov had several morning papers, among which *The Communist* and *The Kharkov Proletarian* were the most important, as well as an afternoon paper, *The Evening Radio.* When the *Radio* was due, a horde of newsboys would be wait-

ing for packages to be thrown from trucks. Having secured their papers they ran screaming *"Radio"* through the streets. A copy costs five kopecks. The paper was rather small, and I managed to read it with the help of a dictionary, starting with the headlines. The advertisements attracted me. They had to do mostly with personal services such as language instruction, the sale of second-hand stuff, lost and found, theatrical shows and concerts.

All business was in government hands. Its advertising was educational, not competitive, and was done by posters. There were plenty of posters on the walls of the streets and in show windows, many of them political, usually with a sharp sting at capitalism in general and at England in particular.

At four-thirty, we had dinner in our apartment, cooked by our own Russian cook under the supervision of our Russian housekeeper. The cook's name was Marya and the housekeeper had the nickname "Mumsey." She was a dear old soul of over sixty; she sat up nights when we had gone out, to let us in, and to cook tea for us, if we wanted it. She called us to our meals with the word *Kushat* which means something like "soup's on."

My friend Jones had warned me that it was necessary to have a permit for taking pictures. Otherwise, I ran the risk of having my camera confiscated by a policeman. I had suspected such a rule in Russia, but had risked a number of snapshots already. On Saturday, the 18th, I made a formal application to the Ukrainian Government for a permit and was

requested to submit a list of the objects that I would like to photograph during my future stay in the Ukraine. I made the list as large and comprehensive as a sheet of paper, legal size, permitted.

Our apartment had one dining room, six bedrooms, a bathroom and a kitchen. Our party used four of the bedrooms, while one was occupied by two girls, Eta and Paula, who worked in offices, and one was used by Marya, Mumsey's neice, Yulya, and Mumsey's adopted boy. A cat and a dog completed the number of inhabitants. Eta and Paula had occupied their room long before we got in and could not be dislodged, because occupation means practical possession of living quarters. But they were modest and did not bother us.

Breakfast was served at eight and consisted of cocoa, cream of wheat, bacon, eggs, and fruit. The dinner was a substantial meal of soup, meat, vegetables, and a dessert, all of excellent Russian and French cuisine. The food for our party of six, for the servants, and Mumsey's relatives, ten persons in all, cost from fifteen to twenty rubles a day or seven and a half to ten dollars. This included the laundry of the bed, bath, and table linen. Our personal laundry was taken care of by an elderly laundress, who dumped the whole of it on the dining-room table and left it to us to pick out our belongings. Her bill was made out in Russian, and the spelling of our names was highly amusing. Since the house belonged to the government, we had no rent to pay. Rents are in general very nominal in Russia, since all houses belong to the municipalities

or to the government; they are in proportion to incomes and at a very moderate rate.

I kept the account, and Mumsey was very anxious to prove her honesty; therefore, she pestered me with infinite details. I also had to make the menu each night for next day. Mumsey went marketing every morning and came home in a cab loaded with foodstuffs.

Every evening before going to bed, we had tea and candies or fruit. The quiet life without telephone calls, with little correspondence, and not much newspaper reading, agreed with all of us and we found ourselves gaining considerably in weight.

Naturally, we had to do some shopping, which was always a source of amusement. Everything was sold in government stores or coöperatives. The grocery stores had most of the things we could get in Chicago and were usually full of people, especially on Saturday evening. Everywhere we received receipts, and bookkeeping seemed to be much of a time-consuming occupation of the tradespeople. Even the government barber shop where we had our hair cut gave a receipt and had an intricate system of bookkeeping. The chief barber had been in the U. S. A. and understood an American haircut. The price was thirty kopeks (fifteen cents).

I did the purchasing of wine, cognac, champagne, and *kimmel schnaps* myself. There were two great wine stores in Kharkov, called Vintorgs. One of them was managed by a Persian, who had a beard with a permanent wave in it; he

had a German girl as his assistant. The price of excellent Russian port wine was about four rubles a gallon; of good cognac, 4.90 rubles a quart; and of imported French champagne, eight rubles. Good domestic champagne cost 3.50 rubles a quart, but *kimmel schnaps,* made in Riga, cost 4.50 rubles.

The most interesting place was the *Ikratorg,* meaning caviar store. There stood numerous barrels filled with all kinds of delicious fresh caviar. The purchaser tasted each one and decided what he wanted. There was a china bowl with little chips of wood for sampling the caviar; they were thrown away afterwards. Very best caviar cost about 1.80 rubles a pound. We always had a big can of caviar on our dining-room table and ate as much of it as we wished. Ice was expensive. One could buy, for a special occasion, a little loaf of ice, wrap it in paper, and carry it home.

We found it difficult to get good soap or fountain-pen ink. Gillette razor blades were three rubles a blade. Toothpaste is called *chlorodont;* it was made after a German prescription in Russia. Eau de Cologne was excellent. Candies were also good, and French pastry the best I ever tasted. Russian tea, once famous in Europe, was now mediocre, and cigarette tobacco not very good. Coffee was unobtainable. We bought few other things. Once someone among us accidentally broke the umbrella of our translator. I got the best I could find in the bazaar of Kharkov. It cost twenty-two rubles and was wretched. In the windows, I saw shoes for ten rubles a pair and

suits for one hundred rubles, but nothing very good. We never saw silk stockings. In fact, girls usually did not wear stockings on warm days. Woolen goods also were absent.

There were some antique shops where old bric-a-brac and furniture of pre-war manufacture were sold, among other things much fine porcelain and glassware at reasonable prices. I never saw jewelry in Russia. It must have been rather rare or hidden.

To stroll along the streets after work was an entertainment which I often enjoyed. The most different types of people passed by. The intellectual and office worker always carried a brief case. This distinguished him from the working man. Both types usually wore the same kind of clothes—an embroidered shirt worn outside as a blouse and belted at the waist, riding breeches, and boots, besides a cap. If the man was a graduate of an engineering school he wore his round military cap with a blue velvet trimming, showing the insignia of his occupation: hammer and pick for mining; hammer and wrench for mechanical engineering; anchor and hammer for marine engineering; and so on. It is astonishing to see the number of blue-trimmed caps hanging on the walls of the offices, indicating men doing clerical work who have studied some kind of engineering. The School of Mines in Leningrad (*Gorny Institut*) is one of the most famous of its kind.

Going home one day from the office, I saw a prisoner, escorted by two infantry soldiers, pass on the street. Prisoners and their escorts never use the sidewalk, but only the driveway.

One soldier walked ahead and the second behind the prisoner. Both had their bayonets fixed. The prisoner had a blond Van Dyke beard, eye-glasses, a Russian shirt, and unbleached linen clothes, with the trousers tucked in his boots. His coat was thrown over his left arm. Apparently, he was an educated man. I wondered why he had been arrested. Perhaps he had been traveling without papers, or making himself suspected of counter-revolutionary activities. It seemed to be quite as easy to be arrested in Soviet Russia then as it was in old times.

After my return from the Donbass, I engaged a teacher to give me lessons in Russian grammar and conversation three times a week. That left the other evenings for study, if I was not otherwise engaged. My teacher was a young woman, the wife of an architect. She read Russian with me in one corner, while her husband worked on his drawings on the big table in the middle of their only room. We all smoked cigarettes most of the time. When the lesson was over, we chatted about Russia and America. Anna Alexeyevna spoke beautiful Russian and also excellent English. She had never been outside of Russia, yet her English was perfect, except for a soft Slavonic accent which gave it a melancholic, musical touch. Her teacher was an old Irishman, who was still Professor of English at the University of Kharkov. He lived quietly, an almost legendary figure, among his books and bottles.

Our apartment was on the fourth floor of a house in Sumskaya Street, which is one of the main thoroughfares of

the town, leading in a northeasterly direction from the center of Kharkov into the country.

The Sumskaya had now a new official name, Karl Liebknecht Street, but cabman, postman, and everybody else still called it Sumskaya. Along it, we went downtown every week day to our office on the Nikolaevskaya Square. From our windows in the Donugol Building, we could see on the opposite of the Square the magnificent building of the All Ukrainian Central Executive Committee, which, before the revolution, was the seat of the Nobles' Assembly. At a right angle to the Sumskaya, the First of May Street, better known under its old name, Moskovskaya, crosses the Nikolaevskaya Square. It is the main business street in Kharkov.

Walking back to our house from the office, we passed the Theatre Square, in front of the Ukrainian State Theatre. In the Square, stand the monuments of Gogol and Pushkin, classics of Russian literature.

Proceeding on the Sumskaya, north of our apartment house, we come to the campus of the old University of Kharkov. It is now a public park, but has still the statue of Karazin, the founder of the University.

All of the great athletic fields and the principal public parks of the town lie on the Sumskaya.

When I had to receive change at the ticket office of an amusement place, the cashier would hand me a few bank notes and lay on top some silver and copper coins and wait for me to take it. Being rather familiar with Russian cur-

rencies, I would also wait instead of taking the money. Then the cashier would add a few more small bank notes and coins and wait. Knowing that I was still short-changed, I would demand the balance of the change which was due and duly receive it.

Similar things happened in a bank where we drew money on our letter of credit. The cashier tried the same trick when exchanging dollars into rubles. Unsuccessful in his first attempt, he would drop a bill from the bottom of his pile when he passed the money through his window. Finally, he succeeded in shortchanging us for ten rubles, in spite of our watchfulness. The mistake being soon discovered, one of us went back to the bank to claim the ten rubles. The cashier smilingly said to him: "How glad I am that you returned. You left ten rubles here and I was just going to send for you."

But we found little dishonesty in our dealings with stores. Whatever small errors occurred were probably due to deficient arithmetic.

Dishonesty is considered a severe anti-social crime in Soviet Russia; a crime that must be suppressed at all costs. Even gratuities to officials bring great danger upon the recipient and throw a very bad light upon the donor.

I familiarized myself with the various stores where I had to do business, particularly with the Vintorg (Wineshop), with the Coöperative (Grocery store), and with a barber-shop where an American haircut was obtainable. A barber is called in Russian *Perrückenmacher,* which is really a German word

meaning "wig-maker." It dates from the time when a barber's main occupation was to make and sell wigs, which must have been in the seventeenth century. Probably at that time Russians became initiated in the art of hair-cutting and shaving. There are many other ancient German words in the Russian language; for instance, *Feldsher,* which originally meant a field-barber, but is now used in Russia for army surgeons, who, in a former century, had also to cut the soldiers' hair.

One day, when I went to the barber-shop where American style haircuts are given, nobody was in the chairs and yet I had to wait for over half an hour until the head barber could wait on me. He explained that the government auditor and the bookkeeper of the shop could not agree and he had to help straighten out the accounts. He said one-half of the proceeds are divided among the employees of the shop and the other half goes to the government, which owns and operates the shop. This barber was a Jew who had worked in New York, where he expected to return in a short time. He had already waited six months for permission to leave but expected to get it soon, being an American citizen, although born in Russia. I asked him whether it would not be better to have a barber-shop owned and managed by an independent boss, rather than by the government. He said: "No, in our way more people get an income than where one man alone gets most of the profit. Here is less of a profit for one, but employment for more men." There seems to be a tendency in

Russia to combat unemployment by creating as many jobs as possible. The situation almost reminded me of municipal government in America.

On July 4th we held a celebration. Our Russian servants had surprised us by decorating the dining room with streamers and American flags they had made out of colored tissue paper. It did not matter that neither the stars nor the stripes had the right numbers, nor that that blue looked more purple than blue. Several American and Russian friends had been invited, and a liberal amount of champagne and wine had been put in a tub filled with ice water. The cook had exerted herself to prepare a magnificent dinner. There was fruit soup, cabbage soup, breaded fried chicken (called *Backhändel* in Vienna), pudding, cakes, fruit, candy, cheese, and fresh caviar, all provided in immense quantities. A successful Russian dinner must not only excel in quality, but also in quantity. There are always poor relatives of the servants to take what is left.

Patriotic speeches were made and the U. S. A. was toasted in champagne, until a delightful merriment had taken hold of the diners. It may be said in favor of the Russians that they rarely over-indulge in alcoholic beverages and certainly not when they are guests. But one of our American friends next day had a strange story to tell about getting home.

On a Sunday forenoon some of us made an excursion into the great public park and roamed in the woods and meadows. There were three men and three women. The latter were my teacher of Russian, Anna Alexeyevna, and her two young

friends, Nata and Lola. Nata spoke excellent English, being the daughter of an Englishwoman and a Russian. She was dark-haired and had a brunette complexion. Lola spoke only Russian. She was very blonde and showed the most beautiful teeth when she smiled. We had taken our camera with us and took moving pictures of the company and of the public.

One of our men, who had had an inflamed eye for several days, wanted to buy a boric acid solution and an eye-cup from a drug-store. The Russian name for boric acid was supplied by one of our friends and a pharmacist sold us the solution and cup. We tested the solution before using it and became suspicious of it. Upon examination, it turned out to be a concentrated solution of hydrogen peroxide, strong enough to put the man's eyes out. Caution, it seemed, was a very necessary virtue in Russia.

One day a number of German mining men appeared in the Donugol Building. They had an office on the fourth floor. Two engineers were in charge of the group and the remainder were *Obersteiger* (mine foremen). All seemed to be jolly good fellows and we soon got acquainted.

On July 19th we moved into the newly completed portion of the Donugol Building, where we had two rooms instead of one as in the old office. We were now located on the fourth floor and it took a good deal of hard work to carry the desks upstairs. One of the workmen said, "Look here, see how dirty I am. They promised me five rubles for moving your furniture and they gave me two. When we were promised

five rubles under the Tsars, we got them." A G. P. U. man passed by, but paid no attention to the disgruntled worker. If an engineer had said this and not a proletarian, he would have been promptly arrested.

On one occasion I had a row with one of the Russians in our office. He was the only unpleasant character with whom I had personal contact in Russia. Nikolay Sonoffovitch was usually impudent, greedy, and a great bluffer. A few days before, he had admired my projector for mechanical drawing and admitted that he needed one very much and had looked for one in various stores in Moscow and Leningrad. I presented him with the inexpensive instrument, having two. The next day I heard from an American friend that Nikolay had asked him what the instrument's purpose was and how it could be used. On another occasion Nikolay had told us how he had killed a wealthy man and his family when he was a revolutionary general on the Volga. He had held the heads of his victims under water until they were dead. Some other details are hard to describe. On the day of which I am speaking, Nikolay, whose desk stood near the door of my office, had many callers, who never kept the door shut. My desk was near the window and covered with papers and drawings which were continually being blown off by the draft when the door was open. I asked Nikolay to keep the door shut and received an impudent reply. I said, "Look out, man, I am from Chicago," and reached for my hip pocket, pretending to draw a gun on him. There was none in my pocket, but Nikolay

made one leap to the door and disappeared. Early in the afternoon, he opened the door cautiously and asked, "Adolf Karlovitch, do you still have your gun with you?" "Yes, Nikolay Son-off-o-vitch" (slightly mispronounced on that occasion). He returned a few hours later to his desk and was very quiet. After that he seemed to be considerably chastened.

On Saturday, at noon, I had to send a business cable to Chicago, and went to a branch telegraph office, which in Russia, as everywhere on the Continent, is combined with a postoffice. The charge for a regular cable was 23 rubles, 20 kopeks. I asked to send the cablegram at the deferred rate. A deferred cablegram is posted on Saturday and delivered on Monday, and costs about half the price of a regular message. The telegraph clerk had never heard of a deferred cable and refused to accept half rates. I asked for the director of the office. He, too, knew nothing of deferred cablegrams. I said, "I know that it can be sent, and you send it. Here are 16 rubles and 60 kopecks." His answer was: "If you, sir, order it, we have to do it." The cablegram went through.

This experience shows how suggestible Russians frequently are and reminded me of a story told me by a former Austrian prisoner of war in Russia, who now lives in America. It happened just after the Bolshevik revolution, when discipline had become slack in the prisoners' camp. My friend, who had been an officer in the Austrian army, went to the Russian colonel in command of the camp and said, "I am going to run away." The colonel replied, "I am not supposed to

"Look out, man, I am from Chicago," and reached for my hip pocket—Nikolay made one leap for the door

know such things in advance." "But I cannot run away in my gray Austrian uniform pants; give me your black Russian trousers." The pants were exchanged and the prisoner escaped.

Toward the end of July, our water supply was cut off because of necessary repairs in the main line supplying our apartment building. The bad situation lasted for several days, and the house manager blamed our servants for not having stocked up with drinking water when notified in advance of the repairs. A few days later, we were warned of another cut-off in the near future. I noticed that Mumsey filled the bathtub, and, since Eta and Paula went just the same to take their daily bath, I decided not to drink any more water, boiled or unboiled, at least until the pipes functioned again in the regular way.

When at last I received from an official of the Ukrainian government the permit to take photographs, it read in the Ukrainian language—"*Adolph Karlovitch Noé is permitted to take pictures of churches, trees, and parks only.*" The official added orally, "Be sure not to take pictures of railway stations and bridges, because they are military objects." I had waited over five weeks for this permit and had anticipated it by nearly one hundred pictures. A photographer in Kharkov developed them. He was an artist, but not a technician, and my films and prints show traces of his fingers and nails. He ruined some of my photographs completely and lost others.

I decided to carry the permit together with my identification card as an employee of the Donugol, and in the future brazenly

look at any policeman, who should catch me making pictures of "churches, trees, and parks," but otherwise to be as circumspect as before.

On the morning of August 20th I had a conference with the chief engineer of the *Yugostal*. This word is an abbreviation for Southern Steel Trust. *Yugo* means "south" in all Slavonic language, as in the name for the country of the southern Slavs—Yugoslavia. I took an interpreter along, although I had visited the Yugostal alone formerly, trusting to my few words of Russian and to the ability of the Russian engineers to speak German or French. The interpreter, of course, was a convenience because she could talk Russian to the Russians and English to me. Interpreters are not always to be trusted, but Alexandra was the most reliable translator we had known, and she never failed us.

We hired a cab. The cabman wanted one fare and the interpreter offered a different one, until both sides were satisfied. Then the cab driver said, "This man would have been willing to pay what I asked, but you prevented it." Thereupon Alexandra replied, "But this man is my master and I am working for him." The irony was that Alexandra had been, before the revolution, one of the richest landowners in the Ukraine, worth millions of rubles. The conference ended with the promise of the Yugostal engineers to visit us in our offices and to talk about a new contract with us.

Sunday afternoon, August 28th, I attended a party given by the German vice-consul in his bachelor quarters. The

young men of the consulate and a few others were present. We had a delightful time. Everybody in the crowd was a far-and-wide traveled man. I met there a charming elderly gentleman, whom I took for a German. We walked home together, and I discovered that my friend was an Irishman and professor of English in the University of Kharkov. Only then did I have him placed. He was the English teacher of the woman who instructed me in Russian. She had told me a great deal about Mr. K. He had lived there for about twenty years. War, revolution, and civil war never bothered him. He spoke Russian, as well as English and German, and probably a few more languages, was a bachelor, and found complete happiness in his little room with a few books, a little cognac, and tobacco. If fate had dropped him in Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, or Teheran, he would have become equally useful, happy and popular as he was in Kharkov. Life to him was a job, friends, a smoke, and some liquor. Men like him flourish everywhere except in prohibition lands.

Chapter VI

ECHOES OF THE WAR AND OF THE REVOLUTION

ONE day early in July I was invited to tea by some Russian friends, where I made the acquaintance of a woman who had owned a beautiful country house in the Crimea. There she had seen every day, during the civil war, long lines of prisoners march by on their way to execution. They were army and navy officers, also loyal soldiers of the Tsar, judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, all victims of the revolution, counter-revolution, and civil war. The executions took place in trenches where the condemned were lined up against machine guns. The trench became the common burial ground. Of those who had formed the ruling class in Russia before the revolution, from two to three millions were exiled or fled. A similar number died at home from starvation, sickness, or by exe-

cution. Such as are left of these people in Russia exist in various circumstances, some in government positions, others in poverty and misery. Only women are left of the old Russian aristocracy.

On an evening a few days later, we had a conference with some Russian engineers in the so-called Officers' Club. It is a typical military casino building so common on the continent wherever large garrisons are found. Now it is used for all kinds of club and committee meetings. A great brown bear stands mounted in an upright position in the vestibule of the Officers' Club. I fancied that generals and officers of Cossack regiments, as well as of many other military units of the old-time Tsarist army, half European and half Asiatic, must have gathered and caroused in these rooms in past years. How the decorations and gold braids had sparkled, how it had smelled of vodka, cognac, kimmel, eau de Cologne, boot polish, and human perspiration in those wild days and nights, when drunken Grand Dukes were worshipped like demigods by equally drunken courtiers! How many thousands of rubles may have changed hands here at faro or *rouge et noir!* Yet all this splendor was blown into Hades overnight.

The Russian revolution made a much more thorough job than the famous French revolution of 1789. The latter must have been child's play compared with the Russian volcano. In Russia, the dynasty, the nobility, the proprietors of any kind, and the merchants, have been disposed of completely

and absolutely. There is good reason to believe that even the former middle class will, in the time of one generation or less, completely disappear and an entirely new type of society built up exclusively from the industrial and peasant proletariat will form the Russian nation or nations. Members of the old bourgeoisie are tolerated in jobs as long as they cannot be replaced, but no longer. Their children have little chance of getting a higher education, as long as there are applicants from the peasant and worker classes. Gradually all jobs will be filled by proletarians and the children of the bourgeoisie will become proletarianized, if they do not escape abroad.

An American engineer, with whom I walked down Sumskaya Street, told me what he had heard some time earlier, before we arrived in Kharkov. During the Civil War, a mob moved here from house to house killing every landlord and his family. Only one proprietor escaped, and he is now serving as janitor for his former property. My friend told also various other tales of revolutionary atrocities. Women were hung up by their legs until they died. Sometimes a fire was lighted below the suspended bodies. The sailors of the Black Sea Fleet threw the officers in the furnaces under the boilers or tied cannon balls on their legs and dumped them overboard. When, later, a diver went down, he became insane from seeing the bodies standing upright on the sea bottom and swinging with the water currents. A woman whose family had owned immense estates in the Ukraine was made penniless by the revolution. In order to support her children, she begged a

sack of flour from peasants living near her former land. The sack she carried on her back for several miles to Kharkov. There she took the railroad to Odessa and bartered the flour for ribbons and cotton goods. These she brought back to Kharkov and exchanged them again for flour which in turn, she took to Odessa. This trading went on for two years. The railroad trips were often made upon the roof of a car in the Russian winter night. The woman had no shoes, only rags on her feet, no overcoat, no real winter clothes.

What an infinite sum of misery accumulated in Russia during the World War, Revolution, and Civil War, no human imagination can grasp. I often asked Russians how the peasants, whom I only knew to be kind-hearted, sympathetic folk could have turned into the wild beasts which they were during the Civil War. I was told there had been a mental epidemic, a mania of killing all over Russia. Then, too, all of the prisons had been thrown open and the criminals given a free hand.

I saw several men who possessed red tickets that gave them precedence over everybody else at a ticket office, at any waiting line, and probably on many other occasions. The ticket meant that its owner had been imprisoned under the Tsarist government. Some of these red ticket holders were now the most mild-faced and confidence-inspiring men.

I had a talk with my Russian language teacher, Anna Alexeyevna, about Austrian prisoners of war. She and her husband had employed one as a coachman during the war. He was an educated man and seemed to have been well treated.

The Russians were probably as generous to the prisoners of war as their means and their very limited organization permitted. I frequently thought, when traveling in Russia, how the German and Austrian prisoners of war must have fared. Hygiene, cleanliness, and sanitary water supply were none too good for the traveler with ample means. What must they have been for a helpless prisoner? Officers were taken care of a little better, but how terrible must have been the fate of the common soldier, who fell victim to sickness, was inadequately protected against cold, improperly fed, and forced to live for years under standards of living even below those of the Russian peasantry. When the revolution broke out, conditions became worse. The scanty food rations stopped, transportation home was not available; as vagabonds, beggars, doing odd jobs of any sort, the prisoners of war tramped homewards, some taking the route through Vladivostok, Japan, and the United States. The repatriation of these unfortunates took years and many died meanwhile. Some settled in Siberia and married native women.

In the window of an art store I saw the copy of a famous painting by Veretchagin. It shows a long line of political exiles under the tsars struggling across a mountain pass in the deep snow. There are men and women of all ages, mostly educated people, all sent to Siberia for revolutionary activities or merely for being suspected of such. Some are falling by the wayside, others drag themselves along. Their mounted Cossack escort uses whips and lances in driving them. The

road seems endless as it is in reality. After the strongest had survived the march from a railroad station in the Urals to a distance of a thousand or more miles in Siberia, they could expect a living death in prisons, concentration camps, lead mines, or among the savages of the frozen north. Some survived and even returned, were perhaps sent to Siberia a second and a third time. Some escaped. But in the hearts of all and in the hearts of their friends and relatives accumulated a hatred for the ruling class of Russia which, during the two hundred years of political persecution, increased and finally burst, like a storm that had been gathering strength. These people and their descendants became the revolutionists of the intelligentsia class, who overthrew tsarism. Many of them are now in the ranks of communism.

The former ruling class was crushed and destroyed by the Revolution. Only women were left. Their husbands, brothers, and fathers have escaped from the country or are dead. The former noblewomen, and wives and daughters of landowners, diplomats, army officers, bureaucrats, and priests now live in abject poverty or eke out a meager existence as private tutors, translators, or menial workers. They hate the Revolution in impotent rage.

There is a third class of educated people in Russia. They belong to the old intelligentsia, the doctors, lawyers, engineers, business managers, journalists, and teachers, who disliked the autocracy of the Tsars more or less, but held good jobs and had a comfortable living. Many of them dislike the revo-

lutionists, but none wants the autocracy to return. Most of them are serving the state in various capacities. They are silent and it would be dangerous for them to disagree with the present rulers. "The intelligentsia is waiting," I was told by one of them. They expect that the communistic state will gradually blend into a democratic republic with free speech, freedom of the press, and free political life. For them, the present is a passing phase of the great Revolution, the dawn following the night of autocracy and preceding the daylight of freedom.

These are the three classes of socially and politically articulate persons in Russia—the revolutionists, the tsarists, and, between them, the broad group of the liberal intelligentsia.

Chapter VII

SOCIAL CUSTOMS AND CITY LIFE

ALMOST daily we could see processions on the Sumskaya, mostly of young athletes, with red banners, marching in military order to the athletic grounds. The sunburnt bodies of the young men and women, whose legs, arms, and shoulders were bare, looked strong and healthy. They seemed to be proud and self-possessed. Other processions consisted of factory and office workers, marching for some political purpose, with red banners inscribed with the particular reason for the demonstration.

The purposes might be such as a protest against the English raid on the Russian Trading Company in London, the assassination of the Soviet Ambassador Voykoff in Warsaw, or merely a demonstration against capitalism or an expression

of sympathy with the strikers in some foreign country, and similar things. There seems to be a demonstration nearly every day, usually after working hours. The office workers can be recognized by their brief-cases. While participation in these demonstrations is optional, non-participation is looked upon with disfavor.

A very impressive form of procession is the numerous funerals. The coffin is always carried open and the corpse can be seen. All decorations are in red. At a very pompous funeral, I saw attendants in red cocked hats, with broad red scarfs and red coats. They reminded me of the more expensive funerals of forty years ago in Austria, which used to be called *pompes funebres*. But there, black was the color of mourning; here, red. Usually three strong girls in athletic costume open a communist funeral. The one in the center carries a large red flag and is, from time to time, relieved by one of her companions, who bear large wreaths of big red ribbons. A military brass band accompanies the funerals in most cases. They all are "without benefit of clergy."

As a rule, a funeral procession would not be more than four ranks wide, keeping to the right side of the street. There was one exception, when an enormous crowd, numbering several thousand people and filling irregularly the entire street, followed the coffin of a woman. She had been a doctor and was killed by the mother of a little patient whose life she had failed to save.

Sometimes soldiers marched by, usually without rifles,

singing. Besides the regular troops, there could be seen, in groups of two or more, the G. P. U. men, members of the political police. They wore green caps, but were otherwise dressed in khaki, like the bulk of the army. The regular police service was performed by the so-called militia men, who had red caps. Their uniform was black, but, during the summer, they had white blouses. They were armed with revolvers and clubs. Occasionally a prisoner was escorted between two policemen, one behind him and one ahead of him. Each policeman carried a revolver in his hand, with the finger on the trigger. Many prisoners could be seen as they were being taken to the station in cabs by the police, usually for drunkenness. Often the policeman stood on the running board of the cab.

The crowds which passed our windows were very dense in the hour after working time. Once two athletes passed carrying a football, and, for some inexplicable reason, they laid it down on the sidewalk. Immediately, the crowd scattered and moved at high speed away from the football, which they had taken for a bomb.

While strolling along the Sumskaya or the Muskovskaya, I watched the innumerable peddlers who were the only private business men I saw in Russia. The selling of cigarettes was their main trade, but they also sold shoe-strings, cakes, fruit, and flowers. There were many bootblacks advertising their services vociferously. Many members of the former ruling class in Russia are said to be bootblacks now.

The street wear of most young boys and some young girls was nothing but little trunks and sandals, a very healthy attire for children. As a whole, children looked happy and healthy. In the parks, nearly every child had a butterfly net in its hands. Others had botanizing cans or collected flowers. Still others played with toy airplanes. There was an ample supply of little folk, quite a strange sight to Americans, used to families with few children or, more often, with none. Russia resembles Germany in its human fertility; or, very likely, has the better of it.

A somber contrast to the well-kept and well-nourished children of the respectable folk were the wild orphan children. Almost like wild animals, living on theft and garbage, begging, stealing, robbing, diseased, and unspeakably dirty, hardly able to speak, they were visible everywhere. The police chased them occasionally and, if a wild boy was arrested, his hands were held too high for him to bite his captor. Syphilis was very common among these outcasts, and their bite was feared like that of a snake. I saw one of these boys pull a comb out of a girl's hair and offer it to her for fifty kopecks. She had only twenty kopecks and cried, but never got her comb back. I saw other boys dig into the pockets of strangers and run away with the spoils. They could run faster than anybody else and their bites and knife thrusts were feared by everybody. The authorities have tried to put them into institutions, but the lure of the wild life is too much for them and they run away at the first opportunity. They travel like migratory birds,

south in winter and north in summer, tramping and stealing rides on freight trains. These boys and girls are the derelicts of the great revolution and the civil wars. They have lost their parents or have become separated from them, have no homes, no relatives, and belong to nobody. They looked very dirty and wore nothing but rags, were always barefoot, and usually half-naked.

Whenever we were met by Russians, we enjoyed cordial hospitality and a spontaneous courtesy, which was very pleasing. Russians are very tactful and greatly sensitive. A proud nation, once the biggest on earth, that has gone through hard experiences, first in the Great War, next in the Revolution, and, most of all, in the Civil War. They suspect a sentiment of superiority in the foreigners and are much pleased if their pride is respected by us. They are always very polite and deserve similar treatment. American manners are sometimes a little brusque and informal, and some adaptation to the environment is advisable. Whenever we saw Russians doff their hats, we carefully followed suit. Men greet each other by taking their hats off, and married women, in their own homes, usually receive a hand kiss from their male visitors.

The Russian titles corresponding to our Mr., Mrs., and Miss have disappeared as a result of the Revolution and, for formal address, Citizen or Comrade is used, but also Professor, Doctor, and Engineer, for scientists, physicians, and technical experts, respectively.

With only a limited knowledge of Russian, I usually spoke

German; in some cases, English, and, in very few instances, French. There is no more French taught in Russia, nor is it anywhere used in public announcements for foreigners. German is very widely known, and one can always find a person who speaks it. All secondary schools teach it. English is taught in all Russian universities and is spreading so rapidly that it may sometime become the leading foreign language, at least among educated people. Cabmen, railroad conductors, streetcar conductors, vagrants, and peddlers hardly ever know German, but many merchants, policemen, and all doctors, engineers, and scientists speak German and often extremely well. A G. P. U. man (political police) with whom I conversed on a train for an hour admitted that his excellent knowledge of German was acquired while he was a prisoner of war in Germany.

We greatly admired the excellent singing of some of our visitors, usually without accompaniment of musical instruments. Singing is a national gift in Russia. Russians never whistle, but always sing. The soldiers marching on the street, the working-men, while moving heavy loads, the young people in the parks, any Russian crowd on any occasion, will sing and sing well. The singing in the churches is beautiful beyond description.

Two of us went to the Delavoy Club one evening early in July. The club rooms were closed during summer, but the garden was open, where excellent food and wines were served, also fairly good beer. In a corner of the park stood a *kiosk*

where an orchestra played during the evening. It was interesting to watch the crowd. Delavoy Club means Commercial Club. It used to be a gathering place for the merchants and their families in bygone days. I did not know who managed it now. The visitors looked like professional men. These are called specialists in Soviet Russia, or, for short, *spetz*. It was apparently not a proletarian society that patronized this place. Going home, I noticed a wild boy circling around us. I kept him at a distance with my cane. Suddenly a policeman jumped out of the darkness and boxed the ears of the urchin in a resounding fashion. The boy fled screaming. It was the first time I had ever seen a policeman strike a boy, no matter how great the provocation had been.

We met many people in our daily work, but social life developed slowly. We did not know how to start, and the others apparently waited to see what we would do. Most people lived in cramped quarters, usually several families in one apartment. Conditions were not favorable for calling and entertaining. Gradually, we had friends come for dinner and, by the end of our sojourn in Kharkov, we had held several parties in our own home. Also, some of us had been invited to teas in other homes. Apparently our Russian friends had an exaggerated idea of what Americans are accustomed to and feared to be unable to entertain us as they thought we would expect.

In the home of one friendly couple, which consisted of one large room, we enjoyed dancing to a phonograph and drank

tea and even wine. Little games were played and the company was entertained with simple magic tricks.

I recall one occasion when I had to take our interpreter, Alexandra, along on a business call. Since we would have been too late for tea in the office, I suggested lunch in one of the public tea houses. We were seated at a small table when we suddenly felt something move around under our table. I had noticed a little red-bearded beggar crawl under several tables for a lost copper coin. I pretended to suspect a dog under the table and landed a vigorous kick. The beggar screamed and rolled from under the table, but was "given the air" by the manager of the place, in spite of loud protests. This beggar had the habit of entering restaurants and tea-rooms, where he dropped small copper coins under the tables beneath which he then crawled and received larger coins from the annoyed guests who wished to buy off the nuisance.

I saw a number of athletic organizations of young men and young women pass under the windows of our apartment. It seemed that a great deal of encouragement was being given to physical culture and that these processions of athletes had two purposes. One was to take the athletes to a suitable field, and the other one to make propaganda for athletics among the population. In every public park there were athletic fields, and one could see young men and young women devoting themselves to sport. The usual attire for a young man was a bathing trunk, occasionally supplemented by sandals, and, in very rare cases, by a sport shirt. Women usually wore

similar trunks with a jersey and, in most cases, sandals or shoes, but sometimes they were barefoot. The girls seemed to be very fond of wearing a bright red kerchief on their heads, and I was told that, since red is the color of the Communists, they wished to express their communistic convictions in this way. Most of the young people looked very happy, very strong, very sunburned, and most of them had magnificent physiques. Little banners were carried, but the color inscriptions were very difficult to read. They apparently indicated the name of an athletic organization or possibly some political slogan such as "Down with Capitalism" or "Down with England."

Many groups on foot and in automobiles could be seen carrying army rifles. Evidently, the young communistic youths of Russia were being trained in marksmanship. How efficiently, I did not know. I saw target practice from trains, but the targets were set up at rather short distances, and it was impossible to judge the accuracy of the shooting.

It seemed that a great deal of attention was being paid in Russia to personal hygiene. Not only was river bathing customary during a large portion of the year, but bathtubs and shower baths appeared to be spreading rapidly over Russia. I also noticed, when I looked out early in the morning from the window of our apartment, which was on the fourth floor, that in a great many houses the bedroom windows had been kept open during the night. I concluded that many Russians slept with plenty of fresh air, which was a rather new custom,

since, even in countries like Germany and France, sleeping with open windows was utterly unknown thirty years ago.

Once we watched a race of *isvoshtchiks* on Sumskaya. After a wedding the bride and groom always try to escape from the party by hiring the best cab-driver with the fastest horse. The guests also get cabs with fast horses, which results in a horse race through the streets. There are still wonderful trotting horses in Russia, and it was a delightful show to see them step out on the hard pavement of the road.

On a Friday evening in July we had Eta and Paula with us at dinner. Both girls had a room in our apartment before we arrived and could keep it according to housing rules. We often saw them carry their supper home—a herring, a cucumber, a roll of bread—while we sat in affluence at our dining table. An occasional invitation to join us was always politely refused, but a dinner invitation a few days ahead of time was gladly accepted. Both girls were modest; we liked and respected them. They were clerks in some government office at something like 30 rubles a month. Most of this money went into clothes. They always looked clean and well-kept. One of them spoke a little German; the other, only Russian. The conversation was therefore rather slow. They were always cheerful and told us about their friends, Sunday excursions, and whatever else their narrow lives contained. We noticed that they had frequent visits from young men with whom they went swimming or dancing.

I had expressed the desire to see the market where the

peasants and small tradespeople sold their products and second-hand goods. Anna Alexeyevna, my teacher of Russian, invited me to join her when she went marketing on a Sunday. The market was held in a big square where many hundreds of little booths were set up for a few hours. All kinds of farm products from eggs to flowers were on sale; also kerchiefs, boots, clothes, tools, furs, small machinery, and spare parts. Probably several thousand people crowded around bargaining, talking, singing, gossiping. There were city folk and country folk, working-men and, more often, working-men's wives, children, beggars, and priests. The crowd was more interesting than the stuff that they sold or bought. After Anna Alexeyevna had bought a chicken, some eggs, butter, and bread, and I had invested sixty kopecks in a bouquet for her, we went home.

In the afternoon we took the street car to the State Park, which lies on the Sumskaya at the edge of the city.

There is a small admission fee to all large public parks and, in return, the visitor gets music, various shows, and athletic games. There must be some free admissions, because we saw wild children, beggars, and gypsies among the public, none of whom could possess the thirty kopecks which we paid. Some of these people I noticed continuously chewed sunflower seeds, which seem to be a delicacy for poor people in Russia. Each beggar seemed to have the monopoly of a section of the park. There was a primitive stage with a still more primitive play, in which a school teacher, some bad boys, and a fairy

appeared. We left the play and walked to an orchestra. Near it we stretched ourselves on the grass, very much to the grief of the park policeman. He appeared before us every half-hour and implored us to leave the grass. We sadly shook our heads and pretended profound ignorance of the language and Russian laws.

In a section of the park was an athletic field on which a girl's team did track work. Beyond were dense woods and meadows with people strolling about—a quiet picture of harmless pleasure.

One evening my American friends and I were invited to visit Anna Alexeyevna, my teacher of Russian. It was her birthday. We brought her some little presents and, in her joy, she asked her husband, "May I kiss them?" We all received a hearty kiss from her. We sat down to a couple of bottles of excellent Russian champagne from the Crimean peninsula. Little social games, also magic tricks, were produced by a Russian visitor, who made a cane stand straight, let a silver ruble drop through a glass on the table, and did numerous things like that, as they were done in central Europe fifty or a hundred years ago. We even danced in the one-room apartment to the tunes of a small phonograph and went home after a very pleasant evening.

In Kharkov I saw many Russian soldiers alone and in military formations, but I never saw them carry lances. The cavalry of the Red Army wear rifles and sabres. The infantry has a bayonet fixed on the rifle more or less permanently. All

uniforms are khaki and officers are hardly distinguishable from the enlisted men, especially when with the men. The proletarian character is always in evidence. But when I saw officers in the evening in a restaurant, they looked smart in their white fatigue uniforms, with well groomed mustaches.

From the windows of the train I could see an encampment with rows of modern field guns in front, also not very far away a rifle range.

Numerous civilian rifle clubs consisting of boys and girls could be met in the trains and on the streets. Once I talked with a Russian in a train and inquired about one of these clubs. He smiled and said, "They promenade, they drink, and they kiss." Well, that might also happen, but, unquestionably, the young people in the U. S. S. R. are interested in rifle practice.

I had a discussion with a communist as to whether the Russian word *Tovarishtch* which means "Comrade" should be rendered in German by *Genosse,* which was the old German form of address among socialists, or by *Kamerad*, which is a more military expression. Usually, I was addressed as "Kamerad" by German-speaking communists. If they did not know exactly how to address me, they called me "Professor," thinking it to be the most harmless and inoffensive form of address.

One Saturday in July I saw a Mayerhold play, *Trust D. E.* or *Trust for the Destruction of Europe.* Its plot is this: An American millionaire is bored and advertises for business propositions which will give him something to do. Various

people see him and one gives him what he wants—the idea of a gigantic corporation for the destruction of Europe.

The Trust for the Destruction of Europe is formed with president, vice president, and directors, and its program is to destroy one country after another with bombs from airplanes. At first, England is attacked. The scene shows the House of Lords in despair. There is famine in England, and the noble lords decide to eat one of their members. He is carried out, and soon a kettle with soup meat and bones is brought in, and the contents are devoured with gusto by the hungry lords. A map of Europe is thrown on the scene, and England is scratched out on it.

The next countries to suffer are France, Italy, Germany, and Poland. A scene is laid in each one, characterizing, or rather satirizing, its social conditions in an amusing way, and always the map of Europe appears with a new country eliminated. Polish society, clergy, and above all Marshal Pilsudski, are shown up in a very clever fashion. Finally, the Trust decides to destroy the Soviet Republic. But the proletariat of the U. S. S. R. has prepared for its defense. A tunnel has been dug from Leningrad to New York under the Baltic Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. The progress in the tunneling work is indicated by an advancing line on a map. Just when the Trust for the Destruction of Europe is ready to act against the Soviet Union, the tunnel is finished, the Red Army appears in New York, and the members of the Trust are arrested amid the riotous applause of the audience.

Less political were the shows on variety stages and in concert halls. They were musical farces or excellent concerts. Leading orchestras from Moscow and Leningrad played remarkably good music. The musicians sometimes wore evening clothes with tan-colored shoes, and sometimes wore street clothes, but their performances were never to be forgotten. The prices for concerts were from 25 kopecks to 2 rubles, according to seats.

Even the ordinary garden concerts were exquisitely good and also well attended. The Russians love music and the theatre, and a certain prosperity among the population is apparent to anyone who looks at the full theatres and concert halls.

Then, too, there were all kinds of theatrical shows in the public parks and in beer gardens, usually with excellent acting. Several of us got into a show once where the admission price was 10 kopecks (5 cents). The stage setting was primitive, but the acting good. A great many of these plays were tragedies. The end was not always happy as in the movie dramas of America.

The observation of a few small matters helps considerably in getting along in Russia, as well as in other continental countries. There is, for instance, the question of when to doff one's hat. Americans are very indifferent in this matter, but Europeans see in it a grave problem of courtesy. A Russian would never keep his hat on in an office. He even is accustomed to uncover himself when entering a store. He doffs his hat to a man to whom he wishes to speak on the street. Not to observe these rules is, in Europe, frequently

taken for an intentional insult, although Europeans are becoming gradually familiar with American manners. They begin to understand them but do not necessarily approve of them. It pays to watch the habits and customs of a country in which we want to do business.

In Russia, as in any continental country, a man greets the woman first. No woman would speak to a man first, as in America or England. It is therefore very necessary to doff one's hat to any Russian woman to whom one has been introduced.

In handshaking, as in America, it is good taste not to offer one's hand to a woman until she has extended hers. Also, a younger man waits until an older man extends his hand first, but the younger man greets the older one first.

Social contacts, as I have said, developed slowly outside of the office. The Russian engineers hesistated to invite us to their homes because they thought Americans were used to a very much greater hospitality than they could offer in their present circumstances. There was a considerable reserve to overcome on our part until personal relations became cordial from home to home. But whenever we succeeded in establishing them, they were extremely charming. Russians are the most delightful people socially. They are very tactful, very considerate, and extremely polite.

Chapter VIII

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND FOREIGN RELATIONS

RUSSIA is building its industries up with the help of foreign technical assistance, mainly American and German. According to my own observations it is necessary to obtain not only the personal respect of the Russians, but also their friendship and good will. To do this, one must treat them on the basis of their own politeness, must show interest in their institutions, ways of living, and economic and social problems. I found that they appreciate it if a foreigner tries to learn their language. I admit this is easier said than done. The Germans have a certain advantage in having always been close neighbors to the Russians and being more familiar with their manners and ways. If America wants to obtain and keep the major portion of Russia's import business,

she will have to pay attention to Russian literature, Russian economics, and Russian social life. Also, young men who desire employment in Russia must make it a point to acquire at least a reading knowledge of Russian. If they get it, the ability to understand and use the spoken word will soon follow.

An engineer from the Hydrographic Bureau called on us one day. He was in charge of ground-water and river studies in a section of the Ukraine and asked me for advice on American books on his subject. I suggested that he should write to the Chief of the Water-Resource Section of the U. S. Geological Survey in Washington; I also promised to send him some literature after my return to the United States. My visitor showed me plans of river regulations which he had carried out, and we discussed the great water power station at Dnyeprostroy in the Ukraine, the greatest power station in the world. It is being constructed under the direction of American engineers, and the Russians seem to be well pleased with the work. A German firm had bids on this project but lost out against the Americans. The same German firm was later awarded the construction of another large project in northern Russia.

Before the war, America was little known in Russia, and Germany represented to the Russian mind the symbol of efficient labor, promptness, and accuracy. She is now second in the opinion of the Russians but still holds a place of respect and, to a certain extent, of affection. She is the only power in Europe that the Russians do not distrust, and with which

they have a sort of neutrality agreement, a somewhat veiled alliance. But there are many disappointments on both sides. Germany once expected to build herself up economically by access to the Russian resources, but she did not get as much business, or quite as satisfactory terms as she expected. Many great industrial companies have had unfortunate experiences in Russia; they spent much money there on concessions, but made only small profits. On the other hand, Russia had expected that Germany would become more radically socialistic than she ultimately turned out to be. Nevertheless, the relations between German consuls and the local authorities seemed to be very good. The German officials, as a rule, speak Russian very well. On the German national holiday, the 11th of August, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Weimar constitution, all of the leading government officials of Kharkov paid their respects to the German consul general. There was a second reception in the evening to which I was invited. There I met the Polish consul general, who spoke excellent German.

Often the German consul general could be seen riding in his Russian carriage, which was driven by a regular old-fashioned Russian driver. It was the only cab in Kharkov which looked elegant, and the driver had a new *caftan* and a new top hat. The German consulate was well appointed with excellent furniture and rugs in old Russian style, and was probably the only house of its type in Kharkov. The consul general's wife had been a Princess Galitzina, a very

beautiful woman. She had been dead for a year when I made the acquaintance of the consul general. The latter spoke Russian as well as he did his native tongue and was a highly respected person in the town. The consulate was always locked. Any visitor had to pass a very soldierlike Russian doorkeeper, who also seemed reminiscent of prerevolutionary Russia.

Occasionally, I saw German technicians and experts in various lines. It seems there are a few German military and naval instructors in Russia, but no large number of German officers found employment in the army and navy of the U. S. S. R.

I heard of many young Russians who are sent as students to Germany to study in technical schools and universities. Apparently a good deal of German social welfare work has been copied in Russia. German is taught in all secondary schools in Russia, and I had a German reader used by Russian pupils in my hand. It contained stories about communism and the revolution. This typically modern Russian reading material looked quite strange in the German language.

On August 30, our plans for the new mine 16-bis at Krindachevka and our revision of the plans for the Amerikanka were submitted to a technical board on which were assembled the highest authorities in mining engineering in Russia, representatives of the Supreme Council of Economy of the U. S. S. R., and the Chief Engineers of the Donugol and Yugostal.

Many other engineers were among the spectators. I knew

every one personally and made a silent census of their linguistic training. Of the twenty-two Russian engineers who were in the room at one time, everybody knew German, two of them knew English, and two others, French. I believe that these proportions hold in a general sense for all educated people in Russia, according to my observations. Nearly all of them can speak German, some, English in increasing numbers, and some, French in decreasing numbers. The French language has officially ceased to exist in Russia. It is no longer taught, and wherever announcements, advertisements, and notices are posted in a foreign language, French is omitted. It is of no more help to a traveler in Russia than would be Italian or Spanish. German is taught in all secondary schools, and English in all institutions of higher education. German is stationary, English is gaining, and French, disappearing. The main reason for the enthusiasm for English is the interest in American technique and commerce.

When I was in Germany, before entering the U. S. S. R., I presented many questions about Russia to industrialists doing business with Russia to fellow travelers and to clerks in travel bureaus. Nobody seemed well informed. On the return trip I talked with a variety of people in the railroad compartments, in sleeping cars, in hotels, and elsewhere, and nobody seemed to know anything about Russia. In Russia itself, I had many occasions to discuss not only America, but Western Europe in general, with Russians who had never been abroad. There was an astonishing lack of information. European newspapers

print much information about Russia, more than the average American newspaper, but even this news is meager, and what the Russian papers say about foreign countries is highly colored from a communistic point of view. There seems to be an invisible, but very real, Chinese wall around Russia, and scarce is the news that penetrates it either way. A very inaccurate opinion forms itself on either side of the great divide, and nothing is more amenable to propaganda than ignorance. The best soil for propaganda is "ignorance, led by artificially aroused emotions." Of course, there must be something on which the emotions can start—a different political, social, religious outlook, a shocking event, some concrete act of injustice in the eyes of the party that is to be the victim of propaganda.

The Great War is still fresh in our memory. There was a pro-German and an anti-German propaganda and the latter was greatly superior to the former. The American public was constantly reminded of real or imaginary outrages of German militarism, German autocracy, and German designs of world conquest. It was easy to do this, because a foundation existed in the traditional prejudice against compulsory military service and the autocratic rule of the drillmaster, from which many a German youth had fled in bygone days to America. Some Americans had been rebuked in Germany by policemen for infringing a rule with which they were unfamiliar or which they did not care to observe. I heard in former years, long before the war, occasional allusions to Austrian acts of violence

in Italy or Hungary, which happened in 1848 or earlier. I never indulged in an argument against accusations of this sort and rather felt amused because I attributed them to a feeling of republican righteousness against a monarchy and thought these notions to be very harmless—not worth contradiction. Little did I think at that time that public opinion would be swayed in a great crisis by all these slumbering prejudices. They even hovered over the treaty-makers at Versailles.

The same situation is now evident in regard to Russia. The ancient lie about "nationalization of women" still lingers in the background of some people's minds, and fresh horrible reports about the persecution of all religion, about world revolution, and many other unpleasant things are fertile ground for anti-Russian propaganda. I cannot help feeling that the same machinery, which so successfully engineered the anti-German propaganda, is again at work to prepare the future neutrals for a campaign against the U. S. S. R. That campaign may never come, just as the Great War might have been avoided with more honesty, good will, skill, and statesmanship in high quarters. There were many wars during the nineteenth century which might have been, but which were averted; for instance, an Anglo-Russian war in 1878; an Anglo-French war at the time of the Fashoda incident; and again, an Anglo-Russian war at the time when Roshdestvensky's fleet bombarded English fisher-boats on the Dogger Bank; not to mention several Franco-German and Austro-Russian potential wars which were in the air at various times.

A better mutual understanding, unbiased by propaganda, between Russia and Western Europe, especially between Russia and England, would be the best preventive of future conflicts.

The propaganda against England was often very ingenious. One afternoon I noticed a crowd standing around a man in uniform on Sumskaya. The man wore a tropical helmet, a red coat, and black trousers, with a big saber at his side. He looked just like a British officer who had stepped out of a Russian funny paper. He insulted the public and made a fool of himself in general. A Russian mob looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and contempt, but nobody harmed him. I only heard the exclamation "Anglichanin," which means "Englishman" in Russian. It is unnecessary to say that the pseudo-officer was an actor from one of the Kharkov theatres. After a while he ordered a cab and drove away, perhaps to a different part of the town where he repeated his performance. I am sure that he covered all of Kharkov in a few days, leaving everywhere he went a crowd that was thoroughly disgusted with England.

There were many military airplanes near Kharkov, which is probably a center for a possible mobilization against Poland. There were numerous soldiers visible on both sides of the Russian-Polish border. It is one of the new military frontiers which the peace-makers at Versailles have provided in their zeal to end wars. This frontier is very likely to be a "theatre of war" in the next unpleasantness that may befall Europe. In place of the old Norwegian-Russian, Swedish-Russian,

I was tagged by a pretty girl—the ribbon read: "For the Break-with-England-Airplane-Squadron"

German-Russian, Austrian-Russian, and Roumanian-Russian frontiers, which ran from the Baltic to the Black Sea, there are now a Finnish-Russian, a Polish-Russian, a Roumanian-Russian, an Esthonian-Russian, a Lettic-Russian, and a Lithuanian-Russian frontier, besides the numerous frontiers which the new border-states form between themselves and Germany, Czecho-slovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia. Every old chance for a war in these parts of Europe has been replaced by two or more. On all these new frontiers, governments are busy drilling their soldiers. But the most powerful of all these new armies is the Red Army of the U. S. S. R., although it may be a good deal less strong than the old Russian army of 1914. The Russian soldiers think, so I was told, that no enemy troops will fight against the red flag, but will desert to go over to the communistic Red Army.

On the last day of August, I was tagged by a pretty girl who asked for ten kopecks and stuck a red ribbon on my coat lapel. When I got home, I read the inscription of the ribbon: "For the Break-with-England-Airplane-Squadron."

There is no question that an Anglo-Russian war is much in the air. Everybody in Russia feels it, and many moves of the British government in Asia give us the impression that English diplomacy is very much aware of the dangers of the situation. At every step, one meets hatred and fear of England, but not of individual Englishmen in Russia. The hatred against Poland is perhaps not quite so great, but it extends to the Poles individually.

In 1927, all men, women, and children in Leningrad were supplied with gas masks, because every moment an English air raid was expected, with plenty of gas bomb throwing. Undoubtedly, nobody in England ever had such intentions, but they were very real in the minds of the Russian people.

Everywhere, I saw anti-British propaganda—in the streets, in the theatre, in the press, on posters, and in speeches and demonstrations. Austin Chamberlain appeared in effigy on all possible occasions. He was even used as a target on the rifle ranges, with his monocle serving as a bull's eye.

A war between England and Russia would involve a large portion of the world, not merely because the U. S. S. R. forms one-sixth of the inhabited earth and the British empire another sixth, but Poland, Roumania, and the Baltic nations would very likely be drawn into the fray, and very probably also Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, China, and Japan. The Japanese statesman, Marquis Ito, once prophesied there would be a great war in Europe and another, later, in the Orient. Perhaps he will be right in the second case, as he was in the first.

It would be very expensive for England to fight Russia in the Baltic, in the Black Sea, in Afghanistan, in China, in Mongolia, and in East Siberia. She could never make the war pay, less even than the Boer War and the Great War. Also, it is questionable whether all of her dominions and colonies would again sacrifice men and money so willingly.

Russia needs peace still more than England. Both have a good reason to prefer peace, but both may consider the war

"inevitable." So thought Germany and Austria with regard to Russia in 1914, and the most unnecessary and superfluous war in history resulted. It is even now impossible to understand why Russia and the Central Powers fought each other. I asked every Russian with whom I have become acquainted about this point, and not one could answer the question.

On September 1, just before I left Kharkov, I saw hundreds of communistic young people's organizations march by under our windows. The thousands who formed the procession seemed to express one thought and one will. I wondered if they would always think as they did then.

Chapter IX

RELIGION AND MORALITY

CHURCH bells began ringing early in the morning and kept on ringing for a long time; so it was rather hard to take a morning nap on a Sunday in town. After breakfast, one Sunday in July, I took a little stroll and made a round of several churches. There were numerous Ukrainian and Russian churches in Kharkov. The services in all of them were very ornate, with the rich ritual and the priest wearing a golden crown. There was no organ music, but magnificent singing by professional singers. There were no benches; the audience had to stand or kneel. There was much bending of knees and making of crosses. The Russians cross themselves, first from forehead to chest and then from the right shoulder to the left, while western Catholics cross themselves from forehead to chest and from the left shoulder to the right.

I also visited a Polish Catholic Church. It was a very hot place and the church was overloaded with decorations. It looked quite different from a Catholic church in Western Europe or America. From there, I went to the German Lutheran Church and rested in the big, cool place, which had only a small number of people in attendance. The service was held in German and consisted of readings from the Bible, hymns, and a sermon. The minister was a German, who had been called to Kharkov by the Lutherans. On the tower of the church one could read the inscription: *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.*

On another Sunday, we visited some of the many Russian and Ukrainian churches and enjoyed their exquisite singing. The Nikolas Church on the Nikolaevskaya Square, a structure in the Russian Byzantine style, looked very beautiful. It was built at the end of the seventeenth century.

I saw the Greek Orthodox Archbishop of Kharkov drive to church in a cab. The once pompous prelate looked very seedy, his priests everywhere looked still more seedy. The archbishop, by the way, was born in Saxony, and spoke German with a Saxon accent.

Everything about a Russian church had an Asiatic appearance—its pomp, its complicated and unintelligible ritual, its dull-looking clergy. The Greek Orthodox Church is a backward member of the circle of Christian churches. It has fallen behind since the schism of the eighteenth century, when the Patriarch of Constantinople broke with the Pope of Rome.

Since that time, not only two different religions, but two very distinct civilizations have developed in Europe. Eastern Europe was influenced by Constantinople; Western Europe by Rome. The boundary line between east and west ran between the Baltic countries, Poland, Hungary, and Croatia on the western side, and Russia, Roumania, and Serbia on the eastern side, starting at the Arctic ocean and ending at the Adriatic Sea. There is no greater divide in religion, civilization, and culture anywhere in Europe. The Greek Orthodox East always lagged behind the Catholic and, later, partly Protestant West. On the western side of the line the ruling countries for many years were Sweden, Poland, and Austria; on the eastern, Russia and Turkey. It is one of the tragedies of the World War that part of the east-west line was blotted out when Croatia became a dependency of a formerly Turkish Serbia, and part of Hungary fell a spoil to another recently Turkish *pashalik*—Roumania. But, in justice to the Versailles treaty, it must be said that it did not return the Baltic states and Poland to Russia. After their conquest by Germany, it made them independent.

The ministers of the Greek Church can be easily recognized anywhere because of their clerical robes. They wear long cassocks and usually a tall, rimless headgear, below which the long hair and heavily bearded faces remind us of illustrations in old Bibles. I suspected that a good many of the beggars who clustered around the Russian churches had formerly been priests.

My impression was that the Russian Church had collapsed

completely and absolutely in its collision with communism; and it must have been pretty ripe for the debacle or it would not have shown itself to be so weak. It was an institution bound up in ceremonies and litanies, without the spiritual force which gave the Roman Catholic Church its triumph over the powers of the revolution in central Europe and which has made the Papacy more powerful now than it was fifteen or twenty years ago.

About the middle of August, I spent a delightful evening in an old Russian home and discussed the subject of morality with my hosts. Much is said outside of Russia about the complete collapse of the family in Soviet Russia. Nothing of that was visible to me. On the contrary, I was much impressed by the solidity of the family life and the seriousness with which matrimonial bonds were looked upon. There is no more reason to judge Russian family morals by the wild reports which circulate abroad about Russia than to draw final conclusions about American marriage from the divorce stories with which the European press entertains its readers. Modern Russian laws make marriage and divorce very easy, but I never met anybody in Russia who had been divorced, just as I also never met anybody in America who had been in Reno or Paris for that purpose. The sensational gets the front page in the newspapers, but it is very much the exception in actual life.

One frequently hears about mixed bathing in Russia. It is perfectly true, but it is done with a great deal of propriety. When I was riding to my quarters in the field, our carriage frequently passed by ponds in which girls went bathing on

one side and boys on the other, all without any swimming apparel, but they would not stare at one another, nor would they approach each other, except in the water which was so muddy as to act as a screen. In the streams one would see men and women separated by a distance of one to two hundred yards, in plain daylight, but the features became indistinguishable at such a distance. Our boat would sometimes go through crowds of bathing naiads, who stood up to the waist in the water, or who lowered themselves into the water as we approached. If the boat was a hundred yards from the shore, some girls would climb on the shore and wave their hands to us. There was a feeling of perfect security, and, as I have said, a distance of about one hundred yards was sufficient to satisfy the requirements of Russian proprieties.

The Russian people, like the people of central Europe, have a notion of physical culture which takes pride in the beauties of the body, exposing it to the sun and air and the occasional looks of persons of the other sex. This is done without any intention of sex appeal, but purely with a certain naïve enjoyment of light, air, and beauty. It never gives the impression of indecency and since everything along this line is a matter of custom and habits, it is impossible to draw any conclusion of lower moral standards in Russia. Anybody who has experienced the metamorphosis of the American lady's bathing suit during the last twenty-five years must conclude that the Russians are merely a little bit further ahead of us, and that we may catch up with them in time.

Chapter X

OBSERVATIONS OF COUNTRY LIFE

ON Saturday, August 6th, I took a trip to Smiev, which is located on the Donetz River. I had to ride for an hour on the train and then rented a *lineyka*. There were a number of *lineykas* on the road, and, since the coachmen paid no attention to the horses, they soon moved at very close quarters, and the persons sitting at the rear end of the car were likely to be touched by the heads of the horses from the car behind. This, however, did not bother the drivers at all. If one wanted to stop for some reason, one said "*stoy*;" the horse heard it before the driver acted, and stood still.

Before going to Smiev I had supplied myself with food,

such as cheese, caviar, ham, wine, and bread. In the village my three American friends and I met some Russian friends and we spent the day together, largely rowing in boats on the Donetz River, also swimming. The day passed very quickly.

The cabman had been asked when the next train would go back to Kharkov. He assured us that it was to go at nine o'clock, and he was asked to show up in the village in plenty of time so that we might be at the station at a quarter of nine. The buying of tickets in a Russian railroad station is a complicated affair, but, in a small station, I expected that there would be no difficulty.

When we arrived at the station building a quarter before nine, and noticed that there were no other cabs waiting outside, we became suspicious. Going into the station, I found the ticket office closed, although, according to Russian rules, it should have been opened an hour before the train was to leave. The manager of the station restaurant assured me there was no train until six next morning. We faced the possibility of having to spend the night waiting in the station. It would not even have been possible to stretch out on a bench, because all the benches in the station were occupied by loafers, who were sleeping on them, as well as on the floor, or tables, and everywhere. A Russian railroad station is always filled with sleeping people, who go there without any idea of when the train will leave, but merely wait for a chance to travel. If they miss the train, they wait for another one, and sometimes they may spend a week at the station. They always bring

food along and spend most of their waiting time asleep. I suppose they miss a great many trains because they are asleep when the train is called. It was no agreeable prospect for us to spend a whole night in these quarters, of which the least that could be said was that the atmosphere was heavily laden with odors of every possible description.

About ten minutes before ten a young man, who had heard me inquire for a train, suddenly appeared and told me that a train would pass through the station for Kharkov in ten minutes. Apparently, the train came from nowhere and nobody knew anything about it until the last station had signalled its approach. I rushed to the ticket office, found it open, bought four tickets, and we waited on the platform for this unexpected godsend. On the platform I met a Russian engineer with his wife, both of whom spoke German, and we chatted until the train came, and went together into a compartment with so-called hard seats, but infinitely better to sit upon for an hour than the seats in the station, where our sojourn would have been for a whole night.

When we arrived in Kharkov, we engaged two cabs to drive us to our apartment. I had bargained for the fare with the first driver, who agreed to drive us for one ruble, fifty kopecks. My companions in the second car had made no arrangement; consequently, when I paid both drivers at our destination, the driver of the second car insisted upon two rubles, especially since I had given him a bank note for two rubles, asking for change of fifty kopecks. However, instead of driving away

with his two rubles, he stopped and argued, and finally agreed to return fifty kopecks.

I was especially impressed by the vegetation along the Donetz River. It was full of enormous willows, many of which had magnificent clusters of mistletoe. The river itself was not very wide, could easily be navigated by boat, and was very slow, and, at the place where we bathed, it was easy to swim across it. There were some very old-looking fishermen fishing in it. The river appeared very muddy. A great many people were bathing, and we had to row our boat occasionally through groups of bathers of both sexes, who were not in the least disturbed by our approach.

Apparently Smiev is a popular country resort for city people from Kharkov, who come out for week-ends and for their entire vacation. It is a lovely place with primitive accommodations—no hotel. Therefore, the visitors either have to bring their food along and cook it for themselves or partake of the very simple fare of the inhabitants of the village.

By looking out of the window of the room in which our Russian friends lived, we saw a strange group pass by. It consisted of boys whose clothing was either very much reduced or absent, but who marched in a procession toward the river. We were informed that this was the Swimming Club of Smiev.

At Smiev, I heard a delightful little story. It is a good hunting place for ducks. The old game law was based on the breeding season of the ducks and the dates were marked on the Julian calendar, which was thirteen days behind the

western dates. When the Gregorian calendar was adopted, the new game laws kept the same dates on the new calendar, and the ducks were supposed to rearrange their domestic relations.

The following week-end we started out on another trip, since Monday was to be a Russian holiday and we could stay away from our offices for two days. Two of my American friends joined me in a journey to Khorov on the Donetz River, and two Russian friends came with us. We met the daughter of one of them in Smiev and brought her along to Khorov. We supplied ourselves again with plenty of wine, cheese, caviar, bread, candy, and cigarettes. The tickets were bought for Smiev; from there, the long trip in *lineykas* was begun. Before getting to Khorov, we had to cross the Donetz. We noticed a ferry on the river, but without a ferryman. Besides, the ferry happened to be on the other side of the river.

Apparently, if you chance to meet the ferry on the right side, you go across, provided you pull it over yourself, whereas if the ferry is on the other side, you have to wait until luck brings a traveler who is moving the opposite direction from you and who will have to bring the ferry across. Our cab drivers expected it would take a long time before we could get the ferry. They unharnessed their horses, fed them, and settled down to a rest of several hours. Fortunately, a man on the other side of the river noticed our situation and brought the ferry across. He was in his vacation costume, which consisted of a pair of sandals and bathing trunks. Later, I noticed

when he went bathing that he carefully took the trunks off, to keep them dry, and hung them up in a tree. It was a warm day, and a number of parties went into the river, among whom were a great many women.

I had a peculiar experience there because I had brought along a swimming suit, and, when I went into the river in the swimming suit, the entire village of Khorkov turned out to see the fool who went into the water in his clothes. It was considered the proper thing to go bathing without a stitch of clothing, while to wear a bathing suit was an unheard-of, unbelievable, and a highly strange procedure, which aroused the utmost attention and, probably, also disapproval, but, since the Russians are a very polite and friendly people, I was not made to feel the impropriety of my action. This incident merely showed me how relative are our conceptions of the proprieties and that what may be the proper thing in one country is most improper in another.

In our two days' wandering around Khorov, I noticed a pretty country house, which belonged to a forester, who lived there with his family, consisting of wife, four children, and mother-in-law. They had a beautiful garden around the house, and I admired many of the southern Russian plants, trees, and shrubs which they raised. One delightful picture was to see the maid feed the geese, or the grandmother go out with the children. This forester had several dogs, one of which looked rather fierce; so, while we were in Khorov, we carried a piece of bread in our pocket to throw to the fierce dog whenever we

had to pass the forester's house, as an insurance against being attacked.

After a day of traveling, swimming, and boating, we looked for quarters to spend the night. My two American friends and I selected a barn where we could sleep in the hay, while our Russian friends stayed in a house.

Sleeping in barns was nothing unusual for me, since I have done it a great many times in America on geological trips; so I was very content to lie down in the hay after I had spread a raincoat along under me, but I was careful to select a place which was none too close to the door of the barn. One of my friends, who had never slept in a barn before, thought that the neighborhood of the door would be most desirable on account of the fresh air. It happened that when we awoke the next morning, the person who slept nearest to the door had been bitten badly by mosquitoes, which had not penetrated to my distant corner. However, I had drawn another companion in the form of a dog that rolled up against my feet and presented me with a few of his fleas.

In the morning we took a long stroll on the banks of the Donetz, climbing up some of the hills that overlooked the landscape. There were magnificent prairies, woods, and fields, through which the slow river was meandering. The autumn flora was beginning, as the asters and the sunflowers were blossoming, as well as the many-colored small flowers of the steppe.

For breakfast, we went to one of the farmhouses and later ate the lunch we had brought from Kharkov. It was a beautiful,

quiet, restful day—a Ukrainian summer day, none too hot and yet warm enough; no wind and no rain; and the air was filled with the odor of flowers and trees.

When we looked at the stream, we saw a group of hunters, who had been hunting ducks, pass by. They talked with loud voices and fired a gun in order to attract the attention of a boatman, whom they requested to take them across. There was a perfect cheerfulness among the people whom we saw. Everybody seemed to get as much enjoyment out of their day of rest as they could and to forget all worries of Russian life for a few days.

Our cabs arrived in the afternoon to take us to Smiev, which was reached after several hours' driving, and it was with sincere regret that we entered the train, which was there on time at nine o'clock, in order to go back to the city.

On my last week-end trip, I saw more of the peasants than before and was deeply impressed. Everyone who thinks of Russia has in mind the nearly 150 millions of peasant folk, that amorphous, voiceless mass which forms the bulk of the Russian people, above which floats a thin layer of a different type. This upper layer consisted, in bygone prerevolutionary years, of the aristocracy, the bureaucracy, and the bourgeoisie; now it is formed by the communist party, the soviet bureaucracy, and the factory workers.

I saw the peasant (*muzhik*) from the railroad window, in the streets of Moscow and of Kharkov, during my wanderings in the Donetz Coal Basin, and on my week-end trips along

the Donetz River. The men are still heavily bearded, while the urban Russians are mostly shaven. All the *muzhiks* still wear boots and they are fond of sheepskins. They always wear a cap and never a hat. They are still the typical picture of a Russian, as described in stories and pictured in illustrations, and with whose appearance we are all familiar.

It is an entirely different thing to meet him in life, instead of in fiction, and yet he is lovable, kind, friendly, and very simple, as he has always been, and he always will be. He is that element in Russia that never seems to have changed very much—like the depths of the ocean, whose surface has been torn by storms, but which seems to be immovable, eternally the same.

Chapter XI

SOVIET PHILOSOPHY AND POLICIES

ON a Saturday evening in July, a man called whom I had met in one of the offices and who had asked for permission to visit me. I supposed he wanted to practice English, which was a very common cause of social contact with us. We soon became engaged in conversation. I let my new friend explain many things to me, without committing myself very much. He had a German name—Schlosser—and said that he was a Jew. He did not profess to be a Communist but he knew their doctrines very well and sympathized with them. He stuck to a dogma which seemed to be a common belief in Russia: "Either the entire world must become communistic, or Russia will become a bourgeois democracy. It is impossible that part of the world should be democratic and

another part, communistic." I did not argue; for I did not feel at all competent to judge this idea; still less was I convinced of its truth.

I was much interested, however, in what my visitor said about competitive individualism as practiced in America and Western Europe and collective socialism as it rules in Russia. He admitted that a competitive system sharpens intellect and will-power and develops resourcefulness and self-confidence perhaps to a higher degree than the collectivistic system, where nobody fights anybody else and where complete team-work is primarily essential. He defended collectivism on the basis that it excludes the enormous waste of competitive advertising and selling and abolishes middlemen in business; and, besides, that it is possible to replace the training obtained by competition through education. He added: "Your individual corporations work with an admirable efficiency and economy and we try to learn from them. But the inefficiency and wastefulness of your political and national economy are terrible, and we wish to avoid that." We never settled the problem.

Another evening I had invited a young communist friend to accompany me to the theatre, where a play was staged by Mayerhold's company from Moscow. My companion was supposed to interpret the Russian play wherever necessary. Our seats in a box cost four rubles apiece. Admission prices were generally high, but the theatre was packed. I supposed that working-men could get seats cheaper through their organizations, as it seemed impossible for them to pay the high

prices. The title of the play was *Ritchi Kitai,* which means in English, "China, roar." It was a propaganda play, like most modern Russian dramas. However, many of the classical plays are also still given.

Ritchi Kitai opens in a Chinese port with a British battleship in the background. The scenery is extremely primitive, of boards, barrels, beams, but real water. A group of Chinese coolies under a foreman is ready to load a steamer. The trader appears. He is an American dressed in a golf suit with a tropical helmet. He mistreats the coolies and cheats them out of their wages. There is much howling and lamenting among the coolies. The next scene is played on the British battleship. The officers drink with English ladies and with the nuns from a mission. The American trader comes aboard for a visit and exchanges kicks with a British officer by way of greeting. Later he dances with the women. But on his way to shore he quarrels with a Chinese boatman about the fare and is drowned during the fight. Now the British captain demands the life of two Chinese fishermen in revenge for the drowned American, and the members of the fishermen's union draw lots. An old bearded fellow and a strong young man draw the fatal lots and are taken over by the Chinese port police. The Chinese governor and a Chinese student-interpreter appear and plead with the British captain, who treats them contemptuously. The suicide of a Chinese boy servant on the battleship does not move the captain nor does the howling of the Chinese women. He threatens to bombard the port

if the two fishermen are not executed at once. They are garroted on the stage by the executioner, but the British battleship is called away, because a revolution against Europeans has broken out in Shanghai. The Chinese rejoice that the day of freedom from servitude to foreigners is dawning—so does the audience.

The playing of the actors and the lighting effects were superb, and the action was intelligible even to those who did not understand Russian.

The audience was deeply moved, and hatred of England in particular and of the western world in general were at white heat. But a Western European or an American was perfectly safe in this crowd. Their animosity was only against principles, not against persons.

My friend and I walked home and discussed the play and its wider aspects—the struggle between the communistic and the capitalistic world. Such discussions were always interesting to me, and the dialogue consisted of my questions and the answers of the other party. I always refrained from expressing any opinion myself.

The gist of my companion's argument was: "Why should a successful or unusually able man get an exorbitant return for his work? Is it not enough if he has an income sufficient to cover all reasonable needs for himself and his family, like lodging, food, some books, some pleasure, some physical recreation, old age and sick benefits, and good education for his children? All this he might have several times better than the

common, untrained, and mediocre or poor worker. Is it not sufficient for him to get five times as much as the lowest paid worker? Why should he get a thousand times more? His services are not worth a thousand times more than those of the poorest worker."

It took more than an hour to walk back to my apartment, which was in close neighborhood to that of my communist friend, and we discussed, or rather he explained, his theories untiringly. They were interesting. But I wondered how the theories would transform themselves into realities.

Another time, I heard a story from a Russian engineer in Kharkov. He had saved a little money and bought, with the help of the government loan, an apartment in a coöperative flat building. He had also acquired, through saving, a few shares in a coöperative store and some bonds from the government loans. In a small, very small, sense he had become a capitalist, and all with the knowledge and cooperation of the Soviet Government. I did not understand how any accumulation of funds could be favorably looked upon by the Soviet Government. My friend explained it to me. He said, "We do not save for investment or production, but only for consumption. In Russia only the state invests for productive purposes."

My question to Russians was often, "How can the individual initiative be stimulated without expectation of gain?" They usually answered, "Do you expect professors, ministers, scientific research workers, army officers, and public servants in

any country to become rich, or do these people lack all incentive for work?"

Undoubtedly, from an American standpoint, the abolishment of large personal gains and of the prospect of controlling great wealth seems a strong deterrent to the exertion of great energy. Yet even the European point of view, not only that of Russia, is quite different. The gradual absorption and development of large industries in Germany by the state has not left these industries without the services of outstanding administrators and technicians, in spite of the competition with the great private concerns of Germany. The Director General of the Prussian State Railway System may have a salary of ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year, which is probably considerably less than the income of the President of the General Electric of Germany or of the Krupp Works. The President of the Reichs-Bank has probably much less income than the President of the Disconto-Bank. Private enterprise rose in Germany towards the end of the nineteenth century to undreamed-of proportions, but was only slowly and gradually able to interest ambitious young men, because they usually preferred the prestige of state service to the richer returns of private business. Without the stimulus of big profits rose a very efficient and very honest class of state servants in Germany along administrative, judicial, educational, scientific, and religious lines. This is not impossible in Russia, and the absence of a big bonus may even direct men to occupations like science or teaching which they would not choose in a

country of free competitive individualism because of the lack of commensurate reward in those branches.

I was under the impression that the directors of banks and of great state corporations in Russia were men of unusual energy and working ability, equal to men at the head of large corporations in Western Europe or America.

Russian society is being rebuilt from proletarian stock where the ideas of great private business never penetrated. The economic philosophy of Russia is state capitalism only, and it will be seen in time whether it succeeds or fails.

On my way through town, I spent a little time studying wall posters. My knowledge of Russian had made sufficient progress to enable me to read them without a dictionary. They were on display on the walls of the houses, in shop windows, in vestibules, and house entrances, and in all offices and corridors of office buildings. They contained advertisements or were political cartoons. The latter usually derided England, sometimes France or Italy, rarely America or Germany. Priests and religion were satirized, also the capitalistic class in general. The proletariat of all countries was extolled, and also the so-called oppressed races, like American Negroes, Chinese, Ukrainians in Poland, Macedonians in Greece and Serbia, and others.

Here is another story of bureaucratic mentality. A few years ago, in the neighborhood of Smiev, a paper mill ran short of material. In order to keep it going, all owners of books were requested to surrender their volumes, supposedly

for the endowment of a public library. Instead, the books were pulped into new paper and the latter used for the printing of books again. This procedure kept the mill busy and the workers in pay, but reduced the amount of available books.

I sometimes stopped in Moscowskaya Street before a store containing natural history objects. It is a regular "Naturalienhandlung" as these things were called in Germany and Austria during my boyhood times. To such a place I used to carry the pennies saved from my weekly allowance and buy butterflies, beetles, minerals, mounted specimens of birds, exotic lizards preserved in alcohol, shells, and what-not. Every boy in my time used to collect something, and there was a scientific interest, although of a somewhat childish nature, connected with this activity. All that I saw again in Russia. Innumerable were the stores where such objects were sold and innumerable must have been the young customers. The American boy is too keen to make money and to buy something worth while with it instead of collecting butterflies. The Western European boy also has lost his inclination for such things in recent years.

The U. S. S. R. is more Asiatic than was the old empire. Politically, there is no difference between Great Russia and West Siberia. Both belong to the Russian Socialistic Federated Soviet Republic, which is the most important member of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. New Asiatic members of the Union could be absorbed as autonomous Soviet Republics on an equal footing with the existing European and Asiatic members of the U. S. S. R. Soviet Republics of

China, India, Afghanistan, and Persia were kept in mind by the organizers of the U. S. S. R.

The tendency to admit Asiatic members of the U. S. S. R. not as colonies of Russia, but as equals of Russia, has created a Eurasian world where the boundary between Asia and Europe has been eliminated and Orient and Occident really meet. It is in sharp contrast to the racial pride of the Anglo-Saxon, and the feeling forces itself upon the spectator that a great step has been made in Russia away from Western race consciousness. The gulf between Russia and the Western, especially the Anglo-Saxon, world seems to widen enormously. The Western European and the American are losing much of their class consciousness, but are increasing their race consciousness as time goes on. In the U. S. S. R., all race consciousness is tabooed and probably stamped out, but the proletarian class consciousness has increased by leaps and bounds and is encouraged by all kinds of influences in every possible way.

I am convinced that Russia is the only country which has solved its racial problems. Every race in the Soviet Union is an autonomous state in the federation, with its own language and cultural individuality and without the slightest supremacy of one race over another one. The Russian race, as the strongest and most advanced of the larger races of the Union, rather leans back in its treatment of the others, giving more autonomy than is sometimes justified. Of course, the Russian language is the official language of the federation, but the local lan-

guage must be known by everybody who holds a government position—and that is almost everybody.

When we first stopped at Kharkov, we were obliged to get Ukrainian passports, for which a fee of twenty-two rubles was charged. My Ukrainian passport was taken up when I left Kharkov, or I should have kept it as a souvenir. In the Ukraine all inscriptions, announcements, postage stamps, etc., are in Russian and Ukrainian. Many of the Russians and, in fact, many Ukrainians did not know the Ukrainian language, which does not differ very greatly from Russian, but enough to give some trouble to those who have to learn it now. Formerly, it was almost extinct as a literary language and merely a peasant jargon, although it had flourished in an important literature of former centuries. Now, it has been resurrected from the dead in order to provide an official language for the Ukrainian Republic, member of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. This new, almost artificial, language, was reconstructed largely with the help of the Ruthenian of Galicia, where a branch of the earlier Ukrainian group of dialects had survived under Austrian rule in spite of Polish attempts to suppress it. This choice of the Ruthenian may have been influenced by the thought of attracting the Ruthenians from the Polish Republic into the orbit of the U. S. S. R.

Toward the Crimean Peninsula and in North Caucasia, one begins to see signboards in railroad stations in Tartar and Armenian, and the Russian paper money has also Tartar, Armenian, and Turkestanian inscriptions. There may be other

oriental languages represented which my linguistic limitations prevented me from recognizing.

The extreme leniency of the U. S. S. R. toward all non-Russian races and languages is based partly on the principle that all race struggle is supplanted by the class struggle, and partly on a desire to facilitate the fulfilment of the most common slogan found in Russia: "Proletarians of all countries unite."

Chapter XII

TYPES OF CHARACTER AND RACE

A GREAT character was the janitor in our office building. His old Russian title of *dvornik* was changed by the revolution into the much more pretentious *commandant*. He was a heavily bearded man with whom we had to make special arrangements if we wished to come back in the evening or on Sundays. He was always very willing to accommodate us, and did not begrudge any effort to meet our wishes. Only once I felt slightly provoked with him. My desk seemed to house numberless bedbugs, which appeared in all drawers and sometimes on top. I could not explain the origin of this invasion. But the Commandant admitted that, owing to the great shortage in housing facilities, a comrade had slept recently on my desk during the night. He promised to prohibit

this night service in the future, and the bedbugs disappeared after a while.

I often noticed the complete indifference to time and locality when a comrade desired to take a nap. Anywhere on the street, in the entrance of a house, not to mention public parks and railroad stations, people could be seen sleeping, not only at night, but at any time during the day. One morning I could see from my window on the fourth floor a man who was supposed to repair a roof on a neighboring building. He thought himself unnoticed; and as the sun was shining brightly and the day was warm, the comrade stretched himself on the roof and took a long nap.

On the other hand, I saw the men in shops and mines work industriously and efficiently. The Russian is a good worker when he works. There is a strain of laziness in him, but, under proper surveillance, and with a sufficient incentive, his inherited aversion to the strenuous life is overcome. A thousand years of hopeless toiling with no incentive whatsoever are bound to show themselves in a disregard for the value of time. It was here that the most conspicuous educational campaign among adults in Russia was being waged—for the valuation of time.

A striking feature of the Russian proletarian character is an insatiable curiosity which, if directed to the acquisition of useful knowledge, may make a very well informed person of the Russian proletarian. He is very plastic material, not set in his ways, and quite open for re-education. After a generation or earlier,

the conventional notion of the Russian will doubtless have to be considerably revised.

The best result of the revolution is the self-respect which it gave to the suppressed and despised lower classes of Russia. Now, the Russian proletarian feels himself "just as good as anybody" and the heavy social burden, which formerly rested on him, is gone. He sees the daylight shine on his face and he carries his head erect. The ugly hump on his back is gone, and his chest sticks out.

Now he reads newspapers. In fact, he has learned to read —that high and noble art which was formerly an almost exclusive prerogative of the upper and middle classes. He enjoys many things in life, such as theatres, concerts, libraries, club-houses, and he is an enthusiast for amateur dramatic art and political, economic, and literary debates.

When we drew up plans for new mines, we had to include not only ample bathing facilities and good homes for the workmen, but always a theatre, an athletic field, and a club-house. Working hours are short, not over eight hours, and frequently less, and there is ample time for recreation.

When the great masses of the people have a chance to develop, they are bound to raise the physical and mental level of the entire race.

I often wondered what will become of the proletariat when only proletarians will be left and when the old bourgeoisie has died out. How is class consciousness possible with only one class? Probably the proletariat will again split into classes.

Early in our stay at Kharkov, we met a new character type. Her name was Lila. It happened that she was calling on an American, who left the apartment soon after we moved in. One of our men met her and believed her to be a perfectly respectable young lady. She asked him to take her home and wanted the same man to meet her the next evening at eight o'clock at the corner of our building. Before evening, we had acquired a good deal of information about Lila. She was a notorious person and also was suspected of being an agent for the G. P. U. Sometimes girls of this type are used to get information from men who might otherwise be inaccessible.

Of course, we let Lila wait on the street, but an hour after the appointed time of the rendezvous, she appeared in our apartment. She was told that she was not wanted but she said, "That doesn't matter; I want you. My purpose in meeting you is to practice English." She was a rather attractive girl, not at all showy, but well-groomed and well-dressed. We tried to persuade her to leave the apartment, but she simply took a seat in the dining-room and said she would wait until we changed our minds. Thereupon, we locked ourselves in our rooms and let her wait two hours. When someone went into the dining-room, she was still waiting. In Russia it is impossible to throw anyone out of an apartment or to lay hands on anyone. Ultimately, however, the housekeeper was asked to put her out, which she did with a voluminous amount of Russian, which was so strong that none of us understood it. Lila left deeply hurt. Lila was the only representative of this

type whom we had met so far in Russia. Prostitution is severely combated by the Soviet Government and very much restricted in comparison with Tsaristic times, when St. Petersburg was world-renowned for the magnificence of its brothels.

The next evening Lila returned. We saw her standing at the corner of the street below our windows. Probably she expected to waylay some one of us. Unsuccessful in this enterprise, she rang the bell at 9 P. M. We left the chain on the door, opened it a little and, seeing her, shut the door in her face.

I remember noticing in the parks one day small groups, usually one or two families of father, mother, and a swarm of children, who were so indescribably dirty that they even contrasted with the beggars and wild orphans. They were the dirtiest human faces and figures I had ever seen. The women's hair was a wilderness, their clothes, gaily colored rags; the children, half naked or stark naked, and absolutely unwashed and unkempt. Dogs and cats looked cleaner than such human beings. Of course, they were all begging. I was told that they were gypsies. I had seen gypsies in Hungary and in the Balkans, and I thought I could recognize them. But these bundles of rags, hair, and dirt were something entirely new to me.

In our office, as in every important office of Soviet Russia, we found Jews in leading positions, especially in matters of finance. But there were also young Jewish engineers in our drafting room, and I saw others in the Donugol and Yugostal

offices and in the mines and shops. The crowded conditions of Kharkov and Moscow was largely due to the influx of Jews who were formerly barred from these cities.

I also heard of the Jewish agricultural colonies in southern Russia. Jews are taking up farming and all trades. They have to do it, because the middleman's class has been obliterated in the economic life, and the Jews are primarily middlemen.

The Soviet regime has liberated the Jew politically and socially, but has destroyed his chances for trade. He is forced into all kinds of occupations—bureaucracy, politics, manufacture, and farming. He makes himself felt wherever he goes by his cleverness and aggressiveness. Neither of these qualities makes him popular among gentile Russians, and there is a rising tide of anti-semitism. He is a staunch supporter of the present Russian regime. An overthrow of it would mean pogroms more terrible than ever.

When I was riding on the train toward Rostov-on-Don, I was in the old land of the Don Cossacks. I looked around to see some Cossacks, about whom I had heard so much. I expected them to be mounted men with beards, high fur caps, Circassian coats with rows of cartridges across the breast, red striped riding breeches, boots, and spurs, armed with lance, sword, dagger, and rifle. I saw none. There were plenty of strong, fine-looking men, but the picturesque Cossack of the old times has passed out of history. The Soviet Government has done away with the Cossacks. They were too much suspected of tsarism and autocracy.

In Krindachevka, I had met a German engineer, born in Russia, whose family had been settled in Russia since 1797. He spoke perfect German and so did his wife and children. He himself had spent a number of years in Germany, where he got his training as a mining engineer.

Later, in Artemovsk, I was driven in an automobile, belonging to the Donugol Trust, by a man who spoke excellent, scholarly German. He called himself a "Kolonist," and so did my friend, the mining engineer. Both men told me of the large German settlements in the Ukraine and on the Volga where German colonies had been established by Catherine the Great, who wished to improve the agriculture of southeastern Russia by bringing in German farmers. These German colonies have flourished and have preserved their ancient culture and Protestant religion.

There is now a so-called German republic on the Volga, a member of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. German is its official language. Recently, many Germans emigrated from Russia, because of the measures taken against the more wealthy peasants, which were especially hard for the German farmers who had formed a very important element of the Kulak class.

We were invited to tea on a Saturday evening in August by Nata's mother, and met her entire family—father, mother, and their two daughters. Also some friends, Lala and Anna Alexeyevna, were present. We listened to music, talked, and had tea, wines, and cakes. The German occupation of Kharkov

during the Great War was discussed. We heard that the children liked the Germans, and that many people cried when the Germans left because they did not know what would follow.

Apparently, our friends belonged to the solid type of Russian home folk who have preserved the family conceptions of old Russia, untouched by radical reforms. I found this type of family life in all Russian homes which we visited. The girls in these families are modest and observe the old notions of proprieties. They do not visit men in their rooms, nor can they be seen by men, without chaperons, except after long acquaintance. These girls represent the old Russian type.

The revolution has developed a new type of girl—the so-called Soviet Miss (*Sovyetskaya barnisha*). She is emancipated and meets a man on an absolutely equal basis. She shares his sports, his political life, every form of his activities, and does not hesitate to call on him in his room whenever she likes. This familiarity does not necessarily mean sexual relations. There may be some of that between the Soviet Misses and their young men, but many of these girls are undoubtedly innocent. These are the two classes of Russian women I have met.

The Russian peasant women love gay colors. Their skirts are often red, blue, or green, and so are their kerchiefs which they wear over their heads. They apparently never wear a hat. Usually they are barefoot, but when they dress up, they wear heavy boots like the men.

I visited the houses of peasants in the country. They are picturesquely odd. The walls are brightly colored, and there

She assured me it was the best melon of the lot because a mouse had eaten a hole in it

is an *ikon* in the corner of the room. While the walls, the floor, and the windows are kept immaculately clean, the beds are not. In fact, they frequently sleep on the porcelain stove, which is provided with benches and niches and has a flat top. Very often, a whole family will cluster around it to keep warm during the long winter nights. I believe the Russian peasant takes off only his boots when he goes to sleep and usually sleeps in his heavy clothing, summer and winter, a custom that is hardly conducive to personal cleanliness.

Once in a Ukrainian village on the Donetz River, I wanted to buy sweet melons from a Russian peasant woman. She offered them for ten kopecks apiece, except one, which was fifteen kopecks. I asked why the difference in price. She assured me it must be the best melon in the whole bunch, because a mouse had eaten a hole in it. For the sake of curiosity, I bought the mouse-eaten melon, along with several others.

It is rather difficult for a foreigner to establish contact with a peasant. The latter knows only Russian and usually a dialect like the Ukrainian, or Little-Russian, or White-Russian, or some other, there being probably over a hundred dialects in Russia. He never knows any other language, except that in rare cases he may understand a little German. My conversations with Russian peasants were either in the hands of interpreters or restricted to a few words.

During my trip from Artemovsk to Kharkov, I had plenty of contacts with the real proletariat. Of course I met them in the mines, the shops, the office, and everywhere in town. All

of these contacts were pleasant. I never was imposed upon or treated otherwise than with courtesy and consideration. I learned to like these people and to feel perfectly at ease with them. They adapted themselves to a stranger the best they could and tried to make him feel at home. Never did I notice the nonchalant "independence" with which the foreigner, and especially the educated foreigner, is treated by the American working classes, so long as he has not caught up with the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the bell-boy, elevator-man, janitor, street-car conductor, and similar self-important functionaries whom he has to meet on their own level.

In the city of Rostov-on-Don I had seen numerous Circassians, many of whom were peddlers, but some of whom were waiters, or small shopkeepers. Their presence gave an Asiatic atmosphere to the town. The farther one goes east, especially southeast in Russia, the more intense this Asiatic coloring becomes. It begins at Moscow. Among the visitors who flock to the national capital can be seen Tartars, Bashkeers, Kalmucks, Turkestanians, Georgians, Armenians, and Mongols of all sorts, including Chinese. I saw also many Mongolian soldiers, and remembered how they had been used as executioners during the Civil War.

To American and Western European eyes, all of Russia has an oriental touch. The shape of the church domes, the high yokes under which the horses are harnessed to the carriages, the fur caps worn all the year round by many people, the embroidered Russian shirt, which is worn outside the

trousers, instead of inside, and innumerable little traits, these all suggest Asia.

From the windows of our office, I could see at the door of the Bazaar the figure of a beggar. But he looked quite different from all the other Russian beggars. His clothes were clean. He had a clean collar; his face was washed and shaved; yet he received alms from the passers-by. His "office hours" were from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, and he was regularly brought by a woman in the morning, who called for him in the afternoon. He always smoked cigarettes. His eyes seemed to be in bad condition, because he wore dark glasses. In his hands was a tablet which read: "Please give to the teacher." He tells his story: "I was a teacher but when I became seventy years old, I lost my place. I am begging for my own support and for my wife's. Sometime I must have committed a wrong, I do not know what, for which I am punished now."

I heard that the former chief of police of Kharkov, with the rank of a general, the so-called *Polizeimeister,* as the Russians called him in bygone days, had also spent his last years as a beggar.

But these unfortunate wrecks of an uprooted society were not the typical Russian beggars, the oriental begging dervish in a Russian edition, whom we saw around churches, in parks, at railroad stations, and everywhere in the city. This type is a dignified, national figure, and rather well treated by the public. One of them got angry at a railroad station restaurant

and smashed his stick into the glassware set up on a buffet. Afterwards, he executed an orderly retreat with little molestation, since no policeman was around. Probably the latter would not have arrested him, even had he been there.

At an inopportune moment, we almost had an encounter with a member of the begging fraternity. One man in our crowd, who had sampled too many glasses of vodka, threatened the beggar. The latter drew himself up in a most dignified posture, defiance in his eyes, like a prophet of the Old Testament, but was quickly persuaded by one of our Russian companions to withdraw.

There was a very old "gentleman" in the largest public park of Kharkov, who seemed to patronize this place as his particular field of business. He had a white beard, long white hair, was dressed in a very patchy attire, and wore a white Russian fur cap in the hottest weather. Everybody gave him coppers. He seemed to be a regular landmark. When he saw us, he took off his cap and made a lengthy address which netted him a few kopecks.

A cute little girl would dance around me for a number of blocks on Sumskaya Street. It was hard to resist her entreaties for kopecks, and if I had some in my pocket, she got them.

Most beggars I passed up unnoticed so as not to encourage their clan to swarm about us.

Then, too, there were numerous, rather eccentric looking figures to be seen on the streets and in the hotels—revolutionary dandies, whose wild black hair, red shirts, or fantastic trousers

were intended to show them as more advanced than the rest of mankind. Sometimes this eccentricity appeared in a reduction of clothing. Young men walked around in abbreviated bathing trunks, which were never worn in the water, or girls appeared in similar trunks, plus an indication of a shirt. Usually, the exposed bodies looked splendid outdoors. Once, I saw a crowd go to a banquet in Kharkov's best hotel. One man had no shirt on at all, but shoes, trousers, and a transparent undershirt, over which his trouser suspenders were drawn.

We once met a very peculiar character in the State Park on the outskirts of Kharkov. He was an international hobo, an Austrian, who had spent some time in America and later drifted into Kharkov. Here he would waylay the few Americans who stopped on business or as tourists and try to obtain money from them, pretending to be an American. He wore clothing of the kind which the poorer class of workingmen use. I do not know what his regular occupation was, but we had been warned of him by several American engineers, who were here when we first arrived. He used the park as his hunting-ground for foreigners, who can easily be recognized by the cut and quality of their clothes and shoes and their modern hats and neckties. He could pose as an American, a German, an Austrian, and probably as a native of a few other countries. Similar types can be observed in many out-of-the-way places like Russia or Mexico, and especially in the Levant. Constantinople has perhaps the choicest collection of international vagabonds on earth.

Chapter XIII

SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND CULTURE

I VISITED the Geological Museum of the former University of Kharkov. The Russian geologists of the Donugol had promised to take me to see the geological collections of the "Institute" as the old University was now called, and I reminded them. We went to the University buildings and entered into a building situated in a court. The collection of fossil plants from the Donetz Coal Fields, which were collected by Zalessky, Russia's foremost coal paleontologist, was interesting and valuable, but looked neglected. The Museum was also used as a storage room for old furniture and was dusty. Nobody seemed to have worked here for centuries. Soviet Russia evidently concentrates its attention upon elementary education, somewhat at the expense of higher educa-

tion. The scientific men of pre-revolutionary Russia had excellent Russian and western European training. The growing young generation of scientists in Soviet Russia have no western European training, being educated only in the reduced Russian universities of today. Until these institutions pick up again, there will grow up one or more generations of poorly trained scientists in Russia, and the country will be at a low ebb of higher intellectual life when the still living older generation of scientific men has died out.

A similar process takes place in all countries whose intellectual life has to be reconstructed after a terrible catastrophe. So it was in the southern states of the United States after the Civil War. Practical subjects demand immediate attention: engineering, agriculture, chemistry, commerce. The colleges emphasize them and neglect the theoretical studies. This is true for the bulk, but leaves many exceptions. There are some scholars of the old school in Moscow and Leningrad, who receive every possible kind of encouragement by the present government, but they are exceptions.

What is omitted in financial support and scientific encouragement is made up by the teaching of "methods." I heard that new American educational methods are introduced in the institutions of higher learning in Soviet Russia; that the research spirit and active cooperation of students is fostered. The professors no longer lecture and teach, but conduct seminar courses in which the student is supposed to work spontaneously, originally, and independently. Just as in America, such a

method produces excellent results under the leadership of outstanding men, but, just as elsewhere, it becomes a farce and self-deception if conducted under mediocre or poor professors. The latter seems to be quite often the case in Soviet Russia, as well as elsewhere.

The Germans, who appear to have a particular talent for academic teaching, have taken a different course since their debacle in the Great War. They "reconstructed" first of all their outstanding "men." When the rank and file of academic men were still suffering from lack of funds, the leading professorships were endowed with salaries of $10,000 to $15,000, in order to preserve in individual cases the very highest peaks of university work. Other countries would have acted differently under similar circumstances. They would have started with a strengthening on the basis of the academic hierarchy, or, in other words, would have applied a democratic policy to the Republic of Sciences and Letters. The Germans apply a strictly aristocratic policy to their most democratic institution, the University. Who knows which is better? Only the future will show.

In our drafting room there was a young communist, with whom I became quite well acquainted. We saw each other occasionally outside of the office, and he told me much about the youth movement in Russia. An enormous enthusiasm seems to have taken hold of the proletarian boys and girls in the U. S. S. R., together with a considerable self-confidence, which probably stood in direct contrast to the cringing attitude of

the prerevolutionary proletariat. They have athletic games, dramatic clubs, political and economic debates, together with an enormous amount of "activities" which would put to shame all the college activities of our busiest universities. The young mind of the Pioneers (10-16 years of age) and of the Komsomols (16-24 years of age) is constantly kept at a fever heat of excitement and tension. It is a question whether much solid studying or working can be done under the circumstances.

The German youth movement seems to be similar, except that it is not in the hands of a single political party as in Russia, but represents a variety of youth movements organized by a number of political parties. It is an old saying, "Catch them young." The great hope of the communists in Russia is the influence they have on the young people, and the enthusiasm for the party which they kindle and spread by controlling the coming generation.

I once went to a book store on the Nikolaevskaya Square in search of a Russian textbook on mining. Not finding what I wanted, I browsed among the books on the shelves of the store. Many of them dealt with Marxism, the history of the Russian revolution, or with Lenin. Quite a number of the books had been written by Lenin himself. I heard that new Lenin manuscripts are discovered at a remarkable rate—too often for them all to be genuine. Some day, the Lenin bibliography will be as voluminous as that on Shakespeare or Goethe. The bookstore contained numerous scientific and technical books in Russian, German, and English. There were also

copies of the great Russian classics, and a few German authors were represented. English books read in Russia are only of a scientific or technical nature. None but the people of pre-revolutionary training know English and French literature. This bookstore also sold copies of the *Manchester Guardian*.

After supper, I usually devoted myself to my Russian books. Among them was a grammar with exercises, which I had brought from Chicago. Every day I studied it and read newspapers and technical literature, with the help of a dictionary. Oh! what an exasperating language! I learned Italian in six weeks, but I felt sure it would take me six years to learn Russian.

Before going to the U. S. S. R., I spent some time studying the Russian language, but with little success. I have come in contact with a variety of Germanic and Latin tongues in my life and have found it rather easy to acquire a smattering or even a reading knowledge in any language I desired—except Russian. While in the U. S. S. R., I listened to the spoken word, took lessons from a competent teacher, and read much in Russian. My progress seemed infinitesimal. The language appears so difficult to a western European or an American because it is outside of all our previous experience.

The English language is an alloy of German, French, and Scandinavian. We all have acquired directly or indirectly a large number of Latin word roots. Some of us know more or less of French, German, Italian, and Spanish. But no Slavonic language, as a rule, enters the educational horizon of an American or a western European. On the other hand,

anybody who speaks Czech, Polish, or Croatian will easily acquire a Russian vocabulary. In learning a language it is not the grammar but the vocabulary that counts, especially if a language is studied for practical purposes and not for college credit.

The Russian alphabet increases the difficulty of the language, but not as much as one would think. The alphabet can be acquired in a few days, but reading of Russian and memorizing of word pictures would be considerably facilitated if the familiar Latin alphabet were used in Russian. Perhaps it will be introduced in the near future. The Soviet Government has, I have been told, considered the matter. Russian can be just as easily written in Latin letters as Polish, because both languages have almost the same sounds.

I always carried a little pocket dictionary of Russian with me and consulted it continually, increasing in this way my vocabulary. Another way is to analyze the meaning of geographic and personal names. If you remember the names, you also remember the words which make them up. Take for instance the city of Nishny Novgorod. *Nishny* means "low"; *Nov,* "new," and *gorod,* "city." The entire name is, therefore, the Low New City. There is a Novgorod on the Upper Volga and lower down on the river, a *Nishny* Novgorod.

I noticed the following practice observed by some Americans who could not even read the Russian letters: They carry English-Russian dictionaries in their pockets and point to the

Russian equivalent of the English word whenever they wish to communicate an idea to a Russian. This method works well in stores or hotels, but is rather slow for communication with street-car conductors and cab men.

Daily I noticed the intensive interest of the Russians in America. A magic power has drawn white men toward the American continent for nearly nine hundred years. The first one who succumbed to the lure of America was Leif Erikson. Later came Columbus. He was followed by the *Conquistadores,* whose dreams of power and gold were satisfied in Mexico and in South America. The Puritans were drawn to the Western Hemisphere by their longing for religious independence. Still later, the great French explorers—La Salle, Joliet, Marquette—strove to build up a new French empire on American soil. After the Revolution, America became the heaven of all the politically unfree. This lasted beyond the year 1848. With the development of the Middle West, America became the home of the landseeker, until all government land was taken up.

Now America develops a new charm for Europe. She becomes the homeland of mechanized labor, of the machine, and of all that goes with it in efficiency, mass production, standardization, and high standards of living for the masses. All of it may be comprised in the word "Americanization." There are only two countries in the world which have "fallen" for it unreservedly and unconditionally—Russia and Germany. Both hope to escape ruin, catastrophe, destruction, by praying

to *Sancta America.* Both countries are anxious to give their soul for Americanization. In Russia, this America-mania has produced a machine worship compared with which the adoration of the "Golden Calf" by the erring Hebrews was a mere bagatelle. Anything from America is desired, worshipped, adored, sanctified, be it a fountain pen or a typewriter, a Gillette razor, or a Ford tractor. Ford is the most highly admired person in Russia. He even puts Lenin in the background when he appears on the scene. If anybody could still be made Tsar, it would be Henry Ford or Edsel Ford.

The standardization of Russian civilization in the American spirit also extends to education. I heard frequently of a Dalton method which was being introduced into Russia from America. All the fringes and frills of American teaching have settled over Russia like a big locust swarm which has been happily driven out of one district and into somebody's else.

The interest for America has enormously increased the study of English—or rather American language, the study of American technical methods, and the demand for American engineers and other technical advisers. It always seemed to me doubtful whether the American experts in Russia would even be able to satisfy the great hopes which have been put in them. Very likely too much is expected of them. The great building program of Russia is a very problematic piece of planning, even with American experts helping. There are certain limitations. Besides, the American engineers who work in Russia are not as free and unhandicapped as at home,

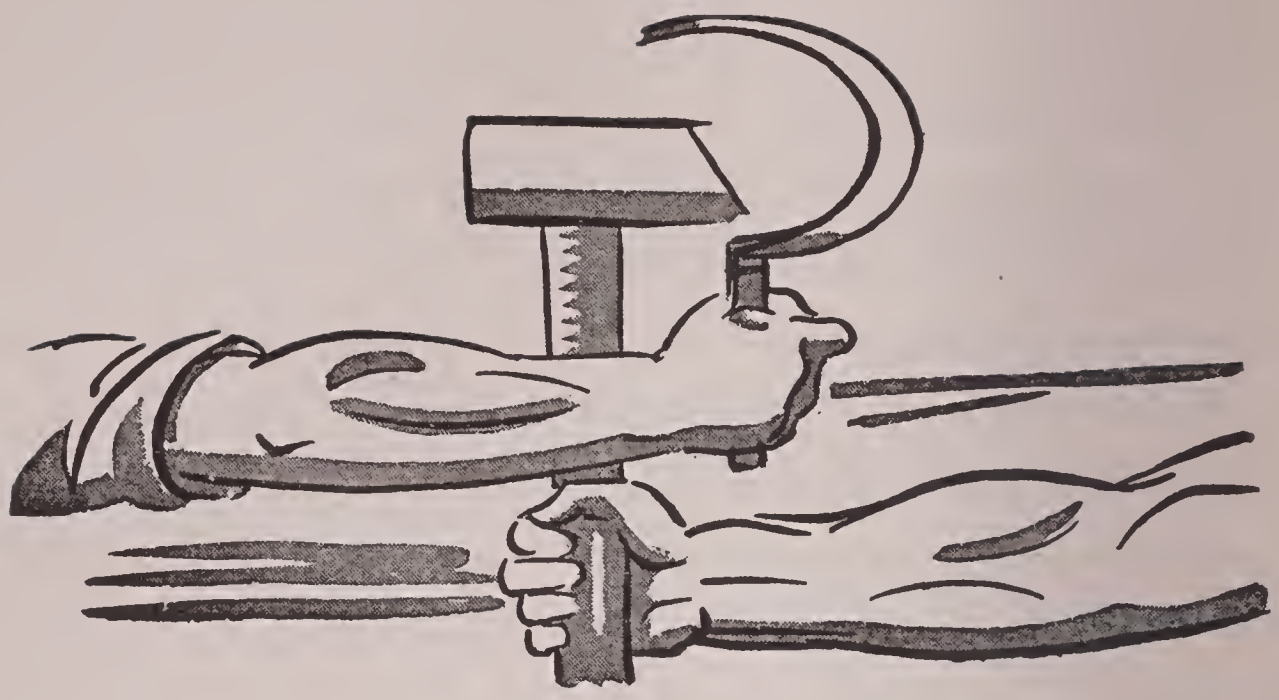
nor are they just as enthusiastic about their work and success as they would be at home.

One afternoon, I went to the Skovoroda Museum of the Free Ukraine. It has a magnificent collection of paintings, mostly by Ukrainian artists, which show many historic events from the history of southeastern Russia with its Tartar invasions, Cossacks, and Ukrainian noblemen. There are many interesting exhibits in the Museum. For instance, a collection of beautiful Easter eggs, which are masterpieces in their way, and to which an enormous amount of labor must have been devoted by artists. Some are porcelain, beautifully painted. Some are real eggs and decorated with all sorts of ornaments, gilt, and inscriptions and paintings. There are also furniture from Ukrainian peasants' homes, several centuries old, and beautifully carved pieces from nobles' estates. Some poets and political leaders of bygone centuries are represented by portraits from the brushes of the great Ukrainian painters Vasilkovski, Tkachenko, Shevchenko, Berkos, Grünfeld. The entire Museum brought vividly to my eyes a civilization of which we know nothing in America and in Western Europe, because it is so remote and because it represents a country—the Ukraine—which had no political independence for hundreds of years.

In the windows of an art shop, I noticed a number of cubistic portraits of contemporary Russian statesmen. Cubism is a normal form of artistic expression in Russia. Statues of revolutionary heroes are often executed in this style. A fine

illustration is the statue of Artem, the leader of the Ukrainian revolution, which I saw in Artemovsk (Bakhmut). It is a bold combination of cubes and parallellograms. Only after having read the inscriptions does the dubious visitor conclude that this object represents a specimen of the human species.

All executive offices in Russia have at least a bust of Lenin and portraits of Lenin, Marx, and Trotzky, also of the pioneer socialists Engels and Lassalle, and of General Budeny, the Russian hero of the recent Polish-Russian war.



Chapter XIV

GOOD-BY TO SOVIETLAND

AT LAST the time came to bid farewell to Sovietland. On September 2, we received information that the Technical Board had approved our mine plans. Our work was completed, and we had only to wait for a settlement of our compensation in order to disband. Three of us were to stay in Russia to negotiate extensive new contracts with Donugol and Yugostal; while I, with two others, was to return to America at once.

The next day, which was Saturday, we gave a banquet for such members of the Technical Board and other friends as were in Kharkov. I went shopping in preparation for the banquet, and quote from my account book:

Six bottles of French champagne—48 rubles

One bottle cordial—11.50 rubles
Two bottles cognac—9.80 rubles
Port wine—7 rubles.

The cordial was rank. It was supposed to be Curacao and had a ferocious taste. I spilled a little of it on my hand, and it blistered immediately.

The banquet, however, was a great success. Numerous speeches were made in English, German, and Russian, and our guests were very happy. Nobody was drunk, but everybody was elated. Everything pleasant that our linguistic facilities permitted was said about the United States and Russia. One dear old gentleman made the most exquisite address in Russian to us. Unhappily we could not understand a word he said.

Our crowd made one *faux pas*. We put our dinner suits on in honour of our guests. They did not have any and, therefore, may have felt embarrassed.

During the banquet the most imposing procession of athletic and political associations of Kharkov happened to pass under our windows with torchlights. We failed to discover the reason for the array. We all separated after the dinner, with best wishes for each other and hopes for a happy *revoir*.

On my last Sunday in Kharkov I visited many churches to glut myself once more with Russian church singing. Afterwards I strolled through the parks to see again a Sunday crowd of singing and frolicking Russian humanity. The next day I went shopping for gifts to bring home. I bought several

beautiful Ukrainian tablecloths of embroidered linen, several Ukrainian shirts, also some Tartar caps, and some little bric-a-brac.

Our pay was not due for two weeks after the approval of our plans by the Technical Board. I asked the Chief Engineer of the Project Bureau of the Donugol whether he could speed up the payment to shorten our idle stay in Kharkov. He answered, "It is too late today to get you the money. Can you wait until tomorrow?"

Sure enough, the Commission's fee was paid to us the next day, according to our wishes, in Russian rubles and foreign drafts payable in dollars. We took just enough Russian money to get those of us who were to travel immediately to the Russian border, and I had a draft for $3,000 on Berlin to provide travel money for myself and two companions to America. The same day we applied for permits to leave Russia, giving our exact destination and the frontier station on our prospective route.

On Wednesday we visited friends to say good-by and began packing. The latter was quite a problem. I had a whole steamer-trunk full of interesting fossils, minerals, and coal samples. I had been instructed to make a list of everything and to have this list forwarded through the Donugol to the frontier station, Shepetovka. I listed everything as coal samples and fossils, leaving it to the customs inspector to consider topazes, amethysts, garnets, azurines, and other minerals as samples if he wanted to. The books were put in

a large basket to be shipped out by the Donugol, since we did not want to bother with the Russian censor.

I gave everything I could spare to some Russian friends. I made presents only to such as were not officials, because we had to be careful not to make any gifts to government representatives. I gave away my wrist watch, fountain pen, safety-razor blades, sleeping bags, towels, boots, underwear, letter paper, spare clothing, and socks. I burned my correspondence and such non-technical notes as I could not conveniently carry on my person.

By Friday, September 9, the permits to leave Russia had been received. I bought tickets to Warsaw from the Dorutra, which is a German-Russian travel bureau. It promised to have a representative at Shepetovka to facilitate the Russian customs inspection. It is easier to get into Russia than to get out of it. Permits to leave cost twenty-two rubles for American citizens. One of the three of us to go was a British subject. He paid only six rubles; yet this was only a few months after England broke off diplomatic relations with Russia. Our three tickets to Warsaw, including sleeping accommodations for four, in order to keep out unwelcome company, cost 43.15 rubles a person. The handling of our baggage was 9.50 rubles; the checking of the baggage, 12.50 rubles.

Saturday was the day set for our departure. We bought food and drinks for the trip, there being no dining car on the Kharkov-Kiev-Warsaw train. Our Russian cook had prepared much for our comfort—cold chickens, cold eggs, salads, and

a big cake with our names in sugar on it. Of course, mineral water and cognac were not left out of our supplies, and a liberal stock of cigarettes was included.

At 6 P. M. the train was due to leave Kharkov. We were at the depot at 5:30, and visited with friends who had come in great numbers to see us off. Little presents were given to us, such as flowers, fruit, and decorated eggs. At last, the parting hour came. There was much kissing and handshaking as the train slowly pulled out toward Kiev.

The next morning we arrived in Kiev, where the train stopped for about two hours. While there, I thought of Hetman Mazeppa, famous Ukrainian hero of the eighteenth century. We strolled through the town, which had been the capital of the Ukraine until the revolution. Now, Kiev is too much exposed to an attack from Poland, and the capital of the Ukraine is Kharkov.

Kiev is very picturesque, indeed the most interesting town of southern Russia. It was taken by the Germans in the Great War as were Kharkov and Rostov-on-Don. Later, the Poles entered Kiev in the Polish-Russian war, but were driven out by the Russians, who pursued them almost to Warsaw. There the Russian offensive broke down and a general retreat followed. There were plenty of old trenches with barbed wire entanglements visible from the train in the pasture land. It will take many years before the forces of man and of nature will have obliterated the last traces of the war.

This was our last day in Russia, and we took leave of the

country with mingled emotions of sorrow and of joy. We were getting nearer home with every hour as we left a country that had offered much hospitality and friendship. Many pleasant recollections of Russia would surely live on in our memories, and we hoped that we might again see the Russian soil. Toward evening we reached Ozhenin, the Ukrainian frontier station. Thirty miles further on lay Shepetovka, where we should have to pass the Soviet Customs before we could cross the Polish-Russian border.

We reached Shepetovka at 6 P. M. and had to spend two hours there. Our baggage was thoroughly examined by the G. P. U. non-commissioned officers. I had to unwrap every specimen of minerals, coals, and fossils. The N. C. O. accepted my wholesale designation of "coal samples" which covered everything. He kept the train waiting until I had re-wrapped and replaced everything in my trunk. He did not question my camera, but took away the field-glasses, because "it is not permitted to export field-glasses from Russia," notwithstanding the fact that none are manufactured there. I should have had my field-glasses recorded in my passport. But I had never been told about such specific regulations. I was invited to sign an application to have my field-glasses sent to some address in Kharkov which I might choose. I did so and also sent instructions to Kharkov to have them forwarded to me through the foreign department of the Donugol.* When I signed this paper in the inner office of the customhouse, I saw

*I never heard of them again.

somebody's gold watch and chain and silver cigarette case on the table. Probably they had fallen victim to a law which does not permit the exportation of gold and silver from the U. S. S. R. In this case, the sufferer was a Russian. Except for the field-glasses, everything went well. At last we boarded the train. Just at the moment when the train pulled out, my two companions noticed the loss of their heavy overcoats. They had left them in the customhouse.

I had seen one of the G. P. U. non-coms board the train and went to fetch him. He consented to join us in our compartment. We had good cognac and cigarettes, and Ivan Ivanovich became quite sociable. He telephoned to Shepetovka from a little station, and had the coats put in the office, and I wrote out a request to the customs officer to hand the coats to the Derutra and another order to the Derutra to send the coats to a certain address in Berlin. Both papers were made out in German. Ivan Ivanovich conversed in excellent German, which had a rather bookish flavor. I inquired where he had acquired it. "Oh, I was a prisoner of war in Germany and was taught German in Stettin," was the answer. The Germans seem to have sent some of their prisoners to school, school teaching seeming to be one of the irrepressible impulses of the German race.

Ivan Ivanovich stayed with us for about an hour, giving me a long German lecture on Communism. We parted in great friendship, which had been moistened with much cognac. He was a likable fellow, and I felt sure he would forward the

coats. The overcoats arrived in due time in Berlin, and I wished that he had been in charge of my field-glasses.

It was dark when the train reached the Polish frontier station, Spoldunove. We had to get out, have our baggage examined, and hand in our passports. It took a long time to get everything straightened out, and we took the opportunity to have a little supper.

We had second class tickets and no sleeping accommodations. I gave two Polish conductors an American paper dollar each and asked them to put us in a first-class compartment. They also got the difference in fare. So we were locked into the compartment where we could go to sleep peacefully, while the second class was filled to overflowing and two Polish army officers had to stand up all night in the corridor of the car for want of seats.

At seven on Monday morning, September 12, we arrived in Warsaw. We took a stroll to the Hotel Bristol where I had to get the sleeping car tickets from the *Société Internationale des Wagons Lits,* which is the European equivalent of the Pullman Company in America.

The office was not yet open when we arrived, and we accordingly went to the Cafe Bristol for breakfast. I had been warned not to speak German or Russian in Poland, but only French. So I addressed the head waiter in French. He replied in German and asked me to use that language. Every waiter in the cafe spoke German and none French.

After having obtained the railroad and sleeper tickets for the

evening train to Berlin, for which each of us paid 122 zloti ($14.20, a zloti being about 11 cents), we had all day to see Warsaw. We strolled through this beautiful city, admired the fine stores, saw well-dressed men and women again after five months, and observed the glittering uniforms of the Polish officers and non-coms.

I had the address of a very good restaurant—*Pod Bacchusian,* meaning "Under the Bacchus." A German-speaking waiter was provided for us and we had a royal meal with excellent *starka,* the famous Polish brandy, and delicious food. We engaged a taxi for the entire afternoon. I walked along the line of taxi-drivers calling out in German, "Who of you fellows can talk German?" There was a lively reply, and I selected the most intelligent-looking of the lot. The first half-kilometer of the ride cost 50 groschen or 5½ cents American money, and each kilometer more, one zloti (11 cents). We ran up a bill of 26 zloti for the afternoon and stopped again for a big dinner at "Pod Bacchusian." The exquisite meal cost us less than three dollars apiece.

When we went into the sleeping car, we found an Englishman there with whom we passed a pleasant evening, although it was uncomfortable to sit up in the sleeping compartments after the beds were made. Sitting on the lower berth does not leave enough room to hold one's head straight.

During the night we passed the German border without having to leave the train, and Tuesday morning found us in Berlin, after breakfast on the train.

I went with my companions to the Hotel Central, hoping not to be taken for an American. We had not shaved for two days, and our clothes were mussed. I spoke German at the hotel office and mentioned our having come from Kharkov. All to no avail. Top prices were charged for the room, which only two of us were to occupy for one night. It was, however, a most delightful room and bath.

In the forenoon we went to the Russgertorg (the Russian-German Trading Corporation) to have my Russian draft honored. It was arranged that the Bank des Ostens would pay $3,000 in American bills. We got the money that afternoon, and in the evening one of our little party departed.

The next morning I made the rounds of the steamer lines and got a berth on the *Nieuwe Amsterdam,* scheduled to sail September 21st. Fortunately one had been turned in a few minutes before by a traveler who had changed his plans. With the date for my return to America definitely fixed, I could pass the remaining time with pleasant visiting in Germany and Austria. And a week later, although aboard a slow steamer with a ten days' ocean voyage in view, I was definitely headed for home.


BERLIN
GERMANY
WARSAW
POLAND
PRAGUE
VIENNA
BUDAPEST
ISTAMBUL
KIEV


MOSCOW
OREL
U. S. S. R.
KURSK
KHARKOV
DONETZ
COAL BASIN
JUN 1