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BEASTS IN CASSOCKS

THE CRIMES OF
THE HEADS OF THE RUSSIAN
GREEK-CATHOLIC-ORTHODOX
CHURCH IN AMERICA

—•—

Narrated, from Personal Experiences,
BY PRIEST
FATHER JOHN F. DUDIKOFF

Newark, N. J.
1924

Copyright 1924

By

Rev. John F. Dudikoff

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C O N T E N T S

CHAPTER	PAGE
Principal Persons	5
I. My Confession	8
II. I Come To America	15
III. I Undergo a "Rehearsal"	17
IV. Orgies Masked As "Rehearsals"	19
V. Platon Takes Money For Safe-Keeping.....	22
VI. I Meet the "Archangel"	24
VII. I Am Reprimanded and Sworn In	25
VIII. The Holy Fathers Celebrate	26
IX. The Bishop Amuses Himself	29
X. Ivan Gorbach, the "Specialist"	35
XI. At the Inquest	37
XII. The Clergymen Administer "Justice"	38
XIII. A Daylight Robbery	40
XIV. More "Inquests"	43
XV. I Pay for the Fathers' Dinner	46
XVI. Russian Spies in America	48
XVII. I Am Attacked, Robbed and Imprisoned.....	51
XVIII. I Return to Russia	53
XIX. Platon Repays Me With "Interest"	56
XX. I Meet the Czar	58
XXI. Platon Causes Husband's Death and Seduces Widow	61
XXII. Platon Instigates the Beiliss Blood Accusation....	64
XXIII. His Eminence Leads Me a Chase.....	65
XXIV. Platon Incites Pogroms	68
XXV. The Hetman's Gendarmes Assassinate My Two Children	74
XXVI. I Land at the "Che-Ka" (Extraordinary Commission)	77
XXVII. I Am Sentenced to Death	79

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXVIII. The Horrors and Atrocities of the Soviet Inquisition	81
XXIX. Justice Triumphs	84
XXX. I Trace Platon to New York	84
XXXI. The "People's Priest"—An Arch-Provocateur....	85
XXXII. Platon Obtains My "Confession" By Fraud.....	87
XXXIII. The "To-morrow" That Never Comes	88
XXXIV. I Am Fed On Promises	89
XXXV. I Bring Suit	92
XXXVI. "You Have Walked Into Our Trap".....	94
XXXVII. The Two "Pillars" Testify	98
XXXVIII. I Am Accused of Bolshevism	104
XXXIX. Affidavit of Maria M. Bogdanova-Dudikoff.....	108
Hearing of Lubkuch vs. Repelo	130
A Brief Sketch of My Court Trials and Further Sufferings....	131

LEONID POPOV'S NARRATIVE

... of the Russian Church in the United States, and at present engaged in a law suit against Metropolitan Florin of the Greek-Catholic-

... GILPELLEV, Employees of the Russian Ecclesiastical Consistory, 15 East 97th Street New York.

... of Greek Orthodoxy, and errors, related in John F. Dukoff's narrative, have led the latter to a similar

JOHN GOROKHOV, Leader of the Russian Cathedral Choir.

GILPELLEV, Employees of the Russian Ecclesiastical Consistory, 15 East 97th Street New York.

... DANIIL SNIIGIREV, a Russian Clergyman and his Wife: the latter indulging in intimacies with the higher Russian

... Gorkov.

PETER I. POPOV and IVAN GORBACH, "Specialists" in "massage," indulging, for large fees, in brutal and abnormal sexual

... Gorkov.

"CONSUL RUTZKY" (alias PRIEST DANIEL GILEVITCH), ... Bishop

... and ANA GILPELLEV, concubines of Platon and Alexander

FATHER AND MADAM KOKHANNIK, Russian Clergyman and his Wife; the part of the latter similar to that played by Madam Snegirev, with an occasional theft in addition.

YURI BAKHMETYEV, last Russian Ambassador to America under the late Czar's Government.

VICTOR HARTZ, Attorney for Russian Consulate in New York, Spy and Informer.

GREGORY KUNASHEVSKY, Spy and Informer.

NICHOLAS II, late Czar of All the Russias.

ANGELINA, Mother Superior of Staro-Cherkask Convent, Territory of Don, Russia; whose late husband, a political offender, was executed at the instigation of Platon, who subsequently seduced the widow.

MENDEL BELISS, Jewish Martyr and Victim of Blood Accusation, in which Bishop Platon had a hand; at present in New York.

VERA CHEBERIAK, convicted murderess and confederate of Platon in the Beiliss affair.

SILBERMAN, Russian Government Hangman and Co-Conspirator with Platon.

PATRIARCH TIKHON, Head of the Russian Church since the overthrow of the Czar.

HETMAN SKOROPADSKY, Head of Provisional Ukrainian Government, after the Peace Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

MADAM MARIA MICHIOVNA DUDIKOFF, Wife of John F. Dudikoff; at present in this country.

THEIR TWO BABIES, assassinated in Kiev by the Hetman's soldiers.

BEZSMERTNY, Communist whose advice saved Dudikoff from death at the hands of the Extraordinary Commission.

FATHER VLADIMIR RICHLOV, Priest and Agent-Provocateur, who fraudulently obtained Dudikoff's "Confession."

BORIS BAKHMETYEV, the Russian Provisional Government's (Kerensky's) Ambassador to the United States.

GENERAL SEMIONOV, notorious bandit chief, who was imprisoned in the Ludlow Street Jail on his arrival in America a few months ago.

FATHER VASSILI PTASHCHUK, Russian Clergyman who has witnessed the fraud perpetuated on Dudikoff by Richlov.

V. V. BUIMISTROV, Head of the Russian Church Relief in America.

ALEXANDER CHICHILA, Spy and Provocateur.

BISHOP DZUBAI and BISHOP FILLIPOVSKY, Heads of a Russian Church Faction in America pretending to be at odds with Platon's clique.

SAUL WOLF, Saloon-keeper in Bayonne, N. J., at present under indictment for false testimony against Dudikoff.

ILYODOR (SERGIUS TRUFANOV) the notorious "Mad Monk."

VALERIAN GRAVES, Platon's Attorney.

JOSEPH PODLESNY, Notary Public on East 9th Street.

MY CONFESSION

By FATHER JOHN F. DUDIKOFF

CHAPTER I.

The clergy are puzzled and are seeking the cause for the people's ever-growing rebellion against priests and the Church.

From childhood on we were taught reverence for priests and the Church rites and sacraments. We were told that in order to reconcile our souls with ourselves, to purify the inner man in us, it was necessary to confess at least once a year, particularly before the Great Lent. We were told that at the confessional one could tell of his most secret sins and that the priest-confessor would rather die than betray what was confided to him at the confessional. We were also told that there was a Church canon, according to which a priest who betrayed the secrets of a confession would be prohibited from officiating at services, would be subject to public penance in a monastery, and would even be unfrocked. People, believing this, used to go to the confession to share with their spiritual Father the tormenting secrets of their hearts. This they did to obtain relief, to make peace with their souls.

At one time a rumor was circulated to the effect that a priest receiving a confession disclosing revolt against the Czar or against the Government, was under obligation to report this to the authorities. Little by little, the people grew cool to the confessional, and later on ceased "confessing" altogether. The priests, in order to compel people to come to confession, resorted to force. They summoned to their aid the police, the administration, etc. If a man did not come to confession for three years in succession, the Father or his deacon would come to him with threats. After that the police would be sent. The man would be dragged from one court to another, etc. All this used to take place in the "good" old, fortunately, never to return, time in Russia.

In America, our missionaries, in order to curry favor with the authorities, made it a point to find out, through the medium of the confessional, how much money one had, what his political views were,

etc. In doing this, the "Authorities in Cowls" made such clever use of the information thus obtained that the money of the person confessed would be transferred to the bottomless pockets of the Platons and Alexanders, and those who confessed would be deported to Russia and, not infrequently, would land in prison or be dispatched ad patres outright.

It seemed that with the advent of the Russian Revolution this practice would become part of a horrible tradition. It seemed that particularly in free America, our missionaries would reform with the Czar's fall, that for the sake of purging their consciences, for the sake of cleansing the Church and its rites which they themselves had polluted, they would begin to lead honest lives and would cease to make use of the sacraments and rites of the Church exclusively for their own personal ends and those of their superiors. The Fathers, however, seem to have sunk in this routine like drunkards in drunkenness, and cannot possibly mend their ways. Their present mode of life has penetrated into their blood and will surely be transmitted to the tenth, if not the twentieth, generation. As an illustration, I will cite what happened to me.

Early in May, 1914, having ferretted out that I had in my possession a little money which I had earned by hard labor, Archbishop Platon, who is now calling himself the Metropolitan of Edessa, sent to me his right hand, Archpresbyter John Slunin, asking and imploring me to deposit my money for safe-keeping at the Mission Bank, located at the Consistory at East 97th Street, New York. Father Slunin assured me that at the Mission Bank my money would be safer than in any other bank, that I would be given a receipt with a guarantee that the money, with interest accrued, would be returned to me on demand, even though I should call for it at, say, one o'clock at night. Having taken the word of the spiritual Father who was supposed to be preaching against gain, against the appropriation of another's property, about the tortures which await one for theft and deceit, etc., etc., I brought my savings to the East 97th Street Consistory, and in the presence of Brother Boris Sochko, deposited for safe-keeping \$2,800.00 and gave \$5,000.00 for twenty shares of the Oil Field Company, which has its oil wells between the Caspian and the Azov Seas. The par value of these shares is \$42,000. The entire sum, \$7,800.00 was handed to Archpresbyter John Slunin, secretary to Archbishop Platon, in the presence of Platon himself. The latter who witnessed the money being counted out, told me that he, the "Saintly

Prelate," himself, vouched for its return, with his head, conscience and the salvation of his "turbulent" soul.

I had \$300.00 left with me. Father Slunin and Father Chepelev, his assistant, invited me, in token of gratitude for having done the will of His Grace, the Archbishop, Father Platon, to have dinner with champagne, etc., etc., at one of the most expensive New York restaurants. But—I, myself, had to pay for the dinner because when the bill was handed to us both Fathers, after a vain search through their pockets, declared that they had forgotten to take along money. After this dinner, I landed at the Bellevue Hospital where I spent a very long time. On my discharge from the hospital I went to the Consistory on East 97th Street to get my receipt, guarantee, etc., etc., as I was promised. Imagine my astonishment and anger, when I was told in reply to my demand that Archbishop Platon and Archpresbyter Slunin, his right hand, had disappeared, no one knew where. I went to Archpresbyter, Father Peter Kokhannik, for advice, but he told me he could not give me any counsel. . . .

I then left in quest of "His Grace" Archbishop Platon and of Archpresbyter John Slunin. I found both in Russia, in all their glory and greatness. I am not going to tell in detail here how I had repeatedly made my lawful demand for the repayment of my money. It will make very interesting reading and I will describe it another time. I will only say that in September, 1918, I made my demand to Platon at the Moscow Church Conclave and had witnesses in the person of Metropolitan Benjamin of Petrograd, the Bishops Constantine, Mitrophan and many others; and also in the apartment of Patriarch Tikhon. Platon promised me in the Patriarch's presence to pay me everything, to a cent, "to-morrow." When I came to see Platon "to-morrow," it turned out that he had vanished like smoke. "God's servant" was no longer in Moscow.

Upon inquiry, I learned that the Archbishop escaped by express train to Kiev. I could do nothing else but go after him. I did find Platon in Kiev, but the preacher of Kingdom Come had prepared such a trap for me that I shall not forget it to my dying day. Platon turned out to be an intimate friend and confidential adviser of the creature of the Germans, Hetman Skoropadsky who, in consideration of "special services" which Platon had rendered him during his negotiations with the Germans, promised him the Patriarchate of Kiev and of all of Little and Great Ukraine. At the instigation of the Archbishop and at the order of the Autocrat Hetman Skoropadsky and the "saintly Pre-

late" Platon, I was arrested and thrown into jail, where I was subjected to the most horrible tortures. My poor, unfortunate babies (one an infant of two and one-half years and the other one and one-half years) were hacked up by Haidamaks (Ukrainian soldiers). Thus the "saintly" Platon deprived me not only of my money, but of my children as well.

After my imprisonment caused by Platon and Skoropadsky, I found Prelate Platon in this country in the very Consistory on East 97th Street where I had given him and Father Slunin, as heads of the institution, my savings. I came here with the sole object of getting back my deposit.

Early in November, 1921, I called at the Consistory where I found not Platon but another "Saintly Prelate" who, as is known, dislikes roast beef, but is very fond of flesh, particularly if it belongs to the female sex, and who also is not averse to males whom he can use for purposes of his own. This was none other than Bishop Alexander. Having heard me out, he told me to hand in a petition regarding the matter. When I did as ordered, he became infuriated and exclaimed "If you again dare to demand money of the Archbishop, I will have you arrested as a Bolshevnik and deported to Russia."

Right there, in the Consistory, some "friends" gave me the following advice: "The well-known people's priest, Vladimir Richlov, lives in New York, on Madison Street. He is in the employ of Alexander and the Consistory. Get in touch with him, because he is a great favorite both with Alexander and with Platon himself. V. V. Buimistrov himself has the greatest reverence for him. Why, he was able to secure Buimistrov's promise to give him, as a gift, money for the purchase of the house which he, Father Vladimir, leased. This man can do anything for you, and you will get your money back to a cent."

I found Father V. Richlov at the address given me at the Consistory. In the presence of the Priest Father Vassily Ptashchuk, I told Father Vladimir all about my trials and tribulations. Father Vladimir pretended to evince as much interest in me as my father or mother would have. He promised to aid me in everything, and showed me, in order to substantiate his claim, Platon's and Alexander's cards addressed to him. He also showed me papers in which he was addressed as "Bishop."

A couple of days later Father V. Richlov said to me: "You will get your money to a cent, but on one condition." I inquired about the condition. Richlov answered, "You see,—Metropolitan Platon has

been appointed Patriarch of all Russia. As Patriarch he must be completely exonerated of all charges against him. Since both the clergy and laymen in Russia know about your affair, you must clear Platon of your accusations. In order to do that, you must copy and sign this written confession." At first I was stupefied, and then I asked Father Richlov: "Why, does the Greek-Orthodox Church permit such written confessions?" Richlov said: "Not only are written confessions permissible here in America, but at present they are required. If you don't sign this confession, you may bid farewell to your money as well as to all hope for my assistance."

Father Richlov handed me a rough draft of the "written confession" which I have preserved among my papers as documentary evidence. It was in the handwriting of Father Richlov himself and read as follows:

"Your Right Eminence, Bishop and Metropolitan Platon! Merciful Archpriest and Father! I herewith confess, as before the Lord God Himself and before your Eminence, that I have been guilty before you: 1) I confess in writing that I have never given you any money; 2) That I have insulted you in vain with my letters and personal calls in Russia and America. I attest that both you and I were dupes of unscrupulous men; 3) I entreat you on my bended knees to forgive me. I have suffered a nervous breakdown from the horrors of the Revolution. Bless me with your Holy Evangel, and may I learn to be humble and patient. Pardon me, the sinful and unworthy one, and I swear that to my dying day, I shall never make any more demands on you. Please pray with your holy orisons for me. Your Spiritual Son,

(Signed)"

When I read through the "confession" I was spellbound. Father Richlov, seeing that I was at a loss, remarked: "If you don't sign this before a notary, not only will your money be withheld, but we will arrest and deport you to Russia, leaving your wife here as a hostage, or else . . ." Here Richlov took a card from his pocket and shoved it under my very nose. On the card I saw the following symbols: a skull, a revolver and, between them, a bomb. I stared at Father Richlov, and he added threateningly: "If you don't care to make a closer acquaintance with these, do as you are told."

I was in dire need at the time, especially since my wife was about to go to a lying-in hospital. I was without work, without money, with-

out shelter. However, I did not get frightened at Richlov's threats. I had been in Russia during the war. Nevertheless, I was in a strange land, and did not know what to do. Father Richlov, seeing my hesitation, assumed a different tone. He swore, making the sign of the cross thrice, that he would not give my "Confession" to anyone until he should have received the cash in full, that he would not let anyone harm me, and that should Platon and Alexander refuse to return my money, he, Richlov, would appear in Court as a witness in my favor.

This latter promise of his produced its effect on me and, believing Father Richlov was telling the truth, I took the rough draft, copied and signed it before a notary and gave it to Father Richlov.

The next day I went with Father Richlov to get the money. Father Richlov told me to wait on Fifth Avenue and 97th Street, and himself went to the "Holy" Fathers. In a few minutes he came back and gave me a little book, saying: "The Metropolitan cannot receive you now. He is busy with General Semionov and Ambassador Bakhmetyev, but he sends you his blessings and this Holy Book of the Gospels." I took the book, opened it, and not finding any money in it, asked Richlov for it. He went back, and in about fifteen minutes brought me \$200.00, which he handed me in an ice cream parlor on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 96th Street. He kept \$20.00 "for his trouble" and assured me that he had not obtained all the money today for the sole reason that the Metropolitan was busy with Semionov, and that to-morrow the Metropolitan would give the rest of the money. "To-morrow," Father Richlov continued, "Platon is to get One Million Dollars from Bakhmetyev, and you will get all your money, both the sum you left for safe-keeping and the money you paid for the shares." But this "to-morrow" has lasted until this very day. And besides, Father Richlov continually threatens me, in Platon's name, with imprisonment in this country and deportation to Russia, and also adds: "Your confession is in the hands of Metropolitan Platon, and if you dare as much as utter a word about your money, you will land where no one will be able to find you. As for your money—you will never get it until your dying day."

I, John, son of Feoktist, Dudikoff, was born in the city of Moghilev, in the Government of Kamenetz-Podolsk, on March 30, 1887. My father, Feoktist Andreyevitch Dudikoff, was in the Holy Synod service, with the rank of Privy Councilor. He resigned from his post in 1911, after the assassination of Premier Stolypin and became manager of the estates of Prince Obolensky and Count Rad-

ziwil, which position he held until his death at the hand of bandits during the revolution.

I received my education at the Theological Seminary of the same city where, in 1909, I completed the full course of study. After



John F. Dudikoff and His Wife, Mary M. Dudikoff. By Birth Bogdanoff, Before Their Arrival in America.

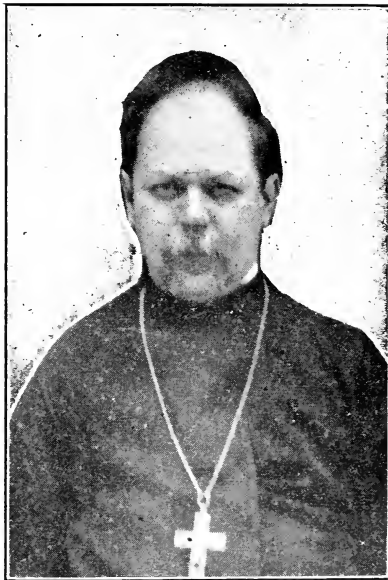
graduation from the Seminary, I was appointed as teacher in the Teachers' Parochial High School for Males in the village of Vidrinka,

District of Cherikov, Government of Moghilev. Here I taught until 1912. In August, 1912, I was appointed principal of the Teachers' Parochial High School in Pustinka, District of Mstislav, Government of Moghilev (at present that of Smolensk). I could not get on with Father Vassily Vostorgov, Superintendent of Parochial Schools in the districts of Mstislav and Cherikov, and therefore left my position two months later.

CHAPTER II.

I Come to America

Having obtained letters of introduction to Platon, Greek-Orthodox Bishop of North America, from Stefan, Archbishop of Moghilev;

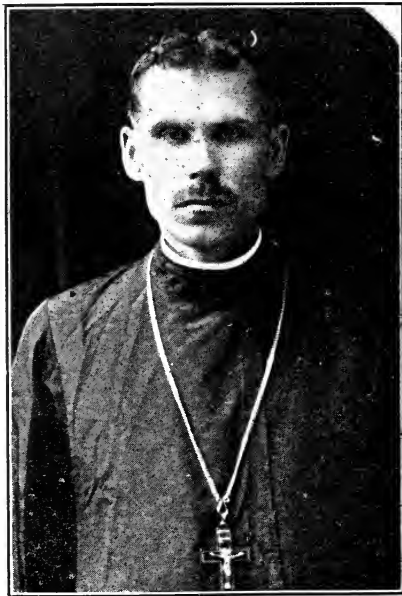


Father J. Sinin, Archpresbyter

lev; Flavian, the Metropolitan of Kiev, and from Ivan Ivanovitch Barnatny, Government Supervisor of Schools, I left, in June, 1913, for America. I was one of the forty-eight members of the so-called

Moscow Excursion, consisting of educators, lawyers and men of other learned professions who came here to make a study of this country. Among the most well known members of the "Excursion" were Professor Lapinsky of St. Vladimir University of Kiev, Professor Maximeiko of the University of Kharkov, Professor Yurchik of the University of Kazan, and others. We sailed from the port of Libau, and arrived in New York on July 4th.

On July 5th, 1913, two Russian clergymen came to meet me on board of our steamer "Czar." They had been informed by those who had given me the letters to Archbishop Platon, that I had left



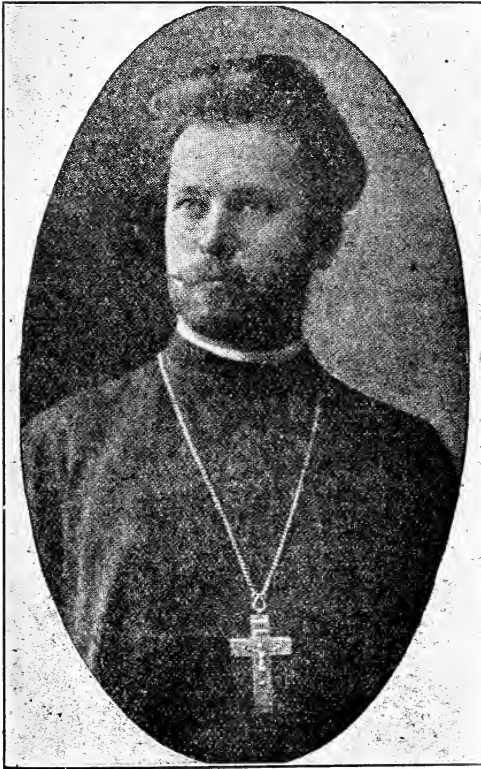
Father John Dudikoff

for America. These two clergymen, Father John Chepelev and Father John Slunin, took me off the boat and escorted me to the Russian Ecclesiastical Consistory. They introduced me to His Eminence the Rt. Rev. Archbishop Platon. The Archbishop read my three letters of introduction in my presence, gave me his blessing, and told Father John Slunin, who was connected with the Consistory, to find an apartment for me.

CHAPTER III.

I Undergo a "Rehearsal"

The priest (Archpresbyter) Father Slunin, took me to Ivan Timofeyewitch Gorokhov, leader of the Cathedral Choir. He there asked me whether I had any means of subsistence. I, not knowing Father Slunin well, did not tell him about all my funds. I merely



Father Chepelev

said that the little money I had would do me for the time being. Father Slunin then said to me: "You must be quite tired after your journey, therefore you had better rest for a few days."

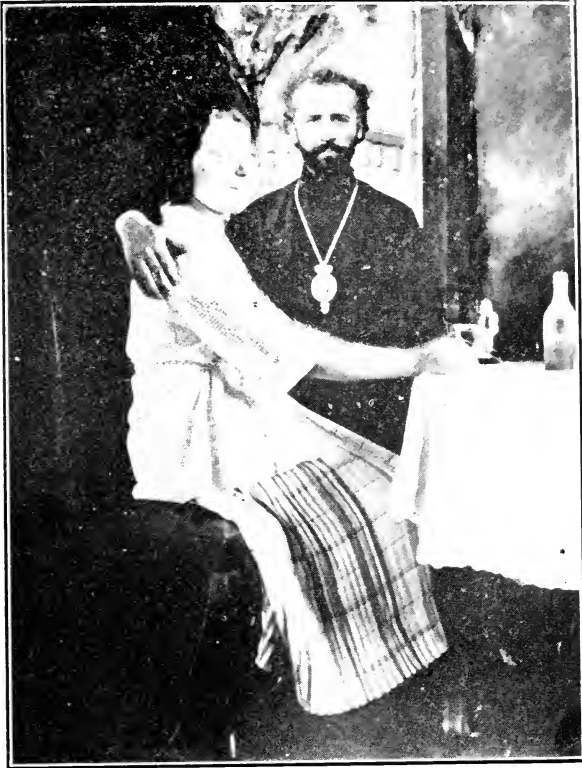
Four days later Father Slunin called on me and said: "Well, now that you have rested let's go to the Consistory." I went together

with him to 15 East 97th Street, where I again met Archbishop Platon. He gave me his blessings, invited me to his apartments and began to quiz me about Russia, about the health of the church dignitaries we knew in common, about myself, etc., etc. After that, having learned about me from my documents and letters of introduction (which among other things contained a request to find me some work in the Diocese), Archbishop Platon said to me: "Before I find a position for you, you will have to be put on probation. Besides," he added, "you must, without fail confess before Archpresbyter, Father Slunin."



Ivan Timofeyevitch
Gorokhov

On my leaving Platon's apartments, I was called into another room where Mr. Gorokhov gave me a test in academic subjects. After the test, Mr. Gorokhov went to the Archbishop's apartments, and on returning told me that I needed a few rehearsals in chanting and singing. This, despite the fact that my Seminary diploma indicated that I had the highest mark in those subjects, and that I did not make a single error in the test Mr. Gorokhov gave me. After this the "rehearsals" began and lasted almost until September. However, nothing was mentioned during these "rehearsals" about Church music or Church regulations.



Archbishop Nemolovsky's Engagement Party

CHAPTER IV.

Orgies Masked As "Rehearsals"

During this time I had been to confession at which Father Slunin, who was recommended to me by Archbishop Platon himself, succeeded in drawing me out as to the actual amount of money I had. As for the "rehearsals", this is what they consisted of: Every evening, after business hours, the "Holy Fathers" would come together for an entirely different kind of "Business." There was no paper, no pen, and no ink on the tables, but a sumptuous repast and choice drinks and refreshments, instead. At these "sessions" there were

also women, among them wives and daughters of the clergy, as well as "invited guests," but everyone of them young and beautiful.

It is true that during these "sessions" singing "rehearsals" took place—all kinds of songs were sung, among them some very obscene ones both in English and in Russian. Very often these "conferences" kept the conferees "busy" until the wee hours of the morning. During these religious "revivals" the sex problem was readily



Archbishop Platon Roshdestwensky. Following
the Steps of Archbishop Nemolevsky

solved. The participants were all completely naked—after the fashion common in the Garden of Eden. They were sitting in one of two ways: either a "Father" had a nude Eve on his naked lap, or a "Father" sat on the knees of one of the women, in a posture which made it convenient for him to suck her breasts. On the table, instead



The Beginnings of the Holy Fathers' Feasts



The Holy Fathers Are Taking Their First Liberties

of the Law Code or Church Regulations, lay an album in a de luxe binding, with pictures of a pornographic nature which, apparently for the sake of exciting carnal passion, were perused by the men and women together. This de luxe album was kept in an equally de luxe case and I saw it many a time in the "saintly" Prelate's apartment. More than once I had to bring it to him locked in the case.

It was during this time that Vsevolod Fedorovitch Shcheglovitov, who was a son of Princess Alexandra Fedorovna Obolensky, by her first husband, and who pretended also to be Prince Obolensky, was a frequent visitor at Platon's home. This young man very often went with the Archbishop to disorderly resorts or took prostitutes to the Waldorf Astoria or to Little Hungary, on East Houston Street. I personally succeeded in tracing them to these places. Owing to his recklessness, this wealthy young man went into bankruptcy and the major part of his money found its way into the pockets of the "saintly" Prelate Platon. Mr. Obolensky (Shcheglovitov) himself, whom I had known in Russia, complained to me about the matter.

CHAPTER V.

Platon Takes My Money For "Safe-Keeping"

The first few days of my probation were over. I was summoned to the "saintly" Prelate who asked me: "Aren't you afraid to carry your money about with you?" I replied that I was indeed afraid at times. The Archbishop then replied: "We are beginning to think quite well of you. I have in my service a very loyal man, whom I entrust with the most confidential matters; he needs an assistant, and I think, after I know you better, I will appoint you confidential Inspector General to work under him. I will have you meet him as soon as he comes. And now, let me give you my fatherly advice: keep some money for current expenses, and let me have the rest for safe-keeping. You have a considerable sum of money on you and if you are robbed, whom will you hold responsible? Why, you will lay the blame at my door because I am the representative and spiritual Father and guardian of the Russians in America."

I was some what surprised to learn that what I had told the priest at the confessional became known to Platon, but trusting him as an Archbishop of the Russian Church, I gave him the money and asked him to keep it until I should ask for it.

When I met Father Slunin the next day he remarked: "Do you know, Ivan Feoktistovitch, his Eminence, the Archbishop, is beginning to have faith in you and is planning to reward the confidence you showed in him by giving him your money for safe-keeping. He intends to appoint you in a few days to a very good and very responsible position. An oath, however, will be required of you never



Practicing the 10th Commandment

to reveal anything of what you may see or hear, even though you may be subjected to the most excruciating tortures."

I thanked the Father for the good news but did not mention what Platon had told me. The next day Father Slunin, who had missed the "business session" with the fair sex held the previous night, chanced upon me and asked me sotto voce to tell him what had taken place. True to my vow, I answered: "Father Archpresbyter, pardon me, but since you were absent I have no right to tell you, without

the permission of those present. Keep in mind that I do not participate in the sessions; I only wait on the members."

Father Slunin slapped me on the shoulder in sign of approval, saying: "Yes, we have made no mistake in recommending you to both the Bishop and the Archbishop as a man who knows how to hold his tongue. You'll do splendidly. One meets such men very seldom, and one is never sorry to meet them. Don't fail to call on their Eminences to-night."

CHAPTER VI.

I Meet The "Archangel"

When I came that evening to Archbishop Platon's apartment, I found there, besides the Vicarial Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, another "gentleman" in frock coat, white vest and white tie. After Archbishop Platon, and Bishop Alexander had given me their blessing, Platon introduced to me the "gentleman" in the frock coat, saying: "This is our most beloved, loyal and worthy Inspector General and editor of our newspaper, Mr. Gabriel 'Archangel' Dobroff. And this," turning to the gentleman in the frock coat and white tie, "is Ivan Feoktistovitch Dudikoff, who is at present with us on probation and about whom, my dear Sir, I have already spoken to you. Make friends with him."

Both Archbishop Platon and Bishop Alexander were in very good humor, and asked me to make myself at home. Taking a good look at Dobroff, I recalled having seen him more than once at the "sessions", after which he often helped me to escort home on foot (if the "session" was held not far from the Consistory) or place into closed cars and send home those who could not take care of themselves. . . . But neither Dobroff nor I made any sign of recognition. True, at the "session" there was a great difference in our relative positions: Dobroff, like the "Fathers" and their intimate friends, sat in an armchair, while I, standing in the doorway of the "meeting" room, entered only when summoned. I took orders which I con-

veyed to the waiter and having served whatever the latter brought, returned to my post at the door.

In spite of such a difference in position—Dobroff being an Inspector General to the two “saintly” Prelates, and I only on probation,—he shook my hand very warmly and said: “I am very, very glad and happy to meet a man after my own heart in a strange country.” This was followed by jokes and hints thrown in apparently to make it impossible for me to understand everything, but I caught several of the innuendoes. Thus I understood, when Archbishop Platon told Dobroff that he envies Bishop Alexander, who had such a “gay time last night amongst young chickens,” that Alexander had spent the night with prostitutes. Platon felt that he was entitled to a greater share of that type of entertainment than Bishop Alexander because of his higher rank—moreover he was growing older and could not waste any time.

A few minutes later Archbishop Platon said to me: “I appoint you Inspector General, under the supervision of Mr. Dobroff. You must take orders from him as you would from me. To begin with, see Archpresbyter Ivan Ivanovitch (Slunin). And now, my darling Feoktistich, I know you are tired, and besides, our old men’s talk probably bores you. . . . Well, sleep peacefully.”

This meant—“Betake yourself home.” I took the hint, rose, received the Archbishop’s blessing and went to Gorokhov’s apartment at 1286 Lexington Avenue, where I made my home. It was too early to go to bed—I was not invited to the “conference” most probably on account of Friday’s Lent, and I spent the evening in my room thinking of my native land and my near and dear ones. . . .

CHAPTER VII.

I Am Reprimanded And Sworn In

The next day I was sent to Mr. Dobroff with a packet. He received me in a very friendly manner, examined the seals on the packet most minutely and said, looking me straight in the eye: “There are experts who can break a seal and then replace it so cleverly that God

Himself could not tell the difference, but you can't fool me. . . .” He transfixed me with his glance and added: “I want to have confidence in you, and you try your best not to forfeit it. You will regret to your dying day any lack of discretion on your part. . . . Yesterday you were ordered to see Father Slunin and you went home without seeing him. We ascribed this not to disobedience or negligence, but rather to forgetfulness. Today, after leaving me, you will call on Slunin and do the will of both Bishops. If you wish to be employed by the Mission, you must take an oath of allegiance. Priests take this oath on being ordained, and you, as an official, should have taken it before you were handed this parcel.”

After having been thus reprimanded, in a very soft voice and in a friendly manner, I apologized stating that I was not familiar with the “law” and that I would make a faithful servant without an oath. To this Dobroff replied: “Every soldier takes an oath before joining the army and you have no right to dodge taking one. Here I have Pishchek, Branin, Kistar, and others among my men, and I assure you, with the exception of Mr. Pishchek, who is Bishop Alexander's trusted man and who is entrusted with the carrying out of confidential matters of secondary importance, no one else knows anything about secret matters. Be sure to call on Father Slunin right after you leave me.” I did as I was bid and went to the Consistory where Father Slunin met me and said: “I have been waiting for you, Dobroff told me that you were ready. Come, let's go to the Cathedral.” We went, and I took my oath.

CHAPTER VIII.

The “Holy Fathers” Celebrate

The next day was Sunday. In accordance with the order of Archbishop Platon, conveyed to me by Father Slunin, I had to officiate as Assistant Deacon at Platon's services. After the liturgy, I went home to the apartment of Gorokhov's and the singers of the Cathedral Choir. At about three o'clock guests came to Gorokhov: Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, Archpresbyter Slunin, Father Sergius

Snegirev with his wife, Catherine Vassilyevna, and a captain of the Russian navy whose name I don't know.

I vividly recollect it all, as though it were happening now—the guests took their places at the table, set with the choicest viands and even more choice beverages. Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky sat down in the large arm-chair, Madam Snegirev at his right, Father Slunin at his left, the Captain next to him. I was assigned a seat next to Madam Snegirev and told to wait on the Bishop. Near me sat Goro-khov, and near him stood a chair on which at first sat a girl called Pasha. They did not eat much, but drank in excess. They first drank



Gives Expression to His Feelings

the Czar's health, then the Czarina's, after that the Dowager Empress' and finally the heir-at-law's. They drank "separately and jointly" the health of each of the Czar's four daughters, and then drank the health of the entire Imperial family. Nor did they neglect the three Metropolitans—those of Petrograd, Moscow and Kiev, respectively; first separately and then jointly; nor did they forget the Procurator of the Holy Synod and his Assistant. Besides, as I learned at the table, since a few fellow Academy students of Bishop

Alexander were now members of the Holy Synod, they too, were remembered. To make the Captain feel at home, they drank the health of the Army and Navy. After the roster of the living was exhausted, they began to drink to the memory of the dead. Goblets were filled, both for "Long Life" and for "Eternal Memory." In other words, the ancient custom was carried out in every detail.

Less than an hour after the beginning of the party, the telephone rang. I was about to answer it, when Bishop Alexander told me to fetch another bottle of rum and said, addressing Father Snegirev: "That must be for you, Sergius." Father Snegirev went to the telephone, hung up and declared sadly: "Pardon me, but I must go.



Violent Jealousy

Darling," he added, turning to his wife, "you stay here for a little while. Archbishop Platon wishes to see me." Bishop Alexander then whispered into Madam Snegirev's ear in Ukrainian: "See, I told you so." I heard those words clearly, but their real meaning was a puzzle to me then.

Father Snegirev left. Father Slunin started a conversation on a political subject and such loud arguments ensued that Bishop Alexander could say whatever he pleased to Madam Snegirev. Nobody

but myself listened to him. Father Slunin, whether on purpose or unintentionally, declared that we were on the eve of war, that the Germans had concluded a secret treaty with Russia and that war would soon be declared on England and Japan. Gorokhov argued that the treaty had been concluded with Austria and not with Germany. The captain contradicted at first, but soon, apologizing for going, also left. Alexander Nemolovsky winked his eye and said to me: "See whether the captain snapped the lock on the door. Also see to it that you don't open the door for anyone. Don't receive any more visitors." He then added in a louder voice: "What ill-bred, insolent fellows our clergy are! They even disturb our Holidays and Sundays. As soon as his wife is to be a mother the provincial priest immediately comes to New York, asks for an increase or promotion to a better position in order to be able to support the infant that is to be born, and every one of them strives to become Rector of the New York Cathedral."

CHAPTER IX.

The Bishop Amuses Himself

I went to the entrance door which was only half shut, closed it and returned to the dining room. An animated conversation was going on between Father Slunin and Gorokhov. Madam Snegirev had retired to the bedroom. The Bishop, on noticing me said: "Ah, Johnnie, how stupid you are. Please do not leave the door unguarded." I went out to the hall, then to my room where I lay down on the bed.

From the dining room the loud voices of Father Slunin and Gorokhov reached me. I could not fall asleep or concentrate on anything. Bishop Alexander's voice was not heard,—apparently he was not participating in the conversation. About fifteen minutes elapsed. Behind the partition separating my room from the bedroom into which Madam Snegirev went in, I heard voices. I was not drunk because of my role rather of waiter than guest I was not supposed to participate in the orgy, although Bishop Alexander himself had often

expressed his passionate desire to see me drunk: "Oh, I would have the order of St. Stanislaus conferred on you, Johnnie, if you would only get dead drunk!"

After a while I realized that the voices behind the partition were those of Bishop Alexander and Madam Snegirev. I began to suspect something and the meaning of the Bishop's sentence "I told you so" became clear to me. I understood why the Bishop sent Father Snegirev to the telephone and why Archbishop Platon gave him an important errand, in spite of Sunday. This was arranged, of course, in order to remove all obstacles.

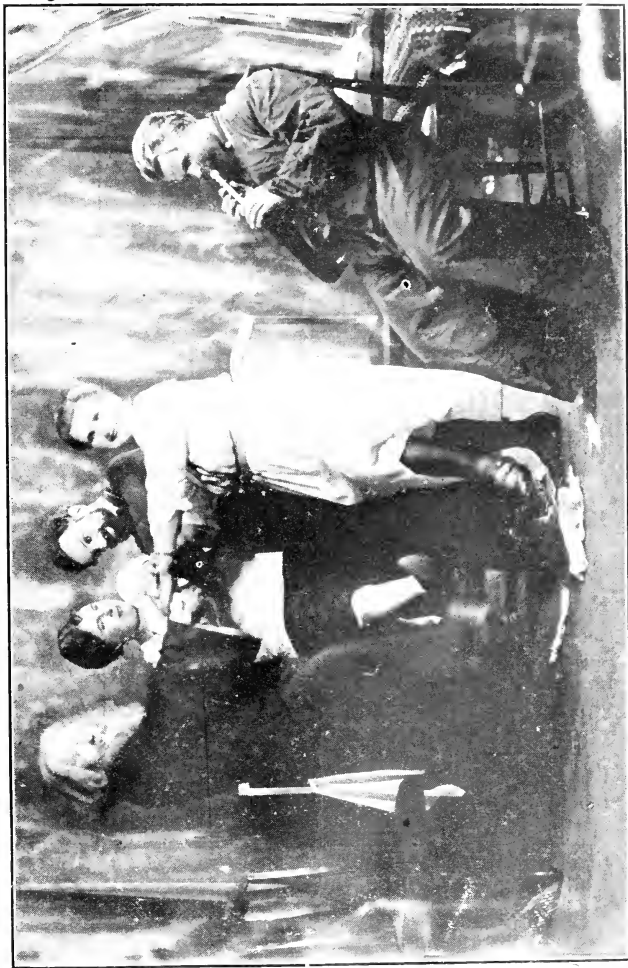


A Smolensk Polka

Meanwhile something was happening in the bedroom because I heard a noise. Finally a sound was heard of something falling. Believing that a brawl was taking place, I jumped off the bed and ran to the dining room. There, Father Slunin hardly able to stand on his feet, was attempting to rise. Gorokhov, sitting in an arm-chair held him by a sleeve and pulled him back to the chair, and Father Slunin fell into it. Gorokhov admonished him: "Johnnie, sit down, sit. . . . What's the use of showing your drunken mug to the negroes in the street? Let's have another drink. . . ." Finally

Father Slugin succeeded in releasing his sleeve from Gorokhov's hand. He overcame his intoxication, got up, and leaned against the bedroom door. It flew open and at the same time a rapping was heard at the entrance door which I had closed after the captain left.

I could not take my eyes off the picture I saw in the bedroom.



The "Twist"

Through the open door I beheld Madam Snegirev, lying on the bed on her back, with her head towards the door. Bishop Alexander, the lower part of his body bare, his trousers down on his feet, was rolling up Madam Snegirev's skirt with one hand, and holding his penis

“fully attuned” with the other. He was trying to climb on the bed and lay down on the woman who was waiting. His trousers were in his way and he was wriggling his feet to shake them off. Alexander either did not notice or did not care that the door was open and that I was watching him. Intoxicated not alone with the great quantity of liquor he had imbibed but also with passion, he kept climbing into the bed. Finally he succeeded and fell on Madam Snegirev.



Bishop Raphael

Gorokhov, without rising from the arm-chair, was calling to Slunin: “Johmie, don’t go there, it’s none of your business, sit down here you bald-headed devil, you sit down.” And then, just at the instant when Bishop Alexander succeeded in falling on Madam Snegirev, Raphael, the Bishop of Brooklyn, entered the room. I must have closed the door without snapping the lock.

At the sight of such a "motion" picture, Bishop Raphael without exchanging greetings with anyone, rushed over to Bishop Alexander, caught him by the collar, dragged him off the bed, and exclaimed: "Don't you fear God, you fool you? What are you doing, you drunkard, you, in a strange house and in every one's presence. . ."

Alexander Nemolovsky, lying on the floor, shouted: "Get out, you Arab you, get out you accursed monk, with your abstinence!" Released from under Bishop Alexander, Madam Snegirev first began to cry and then became hysterical. It was a hard job to quiet her. Her lingerie and skirt were in shreds. I hurried to Pasha, took her skirt and brought it into the bedroom. I, myself, put it on the



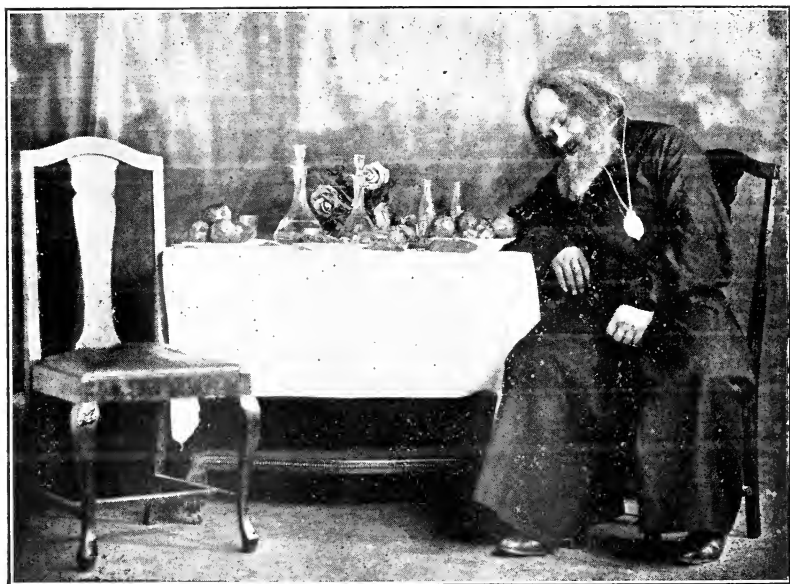
Rests In Peace

woman. All shaking, she buttoned the skirt, drank some water, and sat down on the bed with her head in her hands. Bishop Raphael told me to take her home, but Alexander, ordering Raphael out of the house, kept imploring her to stay, but Raphael himself took her by the hand, led her out of the room, and bid me to escort her home.

On my return, Alexander sent me for Lina Vassilyevna Geres, a native of the town of Loubchi, District of Novogrudsk, Government

to her and conveyed, in a whisper, Alexander's request to come to his apartment, she asked me aloud, in spite of her friends' presence: of Minsk, who resided in New York at 16 Avenue A. When I came "And is Platosha (diminutive for Platon) also there?" I asked her not to give him away, but she declared, once more in everyone's hearing, that there was nothing to hide because her friends knew everything and were frequenters of that place. "All right," she added, "we'll come, there will be work for all of us. . . ."

I took these women to Bishop Alexander and having received an order to guard the door, took my post in the hall. During this evening, Bishop Alexander "amused" himself with all the girls I brought,



The Dreams of Prohibition

in turn. Late at night I put the girls into a taxi, brought him to his apartment, and handed him over to his servant. He was so drunk that he could hardly know why and where he was being taken. When under the influence of liquor, he is violent—he fights, curses and shouts. From Gorokhov's apartment on 94th Street, to 97th Street, where the Consistory and the apartments of both Bishops are located, is a short distance, but I received a number of blows from Alexander on the way. He asked to be given (here he mentioned an unprint-

able name for female sexual organs). The next day, when I met him at the Consistory, I felt ashamed to face him, but he was not at all abashed, gave me his blessing and issued orders.

CHAPTER X.

Ivan Gorbach, the "Specialist"

Since then they did not hesitate to give me errands with which they probably would not have entrusted anyone else. Besides having to deliver confidential parcels with which they would not trust the post-office, Dobroff would order me to visit various people to warn them that say, a certain document they wanted forged, would be ready at such and such a time, or to report the price of a Doctor's, Engineer's, or Professor's diploma, etc., etc. Since the number of people who were interested in obtaining forged documents was large, the income from this "business" was very great and that meant a lot of work for me. The money taken in for the forged documents was divided between Bishop Platon, Bishop Alexander and Dobroff. More than once I would have to go to Dobroff at Platon's order, get the cash and bring it to Platon from whom I received nothing but verbal thanks. Not infrequently I had to stay in the Bishops' apartments or in the consistory until all hours of the night. Platon often sent me to bring him secretly, so that even his servant would not know, Lina Geres, who, according to his Eminence was "a butterfly of indescribable beauty." He would also frequently send me for Archpresbyter Peter Ignatyevitch Popov. Whenever Popov could not be found, he would send me for one, Ivan Gorbach, a very handsome, pale-faced Pole, who was a chorister at the Polish Church on Seventh Street. Always, whenever I brought these people to the Archbishop, he would comand me to stand at the door and not to allow anyone, with the exception of Bishop Alexander to as much as to mount the stairs. I was also ordered never to admit Raphael, the Bishop of Brooklyn.

Once, being "on sentry duty" and feeling rather bored, I reminded myself that servants in such cases usually while away their

time by peeping through the key-hole and I resolved to resort to the same means of amusement. And here is what I saw with my own eyes: Archbishop Platon would disrobe, lie down in the bed and would make the woman "massage" him. Besides Lina, a certain woman, a priest's wife and "dentist" whom I shall name when necessary, would come to him. The woman would lie down so that Archbishop Platon's head would come between her legs. She would caress his penis with her nipples, while Platon licked her sexual parts with his tongue. Following the "massage" they would perform the sexual act, after which both lay like dead ones and after having come to, rubbed each other with eau-de-cologne.

As for the male "massage", it varied. Archpresbyter Popov first put some cold cream on his hand, then rubbed Platon's testicles and penis. When the "massage" had the desired effect, the Archpresbyter would lie down on his stomach and Platon perform the act through Popov's rectum. This was also followed by a period of rest and mutual perfume rubbing, after which Platon, remaining in bed, but now fully dressed, would send Archpresbyter Popov to his duties at the Consistory.

Ivan Gorbach did the "massaging" not with his hand but with his tongue. He licked, and sucked Archbishop Platon's penis until it stiffened and then, like Father Peter Popov, would expose his rectum to Platon for intercourse, but apparently being a greater "expert" in this line than Popov, kept changing the position of his body so as to make the act more enjoyable for the Archbishop. I once saw with my own eyes, how after such an act of Pederasty the Archbishop gave Gorbach five one-hundred dollar notes and when I was sent to fetch him the next time and asked him what he had done with the "saintly" Prelate's \$500, Gorbach replied: "Do you think that is the only \$500 I ever got? I get as much for every visit to Platon. Your friend Alexander, however, is either poorer or more of a miser. He never pays me more than \$300 for a massage; sometimes he complains that he was robbed and gives me less than that. And besides he is a peculiar, foolish fellow. . . . To massage Platon is a pleasure. He is a man with understanding, while Alexander is nervous, and does not do the right thing. Many a time I have promised myself not to go to him, and I am going to keep my promise. If he sends for me, I'll refuse to go. What he needs is a boor, not a specialist."

All this did not agree with me and I asked the Father Arch-

as "guard" bored me to death. Father Slunin promised to help me, but said that while I was to go on with my former errands, I was also to be given a few others for variety's sake. And indeed, Father Slunin told me soon afterwards that my place would be for the time being taken by Archpresbyter Popov and that I was to accompany Father Slunin to an inquest.



Father Daniel Gilevitch

CHAPTER XI.

At the Inquest

The next day Father Slunin and I left for Wilkes-Barre, Pa. There we were met by Yakov Piatetsky, whose affidavit both in English and in Russian, reads as follows:

“March 4, 1922.

“Jeanette, Pa.”

“STATEMENT

“In the middle of March, 1914, while I resided in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a certain person came to my residence and—in the presence of John Feoktistoff Dudikoff—introduced himself as a Russian Consul Rutzky, requesting me to serve as plain companion on his official trip to Jermyn, Pa.

“Leaving Wilkes-Barre for New York City—he asked

me to furnish him a considerable sum of money as his expenses overran his expectations. Acting in great haste as a train was ready to leave the station, I handed to "consul" requested sum of money in presence and to full knowledge of John F. Dudikoff, being unable to receive any receipt for given amount, only with promise of immediate return.

"After long lapse of years, being unable to discover any trace of whereabouts of said "Consul," I met him unexpectedly in Pittsburgh, Pa., and to my surprise I found out that said person was impostor of Consul Rutzky, and that his real name was Daniel Gilevich.

((Signed) REV. JAMES PIATETSKY."

"P. S. Money has never ben returned, exact amount of which is known also to J. Dudikoff.

(Signed) REV. JAMES PIATETSKY."

Father Slunin said that Consul Rutzky had also come to Wilkes-Barre. We found him in a hotel in dress uniform, his breast covered with medals and crosses. We made his acquaintance and together with this pseudo-Rutzky (it turned out that he was a former village policeman and at present a clergyman, Daniel Gilevich) we went to German, Pa.

CHAPTER XII.

The Clergymen Administer "Justice"

The following were called to the inquest: Vassily Repelo, the defendant and at present priest and provost with the Mission, and Marie Lubkuch, the plaintiff, her father, and a number of witnesses. Father Slunin had them all sworn in, "Consul Rutzky, alias Daniel Gilevitch, cross-examined them, and I took down the testimony. Piatetsky acted as assistant secretary. The inquest made it clear that Vassily Repelo, having lured the girl Marie Lubkuch for a walk on the cemetery, violated her at a headstone representing an angel with a cross in his hands. Vassily Repelo admitted his guilt and implored that his youth be taken into consideration and that an attempt be made to reconcile him with Marie. He promised to pay her father \$5,000.

He paid this sum in full and handed it to "Consul" Rutzky who turned it over to Father Slunin, remarking: "This inquest is being carried on by the Church Mission and the money must therefore be transmitted to the defendant through the medium of the Church. Give the money to Archbishop Platon, and you, Lubkuch, sign a receipt for it at once because the money has been turned over in your presence. When you present this receipt to the Bishop, he will give you the money. Should you wish to thank the Church for its trouble, you



Holy Fathers Under Charge

3. Father W. Repelo
4. Father T. Melasevich
5. P. Popoff, Archpresbyter
1. Father Krochmalny
2. Father Kukulevsky

may donate a thousand dollars or so to Archbishop Platon for charitable purposes." Father Slunin put the money into his pocket, and promised Lubkuch to send the money that very week. As it turned

out, the money was never sent. On the way back to New York, Father Slunin, who sat in front of me, paid Daniel Gilevitch for having played the part of "Consul."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Daylight Robbery

At the railroad station in Wilkes-Barre, Gilevitch in my presence borrowed money of Piatetsky promising to send it back to him by special delivery as soon as he returned to New York. I did not realize then that a daylight robbery was taking place before my very eyes. On our arrival in New York, Archbishop Platon thanked both Slunin and myself very heartily for having amicably settled so serious a matter. Having accepted of Slunin the money he brought from German, Pa., the Bishop told us to rest and then leave for an inquest at Quatasagua, Pa. Once more Gilevitch and Father Piatetsky went to Wilkes-Barre on church matters escorting Bishop Alexander to the inquest to be held in the case of Anton Repelo, brother of Vassili. Anton had also raped a woman. We put up in the same hotel and were assigned the same suite as before. The next day Bishop Alexander and I went to the local bank where we drew \$35,000. What money it was and where it came from I do not know. This sum, together with other money, was put into a portfolio which was usually kept in a valise I had in my care.

On returning to the hotel we found Archbishop Platon who had just arrived together with the wife of Priest Kokhannik and Father and Madam Snegirev. A sumptuous dinner with abundant drinks followed, and lasted until evening. I went to my room and do not know how our clergy spent the night. I do know, however, that, unknown to the others, the husband of Mrs. Kokhannik spent the night in the same hotel.

At eight o'clock the next morning the Bishops called me in and asked me for the portfolio in which, besides the money, there were also many important papers. I opened the bureau into which I had put the valise with the portfolio, and handed it Alexander who, on

opening it, gasped. The money was not there. Bishop Alexander began to shout: "My lord! What's this?! Surely the work of Satan! There was \$115,000 in the valise."

It was clear what had become of the money. Mother Kokhannik had access to all the papers and moneys. She was the Bishops' favorite, and spent the night with them in their apartment where the bureau stood. Later on it turned out that my surmise was correct. This I gathered from Mother Kokhannik's conversation with the Bishops

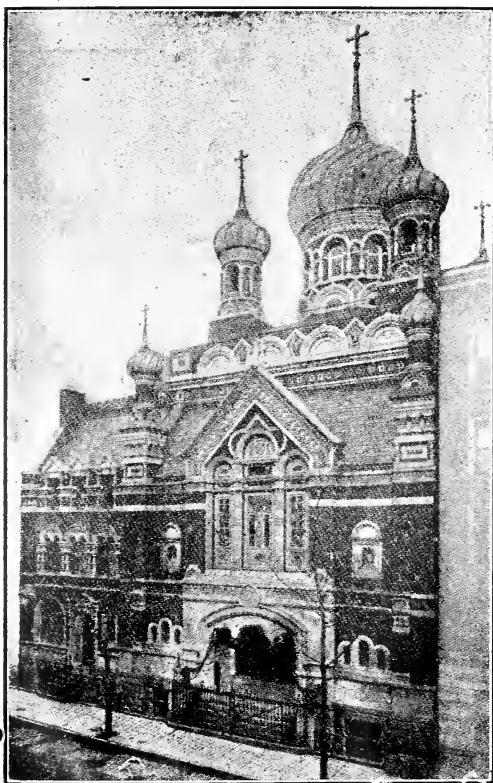


Archpresbyter Peter Kokhannik

and from the remarks Father Snegirev passed after having chanced upon Father Kokhannik in the hotel. When the Bishops told Mother Kokhannik about the loss, she answered: "Why do you want to torment me in vain?"

The police and detectives were summoned but when they began to probe into the affair, rather deeply, the Bishops found their cur-

iosity too dangerous and tried hard to get rid of the "inquisitive" representatives of Law and Order so as to keep the thing secret. They must have been "out of luck." They had to pay the detectives \$3,000 to hush up the matter. Where they got the money I do not know. They had great difficulty in calming the frenzied woman who kept screaming and shouting about her right to the money since old men were using her body. She threatened to disclose everything even

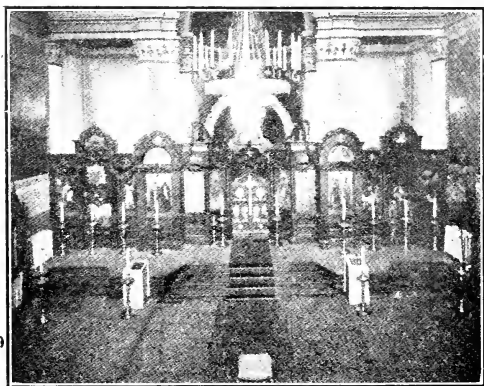


The Russian St. Nicholas Cathedral

though she herself might suffer. During this row she slapped Bishop Alexander on the face twice and yelled: "You think you can do anything you please with me and then give me nothing but your thanks? . . . No, you'll have to pay dearly!"

We got our belongings together and returned to New York from the "inquest" very much disheartened. It will be a propos to mention

the extravagant purchase of the Metropolitans, Platon and Alexander. They spent \$75,000 in a jewelry store on Broadway for a pearl necklace, a present for Mother Kokhannik. Alexander also presented Madam Kokhannik, the conqueror of the Bishops' hearts, who used to arrange all sorts of "baths" for the "princes of the Church," as well as "Athenian evenings," with a trifle—a \$35,000 diamond necklace. Archbishop Alexander, having escaped from his Diocese to Paris on account of a warrant for his arrest, left unpaid debts to the



Interior of St. Nicholas Cathedral

amount of \$200,000. I am in a position to prove where they obtained part of the money they spent, because I am familiar with their books as well as with their accounts in some of the banks. I have positive proofs of my assertions.

CHAPTER XIV.

More "Inquests"

On the way to Quatasagua, in a Lehigh Valley Railroad express train, the "Consul" and the Archpresbyter asked me to keep an eye on their seats while they went to the dining car for dinner. They ate all the way into Allentown, thus giving me no chance for my dinner. At Allentown we changed for another train, because the express did

presbyter to give me errands of a different nature because my acting not stop at Quatasagua. In Quatasagua an inquest was held in the matter of the Priest—"Celibate," John Olchevsky. The "inquest" proved that Priest Olchevsky was also implicated in a scandalous story of fornication with a girl Tatiana. To the Olchevsky "inquest" Gilevitch invited the police with a constable at the head. Olchevsky admitted that he had intoxicated Tatiana, seduced her and continued to cohabit with her, making her take powders in order to stimulate sex excitement every evening. Olchevsky, who is employed by the Mission to this day, gave Tatiana \$1,000 and she left him.

After the "inquest" the police were given a treat and "Consul" D. Gilevitch and Father Slunin locked themselves into a room with Olchevsky, and when they came out, after quite a while, Olchevsky was overheard saying, as though continuing his conversation: "Please be good enough to convey my gift and my humble request to spare me to the Archbishop and to his Eminence Alexander."

Father Slunin answered reassuringly: "Well, don't worry, sleep well. Who among us has not sinned? I shall convey your repentance and request to the Holy Prelates. They are no wolves, they won't eat you."

Soon after our return to New York a complaint was received from Madam Samoseiko who maintained that her husband, Priest Samoseiko, had been caught by her in flagrant delictu with Marpha Terebillo. We called on Father Samoseiko and having looked into the matter, succeeded in effecting a reconciliation. Terebillo was given money and promised not to pass by the priest's apartment nor the street of his residence.

We had to look into another matter in which the same priest was involved. After a quarrel with his parishioners, he set fire to the church which burned down to the ground.

Soon after this Slunin and myself were sent to Mayfield, Pa., for an investigation of the misbehavior of the then priest and now Archpresbyter and Provost, John Miliasewich. Three claimants to the affections of Father Miliasewich appeared before us. One pregnant girl declared that she did not wish to hear of Miliasewich who summoned her to his apartment for an "explanation of the Holy Spirit" and then violated her instead. She demanded that he pay her for her dishonor and for his failure to keep his promise to marry her, and because she was now disgraced and had to leave her town. The other two girls both demanded immediate marriage from Miliasewich. Father Slunin was to perform the ceremony on the spot. The

last two claimants ended by having a hair pulling match. With great difficulty we finally succeeded in settling with all the three fiancées of Father Johna. They calmed down after they received their money. Father Slunin also received a gift from Miliasewich for both the Archbishop and Bishop. What become of the gift, I don't know. Father Slunin returned to New York, and I—to the Swiato-Tikhon Monastery where Bishop Alexander happened to be at the time.



The Heroine of Athens Baths

He inquired about the “inquest” and asked me to keep an eye on the fraternity that evening.

Soon a coach appeared in the court with a woman in the attire of a Roman-Catholic nun. She went direct to Bishop Alexander, and the Abbot Nikon immediately ordered the monks to go to church. They did so. One of them remarked to me on the way: “It would be quite interesting to overhear the conversatoin between the Greek

Orthodox Bishop and the Roman Catholic nun.”—“Why then don’t you try to listen in?” was my question. To this the monk waved his hand and replied: “We are plain monks, and poor in the bargain. I have watched the Bishops more than once, but it only caused me annoyance, may the Lord forgive me.” The monk made the sign of the cross and entered the church, and I, being only human, and overcome by curiosity, stepped to the door of Alexander’s room and peeped through the keyhole. What I beheld was very much like what I had seen in Platon’s apartment before this. Bishop Alexander took a sponge and washed the nun between the legs. Then, having sucked her rather full breasts, he began to tickle her womb with his tongue. About an hour and a half later the monks assembled in the mess hall. Bishop Alexander came there and in a touching speech told them how to keep their monastic vows all through life. He cited the example of the Roman Catholic nun who had just visited him and who enjoyed a far-reaching reputation as a “miracle worker.” He stated that she reached her position of pre-eminence because of her incessant prayers and because of her rigid celibacy. Being unable to listen to Bishop Alexander’s hypocrisy any longer, I pretended to be suffering from a headache and left the mess hall.

CHAPTER XV.

I Pay for the Father’s Dinner.

As far back as January I took back from Platon the money I had given him for safekeeping. In April I spent a few months in Philadelphia, assisting Father Alexis Gromstev with his parochial work. After that I returned to New York. Early in May Father Ivan Slunin came to me and after greeting me, told me that he was in great trouble. To my question as to the cause of his distress, he replied that the Andrei Church in Philadelphia was to be sold in a few days. “Too bad,” he continued, “we have a bank of our own, lend out money on mortgages to strangers, and now this is happening to our own property and . . . we are helpless. It’s a sure sign of war when people carry their money in purses or put it in Sheeny banks

instead of depositing it in their own Greek Orthodox Bank. You, too, Ivan Feoktitstowich, whom we may call our own Brother, a member of our Consistory family—where do you keep your money, eh? With the Sheenies . . . You have money and we have a Mission Bank, but we must have cash. What we need is a new deposit. Give us your money and we will give you a regular bank book. We have none on hand now—they are being reprinted because we have used up the old ones. Until then we will give you as security shares in the Oil Field Co. (one of the richest of Companies) which has its naphtha wells between the Caspian and Azov Seas. These shares were issued at \$5,000.00, but their present value is \$42,000. Please take them but only as security. Don't sell them to anyone and return them to us. You will receive interest on your money and you may have it back whenever you please, even at one o'clock at night."

As I had once given my money to Archbishop Platon for safe-keeping in his Mission Bank and received it back on demand, but without interest, because as I was told, one is entitled to interest only after a deposit has been in the bank for a year, I went to Max Kobre's Bank, drew \$3,000.00, brought it with me, but was very reluctant to part with it. Father Slunin began to persuade me, in Platon's presence, to deposit my money in the Mission Bank, because, he said, all American banks are Sheeny banks and fail continually. I counted out \$2,800.00 and handed it over to Father Slunin, the Treasurer of the Bank, in the presence of Platon and another witness, Carol Sochko. Two days later I took from Mr. Khudobenko my \$5,000.00 which he kept in the safe and, in the presence of the above mentioned persons, deposited it in the Mission Bank. Archbishop Platon counted the money and told me that I had nothing to fear because the Mission Bank was stronger than the Rock of Gibraltar. "You will get money back as soon as you demand it. Meanwhile take these shares and later on you will get your pass book." I was handed two papers with ten shares of the Oil Field Co. in each, and Archbishop Platon added: "In our bank your money will be safer than in any American bank. I stake my head on that."

I had \$300.00 left with me. In token of gratitude, Father Slunin and Father John Chepelev, his assistant, invited me to take dinner with them. We went to Little Hungary, one of the richest hotel-restaurants, and Father Slunin ordered a most elaborate dinner with champagne, etc. At the dinner the Fathers told me that Platon was so good-natured and liked me so much that he expressed his wish to

have me near his person as Vice-Bishop. I refused this honor flatly. We were handed a bill for the dinner. The Fathers began to squirm in their chairs, search in their pockets, in their socks, and finally told me that they had forgotten to take money along. They asked me to help them out in this difficult situation by footing the bill. I hesitated The fathers then told me that they had thousands of dollars at home and would refund the money, and as a friend I was under obligation to get Father Slunin, who ordered the dinner, out of a scrape. "Next week," they coaxed me, "we'll treat you to an even better supper, at which there will be the most beautiful women of New York."

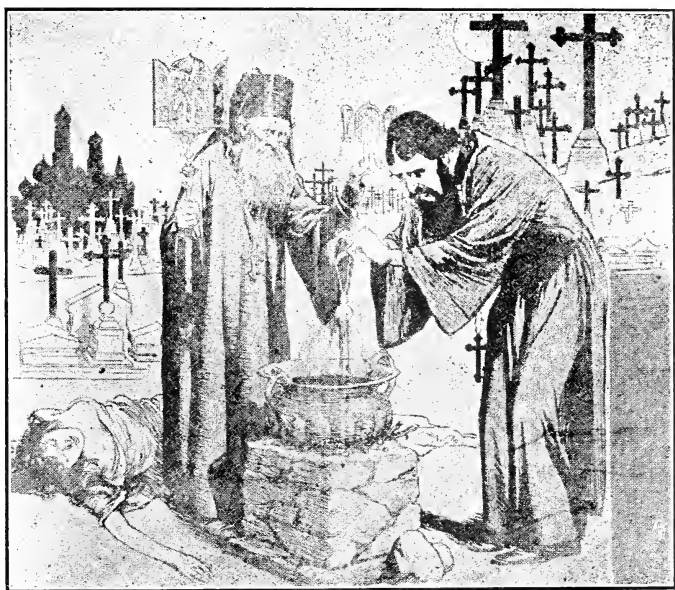
There was nothing else left for me to do but pay \$115.00 for the dinner for three. At the Father's request, I gave the waiter a \$5.00 tip. On leaving the hotel the Fathers began to feel uneasy about having spent so much time with me, while in the Consistory both Alexander and Platon himself must have asked for them more than once. They implored me to send them home in an automobile. I offered to go with them, but they did not want it known that they had been out with me. "If someone squeals about our spree at the wrong time, we shall be severely reprimanded," they objected. Father Chepelev went for a taxi, and Father Slunin asked me for a personal loan of \$50.00 until the next day. Since he had borrowed from me before this and returned the money, I gave him \$50.00 for himself and \$10.00 for the machine. Father Slunin kept his word and returned the \$50.00 the very next day. The Fathers left in a closed car. I surmised that they went not to the Consistory, but to a "conference" with the fair sex. This they did not wish me to know or witness.

CHAPTER XVI.

Russian Spies in America.

Before proceeding any further, it will be necessary to acquaint ourselves with the "Okhrankas'"—Secret Service, another phase of the unwholesome influence of Platon. These "Okhrankas" were connected with the Russian Consulate in New York and employed agents,

priests, psalm-readers and hangers-on from the various offices which sold steamship tickets, exchanged currency, etc. The chief occupation of these, however, was to supply white slaves to the East 97th Street "establishment." They served the powers to be on East 97th Street, as well as the monks who came there from all over the country. Very often the victims of these dealers in "recreation" for the Holy Prelates disappeared mysteriously. Agents, disguised as American officials from various departments, would be sent to the numerous towns and cities of the United States, South America and Canada for roping in and exploiting Russian immigrants.

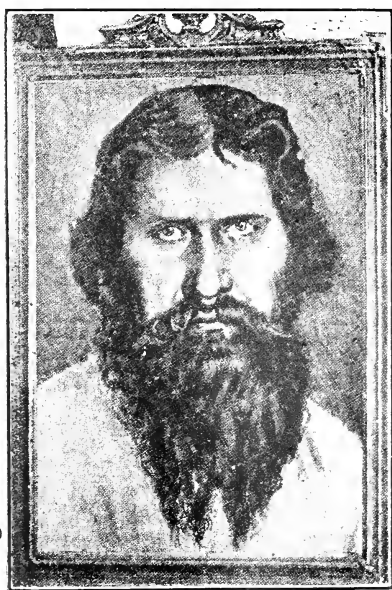


The Works of Holy Fathers.

The methods used by these agents were many and varied: naive and ignorant "countrymen" would be intimidated, or promised lucrative positions, or the advantage of being ordained as priests, etc.—all with the object of making them part with their bank books. These they were asked to hand over "for safekeeping" to the Holy Fathers and their minions. Whenever their savings were withdrawn from the bank, they were, as a rule, turned over to his Holy Eminence, the Right Reverend Master and Archbishop of the Russian Greek-Orthodox Mission of North America, Canada and Alaska, Metro-

politan Platon, who is at present in this country, in the City of New York, at 15 East 97th Street, and has proclaimed himself, without any authority, as the representative of the All-Russian Patriarch Tikhon, and as independent Russian spiritual ruler of North and South America and Canada. Those who were cheated out of their money were given packages with Metropolitan Platon's sealing wax stamp, which he either applied in person or had his secretary, Arch-presbyter John Slunin apply.

Whenever the simple folk made an attempt to complain to the authorities, Platon's confederates, who had expected this course of



Their Friend, Gregory Rasputin.

action, would arrest them for no cause whatever, knowing that these helpless people, ignorant of the laws of the land, would be intimidated. When, on the other hand, victims attempted to protest, a worse fate befell them—they were “lost” or their dead bodies were picked up somewhere, and the death recorded as “dead, cause unknown.” As a rule, however, after having robbed the simpletons, they persuaded them to go back to Russia, telling them that well-paying positions awaited them there. They shipped them on the boats of the Scandinavian Line, mainly to Libau, where immediately upon

arrival they were put to death or sent to the Peter Paul Fortress and subjected to most inhuman tortures.

I have in my possession a list of these "agents" and assistants of Platon, as well as the names of a considerable number of victims of this Church "Okhranka." These I will reveal, in due time, only to the United States Attorney General in Washington.

Besides all these crimes I can prove still another very important brutal and savage crime committed by Archbishop Platon Rozhdestvensky, leader of the Greek-Orthodox Mission in America, and his assistant, Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, together with many other minions of theirs. This crime was the murder of a woman and took place at Canaan, Pa., at the Swiato-Tikhonovsk Monastery in August, 1913. The woman, whose name I will reveal to the United States Attorney General, was first violated, then killed; her heart was cut out and burned to ashes, which were then pounded into powder and taken with wine. After this atrocity wild orgies followed.

CHAPTER XVII.

I Am Attacked, Robbed and Imprisoned.

To proceed with the story, a few months after I deposited my money at the Mission Bank, i. e., in the Spring of 1914, and after the dinner to which Platon's preists "treated me," the following took place. One of Platon's gents, disguised as a sheriff, came to see me, and to my question as to the object of his visit, said that he was ordered to deport a batch of political offenders to Russia. This interested me, and I went with him to a pier in Brooklyn from which the steamers for Libau sailed. Having arrived there, I actually saw fifteen political prisoners handcuffed in pairs and kept in the hold behind iron bars. After the steamer sailed, the agent took his leave and disappeared. I met a comrade of mine, a former Russian Army officer. We went home together. On the way we stepped into a saloon for a soda. We stayed and talked a while. After leaving the saloon we had walked by a few steps, when I was suddenly dealt from behind a heavy blow on the head. Bleeding profusely, I fell down and lost consciousness. The officer had disappeared.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself in jail, still bleeding. My money-belt was with me but empty. A few days later I was taken to Court. There I met the proprietor of the saloon and the Army officer, who had disappeared at the time I was struck down. To my question, what had happened, they both answered that the shooting had occurred as soon as we left the saloon, and that they had run away for cover. They could not relate what had happened after



Ambassador Yuri Bakhmetyev.

that. I was landed in jail because a revolver was found about my person, although I had a special permit to carry one, signed by Yuri Bakhmetyev, the Russian Ambassador and his Attache, Vassilyev. This permit, together with my other papers and money, had disappeared and that it why I was arrested. Some time later Ilya Rosenthal and Victor Hartz, attorney for the Russian General Consulate,

then located at Washington Square, New York, came to see me in prison. Victor Hartz issued stringent orders to me not to disclose anything about residence, my work or the machinations of the Russian spies employed by the Russian Orthodox Mission under the management of Archbishop Platon, the leader of the Mission, and in the General Consulate under the leadership of Baron Schlippenbach, General Oustinov and Mr. Rutzky. I was ordered to keep my council about all I knew. For example, I knew that on the eve of my arrest members of the Consulate and of the Mission went to Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn and Governor's Island, where they took photographs of the fortifications. This they accomplished by bribing heavily the Poles, Russians and Lithuanians who served in the U. S. Army detachments, and were quartered in these forts. I knew that espionage ran rampant, but it was not clear to me for whom it was carried on. This became plain to me when I returned to Russia, only to learn that the Secret Service work of the Russian Orthodox Mission and of the General Consulate of the Russian Embassy was in behalf of the Germans. By mere chance I happened to see a few snapshots of American forts, American ammunition plants and many other photographs of military significance in the hands of the German general whose name I know. These photographs were transmitted to Germany by Archbishop Platon, who, having accomplished his task, left for Russia. This does not complete the sum total of Platon's crimes, but more of that later on.

On leaving me, Hartz told me not to worry because I would be released in a day or two. But I was not released. Instead, I was taken to various prisons, workhouses, islands and houses of detention, where I was photographed in different postures and had my fingerprints taken. This went on for exactly fifty days, after which time I was finally released.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I Return to Russia.

Immediately after I was set free, I came to the Russian Consistory on East 97th Street, where I found Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky and the Secretary, Father Peter Kokhannik. To my question,

“What did you do with me?” Bishop Alexander and Father Kikhannik replied: “Thank God, you are still living and don’t worry about anything else—we have not forsaken you and shall not lose sight of your interests.” Hartz also came and said apologetically that it was impossible to set me free sooner, and he added: “It was all for the best, because together with you the Mission, the Consulate,

To my question, as to how I could get along without money, and the Embassy would have been betrayed. Good sport—you knew how to keep your promise.”



Metropolitan Ewdokim Meszersky, a Striver
for a Clean Russian Church.

When I told Bishop Alexander that I wished to see Archbishop Platon, he was rather frightened and asked, looking straight at me: “Don’t you know that Archbishop Platon and Archpresbyter Slunin left for Russia?”

Bishop Alexander put a few dollars into my hand, adding that Archbishop Eudocimus, who was sent by the Holy Synod to take Platon's place was expected in a few days, and that I would get my money in full. I was puzzled and asked what Bishop Eudocimus had to do with my money. Alexander explained: "It makes no difference, because your money is on deposit in the Mission Bank, and you have nothing to fear."

After waiting and suffering great privations for eight months, and still no trace of the new Bishop Eudocimus, I again applied to Bishop Alexander. I complained that it seemed an age before Bishop Eudocimus would appear. "Well, then," he retorted, "if you can't wait, go to Russia."



A Company of Robbers.

I was frantic because I was left penniless. I needed some money. I finally made up my mind to wait a short time and then go to Russia. I made known my resolve to Dobroff, who advised me to wait for the new Archbishop: "We are at war with Germany and Austria now. It is not money you must think about but the salvation of your Fatherland. Your money won't be lost. If you can't get it now, you will get twice the amount after the war is over." But in the meantime, how was I to live without money?

I have my first citizenship papers and was unwilling to have them become ineffective. I therefore sought advice from Yuri Bakhmetyev, the Russian Ambassador at Washington. He, in turn, con-

sulted the American authorities. He informed me that my declaration of intention would remain valid if I returned within six months. My petition for an American passport, on the strength of my first papers, was not granted. I then took the certificate issued to me by the Russian Ambassador, and bought passage on the Lusitania, through Johnson's Steamship Agency. I fortunately missed the Lusitania. I say "fortunately" because, as is well known, the Lusitania was sunk on May 8, 1915. Eleven hundred and ninety-eight of her passengers went down. I sailed on the next boat, Frederick the Eighth, of the Scandinavian Line.



A Company of False Collectors.

CHAPTER XIX.

Platon Repays Me With "Interest"

On my return to Petrograd, I found out in the office of the Holy Synod that Platon Rozhdesvensky was appointed Archbishop in Kishinev. At the suggestion of a Synod official, I sent a petition

to Archbishop Platon of Kishinev, in which I asked for money. No reply came. I wrote several times with the same result. I came to Russia on May 15, 1915, and after having petitioned Platon in vain about the refund of my money which he had taken for safekeeping in the American Mission Bank, I returned to my native town, and sent Platon my home address. Soon after I came to my relatives in the town of Cherikov, in the Government of Moghilov. Four Gendarmes came to my house and made a most



Gregory Kunshewsky, "Czar's Spy"
for United States.

thorough search from within and without, but found nothing compromising. Yet, their colonel declared that I was to be placed under arrest. I replied that I had not come to Russia to be arrested, and added that I had declared my intention to become an American citizen and, taking out my first papers, I showed them to the infuriated Colonel. He glanced at the papers and in his

rage tore it to pieces, shouting: "I don't give a damn for your American citizenship, while you are a Russian subject we have the right to treat you in accordance with our Russian law." Seeing an infuriated crowd of Gendarmes about me who in their rage were wielding their swords and revolvers, shouting that I was a spy sent to destroy the Monarchy, I told them that I had come on account of very important personal matters, which pertained to the Holy Synod. To this the colonel of the Gendarmes replied: "We know why you came back." and he enjoined me not to divulge any of their inhuman behaviour. Thus, although I was wholly innocent, I was arrested and incarcerated in the Fortress of Peter and Paul, in the underground cell No. 16, where I stayed from June 29 to August 16. During this period I was frequently called for examination. I was shown photographs of Russians who had been in America. The photographs were inscribed with comments about the individual concerned. If one had returned to Russia, his photograph was marked "returned"; if he was under arrest, his photo was marked "returned—taken," exactly as mine, which I was shown at the examination. I also noticed confidential reports by Gregory Kunashexsky who runs a steamship office in New York, and also by Victor Hartz. Information against me as well as against others who had been in America was signed by these two men, who apparently were informers, employed by the Russian General Consulate in New York.

CHAPTER XX.

I Meet The Czar

On August 16, 1915, I was commandeered to the Reserve Officers' Corps in Moscow, and attached to the Second Grenadiers' Regiment of His Imperial Highness, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. I was appointed Captain of the Sixth Company. A week later I was sent to the Northwest Front. After three months I was wounded and taken to the hospital in Wilno. While there I wrote twice to Platon in Kishiniev, requesting him to return my money. I received no answer. After having recuperated from my wound,

I was again sent to the front. After a short period I was ordered by the Corps Commander to go to General Headquarters in the city of Moghilev, under the command of General Alexyev. On May 17, 1916, I was appointed Adjutant at the High Commander in Chief's quarters, where I succeeded in obtaining an audience with His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Nicholas Alexandrowitch, to whom I presented my complaint against Platon, recently appointed Exarch of Georgia, in the Caucasus. The Emperor said to me'

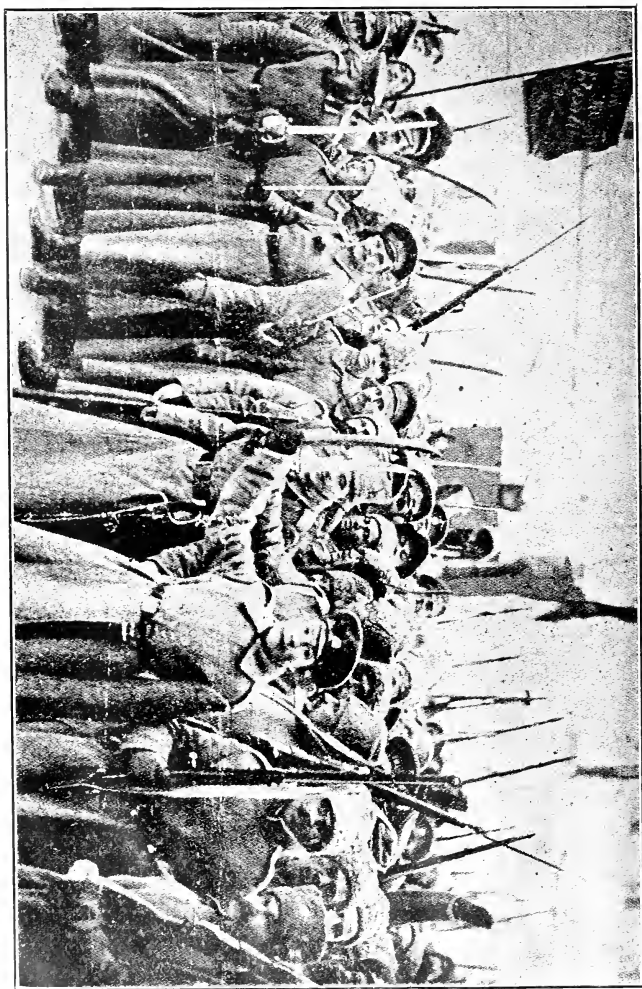


Nicholas II—Last Czar of Russia.

"I'm sorry, I can't see him immediately. According to rumors that have been reaching me since 1905 he is a very degraded person, indeed. Yes," he added: "All this is true, and Peter Arkadyevitch (Stolypin) was right. The edifice is large, its pillars are strong, but it will not stand the strain and must collapse. Evidently, German espionage is in full swing." There were present at this

conversation, which lasted a whole hour, Constantine, the Archbishop of Moghilev, and the Generals, Alexeyev, Scherbachev and Nicholas Nicholayevitch Duchonin. When I was about to take my leave, His Majesty addressed these parting words to me:

“Do not worry, my son. . . . Everything will be done to



The First Revolution.

cleanse the Orthodox Russian Church from its foulness.” I thanked the Emperor and departed. Two days later, I was again summoned to the Czar, quite unexpectedly, by General Duchonin. During

this second brief audience of mine with the Emperor, General Duchonin said to me: "Try to see Platon personally, don't pay much attention to the money question, but instead try to sound him on his political views." I was given leave of absence and went to Platon, the Exarch of Georgia, in the City of Tiflis, and carried out this secret mission in detail.

CHAPTER XXI.

Platon Causes Husband's Death and Seduces Widow

On my arrival in Tiflis I looked up Father Slunin, and asked him to announce me to the Exarch Platon. Slunin answered that the Bishop could not receive me before the next day. On the way to my rooms, I imparted to Father Slunin my reason for coming to Tiflis. He tried to reassure me, stating that the Master was ready to return my money before he left Kishiniev. I gave Slunin my petition to Platon, in which I asked for the return of my money. I mentioned Slunin as a witness. However, as soon as Slunin saw his name, he asked that it be omitted, because, as he explained, a clergyman had no right to testify against his Chief. The next day I called for Father Slunin and together we went to Exarch Platon's residence. Slunin left me there in the company of an old monk, whom he told to announce me to Platon. While the monk was interrogating me, Mother Angelina, the well-built Mother Superior of the Staro-Cherkask Convent, appeared on the scene.

Here I must digress to tell her life story, which I had learned as Inspector-General with the Secret Service of the Holy Synod. Her husband, accused of a political offence, was confined in the Viborg Prison in Petrograd. Platon, who was then prison chaplain, fell head-over-ears in love with the prisoner's wife, who had not yet taken the veil. He then began to send letters with incriminating information against her husband, with the intention of causing his execution. He finally succeeded in his attempt. After the husband was executed, Platon seduced the widow, promising to

marry her and to unfrock himself. All this was a falsehood, because he was married at the time. When his wife died, he failed to keep his promise to marry the widow of the man whose death he had caused.

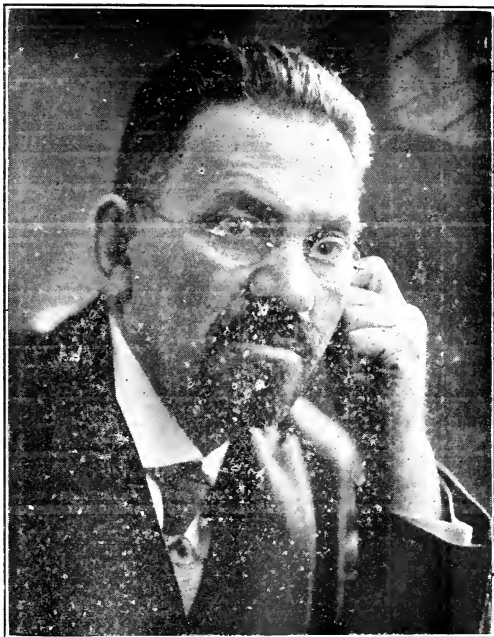
She then entered the Vvedensky Convent in Moscow and assumed the name of Angelina. A few years later she was transferred



Monk Ilyodor, an Imposter and Bandit, who posed as Patriarch of All Russia.

to the Novodyevichi Convent in Kiev and from there to the Don Territory, where she was appointed Mother Superior of the Staro-Cherkask Convent. In spite of her position, Platon continued to

annoy her, and kept in touch with her through letters. Meanwhile he persecuted the Ostrovsky family, who were related to Captain Shuvalov, Angelina's executed husband, and who lived on Maryinsky-Blagoveshchensky Street in Kiev. He finally had hired assassins to kill the whole family of five. Only an old nurse remained alive. She claimed that among the assassins were Valeryan Graves, Alexander Nemelovsky of Volhynia and Ilyodor, the notorious "Mad Monk," who subsequently broke away from the Orthodox Church.



Mendel Beiliss

After all these events, Platon obtained the necessary documents from the Holy Synod and left for America, unbeknown to the Czar, who was the nominal head of the Russian Church. From America, for reasons best known to himself, he sent his agents to Russia, to the well-known millionaire Buturlin, who was also related to the late Captain Shuvalov, and whom Platon was evidently anxious to remove from this world. Among these agents was Daniel Gilevitch, whom I have mentioned before this, and whom Platon

later on "ordained" as a priest. Gilevitch, together with Dr. Panchenko, who was treating Buturlin for impotence, was instrumental in murdering the millionaire. The physician prescribed an overdose of some poison, and the old man died. Gilevitch escaped to America, while Panchenko was tried and sentenced to hard labor in Siberia. The case was known as the Affair of De-La-Cey and Buturlin. The events described took place in the city of Wilno, in 1910 and 1911.

CHAPTER XXII.

Platon Instigates the Beiliss Blood Accusation

The murder just described was not the final chapter in Platon's "exploits." He planned another crime, and if he had been successful, he would have stigmatized the entire Jewish people. He got in touch with the notorious hangman Silberman, whose specialty it was to put to death political offenders, many of whom were entirely innocent of any wrong doing. With the help of Silberman, Platon birbed Vera Cheberiak. This Vera Cheberiak, a woman of the Kiev underworld, first killed her own children in order to avoid suspicion. A few days later the same fate befell the young boy Andrey Yushchinsky who was lured to one of the sheds of Zaitzev's brick factory and murdered. It was Vera Cheberiak who killed him. After the murder, Vera Cheberiak, together with Silberman, who was present at the murder of Yushchinsky, lay in ambush for Mendel Beiliss, foreman of the factory, who, they knew, had to pass the shed on his way to work. He passed that memorable morning as usual and came across Yushchinsky's dead body. Very much frightened, he was about to run away, but the detectives, who lay in wait for him, egged on by the accusations of Vera Cheberiak and Silberman, took him into custody. The Beiliss affair, it will be remembreed, caused a world-wide sensation. Prosecutors and defenders flocked from all ends of the world. My father, in spite of the warnings on the part of a few very important statesmen, asked Feodor Plevako, the well-known barrister, to take upon him-

self the defense of the innocently accused Beiliss. Plevako together with Karabchevsky and other eminent members of the Russian legal profession, undertook the case. Beiliss was acquitted, and Silberman committed suicide on the spot. Vera Cheberiak was sentenced to hard labor and on the way to Siberia also committed suicide.

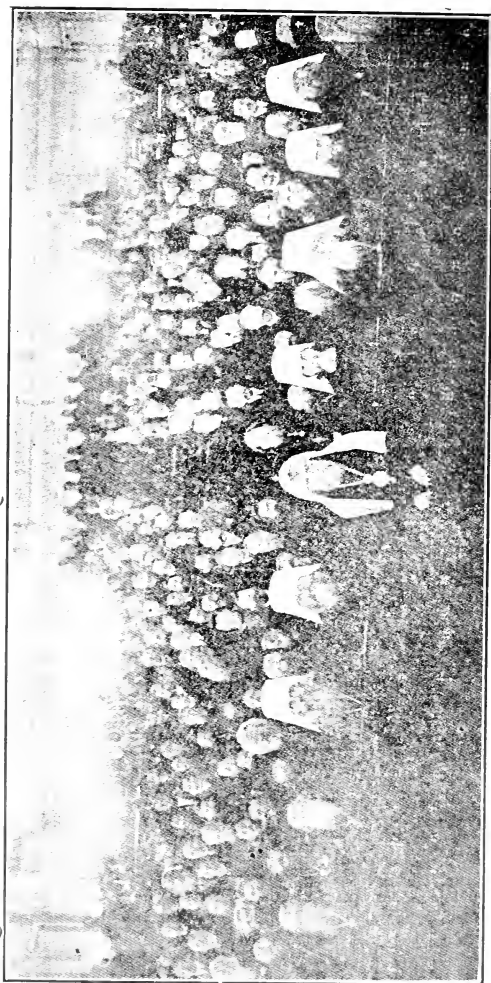
It was only on the fourth day I succeeded in seeing Platon and that too, owing to the solicitation of Mr. Popov, Procurator of the Tiflis Synod office. To my request to refund my money, Platon replied: "I'll let you know in a week. I'll probably pay you in dollars, but first I must make inquiries." This was the only time I saw him in Tiflis.

CHAPTER XXIII.

His Eminence Leads Me a Chase

Finally, about six weeks later, I made up my mind to go to Petrograd where, as I learned, Platon had proceeded me. There, I was received by Platon in the Kiev Hostelry. He pleaded fatigue, and asked me to call the next day. As I was leaving, I met Angelina at the door. She must have come to Petrograd together with Platon. The next day, I called on Platon at the Hostelry. This was in June, 1917. He received me and gave me for the time being 5,600 rubles in 500-ruble notes, for which I gave him a receipt. He promised, after having made inquiries, to pay me in dollars because the rate of Russian paper money was so low that one could purchase nothing for it. I demanded to be paid in gold, and Bishop Platon asked me to wait. I waited, but by the time I called at the Kiev Hostelry, I learned that Platon had left for Moscow. I went to Moscow and at the Church Conclave submitted a petition to the Holy Patriarch. He stated that the matter was personal and not under his jurisdiction, but that he would nevertheless try to help me meet Platon in order to settle the affair amicably. He gave me Plator's address, and I located him.

Platon ordered his servant to have me arrested, but the latter knowing of my claim against his Master, refused to do so. I, as an honest and law-abiding citizen, who was seeking the return of his own money, did not fear arrest and continued to fight. Bishop



A Convention of Metroropolitans and Bishops in September, 1917.

Platon has promised me a number of times, in the presence of witnesses, to refund my \$7,800.00 in full, at 6% interest, in American dollars. He had merely returned 5,600 rubles, which at the rate

of 42 rubles to the dollar, amounted to very little. Into the bargain he avoided meeting me and threatened me with arrest. I determined to settle the affair and I asked Metropolitan Benjamin of Petrograd to come with me to the Swiato-Chudlovsky Monastery. After a long search, we found Platon hiding in the catacombs of the monastery, in the very room in which Patriarch Hermoneges had been stoned. I was a captain in the Army, and as such was fully armed, but it never occurred to me to resort to arms. I grabbed



The Most Holy Patriarch Tikhon.

Platon by the collar, and pulled him out of hiding. Metropolitan Benjamin, fearing a brawl, implored me to release Platon, who was screaming at the top of his voice. Fifteen of the monks heard his cries, ran in and wanted to arrest me, but when I showed them my credentials, and they saw that it was I who had the power to

arrest them, they quieted down. Platon then told me in everybody's presence that it was absolutely impossible for him to procure the money in dollars, but that he was expecting the arrival of a certain person, who was bringing him dollars, and that as soon as he received them, he would repay me all he owed plus the interest. I took his word and released him, particularly because his promise was given not only to me personally, but also to Metropolitan Benjamin.

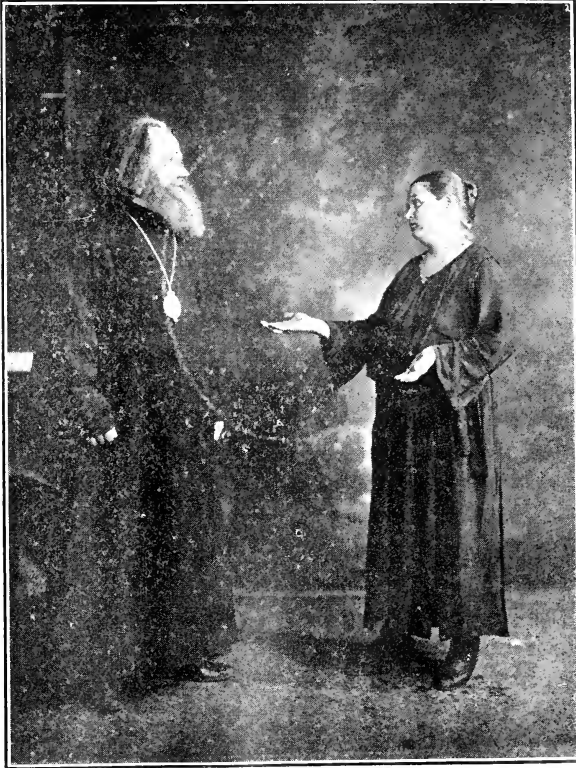
A few days later my wife and I called on the Patriarch. Platon was also there and told me in the Patriarch's presence that he would give me the money not later than the next day, and asked me to call for it "to-morrow." The Patriarch was very well satisfied that the matter was about to be settled peaceably, but when I told him that I had heard this "to-morrow" a number of times before, Platon replied that he had sworn in the Holy Patriarch's presence. I reminded him that in September, 1917, I had asked him for my money in the presence of Metropolitan Benjamin, Archbishops Constantine, Mitrophan and many others, he had also sworn to return it but never did. To this he replied: "Come to-morrow and you will get all that's owed you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Platon Incites Pogroms

And, indeed, just as on the former occasion, so now, too, when I called on Platon the next day, I learned that he had disappeared. . . . He was no longer in Moscow. Upon inquiry, I found out that he had left for Kiev. Although as captain of the Russian Army I had to hurry to rejoin my regiment, I determined instead to go to Kiev. On January 4, 1918, when H. Skoropadsky was the ruler of Kiev, in the presence of witnesses—I. M. Volia, Justice of the Peace of the 24th ward of Kiev; Attorney D. I. Lubansky, and N. I. Luzgin, Secretary of the Kiev Consistory, who, as it turned out later, were all his friends, Platon at last declared his willingness to

repay me all the money he owed me. While the necessary papers were being drafted, Platon handed me 6,000 rubles of the Provisional Government series, which hardly amounted to five American dollars, and asked me to wait for the papers. When the papers were ready, I was summoned to the Justice of the Peace, I. M. Volia; D. I. Lubansky and N. I. Luzgin were also present. The justice asked me to sign the paper. I signed it, but received neither money



An Example of Platon's Attacks. Scene One.

nor a copy of the paper I had signed. Platon took all the papers with him and told me to come for the money a week later.

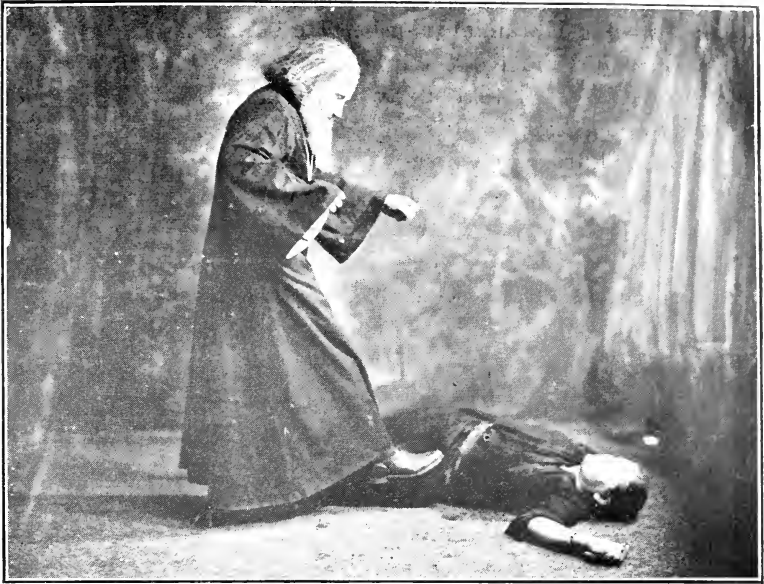
From January 18 and for two weeks following, Kiev was under continuous bombardment. In February the Bolsheviki came. During the bombardment I could not locate Platon anywhere. No one

knew whether he was in hiding or left the town. Finally, in April, Hetman Skoropadsky captured the city with the aid of German troops. Friends told me they had seen Platon entering the city together with the troops. Indeed, a few days later, I saw Platon at the Sofia Place. Large crowds were assembled there. German soldiers, fully armed, were everywhere; on the roofs were machine guns. Apparently everything was in readiness to fire at the people



Scene Two.

at the very first signal. With difficulty I made my way through the crowd, and saw Metropolitan Platon in full regalia, with a cross in his hands, surrounded by priests and German soldiers. It was just after the thanksgiving mass for the liberation of Kiev from the Bolsheviki. Platon was preaching to the people, but good

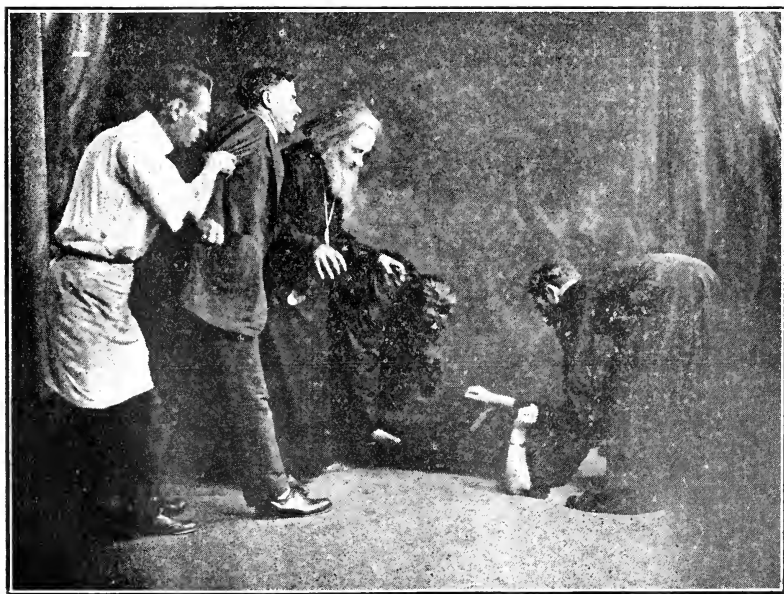


Scene Three.



Scene Four.

Lord, what an inciting and repulsive sermon! The Metropolitan mispronounced the Ukrainian words. He cursed and anathemized the great Russians and those Ukrainians who were not in accord with him. He shouted that many Ukrainians, following the example of the "Katzaps" (Russians), fraternized with the Jews, disobeyed the Church authorities, and listened to the Rabbis instead; that they were breaking away from the power of the clergy and, consequently, from God Himself; that many of them had been circumcized by the rabbis, broken God's Commandments, and were robbing and killing the innocent landed proprietors, who, as edu-



Scene Five.

cated men, were the flower of Russia and the Ukraine; that, finally, they had dared raise their voices against Hetman Skoropadsky himself, who had been chosen by God and the saints of the Pechersk Monastery and who was the Savior of the Ukraine and the Orthodox Faith; that they dared resist the German soldiers whom God Himself sent to aid Skoropadsky and who though yesterday's enemies, forgot their animosity and came to bring about peace and order from chaos; and yet the people were unwilling to share with

these friends God's gifts now, although they could not take them with them into the world to come. He cried, entreated, wept, implored not to spare the tempers, but to kill them just as good Christians kill the devils with the sign of the cross. "Whether it be your father, brother, or friend, don't spare them, since they themselves flagrantly burn, trample, desecrate their own mother, the Church!"



Scene six.

This speech, full of venom and hatred, lasted for a goodly two hours. Without being cognizant of it, I was forced so far forward that Platon noticed me. His face became distorted with hatred, and he looked at me as if he were ready to make a dash for me and break my head with the large cross he had in his hand.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Hetman's Gendarmes Assassinate My Two Children

When I spoke of Platon's malicious glance, at home, my wife's relatives, who were native Kievites, warned me: "Be careful, John,



Scene Seven.

Metropolitan Platon is now Skoropadsky's right hand and he can do whatever he pleases." The rumor was current all over Kiev to

the effect that Skoropadsky would soon convene a Church Assembly of the Ukraine whose function it would be to confirm the appointment of Metropolitan Platon as the Independent Ukrainian Patriarch. It is also rumored that all of the Ukraine, that is the part which had formerly been Russia and Galicia, is now united. This meant that Platon would be Patriarch of Great and Little Ukraine, as distinguished from Patriarch Tikhon of all the Russias.



Metropolitan Vladimir delivered to his assassins by Platon and Vladimir's servant.

When I remarked that the Russian Patriarch would not permit this, I was laughed at and told that I did not know how matters stood. Why, Platon was among those who went to Germany to ask that German troops be sent here. In case Tikhon makes a fuss Platon will join the entire Ukrainian Church to Rome, and will

remain Patriarch just the same. . . . Had I not heard that very day Platon's sermon after the thanksgiving mass, I would have said, perhaps, that all this was the product of my relatives' imagination, but Platon's speech made such an indelible impression on my mind, that, as a Russian of the Orthodox Faith, I could not possibly forget it.

My relatives' misgivings soon materialized. I began to be followed and, in spite of the fact that I changed my quarters prac-



Metropolitan Platon, after stealing \$80,000 from a monastery in Odessa.

tically every other day, I was trailed, and one night the Hetman's Gendarmes broke into my house . . . I hardly had time to put my wife out of the window. This almost cost her her life, because she fell from the second story and soon afterwards gave birth to a still child . . . and then . . . then . . . my heart throbs with such pain that I cannot think of what happened without weeping bitterly,

without clenching my fists, without gnashing my teeth. . . . My lips, in spite of all my efforts for control, whisper curses to the assassins . . . before my eyes my two babies were slashed to death with swords—two infants, who as our Saviour said, are alone worthy of beholding the image of our Heavenly Father. . . . A number of people rushed into the room as if by miracle, and I was rescued from the Gendarmes and succeeded in making my escape and hiding myself. Late at night, I climbed in through the window, took my children's bodies to the basement, put them both into one coffin, brought by my relatives, and buried them. . . . But I had been watched even more vigilantly than before. The very next night, my apartment was broken into, I was arrested and taken to jail. This was in May, and in September I was assisted to escape. In October, 1918, Kiev changed hands once more—this time the city was again captured by the Soviet Armies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I Land at the "Che-Ka" (Extraordinary Commission)

Since I was no longer with the active army, I was appointed manager of the factory, which had formerly belonged to my uncle, M. A. Dudikoff, in the district of Lipovetz, Government of Kiev. A couple of weeks later, in the same month of October, Kiev was recaptured by Petrulea and the Poles. Governments came and went at the rate of almost three a day. I worked at the factory all the time, most conscientiously. In January, 1919, I was taken ill with spotted typhus and spent six weeks in the hospital. One day, Platon's friend Lubinsky and Siemashkevich came to the hospital. They passed my cot, transfixed me with their glance, but did not stop, apparently in order not to give themselves away. At about two or three steps from my cot. Lubinsky said to Siemashkevich: "That's he." Both of them had also found positions with "Sov-narchoz" (Council of People's Economy). I understood that Platon's men were following me.

On February 6, 1919, the Soviet Armies once more cleaned Kiev of the Poles and Petlura's Bands. I was still a patient at the hospital when a Soviet Committee came there. Colonel Muravyov approached me, introduced himself, and asked whether I was Dudikoff. He also inquired of the nurse whether I could sit up. She replied, "No." Then turning to me, the Colonel asked: "Were you arrested and if so, why?" I replied that I had been arrested and had reason to believe because of an order and false information furnished by a certain person. "Yes, we know," said Muravyov. "And who is this person, isn't it Platon Rozhdestvensky?" I confirmed this, and Colonel Muravyov reassured me and told me that most of the documents in my case against Platon were with the General Staff. "Well, don't worry, Dudikoff," he said, "we will find the Metropolitan for you."

Soon afterwards I was discharged from the hospital and went back to my post. I was warned that I had a number of enemies among Platon's followers, and that they were circulating false rumors and doing all in their power to harm me. I knew who those enemies were. They were the very same persons who had, together with Platon, obtained my signature and sent assassins to kill my children; the same persons, on whose false evidence I was arrested; the same persons, two of whom had come to see me at the hospital.

When I returned to the factory, I found that there was no money in the cash-box, and there were no funds from which to pay the workmen. I telephoned to the "Sovnarchoz" and they told me to call for the money, also that they had set apart 18,000,000 rubles for my pay roll. I went for the money by myself, without guards and took along my own 3,500,000 rubles. I arrived at Kiev in a phaeton, which was stopped by two bandits—one wore a mask, the other was so rouged and powdered, that his make-up looked like a mask. They levelled their revolvers at me, and took my money and my gun. As they were making their getaway, I began to shout. Four soldiers came running to my aid and fired at the robbers. One of them was killed on the spot, the other escaped. The soldiers found my money on the man they had killed, took it off his body, and led me to the Lukianov Precinct Police Station. I was released the next day by the manager of the "Sovnarchoz." My money was returned to me, and the robbery entered on the station blotter. After this, I secured guards, and having received the 18,000,000 rubles in Petlura notes returned to the factory. The workmen refused to accept Petlura

money, and sent me back for imperial rubles. I went back, exchanged the notes, secured a guard, and left for the factory. We reached the station safely, but no carriage had been sent to meet us. To walk with such a sum of money, at night into the bargain, would have been sheer madness. Petlura's bands were only three versts away on one side and the Poles seven versts on the other. My guard suggested that we spend the night in a nearby inn, and I acted upon his advice. We ate some dry bread as black as earth and went to sleep, both in the same room. I put the valise with the money under the bed, and no matter how hard I tried to keep awake, I was so tired that before long I was fast asleep.

When I awoke the next morning I immediately took my valise from under the bed. It looked as if it had not been touched, but when I opened it I was horrified—instead of notes there was sand. My guard was fast asleep. I awakened him, showed him the valise, but he was not perturbed. He said: "Fine work." Following this I was arrested, and put into prison, but soldiers soon came, opened the gates, and set all the prisoners free. About twenty minutes later, one of those who had originally arrested me, met me and asked: "Why are you roaming here? Weren't you arrested?" I told him what had happened and he ordered me to follow him back into prison, but before I could move he was shot on the spot by a soldier of one of Petlura's regiments. Soon after that Petlura's troops were driven out, I was re-arrested and taken to the "Che-Ka" (Extraordinary Com-

CHAPTER XXVII.

I Am Sentenced to Death

My hair stands on end when I recall the tortures to which I was subjected. A few people familiar with the first robbery, and convinced that I could not possibly have stolen the money, exerted every energy to have me released, but it seemed as if a mysterious hand was zealously working towards my destruction and, steadily gaining strength and force, was preparing to crush and annihilate me. One morning I was ordered to appear for an inquest. The examining

magistrate, who had held a similar position under the Czar's Government, examined me so rigidly as to make the inquest a series of tortures. He summarily announced: "We have found your money." I replied that I was overjoyed at it. Then the "magistrate," prosecutor, district attorney, or what you will, asked: "To whom did you give the money?" I carefully described what had happened, but he struck me a violent blow on the face, clenched his fist, and shouted: "You lie! Tell me of your brother's whereabouts!" I answered that I had not heard from my brother for more than a year. To this the district attorney stated: "Your brother is with the White Guards, you took the pane out of the window at night, and handed him the money. Your brother has been arrested. We have found the money on him and confiscated it. You, on the other hand, are sentenced to be shot."

I asked to be confronted with both my guard and my brother who, according to the attorney, had been arrested. My request was denied. Now it became clear to me that I was in the hands of Platon's men who conspired to ruin me. After sentencing me to be shot, for some reason or other they granted me a respite of forty-eight hours for an appeal. I knew that the workmen in the factory who had protested at the time of my arrest to my being taken to the "Che-Ka," would have objected to such a sentence. They believed me to be their comrade, honest and just, and incapable of robbing them of their money. They never expected me to be tried in this manner and so summarily sentenced to death. It was impossible for me to notify them and so I could not secure their help. I was taken back to prison, and 47½ hours later they came for me and led me out to be shot. I was under the convoy of two soldiers, a sailor and a Chinaman from Manchuria. They brought me to a garden, told me to undress and placed me facing the soldiers, with my back towards a freshly dug trench. The Chinaman ordered me, in broken Russian, to confess my crime, and when I replied: "Your business is to shoot but not to examine," he ran to me and dealt me with the butt of his gun so heavy a blow that I fell to the ground bleeding, and barely escaped being killed. I regained consciousness in the same cell from which I had been led to the execution. I lay there, naked and all covered with blood, on the bare floor.

Soon they came to me, and in spite of the fact that I could not move, they again took me for a hearing. Another magistrate was sitting now. If the soldiers had not supported me under the arms, I

would have dropped to the floor. I was asked: "How long ago were you in Belaya Tserkov?" And then, "How long ago were you in Lipovetz?" I answered. The next question was: "What speeches did you hold at the Square in Belaya Tserkov and in the suburbs of Lipovetz in order to incite the people to rebellion?" When I answered that I do not speak Ukrainian and that not only had I not delivered any speeches, but I had not attended any meetings, Lubansky and then Siemashkevitch testified in my presence that I had incited mobs against the government and delivered an inflammatory speech, recruiting men for my own regiments with the object of attacking the Government's forces at night, defeating them, overthrowing the Government, and becoming ruler myself. This lie was so apparent, so obvious, that even a child would have doubted it. . . . The judge, however, believed it. The question of robbery was no longer raised. I was tried as a counter-revolutionary and sentenced, as forty-eight hours previously, to be shot.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Horrors and Atrocities of the Soviet Inquisition.

I was not taken back to prison, but directly to a barn under a shed. Seventy-six naked counter-revolutionaries were standing at the wall. Among them were also women who must have already passed through excruciating tortures because their breasts were either entirely torn out with forge-tongs or were so that, instead of breasts, their flesh was hanging in fragments. These women were covered with blood from their breasts down to their heels. . . . I was ordered to undress. I was in a state of dumb stupor. They began to tear off my clothes. Just then an "official" entered and asked: "Is Dudikoff here?" They pointed me out to him because I could not utter a word. The official came over to me and said: "You were in Skoropadsky's and Petlura's Armies!" I shook my head. The official continued: "Take this wretch back! He must be re-examined." While I was dressing hurriedly, the order to fire from the machine gun was given, and all seventy-six men and women who stood under numbers 1

to 76 marked on the wall in chalk, dropped to the ground. I was taken back to prison. At the inquest I was accused of belonging to the Opposition, and the false witnesses, Lubansky and others, were again referred to. I was accused because it was alleged that I was serving both Skoropadsky and Petlura simultaneously. Once more the verdict was "to be put to death."

Early one morning, they took me, under strong convoy, to No. 8 Elizabethinskyah Street where a great crowd of people were assembled in the court-yard. In the center of the yard there was a large caldron full of water which was steaming-hot. Near the kettle there were a few steps on which one ascended, and on top a gang-plank along which the poor sufferers walked until they were rapidly dropped into the boiling water. A short distance from the caldron stood two hangmen with huge forks, with which they pierced the bodies of the victims and dragged them out of the water to the ground. They then poured benzine over them and set fire to them. Under the shed they were "attending" to the women and young girls, whom they violated, and upon whom they inflicted incredibly beastly tortures, such as driving stakes into their bellies, throwing out the intestines and then hanging them on the barn wall, or nailing their hands and feet to a tree. As I was standing there, a Commissar came over to me. He was Comrade Bezsmertny whom I had known from childhood. He told me to plead guilty although I was innocent, because this was absolutely necessary in order to get out of the "Che-Ka," to be transferred to No. 16 Yekaterininskayah Street. Here they also subjected those arrested to the tortures of the Inquisition, but of a milder nature. Had the Chinaman who struck me with the butt of his gun killed me, I would have gotten off easily in comparison to what I was yet to experience.

I was taken to the guillotine. In a suburban park, where the trees had been cut down, boards were nailed to both sides of a stump and between them a large blade was moving up and down. To make the impact heavier, a few stones were fastened to the blade. The executioner stood near the guillotine, and in front of it, between an inclosure made by two ropes, stood those sentenced to death. Their eyes shut or cast-down, they moved forward mechanically. . . . True, there were also a few who turned their eyes heavenward, where the sun was just about to rise. . . . It was early in the morning. . . . A few of the victims, mostly women, crossed their arms on their breasts and whispered prayers. In dead silence, broken only by the dull thud of

the knife falling on the condemned's neck and, after the head fell into the pit, one could hear: "Oh, to have it over with. . . . Lord, forgive and receive me." . . . Here, too, were brought people who had gone through hell fire. Not only women, but men were seen with flesh hacked and torn, hanging in shreds.

Without a word, two men came over to me, tore off my clothes, and put me at the rear of the line. In front of me were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred people. This meant that my turn would come in about forty minutes, or an hour at the most. They "worked" very rapidly. The head would fall into the pit of itself and the corpse followed it into another pit nearby. The pit for the heads had been dug behind the stump. . . . Standing in line, and also moving forward mechanically, I bade farewell in my thoughts to my wife and relatives, and prayed and prepared to meet my murdered babies. I had come quite near the stump . . . when looking behind me, I saw that I was no longer the last. There were more people behind me. Suddenly I heard an exclamation: "Dudikoff is here! Why were you in such a hurry to bring him? His case has not yet been disposed of. Take him back." A shudder ran through my frame. I was prepared to die. . . . I had made peace with the thought that the knife, which was ascending and descending, held salvation for me from all further tortures.—The knife meant the end! No longer would I see, hear, or suffer agony. Now, suddenly, the tortures loomed up before me.—I was to go through the ordeal all over again. . . .

Naked as I was, I was taken out of the line, to the fence. There a strong, tall man insisted: "You stole the money and handed it over to your brother." "No," I replied, "I did not." "You are a counter-revolutionary." "No," I replied again. "You are a spy of Skoropadsky and Petlura." "No." With a strong hand he took hold of me and clutched my back with tongs. I felt a horrible pain, something burning into me, and fell senseless. When I came to, I was again living on the floor of my prison cell, which was dyed red with my blood, and my back was burning as if on fire. The strong man had not only pinched my back with his tongs, but had torn out a piece of my flesh. That was why I suffered such intense agony and that was responsible for the blood on the floor. For a whole week they left me in peace but they refused to give me any clothes. The water they brought me I would not drink, despite my terrible thirst. I dipped my fingers into it and then put them to my mouth to quench the thirst, and used the water to wash my wound.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Justice Triumphs

Finally, I was once more dragged out for a hearing. In the room to which I was brought there were all new faces, although otherwise everything was as before. As soon as I saw the people who were sitting at the table, I understood that something new was about to take place. I was told that my case was being investigated all along, and that all those guilty of the robbery as well as the informers-provocateurs and the magistrate who tried me, but did not impart the true information to the Commissariat, had been arrested and sentenced to be shot. The Chinaman who had hit me with the butt of his gun, was executed. It was my guard who had robbed me and who, having taken out the window-pane, had handed over the valise with the money to his brother. The latter, together with Lubansky, took out the money, filled the valise with sand, replaced the window-pane, and fastening it with fresh putty, made off. All the money, in the same packages as originally packed at the bank had been taken from the guard's brother. Siemashkevich and Lubansky were found guilty first because of agitating against the Government in speeches made in Bielayah Tserkov and Lipovitz and, then, because they had spied for Petlura and for Skoropadsky, respectively. They were both sentenced to be shot. I could not believe my ears. I was taken out to the court-yard, and there, in my presence, all the culprits, with the exception of Metropolitan Platon, were executed. He had also been sentenced to death, but had made good his escape.

CHAPTER XXX.

I Trace Platon to New York

After all the tortures which I have but briefly described here, I learned that Metropolitan Platon, who had robbed me and who was directly responsible for all my torments and suffering, was in Odessa. My wife and I went there, but when we arrived, he was no longer in Odessa. He had robbed the treasury of a certain convent of \$80,000.00

and sailed on a French steamer, first for Constantinople, and then to Bulgaria. With this information as a clue, in an endeavor to get Platon, I hurried on to Bulgaria, only to discover, while in Sofia, that Metropolitan Platon had left for America quite a while ago.

Early in November, 1921, I arrived in New York, and came to the New York Consistory, at 15 East 97th Street, where Platon makes his home. I asked to be announced without disclosing my identity. Platon did not receive me, but I was permitted to see Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky. Alexander listened to my story and asked me to submit a petition. I did as I was told and submitted a petition on November 17, 1921. When I came to him with it, Alexander became so enraged that he pounded me on the chest, and shouted: "If you, you Anti-Christ, you, will dare ask His Holiness for money, we will make short shrift of you—this is not Russia. You will be arrested and deported to Russia as a dangerous Bolshevik!" That was the reply to my petition that Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky gave me and he must have been well informed about all by Metropolitan Platon. After venting his rage on me, he left the room. The people in the Consistory advised me to go to the well-known people's priest, Father Vladimir Richlov, who lived on Madison Street. "He is a great favorite of both Alexander and Platon," they told me. "He is a Jack of all trades. He leased a house on Madison Street, and pretending to be the owner, has borrowed thousands of dollars on it to date, and, just watch, Platon will make good all his obligations for him. Buimistrov, Chairman of the Church Relief Committee, promised to present Richlov with \$8,000.00 for the purchase of the house. It is rumored that Richlov 'massages' both Bishops. He is in their apartment now. He can do anything with them. If he becomes interested in your case, you will get your money in the twinkling of an eye."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The "People's Priest" an Arch-Provocateur

The "People's Priest," who had been recommended to me at the Consistory, turned out to be none other than the well-known Agent-

Provocateur, Vladimir Richlov. I found him at the given address. When I called on him, I found with him the priest Vassili Ptashchuk, his psalm-reader. I told Richlov all about my trials and tribulations, and all about the money I had lent to Platon. Father Richlov replied that he knew all about my affair. Judging by his words and demeanor, he was ready to take as much interest in me as a father or mother. He told me that he was a descendant of an honest, decent family of a well-known Cossak General. He stated that his father was still in military service, but that he, the son, had changed his army career for one with the Church: Let me of his own conviction.



Father and Provocateur Vladimir Richlov.

Showing me Platon's and Alexander's visiting cards, Father Richlov told me that not only did these two Bishops admire and respect him, but that they also feared him, and were at this beck and call. "When I beckon they must turn," he said. "They'll turn right or left and if I call 'Halt!' they must stop." In addition to Platon's and Alexander's cards, Richlov showed me letters from a few Americans, in which he was addressed as "The Russian Bishop, Vladimir Richlov." Finally, he promised to pull a certain string and compel Platon and Alexander to return not only my \$7,800.00, but also all the interest, and a refund of all expenses I had incurred.

A few days later, Father Richlov asked me to call on him and stated: "Dudikoff, you will get your money to a cent. Platon promised to do my bidding just as I told you he would. You will get your money, but on one condition—you must comply with his request." When I asked what they would like me to do, Father Richlov replied:

“You see, Metropolitan Platon has been appointed All-Russian Patriarch, to take the place of Metropolitan Tikhon. A communication to this effect has been received from Ambassador Bakhmetyev. It is therefore necessary to exonerate Platon of all accusations made against him. Since your affairs with him has caused a sensation not in Russia and the Ukraine alone, but in America as well, it may prove an obstacle not only towards His Holiness’ occupying the Holy Throne, but to his leaving America, and most of all, it will prevent him from repaying your money. It is up to you now to remove this obstacle.”

I inquired how it was that I served as an obstacle to Platon’s returning my money. To this Richlov replied: “Ambassador Bakhmetyev promised Platon to contribute a great amount of money to the Church Fund, but since he heard of your affair, he is waiting for the Holy Patriarch Platon to be cleansed of all the accusations you have brought against him.” To my question as to what to do to remove the obstacle, Richlov’s answer was: “Just one thing - you must copy this written confession and have it sworn to before a notary.” Father Richlov then handed me a sheet of paper. I was struck dumb. When I recovered, I asked Richlov: “Why, does the Greek-Orthodox Church permit such written confessions?” Richlov replied: “Not only are written confession permissible in America, but at present they are required. If you don’t sign this confession, you may bid farewell to your money as well as to all hope of my assistance.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

Platon Obtains My “Confession” by Fraud

I perused the paper Father Richlov handed me. It was a rough draft of a written confession, dictated by Metropolitan Platon and transcribed by Father Richlov himself. I have it among my papers as documentary evidence. The paper read as follows:

“Your High Eminence, Bishop Metropolitan Platon! Merciful Archpriest and Father! I herewith confess as before the Lord God, Himself and before your Eminence, that I have been guilty before you. 1) I confess in writing that I have never

given you any money; 2) That I have insulted you in vain with my letters and personal calls in Russia and in America. I surmise that both you and I must have been the dupes of unscrupulous persons; 3) I entreat you on my bended knees to forgive me, I have suffered a nervous break-down from the horrors of the Revolution and from sorrow for Mother-Russia. Bless me with your Holy Benediction, and may I learn to be humble and patient. Pardon and forgive me, the sinful and unworthy one. I swear that to my dying day, I shall never make any demands on you. Please pray with your holy orisons for me. Your Spiritual Son

(Signed).....”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The “To-Morrow” That Never Comes

Their “to-morrow” has lasted until this very day, and not alone that,—Father Richlov, in the name of Platon and his assistant, Alexander, has ever since then been threatening me with jail and deportation to Russia. “Your confession is in the hands of Metropolitan Platon, and if you utter one word about your money, you will land where you will never be found. And if you dare annoy me, my wife will make short shrift of you by throwing you out, and my son Volodia will thrust a knife into your belly. Don’t forget with whom you are dealing — I am of Cossack descent!” After this, taking Priest ptashchuk with me, I called at the Consistory three times and twice at the office of the Chairman of the Russian Relief, Mr. V. V. Buimistrow, during June, 1922.

During my first call, on a Wednesday, I saw Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky. I asked him, in Father Ptashchuk’s presence, when my \$7,600.00 would be returned to me. I told him that so far I had received but \$200.00 and the New Testament. The Bishop answered: “I know nothing about the matter. I sent you neither the Gospels nor the money. Come back on Friday at 3 o’clock in the afternoon. Father Richlov will be here and we will discuss your affair.”

The next time I called at the Consistory with my wife and Father Ptashchuk on Friday, at 2 o'clock instead of 3, and asked to be announced to Platon or Alexander. We were told to wait. We waited until 3:30 then asked once more to be announced. The butler, on returning from the Bishop's apartments, delivered this message: "The Master asks you to call to-morrow, because Father Richlov is not here, and consequently you can get no audience." In spite of this answer, I asked my wife and Father Ptashchuk to wait with me. Soon Alexander appeared, accompanied by a priest. I asked for his blessing. Having noticed me, Alexander appeared frightened and jumped back. "Give me your blessing," I asked, to which he shouted in reply: "Go to the devil! No blessing for you!" and then added: "I have already sent word to you that Father Richlov is not here to-day, consequently, we cannot receive you. Call to-morrow. I have not and am not going to announce you to Metropolitan Platon. If you don't like the Book of Gospels, you may leave it here." I had hardly time to open my mouth, when he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I Am Fed on Promises

The three of us then called on V. V. Buimistrov, at 350 West 87th Street. He first saw Father Ptashchuk, then inquired about my case, and promised to look into it. He told us to come for his decision on Tuesday. On Tuesday, when we called, he did not receive us in person, but sent his secretary to us, who brought this message: "We have investigated the matter of your money and confession. It was not Metropolitan Platon who procured the confession off you, but Alexander and Father Richlov. Your confession is in Platon's hands, and if you want it returned, take back the \$200.00 and cease making other demands.

I told him that I was rather to receive and not to return money. We proceeded to the Consistory, and asked to be announced to the Metropolitan or to Alexander. We were told that the Metropolitan was not receiving anybody and that Alexander had left for Brooklyn.

Leaving Father Ptashchuk, who had some business of his own to attend to, at the Consistory, I left, bent for home. As I was mounting the stairs leading from the basement to the street, I met Bishop Alexander. I took off my hat, folded my arms, and asked for his blessing. Instead of a blessing, he shook his fist in my face, stamped his foot, and whispered maliciously: "Get out of here, you son of a bitch, you offspring of Satan! I'll break your head!" I cannot repeat



Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky, fugitive from justice because of a robbery of a half a million dollars.

the profane words he uttered — and those very lips pray and preach in church! "I did not come to you for this abuse, Holy Father," I said to him, "but for my money, which I earned with the sweat of my brow." — "May you be accursed, Anathema! You and all your

race unto the third and fourth generation! You will rot away in prison like a dog. I will have your accursed soul leave your body in the Sing Sing electric chair!" With these words he turned around, and, mumbling something, ran back to his apartments. Robbed, down-trodden, with contumely heaped upon me, I returned to our little room to my poor, sick wife.

Two or three days later Richlov came to me and coaxing me not to get excited, urged me to see Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky again. I took his advice and went to see Bishop Alexander. I found



Bandit General Semionov of Ludlow Street Jail.

with him Ambassador Boris Bakhmetyev and General Semionov. They told me not to worry about the money and encouraged me to go to Jugoslavia in order to join Baron Wrangel's Army. They hurried me away for a passport for Jugoslavia saying: "As soon as you get a passport and bring it to us, we will turn over the money to you

immediately, provided, of course, that you take your wife with you." Father Richlov accompanied me to the General Consulate, and I received in Richlov's presence a passport for Jugoslavia. I still have this passport in my possession as documentary evidence. Besides Richlov, the General Consul Vustinov and Consul Rutzky, were present when my passport was issued.

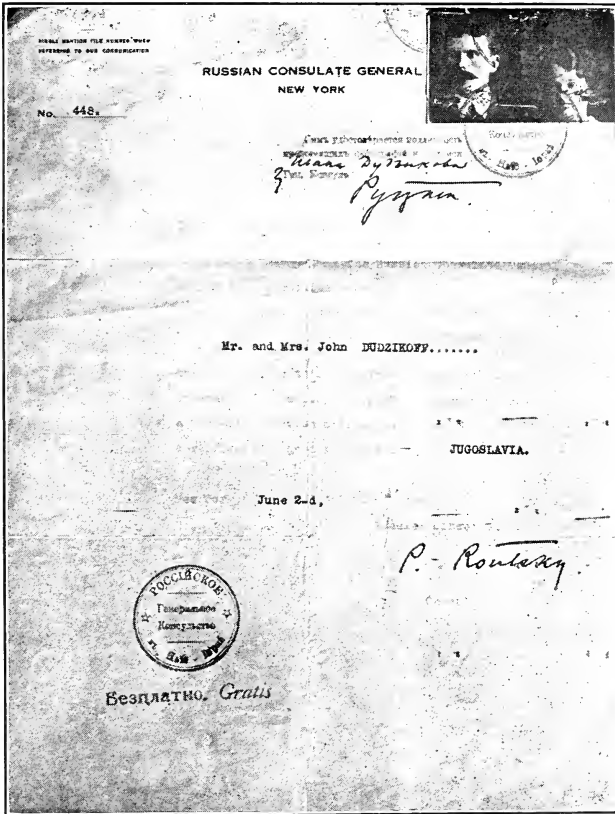
CHAPTER XXXV.

I Bring Suit

I brought the passport to the Consistory, where I was received by Boris Bakhmetyev, General Semionov, Metropolitan Platon, and Archbishop Alexander. Alexander looked at the document, burst out laughing like a maniac, and suggested that I go to Canada. "Didn't you send me for a passport so that I could join Wrangel's Forces? Here, I have secured a passport." — "Oh, I see... and I had forgotten all about it. That's fine. Let me see it." I showed it to him. "Very well, call on Sunday, that is, to-morrow. I will see you after services and on my way from the altar you will fall on your knees and ask my forgiveness." — "Forgiveness? For what?" I asked. "Well, that's what's required. If you wish to set everything right, do as I tell you."

On Sunday, after liturgy, I came to the Consistory and saw Alexander Nemolovsky returning from church. In the room where I met him and where he expected that I would fall on my knees before him, there were gathered a few priests, friends of Metropolitan Platon and Alexander. All were on the look-out for what was about to take place. This whole thing struck me as rather queer. I approached him, and having asked for his blessing, I told Archbishop Alexander that the genuflexion affair impressed me as a sort of conspiracy. I stated that I had no intentions of making a fool of myself in the presence of his friends. "All right," said the Bishop, "let's go up to the Metropolitan." In the Metropolitan's apartment we found General Semionov and Metropolitan Platon. Ambassador Bakhmetyev was not there.

“Metropolitan,” Alexander turned to Platon, “Dudikoff has received a passport from the Consulate and is awaiting the decision of General Semionov and yourself regarding his trip to Jugoslavia.” — “I’ll tell you what, Dudikoff,” replied Metropolitan Platon turning to me, “If you want to get a good position you’d better leave at once. We will give you traveling expenses for your wife and yourself. We insist that she go with you.” — “But, please, your Eminence, how



Author's passport from Jugoslavia.

about my money?" I asked. To this Metropolitan replied: "We can do no more!" I railed at all of them, including General Semionov and left, although they tried to recall me. I then went to a lawyer and told him the whole story.

When I read through this "confession" I was completely at sea.

Father Richlov noticing my hesitation remarked: "If you don't sign this before a notary, not only will you lose your money, but we will arrest you and deport you to Russia, and leave your wife here as a hostage, or else. . ." Here Richlov took a card from his pocket, and showing it under my very nose, added threateningly: "If you don't want to meet these, do as you are told." On the card I saw the following symbols: A skull, a revolver and, between them, a bomb. I stared at Father Richlov. After all I had gone through, his threats held no terror for me, and I decided to show the paper, before I signed it, to those who could become witnesses of the clergy's misdeeds. Father Richlov, seeing that his threats did not sway me and that I still hesitated, changed his tactics. Now, almost in tears, he blamed his outburst on his shattered nerves, and apologized to me. He next fell on his knees before the image of the Saviour, thrice made the sign of the cross, and swore that he would not give the confession to anybody and particularly to "these robbers", as he called the Bishops, until he was handed the money. He also vowed that he would guard me from harm, and if Metropolitan Platon and Alexander and their whole clique refused to return my money, he, Richlov, would testify in Court in my favor and not only would he demand that the money I deposited in the Mission Bank—\$7,800 plus interest be refunded, but that the culprits be put in jail.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"You Have Walked Into Our Trap"

The subsequent promises affected me more than all the former threats. He related how Alexander had tormented him, how he had forbidden him to officiate at services, how he had prosecuted him in the courts, etc., etc. "Don't be afraid of me," Father Richlov continued, "I will not deliver you into the hands of these enemies of the human race. You don't believe me? Here, see what I wrote in the Russian papers about their autocracy. Not only their hands, but also their souls, if they have any, are drenched with blood. Every-

body knows that Alexander Nemolovsky was the chief instigator of the murder of Father A. Kedrovsky and is responsible for the untimely death of Father Filipovsky. Platon told me how you had been tortured in the Ukraine and when I heard him bragging about it, I could hardly refrain from throttling him. Don't be afraid, sign the paper. Go now, and may God be with you. To-morrow, we will together call on these two 'hermits.'"

I took the rough draft, went home, and began to copy it. I paid no attention to the protests of my wife and Priest Vassily Ptashchuk. My "confession" was finally copied. Together with Ptashchuk I went to Joseph Podlensny, a notary public, who verified my signature. The next day, Father Richlov and I went to see the Bishops. I asked Priest Ptashchuk to follow us, which he did, unobserved by Father Richlov. He witnessed quite a number of things. I have his written testimony to that effect. Richlov asked me to wait for him on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 97th Street, and went to Platon and Alexander himself. A few minutes later, he emerged from the Consistory with a radiant face and approached me, carrying a small book in his hands. Coming close, he said: "Metropolitan Platon can by no means receive you at present. He is busy with Ambassador Bakhmetyev and General Semionov. They are discussing very important affairs, requiring immediate attention. I spoke to Platon and to Bishop Alexander. They send you their blessing and this holy Evangel." Richlov put the book into my hands. I took it, opened it, and not finding any money in it, asked Father Richlov whether he was making fun of me. "Where is my money?" I asked. I insisted that Richlov obtain my money for me, as he promised under oath. He went back to the Consistory, and re-appeared in about fifteen minutes. He took me to an ice-cream parlor on the corner of 96th Street. There, deducting \$20.00 "for his trouble" he gave me \$180.00, reassuring me at the same time that he had not succeeded in obtaining all the money, because "Alexander and the Metropolitan were very busy with the Ambassador and Semionov. They promised to repay the remaining \$7,600.00 in full." Of course, I asked Father Richlov whether he had given them my written confession. He assured me that it was still in his possession. "To-morrow Platon will receive the Church Fund from the Ambassador," he said. "Before sailing for France, Bakhmetyev leaves his affairs with Uguet and he is also going to give Platon more than \$1,000,000. This means that you will

get all of your \$7,600. We will also try to get costs for you, and only then," Father Richlov added, "I will let him have your confession."

It was on the evening of the next day that I met Father Richlov on Chambers Street. Father Ptashchuk was with me. To my question: "When are we going for the money?" Father Richlov answered in Priest Ptashchuk's hearing: "Why are you so uneasy? What else do you want? You received the New Testament and \$200.00 and the the balance, \$2,600.00, deposited in the bank and \$5,000.00 for the shares you will receive to a cent from Metropolitan Platon. You will be assured of a position at \$50.00 a week. If you are stubborn,

62-2779-21-0, Form 10, 1917

SUMMONS

CITY MAGISTRATES' COURT 5 DISTRICT

CITY OF NEW YORK,
COUNTY OF *New York* } ss.:

In the Name of the People of the State of New York

To *Alexander Nemolovsky*

Complaint having been made this day by *John J. Udickoff*
that you did commit the offense of *Disorderly Conduct*

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED to appear before me, or any City Magistrate holding this Court, at No. _____
on the *12* day of *July* 19*22*, at *9* o'clock *A*. M.
to the end that an investigation may be made of said complaint.

AND UPON YOUR FAILURE to appear at the time and place herein mentioned you are liable to a fine of not exceeding TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

Dated, this *8* day of *July* 19*22*

Officeressid
in service

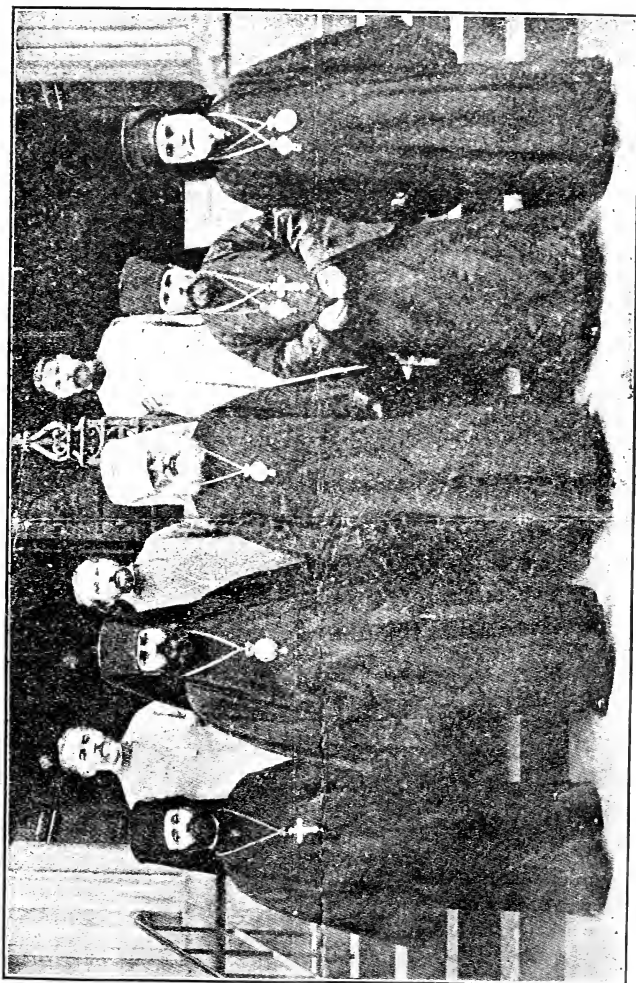
Carroll
City Magistrate

The summons for the arrest of Nemolovsky.

you will not get anything, and I will say that I know nothing of the matter. Remember now that you have signed the confession and thus walked into our trap."

A suit was begun and I had to serve with summonses the Arch-priest, the Prelates and sub-Prelates. The Bishops hid in order to avoid being served, and thus to delay the trial. Once I came with witnesses to the Consistory at 15 East 97th Street and asked to see Metropolitan Platon. "He is not in," I was told. "Announce me to Alexander." I was told that he, too, had left. At that instant Arch-

bishop Alexander walked into the room. As soon as he espied me, he attacked me, beat me, and called me the most profane names imaginable. He shoved me out of the Consistory, tearing my clothes. I went back to my attorney and related what had taken place. He decided to sue Alexander and Platon for battery and assault. The



The false Archbishop T. Paskovsky. (Second from the right)

court issued a summons to be served on Alexander Nemolovsky and Metropolitan Platon, but the former had already escaped from the United States as a thief, murderer, and seducer of trusting women

and innocent young girls. Into the bargain, he had robbed his devotees of the sum of \$500,000. He escaped to Paris whence he will soon be brought in irons and put in the same place where his friend, General Semionov, nicknamed Ludlow, had spent a few weeks.

I immediately applied to the American judicial authorities, retaining Ralph Frinck, the well-known lawyer. I hope and believe that American justice will decide the case fairly and promptly.

In September, 1922, soon after the suit was begun, I was summoned to a Referee's chambers, at 1475 Broadway, where Metropolitan Platon with his tricky clique of anarchists, monarchists, adventurers, and thieves, was present. To the offer to settle the case peacefully, made me by the Referee, and to Platon's plea that he was a mundane god, I gave this final, brief reply: "There can be no reconciliation," and I asked the Referee to bring the entire case to the New York Supreme Court as a criminal case, in open court, with a jury.

The Referee paid no attention to my request and continued subpoenaing me to many other places, so that nobody could learn about my case against the "Holy" Platon. Platon told wild tales, as plausible as his announcement of a recent appointment as Chinese Emperor.

Both my witnesses and I heard Platon's ludicrous bragging. In his stories he referred to an American semi-millionaire Carlton and to one F. Pashkovsky. Platon had ordained this Pashkovsky to the rank of Archbishop. He had him appointed to Chicago to take charge of the Illinois Diocese. Two or three weeks later the people drove Pashkovsky out of the Diocese, pelting him with rotten eggs. Pashkovsky then ran away to Canada, leaving his mitre with a woman whom he owed \$200. In Canada he began to preach to the people, promising them good positions if the Monarchy were restored in Russia. He was finally found out and suffered the same fate as in Chicago.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Two "Pillars" Testify

These two "pillars", Carlton, the semi-millionaire, and Archbishop Pashkovsky, who took Platon's part, testified that they had been in

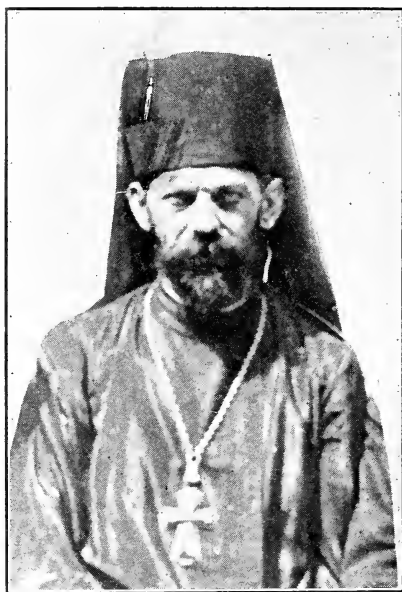
Russia and had seen Patriarch Tikhon. They alleged that Tikhon gave orders for the appointment of Platon as head of the North American Diocese. These two "pillars," Carlton and Pashkovsky, later assembled a band of murderers and provocateurs and called a conference in Pittsburgh, Pa. At this conference was confirmed the appointment of Platon — the same Platon who had escaped from the Kherson Diocese and embezzled the sum of \$80,000.00 from an Odessa convent. The salary allowed Platon by the Pittsburgh convention was



Bishop Stephen Dzuboi.

\$30,000.00 a year, and besides, they obligated themselves to support not only him but also his followers. This included all the demands they would make, such as "Athenian nights," "Egyptian baths", and the wives and daughters of their followers for His Eminence's pastime and pleasure.

Things would have gone well with Platon, whom the Czar himself had nicknamed, "Highway Robber", if not for the sudden appearance of Bishop Stefan Dzubay. He also called a conference with the assistance of Adam Phillipovsky, an almost illiterate man of immoral habits. Phillipovsky has been living most indecently on 17th Street for ten years with an Austrian woman Olshansky. He accepted the rank of Bishop, conferred on him by Bishop Stefan, in order to be able to extort the last few cents from poor workmen. He took their money and then escaped to Canada to avoid paying his debts.



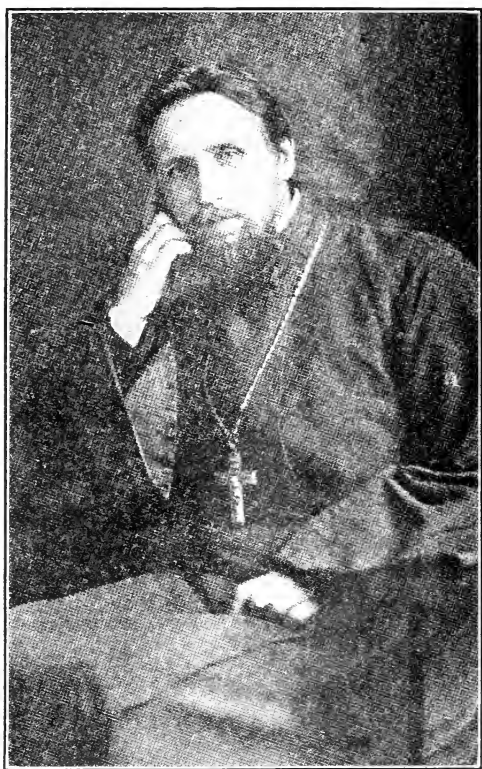
Bishop Adam Phillipovsky.

Phillipovsky opened his activity on 7th Street, New York, on the premises of Alexander Chichilla, Platon's former spy and provocateur. The majority of his followers were a clique sent by Platon as provocateurs. Apparently the people, however, refuse to follow Bishop Adam, and in the long run the two Bishops will have to combine and hoodwink the people together.

At the Philadelphia convention Bishop Stefan's party which consisted mostly of Metropolitan Platon's minions, that is, exclusively of masseurs, saddists, hermaphrodites and provocateurs, it was unanim-

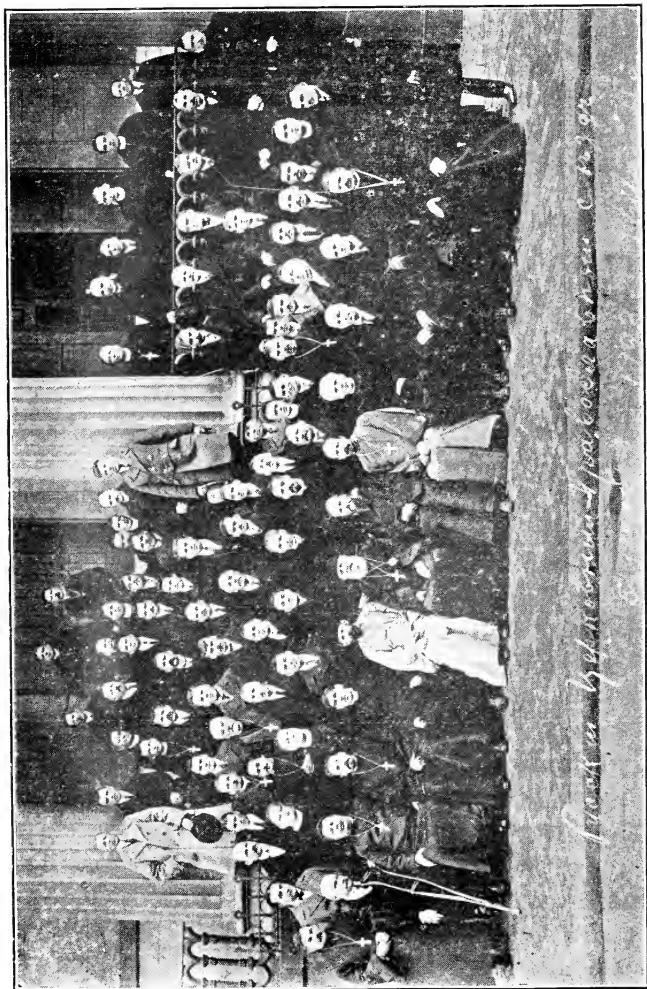
ously decided to expell two Orthodox priests who were of the party, in order that all knowledge of the conspiracies and schemes launched at the convention be kept from them. It is remarkable how this band of outcasts succeeded in gaining the confidence of the parishioners and delegates, mulcted them of their money and turned it over to the bishops and their clique.

After the conference, discovering that the two priests who had been expelled, were exposing their murderous misdeeds, they cut out



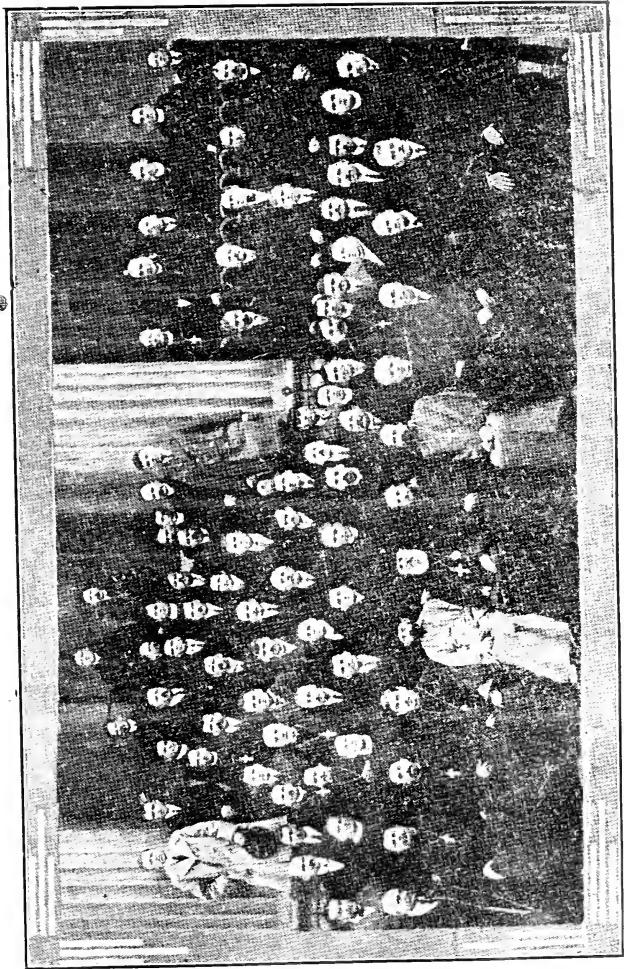
Rector Illinsky—the spy of Metropolitan Platon.

the photos of the two priests from a large reproduction of the conference delegation taken December 5, 1922, and in their places substituted two thieves and white slavers, often in the employ of the bishops on 97th Street. This all with the purpose of disclaiming the presence of these priests at the conference.

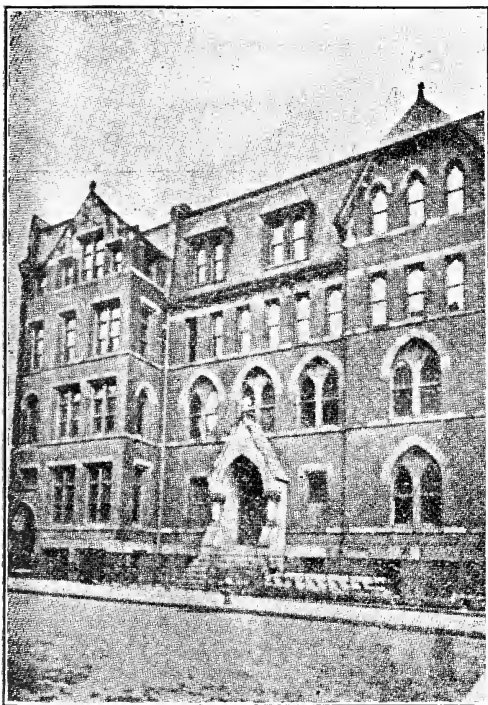


Phot. by Hyatt & Co., 607 N. 3rd St., Phila.

The Convention at Philadelphia—Real Picture of this Conference.



The Convention at Philadelphia—Falsified Picture of Same.



The Bank which was robbed by Father Alexander Chiehila.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I Am Accused of Bolshevism

In addition to all this, last November they sent to my apartment in Bayonne, N. J., a few of their conspirators who stole \$26,000.00 of my money, took away our family jewelry and arrested me on an accusation of Bolshevism and bribery. At the trial, they had a number of false witnesses, who were in the end exposed by the experienced judge and jury. The fair American Court, after a trial that lasted fourteen days, acquitted me and indicted the perjurers, provocateurs

and robbers, who had testified against me. I hope that the just American Courts will punish severely these false witnesses, robbers and provocateurs, sent to me by Metropolitan Platon and his clique, who robbed me and tried to send me to prison and my wife to an insane asylum, or have her deported to Russia. They failed in all these schemes! One of those whose trial for perjured testimony against me is pending, is one Saul Wolf, a notorious saloon-keeper at 35 West 21st Street, Bayonne, N. J.

In one thing, however, they did succeed. They had my wife taken to Bellevue Hospital and from there she was supposed to be sent to a building in Staten Island. This structure was burned down, and many patients were killed in the fire on the night on which my wife was to be taken there. Small wonder why on the day prior to the fire, Priest Alexander Chichillo, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Priest Varchol, came to me and said: "I was to Staten Island in the hospital but did not find your wife there. She must be in another building." The very next day, the papers announced that the very house in which my wife was supposed to be, was burned down. The following day Chichillo and Varchol called on me again, and showing the paper under my very nose, said: "Look, this is the hospital and the same house in which your wife was, and it is now burned down." To this I replied: "I wonder if this is not your work." Chichillo replied sarcastically: "Your case is now lost — the chief witness against Platon has perished."

I wanted to detain him, but was afraid to lose out in the scuffle with the two. I let the matter go until I could learn about my wife's condition. I went to Bellevue, and finding her there, finally, with difficulty succeeded, together with Priest Ptashchuk, in taking her out.

But, suspecting something wrong in this affair, I began to make inquiries. Alexander Chichillo, in the meantime, circulated the rumor in the newspapers to the effect that he, too, was coming out against Platon and his clique. His brother-in-law, Priest Varchol, went to Ohio, where he committed suicide, having slain himself with a razor. Thus all traces were buried. I am certain, however, that it was Alexander Chichillo's doing and that it was he who had planned to have my wife killed by bribing the watchman of the hospital with money given him by Metropolitan Platon.

To all this I will add that since Alexander Chichillo had it in his power to send my wife to a hospital for the insane and then give

orders to have her deported to Russia, there is not the slightest doubt that he was also instrumental in setting fire to the Staten Island Hospital. It is with the object of tying my hands that they have been dragging me to all sorts of American Courts and have obtained a judgment against me for \$600.00. This money was collected from me more than once, to pay the bandits and robbers Kuklinsky who were bribed by Valerian Graves, Platon's attorney, and Buimistrov, Chairman of the Russian Relief. It is impossible, however, to tell of all the machinations and misdeeds of Platon and his minions. I therefore, respectfully request the United States Attorney General to institute a most stringent investigation of all the crimes perpetrated by Metropolitan Platon and his clique.



The Holy Father's "Good time". Scene one.



The Holy Father's "Good time". Scene two.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Affidavit of Maria M. Bogdanova-Dudikoff

Wife of former Captain of the Russian Army, Priest John F. Dudikoff.

Maria M. Bogdanova-Dudikoff, being duly sworn, deposes and says that she was with her husband in Petrograd, Russia, in June, 1917 and that her husband wrote a letter to the defendant, Metropolitan Rozhdestvensky, requesting him to return the \$7,800.00 which he owes him;

That Platon Rozhdestvensky gave my husband 5,600 rubles in 500-ruble notes, in the Kiev Hostelry in the ecity of Petrograd, in the same month of June. These rubles were valueed at 42 rubles to a dollar;

That Platon was given a receipt by my husband and that on the lower part of the receipt which my husband signed, it was designated that the balance would be paid by Metropolitan Rozhdestvensky in American dollars;

That she saw how Rozhdestvensky crumpled up and threw away the old reeceipt which her husband contended should not be considered;

That her husband, having been seriously wounded in the war, the said Rozhdestvensky called her aside and said that her husband would hardly live long, and that she should not be afraid that the money might be lost and, making the sign of the cross, added: "I will pay out the money to a copeck, and I'll pay it in Dollars."

That she also was with her husband in Moscow in the same year and that there Metropolitan Rozhdestvensky, in the apartment of the all-Russian Patriarch Tikhon, at the Swiato-Troyetzky Hostelry, gave his word that he would refund the \$7,800.00 with interest, in American dollars and asked her husband to wait a few days, promising to notify him when the dollars would come, in order to pay either her husband or herself.

That all these promises made in the presence of the all-Russian Patriarch Tikhon, turned out to be lies. Metropolitan Rozhdestvensky did not keep his promise and left for the Caucasus without having written a single word to her husband, regarding the payment in dollars, which he had promised to make before the Patriarch.

That she was with her husband in Kiev in January, 1918, and asked him to make up with Platon in order not to run the danger of

being persecuted by the said Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky.

That some of their acquaintances advised him not to sign the bank account where they thought the money was not in danger, but that they considered that if the detendant Platon would succeed in getting hold of their account, it would be easy for them to prove it as soon as they reached New York, as the money was deposited by the deponent's husband in the Cathedral at 15 East 97th Street.

That her husband believed that he would receive the money due him excepting, of course, the part which he had already received.

That deponent was also present when her husband signed the first part of exhibit "D" and that her husband demanded the money which, he was promised, would be paid him and which was not refunded;

That two days later she was present when her husband signed the second part of exhibit "D" and that, as soon as he signed it, soldiers rushed into the room, gave the deponent a severe beating and took her husband away. They demanded that the deponent also sign, which she flatly refused to do;

That no money was paid her husband at the time while she was attacked, and as a result threw herself out of the window from the second story into the street whence the people who assembled under the window sent her to the hospital;

That a few days later, having regained her consciousness the deponent learned that her two children had been hacked to death by the leaders of the infuriated crowd of Germans and Haidamacks (Ukrainian soldiers) who rushed into deponent's apartment;

That these leaders were Lubansky and Semashkevitch who were employed by Metropolitan Platon and Hetman Skoropadsky;

That later on, when various governments replaced one another in Kiev, they were in the habit of releasing prisoners and that deponent's husband escaped from prison and when Skoropadsky re-entered the city her husband had to go into hiding again;

That subsequently she rejoined her husband and, after the troubles and tribulations they had undergone, they went to Poland and succeeded in obtaining a passport to the United States, where they arrived, in the Port of New York, on November 1, 1921.

Subscribed and sworn to before a Notary Public.

(Signed) MARIA M. BOGDANOVA-DUDIKOVA

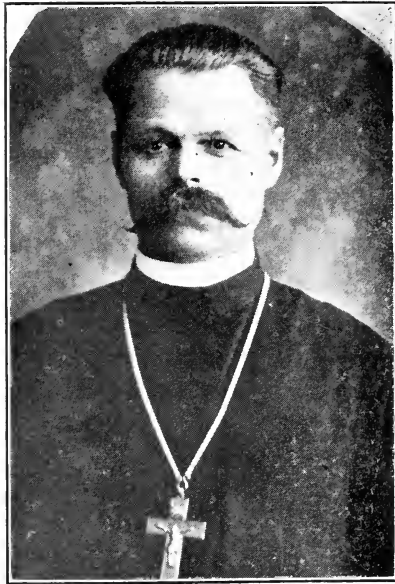
208 East 13th Street, N. Y.

July 20, 1922.

A F F I D A V I T

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK
SS

I, PRIEST VASSILY PTASHCHUK, a villager of Troyanovka of the Teofipolsk Rural Community, District of Starokonstantinov, Government of Volhynia, was born on January 1, 1876, and am now residing in New York City.



The White Slave
Holy of Fathers

I met John F. Dudikoff in New York, in December, 1921, at the home of Priest Vladimir Richlov, who employed me in the capacity of psalm-reader. I saw Dudikoff at Father Richlov's house a few times and was present when he asked Father Richlov to help him,

Dudikoff, to get back from Metropolitan Platon and the Consistory on East 97th Street the \$2,800.00 plus interest, which Dudikoff had deposited at the Mission Bank for safe-keeping, and also the \$5,000.00 which Metropolitan Platon took of him in 1914 and, together with Archpresbyter John Slunin, gave Dudikoff shares of the Oil Field Company, whose oil-wells are located between the Caspian and the Azov Seas, as security.

Later, from a personal conversation with Dudikoff, I learned in greater detail about this money and what Dudikoff had suffered at the hands of Platon in Kiev (Russia), because he dared to ask for the return of his money. Whenever Dudikoff and Father Richlov spoke about it at the latter's home, I was well aware what it was all about, in spite of the fact that Father Richlov would often call Dudikoff aside and hold a whispered conversation with him. The affair became still clearer to me when Father V. Richlov made the following demand of me:

"You must keep to yourself all you have heard at my home regarding the money deposited by Dudikoff in Metropolitan Platon's Mission Bank, as well as the money taken of Dudikoff by Platon and Slunin for which they gave him the Oil Field Company's shares as security. When you are alone with Dudikoff you must draw him out and report to us what he is planning to undertake against Platon and Alexander in order to get his money back. If Dudikoff should ever bring suit in Court and calls you as a witness, you must testify that you have never been present during my conversations with Dudikoff, never heard anything of his money or shares, and flatly deny everything. Owing to this, Dudikoff will not get his money of the Metropolitan, and the Metropolitan will thank you."

Seeing that they were intending to cheat poor John F. Dudikoff out of his money, I was more inclined to do all I could to help him rather than to side with the conspirators and cheats. When, therefore, Dudikoff himself asked me to be of assistance to him, I agreed without any hesitation or subterfuge to keep an eye on Father V. Richlov. I always tried to be near Father Richlov, although unobserved by him, whenever he met John Dudikoff. I thus was present at their meetings, and this entire affair, unworthy of the high calling of the clergy, has not escaped my attention. Only once did Father Richlov see me in the Consistory with Dudikoff, but this was after last meeting of Dudikoff and Richlov.

On May 18, 1922, I saw Father Richlov leave Dudikoff on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 97th Street, New York. Richlov went to the Consistory, returned with a little book and handed it to Dudikoff. It later turned out to be a Baptist version of the Gospels. I further saw that Father Richlov, after another talk with Dudikoff went once more to the Consistory, and having emerged from there fifteen minutes later, took him to an ice-cream parlor on the corner of 96th Street. I followed them to the ice-cream parlor and saw through the window how Father Richlov, having counted out nine bills at \$20.00 each, handed them to John Dudikoff, put the tenth \$20.00 bill into his own pocket, and taking out a card handed it to Dudikoff. Dudikoff wrote something on the card and returned it to Father Richlov. Afterwards, Dudikoff explained to me that Father Richlov had him sign a receipt for the \$200.00, and having no paper, Dudikoff wrote the receipt on Father Richlov's visiting card. It was 7:00 o'clock in the evening when I saw all this.

The next day I was present, this time without hiding, at the meeting between Father V. Richlov and Dudikoff on Chambers Street. I stood so near them that I heard everything that passed between them, particularly so that, being excited, both spoke very loudly, especially Father Richlov. To Dudikoff's question: "When am I going to get the balance?" Father Richlov, all excited, replied: "Why are you so uneasy? What else do you wish? You received the Gospels, you received \$200.00 and the rest of the money — the \$2,600.00 you deposited in the Mission Bank and the \$5,000.00 for which they gave you shares, Metropolitan Platon will pay you to a cent to-morrow. You will also get a position at \$50.00 a week. And if you insist, you will get nothing at all, and I will say that I don't know anything about the matter. Remember that you have already walked into our trap by having signed your confession."

I saw the rough draft of the "Written Confession", written in Father Richlov's hand (his handwriting is very well known to me), from which Dudikoff copied his "Confession". I am familiar with the contents of the "Written Confession" because I had the rough draft in my hands and read it. This "Written Confession" was signed by Dudikoff in my presence and his signature was certified by Notary Public Joseph Podlesny in the latter's office at 9th Street near Third Avenue.

Early in June, 1922, I called three times together with Dudikoff, at the Consistory, 15 East 97th Street.

The first time, on a Wednesday, we saw Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky. Dudikoff asked Bishop Alexander in my presence when his money, \$7,600.00 would be refunded to him, saying that he, Dudikoff, had meanwhile received only \$200.00 and a New Testament. To this Alexander Nemolovsky replied: "I know nothing about it. It was not I who sent you either the money or the New Testament. Com back at 3:00 o'clock on Friday afternoon. Father Richlov will be here then, and he will discuss the matter." With this Dudikoff and I left.

The second time we called, as told by Bishop Alexander, on Friday but at 2:00 o'clock instead of at 3:00 o'clock. We asked to be announced to Metropolitan Platon or to Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky. With us was also Dudikoff's wife. We had to wait until 3:30. We asked once more to be announced. The butler, returning from the Bishop's apartment, said to us: "The Bishop asks you to call tomorrow, because Father Richlov is not here at present and therefore you can get no audience."

In spite of this answer we decided to wait. Soon Alexander Nemolovsky appeared, accompanied by another clergyman. Dudikoff was the first to ask the Bishop for his blessing, but as soon as Alexander espied him he literally leaped aside and the priest who was with him instinctively jumped aside from the Bishop. Alexander then shouted: "Go to the devil! No blessing for you!" And in another minute he added: "I have already sent word to you that Father Richlov was not here and that therefore there will be no reception. I have not and am not going to announce you to Metropolitan Platon. If you don't like the New Testament he presented you with, leave it here." After this, Bishop Alexander ran out of the room, and we went to call on V. V. Buimistrov, head of the Russian Relief, at his office, 350 West 87th Street, to ask his advice.

At first Buimistrov received only myself. After having heard my request, he asked me who the man with me was. I introduced Dudikoff, and the latter told Buimistrov in detail about his case, mentioning also his "Written Confession." Buimistrov promised to look into the matter thoroughly and asked us to come for an answer on Tuesday.

Under the fresh impression of Bishop Alexander's words: "There will be no reception because Father Richlov is not in," I asked Buimistrov: "Mr. Buimistrov, will you kindly tell me, who is the Elder in our Consistory, and who is in charge of receiving callers, Bishop Alexander or Father Richlov?" To this Buimistrov replied that Alexander was in charge of receiving callers, and I told him how

Alexander had got rid of us with this excuse that there could be no audience because Father Richlov was not in.

On Tuesday, we called again at Buimistrov's office, as per appointment. In spite of the fact that he himself had invited us, Buimistrov did not come out to us but sent his assistant who stated: "We have investigated the matter concerning the money and your confession. It was not Metropolitan Platon but Alexander and Father Richlov who entrapped you with your confession, but it is now in the hands of Metropolitan Platon, and if you want to get it back, return the \$200.00 and cease making any further demands."

Dudikoff replied that he was not going to do so, and we went to the Consistory. This was the third time. We asked to be announced either to the Metropolitan or to Bishop Alexander. The butler went to the Bishop's apartment. He soon returned, stating that the Metropolitan was not receiving and that Bishop Alexander had left for Brooklyn. Dudikoff was about to go home, and I remained in the hall.

As soon as Dudikoff went outside, Bishop Alexander also left the Consistory. I saw through the window Dudikoff take off his hat and approach the Bishop; I further saw the Bishop shake his fist at him, stamp his foot on the sidewalk and shout something. Later Dudikoff told me that when he asked the Bishop when he was to call for the money, Bishop Alexander began to curse him together with his posterity, even to the third and fourth generations, and threatened to send him up to Sing-Sing. I saw how afterwards Bishop Alexander ran back to the Consistory, and how Dudikoff hat in hand, apparently having forgotten to put it on, with bowed head, walked off in the direction of Madison Avenue.

After all this, Father Richlov in person called at my home, 172 East Third Street, and in the presence of the landlady, Anna Wishevsky and her children, asked me: "Have you ever seen me in Dudikoff's company?" And when I answered that I had, and more than once at that, and that I knew all about the trick they had played on Dudikoff and that I could prove it in Court, either here or in Russia, Father Richlov became terribly infuriated. He began to threaten Dudikoff and myself with arrest, deportation, etc., etc., adding:

"After this, I go my way, and you, Vassily, and Dudikoff don't you dare show your noses at my threshold! Otherwise my wife will hit you with a broom — you Vassily, once, and Dudikoff, twice. If you only dare call on me you, Vassily, know my son, Volodia — he

will stab you both with a knife in the belly." I did not reply to this. Father Richov left. My landlady then said to me: "For all oyour labor, for all the collections you have made for hjs church, and for serving him in the capacity of psalm reader — this is the reward you got from Father Richlov."

Thus, I was a witness of John F. Dudikoff being cheated by the conspirators, cheats, thieves and robbers, clothed in high ecclesiastical dignity, such as Metropolitan Platon, Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky, Provocateur Richlov and the rest of their gang.

I am to testify in open court in behalf of the outraged, robbed, and cheated John F. Dudikoff, and will not only confirm everything I am saying here in writing but am also ready and willing to tell all I know about the terrible, abnormal life led by Metropolitan Platon, Archbishop Alexander Nemoovsky, Provocateur Priest Richlov and other persons.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 27th day of July, 1923.

Rev. VASSILY PTASHCHUK.

Abraham Yollis, Notary Public, N. Y. C., No. 15

SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN S. KEDROVSKY, etc.,

Plaintiff,

— against —

ARCHBISHOP and CONSISTORY of the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church, etc.,

Defendants

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

SS.

EUGENIA KOHANIK, having first been duly sworn, according to law, on her oath, deposes and says:

1. That she resides at No. 591 North Main Street, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and that she is the wife of the Reverend Peter Kohanik, Arch-Priest of the Russian Church at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

2. That she knows Canadian Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, as a man of a dangerous and immoral character.

3. That there are wide spread rumors among the clergy as well as the laity, of Bishop Nemolovsky's immorality, which have a fatal and disastrous effect upon the affairs of the Orthodox Russian Church in the United States.

4. That while she was residing at Jersey City, New Jersey, Bishop Nemolovsky was trying and did on numerous occasions, to advance his love and his "dirty propositions..." to her. Knowing the time, when her husband, as the superintendent of the Churches, was out of their house, visiting churches, Bishop Nemolovsky, used to come to their residence, not having been invited and contrary to her wishes. When by her reminded of the fact that her husband is out, attending to his duties, and that no one invited the Bishop, Bishop Nemolovsky replied, that he is the Bishop, and as such he has the right to call at the parrish house, at any time he may desire without any permission from any one. That is was very difficult for her to refuse him admission to their house, on account of the high position he holds with the Church, and especially due to the fact that under the old regime the Bishop was in a position to do much harm to the career and financial interests of my husband. That Bishop

Nemolovsky was getting more persistent and unashamed continuously. That a good many times the Bishop Nemolovsky told her, that her husband is too old for her, that he is a "mujik" (of common stock), and in no way good enough for her. That Bishop Nemolovsky was delaying his leaving of her house until pretty late in the night, and that she was thereby compelled on numerous occasions to ask him to leave her house, and that she in every way for her possible, was trying to make him understand that he is not welcome to visit their house in the absence of her husband. That at one time upon the invitation by the said Bishop Nemolovsky, for her to visit a museum with him, where a very interesting exhibition and a splendid orchestra was playing at the time, she unexpectedly found herself at the Edem, some sort of an Anatomic Museum, located at 23rd Street, between 5th & 6th Avenues, New York City. That during the visit at the said anatomic museum the Bishop Nemolovsky paid particular attention and was endeavoring to draw her attention to the naked bodies of men and women there exhibited. That he has shown special interest, it appeared, in the parts of the naked bodies, of which she is ashamed to speak and was asking very shameful questions. That she was very anxious to leave the said museum and that she hurriedly left same, suspecting that Bishop Nemolovsky had some immoral and dirty intentions.

5. That Bishop Nemolovsky did not cease his advances after the occurrence at the above referred to museum, and has visited her house in the absence of her husband and among his advances and his usually dirty talk, he unexpectedly for her, got hold of her and kissed her. That thereupon she showed him out of the house and gave him a severe scolding.

6. That in order to save herself and to safeguard the interests of her husband, she decided to leave Jersey City and did leave for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to continue in her studies at the University there. That the said Bishop Nemolovsky has advised her not to take such step and promised, that if she would remain in Jersey City, he would use his influence to obtain the appointment for her husband of any position in the diocese at her wish.

7. That in order to avoid trouble between her husband and the said Bishop Nemolovsky, she did not disclose the above facts to her husband immediately, but after she was commenced to notice, that the said Bishop Nemolovsky is taking steps to injure the reputation and

position of her husband, she disclosed the above facts to her husband, explaining such attitude on the part of the said Bishop Nemolovsky. That since that time the said Bishop Nemolovsky has caused very **much** trouble to her husband and herself, resulting in financial and **other** loss to her husband and herself.

EUGENIA KOHANIK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 23rd day of Octobe, A. D. 1918.

L. A. BLOOM

Notary Public.

Commission Expires February 19, 1921.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF PHILADELPHIA
COUNTY.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF PHILA., PA.

I, Henry F. Walton, Protonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, which are courts of Record having a common seal, being the officer authorized by the laws of the State of Pennsylvania to make the following Certificate, do Certify, That

L. A. BLOOM,Esquire, before whom the annexed affidavit was made, was at the time of so doing a NOTARY PUBLIC for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, duly commissioned and qualified to administer oaths and affirmations and to take acknowledgements and proofs of Deeds or Conveyances for lands, tenements, and hereditaments to be recorded in said State of Pennsylvania, and to all whose acts, as such, full faith and credit are and ought to be given, as well in Courts of Judicature as elsewhere and

That I am well acquainted with the handwriting of the said NOTARY PUBLIC and verily believe the his signature thereto is genuine and that said oath or offirmation purports to be taken in all respects as required by the laws of the State of Pennsylvania.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 24th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen (1918).

Signature _____Protonotary.

JOHN S. KEDROVSKY, etc., *Plaintiff*,
against
ARCHBISHOP and CONSISTORY of the Russian Orthodox
Greek-Catholic Church, etc., *Defendants*.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
CITY OF NEW YORK,
COUNTY OF KINGS.
SS.

Praskovia Kedrovsky, having been duly sworn, according to Law, on her oath, deposes and says:

1. That I reside at No. 191 Pennsylvania Avenue, in the Borough of Brooklyn, County of Kings, City of New York, and I am the wife of the Local Pastor Rev. John Kedrovsky.

2. That I know Canadian Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, and that said Bishop has a bad reputation among this clergy.

3. That although knowing his low character, I never expected to be ofended by him, being a wife of the Pastor and elderly woman, We entertain Bishop Nemolovsky at our house mostly to satisfy the Parishioners during certain Holidays.

4. That Bishop Nemolovsky once visited us in Brooklyn, on his duties to perform services in our Church, after services my husband was delayed in the church by the people. Bishop Nemolovsky came along to our residence.

5. I greeted him waiting for Blessing as his customary in our Church. Bishop Nemolovsky started to act strangely. He grasped my both hands and held them and shook them all the time. He strated to tell me a story of a Pastor his friend who ruined a child girl of fifteen years of age, so that she was carried out of his office half dead. Then Bishop Nemolovsky shivered as in fever and strived to pull me to himself. Realizing his dirty intentions I sprang away from him liberated myself and I left the room sitting all the time in the kitchen until the return of my husband from the Church.

6. That I did not tell my husband of it at once, but Bishop Nemolovsky making some excuses for his going out left our house in short time.

7. That there are the rumors that the Bishop Nemolovsky is making the same in the families of other his subordinates taking advantage of his position, influence and rank. All that is weakening our Church keeping many good people away and lessening the Church income.

PRASKOVIA KEDROVSKY.

Sworn to before me this
24th day of October, 1918.

RUBIN KUDLICK, *Notary Public.*

STATE, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, SS.

Maria A. Swidersky, residing at No. 344 Madison Street, New York City, being duly sworn, deposes and says:



Maria A. Swidersky.

That in August, 1913, she was asked by the Rev. John F. Dudikoff, then Inspector General with the Consistory of the Russian Greek Catholic Church of America, with offices at the St. Nicholas Cathedral, 15 East 97th Street, New York City, to call at the Consistory with the object of dusting the holy images and performing such other work as would be necessary to keep the House of Worship in good order;

That having accepted, as a good Christian, the said invitation, deponent was attacked and forced to have sexual intercourse against

her will, with then Archbishop and at present Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky and Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, who is at present a fugitive from justice in Constantinople, Turkey;

That she is familiar, from her own knowledge, of the many orgies that have taken place at the Consistory and in which she was forced to participate, these orgies having been arranged by the said Bishops Platon and Alexander with the connivance and participation of other dignitaries and officials of the Consistory.

Deponent further states that she has known a number of other women who have been lured in a similar manner to the Consistory and suffer similar outrages at the hands of the above said Bishops.

Deponent also identifies the photograph herewith attached as that of himself, said photograph having been taken about a year previous to the signing of this affidavit.

Sworn to before this 1st day of December, 1923.

MAX WENDELL SCHWARTZ,

Commissioner of Deeds New York City, New York County, No. 124.

STATE, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK: SS.

Anna Rupeka, residing at No. 344 Madison Street, New York City, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That in August, 1913, she was asked by the Rev. John F. Dudikoff, then Inspector General with the Consistory of the Russian Greek Catholic Church of America, with offices at the St. Nicholas Cathedral, 15 East 97th Street, New York City, to call at the Consistory with the object of dusting the holy images and performing such other work as would be necessary to keep the House of Worship in good order;

That having accepted, as a good Christian, the said invitation, deponent was attacked and forced to have sexual intercourse against her will, with then Archbishop and at present Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky and Bishop Alexander Nemolovsky, who is at present a fugitive from justice in Constantinople, Turkey;

That she is familiar, from her own knowledge, of the many orgies that have taken place at the Consistory and in which she was forced to participate, these orgies having been arranged by the said Bishops Platon and Alexander with the connivance and participation of other dignitaries and officials of the Consistory.

Deponent further states that she has known a number of other women who have been lured in a similar manner to the Consistory and suffer similar outrages at the hands of the above said Bishops.

Deponent also identifies the photograph herewith attached as that of herself, said photograph having been taken about a year previous to the signing of this affidavit.

ANNA RUPICKA.

Sworn to before me this 1st of December, 1923.

MAX WENDELL SCHWARTZ,

Commissioner of Deeds New York City, New York County, No. 124.

VASSILY IVANOVICH PTASHCHUK'S
SECOND AFFIDAVIT

OF CITIZEN (who was formerly a priest and renounced his priesthood having been deceived by Bishop Dzinbai and Arch-bishop Alexander Nemolovsky and Arch Provocateur, priest Vladimir Richlov) Vassily Ivanovich Ptashchuk.

I, Vassily Ivanovich Ptashchuk, was well acquainted with the formerly Arch-bishop and Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky and with Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky since the year 1910. I had the occasion to become acquainted with them at the Russian Consistory, which is located at 15 East 97th Street, the East Side of the City of New York, State of New York. I was singing then in the chapel of Ivan Timofeevich Gorokhoff, who was formerly the regent of the St. Nicholas Cathedral.

I, being good and honest, believed in what I did, and was convinced to the depth of my soul that others too believed in the doings of the Russian Orthodox Church. Having been advised by the Lords of the Church that the latter is in need of funds for the education, supposedly, of faithful Russians, I was donating from time to time small sums out of my means and was also lending large sums of money having been sure and deeply convinced that all such moneys will be used for good and educational purposes. But after some time I convinced myself that all my money went into the pockets of the leaders and fathers of the Church and this money, which by the way was earned by me through hard labor, the Lords of the Church used for drinking-bouts and orgies and to complete this women-prostitutes always played there the "first fiddle." And as if in derision of one's person, of everything that is clean and holy in a human being I was being sent to certain places to get the "goods." Being naive and afraid of the anger of the Lords I incontrovertibly fulfilled their wishes. I was always present at such orgies as a dumb and blind witness. I used to think that all I saw was not in reality, but in my

morbid imagination. I tried to drive away these apparitions and tried to imagine that nothing special happened. Unfortunately, however, the truth stood before my eyes. God knows how I was anxious that all this should not be true, but to my great sorrow these were pictures of life which I personally saw.

After all what I saw with my own eyes my faith not only in the Lords of the Church was shaken, but my deep faith in the purity and justice of the Russian Orthodox Church lost all its meaning and significance. And since then I began more seriously to look up everything that surrounded me and especially to the circle in which I mingled.

Evidently the moneys which I gave did not let the Lords of the Church to rest and especially it was Alexander Nemolovsky who tried and succeeded under one or another pretext to obtain from me sums of money. When all my funds, so hardly earned, gave out and I could not be milked as a cow any more, Alexander Nemolovsky, in order to remain friendly with me and not to give me cause to be resentful at them, has organized specially for me a few sittings on which I was violated in a most brutal manner by the above mentioned Alexander Nemolovsky and other Lords of the Church. For each sitting I was being paid a few dollars. But the money thus earned was finally taken back in a most shameful way. When I was complaining of not having money for a living I was given a few dollars like alms which I sent to my poor wife and my crippled son. Thus is continued until I could not and did not have the strength to go on with such life in an atmosphere of falsehood and filth.

Being afraid that I might disclose much of the doings of the Lords of the Church, Alexander Nemolovsky promised to make of me a priest. I argued against such elevation, pointing out that I was not literate enough and am not fit for the place after what I have performed together with the dignitaries of the Church.

"Your Eminence," said I, "I will offend the pure faith of the people in the Orthodox Church." To this Bishop Nemolovsky answered: "Nothing matters, darling, you just fit for the office and you will make a good priest; the herd and the most egregious fools," so he called the faithful Russians, "anyway don't understand anything and you will be for them a real parson." And so by the order of Nemolovsky I was given a packet with which I went to Bishop Stephan Dztubat at 233 East 17th Street. I gave him the packet and

received orders to call on the following morning at the school of the Priest Vladimir Richlov at 367 Cherry Street, and I did so. In the school of father Richlov I received from the latter the following announcement: "I received orders from Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky and Bishop Stephan Dziubai to elevate you to the rank of priest to-day, i. e. October 12, 1920. Half an hour did not elapse when an automobile arrived to the school and from it appeared Bishop Dziubai. He entered the school and at once they put on upon me the sacerdotal vestment, walked with me a few times through the school room and then they declared that I was already "a lawful and rightful priest". Bishop Dziubai demanded from me \$100.00 American dollars which I gave him immediately. I was to come to the school two days later to receive the documents. In accordance with the instructions I came and received these documents written in English and Russian with the following order: "To keep it as a secret that I am a priest until my return to Russia as I can be a priest only in Russia, but not in America." But when the documents were looked over it was found that the Russian was made out in my name Vassily Ptashchuk, and the English document was made out in the name of some one "Ivan Ptashchuk." I was very much surprised and thought that either the Bishops were very much drunk and mixed up my name or they did it with the purpose to deceive me and just at an unhappy toiler like me.

When the Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky arrived in 1921 I knew that he will take place of Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky. I began to ask the Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky to issue to me a receipt for the \$4500.00 I loaned him. Nemolovsky gave me a receipt, but this was later obtained from me in a deceitful manner by the Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky.

In November 1921 the Archpriest of the Cathedral, Leonid Turkevich, ordered me to come to 15 East 97th Street into the part occupied by the Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky who gave me his blessings and wished me success in my priestly work saying that he was glad that I "became by the will of God a priest." He asked me somehow to remain with him alone to talk over about some secret church affairs. When I remained the Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky at first asked me about the receipt which the Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky gave me. Suspecting nothing bad on the part of the Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky I took out the receipt

for \$4500.00 and gave it to Metropolitan Rozhdestvensky. He read it and said: "It is nonsense, you will get everything, but listen to everything we will tell you because you are our old friend. Suddenly he began to tremble, had become excited. He seized me and began to kiss. In a profuse perspiration he undressed and lay down in bed. I thought that His Eminence the Most Eminent Metropolitan Platon was dieing when he convulsing in his bed called me: "Vassilek, come over here, rub me here, here, he took my hanrd and putting it on his stomach screamed in agony and wild extasy. Vasia, rub stronger my penis and as an insane one he seized me towards him began to choke me by the throat and then, when I was neither dead nor alive, he ravished me brutally. Remaining for about half an hour in bed, the prelate made me the most flattering promises which included the Eden of Mahomet and he became tired to chatter, got up from the bed, brought into order his clothes and drank about two glasses of wine, he gave me too, and I drank one glass.

At last the Prelate opened the door with a key and went out. In about five minutes he returned to the same room where he so brutally attacked me, but he did not enter alone, but with the entire suite of the following persons' Archbishop Alexander Nemolovsky, Archpriest Leonid Turkevich, Archpriest Peter Popoff, Archpriest Vassily Lisenkovsky, Arch-provocateur Vladimir Richlov, Gregory Kunashevsky, Valerian Grevies, who was just arrived, and the President of the Dussian Relief, Vladimir Vladimirovich Buimistrov.

I was much astonished by all this and by the fact that everyone who entered shook hands with me calling me their friend. Taking me aside the Metropolitan Platon began to beg me to listen to him and to all his intimates and to do a thing of great importance to the church. When I asked what it was the Metropolitan Platon came nearer to his suite and said: "Gentlemen, we all must know about the affair we have conceived, and you, Vassily", he said turning to me, "even if you will reveal our plot, nobody will believe you, better listen and do what we will ask you." I answered affirmatively. To encourage me and to make me feel happy the Metropolitan told me that they will give me so much money that I will not have to do painting work any more, that I will live on the money that will be given to me by the plotters of the Church. Then he said: "You know that from Russia came pursuing me Dudikoff with his wife, who tried many times to kill me, and B. Kuklevsky because we owe to

Dudikoff \$2800.00 which he gave for safe keeping to our Church Missionary Bank and \$5000.00 for shares which were pledged to Dudikoff. We owe him \$7800.00 and 6% yearly interest while the shares he has are worth at least \$42,000.00. You, Vassily, ought to try to get those shares and try to finish up with him." He was still more begging me and then he said: "Take Dudikoff somewhere and quietly thrust a knife into him so that nobody should see. He would give you a revolver but the sounds of the shot would be heard and you might be caught into a trap. The priest Richlov, Archbishop Nemolovsky and Gregory Kunashevsky were advising me to put poison into a glass of some drink which Dudikoff will use. When I asked where I could get it, Kunashevsk said that "everything will be given if I will only try to do the thing." Especially insistent on such a terrible murder was the Metropolitan Platon Rozhdestvensky.

After such a terrible plot which was organized against the citizen and now a priest, father Ivan Dudikoff, who is fighting the evil in the Russian Oorthodox Church, I left and immediately warned father Dudikoff about the danger. But I did not tell him who were the plotters as I did not want him to start criminal proceedings against them. I, too, was afraid especially for my savings which were entirely in the hands of the Prelates and under prelates of the Orthodox Church.

After this I decided to reveal their terrible plot against the priest father Ivan Dudikoff, and decided to demand the return of my \$4500.00 which I gave to the prelates and \$100.00 to under prelate Stephan Dziubai, the sum total of \$4600.00 plus six percent interest per annum. I wish to add that a part of this sum, i. t. \$3000.00 were loaned by me from citizen Semen Semenovich Savchuk, who resides in the City of New York, for which sum I gave to Savchuk a receipt.

Having entirely given up the honor of priesthood which was conferred upon me by Archbishop Dziubai, I, as an honest citizen, who is desirous to return to a poor though but honest life, give my affidavit as before God Almighty not omitting anything of the doings of the Prelates and under prelates of the Russian Orthodox Church who have declared themselves to be the chiefs of the Greek-Catholic Church, doings which I witnessed during a period of thirteen years.

I believe and hope that Christ's Holy Church will arise and that justice will triumph among the Russian people after the elimination,

of course, of the filth, of which there is so much in Russian Orthodox Church in United States of North America.

My affidavit was read to me and being in sound health and mind and in the presence of witnesses and a Notary Public I do swear to it and personally affix my signature.

VASSILY PTASHCHUK.

Witnesses :

1. M. J. Nestor
2. M. Zverina
3. D. Pollock.

Sworn to before me at my office, 178 Second Avenue, New York, this 4th day of September, 1923.

MARK WEINBAUM, *Notary Public.*

HEARING OF LUBKUCH VS. REPELO

The following were called to the inquest: Vassily Repelo, the defendant and at present priest and provost with the Mission, and Marie Lubkuch, the plaintiff, her father, and a number of witnesses. Father Slunin had them all sworn in, "Consul" Rutsky, alias Daniel Gilevitch, cross-examined them, and I took down the testimony. Piate-ski acted as assistant secretary. The inquest made it clear that Vassily Repelo, having lured the girl, Marie Lubkuch, for a walk on the cemetery, violated her at a head stone representing an angel with a cross in his hands. Vassily Repelo admitted his guilt and implored that his youth be taken into consideration, and that an attempt be made to reconcile him with Marie. He promised to pay her father \$5,000. He paid this sum in full and handed it to "Consul" Rutsky, who turned it over to Father Slunin, remarking, "This inquest is being carried on by the Church Mission, and the money must, therefore, be transmitted to the defendant, through the medium of the church. Give the money to Archbishop Platon, and you, Lubkuch, sign a receipt for it at once, because the money had been turned over in your presence. When you present this receipt to the Bishop, he will give you the money. Should you wish to thank the church for its trouble, you may donate \$1,000 or so to the Archbshop, Platon, for charitable purposes." Father Slunin put the money into his pocket, and promised Lubkuch to send the money that very week. As it turned out the money was never sent. On the way back to New York, Father Slunin who at sat in front of me, paid Daniel Gilevitch for having played the part of "Consul."

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF
LACKAWANNA, ss.

Marie Lubkuch, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says, that the facts set forth in the foregoing Statement, so far as they pertain to an ecclesiastical hearing, pretended to have been conducted by one Father Slunin between Marie Lubkuch and Vassily Repelo, are true and correct.

(Signed) MARY LUBKUCH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of August, A.D. 1923.

(Signed) JACOB L. MARTIN, Notary Public.

My commission expires April 1, 1927.

S U P P L E M E N T

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY COURT TRIALS AND FURTHER SUFFERINGS

My lawsuit against those persons who were implicated in plundering me and guilty in all of my sufferings, to wit: charging me with Bolshevism, etc., which had been tried before the Supreme Court of Bayonne, N. J., all of a sudden had been discontinued without my knowledge. And when I have made an official inquiry, the court official told me that the trial took place in June, 1923, and that the case was left without results and refused to give any further explanations. Meanwhile, a short time thereafter, to wit: in the fall, during my absence when I went to Los Angeles about the business of my film, somebody availed himself of my material, stolen from me during the same plundering by the Ku-Klinski of Bayonne, and turned it over to the press. Several articles from this material were published in the newspaper "Novy Mir" (The "New World"). Who turned them over to the editorial office I can only guess, for I did not as yet succeed to get an official information from the editorial office of that newspaper regarding this matter. In answer to my inquiry the editorial office has referred to the German newspaper "Folkszeitung." However, when I requested to show me a copy of that newspaper they could not give it to me but tried by all means to evade the issue with all kinds of excuses, that I could get more detailed explanation from editor Borisoff, who just happened not to be in but would be to-morrow, and finally,—never. In the same time, to wit: in August, not being able to endure it any longer, I made up my mind to look for justice by publishing a book, however, not for sale, but for the purpose of familiarizing with this matter those whom it may concern, among the American, as well as Russian public men, and also by producing a film.

For this purpose I went to the Department of Justice at Washington, accompanied by my lawyer, Mr. Beder, of 15 Park Row, New York, where at a personal interview with Mr. Nathan, who has introduced himself as Assistant to the Attorney General, I had been

given a promise that my case would be examined within a very short time, namely about two weeks, and I gave them a brief summary which was intended for the publication of my book; whereupon I have been advised by words of mouth, that there is no objection to the publication, and that concerning the production on the screen, I have to apply to the Chief Director of Films, Mr. Hayes, and which advice I have followed. Upon my return to New York I have commenced preparing the work for my book. But merciless Fate constantly persecuted me and my book with all material, almost in final form, had been seized by agents of the Metropolitan Platon at the printing shop and destroyed. In this obnoxious crime took active part: the attorneys and counsellors of the Metropolitan, Messrs. Graves and Mahony, the priest and former German spy Krizhanowsky and many others—in all about 40 people. Whereupon, this violence was accompanied by beating me up. Principally threatened with revolvers: the priest Krizhanowsky, and one Muralow, a former Che-kist at the Kieff Extra-Ordinary Commission, Malaya Sadowaya No. 5.

During this pogrom they caused me damages amounting in total to some \$50,000.00, taking into consideration that at the same time I lost a number of very valuable affidavits.

After all this I again went with my attorney, Mr. Maximilian Beder to Washington. The same Mr. Nathan, after hearing my story for the second time requested from me a brief summary, alleging that he cannot find the first one I gave him during my first visit at the Department of Justice, and again having promised that the entire affair would be investigated very shortly. Whereupon he said:

“Regardless of all this, there is no objection against the filming of your picture—apply to the same Mr. Hayes.”

Having returned to New York, I went to the office of Mr. Hayes and his assistant told me that from their part there is no objection either, and that the concern which buys from me the picture will take care itself about the further development of the film; whereupon he forwarded to me a list containing names and addresses of various film companies.

Thereafter, within a short time, I commenced negotiations with a film company at Los Angeles regarding the sale of my film and went there. But here again I had met with misfortune. The Metropolitan Platon, with the assistance of his agent, the priest Razumow, gathered a group of some 200 people, including Baptists, denounced me, arrested me and prosecuted me.

The charges against me were different, without aversion to anything: accusing me of Bolshevism, atheism, etc. . . .

The Judge, after hearing the case and being convinced in the absurdity of the charges, dismissed the complaint and released me, finally, and besides, he initiated prosecutions against some of the false witnesses, as criminals. After my release they did not leave me in peace yet and summoned me to the Federal Department, where Inspector Dick, after an inquest and thorough examination of my documents, he certified the legality of my being there, advising me, however, to go back to New York. Besides, I had been persecuted by some Federal agent, E. Kosterlitsky, who, simply being engaged in extortion, threatened me with deportation and other horrors.

Being sick and tired of all this troubles I made up my mind to depart and went to New York, where I hope to bring this case to an end. Upon my arrival in New York, I met the pseudo-Metropolitan, a former priest Kedrowsky, who informed me that my position is very bad, as he told me that he turned over by mistake one of my affidavits, revealing the activity of the Soviet inquisition in Russia, to the "Narkomust" (the National Commissariat of Justice) and that I may be shot upon my return to that country.

I would very much like that the authorities of the United States investigate this case. In the first place, where did he get my affidavit, and, secondly, what right did he have to turn it over to the Soviet authorities? This means, that he is an agent of the Soviets and is employed by the Third International.

Translation of an article published in No. 39 of the Russian weekly "Swit" (The Light) in the issue of October 25, 1923, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

TO THE POINT AND VERY IMPORTANT.

As a representative of the superior monarchial council, I repudiate with extreme indignation the alleged participation of the monarchists in the assault and battery of the unfortunate priest Dudikoff, according to the report printed in the "Novy Mir" (the New World) and other newspapers. This matter in the communication as well as in the conclusion has absolutely no connection whatsoever with the monarchists. Such criminal departures are incompatible with the dig-

nity of people of this denomination, who strive to a firm upbuilding of Russia and respect the laws of this country.

The described September the 17th debauch had been performed by violators who dared to raise their hand against a clergyman and even threatening to use a ready weapon.

It is impossible to destroy the compromising book and thus corrode the persons described therein: a multitude of thousands of workmen and other witnesses demand justice and a public trial, while the Jews also demand a clearing up of the grave threats of massacres against their race at this criminal attack and debauch.

It is a tremendous scandal. Of course, for what had occurred will, first of all, be held responsible a part of the guilty ones, insofar as this vanguard of the tireless, fumigating riot proceeded along the lines of action at the described moment; and thereafter, when the trial will disclose the main cause which had provoked this ugly brawl, then will by itself be revealed the grounds which compelled to make the experiment in writing this sorrowful book. It is positively known that once upon a time Dudikoff even took an oath in a church that he would be discreet and careful in publishing things he had seen with his own eyes and, in this respect, he would have to treat actual, concrete matters as non-existing ones. For this, confidence has been shown to him and he had been promised an enviable career.

But all this, nevertheless, was a terrible scoffing at sacred things, which is so characteristic of persons who badly need an insurance-cover for their very non-transparent possibilities in applying in advance their methods of scaring and extracting extorting obligations. It is therefore sheer short-sightedness and unwise to destroy by pogrom-methods a book, which chiefly concerns those who are indignant against it. It is no use. The law of moral compensation is still in existence; its rays illuminate far and penetrate into human affairs. It is a thousand times not the matter with the book, nor with its modest author, with his confirming name, but rather with those people who furnished the exclusive material for its contents, treating (one word illegible—translator) shameful for all moral fundamentals and the people enumerated therein without any zealous veal.

In the first place, it is positively known to me that a reproduction of Dudikoff's book may now easily be found in the Synod of Berlin, Paris, London, Rome and everywhere in the entire wide zone of the Russian settling. Apparently, "Habeat libelli sua fata."

Upon the examination of the affairs of the Diocese of the United States, this book, in manuscript, was lying on my desk. I have read it with pain, based upon thousands of preliminary facts, documents and communications. Upon consideration and comparison with the latter ones I have formed a conviction that the story is entirely verisimilar, the frame true to the environment, the style is matter-of-fact, episodic, simply photographic, and the whirlwind of participants actual, although of a shockingly negative character.

Hell, I should say, did not kindle a more effectual fire-work. Having remained under such a shocking impression after having read this book, I did not make a separate analysis being oppressed by the official material alone, of which there was plenty with an overwhelming superfluity for the concluding and final totals of the revision of the touched in it manipulating sharps of the most shameful ilk.

And so, there is no use of winking or shifting at politics or at our monarchists. Concerning this matter our dissident friends informed about the heroes of the book ardently implored to save Faith, Christ's name and the law.

Dudikoff's book is non-political. Therefore, the various informers in the newspapers are trying in vain to impart false and evasive light that all this had been done by the Platon's susceptible censorship against Rasputin, Illiodor, etc. Nothing at all. In this book it is merely being narrated about the one who is conducting the entire train, M. Platon Rozhdestvensky, and his friend Alexander Nemolovsky, with those affiliated with this two-in-one block of assistants, quakes comedians, etc., placed by the conductors of the train in the rank of supernumeraries. . . .

It is difficult to reply to this for there is a reserve of subsequent inconvenient revelations and disclosures. There was plenty of time to conscientiously reflect on, that no matter how horrible the darkness of Egypt might have been, even at the time of Moses, yet it has to disperse and give way to light. My profound conviction is, that Dudikoff's book will have its fate: through the princely Oleg's horse, upon which will deadily stumble the marked in it embodied, inculcated, ready for all insane scoffings—evil.

BISHOP ANTONY.

STATE OF NEW YORK, CONTY OF NEW YORK,
CITY OF NEW YORK, SS:

I, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the State of New York, duly commissioned and sworn, do hereby certify that I have rendered into English the above translation from Russian, published in the Russian weekly "The Light", in issue No. 39, of October 25th, 1923; that I am an editor of foreign language publications and have an extensive experience in translating from Russian into English and vice versa; that said translation and each and every part and parcel thereof is correct and, to the best of my ability and understanding, represents a true and exact copy of said Russian article.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of my office this 20th day of March, 1924.

AARON GOLDBERG,

Notary Public Kings County, No. 47.
Cert. filed in New York Co., No. 164.

My commission expires March 30, 1926.



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