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California-Russian Emigré Series

Alexander Albov

RECOLLECTIONS OF PRE-REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA, THE RUSSIAN
REVOLUTION AND CIVIL WAR, THE BALKANS IN THE 1930s
AND SERVICE IN THE VLASOV ARMY IN WORLD WAR II

A Dictated Memoir
transcribed by
Professor Richard A. Pierce

PREFACE

The Russian-Americans, although numerically a small proportion of the population, have for long been a conspicuous and picturesque element in the cosmopolitan make-up of the San Francisco Bay Area. Some came here prior to the Russian Revolution, but the majority were refugees from the Revolution of 1917 who came to California through Siberia and the Orient. Recognizing the historical value of preserving the reminiscences of these Russian refugees, in the spring of 1958 Dr. Richard A. Pierce, author of Russian Central Asia, 1867-1917, (U.C. Press, Spring 1960) then a research historian at the University working on the history of the Communist Party in Central Asia, made the following proposal to Professor Charles Jelavich, chairman of the Center for Slavic Studies:

I would like to start on the Berkeley campus, under the auspices of the Center for Slavic Studies, an oral history project to collect and preserve the recollections of members of the Russian colony of the Bay Region. We have in this area the second largest community of Russian refugees in the U.S., some 30,000 in San Francisco alone. These represent an invaluable and up to now almost entirely neglected source of historical information concerning life in Russia before 1917, the February and October Revolutions, the Civil War of 1918-1921, the Allied intervention in Siberia, the Soviet period; of the exile communities of Harbin, Shanghai, Prague, Paris, San Francisco, etc.; and of the phases in the integration of this minority into American life.

The proposed series of tape-recorded interviews, as a part of the Regional Oral History Office of the University of California Library, was begun in September 1958 under the direction of Professor Jelavich and with the assistance of Professor Nicholas V. Riasanovsky of the Department of History. To date, the interviews listed below have been completed in several series. Each interview lasted a number of sessions, which were transcribed and, if necessary, translated. Each was edited by the interviewer and the interviewee, and then typed and bound. An interview by Professor R. A. Pierce with the late Professor Gleb Struve, still being edited, will constitute a fifth series.

Funding for the California Russian Emigré Series has come from several sources. First supported by the General Library, it was in the second and third series supported by the Center for Slavic and Near Eastern Studies. The fourth series, begun in 1979, received funding from the L. J. Skaggs and Mary C. Skaggs Foundation.

In addition to the completed oral histories, other Russian emigré materials have been acquired as a result of the interviewing program.

An interview begun with Professor Nicholas T. Mirov was expanded by Professor Mirov and published as The Road I Came, The Memoirs of a Russian-American Forester (The Limestone Press, Kingston, Ontario, 1978).

Several manuscripts were donated to Professor Pierce by emigrés who had already written or dictated their memoirs. These include:

Lialia Andreevna Sharov, Life in Siberia and Manchuria, 1898-1922, 296 pages. Completed in Los Angeles, California, ca. 1960.

Professor Ivan Stenbock-Fermor, Memoirs of Life in Old Russia, World War I, Revolution, and in Emigration, 1112 pages. Completed in Palo Alto, California, 1976.

Professor Alex Albov, Recollections of Pre-Revolutionary Russia, the Russian Revolution and Civil War, the Balkans in the 1930's and Service in the Vlasov Army in World War II, 550 pages. Dictated on tape, transcribed by Professor Pierce.

These manuscripts will be made a part of the Russian emigré collection of The Bancroft Library.

The Regional Oral History Office was established in 1954 to tape record autobiographical interviews with persons who have contributed to the development of the West. The Office is under the administrative supervision of Professor James D. Hart, the director of The Bancroft Library.

Willa K. Baum, Head
Regional Oral History Office

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Regional Oral History Office
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Chapter 1 Scenario I

Many years ago, in the late 1930's, I saw a British film entitled "Cavalcade". It concerned the life of an English family at the end of the Victorian era, and ended after World War I when all members of the family gathered together, safe and sound, despite the calamity of the war.

I would like to narrate here the story of my life. I do this because I believe that I am obligated, for my son and probably for his family and descendants, to leave a record of what happened to my family and me during the time of the most unheard of upheaval in the history of humanity. And I was the witness of many of these events and even a participant in some of them. The ideal method of transmitting information would be direct from thought into somebody's comprehension, but we cannot do that yet. Therefore we have to use language to transmit that information, and this is already a limiting factor, because while thought passes almost instantaneously, it takes time to organize and put your thoughts into language symbols which will approximate the message you wish to convey. Of course if I tried to write my story it would be a second, more formidable limitation, because it would have to go from thought to language to writing, slowing down, at each stage of the process, with inevitable loss of meaning and spontaneity. Therefore I am narrating this, the story of my life, orally, with the aid of a tape recorder, a device undreamed of during most of that time.

I remember myself probably at the age of three. Strangely enough my first memories are connected with music. My father, in addition to his career as a judge of a Russian district court, was an accomplished pianist, and he played what to my ears were the most magnificent things. His repertoire was broad; predominance was given to Chopin, because we lived in Poland and Chopin was a Pole, but he also liked the works of Beethoven, of Liszt, with the most

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demanding piano pieces ever written, St. Saens, and many others.

We had a grand piano--I believe it was a Steinway--in what we in the United States call a living room, which traditionally was called a ballroom, or guest room, in Russian, gostinnaia. It was a large room and that grand piano had a prominent place in it. My father liked to play in the evening, at dusk, or even in darkness, and I remember running through that huge room and crawling under the piano, sitting near the pedals that he pressed, completely encompassed by the wonderful sounds that were coming from above. I believe this exposure to the musical pieces that my father played left a permanent impression upon me, for I always liked music, and whenever I hear certain things that my father used to play it brings back memories of the wonderful days of my early childhood.

My father Pavel Alekseevich Alh~~ov~~^{ov}, was a judge of the Russian Imperial court in Lomzha, a town in that portion of in present day Poland which was then a part of the Russian empire. The administrative apparatus was Russian, and all the personnel of the courts were Russians. However, close contacts with the Poles made a permanent impression upon me, and I am happy to say that I, probably like other members of my family, accepted part of the Polish culture, which is somewhat different from Russian. We liked the Poles, and my father on many occasions was chagrined to think that the Polish people, particularly the highly educated intellectual class, were not given full opportunity to demonstrate their talents or occupy some positions in the Russian government. We had wonderful relations with Polish friends; my father frequently went hunting with some Polish nobility to their estates and he liked their company as they liked his. He told me some interesting stories about their traditions. For instance he told me that after a sumptuous dinner

they would serve a very old, probably a hundred years old, drink, made of honey, medoc, which was kept for special occasions, and which had a very unusual effect. While sitting at the table the person drinking it didn't feel even the slightest intoxication. However, when the moment came to get up it was hard; the legs could barely move.

The hunting parties in which my father participated, were also one of the earlier impressions of my childhood. I remember that when my father was preparing cartridges for his shotgun, a beautiful Belgian gun, he selected the shot for different kinds of game; they were numbered, no. 3 for pheasants, no. 4 for wild hare, and the heaviest for wild boars. He had a special little machine for this, and I watched with fascination as he measured the black powder, then put it inside the cartridge and pressed it into place.

Lomzha, by present standards, was a small town, however, it was an important center in the Polish part of Russia. It had a civilian governor, and a vice governor, and since it was close to the Prussian border there was a large military garrison located there. There were the Olenets and Belozersk infantry regiments, and the 6th Volyn Uhlan cavalry regiment. The commanding officers of all these regiments as well as many other officers were of German descent. Some were descended from the German nobility of the Baltic lands acquired by Peter the Great, the ancestors of others had been invited to come to Russia to train Russians in the arts of arms. Quite a few of them had fallen in love with Russia and remained there, serving Russia loyally through the rest of their lives and their families had followed in this tradition. Therefore at the outbreak of World War I there were many high ranking officers and both field and company grade officers in the Russian army who bore German names, while the branches of those families which remained in Germany were in

the German arm^{ed} forces, so that in many cases ~~that~~ during WW I distant cousins were fighting each other on both sides of the front line. The commanding officers of the three regiments that were stationed in Lomzha were all German, Colonel Kube commanded the uhlan regiment, colonels Schneider and given von Greifenburst the infantry regiments, also of German descent, and the chief of gendarmerie in Lomzha was - - - - von Manteuffel.

We knew all these people because in my father's position they were frequent visitors to our home, to parties, etc. The vice governor was Baron Korb, and a dear friend of my father's, a judge, Baron Rode, and my best friend in school years was Baron von Fittingof-Shel~~f~~. My family consisted of my mother's father, my paternal grandmother, my two cousins, Nicholas and Constantine~~y~~ Ulozovskii and my sister Tatiana, or Tania.

Our two cousins lived with us because their parents, my mother's brother and his wife, were killed in an accident when the horses of the carriage in which they were driving went wild and overturned the carriage. At the time their two sons were very young, something like 2 or 3 years of age, so my father decided to take care of the two boys. They became like real brothers to my sister and me, and lived with us through all the calamities of World War I and the Revolution.

We didn't have our own house in Lomzha. Whatever estates there had been were reduced very much; they were in the Chernigov area on mother's side and also near Warsaw where some distant relatives lived.

So we had an apartment, a large one, with enough room for everybody. It was a quiet and serene life for us children and our parents. There were separate rooms for my sister and I, for our parents, for our cousins and for our grandmother. Then there was the most sacrosanct room in the house, father's study, where he worked on his cases for the court.

During my childhood we had three servants who lived in the house. One, the cook, a wonderful Polish woman, could have been a credit to any present day restaurant; her cooking was perfect. On several occasions after some dinner parties and lunches, as was customary at that time, the pleased guests asked her to come out of the kitchen and gave her a silver ruble as a token of their appreciation for her gastronomic achievement. There were also two chambermaids who took care of the household and laundry. Then there was a man who came in every day to look after that the stoves, those wonderful stoves whose outsides were colored with ceramic tiles, and to see that there was ample water on hand. At that time there was no running water in our house, so bath water had to be warmed and water for cooking and for everything else had to be brought from outside somewhere and stored in tanks. Also periodically there were one or two men who were experts at polishing the parquet floor, and I looked with fascination how after putting wax on the floor they were almost dancing, sliding about on the big brushes which were attached to their shoes, as they vigorously polished the floor.

The whole atmosphere was extremely quiet and serene; as children of tender age, we were left very much under the care of grandmother and mother. Father was busy in the court, where he was presiding judge. It shows what kind of life was there; practically every day an employee of the court would bring him lots of dossiers of cases which he studied to make his notes in preparation for the trials.

Another employee used to bring father his salary. It was payable on the 20th of the month, so the government employees were called "men of the 20th day". The salary was brought to my father by an employee, usually in gold and silver coins, and invariably my father asked the employee to go back and exchange the coins for paper money because he didn't like carrying coins with

him; he said it was easy to lose. Of course nobody then thought of saving gold as such.

As I said before there were plenty of rooms in our house and in addition to the ballroom, or guestroom as it was called--the gostinnaia--we had a very large, well appointed dining room; all the furniture was heavy oak including a big table, capable of seating eight people at one time.

^{while}
~~Well~~, speaking of that era it is ^{so} good ^{to} return back to my family lineage or ancestry. For that purpose you have to look at the picture of a family reunion which was somehow saved during all the wars and revolutions that I went through. It was taken around 1908 or 1909 in Karlsbad, one of the small resort towns on the wonderful beaches of Riga Bay, on the Baltic Sea. On your left you in first row, going from left to right see a girl with a big ribbon tied in her long hair; this is my cousin Elena. Her father, Ivan Mikhailovskii standing in the back row, is in uniform, but it was not a military uniform. In Russia at that time all civilian employees of the government usually wore uniforms of one kind or another, so it was a civilian uniform. He was a judge, like my father, but at Lublin, another provincial government center. Next to my cousin Elena stands my maternal grandmother Anna Golovkov-Ulozovskii. There was a mystery about her past, a mystery which I never heard discussed and talked about in the family until much later, only a few years ago when I visited my cousin in France, then he told me her background. She was actually born Countess Atotskii, of a family of Polish nobility. A young Russian cavalry officer, Golovkov-Ulozovskii, was stationed on the Atotskii estate and he fell in love with her and she with him; they eloped and he married her. For a daughter of the Polish nobility it was a terrible thing, particularly since it was at the time of the Polish uprising. So at a later date the Polish patriots took revenge upon her

husband, the father of my mother, and he was shot in the head, and lost his eyesight. My mother was very conscious of that and remembered her childhood living with a blind father; I noticed that whenever we went somewhere and she saw a blind beggar she would always give money generously, saying, "I feel sympathy toward people who have lost their sight."

So my mother's mother was born Anna Romualdovna Atotskii. She was brought up in the Roman Catholic church but after marrying my granduncle Nicholas she was converted to Russian Orthodoxy. However she attended both Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches, and it was particularly convenient to visit both because our house was facing a courtyard of an old Roman Catholic church, probably a couple of centuries old. So she used to go sometimes to the early morning masses. On Sunday she would go with all of us to the Russian Orthodox cathedral. In her ancestry there was a French ancestry too, it was Comte de Rochebrune who donated something to a Musee de Goulem in Charentes. This sketchy information I got from my cousin, who was already close to 80 years of age and living out the rest of his life in Nice, France. He visited the museum, trying to trace down the French side of his ancestry.

On the Russian side, the Ulozovskii family was also very well known. It was two ruling houses of the old Ukrainian state which existed before the Ukraine joined Russia. There were two families, of Golovko^v and Ulozovskii[?], and by joining in marriages they became Golokov-Ulozovskii. They had big estates in the area of Chernigov. There were two estates. There were two hetmans, or leaders, one was Golovko and the other Ulozovskii. After Russia annexed the Ukraine there was a chancellor at the court of the Emperor Paul in 1796 by the name of Golovkin-Ulozovskii and the lineage came down through his son Nicholas, his son Andrei, then Nicholas who was the head of the family that I mentioned above. He was a cavalry officer, eloped with the Countess Atotskii,

and they had children: Nicholas, Vladimir, Mariia, and Olga. Olga was my mother. Nicholas Ulozovskii was the father of Nicholas and Constantine, our two cousins. And Nicholas and his wife Catherine died in an accident when a carriage was overturned. Vladimir Ulozovskii can be seen in the picture sitting 3rd from the right in military uniform. He was a lieutenant colonel at that time, and was married to a women Anna, who sits on his left, and leaning toward her is their daughter Galina. Their son is just in front of this uniformed Vladimir Ulozovskii, brother of my mother. His son Andrei just to finish with his rather complex story, was in the white army, in the cavalry. He was sick at one time and was taken to a hospital in the Caucasus. Unfortunately they didn't evacuate him in time and he was killed in the hospital by the Reds.

You can see me third on the left hand side; I am in a sailors uniform with some kind of visored cap on my hand and fancy black and white buttoned shoes. I am between my grandmother and my father, Pavel Alekseevich Albov, who sits with my mother Olga Nikolaevna.

Next to me is my dear sister Tatiana--Tania--she died in Germany after World War II when I was already in the U.S. and was trying to bring her here. Then you see my mother; I still remember her in that dress.

Behind my mother is her sister Maria Nikolaevna, married to the uniformed man who stands on the left hand, Mikhailovskii, and she is holding her little son Ivan (Vania). And on the right hand side standing are two cousins of mine, Nicholas (Kolia) and Constantin (Kostia) Ulozovskii, who as I explained lived in our family and were brothers to Tania and me.

The only people in this picture now alive are myself and my cousin Nicholas, who is standing in that white tunic of a Russian gymnasium uniform, with a visored cap with the insignia of the gymnasium. He was a very sturdy,

clever man, secure in himself determined in his goals, a very solid character, very well built physically and fit, while his brother, on the right hand side was completely different; he was very kind but at the same time a little weak; he did poorly in school; but he had some kind of attractiveness about him; he clowned around a lot. His fate was a tragic one; he perished somewhere in France while working in a factory after World War I and the Revolution.

Between them in the background is our servant Christine (Kristia) who couldn't miss the opportunity to get in the picture.

Out of the persons in this picture, there is still a chance that the little boy, Ivan, who is being held by the mother, Maria, might still be alive, but where I don't know. They all remained in the Soviet Union; they didn't manage to escape. My cousin Kolia (Nicholas Ulozovskii), after a brilliant career in the Russian navy during World War I, worked for a time in Tunisia, in Algiers, and became a French citizen. He saved the life of two French officers and was decorated by the French government. He served in World War II in the French corps of engineers, was wounded and retired as an officer and settled in Nice, where I was fortunate enough to visit him twice.

Again looking at the picture of this family reunion one can see a grey haired lady who stands just behind my father; she is my other grandmother, the mother of my father. It so happened that both grandmothers lived for a long time, while our grandfathers died much earlier, before Tania and I were born.

My grandmother Albov, seen on the picture, was the widow of a Major General Aleksei Albov, my grandfather. He was initially a cavalry officer, and then joined the Corps of Gendarmerie and became deputy governor of Warsaw. Since it was the time of a series of Polish uprisings the governor and his deputy my grandfather lived with his family in the Warsaw fortress. Only

after his death my grandmother, Anna Iurievna Albova, moved into the city proper where she rented an apartment on Marshalkovska Street. We visited her place several times; she liked me very much; I knew she had some money set aside for me, but it all disappeared like smoke with the Russian Revolution. Her maiden name was Kondrat'ev while my father and grandfathers' name was Albov. My great grandfather was a priest. Beyond that I don't know, because my father never told me anything about that because there was no occasion; earlier I was too small and after the outbreak of World War I with the Revolution and civil war we never managed to talk about this family ancestry. I remember only that my father once said that he intended to take us on a trip on the Volga River to the ^{Town} ~~city~~ of Kostroma, from which our clan came, and were written into the book of nobility of Kostroma ^{gubernia} ~~province~~; my father wanted to bring me there and enter my name there, but none of these plans materialized.

I know only a few things, which I learned by chance from other people. Prince Galit^sin in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, told me that he knew some of the background of our family, that our name's origin was of Spanish extraction. He read the story of some Russian families and came across my name in a book which described how in the 17th century Albovs were still called Don Albov which in his opinion indicated that although the name was already Russified they retained the Don which was the equiv^{alent} of the German von or French ^{de} ~~De~~.

My grandparents, Anna and Aleksei Albov, had four children -- ^a son, Peter who died early, my father, Paul, his sister Elizabeth and his brother Alexander.

Chapter 3 Scenario I

Father's sister, Elizabeth, Aunt Lika--lived for a long time; she died in Berlin when I was already in the United States. People of today will find it difficult to understand the life which surrounded me in my childhood. We who are living in the United States today have at our disposal all of the modern fruits of civilization produced in the past several decades, and in order to comprehend what was happening at the time of my childhood you have to get into a kind of time tunnel and move back in time and in space. Poland, where I was born and spent my early childhood, was at that time part of the Russian empire. It was a completely different time, so different that when in my thoughts I go back into the past I feel as if I lived on a different planet, because nothing that we in the United States now take for granted existed at that time.

Let us take, for example, electricity. We take it for granted; it is the source of everything; it gives me the opportunity to narrate this story. When I was born in Poland, in that town of Lomzha, we didn't have any electricity in our house. Therefore we didn't have washing machines. A woman came once a week or twice a month to take care of laundry and ironing. And there was no electric light. Instead we used lamps, except for special areas like the dining room, father's study, and the big ballroom, where we had special lamps which operated on alcohol. These ignited some kind of little canvas thing and it gave a very bright light, bluish, exceptionally bright and pleasant, very much like electricity. At the entrance to each room my father installed a little metal contraption with a box of matches, so that in the evening if there was no light in the room instead of touching ~~the~~ a switch you could reach for that box, strike a match, and then light the kerosene lamp.

We didn't have a telephone. There were very few in Lomzha--in the bank, the gymnasium, the court, the military establishment, and in the narodnyi dom, a kind of club--I remember calling somebody from there-- but private telephones were almost nonexistent, so messages were sent by servants or brought by couriers, as from the court.

Today everybody takes automobiles for granted, but we didn't have an automobile. I first saw one in 1907; it belonged to the father of my good friend, Zhenia von Fittingof-Shell. His father was always considered an extravagant man and one day he surprised the entire population of Lomzha by driving a red ~~colored~~ car which made a tremendous noise, scaring all the horses; it made a great sensation. However after that more motor vehicles appeared, first of all at the disposal of the military.

The military were very much revered at that time; a military career was considered exceptionally glorious and important. The uniforms were incredibly bright, and of course men in uniform had a tremendous success with the young ladies, and everyone therefore envied them. The toys of that time were mostly of a martial nature, there were toy soldiers, cannon, artillery pieces, etc. We boys played mostly with toy soldiers--tin soldiers. I got them in abundance as gifts at Christmas time. Father used to buy us gifts across the border in Prussia; at a place called Lick, everyone in that area knew Father and he didn't need any passport. There were some very beautiful toys; even in modern times I haven't seen some toys that I used to have at that time. For instance, I believe it was after my father visited Karlsbad ^{now} in Czechoslovakia, ^{in Bohemia.} then Austria-Hungary, to take a cure for his kidneys, he stopped at Berlin and bought me a magnificent thing, it was a little train with a locomotive which operated from steam, and that steam was produced by lighting up a little container which contained

denatured alcohol. The flame brought the water inside to the boiling point and it operated like a real locomotive. Of course all my friends were awfully envious and they used to come to me and we played with that train. I don't believe it lasted very long, because too many hands were training to use it.

Of course girls, like my sister, had dolls. Dolls were the domain of the girls.

Lacking electricity, we didn't have any modern devices. We had a record player, but it was a wind up mechanical kind. I must say, however, that we had a wonderful set of records. Father loved music and therefore he used to buy many records; we had original records of Chaliapin, Caruso, Battistini and famous Russian tenors like Smirnov, Sóbinov, or the famous Russian soprano Nezhdanova. Then through this gramophone, as it was called, I was exposed to lots of music, major areas from all the operas, such as ^{La} Traviata, ^{and} Rigoletto, Faust, ^{and} The Troubadour (or Il Trovatore, as they say here), and Russian operas such as "Evgenii Onegin," "Queen of Spades," etc. It is an interesting thought that the only link between the past and the present is probably the sounds of music, because they were the same then as they are now, so while life completely changed in everything else, and we moved as if from one planet to another something remained intact, that is in the field of art. The music that you hear now is the same wonderful music of Mozart, Beethoven, Chaikovsky, Chopin, and Rimskii-Korsakov. As we heard it then we hear it now, perhaps with a slightly different interpretation, but essentially the same.

The same is true of other things. We children in Russia were exposed to a tremendous amount of translated literature from the western world, particularly American English, French, and German literature. First there

were childrens' stories, Anderson's fairy tales, and the brothers Grimm. There were some wonderful stories taken from the German of Max Moritz, and other children's stories. There was not so much children's literature in Russian, with the exception of heroic poems, the so-called byliny, about the bogatyry, but they were people's epos, and somewhat different. A little later we read such authors as Mark Twain; Robert Louis Stevenson, Conan Doyle, Sir Walter Scott, and Rudyard Kipling; everything was translated. There was Jules Verne, and Fenimore Cooper, with all his Indian stories we were quite familiar with the Indians--Charles Dickens, Dumas and Victor Hugo.

My sister and I learned to read and write, at an early age, at four. Of course we also read voraciously all the Russian literature, though Russian literature was mostly written more for adult minds than certain prose of English or American literature. Tolstoi's War and Peace, or Anna Karenina, or his other stories; or Dostoevsky, were more adult reading. These childhood stories we mostly acquired from reading translated foreign literature until we reached the stage where we could absorb and understand mature stories written by Tolstoy and Dostoevsky etc. We memorized the wonderful poetry of Pushkin, Lermontov, etc. As for foreign literature we gradually switched to Zola, or even at a later stage to Maupassant, at the time considered a little bit risque, although in comparison with modern writing it is not very risque at all.

I hope that by now this background, the things that surrounded me at that time ^begins to be understood. Our family was so organized, if it is a proper word, that the childrens' world was to a certain extent separated from that of the grownups. For instance I never heard ^{my parents} a quarrel ~~between my~~ ~~parents~~. I am sure that there were some misunderstandings, but never before us. We children never heard raised voices or angry voices or ~~angry~~ dialogues

between our parents when we were present; it was always quiet, always calm; it gave such a feeling of security, such a wonderful feeling of well being. Nor did I ever hear, even when we were going through all the miseries of the Revolution, my father utter a word of profanity; it would have flabbergasted me if I had heard one issuing from his mouth. Do not think that I over-^{valize} ~~idolize~~ my parents; probably there were faults, but life was so organized that we children were never exposed to that, and as a result we respected our parents tremendously; their authority was very high and that made our life, Tania's and mine, very happy. We felt that both mother and father and grandmother, who was always with us; loved us both dearly.

We used to go for a walk every day with mother, and I still remember that while walking with her--I was such a little fellow--I felt really secure when I was holding her skirt. Whenever something happened on the street, and I was kind of scared, I used to grab her skirt. But the day came when she said "No, Sasha, no more of that; you are on your own, no more touching my skirt", and then gradually I became on my own.

Tania and I both had our friends; we were lucky because there were lots of children among the friends of our parents. It was a congenial group and we used to go together to various places, there was always celebration of birthdays and namesdays, particularly name days,--again a kind of contrast to American and western style. The namesday was a day of one's patron saint, so St. Alexander's day was my nameday and a time of a big celebration. When we were children it usually resulted in hot chocolate with whipped cream being served to all the gathered children, and we danced and played and had fun. And one of the biggest events for some reason in our family was the celebration of the name day of my sister Tatiana. Tatiana's ^{name} ~~mane~~ day was on the 12th of January, or on the 25th by the modern calendar. The clergy

were invited, to say a certain prayer, or in Russian monedel'tle a service was held in the house. And after that there were lots of guests, both grownups and of course children. Everybody was invited to lunch; the grownups had lunch in the dining room, and we children usually gathered in the big ballroom where again the inevitable hot chocolate and all kinds of goodies were served, while also something called a name-day ^{pic} pirog ⁿ imenyi was offered to everybody. There were always lots of gifts; I remember when my mother in despair said after the day was over said that in addition to the dolls and all the things that people brought for Tania she counted 23 boxes of chocolates. She was working in some kind of committee that distributed such things to less fortunate children.

This names day of my sister Tania was fortunate because it was the only winter celebration of names days, because the namesdays of my father, my mother, and mine all fell in the summer time when we were already in the country, on vacation.

Consider again time and location. I was born in Lomzha, but my mother told me that actually I was born in our house in the Lomzha region in a summer cottage that we rented every summer. My parents spent their time there, and after my sister and I were born we spent our earliest years every summer there. It was a beautiful place, a child's dream of existence. It was a rather primitive place in a little village consisting of a few houses, 3 or 4 miles from a little town called Makhov? We travelled there from Lomzha quite in style, in a carriage like Wells Fargo stagecoach in the movies. It was a very comfortable coach; my father and mother the two of us, and also our cousins Nicholas and Constantine were coming to spend the summer time there. We couldn't all travel in one coach, so the caravan consisted of

about 3 coaches because grandmother came too, and also we always took along one servant. One of the village women served as a cook; she was an excellent cook.

The location was ideal because our house was very close to a beautiful forest. During childhood I learned everything about the forest, it was mixed forest with both pine trees and other trees -- oak and nut trees and various other trees. I learned lots about various animals, beginning with squirrels; we saw foxes, once or twice we saw wolves, and it was said there were even bears in this forest. We spent daytime with the family in the forest, taking with us food for picnics, some blankets to spread out under the trees, going around gathering wild strawberries, or toward the fall lots of mushrooms, and nuts, and nearby there was a beautiful winding river wide enough to have a boat on; father built a place to keep our boat; we had a boat for going fishing and I learned how to row, and father built two cabins there for dressing rooms, one for ladies and one for men.

I learned to swim at an early age, at about five. Father used an interesting method to teach me to swim. First in relatively shallow water he asked me to sit down with my head submerged in the water. Then he said "open your eyes and look around, you will see that the water is transparent so that you do not need to have any fear. First you have to learn to swim under the water." And that is true; I learned very fast to get into the water and start swimming under the water, then one day he said "Now, just raise your head and continue moving your hands and feet and you'll be swimming," and very soon I discovered how to swim, and from then on I swam all the time.

So, as you can see, we had everything; we had the forest, the river, boats and wonderful swimming. My father used to go hunting and after my cousin Nicholas got a little 22 caliber Winchester as a gift from my father

and he permitted me and even my sister to do some target shooting.

The noon meal was usually held picnic style in the forest; early in the morning we went to the river for a swim, and probably a little boating, then came back and changed, then went to the forest for a picnic, climbing the trees, everything that children do in the forest, having lots of fun. Then toward the evening we would come back, have supper in the house on the veranda, and then after supper we would go for long walks with our parents.

My father taught us lots of beautiful Russian songs, both he and my mother were very musical--which we sang in duo and trio.

There were also lots of sports. My father helped me to carve a javelin, and also we had ball games--soft ball--football, running a lot, and playing all kinds of games that have now vanished. We also played croquette.

So these summers, close to nature, were probably the best part of that era, the ideal thing for children; we talked so much about that place with our friends that three couples of our friends, with children, started renting houses there from the peasants. One family, which was pretty close to us, was that of Mrs. Kalinovskii, the director of the school for girls, a gymnasium like a high school and junior college combined. Her three sons were my best friends. They were boys of quite different character. The senior one, Pavel, or Pavlik as we called him, distinguished himself by the fact that he had an uncontrollable fantasy, or to put it in simple terms, he lied a lot. The stories that he was told were always beyond possibility. The second one had a limp--something was wrong with one of his legs--and he was the leader, very rough and tough, always doing the unexpected. Once I saw him take a caterpillar into his mouth and eat half of it. I was terrified, but at the same time I kind of admired him for his courage. The third son Rastislav, or Slavik, was too little for our company. He was a very pleasant Mama's boy.

But Roman, or Roma as we called him, was really terrible. Once in town the Korenovskii's governess admonished Roma when he pointed with his finger at the moon--perhaps it was some German superstition--"It always means something will be broken." So he immediately grabbed a crystal vase which was standing there and threw it to the floor and said "Yes, you are right, something got broken!"

So during those few summers I learned how to swim, to shoot, and had lots of physical education. My father was in good shape and he forced me to run a lot. Jogging was unknown then but I think it was in Baden-Powell's book, translated into Russian, and my father considered it an excellent idea for us children. He organized our little gang into the first boy scout troop in that area, and he was the scout master. Among other things we learned about moving fast: 50 steps running, and 50 steps walking, all the time.

Then all the names days fell in the summer time so there were great celebrations with fireworks, and Chinese lanterns strung around the houses and the yard and people coming from town to visit with us, and again that hot chocolate was served, and piro, and we had a grand time.

As I said, there were quite a few celebrations--Olga's day on 11th of July, which also coincided with my parents wedding anniversary, 29th of June was both my fathers names day and my birthday, and then when my uncle Vladimir, an officer in the army, came to visit with us his was the 15th of July and that day was celebrated too.

So we spent our summers there. Father used to bring us there, and organize everything, and then return to Lomzha for a short while because the court was still until the court year ended, and then come back and stay with us and then return a little bit early when the court year started.

And then the day came when I had to go to school. We learned to read and write at a very early age, and shortly after that my father started to teach us music and piano. However, he didn't have much time and when I was six father provided a music teacher, a Mr. Kloss, of German descent. He was quite a teacher, the conductor of one of the military bands in Lomzha, and we had to play. It was not the present day permissive society, children were disciplined very strictly, the man would come with his little baton like an orchestra conductor, and when something wasn't going well not to his liking he would hit our hands with his baton, so we would try to do our best. There was obligatory homework, 1¹/₂ hours of practice for each of us and then we had to prepare certain exercises and play them. I was very impressed when I found that some of those exercises are still used in the present day in the United States. One of the easier ones was Ludchek, and a more difficult one was Hannon; to play this Hannon exercise, from a big book of exercises was quite a difficult task.

With regard to my music lessons, soon after I started I discovered that I had almost perfect pitch, so instead of memorizing certain things I began to improvise my playing, I lost on technique--my sister beat me there--but I played what I liked. I probably enjoyed my music more than she, but frustrated my music teacher.

After we learned to read and write, and the basics of arithmetic, father was too busy to teach us further, so he hired a young man to prepare me for the first class in gymnasium. My sister was in frail health and my mother didn't want to make life too strenuous for her, so it was decided that she would cover the schooling program by passing the tests but not actually attending the school. As it turned out she was probably far advanced not attending the classes because she worked very hard with that teacher who attended us, and

she read a lot, from an early age, probably starting with Alcott's LITTLE WOMEN and later Shakespeare. I had to go to school, but I was able to skip the preparatory classes and go immediately into the first class, at 11 years of age. To get into gymnasium at that age it was necessary to pass the entrance examination on three subjects, Russian language, arithmetic, and religion. Since I was quite well prepared I found it quite simple but the examinations had all the awesome trimmings, there was a big table, behind which sat the imposing figures of 4 or 5 professors, with long beards or mustaches, all dressed in the uniform of the Ministry of Education. The table was covered with green cloth, and on it there were boxes of tickets from which I had to draw, to answer the questions or to solve the problem of arithmetic that was indicated.

I hoped I was prepared, and was given a simple problem of arithmetic. I was very much excited I sat at a special little table prepared for examinees and tried to solve that problem and finally presented my paper back to them. Then I had to recite some poetry which I had to learn by heart to satisfy my knowledge of Russian. Fortunately the choices of poetry were quite well known to me so I recited them with eloquence and necessary exultation. For religion there was a very kind hearted priest. I used to go to him for confession and he knew my father and my family very well, so there was no fear of failing that. So he asked me a question about religion and I answered it completely to his satisfaction so he congratulated me on being excellently prepared.

When I emerged from that sanctuary where I passed the test my father was waiting outside. Well he had already the written problems of arithmetic that were given to me--someone had apparently given them to him.

I got a passing grade, and it was announced to me that I was admitted to the first class of gymnasium, particularly since that involved making me a student

Chapter 5 Scenario 1

The grandest thing for me about passing the entrance examinations was that I would be getting my student uniform. That was very important, first of all because it would signify the first time in my life when I would be wearing long pants.

Soon after the examination I was taken to the tailor, who took my measurements. I went to a few fittings but didn't see the completed work because we went again to summer vacation.

I described how as very little children we went always to Kranka near the big forest and river. Then we went for 3 summers to the Baltic Sea. I mentioned that in a previous chapter as the place where the family reunion picture was taken.

The summers on the Baltic Sea were quite different; it was the sea, it was a different mood, and everything. Riga Bay starts south of Riga and runs for quite a while; it is a beautiful flat and level beach, of white sand, and then at a certain distance from the water there were rising dunes and on top of them several communities of cottages and villas, running along all the length of Riga Bay. Starting with Riga a train ran from Riga along the summer resorts, and between the railway line and the seashore there were these little towns of cottages. I still remember the names of them; we used to travel from one to another on the trains, which ran every half hour. Bilderingof, Edinburg (1) & Edinburg (2), Maroringof, Dubeln, Karlsbad, Asseph, Ahlok, Kemmern.

It was a wonderful life there too, because we were swimming in the sea. It was my first exposure to the sea; I knew already how to swim, however the waters were dangerous, as often happens with sandy beaches.

The swimming places were clearly marked with buoys and so forth; there

were cabins for people to undress in, and lots of people had their own individual cabins made of canvas on the beach. It was something like one sees in the pictures of Matisse and other French masters of the beaches at Bretagne, etc.

The schedule for swimmers was regulated by hours. Early morning hours until 9 o'clock white flags were raised, showing that the beaches were open for men only, and therefore no bathing suits were required. Then after that there was a womens time and then a red flag was raised and men were forbidden to go to the beaches.

We spent two summers in a little place called Karlsbad, where that picture was taken, and one in a little place closer to Riga called Edinburg.

The swimming usually came to an end about four o'clock and after that the beaches were open for everybody for walking and so forth. The fishermen were hauling fresh fish from the sea, something like sardines, and they were immediately smoking that fish, and we were buying that on the beaches. It was a most delicious fish called strimla, and we were eating that with our supper still warm and freshly smoked.

We had lots of friends there, they included the family of the principal (director), Silin, of the gymnasium where I went; he had 3 sons, they were about 7 or 8 yrs. older than I, so they were in the company of my cousins, Nicholas and Constantine. They were going swimming, having fun there, but one day tragedy struck. The oldest son, already a student at a technological institute--something like MIT here was a good swimmer and swam far beyond the buoys which marked the safe area for swimming and he was drowned. It was such a close thing to our lives that we were absolutely upset but it was worst of course for his mother. The fishermen looked for his body but couldn't find it, and she spent all night sitting on the beach waiting and

waiting for her son to come or to be brought back dead, and finally the next day they found his body.

There was lots of seaweed, not like the big California kelp but very tiny, kind of black and smelling of iodine. We children were told that you could find amber in this seaweed, for that was the place, all along the Baltic Sea, where it occurs. Millions of years ago there was a pine forest there which was overwhelmed by the rising sea and left the pitch that comes from the bark of the pine trees. And indeed my sister and I and other children used to find little pieces of amber.

We used to go out to sea, taken in big boats by the fishermen. They were tremendous men. Interestingly enough the water was cool, so it would take courage to jump in, even in the summer time. And since it was farther north there were long nights in June approaching the White Nights. The sun would set around 11 o'clock in the evening and dusk would remain for a long while.

Across the railroad tracks from the sea there was a forest, and a river, the Aa, very wide, slowly moving, but very deep, perhaps fifty feet.

Well that is how we spent our summers on Riga Bay. And then, in 1912, it was decided that we should go to the Crimea. And that was wonderful. We went first to a place called Alupka. We travelled by train from Warsaw, very comfortably, in a Wagons-Lits, in two days. Early in the morning we were crossing that Sivash peisthmus into the Crimea peninsula and everything changed. The sun was shining brightly; there was no comparison with our northern places, and the train would go through through romantic places like Bakhchisarai, and Simferopol, and finally arrive at Sevastopol.

There were still quite a few monuments concerning the Crimean War, fought from 1853 to 1855 and some of the fortifications. Sevastopol itself was under siege for 11 months. It was famous for the Charge of the Light

Brigade. Of course we Russians were on the other side; we didn't appreciate at all that strange invasion by the British and French in alliance with the Turks. There was a beautiful panorama of the battle around Sevastopol which we used to go and see.

In Sevastopol we usually stopped at the Hotel Pista. There they served something we never had in Poland, the Ukrainian or Malorossian borshch, which had all the ingredients provided by the south, particularly tomatoes, which were scarce in the northern regions. Usually we rested for two days in Sevastopol, looking at the Russian navy, anchored in the great Sevastopol Bay, and then we would hire a carriage and go early in the morning from Sevastopol to our destination Alupka. Alupka was about 10 miles west of Yalta. It was probably the southernmost part of the Crimea. The climate was divine because the southern part of the peninsula was protected on the north by a mountain ridge, the Yaila, a Tatar name. The inhabitants of the Crimea was at that time Tatars, and they had possessed the Crimea for quite a long time. Earlier there had been the Greeks, the Genoese, and other peoples.

We never expected the dangers of being exposed for too long to the merciless sunshine, and within the first few days I burnt myself to such an extent that they had to call the doctor. But later on we learned how to handle it, and acquired beautiful tans.

There was no sand on the beaches; they were composed of pebbles.

The most interesting place in Alupka was the palace of Count Vorontsov-Dashkov, built in the style of the Spanish Alhambra, with a staircase leading from the main entrance, with three pair of marble lions. Two on the lower level were asleep, those in the middle were waking up, and those at the entrance were wide awake and alert. These lions were massive pieces of sculpture; during the Russian civil war the British managed to take away one

of the lions, as they had one of the Caryatids in Athens.

It was a wonderful place, there on the Black Sea. We spent all our time by the sea, looking for little crabs, we didn't ever eat the little shrimps, but there were lots of fish there. We lived in a pension, with a little suite with several rooms. The food was provided by the owner, with a table d'hote. There were about fourteen or sixteen people there, so we would gather together at dinner time, and breakfast was served in the rooms.

Alupka was a quiet place, one of a number of resorts along that coast. We spent two summers there, going all along the coast, and up to the peak of the Yaila mountain range, which protected the southern part of the Crimea from the northern winds and made it a sub-tropical paradise.

The third summer, of 1913, we went to Yalta. We stayed there in a pension, but differently organized from what we had stayed in before. It was in a huge park, with cottages for summer guests, scattered around a place called Chukular. There was a central kitchen, and lunches and dinners were brought by the servants to the cottages in containers. And it was delicious food. There was no worry about cooking at that time; when we lived in Lomzha my mother would give the orders to the cook for the lunch and supper; she would give her the money and she would go and buy the food. There was a kind of agreement within the family not to bother our cook while she was in the kitchen, so the place was taboo for everyone.

Well that was the leisurely life we had, a peaceful time which now seems as if it was on another planet.

I will try to crowd into this [6th] chapter everything that remains before I take up the big events which played such an important role in my life. But first of all I would like to repeat again that we lived in a time when there was no instant communication. For current news we depended on the

newspapers only. My father also subscribed to a plethora of various magazines, for all ages. Some were for Tania and me when we were little children, some were for our cousins--in Russia there were very well graded magazines for every age. Then my father subscribed to some very good magazines, popular publications like Niva which was bringing as a supplement through the years the complete works of all famous Russian authors, Leskov, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky etc. So out of these supplements father built a library for us. He sent these books to be bound with our initials and Ex Libris.

We subscribed to three daily newspapers; one was NOVE VREMIA, rather conservative and another was RUSSKOE SLOVO.

We were dependent on the services of many people. We had three servants, and outsiders came to perform certain duties: the seamstress, people looking after sanitary facilities, the iceman, waterman, etc. We didn't have a refrigerator so getting food fresh from the market was very important. However there was always some slippage in that, probably the cook wasn't alert enough, or certain foods were not clean. So something that accompanied our life was the tummy ache, and the medicine for that was the most hated castor oil, to be taken with lots of tears, but it was a radical thing which would clear up the problem.

We had as a music teacher Mr. Closs. Then, when I was five or six my father hired a German governess, who spent the whole year with us. It was assumed that we would speak nothing but German. Neither my sister nor I liked her; she was very strict, and she forced us to do some silly things from our point of view, things like needle work, or on holidays to come before our parents to present them some silly paintings or this needle work, and recite some rhymes in German etc. But I learned German. However, father didn't check well enough. The governess had excellent credentials,

but she came from Prussia and her accent was the so-called Balto-Slavic which was not really good Berlin or Nurnberg German. When I was exposed to German classes in gymnasium my German instructor said "Oh you learned your German from a Prussian girl," and it was already hard to change that pattern learned in an early stage.

After one year with her a French mademoiselle was hired. She was younger and prettier than the fraulein, she was lots of fun. We liked her a lot; the aspects of French culture were detectable in her and we enjoyed hearing French.

After we lived in Yalta my father hired an Englishman, to teach us to play tennis and to speak English. He spent only about 6 months with us, so I did not acquire a deep knowledge of English, but still it became the basis of my knowledge of the language which was to become so important to me in the future.

At one time; also in Yalta, my father hired a teacher of painting, and under his guidance I learned quite a few interesting things about painting which years later, after I retired, came back to me and I now enjoy painting.

When we lived in Odessa, since he saw that I liked fencing my father hired a private tutor in fencing which again was very much to my liking, and when cruel life forced me to leave Russia, almost my first earnings came from giving fencing lessons. So, you see, there were quite a few people whose services we used in those fabulous times of my youth.

I should also give a few words to the life of the grownups. My father was a judge and because of his position had to take part in certain events which called for him to appear in his gala uniform, with a Napoleonic hat, a special coat and even a sword.

We had a large circle of friends, and as I said in our family the grownups life was separated from that of the children. We enjoyed our own company.

We also had a dancing teacher, a very attractive, charming, Russian-educated Polish lady, who was teaching us all dancing, and it was agreed that all dancing lessons could take place in our home. A number of other children came also to take part in those dancing lessons, and a number of elderly men who provided the musical accompaniment. We learned quite a few dances, now probably no longer in use, the pas de quatre, pas de espagne, pas de patiniere, krakoviac, mazurka, and polonaise. Usually when we had quite a big gathering at Christmas time my father would sit at the piano and when the Christmas tree was lit the children danced in the ballroom to the sound of Chopin's polonaise.

Since my father was an accomplished pianist he managed to organize musical evenings among colleagues in the court and officers and their ladies. First there was a quartet playing classical music on violins, and cello, and father played piano. Then there were singing parties, there was an officer named Piatnitskii with a beautiful baritone, a lady with a low contralto, and my mother used to sing quite nicely. My sister and I were permitted to attend these parties up to certain hours; when the time came the governess or grandmother would come and we had to go to bed.

Then there were big receptions. We children had our own table at these, with places for about 20 people. Usually it would start with the dinner, then the men would play cards and the ladies would talk.

The ladies organized some sort of reading group and would get together and discuss literature. It was the beginning of the 20th century, at the so-called silver age of Russian literature. Quite a few interesting poets appeared at that time.

Dinners were by candlelight and so was the card playing. Each card

table which was inlaid with green stuff; there were always two candles and the scores were written with chalk on that green table, and later erased with a brush.

It was a taxing thing for our servants, because first they had to serve dinner, then there was a pause during which people played cards, and finally at around 3 o'clock in the morning a late supper was served. Of course we children were in deep sleep at that time and only saw the results when we got up in the morning. In the morning my sister and I would come into the living room and see those card tables with lots of scores on them in chalk. Sister and I would put our own symbols on them.

This will be an appropriate time to tell how hard I had to study in gymnasium at that time. My sister was what they called an extended student, and could study at home, but we had long hours, from nine to three-thirty every day, at gymnasium, a combination of high school and junior college. We had religion, Russian language and literature, French, German, Latin, in math we had arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, and elements of calculus, and very thorough studies of history, beginning with ancient times, the Middle Ages, and a very thorough study of Russian history. It was the same with geography, which included general geography of the whole world, the geography of Russia, and physical geography, which included elements of geology, paleontology and oceanography. Then there were quite a few subjects of natural history, such as botany, anatomy, zoology, geology, and cosmography (the study of stars). Then physics and chemistry, hygiene and elements of philosophy. Then calligraphy and drawing, also very well organized physical education including gymnastics, with rings, parallel bars, etc., and something called sokol exercises that is, gymnastics, actually exercises made by all Slavic countries, and we were

trained for that in case our school would send athletes somewhere to perform that; whenever Slavs were together they would do the same exercises. We also studied the principles of law. So one can see that the range of subjects covered was tremendous. There was also classical Greek, not in substitution for something, but in addition. Father wanted me to take it, but it was a little bit too much.

I was pretty good in natural sciences, literature and history, and geography. My weakest spot was mathematics, particularly when we hit algebra. I had to struggle with that. It was very important to pass every subject during the year, otherwise there was either necessity to prepare in summer time and take a test in Fall, before going to the next grade, or, if you failed you had to stay for one more year in the same grade, which I dreaded. But I managed to survive, even though weak in mathematics.

Father once had a very nice chat with me and he said "I know that you have difficulty with mathematics, why don't you sacrifice one summer and I'll hire the best possible mathematical instructor for you and you'll cover that algebra; you have to know it, for everything else is based upon it". But he didn't put too much pressure upon me and I preferred to do without it. I managed to get a passing grade in mathematics, but that was all, and my lack of facility in it plagued me all through school.

In other subjects I was very good, particularly in history and humanities, as they call it now.

We were studying six days a week, including Saturdays. Attendance at church was mandatory on Sunday, so Sunday morning I had to go to school again, and then go in formation from school to church.

During the winter time the great entertainment was skating. My whole family loved it and we skated until the ice began to melt.

This winds up my account of life on another planet as I have termed it.

Chapter 7 Scenario I

Before going on I would like to talk a little about something which is very important in our life and everything we are doing, and that is rhythm. Rhythm pervades everything; it is one of the most important phenomena in life, if you think of the rhythm of the heard, the beat of music, etc. If the rhythm is changed, it causes some damage. In the change of rhythm of the body this is usually accompanied by malfunction.

Now where does the rhythm come from? I have thought of it a lot. It seems to me that rhythm starts with the universe and is only beginning to be understood. I believe in the oscillating or pulsating universe. We live in the time when the universe is probably at the end of its expansion cycle; it started 12 or 13 billion years ago with the expansion of a primordial atom. That atom was a completely collapsed universe, or black hole. That black hole is even referred to in the Bible, Genesis 1:3, "And darkness was on the face of the deep." Modern science tells us there was an explosion of this primeval atom or black hole. Pieces from that explosion are flying apart at the present time, creating the universe as we know it now. And this will later condense and later explode, etc., etc. And this is probably the beginning of all other rhythms.

Coming down on a scale closer to everyday life, they also follow a certain rhythm. Tides and phases of the moon, all effect our life on earth.

Rhythm in individuals is an extremely important phenomenon. Those who are able to control it are more successful. I believe that I possess that, probably in a variety of things, I know that I can dance well, and can make use of it in fencing, swimming, and particularly in music. We know that the primitive beating of drums has an effect on people. Martial music helps to inspire soldiers, and rhythm can help overcome tiredness. I believe that

disruption of rhythm anywhere, disruption of waves, signifies the arrival of a storm. Strangely enough that disruption of rhythm in music affects human beings adversely, especially those who have a sense of music. Therefore it should be taken very seriously that the so-called modern music that started with jazz, and developed into rock and roll certainly had some very important psychological effects on the people who exposed themselves to it. Much of the mischief, and things which shouldn't have happened did so because of certain a-rhythmical music or persistency of drumbeats, etc. This music for instance makes me a little uneasy, it stirs up in me--and probably the younger generation even stronger than me--a feeling which I do not like, and probably excites in those who are addicted to it, certain actions which are probably not good for society, anti-social action, while soothing music has a different effect. Music and rhythm are inseparable.

When someone has a bad toothache, he puts his hands on his cheeks and sways, as if trying to achieve assuagement of that pain by the rhythm. In grief there is also a swaying. The peasants in old Russia and many other countries, when in grief usually cried and swayed, it was again as if trying to achieve through that rhythm a soothing effect.

Well so much for that digression, the time has come to resume the story of my life. Our family plans for 1914 were originally to go for a long voyage by boat on the Volga River in summertime. However in February my sister Tania became very sick and got pleurisy. She first was taken to the clinic in Warsaw and finally a well known specialist advised an immediate change of climate; he recommended the Crimea. My grandmother proposed that after the end of my school year I should go with her to Rybach'e. It was a beautiful summer resort on the Adriatic Sea, belonging to Austro-Hungary at that time. At the end of World War I it became an Italian city, and after

World War II came under the sovereignty of Yugoslavia. But my father said no, he would rather take me to Crimea where we would join my mother and Tania.

The change in climate had a miraculous effect and Tania started rapidly to recover, so by the time we reached Yalta in June she was already recovered. We had a beautiful rented house with all those semi-tropical flowers including magnolias. I remember that summer there was a full eclipse of the sun, and it was a kind of eerie experience, it darkened considerably and had a strange effect on animals, and birds, especially.

When it became really hot in Yalta we moved to a little place called Isar, about 7 miles up in the mountains from Yalta near the waterfall called Uchan-su. It was cooler than Yalta and we had a wonderful time there. We spent a lot of time near the waterfall, walked around with friends, went down to Yalta to some concerts, etc.

This was the beginning of the best period of my life. I was 13 years old; I had matured fast, and was already interested in many things that grownups were. I was well read and interested in politics of that time--it was the end of the Balkan wars the political situation was tense, with a funny thing happening in Albania, with Prince Vid put on the throne by the Austrians. So something was going on, and we were getting the local newspaper the YALTA HERALD, which provided up to date information. And then the day came, on 28 June, when the sensational news appeared that in the city of Sarajevo a Serbian patriot Gavrilo Princip killed the Arch Duke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife.

On that day the scenario of my life, and of many other people, I would say of the whole world, was suddenly and abruptly revised. So from that moment on we will consider that whatever I narrate will be Scenario No. II.

That major event in Sarajevo was followed in rapid sequence by a series of ultimatums. The first was by Austro-Hungary to the Serbs, which was actually a provocation to war, because no one in his right mind could accept the humiliating conditions of that ultimatum. Russia of course declared herself standing on the side of Serbia, while Germany declared herself on the side of Austria-Hungary.

Scenario II Chapter 8

Thus the summer of 1914 was the beginning of World War I. I am not going to describe all the events of that story because it can be found in many books, notably in THE GUNS OF AUGUST, a very well written book. I just want to say that as far as my life was concerned it was a strange paradox because the four short years between the outbreak of war and the communist revolution in October 1917 were probably the most wonderful years of my youthful life, my teenage life, the best years of my life that far. As a young man I was robbed of my life by the revolution and civil war, so really the war years were probably the best years of my youth.

The outbreak of the war created a tremendous wave of patriotism and nationalistic feeling among the Russians, and this event probably united Russia as never before. All political parties were united in their determination to carry out the war to victory, because everybody realized that there was a mortal danger from Germany, which had always looked upon the eastern parts of Europe, and Russia, as its field of expansion. This famous drang nach osten doctrine, or drive to the east, had been very well known to the Russians since the 13th century, when the Teutonic Knights attacked the Slavic principalities which made up the early Russian State.

There was tremendous outbursts of patriotism and I was completely overwhelmed by this. I remember marching under the Russian flag with some other people after solemn services in the Yalta cathedral.

Two members of our family were immediately affected by the war. My uncle Vladimir Ulozovskii, my mother's brother, went with his regiment to the front, and also my cousin Kolia (Nicholas). Since 1911 or 12 he had been in the Naval Academy, something like Annapolis here, and with the outbreak of war was immediately commissioned as an officer, and was assigned to the Black Sea. We were delighted to go there since we knew that he would be able to come to Yalta to visit us, since the fleet was based at Sebastepol.

I mentioned that June 28, 1914, when Franz Ferdinand was killed at Sarajevo, caused the change of scenario not only in my life but of many others, on a global scale.

But I didn't realize, and I don't think any of the rest of our family realized, how much this war was going to change everything in our life. Remember that my father was in Lomzha, which was very close to the German border, and with the outbreak of war that area immediately became the war zone. We had our property there, so immediately after the outbreak of war my father decided that he had to go there as soon as possible to see what could be done with certain things, so he departed for Lomzha. Upon his return he told us that he had closed the apartment. He brought a few documents that were needed and practically nothing else. We never expected that the war would last more than a couple of months. And don't forget we went to Yalta for a summer vacation and so we didn't bring with us any winter clothes, anything bulky that was needed for a longer stay, and as the war continued it became clear that we would not soon come back. The court was closed, but because of father's position he was getting his salary although he was doing practically

nothing, awaiting a further appointment. And in that position he remained until late 1915. It was a kind of compulsory vacation. So we became displaced persons, already in July 1914, and we never returned to see our home where we had lived and to get anything from our property in that area. So we had to adjust to new conditions of life. But while father was waiting for a new assignment to a new court, the question arose about Tania and me and the continuation of our studies. I was admitted to the Yalta gymnasium for boys and Tania enrolled in the Yalta gymnasium for girls, but again as an external student, as they called it, passing the examinations but not attending classes.

The Yalta gymnasium was a very pleasant experience for me because probably the climate and different attitudes of people living in that wonderful climate and area somehow affected the teaching personnel too. Anyhow the studies were much easier for me at Yalta than at Lomzha. Yalta being a seaport had a yacht club. Since I was already 13, I had a right to be sponsored by someone to be a junior member of the yacht club, and that gave me tremendous opportunities in learning more about rowing, sailing and so forth. I spent all my free time at the yacht club I was participating in the races as a member of the crew of a large whaleboat, as we called it, an 8-oared boat which served during the races as a kind of life boat. There was a variety of races, and every afternoon after school when the sea wasn't rough and as a junior member of the yacht club I was also permitted to use the beautiful skiffs, little light boats with seats and oars. In these I made long travels along the shores of the bay and back and forth along the promenade of Yalta. It was a very fashionable place, this Yalta promenade, comparable to the Promenade de Anglais in Nice. There was a beautiful park, where concerts given in the evening; we had our season tickets to these concerts, and it was all terribly enchanting.

And I fell in love for the first time. This kind of emotional maturity had developed in me, and already in 1915 or 1916 I had a little romantic involvement--as usually happens--with one of the two young maids who were employed by us, and somehow my mother learned about that, listening by chance to how the two maids were discussing me, one bragging that she had a little affair with me, which led to a not very pleasant discussion on this subject between me and my mother.

As I said before, in Yalta we had another family reunion and to that reunion other people came. First of all my uncle, who was a colonel with the Siberian troops, badly shaken as the result of the explosion of a shell and for a time slightly paralyzed, who was sent to recuperate to the place of his choice. He chose Yalta, knowing that we were there, so he and his family--his wife and his children, my cousin Galia and my cousin Andrew--(who later on was killed by the Bolsheviks in the Caucasus during the Civil War)--came there to live with us, and then my Aunt Lika and her husband came to stay with us. Her husband a lieutenant-general in the gendarmerie was very well known in St. Petersburg, because at one time, from 1905 to about 1911, he was the chief of the St. Petersburg Okhrana. The Okhrana was a kind of political police of the Imperial Russia. He reported directly to the Minister of the Interior and on many occasions directly to the Tsar. By 1914 he was already retired but when he came to Yalta he was still well known so the officials came to pay their respects and he had to return their visits. Once he entertained the Minister of Interior, when he visited Yalta. He was then chief of the dept. of police, and was later killed by the Bolsheviks. Then the Kalinovskii family, those 3 brothers, and their cousins came there, so we had lots of company, lots of fun, as we were about the same age, growing up together.

There were many interesting things at that time. With the outbreak

of war I really became a devoted, convinced Russian, burning with the desire to leave off everything and go and fight the Germans, but I was a little too young for that and had to continue my studies.

Turkey joined the Germans and the Austrians in the war, and one morning when we were gathering in the gymnasium yard we heard artillery salvos. We looked out to sea and saw a cruiser. As if in the movies we saw the cruiser firing in the direction of Yalta and we even saw a couple of explosions. We learned that it was the BRESLAU, one of two cruisers donated by Germany to reinforce the Turkish Black Sea fleet. Well, there was not much damage nor casualties; a well known store on the promenade was hit, and a couple of villas, and that was all. After about a dozen shots the cruiser turned and disappeared. In a few minutes a squadron of Russian destroyers appeared in hot pursuit of the cruiser but they never caught up with it.

We followed closely the events of the war, the little local newspaper brought all the news from the front, including the initial great advance into Prussia. Soon after came the great calamity when the whole Russian army of General Samsonov was surrounded and destroyed by the Germans and the commander of the corps, General Samsonov, committed suicide. That was a great blow to us and we hated the Germans all the more after that. This hasty advance into Prussia was caused first of all by our alliance commitment toward France. The Germans attacked France through neutral Belgium and threatened Paris. At the appeals from the French our Tsar and the commander of the Russian armies Grand Duke Nicholas decided to throw whatever forces we had into Prussia to force the Germans to relieve the pressure on France. We saved France. France called that the Battle of the Marne, but the victory on the Marne, and salvation of Paris was actually caused by the great sacrifices of the Russian troops in Prussia.

I am telling this only to indicate that we teenagers were following all the events very closely, we were great patriots, we wanted victory and that was the feeling which pervaded all the classes of Russian society of that early stage of the war. Later on the picture changed, but at that time there was complete unity of the people with the government, and with the Tsar, and so forth. That was wonderful and it was probably the last time that Russia was really closely united in the face of the mortal danger of the invading and threatening German forces on the west.

Yalta was not affected much by the war, except for the appearance of a few officers wounded on the front these became the target of tremendous ovations and attention by the public when they appeared on their crutches or with bandages on the streets or in the park. Life continued pleasantly for us too. As I said I devoted most of my time to the yacht club. A friend of mine in the gymnasium, was of a certain Beketov family. They were very rich people, wine producers; they had a beautiful yacht, the Galatea, and we spent quite a lot of time on that yacht. In gymnasium I joined the balalaika orchestra, I learned how to play the balalaika while still in Lomzha, so I joined the orchestra and enjoyed playing in the balalaika which later on was very useful to me. We gave some concerts in the houses of our friends, and to some visiting dignitaries. Once the Emir of Bukhara came to our school and we have him a concert, playing some kind of oriental music. We had a very good brass band at the gymnasium under the directorship of Alfred Koussevitsky, the younger brother of the Serge Koussevitsky who later became director of the Boston Philharmonic.

I also played tennis. My father hired a young Englishman, aged about 20 or 22--I don't know what he was doing in Yalta--who spent about 6 months with us, coming every day to teach us to play tennis and to teach us English.

And then also at that time my father hired an artist to teach me to paint. The first painting he had me do was of some rather strange things, some old books, on which were put a skull and a burning candle, the style of that time. I personally thought it almost a masterpiece, but my mother didn't care much for it. The next was a view of the mountains surrounding Yalta, and seascapes and so forth.

In addition to familiar friends from the past who joined us at Yalta I gained quite a few new friends among the Yalta people, among them my classmate Volodia Dumbadze, the son of the military governor of Yalta, General Dumbadze;* we used to go and visit in their place. They lived in a little palace in Livadia, the summer place of the Tsar.

There was also the Verigin family. They had a beautiful villa not far from Livadia, and they rented the upper floor to us. They had a family of three, two boys and one girl, one boy, Misha Verigin, was my classmate, and Dumbadze's. The father of the family by that time was already dead. He was a hussar in one of the most unique regiments, of the Imperial guard, and he and a friend from the same regiment, Count Novosiltsov, married two gypsy singers, sisters, from the gypsy choir in one of the amusement places in

* Dumbadze, Ivan Antonovich (1851-1916) General. A colorful figure in the suite of Emperor Nicholas II. In his youth he was a Georgian nationalist, but before 1905 he fathered russification policy in Caucasus. In 1906 he commanded 2nd brigade of 34th Infantry Division. When Yalta was put under Statute of Extraordinary Protection he was appointed commander of Yalta. He belonged to the "Union of Russian people." On 26 Feb. 1907 a bomb was thrown at him from the balcony of a dacha. The thrower was shot and D. ordered the dacha burned. The government then had to pay the owner 60,000 rubles. In 1908 his harsh rule caused an investigation in the through an appeal of the Octobrists. In 1910 he had to retire but was restored a few months later. When the statute of Extraordinary Protection was lifted, Nicholas then appointed him to the special post of governor (gradonachal'nik) of Yalta. He was one of the opponents of Rasputin.

St. Petersburg. Of course they had to quit their military careers, and it is interesting how that mixed marriage between Russian nobility and gypsies affected their posterity. The children had some sort of interesting aura around them; they looked a little bit like Gypsies, they were darker skinned than all of us. The girl Olga, was at that time about 11 years old. She and her two brothers Kostia and Misha lived together with their mother, who was a Gypsy, a very fine elderly lady. Many years later, after the Civil War, after all that had happened to me, in Belgrade, I believe already in about 1924 or 25 I met her and her mother, and she invited me to visit them. They were staying a short time in Belgrade on their way to Paris from Constantinople. I came to them in the evening, her mother wasn't there so I remained with Olga alone and we started to talk, reminiscing about the wonderful times we had had in Yalta. And then suddenly I began to feel a kind of strange uneasiness, I would say it was something mysterious, some kind of strange fear. I didn't feel well at all, it was as if some kind of mysterious forces were surrounding me; I had never in my life experience anything like that before. Olga apparently noticed my uneasiness and said "Oh, I forgot, you probably feel his presence."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I know only sometimes he appears and comes to where I am and I know that he is now here, and so if you don't feel too easy you had better leave, because I know that people don't like this strange experience. I am accustomed to it and I feel no harm from his presence."

I shook her hand and left as quickly as I could, for I didn't like that experience either.

Now to return to the main course of my story.

Yalta and the Crimea were far removed from the battles in the front line where the Russians were fighting the Germans. Therefore the war didn't affect the way of life very much. We didn't feel the shortage of anything in the initial stage of the war, with one exception, relatively soon after the outbreak of war there was a shortage of small change, of coins, because all copper was used by the war industry. The government decided to substitute instead the use of postage stamps, printed on a cardboard-like paper so that they were more durable and easier to handle, so we carried these bundles of stamps of various denominations, 1, 3, 5, 10, 15 and 25 up to 50 kopeks. But they looked exactly like the postage stamps; it is too bad I didn't save any of them; I can imagine the value of this kind of stamp money today.

The war was also felt in the rapidly increasing number of military people around; there was also an influx of wounded people coming from the front. Many of the villas and palaces of rich people were converted into hospitals and many ladies of society took it upon themselves to work as volunteers in the hospitals, wearing Red Cross uniforms and helping in preparing bandages and knitting clothes for the soldiers, such as sweaters, socks, and gloves.

More and more I burned with the desire to go myself and fight, but I was too young. Otherwise there was little change in our life. We teenagers had a wonderful time both in summer and winter, and more and more interest in girls manifested itself in our discussions and actions. My little affair with the maid, 18 year old Nastia, which I mentioned, continued for awhile until it came to an abrupt end with a kind of comical grand finale. One day Nastia asked me to buy her a hat; she never wore a hat but she saw the ladies wearing hats and she wanted one too. So out of my allowance I bought her a hat for 4 rubles. It was a fancy white silky affair, a big one, and

she proudly put it on herself, then one day, I don't know what forced me to do it, but I did a stupid thing; I decided to take her for a ride at 5 o'clock on the Yalta quay, which is similar to the Promenade des Anglais where all the rich and famous people paraded either on foot or in carriages. So I hired a carriage and she and I started moving along the quay, to the surprize of many passersby because I was in my school uniform with that young girl in that strange looking white hat. My misfortune was this, that my uncle Lt. Gen. Gerasimov and his wife, Aunt Lika, were promenading on the Yalta quay on foot that time, and when they saw me in that carriage with that servant, my uncle stopped the carriage and just made a gesture to me and her to get out of it. We got out; she ran away, and I stood like a fool, red faced, facing my uncle and aunt. They were not very pleased with my behavior and created quite a sensation when they came back home with me and told the story to my parents. The girl was immediately dismissed from our service and that was the end of this my first little love adventure.

Otherwise the yacht club activities continued and one day there were some very big races. I was impressed with how they were organized. The beginning of the races was set for 12 noon and some members of the yacht club had a little bronze cannon which was set in such a way that exactly at 12 noon the sun rays would go through a lens and concentrate the sun rays on the touch hole in the cannon and ignite the powder, then the cannon would boom and give the signal for the beginning of the races. They had the angle at which the lens should sit quite well, so at 12 noon the cannon fired and the races started. I was busy in the whaleboat, something like a launch, with oars, but it was a big sturdy boat which was cruising along the race path in order that we might pluck out somebody from the water in case of a mishap.

Well, in addition to that we continued to go to the concerts in the park, evening concerts and on Sundays there were also afternoon concerts, and at these concerts there were also patriotic manifestations. The public usually demanded the playing of hymns, the national anthems of all the allies. To this day I remember the tunes of the Belgium national anthem, the "Marseillaise", "God save the King," etc. There were always quite a few military men present, and they were always objects of some patriotic ovation, particularly the wounded. We often had luncheons in the open restaurant, where a Gypsy orchestra played some familiar old tunes, Strauss waltzes etcetera.

Well, as I said life was moving smoothly, and gaily and the presence of war wasn't felt too much. However, the dispatches from the front became more and more somber. There was great jubilation in our house when our troops marched into Austria-Hungary, taking Lvov and the fortress Przemysl and so forth, but then there were retreats, and casualties grew more and more.

The resources of the country became inadequate to combat efficiently the terrific German war machine. At the end of 1915 my father finally got a letter from the Ministry of Justice and he was offered the judgeship in three cities, Novorossiisk and Odessa on the Black Sea, and Taganrog the port city on the Sea of Azov. With no hesitation he selected Odessa because it was a well known town with all the best schools and university and so on and he was thinking already of our future for higher education and life in a really large and cosmopolitan city like Odessa. It was decided that he would go there along and find a place for us to live, rent an apartment and then we would come there after the end of the school year, sometime in June 1916.

And that was what happened. We waited and finally father wrote us that he had found a good apartment large enough and comfortable and bought some furniture including a piano, which was ready for us, so in June 1916 we went

to Odessa. The trip by boat was uneventful, but there were still Turkish submarines lurking around; quite a few Russian commercial ships had been attacked and sunk. For that reason commercial vessels carried some anti-submarine cannons.

Speaking of action on the sea, I mentioned that my cousin Nicholas was now an officer in the navy, based at Sevastopol. Initially he was serving on a battleship Evstafu, then he was transferred to the submarine force and was even attending a navy flying school. Once when he got a pass he came to visit us, in his glorious naval uniform I was enchanted, and decided at that time that the Navy would be my career in the future.

His second visit was rather strange. One day, toward the end of the day, the servant came, a little bit excited and said that some kind of person, very poorly dressed, looking like a fisherman, was insisting on seeing us and wouldn't give his name. I rushed downstairs and it was Kolia, looking like a fisherman of the lowest possible class, dirty, and "what happened to you?" I said.

He smiled and said "I can't tell you right now; I'll tell you later, let me in." And at suppertime he told his story.

To combat the Turkish submarines in the Black Sea the Russian command devised a plan whereby some groups of Russian navy officers with a few sailors were assigned to small commercial vessels, like barge or large sail boats, which were carrying goods from one port to another. The Turkish and German submarines usually were waiting for these ships because they knew that they carried important goods. They would appear before the boat and ordering the crew to take to small boats and leave the vessel they would sink it, usually with cannon fire. So it was decided that our navy would trap the submarines. They put on these vessels an artillery piece and an officer in charge, and

a few sailors; it was well masked, so that when such a vessel was stopped by a submarine the officer, dressed like a merchant sailor, would order the sailors to uncover the cannon and fire point blank into the submarine. My brother was at that time on that kind of a mission, and he told us that with that device they had managed to get a few Turkish submarines.

Well, it was a very pleasant journey and very romantic and fantastic to me. That was some time in 1915, in winter I believe, before we left for Odessa.

The apartment which father had rented for us in Odessa was very close to the seashore and at the same time within easy walking distance to my and Tania's schools. My school was the 3rd Odessa gymnasium, and I started classes in the fall of 1916. Tania was again an extended student with the private girls school of Madame Ballen de Balul.

We fell immediately in love with Odessa. This was a large gay cosmopolitan city. There were lots of people here at that time because Odessa was relatively close to the southern front which was called (Rumanian, Rumcherod /Rumynsko-Chernomorsko-Odesskii/ Black Sea and Odessa zone) sector.

Chapter 10 Scenario II

We loved Odessa, and we started immediately to explore it, going everywhere. The transportation was very good and the streetcars went to all parts of the city. I familiarized myself with the beaches and went swimming. The apartment was a very good one with a large living room, large dining room, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, servants quarters and kitchen. We were very comfortable; it was well furnished, and pleasant; it was a quiet street, but at the same time close to the streetcars, and the Black Sea was not far away. There was a little balcony from the living room, and from that balcony one could see the

Black Sea which was delightful; I had loved the Black Sea ever since I first visited the Crimea. Meanwhile father started his preparations for work in the court. The building housing the court was a very impressive one, close to the railroad station and again the street car took father directly from the corner of our street to the court. And I didn't even need any street car to walk to the gymnasium.

Nearby was a little church which we attended. It was semi-private church with a small hospital for war wounded, manned by some ladies of a monastic order. We went to the opera, to the concerts, to operettas, and getting acquainted with some new friends. Meanwhile, father found that there were some people in the court whom he knew from the Warsaw area, who were in the same position as he, namely that their courts in Poland were all closed and the judges were assigned to increase the numbers of judges in the Black Sea area and interior of Russia.

This first wonderful impression of Odessa never indicated that probably the most terrifying and tragic events of our family life would take place there, but I will tell about that later.

In Odessa, when classes started I immediately discovered that the instruction was much more strict than at Yalta where, perhaps because of the climate, they were a little bit lax. I had to study very hard, and besides attending 5 or 6 classes a day I had to study at night for 3 or sometimes even 4 hours to maintain my grades. I made quite a few new friends among my schoolmates, some of whom lived close by and some even in our house. Our apartment building was large, facing two streets, Lermontovskii St. and on the other side of the building Lermontovskii Allee. We were on the third floor, the top floor, and there was no elevator but it didn't bother us at all, for we were young and vigorous and the walk up to the third floor was

nothing at all.

The usual system prevailed at that time in apartment houses like that, the main entrance door would be closed at a certain hour in the evening and there was a house custodian--somebody who had a house in the yard. There was a huge central yard and our balcony from the dining room was looking into the yard, while the other from the living room, looked onto the street and the Black Sea. There was a family who were responsible for the house; they were always on call when something had to be repaired, and also they were responsible for keeping the main door closed so that if somebody would come in the evening they had to ring the bell and then the man would come and open the door and let him into the apartment.

The population of Odessa grew enormously because of that closeness to the front line. When we came it was close to 900,000 or even a million, while the regular population was around 600,000. The population swelled because of the great number of military establishments, headquarters etc. There was a terrible shortage of housing. Therefore shortly after we settled there they started to requisition some apartments by the orders of the military command. Well, we were fortunate enough to be spared that, however a friend of father's, whom he knew since his judgeship in Lomzha, who became a senator (Our senator was the highest judicial position, not like American senators, who are an elective body). Senator Sergii Tregubov once asked father whether we could accommodate in our apartment the family of his sister, which consisted of the father, mother and their son.

Well, we said that the only place where we could accommodate them was probably in our living room. They were happy to be there. So the population of our apartment consisted at that time of our family of four and also the three people who lived in the living room. It was a little bit taxing at

times on bathroom facilities, but the father--the family name was Rubakh--was a general officer and his son, Igor, probably one year older than I, was in one of the St. Petersburg schools of law--we had these special privileged schools. I was very happy to have a friend like him and we spent lots of time with him, exploring Odessa and so forth. Tania was also happy, having a little romantic experience with this young teenager, who fell in love with her. And I was happy for Tania too.

There were difficulties with servants; we managed to have initially two servants, one maid and one cook. The cook wasn't very happy that she had to prepare food for so many people, but she was getting good pay so she was reconciled to it.

We dined separately but they were eating the same food as we did. Whenever we had some parties at home we were all together. Igor Rubakh and I were later involved in many events concerned with the Russian Revolution.

In contrast with Yalta we felt already the war in its full fury, since Odessa was relatively close to the front lines. The situation on the front was not good, and I became very much concerned by the fate of Russia. The trouble was that Russia was not prepared for a war of long duration; she was not an industrialized country like Germany, and already by the middle of 1915 there were already felt lack of ammunition and everything on the front line, whereas Germany had everything. The reverses were terrible; Russian troops had to retreat, Poland was overrun by the Germans, thus we finally realized that our hope of returning soon to Lomzha had already vanished. There was also great concern about the central Imperial government. Something was wrong with the Tsar's regime at the very top. I cannot go into all the details, to understand it the best thing is to read two books Allan Moorhead's THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, and Massey's NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA. The point is this,

that while the country was straining itself to get as much production as possible the ministers were changed apparently at the whim of the obscure, strange mystical man Rasputin. He had a tremendous influence upon the Tsarina because he was the only man who could stop the bleeding of the son, the heir to the throne, Aleksei, who suffered from hemophilia. And that was a tragedy. The Tsarina, for the sake of her son, depended completely upon Rasputin, and at the same time, under the influence of Rasputin she influenced the Tsar for certain appointments of ministers, etc. This became known, and throughout the country people were very unhappy; there was great concern.

Anyhow I remember that parallel to the enjoyable life that we were leading with friends, songs, flirting with the girls and so forth, having beautiful parties, in our house--we had a piano at this time, and Tani and I played a lot I played already more and more without looking at sheet music and rather playing myself. I accompanied groups for singing and accompanied myself--I sang a little--playing all the new popular songs, etc. We had a very pleasant time. But at the same time there was more and more concern about the conduct of the war and the events in Petrograd worried us. It is hard to describe that feeling; I felt that something had to be done, otherwise Russia might be destroyed. Strangely enough, in circles closest to the Tsar, the animosity toward Rasputin was overwhelming, and both intellectuals and grand dukes, etcetera were against him. They knew that he was a power which was not working for the good of Russia and that some shady characters knowing his influence upon the imperial family were using him for their shady ends.

Finally the day came and on 16 December 1916 Rasputin was killed. He was not killed by revolutionaries but by the Tsar's closest relative, Prince Dmitri Pavlovich and Count Iusupov-Sumarokov-Elston, who was married to the Tsar's niece Irina, who by the way was a sister of Prince Nikita, who became

one of the members of the Russian faculty at the Defense Language Institute.

The death of Rasputin caused a tremendous sensation. The details of the act are very well described in Massie's book. From that time something settled down, similar to a Greek tragedy. Everyone had a feeling that Russia was going toward some great calamity and great turmoil. However the situation on the front had stabilized by that time and gradually, with the help of procurements made overseas in Canada and the United States, everywhere, Russia was getting more and more munitions and so everything was ready for a spring offensive, and that spring offensive of 1917 was timed with the proposed offensive on the western front where the Allies, the French and British troops were also ready for an offensive. However, Fate did not bring that to fruition because before that occurred something happened in Russia. The weakness of the government reached a point where as was said by one of the revolutionaries later on, the power of the government fell out of the hands of the Tsar and his ministers and was lying on the street for anyone to pick it up, and there were people who decided to do that. On the 27th of February 1917 we learned from the newspapers that rioting had started in Petrograd, because of the shortage of bread, that some workers had left factories and were demonstrating on the streets, and that troops had been called. However the troops were reserve units, not well trained, and neither prepared nor disciplined, and instead of helping the government they on many occasions joined the revolutionary crowd. Red banners appeared everywhere and the word revolution first appeared in the news.

On that fateful and ominous day the scenario of my life again was completely revised and rewritten. Scenario no. 3 would deal with a great tragedy, hunger, imprisonment, savage fighting, blood, tears and exile. It was a scenario comparable with the present day late Saturday night horror movies, the only

difference being that the horror of my life scenario was not a dreamed up nightmare story, but a nightmare itself, a nightmare of my real life as well as of my family and millions of other people.

Initially the revolution was confined only to Petrograd. The Provisional Government took power. The Tsar, who was at that time at High Headquarters on the Front as Supreme Commander in Chief, was forced to abdicate. He abdicated not only for himself but also for his son Alexei, naming his younger brother, the shy, mild Mikhail Alexandrovich, as his successor to the 300 year-old throng of the Romanov dynasty. But under pressure of the Provisional Revolutionary government Mikhail Alexandrovich did not ascend the throne saying that he would await the final decision of the Constituent Assembly, which was the initial goal of the liberal, starry-eyed and naive members of the intelligentsia who made the revolution and became members of the Provisional Government. But they didn't know in their naivete and their inexperience what kind of dark and terrible radical forces they had set in motion. The Bolsheviks toppled the Provisional Government and for the naivete of the early revolutionaries Russia paid with the lives of over fifty million people who perished in the Civil War, of hunger, and in the labor camps.

Chapter 11 Senario 3

Because it took place over a half century ago, there is a tendency to oversimplify the facts of the Russian Revolution and project it against the modern times. Certain terms need clarification. Therefore I will be very careful in defining such things as law and order. At the present time in the United States the expression "law and order" has something of a negative meaning, usually attributed to persons of extremely conservative outlook on life. At the time of the Russian Revolution law and order had a tremendous

importance and impact because it was projected against lawlessness and lack of any order. I will give a few examples of that a little later.

To deviate a little, I was thinking the other night of what new discoveries had been made since my childhood to the present time, A.D. 1973. First of all, during my lifetime the first airplane appeared, grad dev during WW II into the jet airplanes of always increasing speed that already has achieved 3 mach, or 3 times the speed of sound. Another great event of that time, was Albert Einstein and his theory of relativity. The present day people don't even realize how the gradually the concept of 4th dimension crept into our everyday life. The other day I was listening to real estate commercials from SF, describing certain properties, and said that it was 10 minutes from the center of the city. He didn't think as the mass of his listeners didn't, he was talking already of time and space continuum, something basic to Einstein's theory of relativity. Then some other things appeared during my life time. First, tremendously important the computer, which opened doors to many things otherwise unattainable. I believe it would have been impossible to send men to the moon or even to create atomic energy. So atomic energy was born the world of computers the whole nuclear energy a better understanding of the atom, space travel a new tremendously important discoveries in the universe including pulsars, quasars, the intriguing phenomenon known as the black holes. And other things taken at present completely for granted, such as radio, TV, or tape recording, or this cassette recorder on which I record the story of my life, and then video tape on which we play back etc. All these things, which the present generation takes for granted were born during my lifetime. And I am happy about this I think it is a great privilege to live in this particular era of human history in which such dramatic and incredible changes take place.

These changes within the past 75 or 50 or 25 years were greater than any changes from the beginning of humanity on earth to the beginning of the 20th century.

I will now return to my main topic, the events that took place immediately following the revolution. I will try to restrict myself only to the highlights, for to describe all the chaotic events, all the tremendous changes that were happening in rapid succession would require many hours of narrative.

Therefore from now on I will only give the points which will help to explain what put me on the side of the people who were against the revolution. At the very beginning of the revolution polarization began in Russia, between on the one hand the forces of law and order and the need to bring the war to a victorious end, and on the other the forces of dark chaos and disorder. It brought the forces into daily conflict which finally resulted in the terrible bloody civil war. I don't want to oversimplify the events although to anyone in the United States at the present time events that took place at that time are hard to explain, but you have to know only one thing, that I felt in my bones that Russia was on the verge of a catastrophe, a tremendous calamity, and I was ready to fight to keep Russia as such, to keep her honor and obligations toward the allies and I knew that the victory which would liberate the territories taken over by the Germans was very close and a little effort in the spring of 1917, a major offensive, would have saved Russia. However, there were forces with the help of a tremendous influx of German money, which were working against that. And those forces were embodied in the phenomenon known at the present time as Bolshevism. So polarization reached its high point and the forces of disorder under the Bolsheviks. These radicals were at one point, called Reds, and we to whom Russia was the

dear country of our ancestry, whose fate we were very concerned about, we became the Whites and this Red and White conflict became a reality, a terrible reality.

Russia was always a country with a highly centralized government apparatus the administration of this vast empire outside the capital city of St. Petersburg was almost conditioned to receive and obey orders coming from the center of power, St. Petersburg, without challenging these orders or asking of their validity. In this phenomenon lay both the strength and weakness of the government of Imperial Russia. If we had a decentralized system of administration, something similar to the states in the United States of America, the revolution wouldn't have spread so rapidly to the whole empire but probably would have remained localized only in the capital, Petrograd, but it so happened that after a riotous crowd and their liberal intellectual leaders managed to take over control of some military units and seize telephone and telegraph the word was sent out to all local authorities of the country to obey immediately all orders of the newly created Provisional Committee of the Duma, which later renamed itself the Provisional Government. The irony was that an obscure telegraph employee by the name of Bobikov happened to send and sign that telegram, thus securing for himself a place in the history of the Russian Revolution. It is hard to describe the impact of this telegram in such a large city as Odessa, with its population of close to one million, its governor and huge administrative apparatus, army headquarters and so forth. Upon receipt of that telegram from Petrograd, advising that a new government had been formed, signed by this Bobikov, everything came to a standstill, because everyone was conditioned that anything that came from the capital city had to be obeyed.

Provincial cities started immediately to imitate what was happening in Petrograd. Crowds came out on the street carrying red banners and singing the "Marseillaise" which was ridiculous to me because the "Marseillaise" was a French revolutionary hymn which had nothing to do with the Russian revolution. It proved only one thing, that the liberal intellectuals who were working for the revolution were avid readers and students of the history of the French Revolution and tried to imitate it to the letter and that was manifested in this singing of the French "Marseillaise" providing Russian words which to me sounded silly. I didn't like that from the very beginning. And I didn't like the color red, which to me signified blood, although for a very few days at the beginning there was no blood.

However blood appeared soon when the police officers on the streets were being shot at and killed by the rioting crowds. Some of them tried to save their lives by putting big red ribbons on their chest. The whole thing was disgusting, because shortages of many things immediately became apparent, since the workers stopped work to demonstrate, all people had to go around singing, etc. News was coming massively from Petrograd giving details of the progress of the revolution, and now the news came about the abdication of the Tsar. This came to our family as a shock. We knew all the weaknesses of the last Tsar, we knew all about Rasputin, however it came as a shock when we learned that there was no more Tsar in Russia. When I brought the extra, special edition of the newspaper to our home and read it to my father and mother, my mother cried silently. I was bitter too.

Well, so we were under the Provisional Government. In that Provisional Government there were some probably well intending liberals, intellectuals, well-educated, there were some people of very good breeding and blue blood, princes and so forth, however parallel to that the more radical element

among the intellectual revolutionaries were busy working among the already established extreme revolutionary cells of Social Revolutionaries and Bolsheviks and by the time the new Provisional Government was organized, parallel to it there was organized a Soviet of Soldiers, Peasants and Workers. And the Soviet immediately began to exert a tremendous influence upon the Provisional Government.

And under that influence the Provisional government made the fatal mistake of sending out the infamous Order No. 1 intended for the armed forces of Russia. That Order No. 1 spelled out that from that day on the saluting of officers was no longer required of soldiers, they would not need to salute the officers, and then that there would be committees established in all army units to elect deputies among the soldiers who would "help" the command in making certain decisions. This order spelled the end of the great Russian army. Discipline immediately disappeared, since soldiers and enlisted men interpreted this order as not only permitting men not to salute O's, but not to obey them. And if the officer insisted on ordering something they just didn't comply with the officer's order, and killing, the most savage murdering of officers took place. When I heard about that, that was the moment I became White.

In order to legalize its power the Provisional Government immediately requested all the administrative apparatus in the Empire, and strangely enough all the students and school children, to take the oath of allegiance to the new Provisional Government. In our gym accordingly the entire student body was assembled in the big assembly hall with the school director and all the instructor personnel assembled. A priest came out with a Bible to read the pledge of allegiance to the new government. Before the ceremony started something snapped in me and I got revolted about the whole procedure. I

firmly stepped out of the ranks of the students and walked out, passing by the director and all the staff of the gymnasium, bowing a little my head in passing by them and walked out from the gym and went home. I noticed only one other man follow my example. So only 2 of us out of 300 defied this order of the Provisional Government. By this I claim that I have never accepted the Russian Revolution and I never pledged my loyalty to the Revolutionary Government.

Odessa, as I said, was such a city which depended upon goods brought in from the outside provinces, and the railroads immediately became overtaxed. They were already overtaxed by troop movements so there were not enough trains to bring foodstuffs in Odessa, and gradually we began to feel the pinch of food shortages. That summer still, that first summer of revolution, we decided to spend outside the city. We decided to go to the little town of Achakov which is not far away from Odessa, the place where the two rivers Dnepr and Bug join and flow into the Black Sea. It is a pleasant place and that summer was very pleasant, with the exception of a few unpleasant things connected with the revolution. Otherwise it was very nice. I swam there and had good company. I had some experience with boating, and going by myself in a sailboat. However, in the town itself the monument to General Suvorov, the famous Russian hero of the time of the Napoleonic wars, was all draped with red banners. Then there was a little island at the mouth of the river, Perezan, on which was a grave of a Russian navy officer who was leader of the revolutionary uprising on the cruiser Potemkin, made famous in the movie of Eisenstein. Well, one of the characteristics of the Russian revolution was that the revolutionary crowds had a passion for digging up the bones of past revolutionaries, carrying them with funeral parades through the town playing great funeral march music, the "March Funebre", etc., carrying black and red banners,--the whole thing was

revolting. So that was the beginning of the Revolution.

We began to feel shortages of food, clothing and everything. It was particularly painful for me, because I was growing and all of the things that I was wearing became short, and it was almost impossible to get new things.

The revolution in Russia got under way with great speed. It broke out in the midst of misery and shameful defeat at the hands of the Germans and Austrians. We had quite a few reverses at the front at that time because of lack of ammunition. Initially this February Revolution seems to have been welcomed by quite a large part of the population with the exception of the officers who were at the receiving end of the soldier's mutiny, and some other classes who believed in the necessity of preserving law and order during the critical time of war.

Lenin returned to Russia from exile in Switzerland in April 1917 and immediately started his agitation against the war and against the Provisional Government. He refused to collaborate with what he called the bourgeois Provisional Government and decided to seize power by force. The first attempt was made by the Bolsheviks in July. It failed and the Bolsheviks were defeated on the streets of Petrograd. Some of the Bolshevik leaders were arrested, but Lenin managed to escape to Finland. In the meantime we returned to Odessa at the end of the summer.

A terrible event took place at that time. General Kornilov was the commanding general of the armed forces, appointed by Kerensky. For many of us he was our only hope. We hoped that he would manage to bring some semblance of order, at least to keep our front intact to continue the war against the Germans and Austro-Hungarians. Suddenly General Kornilov was denounced by Kerensky as a traitor. That was the slyest, most heinous act of that man who became drunk with power as prime minister, head of the Provisional Government

Minister of Justice, everything. As a Socialist Revolutionary he often said that to him there was no danger from the left, i.e. from the Bolsheviks, etc., there was only danger from the right, from monarchists, etc. Well, denouncing Kornilov was a very unfortunate act because it only helped speed up the complete disintegration of the army. Since Odessa was close to the front we immediately felt that; lots of deserters appeared on the streets of Odessa, idle soldiers, who left their units on the front, going home. They were deserters, and they usually carried their weapons with them. Therefore towards October these masses of soldiers were gradually escaping from the front lines and spreading out through the country. There were masses of weapons everywhere, everybody had some kind of weapon. We at home had at that time 2 revolvers which had been in my father's possession since the time he and my mother married. Since he and my mother lived in the provinces he considered it important to have these revolvers at home. One was father's and one was mother's. Then I managed to acquire a military carbine and also my father had his shotgun. I am talking about these weapons because it is extremely important to know that we were rapidly reaching the point when there was no police protection, nothing. The streets became the arena of complete absence of law and order. The Provisional Government particularly the people in the provinces, immediately offered to free the political prisoners, however there were actually so few political prisoners incarcerated at that time that the prison gates were simply opened for everybody, for all the bandits, murderers, thieves and so forth who were let free. They took over the streets, particularly of the large cities, organizing into bands and robbing and killing people during the days and nights. Particularly at night time it was almost impossible to walk the streets of Odessa because usually a few armed bandits would stop a person who dared to walk the streets and just take off everything that he was wearing,

there was such a shortage that of clothing that hats, coats, pants and shoes were in great demand. A friend of ours once knocked at the door and came trembling only in his underwear because he had just been robbed of everything else. So that was a daily event, a manifestation of the revolution in its initial stages. Not too many people were killed unless they tried to protect themselves and didn't follow the orders to disrobe. In that case there was danger that the bandits would kill them, but if they surrendered their coats, suits and shoes they were left along, to run like ghosts in their white underwear.

I felt at that time that I needed to be in good physical shape and I continued my fencing lessons vigorously. Rings were put in the doors of our apartment where I could practice on the rings to develop the upper part of my body. I enrolled in a private fencing academy and worked on my master's degree in fencing. Practicing at home with a dummy hung in a door I developed sufficiently so that when the examination came I managed to get my diploma of fencing master. However there was one interesting case. We drew tickets to find the opponents with whom we were going to fence in the final bout and for my bout with foil I drew a name and saw that it was a lady's name. I thought well, this will be an easy prey', but it was the most difficult fencing match I ever had, because the lady, besides being an excellent fencer, was also a left-handed and never in my life had I fenced with anyone who was left handed, so when I faced her and saw ther she was moving her foil in her left hand I was a little distressed and really in a short time I got two touches. Three was out, so I tried to escape, only defending myself, and trying to figure out how I was going to counter attack. Finally with lots of sweat and calculation I managed to give her three touches and I won the bout. But I would never forget that lady fencer who

fenced with her left hand.

The Provisional Government which emerged from the February Revolution had through its connection with the Duma or Russian parliament some claim to legitimacy. However, the radical groups, the Bolsheviks, through their network of soviets gradually gained control over masses of tired soldiers on the front and workers in the factories.

On October 25 (n.s., November 7) after a first, unsuccessful attempt to seize power in July, because the regular army was by then disorganized the Bolsheviks succeeded in seizing power in Petrograd with an uprising. Relatively little blood was spilled. The last units to defend the Provisional Government, strange to say, were the military cadets and the womens' battalion. The womens' battalion was organized by a woman as a result of feeling shame for Russian soldiers and a woman wanted to show an example for men at the front who had started at that time already to desert the front lines, fraternizing with the enemy, selling Russian honor for bottles of German schnaps. Women took arms and organized into battalions under the leadership of a woman officer named Bochkareva. The same women protected the Kerensky government but were overpowered by the well armed and ruthless Bolshevik forces in Petrograd.

The establishment of Bolshevik power in the country was a relatively long process. But the moment from the October Revolution to the final establishment of the Soviet government was probably the most terrible period of the Russian Revolution. Actually there was no power at all anywhere, no government forces, nothing; there were only bands, pretty large groups of deserters organized under some enterprising leaders, some of them even women, who had trains at their command, who used to go travel from city to city, capture the city, pillage and kill and then move on. It is hard to describe

the anarchy that existed at that time, but I will try to give a few examples.

In Odessa first of all the anarchists seized a villa in the outskirts of the city and proclaimed an anarchist republic. They had lots of ammunition, wine, liquor, and women companions. They displayed the jolly roger, the black flag of anarchy and kept all the people terrorized so that no one would approach their position. Whenever they saw anyone approaching they would open fire with machine guns or throw hand grenades. They were making forays into the city, seizing whatever they needed most provisions, liquor, etc. They were armed to the teeth and everyone was afraid of them. There was no police or militia of any kind, and therefore each house had to be protected by the people who lived there. In our apartment house we decided that all men who could bear arms would be on constant guard protecting the entrance to the house. The main entrance was solidly blocked by wood, so there was only one entrance and we kept it closed, guarded constantly by two men, aged probably 15 to 70, armed with whatever we had. Very often, the guards were overpowered by bandits who managed to get into the apartment houses killing people, raping women and so forth, so eventually the blocks started to get organized; several houses would organize a little defense unit for the block which at night was patrolling the streets around that place, heavily armed trying to prevent the attacks by the bandits and protect the lives of the families. In our apartment, with father, we had developed a contingency plan that even if the bandits managed to break through into the house and come to our apartment father and I would defend the entrance with whatever weapons we had, the military carbine, the two revolvers, and the shotgun.

As I think back on it now, it sounds unreal, but that was the reality of life then, controlled by the bandits and anarchists. There was no law and order. That was the moment at that terrible period when I learned to give a

different connotation to those two words which meant very much to me, because we realized that law and order were the salvation of our lives.

Chapter 13 Scenario 3

By coincidence this is Chapter 13 - 13 is an unlucky number- because the events which I am going to describe in this chapter were probably the most unhappy events in the life of our family. I have already told how after seizure of power by the communists in the Oct. revolution the communists didn't seize power--the power wasn't spread immediately over all the country, so that initially, before the establishment of real communist power there was rule by bands organized by chieftains, sometimes even led by a woman. One band was led by "Sonia the Golden Hand", another by "Misha the Japanese".

One of the most powerful bands that was active in the Odessa area was that of a certain ataman or chieftain Grigor'ev. When this band approached Odessa they were opposed by the remnants of some forces of order that still existed along the railroad lines, but they overcame all that, and with train-loads of goods, weapons, and men armed to the teeth they finally rolled into Odessa. There with the help of sailors who were stationed on the battleship in Odessa harbor, the Sinope, they seized that battleship and also the auxiliary cruiser Almas and shortly after that they addressed the municipality of Odessa. Odessa was probably the only center that still had something that could be called city government. It didn't possess any power, but still there were some people who represented the city so to speak. They sent an ultimatum to the city government and I remember reading that ultimatum, which was printed on brown wrapping paper since there was a shortage of paper--there was no white paper at all. It stated in very rude and threatening language that "You dirty bourgeoisie of the city of Odessa, get ready to give us money

and so forth within 24 hours or we will level it by bombardment from our battleship and cruiser."

Well, I don't know what the city fathers did with that, how they managed to start collecting money, but I know that the only slight resistance to these bands was given by the military cadets of the military academy located on the outskirts of the city. It was an artillery military academy and the cadets bravely defended their academy against the Red bands and even tried to chase them out of the city but of course couldn't do anything against the overwhelming number of the bandits, so they had to retreat. I saw some street fighting from the balcony of our house. I had to get off that balcony when the bullets started whistling around me, because they started shooting at anyone they saw appearing at the windows or on the balconies.

The city was seized by the band and they started pillaging, going into the houses etc. Our little house defense couldn't do anything. I was on guard duty during the day when a group of about 12 men armed to the teeth with hand grenades, rifles, etc. came to our house. Of course there was no question of any resistance. They asked us who lived in the house, and the man who was with me--he was a retired merchant--and I a student, we told them "we are just poor people, we don't have anything here." We didn't really look like well dressed bourgeoisie, so they entered a few apartments at the lower level on the first and second floors and didn't bother going to our third floor, thank God, so this time we escaped any kind of invasion.

The tragedy of the situation was that at night, apparently not satisfied with whatever contribution was made to them by the local people through the municipality, they opened fire from the big guns of the battleship, and we were lying in the house listening to the bombardment, first to the big bang of the 12 inch guns, the noise of the shells flying over the city, and then the

explosion somewhere in the outskirts. I think they were primarily in the direction of the military academy. The bombardment lasted approximately a half hour. There was not a single night that there was not shooting, and there was shooting going on throughout the entire city. With darkness you would hear machine guns, and rifles, and somebody was fighting somebody else, and shooting and killing etc. These Grigor'ev bands made mass arrests and their targets were officers of the Russian army. Many officers were killed on the street and some of them were taken to the battleship Sinope and to the cruiser Almoz, where I know of several cases of some old general officers and admirals who were thrown alive into furnaces and burned to death. Many of them were tortured in indescribable ways. Officers went into hiding, and I saw with my own eyes how one was chased on the roof of the building next to ours and killed on that roof. I will never forget that scene. Many others were thrown into the harbor with weights attached to their feet. Months later, after the White army took Odessa in 1919, a diver was sent to look for the bodies and he suffered a nervous breakdown from seeing these bodies of officers floating in a standing position.

Well anyhow, at that time the newspapers appeared regularly, in limited number. They were not for sale but posted at intersections, on walls of the houses, printed on brown wrapping paper. From them we learned what was going on in Russia. We learned that in November the Bolsheviki ordered all troops on the front to cease fighting and start fraternizing with our enemies the Germans, and at the end of November a Bolshevik delegation with white flags went to the German lines begging for an armistice.

The Germans ordered the delegation to come for negotiations to the city of Brest-Litovsk, where the most humiliating and shameful armistice and peace treaty was negotiated. The peace negotiations lasted quite a while and

finally were signed only in March 1918. It was the most crushing defeat for Russia in all history. As a result of that Bolshevik peace treaty Russia lost 1/10 of her population, 1/4 of her huge territory and more than 1/2 of her industry. This terrible act aided the organization of the anti-Bolshevik forces so that at the end of 1917 and the beginning of 1918 in the areas of the cossacks--in the Don and Kuban river areas the first units of the White army started to fight the Reds. Of course when I heard of that my only dream was to see the day when I could join these forces and fight the Reds who had brought such shame and misery to Russia. We suffered primarily from cold that winter, and malnutrition. The stores were closed and one could obtain food only at free markets at several places on the outskirts of Odessa, where the peasants were bringing agricultural produce, meat and poultry. They did not accept any money except the old tsarist money, which had almost disappeared. Otherwise there was only Provisional Government money which was completely without any value. There was such a need of some sort of monetary system that the city government of Odessa printed special Odessa money just for circulation within the city. These notes were approximately the same color as the old tsarist money, with a picture of the city hall in the center.

Meanwhile I had to continue goint to the gymnasium. I had completely grown out of my winter coat and there was no way for me to dress properly and warmly, so I put some paper on my body to protect me against the cold and ran fast to the school. Sometimes I had to stop and hide somewhere in the courtyards of the houses because street fighting continued all the time, day and night, particularly at night. At the gymnasium it was a little bit warmer, thank God, however there were many windows broken by stray bullets. When finally we reached the stage where it was impossible to heat the entire building we all moved to one room and bought a little metal stove which served for heating.

To let out the smoke we broke a window, put the stove pipe through the window and fixed it so it wouldn't fall down. That was the way we lived. We didn't have much wood, so when we had burned all of the wood and coal which we had in the cellar we had to find some other source of fuel, so father decided to start burning our library. It wasn't our main library--our very large library had been left in Poland--but we had still collected some books, so Father decided on priorities, first the most unimportant things like magazines. However, paper burns too fast so we had to burn some wood, and the only wood was our parquet floor, so we were getting some pieces of our floor and burning that. We did that only toward evening when I had to study, and then for the night we would bundle up completely. We went to bed bundled up like for the street, never undressing, it was too cold.

We never, as I said, had enough to eat. The only food that I remember that winter was barley, and whatever we managed to exchange with the peasants, but it was not much because all our property, all our things that we could have used for exchange, were left in our house in Poland in 1914. Father brought to Odessa only furniture and bare necessities and what we considered temporary until we returned to our old house in Poland. Now that hope was shattered completely.

There was a great problem with water. The pressure was so weak that it never reached our third floor. There was a little bit of water on the first floor, so the people who lived there shared with us but later on they didn't have enough, then all the people in that area were forced to go with pails every day early in the morning in darkness to the hydrant where some water was still coming out, and bring water home. This water shortage also created a terrible problem with sanitary facilities. We had to build an outhouse in the courtyard and dig a big hole and all the wastes were thrown there; it was

very unpleasant.

As I said, we suffered from hunger, and the most important thing which was needed to save life was to have flour, and something sweet--sugar--and fats. Well, my father found one a little solution through the use of sunflower oil as a fat substitute. That's the only kind of fat we had. We used it mixed with barley. My father got the sunflower oil instead of a salary. The court was closed, but some of the attorneys who knew father helped him to get a position of legal advisor to some organization of war veterans or something where he actually was paid a half gallon of sunflower oil every second month. And also what helped a little was the school director; he knew our situation and he had sympathized with me since the moment I left the cadre when the pledge of allegiance to the Provisional Government was given and I refused to take it. So he secretly sympathized with me and he called me one day and said "A woman, the mother of one of the students of the lower classes asked me to recommend a tutor for her son and I recommended you. So here is the address of that family; go ahead and offer your services; tell them I told you to go there." I was very happy, but still I didn't have a coat so I ran--I really learned how to run--through the cold streets of Odessa. Fortunately it wasn't far away. Well again I had a problem not only with my coat but I also didn't have good shoes. So I went there and thank God it was the family of a shoemaker. She and her husband told me "Well, if you teach our son, we can't pay you. The money isn't worth anything, but I will make you a pair of shoes". That was a wonderful thing; and what was probably the most important was that every day when I came there there was a cup of hot tea waiting for me with a sandwich, or an egg, so I had something to eat, and when that tutoring ended I got a good pair of shoes.

Well the most difficult time came for us with the approach of Christmas.

Christmas, like in the United States, was some sort of festive day of gaiety, gifts, a Christmas tree, etc., and here we didn't have anything. We went to a little church nearby. The priest of that church came from the United States; he came here from Chicago shortly before the outbreak of the war, was cut off by the war and stayed as a priest of that little church. He felt that he was an American in his attitudes and feelings; he didn't have any sort of hang-up; nothing could stop him, he was a very resolute man, not afraid of anybody, he knew how to talk to the workers and bandits. He lived only with the support of his parishioners; my father and others provided that support, and we decided to defend our church against all the Bolshevik attacks against the religion. Later on this priest and his son, who was an American educated physician, played an important role because he saved my mother's life after she got that terrible disease, the Spanish flu.

Well, Christmas came and it was a very difficult day; my father went somewhere early in the morning and we were afraid of what might have happened to him; and then a little miracle happened. Late at night, when we were in bed my father returned. The coachman who brought him came loaded with all sorts of things, the main thing a wonderful second hand warm winter coat for me; that was salvation for me; he also brought some candies, even a little Christmas tree and candles for that tree, some foodstuffs, a warm shawl for mother, and other things, very important for all of us. Immediately we felt it was Christmas, night, and a miracle of Christmas. It was probably one of the most wonderful Christmases we ever had; and happened in the darkest time of our family life.

In January (the books say it was on the 18th, old style), the Soviet government in Odessa solidified. The dreadful Cheka or secret police was established and mass arrests started on a more organized basis than those

previously performed before by the Bolshevik bands, as that of Grigor'ev. The only people who managed to maintain life relatively regular level were professional people like doctors, teachers, physicists and artists, who were very much in demand by the press. The new rulers of Russia liked and demanded entertainment, so theaters were open and the only thing was that the public which attended was very much different that it had been before the communists seized power. I myself joined a balalaika orchestra, which was a kind of outlet for my activities and helped a little bit because we were getting a share of the income received by the performances. I remember one performance of our balalaika orchestra in the circus, and shortly before that performance--we had our regular repertoire of Russian folk music, and folk songs--the representatives of the new masters of Russia told us that since there would be highranking political figures present at the circus we would have to learn how to play the 'Internationale'. It was a ridiculous thing, but we had to do it, so our conductor found the music somewhere and we rehearsed. When we came to the circus we saw some bandit-like masters sitting in the former best seats and boxes and when they signalled us we started to play the 'Internationale' and everybody stood up.

Odessa was a cosmopolitan city. There were some very rich people and some of them managed to maintain secretly, in hiding, some kind of high living, hiding that from outside, barring the windows so that light from their houses and apartments wouldn't be seen from the street. Thus a very interesting event took place on New Years Eve, 1918. On that day a famous actress of the Odessa light opera arranged a New Years Eve party in a house. It was decided among the artists and some wealthy groups to have a good old fashioned party. They managed to get all the drinks, champaign etc. and decided to come

secretly dressed up in the best possible way with white tie and tails for the men and furs, diamonds, etc. for the ladies, so it was a very interesting gathering.

A man whom I later met in a jail, who was of Swiss origin, by the name of Ernst--later he married a Russian girl and escaped from Russia at about the same time as I did--said that he had attended this gathering, wearing a very expensive diamond ring on his finger. Well, just a few minutes before 12 o'clock, when champaign was being poured into the glasses and everything was going fine, some armed men forced their way into the house and came into the dining room, presented themselves to the actress and the leader of the band told her "We are your admirers, we learned that you are celebrating the New Year, and we came here to wish you a happy New Year. Nobody is going to be harmed, however, everybody is going to have to give us all their valuables, money, gold diamonds, everything, and only you can keep your valuables because we admire your talent." My friend said that he knew that his very valuable ring was the most important thing. He managed to slip it from his finger and dropped it on the floor and stepped on it. So they took from him a gold cigarette case some pearl cufflinks, etc. Everybody had to give everything including furs; then this little band drank champaign, wished everybody a happy new year and disappeared. Well, as I say I heard that story from Mr. Ernst later on.

So some people managed to have a clandestine good time because they had lots of things to take to the market and exchange with the peasants who were coming and bringing goods, while we didn't have anything. Later on, when the first wave of communists were chased out of the Odessa region and people went to the peasant villages they saw the most fantastic things in the peasants' homes--pianos, and beautiful pieces of furniture, which they had exchanged for

foodstuffs which they delivered to the city dwellers.

As I mentioned, the city government did a good job because what little water was coming out was due to their efforts; the electric light I believe was on about 6 hours a day and all this responsibility was of the city government. The targets of the communists were officers for the reason that the officers didn't accept the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk; they didn't accept the partition of Russia, they wanted to fight the most dangerous enemy that Russia had ever had, and so they became the target. The tortures and the massacres were hard to describe. I attended the funeral service in Odessa cathedral for two young officers who were killed by the Bolsheviks. They were lying in their coffins open to view, and on the forehead of each of them were seen stars carved with knives, and their ears were cut off. It is hard to describe what these people were exposed to.

So the main targets of the Bolsheviks were the officers of the Russian army, and then the clergy of the Russian church. It should be remembered that the Russian church played throughout the more than 1000-year history of Russia an extremely important role. First of all it brought Byzantine civilization to Russia in the 10th century, so that while Rome fell under the onslaught of the barbarians, the only remaining center of Western civilization was Byzantium and Russia through direct contact with Byzantium got that civilization and became by the 12th century an extremely powerful country which had the respect of all the rest of the then existing European world. At the time of Yaroslav the Wise the prestige of Kievan Russia stood at its zenith--in the beginning of the 11th century--the state extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea and from the mouth of the Oka River to the Carpathian mountains and the Kievan ruling family enjoyed close connections with many other reigning houses of Europe. Himself the husband of a Swedish princess,

Yaroslav gained the hands of three European princesses for three of his sons and married his daughters to the kings of France, Hungary and Norway. One of his sisters became the wife of a Polish king, another the wife of a Byzantine prince. Yaroslav offered asylum to exiled rulers and princes, such as the princes who fled from England and Hungary and sent Olaf the King of Norway with his son and his cousin Harald Hardraade. In Kievan Russia six Kievan matrimonial alliances were established with Hungary, five with Bohemia, some fifteen with Poland and at least eleven with Germany.

Therefore, to the Bolsheviks, headed by Lenin, these things were anathema. Lenin had no compassion, no feeling with Russia at all--it is a known fact that he got angry when someone mentioned Russia, saying "Russia, I could spit on Russia, I am not interested in Russia, I believe only in the world International Russia does not exist for me." So, the second target besides officers were the clergy, and there were quite a few bishops, archbishops and even the patriarch who were killed by the Bolsheviks and many monasteries were closed, monks were dispersed or killed. We, the believers, tried to protect the church. As I said before, we were fortunate enough that the priest in our little church was an American probably that fact helped him to maintain some kind of prestige and the Bolsheviks did not touch him.

Another class of society that became the target of the Bolshevik persecution was of course the judges, because they represented law and order, and they started to hunt the judges just as they did the officers and the clergy, and therefore the position of my father became very dangerous.

They didn't know much about my father because his career started in Poland and he got the appointment to the Odessa court shortly before the Revolution and the documents on him never reached the court before the outbreak of the Revolution, so in the documents seized by the Bolsheviks in the court

they didn't find anything about him as well as the other judges who came from Poland.

One of the measures of the new regime was to save energy. It is strange that I narrate this story when today we here in the United States are facing an energy shortage. Whereas I am telling about the energy crisis in the year beginning in 1918 in Russia caused by war and revolution.

One of the measures taken by the Bolsheviks in February 1918 was to move time three hours ahead. You cannot imagine what it meant; you had to get up in the middle of the night to go to school etc. Soviet militia had already appeared on the street and they were stopping people on their way to work and so forth and demanding "Show me your watch!" and if they saw that watch was not moved three hours ahead they would take that watch and throw it on the street and break it. I religiously moved my watch three hours ahead because that was how life was there.

At the same time the German troops were rapidly advancing into the Ukraine where that Ukrainian government was organized and they were pushing toward Odessa. Here is an interesting thing. We had mixed feelings. The German troops were coming and bringing some kind of relief because the situation had become unbearable. Actually we expected to be killed every day or night. More and more friends of ours were arrested and vanished.

Then one day, in March 1918, when father and I were walking along the street toward the railroad station when the bombardment was quite close to the city, first heavy artillery and then machine guns then we saw the Bolshevik troops in cars moving rapidly through the street past us firing pistols and rifles. A couple of pistol shots were fired in our direction but they missed us. A moment later a train pulled up to the railroad station and then German

troops appeared, coming out from the station and rapidly running and setting up positions along the streets. They were shouting in German for everyone to take cover, so father and I ran to the nearest house. Standing in the entrance we saw how this well organized and disciplined German army started to capture Odessa. Within two or three days they seized the whole city. The nightmare of Bolshevism disappeared. It was like a miracle. I felt bad that order had been brought by the enemy, the Germans, but they had brought salvation from what we had had. Then something incredible happened; I never saw anything like it in my life--suddenly food appeared, the stores opened, the trains started to run and the mails started to move.

Chapter 15 Scenario 3

That period of German occupation and creation of what you would call nowadays a puppet state of the Ukraine was comparatively nice living because suddenly everything started to move normally. There was suddenly enough food, cafes and restaurants opened; there was no longer the terrible hunger and shortage of fuel and electricity etc.; life became more or less normal in spite of the fact that the Germans were looting the Ukraine of everything, taking everything back to Germany in order to proceed with the war on the Western Front. The Ukrainian government was headed by a hetman, the title of a leader of the old Ukrainian organization in the past. That hetman was Skoropadsky; a former general of a Russian guard regiment. His residence, was in Kiev, the first capital city of ancient Russia.

Well, with the restoration of travel, we went to visit our relative, the Ulozovskii's, who had bought a little suburban house with a beautiful garden and orchard with apples, cherries and everything, in Chernigov, not far from Kiev, so we went to stay with them for a couple of weeks. We went

by boat, we stopped in Kiev where my cousin Nicholas Ulozovskii, who still lives as an old man in retirement in Nice, France. He was there because of his Ukrainian descent he was invited to serve in the Ministry of the Navy of the new Ukrainian state.

This hetman era, the period in which the Ukraine was under the hetman, was something like the eye of a hurricane. We had just gone through a terrific storm and upheaval, which I have described, and then suddenly we reached calm the eye of the hurricane, in which everything became quite and calm with Germans everywhere--they didn't interfere with the life of Russians very much, they were very occupied with fighting the communists underground, which of course we were glad to see, and strangely enough they established some sort of modus vivendi, some sort of detente, you could say, with the Soviets which enabled many Russians in the parts of the country occupied or held by the communists to claim Ukrainian origin and move to the Ukraine. In that way my uncle, General Gerasimov, and his wife, my aunt (Tetia) Lika, escaped from Bolshevik territory. They managed to cross the border without being searched too thoroughly and to bring with them a little bag of jewelry which the Red soldiers didn't notice, and that helped them live quite awhile in relative financial security. Among a few items which my Aunt Lika passed on to me are a gold cigarette case which belonged to my uncle, a gold watch, and a beautiful ring that belonged to my mother, all of this they brought out at that time. They came to Kiev and then later on they joined us in Odessa and we all came back to Odessa.

That summer while we were in Kiev we suddenly learned that the Tsar and his entire family had been brutally murdered by the Bolsheviks in the city of Ekaterinburg in the Urals 17 July 1918. That news spread like wildfire and created a tremendous emotional outburst of compassion for the murdered

family, because not only the Tsar was executed but the whole family, the Tsar, Tsarina, four daughters and the boy who was heir to the throne. Soon afterward, in another town not far from Ekaterinburg, called Alapaevsk, most of the grand dukes and grand duchesses were killed. Altogether in the span of two or three days nineteen members of the Romanov family were killed.

It was a terrific shock for all of us and I remember the solemn funeral service which was held in the most ancient Russian church in Kiev, St. Sophia. This was the most famous church in Russia because it was the first Christian church, built in the 10th century. I went to that funeral service, and there was such a terrific crowd that I thought I would be trampled to death, because the passages in that old church were narrow and the pressure of the crowd was tremendous. It was a very solemn funeral liturgy. When we emerged from the church I wore, as did many other Russian patriots, the emperor's initials on a black ribbon. Outside the church some people attacked us for this; they started fist fights, but German troops appeared immediately and stopped the commotion. Later we learned that the Bolsheviks when murdering the Tsar didn't rely on the Russians but invited German PW's because it was found that somebody scribbled on the wall of the place where they were killed a little excerpt from Heinrich Heine:

Welt Tsar was in selbiger Nacht vom seinem Knechte umgebracht.

We returned to Odessa and toward the end of the summer--it was 1918--the situation gradually started to deteriorate. The Germans were having reverses on the western front and the Soviets started to put pressure on the Ukraine. There were some mutinies among the German troops; things were not looking so well; at the same time life in Odessa continued to go full blast. Our apartment was crowded because the Gerasimovs joined us and also my other cousin Constantine (Kostia) and my grandmother--my father's mother. So we

really lived in crowded conditions, but we were happy because it was all one family. Also the family of the Ulozovskii's, that is, Colonel Ulozovskii and his wife and their children Galina and Andrew; they moved to Odessa but they rented an apartment in another part of town. They left Chernigov because conditions there were already becoming unsettled. So that was how events developed.

We used that time of respite, that quiet, to do lots of things. I went to the theater and opera, I continued my fencing, I played the piano, and my father played the piano; we had some nice parties together; everything was all right but by the end of the summer the situation became more and more tense.

There was a tremendous black market in Odessa. People who escaped Soviet occupied territories were most of them without any cash but they brought many valuable things, as the Gerasimovs did, jewelry etc. There were two famous cafes, the Franconi and Robinat in which these deals were done, in which jewelry was sold, foreign currency was bought, etc. People were gradually thinking of leaving Odessa and going somewhere else. Some people even tried to get to the United States at that time.

Everything continued that way until the fall, when the changeover occurred. On November 11, 1918, an armistice was signed on the Western front and that was the end of the German empire and the beginning of the collapse of the German army. Immediately rioting started everywhere in the Ukraine and the communists rushed into the vacuum. By that time the Russian White army in the areas of the Kuban and Don cassacks had strengthened because many officers had managed to get there through the Ukraine. I was seriously considering leaving for the army but my parents persuaded me to stay for just one more week and finish at the gymnasium and get my diploma. However I had volunteered for an anti-communist military organization in Odessa and was ready for any assignment in the city. That time had come when the Germans

suddenly withdrew and the allied troops had not come. They came a little later--French, Greeks, and some British. Well, for that few days probably a week or so, there was again no order in the city, and then our paramilitary organization was called upon to seize the most important points in the city. I was called to get into a guard unit to guard the city telephone exchange so I spent about three days on guard duty there, where I learned quite well the mastery of the rifle, etc. Because I didn't have a uniform, I just had a belt over my coat. With my high school cap, I was already a soldier. Then a French battleship came, French troops entered Odessa, and a new era started. Instead of German occupation it was a benevolent French occupation and the grace period within the eye of the hurricane was extended for another few months.

With the French occupation and arrival of some Greek troops with help of White army detachments we managed to defend Odessa from the communist troops rushing everywhere from the north. However, the French didn't have much desire to fight for the protection of Russia since they considered that since the war on the western front was already over they were victorious, so why lose lives in faraway Russia? So they were mostly supplying us, the Whites, with munitions, rifles, etc. They brought some little mini-tanks to Odessa and when the tanks were sent to the front and were attacked by Red troops the French just abandoned the tanks and retreated, and for the first time the Soviets managed to get French tanks. It was very discouraging but life in Odessa continued to be on a feverish scale; there was a continuous carnival. There were some mysteries, for instance, a very well known film star Vera Kholodnaia was suddenly found poisoned in her apartment and there were rumors that she was spying against the French. I don't know the whole story, but it created a great sensation.

There was an abundance of newspapers at that time; we were pleased by

that and the winter wasn't too harsh. During that winter my mother started to work on a committee for reception of former Russian POW's who were coming from Germany. We invited some of the released officer POW's into our house and it was pathetic to look at these people and see how they enjoyed the warmth and hospitality of a family life after the dreadful time spent in German captivity.

Everything worked alright, however. The Gerasimovs were determined that if the situation deteriorated further they would leave Russia, and my uncle decided that he would go to Germany, because he didn't care much for the French because they had betrayed Russia in time of peril and he had good connections with the Germans from long before World War I. It had a very high German decoration received during the visit of Wilhelm II to Russia when he was attached by the Tsar to a guard for Wilhelm.

At the same time the Bolshevik troops were approaching the city, there was some rioting on the French battleships. On one, the WALDECK ROUSSEAU, one beautiful day, a red flag appeared, an indication that there was a mutiny there, and suddenly we began to hear bombardment close by with artillery. I wanted to go to the front, to the White army and start fighting the Reds, but I still had one more year of school. In order to graduate I had to stay through the winter of 1919. The Gerasimovs left by ship. There were thunder clouds on the horizon and I heard the thunder claps in the distance mixed with artillery gunfire. When I realized that in a day or two the Bolsheviks would be in Odessa again and I cried. I had not cried for a long time, but that day I cried bitterly because I had managed neither to get to the White army or to escape from communism, and I felt in my bones that this time the communists would bring something very bad to our family. Well, that was true.

On 6 April 1919 the eye of the hurricane passed and the Bolsheviks returned to Odessa. I will never forget that terrible day. At once there

started a terrible era all over again, only now they came much better organized. Their first act was to establish the dreaded CheKa which was later known to the western world as the NKVD, GPU, MVD etc. At that time it was the CheKa which stands for Chrezvychnaia kommissiia po borbe s kontrevoliutsiei, sabotazhem, i spekulatsiei (Extraordinary Commission for the Suppression of counter-Revolution, Sabotage and Speculation). This Cheka occupied two buildings on the main square in Odessa called Ekaterininskii Plashchad' (Catherine's Square). They seized for that purpose two buildings of two rich merchants, Levashov and Zhdanov. These two buildings faced each other across the square. In the middle of it stood the proud monument of Catherine the Great. That monument was immediately boarded up and surmounted with a red star. I counted the days until my schooling would be completed. I had to finish school, but finally the day came when the course was shortened and instead of June the classes were dismissed at the beginning of May. Of course there was no graduation in the old style; there were no fancy diplomas such as another generation of students had received from the gymnasium. Instead we received only a little certificate stating that we had completed prescribed courses of instruction in the gymnasium and that we were permitted to continue our education at the university. That was all. There was no gathering or any ceremony; each student merely went to the office to pick up his certificate.

At this junction of my story the scenario has to be changed. It will be scenario 4 in which my active fight against the Bolshevism started. Since before the Revolution I had belonged to a clandestine anti-communist and anti-Bolshevik organization called a popular state council. This organization provided help to the White army. Cadres of the White army were coming out of that organization, and that organization was active in preparing some printed

materials which I and my friends--two are still alive, one in Paris and one in New York--were distributing, workers, sometimes at the risk of being beaten up or even killed. This publication was called Nabat, (Alarm). There were quite a few numbers of this publication in the form of a newspaper still in our house, so with the arrival of the Bolsheviks I hastened to bury them under the wood and coal in our wood cellar in our house. I believe if somebody ever digs in the earth there he will probably find some of these publications. Our neighbors had to give half of their apartment to a Red commander. Anyhow we all felt that something was going to happen at any time. There were arrests of many people and what was particularly ominous they started to arrest all judges. As I said, it was a fortunate thing that my father was only attached to the local Odessa court; his original court was in Poland so the people from the Cheka didn't quite know about him. However quite a few of my father's friends were arrested and disappeared behind the walls of the Cheka. More and more rumors began to spread about the executions. One has to remember that in the spring of 1919 the White armies solidified the front against the Bolsheviks and started a victorious march against the Bolsheviks in the general direction of Moscow. After capture of the city of Kharkov by White armies the Red Terror was proclaimed by Lenin and Trotsky. Violence and mass murders started immediately in the territories under Bolshevik control. Red terror meant only one thing, that there was no court procedure of any kind, that the members certain Bolsheviks class considered hostile to the Bolsheviks were physically annihilated, destroyed or shot, just in pursuance of that Red Terror, without any trial, in order to instil terror into the population. Gradually this information started to appear daily in the Bolshevik newspapers which were posted from the first days that they were in power in Odessa on the walls of buildings at the intersection of the main streets, so everyday we

we were going to the places where the newspapers were posted and read a list with the usual preamble "Last night in the name of the Red terror the following people were executed..." and then followed the list of people who had been shot, and more and more familiar names appeared on that terrible list.

And then one day the Bolsheviks announced the collection of surplus goods from the bourgeoisie. Columns of trucks were driven through the best areas of the city occupied by the bourgeoisie. They stopped in front of the buildings, and Red soldiers came and went through all the properties of the people. They were looking for such things as shirts, bed sheets, suits, etc. so that if somebody had five or six shirts they would take four and leave two. It was just pillaging of goods, and since it was unexpected they came across many military uniforms and immediately searched for the officer members of the family started and it usually ended in the arrest and probably execution of the family where military uniforms and any kind of equipment was found.

Again in spite of the fact that it was summer there was a shortage of food, because everything was taken by the Bolshevik commissars, or bosses, in the Red Army. I started to work as a ditchdigger near the area where we lived. It was an interesting crowd of differs, because already warm weather had settled down in Odessa and we were digging a long ditch leading from somewhere to nowhere I don't know who invented that idea. It was a good place because we were getting some money for our efforts. It was tiring work and I know that among the ditchdiggers there were many people hiding in that capacity of simple workers. There were many officers and people like me who didn't want to be seen too much around the town.

And then something inevitable happened to our family. The whole thing started with this. Even before the Bolshevik coming my uncle, Colonel Ulozovskii, who left the newly built house in Chernigov, came to Odessa.

They settled down, and he managed in company with some other people to open a little restaurant. Actually it was a kind of teahouse, where some food could be procured, and that little place on Pushkin street became a place where we could get together. Our family was visiting there every day because there was a chance to eat a little better, and many friends were dropping in. We were oblivious to the danger that this gathering could invoke. One day my sister and I walked a long distance--the streetcars were not running--to the center of the city to the library to change books. Coming back from the library we decided to drop into that restaurant, which was a few steps down from the street level, and when we arrived it was already too late. I saw there was a man sitting in the darkness of the entrance, quite unfamiliar, and I saw that he had a pistol on his belt, and when I stopped and tried to turn back he shouted "No, you come in, right in!" So my sister and I walked in and there we saw quite a few people already were there, and there were Cheka members with rifles and handgrenades and pistols all around and just calling us in and asking me to empty all my pockets, etc.

Stupidly enough I carried with me a little badge of that clandestine organization. I don't know why--probably because I was too young and inexperienced. I realized that if they saw that I was finished, so while they were still asking other people to empty their pockets of everything into envelopes and sealing those envelopes and writing the names I told one of the guards there that I had to go to the bathroom. He said alright and he came with me to the door, I wrapped the badge in paper and flushed it down. Fortunately it was a small one and went through, so at least I got rid of the most incriminating thing I had in my possession.

That was about noon time and so more and more people who usually were coming in were immediately arrested on the spot and we all had to remain in

that little restaurant. Around about 4 o'clock my father and mother came in because they were anxious to find out what had happened to me and my sister because we had not come home, so they decided to drop in to the usual place where all members of the family used to come and they were arrested too. And then the whole family of the Ulozovskiis were arrested. Even the man who delivered some melons or something came in, bringing the produce to this restaurant and he was arrested.

Around 7 o'clock in the evening--it was still bright as it was in mid summer, finally the whole crowd was brought out and marched to the building of the cheka. Altogether we were about 40 men women and youths like me and my sister. We were marched through the middle of the street, surrounded by the Cheka guards with rifles and drawn pistols. People stopped and looked, and I saw some familiar faces with terror in their eyes. Finally we came to one of the buildings of the Cheka, the former mansion of Zhdanov. We entered that and were immediately brought to the lower floor of the building and packed into a room, which was apparently some kind of music room because there was a piano, but there was no other furniture. So each of us sat on the floor, somebody came to the window. There were three doors and a window looked into the inner courtyard. There we saw many people with pistols and rifles. At that moment we saw two soldiers with rifles bring into the courtyard from another side of the building a man and a woman, both wearing military coats. Then they--their hands were tied behind them--put them against the wall and they were shot before our eyes, of all of us looking through the window at that scene. That was terrible, people dying before our eyes. It is hard to believe that you are seeing something like that. It was already getting late and gradually one by one the people from that room were called out and taken somewhere by the guard upstairs. My father's name was called and he disappeared, then my sister, my

mother and by around 3 o'clock in the morning half of the people had gone somewhere upstairs to an unknown destiny.

At last my name was called. A man with a rifle accompanied me and we went two flights upstairs and entered a room; there was a little anteroom with a larger room. In that first little room there was a bed on which a sailor, all wrapped up with machine gun belts around his body, and with rifle and hand grenades, was resting. I was pushed with the butt of the rifle into the room. It hurt and I almost fell flat on my face, but I entered. At the table there sat five people. You should have seen their faces--animal hatred was in them. They looked at me and I knew that we were enemies. It was going to be a struggle of life and death. They opened the envelope with my name. As I said, I had managed to get rid of the badge, but I wasn't sure what was in my billfold. Then they started cross examining me. The first question was 'You are a military cadet, of military cadet school.'

I said 'No, if you know who I am you wouldn't ask that silly question; I just graduated a month and a half ago from the 3rd gymnasium in Odessa.'

'Oh no, we know,' they said 'and by the way, you also belong to the People's State Council.'

I felt that my heart stopped for a second; I only hoped that I didn't turn pale. I said with a firm voice 'Certainly not; I don't belong to any organization.'

'Ah,' he said, 'so you want to tell us that you are not a member of that organization, you know, you are on the list of all the members, so why do you deny that? We have the list and your name is on it.'

After the question whether I was a member of the clandestine organization, which shook me and I answered no, the interrogation ended abruptly, with some threats and they said 'You will see what we know about you,' and they with that

final threat they called the guard, who took me one flight upstairs. There I came into a large room. Everything was strange and unreal, like a bad dream. Imagine being brought into a room, which apparently had been a large ballroom or living room of that home. The beautiful furniture, soft chairs and couches and everything were all covered with slip covers, and heavy drapes covered the large windows. I was told to sit in a chair. No one else was in that big room. The guard who brought me took a chair and sat near the door that led somewhere, not the one he had brought me through. The door opened into a smaller room in which I found that there was a desk, and apparently that was another interrogation room. I was tired, my back hurt after that blow by the butt of the rifle, and I sat with heavy heart in that soft chair looking in bewilderment on the heavy carpet and trying to figure out how it all happened.

Then I heard voices in the next room behind the closed door. And I could hear that an interrogation was going on, I strained my ears and then I realized that it was my father who was being interrogated. Apparently he was being questioned by only one man because I heard only the voice of that man and the responses of my father. I could distinguish practically every word that he was saying. He was being questioned persistently about his serving as a district attorney in the past and a presiding judge in criminal court, that he was involved in court procedure for political crimes, etc. I was immensely relieved to hear that he was denying all that, for he knew very well that his personal dossier which would provide the Cheka people with his background information had never reached Odessa. He was denying everything, saying only that he was always involved in civil matters in the court. I was hoping that he would be brought in the room where I was, but then the interrogation ended and he apparently was taken away.

I was completely exhausted from physical and mental strain and I apparently fell asleep. And then something happened that is hard to describe in our present day rational world. It went something beyond any of my experiences before or after. I suddenly felt some kind of indescribable fear; I was afraid of something I couldn't explain; but the feeling of fear was immense and intense, and I finally opened my eyes and almost touching my nose with his nose there was a man who was peering into my eyes. I have never had any experience so dreadful as looking into the dark intense eyes of that strange man who was so intensely looking into me. He may have been a hypnotist. It was fear which goes beyond a regular physical experience, it was rather mystical, something not of this world. I didn't know what to do. The man then stood up, turned around and walked out. I was shaken completely by this terrifying experience, I could not fall asleep again.

Then I heard a voice in the room next door and there was shouting and cries and I heard that a human being was being beaten and the door opened and I saw a terrible scene. A man all covered with blood was chased through the room in which I was sitting by a Cheka man who was beating him over the head with his pistol, so hard that I thought he would crack his skull, and shouting obscenities, and going through that room passed the guard into another place. That was another shock of that strange and unreal night in the Cheka. After a short while there was again questioning behind that door and again with lots of noise three armed soldiers brought in two girls in long military coats and with shaven heads. I didn't know what to think of it. The soldiers were very rough with these girls, they threw them onto a couch and then ordered them to sit there quietly. They had also been beaten over the head and they were trying to keep the blood from running down their faces. I looked at them and they looked at me; of course we couldn't say a word because when the guard saw that

I wanted to approach them he raised his rifle and said 'You sit down or I'll kill you.' So I sat down in the soft comfortable chair just looking at those two unhappy girls. Who were they? Apparently they were masquerading as men, perhaps trying to escape from the Bolsheviks and were captured--I don't know. So we were sitting there, and daylight was seen coming through behind the heavy curtains, and then a new thing, suddenly one of the curtains moved and from the window sill behind a young fellow with a rifle came up--maybe he had been sleeping there--and came out into the room and pulled apart the curtains and through the window I saw the red star attached to the covered statue of Catherine the Great. That was the morning of the first day in the Cheka.

The girls were taken away in a short while and then a man--one of the five who had interrogated me--came, a slip of paper in his hand, and told me 'Get ready, we will go.' Where, I didn't dare to ask. He had an automatic pistol in his hand and was prodding me with this to move faster. So I went with him downstairs and we came to the entrance of the building. He showed a slip of paper to the guard at the entrance and then took me across the big square to the other building of the Cheka, the Levashov building. That building was transformed into a jail, and I was brought to the second floor into a room which was already equipped with all of the trimmings of a jail. There were heavy locks on the door and a guard standing in front of the door. Again this man showed the slip of paper to the guard in front of the door, opened the door and they pushed me inside. There were 10 or 15 people in that room, all of them were much older than I; I didn't recognize any of the people who were there. There was no furniture, only one big can, which was used for daily toilet routine and smelled terrible. That was all there was in that room. The others were afraid to ask me questions because they probably

didn't know whether somebody in the room was a Cheka plant, there to listen to any conversation. They only asked me 'When were you arrested?' I replied, 'Yesterday'. and when I asked some question about food and washing and toilet they said 'The toilet is here, in this can.' Twice a day they brought us some kind of terrible smelling soup and a piece of bread and tea in a can, which was actually hot water, and that was all.

I stayed in that cell for three days and then the same man who had interrogated me came in and called me out into the hallway, then brought me out into the square and told me 'We are letting you go, but we are continuing our investigation because we think that all your family were involved in a military plot to overthrow the communist power.' He said 'a Belorussian plot'; I had heard that there were some anti-communist forces organized by people of that nationality. To me it didn't mean anything as I didn't know anything about that then, so I went home and was immensely relieved to find that my mother and sister were also home already, but not father. Father remained there. And interestingly enough, on comparing notes with my mother I discovered that she had also had the same terrifying experience with that mysterious man who also was looking into her eyes and she said that she had experienced nothing more terrible in her long life. I don't know what it was, but I am convinced that there was a supernatural force within that evil man who looked at me and my mother.

The red terror continued in ever increasing violent form. The lists of people being executed grew larger and larger every day, and now the most terrible thing was that we were very much concerned for father. It was impossible to ask anyone in the Cheka about him; they wouldn't even let you come close to the Cheka building. The only thing that we learned was that he was incarcerated in the same building where I had spent three days.

Then we learned that it was permitted to bring food to those people who were incarcerated because the Cheka didn't provide enough for their existence. So every day, with whatever was possible, we were trying to get something to take to father, a couple of apples, or bread if we could get any, and a bottle of ersatz coffee and some milk, and we put everything in a kerchief or something a piece of cloth--put father's name on a piece of paper attached to it, and would take that to the Cheka building where all the people were sitting. There was a cordon of guards standing in front of the building who would check all of these things which were brought the prisoners. And it happened several times--I remember the first time; I was ready to kill the man who did that to us. It was so difficult to get any food to send to father but we brought what we could, and the guard said 'Open your bag to show what is there.' So we showed him there was an apple, a piece of bread and a bottle of coffee with milk, and he then rejected the bag with such force that everything fell down. The bottle was broken, the apple rolled on the street, and he stepped on the bread. You can imagine how I felt at that moment. At that time I swore that if I lived through that the day would come when I would see to it that the Bolsheviks would pay for what they had done to us and to my father.

Every morning at six o'clock the newspapers were posted at the intersection and every morning my mother and Tanya and I were going out to read the list of people executed the previous night. One man who was released from the Cheka prison came to visit us, and we learned from him with whom father was sitting; he had been in the same room with him. There were Nedzvetsky a Warsaw judge, a very good friend of our family, Demianovich, another judge, a couple of people from the region near Odessa, the famous Falz-Feen who had a great estate, some kind of zoo in the open area, which still exists even now under

the Bolsheviks, and Remich, Fatz, people of German descent who had big estates in the Odessa region, a couple of mil men etc., so we knew the list of people who were in the cell with father, etc. And one day we came across the name of Nedzvetskii that dear friend of ours. I looked at mother and knew how she felt, because he was from the same cell in which father was incarcerated. Then a few days later another man who was with father was mentioned, Emenovich, another judge, so again we were terrified, but still my father's name didn't appear.

We tried everything possible to save my father's life. I have told of the priest, an American citizen who came from the United States and was the priest of our church, and had some influence among the workers in Odessa--he was working hard to save father's life. And then there was a strange man, a navy officer, who was friendly to our family and at the same time obviously had some connections with the Cheka; he also promised to try to save him. Then we managed to find a lawyer of the court, who knew father, who was a revolutionary and I am sure was also a high ranking Bolshevik of that time. He kind of esteemed my father, and we approached him; we were trying everything.

There is an interesting footnote to these people who were with my father in the Cheka prison. During our trip to Europe in 1970, among other places we visited was the duchy of Liechtenstein, and in the capital city Vaduz, the representative of the Duke of Liechtenstein who was meeting all the tourists there, was announced as a Falz-Fein. I asked our guide to ask him whether his father was ever in Odessa and in Cheka prison. The man came rushing to me in the bus and embraced me and said 'Yes, how do you know about that?' And I said 'My father was with your father in the same cell.' He was so excited and so pleased so he gave me a book in which he describes that estate of his family, which was called Askania Nova, of which the greatest attraction was an outdoor zoo.

Chapter 18 Scenario 4

Thus in the summer of 1919, our family was taken by the Cheka; my mother, sister and I released, but father still remained there, where we were every day afraid for his life. And it took a very strange, dramatic event to save him. As I mentioned before, I was working during the day as a ditchdigger in order to get bread. Also I continued wherever possible my fencing academy activities and got my fencing masters degree that summer. I was tired every night, and one night--it was a very hot night--I pulled my bed out in the middle of the huge living room where there was more breeze. I opened all the windows, and fell asleep. I was awakened by a bright light shining into my face, and realized that someone had switched on the large chandelier under which I was sleeping. I jumped up, and opened my eyes and I saw several men in the living room and heard voices in the other rooms. A big man in sailors uniform with a rifle was looking at me. He said 'Oh! I see that you are well tanned apparently you work out of doors. That's good.' I realized that we had been invaded by the Cheka people for some reason. In charge of the party that came into our house, accompanied by the janitor of our house, there was a man who fit very well the idea of a bad man in western movies that I saw in the United States many years later. He was dressed all in black and had a black hat. People addressed him as Comrade Abash, and he was in command of that operation in our house. He ordered everyone to get dressed and come into the living room, so my mother, my sister and grandmother came in. And this comrade Abash addressed us saying 'You are accused by the Cheka--by us--of signalling to the British and French warships that are on the Black Sea in front of Odessa. My mother said, 'How could you be so stupid as to dream up such a stupid accusation? how could we signal?'

He said, 'Lady, you had better watch your tongue. You know who you

are talking to. I represent the Cheka.'

She said, 'I don't care; when I hear someone talking nonsense I cannot keep quiet.'

He said, 'Lady, why all this excitement; there are probably only a few hours left in your life, so why get excited?' It was a threat.

When I heard that we were accused of signalling British and French vessels in the Balck Sea I suddenly shuddered when I realized that here in the living room on one of the tables was lying a book that I brought with me from Yalta when I was a junior member of the yacht club, called the Sailors' Manual. I loved everything about sailing, sail boats, yachts, etc. I remembered that somewhere in that book there was an international signal chart for maritime vessels. 'My God,' I thought, 'if they ever open that book and see that chart, we are finished.' But they never paid any attention to the book; they were looking for weapons and for some evidence that we were signalling. As evidence they triumphantly brought in a little red lantern which my father and I used for developing photographs, the light of which probably couldn't be seen more than ten feet away it was so weak. They also found a so-called ultra-violet bulb in a device that my father had used to treat his sciatica. The brightness of this light was absolutely minimal; it too couldn't be seen more than a few feet away. As a third piece of evidence they took our telephone apparatus. So with these three pieces of "evidence" the said 'Well, we have all the evidence that we need.' Then my mother again started to talk indignantly to Comrade Abash 'There is no end to your stupidity,' she said, 'you cannot signal with this light to the house across the street.'

He said, 'Lady, you have talked too much already and as I said, don't waste your time, there isn't much time for you to live.' They led my mother

downstairs, put her in a carriage and departed for the Cheka.

We, my sister, grandmother and myself were appalled; we didn't know what to do, what to say. As soon as daylight broke out I rushed to see that strange man who apparently had some connection with the Cheka, that former navy officer with some sort of double connections. And I told him, 'Listen what happened...'

'Oh', he said, 'that's too bad; this is serious, but I'll see what can be done.'

So we were waiting in despair to hear something. I went to the Cheka building but they wouldn't even let me approach that building; it was all cordoned by guards. When we went on a recent trip to the Soviet Union I had my picture taken in front of that building. Instead of the monument to Catherine the Great there is now a monument to the sailors of the battleship Potemkin, and I had a picture taken of me projected against that dreadful building of the Cheka.

So we didn't know what to do. And then, around noontime the doorbell rang we opened the door and what a joy, both mother and father walked in. 'What happened?' we asked.

Then mother told the whole story. She was brought into the Cheka, she was kept in a room where she was interrogated continuously about many things, about her brother, the colonel, but never was asked about her husband, my father. She was also interrogated about signalling the naval vessels in the Black Sea. Again she gave it to them, she told them it was the greatest stupidity, and apparently she irritated the interrogator so much that finally they told her 'You know what, we are going to take you to the president of the Cheka. You are too violent and we cannot permit that from members of the bourgeoisie.'

So shortly before noontime they took her upstairs to the office of

that terrible man Sadzhaev, president of the Cheka in Odessa, responsible for thousands upon thousands of lives. When she entered his office he looked at her; he didn't offer her to sit down so she saw a chair and sat down. He then kind of laughed and said 'Oh, I forgot that in your bourgeois society a chair should be offered to a lady'.

'Yes,' she said, 'it should be.'

He said, 'Watch your tongue, lady.'

She said 'I have had enough of everything, so I don't care what happens to me. I am surprised at the incredible stupidity of your agent who burst into our apartment with such a silly accusation that we were signalling the ships of Great Britain and France from the balcony of our apartment from which you can barely see a little bit of the Black Sea. And they took the red developing light which we used for photography and the ultra-violet light used for treatment of sciatica. Is that a serious matter? It is laughable stupidity!'

He said 'That's enough lady, you can go, you are free.'

Then in this moment of excitement and despair she told him 'No, I am not going to leave this place without my husband who has been sitting already for over two months without trial. I don't want to leave without him.'

'What's his name?' he asked.

'His name is Paul Albov.'

'Who is he? is he a general?'

'No, he is a judge.'

And he said 'Allright, lady, I have had enough of you. Here, take your husband.' And he pulled out a slip of paper and wrote on it "Release Citizen Paul Albov and Citizeness Olga Albov.'

She couldn't believe her ears, she dashed out, but the guard said, 'No that is not so simple; certain formalities must be worked out.' So they

went to an office, some kind of special document was prepared for the release of my father, and they walked out free from that dreaded Cheka and came home.

Father told me many stories about his incarceration by the Cheka, but I was shocked by his appearance. He had been a life-loving man, with lots of energy and a ready smile, he was a sportsman, he played tennis, and he loved rowing. Now when I looked at him I realized that something had happened to him that completely changed him. Instead of the sparkle of life, his eyes were dull, with some sort of sadness that never left his expression. He looked as if someone had switched a light off inside of him; he was awfully thin and awfully sick. He said he had a bad case of hernia because he said 'They took us to the railroad station one day where we had to unload heavy sacks of potatoes.' That was too much for him and he developed that hernia.

Well, at that time unfortunately we couldn't even celebrate that most wonderful occasion because there was not much food, so we just had our usual little something to eat.

And then another thing happened. Around four or five o'clock in the afternoon that strange character, that former navy officer came, saying 'Well, I heard that you are free from the Cheka, but I came with a warning; you must leave this house immediately and go into hiding, but it is impossible to arrange everything immediately, so I will take you to my apartment where you will be relatively safe, until I can arrange for a carriage which will take you to one of the villages near Odessa. That village is called Lutzdorf. It is a former German colony, of Germans who came to Russia in the time of Catherine the Great. I will arrange for you to stay there as long as necessary.'

Chapter 19 Scenario 4

Just as we were warned by that mysterious navy man, at 2 o'clock after midnight, on the night of father's departure to the German village of Lutzsdorf in the suburbs of Odessa there was a knock at our door and again a group of Cheka men appeared and asked about my father. 'He is not here,' we said.

'How is he not here? He was just released from Cheka yesterday.'

'Yes', we said, 'he took a train and went to Kiev.'

'With whom is he going to stay?'

'We don't know; he promised to let us know.'

They were very annoyed, but didn't do anything to us, and left.

So father was safe, for the time being. In the meantime the secret anti-Bolshevist organization started its activity. Rumors of impending landing of White troops in the Odessa region were increasing. There was nervousness and semi-panic among the Bolsheviks which was obvious to all of us.

Through a courier, I was called to attend a secret meeting of our organization. This time was the first that I met the head of the organization, Colonel Sablin. We met in a private apartment on Marozlievskaja Street facing Aleksandrovsk Park. At that meeting Colonel Sablin told us that the landing of the White troops was inevitable and would take place in about a week, around the 7th or 8th of August, and we must be prepared to start an uprising, or if we didn't have enough armed people we must at least see to it that just before the landing starts we would try to capture the murderous members of the Cheka.

We were particularly interested in capturing the executioners and of course the President of the Cheka, Sadzhaev, and a sinister figure about whom we had heard from some people who managed to escape the Cheka, the Cheka girl, Dora. She was obviously a psychopathic type of woman, constantly under the

influence of cocaine and other drugs and her pleasure was to kill people in a very strange manner. She would sit on a chair and then her collaborators would force a man to crawl under the chair in which she was sitting, holding a pistol and smoking a cigarette. And the moment the head of the man crawling under the chair would appear in front of her she would shoot him in the back of his head and then extinguish her cigarette in the blood of the wound. We were very much interested in capturing this monster.

Speaking of weapons, some people said that they had rifles and pistols. I had a browning piston which I got at the beginning of the revolution and it was stored secretly in the attic of our house. I had enough ammunition, so I said 'I have a pistol.'

Around the 7th of August, by the old calendar, about the 20th, with the new, we heard artillery fire and we knew that the landing operations had started. We gathered again at the command of Col. Sablin in that apartment on Mardzlievskaja Street and then we came out, not dressed in uniform but with our weapons and were stopping the cars in which the Bolsheviks were fleeing the city. We captured quite a number of them and were bringing them to the apartment and putting them in the cellar. Finally the glorious day of liberation came and the White army troops marched into the town practically without any firing. All the resistance was made in the outskirts but in town there was no resistance. Jubilantly we greeted our liberators, Colonel Sablin immediately joined and reported on what we had done in arresting the members of the Cheka.

The landing force was very small, about 3,000 men. We were told to spread the rumors everywhere that it was 30,000 and apparently that made an effect on the Soviets, who had fled.

Women and girls were bringing flowers and throwing them at the coming

White army soldiers, kissing them, crying, in all the churches thanksgiving services started. All Soviet propaganda, posters and placards were torn down. Emotions started riding very high.

In a day or so we had jubilation in our house, since Father returned from Lutzdorf, which was the first place liberated by the White army. We were so pleased to see him safe and alive. However, as I said before, the sadness never left his eyes, which he had had ever since being in mortal danger every night in the Cheka.

The White army immediately established a counter-intelligence outfit which was placed in the buildings formerly occupied by the Cheka, and since I was familiar with those buildings I was called upon to serve as a guard with the counter intelligence. This started my regular military career in the White army, and therefore I will call the period from that time on a new scenario of my life.

Scenario 5

I didn't have a uniform; instead I attached an insignia, a cockade, to my university cap which I had bought after completing my studies in the gymnasium, since I was supposed to go to university later, and then on the sleeve of my shirt which I wore with a belt--a Russian type shirt--my mother sewed the White army insignia, that is, ribbons with the national colors, white, blue and red, a triangle on the left and side sleeves.

Armed with my Browning automatic pistol I reported for duties with the counter-intelligence outfit. First of all I must describe my impressions of the building in which my family was incarcerated and what was left there by the communists. It is hard to describe the horror of that building. When we entered the courtyard there was a pile of bloody garments, of people who

were apparently killed and their garments taken off before placing them in mass graves. It was a stinking pile because of the blood. Then we went carefully to the cellar of that building where we knew that the executions had taken place. The stench was unbearable. The cellar had been used for the storage of coal and wood. They had cleared all this out and loosened the next to the last step leading to the cellar floor. When the victim was descending into the dark cellar accompanied by the Cheka men he would step on that unsafe step, which would yield, and start falling, and at that moment the Cheka people would shoot him in the back and he would fall bleeding to the ground. Usually there was a second shot to make sure that the man was killed, and then he was left there dying and bleeding until the time came to drag the bodies from that cellar, pile them into a truck and take them out of town for the mass burial trenches. Then in that building there was a semicircular concrete garage on the level of the courtyard which was made to facilitate washing cars. They were shooting people in that garage and when we entered it the wall was pockmarked with bullet holes, splattered with blood, dried brain matter and some hair which showed that people were just put against those walls and shot there. Then the drainage for water used in washing the cars was full of dried blood, it was also stinking to high heaven in that garage. I was shaken up; I knew of the evil and bestiality of the Bolshevik regime but had not realized all the gruesome details.

We went to all the rooms of several apartments in this house. One apartment was filled almost to the walls with the property taken from the houses of the people who had been executed by the Cheka. It was an incredible sight; there was everything--there were cameras, a large number of officer uniforms, some of them parade uniforms--there was everything, it was loot which filled up an eight-room apartment all the way to the ceiling. Then we

came across a kitchen which had apparently served as a torture chamber. It was the most terrible thing I had seen; there were several so-called human gloves. We had heard rumors of this but we had not imagined that it was true. But it was. There was dried up skin from the hands of victims. Later on we were told by witnesses of this torture. People were brought there and forced to put their hands in boiling water, then when the skin was completely boiled the hands were skinned and it was called communist gloves. We saw a couple of dried up gloves like that and it made me sick at my stomach. This kind of thing that I saw with my eyes that I lived through made me more than ever an enemy of that regime which permitted bestiality of such caliber in my country, Russia.

The daily regime was very rigorous. With the arrival of the White army it immediately swelled with a tremendous number of volunteers from Odessa who decided that they had better join the White army than to again be victims of the Reds. The White army thereupon managed to spread out around Odessa and link up with troops occupying the southern part of Russia, and that immediately relieved the food situation. We started to get fowl, chickens, etc., and it was so good to see how Father particularly, after that semi-starvation diet in the Cheka was gradually gaining strength by eating wholesome food. We all started eating better--eggs, vegetables and fish. I was very busy; I practically never spent any day or night at home because I was working feverishly for the counter intelligence outfit. One of my duties was to be present at the interrogation of the Cheka people and I will never forget one particular case. The interrogator was a young cavalry captain, called in Russian rotmistr, very pale, with very fine features, of his face and hands. His name was Istomin. He interrogated lots of Cheka people who were brought to him from across the street, actually across Catherine the Great Square to

his chamber. He was particularly interested in one man. The evidence piled up more and more, that that mysterious man was one of the very top men in the Cheka who not only ordered the execution and torture of people and was probably one of the cruelest men of the bunch.

Incidentally, although we managed to capture some members of the Cheka, Sadzhaev and Dora managed to escape.

Well, the interrogation continued late into the night and by the time, by about 2 o'clock in the morning, after the last person he interrogated was dismissed, Istomin tiredly looked at me and said 'Volunteer, I know that you were held by the Cheka, I know that your father was here and suffered a lot, now you heard all the evidence about one particular man, that man goes under several names. I would like for you to bring me that man about whom we have heard so much. You go across the street to the place where you and your father were once incarcerated, go into room number so and so, and call these names: Zhmurashvili. Probably no one will answer that name, but that is one of the code names of the man we are interested in. If nobody answers that name, call the name Liadov. I believe by that time somebody has to respond so go ahead and bring that man safely to me but remember, he is dangerous. He is a strong and powerful man and you are almost a little boy. I trust that you will bring him here without any trouble. I saluted the captain and walked through the dark night to the building across the square where the Cheka members were sitting in the chambers where they had put their opponents-- us--so they were already getting what they had given to others. There was no problem with the guard after he saw the note from Captain Istomin and I came to the door and I remembered how the Cheka people were entering the cells at night, so I quietly opened the bolt and then with a big bang with my foot hit the door which opened with a big noise and everybody in that cell jumped up.

The guard was behind me with his rifle pointing at the prisoners. I stood with my pistol ready and called with a loud voice 'Zhemurashvili!' No one answered. Then I remembered the second name and called Liadov!"

Then a big man pushed forward and said 'I am afraid there is some kind of mistake.'

'No mistake! You are the man I was looking for,' I said, 'follow me!'

Chapter 20 Scenario 5

He came out of the room and with the guard still standing next to me I told him 'I am going to take you across the Catherine the Great Square to another building which is familiar to you because you were working there as a Chekist. I am telling you one thing. You are going to walk slowly, keeping your hands in your pockets and I will keep my pistol pressed at the back of your head. The moment I detect that you try either to lift your hands, or your head will detach from the pressure of my pistol I will shoot. Is it clear?'

'Yes, it is clear'.

So we walked that way. He was really afraid that I was going to shoot him because I felt the pressure of his neck against my pistol. We walked like that all the way across the square into the building and to the second floor where I brought him into Captain Istomin's office. Captain Istomin had in the mean time turned the lampshade so that the light would fall on the face of the prisoner while his face was in the shadow.

I sat as usual in the soft chair next to the desk with my pistol on the ready and watched the movements of the prisoner. I was ready to shoot him at the first attempt he would try to make to attack either Captain Istomin or me. Captain Istomin started to interrogate him, bringing up facts revealed

by the interrogation of many other members of the Cheka whom we had interrogated before him. Liadov--it was of course not his real name--denied the charges, saying that his role was a very minor one, saying that he was mostly serving as a guard, and had never interrogated nor tortured anyone. That interrogation continued for pretty long until all facts learned about him were covered. He tried to deny everything. Then Captain Istomin told him, 'Oh by the way, do you remember the case of two officers--they were brothers--by the name of Istomin? You interrogated both of them, you tortured both of them, and you decided that they had to be shot, and you were leading the party of prisoners, five or six of them, to be shot. One of these brothers at that moment when you were crossing the square here in front of this building dashed out and although you and the guard fired on him, he managed to escape and you never found him again. Do you remember that case.'

'I don't remember that case' he replied.

'Oh you don't?' said Istomin, and he tilted the lampshade so that it turned the light on his face. 'Now look at me, you Cheka murderer,' he told Liadov. I saw the man start to shake.

Istomin said, 'Yes, it is me, the officer whom you tortured. You killed my brother, and now I've got you and you'll pay for that crime as you are going to pay for all other crimes that you have committed here!'

Liadov made some kind of movement and I jumped out and put my pistol almost against his temple and said 'Sit down or I'll shoot!'

He obeyed, and sat down, and Istomin told me, 'Call the guard!'

Still looking at Istomin, and holding my pistol I shouted for the guard and the guard came and took Liadov away.

Another interesting case was this. I was once assigned to guard duty during the noon hour when the relatives of the arrested Cheka men were bringing

food parcels to the people arrested by the counter-intelligence of the White army. Suddenly it brought to my memory all the humiliation, all the suffering that we had to go through when we were bringing food to my father. Now these fat well-dressed "ladies", dressed in the most expensive clothes--I knew that it was all requisitioned from the victims of the Cheka by their husbands, probably the clothes of murdered people. Some wore furs, and they were all bringing huge baskets filled with all sorts of delicacies, like fried chicken, eggs, ham, and so forth. When I saw that I lost my temper, and I came to the first of the women who gave me the name of one of the prisoners 'You, soldier, give that to my husband,' she ordered.

'First I must check' I said. I could barely control myself. I yanked that basket from her the same way they had yanked the meager food I had been bringing my father. She was startled, the basket fell and all its contents tumbled on the pavement, chicken, eggs and all. I kicked the food and said 'Now pick up that food and get away from there. There will be no food today from anybody.' And I addressed everybody else; 'Get out of here or I will start shooting.'

It was not very Christian, I know, but it was that revenge that I pledged that I was going to have to avenge my own and my father's suffering.

Well, time was flying, and I was considering that my guard duty with the counter-intelligence in Odessa was not so important as my presence on the front, and I was preparing to join one of the fighting units to fight the Reds in the ranks of the White Army. I told my parents about that and they understood me. They knew that there could be no life for any one of us if the Reds ever won. Therefore they consented and agreed with me that I should go and join the White Army and fight, with the fighting units. Not just with the Odessa guard troops.

At that time some of our friends, officers whom we knew even before the

Revolution, and who were mostly artillery officers from the artillery academy in the city of Odessa, came back to vacation in the liberated city and came to see us, healthy, in beautiful uniforms etc. I talked to one of them, Victor Dominik, who later on, many years later, married my cousin, Galina Ulozovskii, who died in Belgium, and he told me 'Listen, this is wonderful. We came here from the armored train, and I think it would be very good for you to join the crew of the armored train. I'll arrange it with the commanding officer of the armored train who also came with us. As a matter of fact, a group of officers came for a short vacation to visit Odessa and we'll take you back with us to the armored train to the front line.'

That was arranged; the only thing that was difficult, strange as it may seem in this time and age, I had practically nothing to wear. There was that blouse or tunic, there was the coat which I wore, but my problem was shoes. The shoes that I had mentioned earlier, made by the shoemaker for tutoring his son, shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution, were practically worn out. I was walking about in white canvas shoes like tennis shoes, which my grandmother had given me, they were actually her shoes but they fit my feet, so I wore them. So before going to the front I took some black ink and covered these with ink so that they would look like black shoes; I didn't have anything else and it was impossible to get black shoes at that time.

Captain Domenik, who had sponsored my appointment, said that I shouldn't worry, that as soon as we reached the armored train I would get a uniform and shoes or boots. Then he told me that I would be assigned to a machine gun unit of the armored train. The name of the armored train was "General Drozdovskii."

Well, the time had come--it was in August, 1919--to say goodbye to my parents. I embraced my mother, my sister and my father, who had to fight back

the tears, and mother blessed me also with a little icon of St. Nicholas. St. Nicholas was considered the patron saint of our family. I still carry that icon with me all the time. It survived the civil war and all the terrible years of the Second World War.

I didn't have many things to take with me--some underwear, a couple of pairs of socks, and that was about all. Captain Domenik said not to worry, that we would travel to the front in style. They had come in a railway carriage, actually a freight car, but they had managed to transform it into a semblance of a cozy living room, with couches, chairs, table lamps. carpets-- I don't know where they had got it all. Anyhow, that carriage at the request of the officers was attached to various trains. We went to the Odessa railroad station, climbed aboard that beautifully furnished freight car and then I was introduced to the officers who were there. There were four or five, including the acting commanding officer, Captain Sommers. The carriage was attached to a train and we went rolling toward the Armored train on which I was to serve. The trip lasted several days, although we were going into territory already firmly occupied by the White Army, the train service was still in pretty chaotic state. Our carriage was attached first to one train and then another and was standing a long time at certain stations waiting for a train to bring us closer to the front line.

And then one night our carriage was attached to a train which was bringing back to the front line cassack troops of the so-called Shkuro Division. They were called Wolves and in my recollections they today remind me of Davy Crockett, for they had wolf tails attached to their caps. They were merciless toward the communists and at that time, after all my experience with the Cheka and seeing torture chambers, those terrible things in Odessa, I shared their merciless views. During the stops at the stations they invited

me, a young fellow, to one of their carriages. There I saw a large group of the officers and men of this Wolf Division. They had just captured a Soviet spy on that train and they were interrogating him. The man was captured and they found in his suitcase lots of money and plans showing the location of the troops, command headquarters, etc. So he was a Soviet spy sent to our rear. They were merciless. He was beaten up, he didn't want to answer questions, they threatened him that they would burn his feet with candles and let him dance if he wouldn't. And then finally the senior officer said, 'well, that's enough. We know that you are a spy, and you are sentenced by me to be shot at the next station.' And then he called for one man from his troops and said 'You will shoot him.' And then he looked at me and said, 'Oh, you are young, you have just joined the White Army, why don't you also take part in the execution squad together with my man?'

Well I wasn't very delighted but I couldn't say anything. The next station came, we jumped from the carriage, the man with the rifle and I with my pistol. We pulled the Soviet spy behind the railroad tracks, forced him to lie down and the other man said 'I will shoot and you will shoot.' He aimed his rifle and shot and I aimed my pistol and I shot. The man was dead. At that point I got sick. I thought, 'God have mercy on me. I have participated in the killing of a human being.'

You must understand that at that time hatred of the communists was very strong in me, but somehow shooting that man...there was no doubt that he was a spy, any court martial would have ordered him to be shot, but to be an executioner didn't lie comfortably with me. I looked to the sky and thought, I have participated in a mortal sin, killing another man. I know that during the war I saw machinegun bullets from my machinegun kill some more men but that was in battle; this was something different.

So we had to run fast because the train started to move; I didn't jump into the carriage where this Wolf Division was, but into the carriage where our officers were. Evidently my face was pale and they looked at me and said "where were you? we were wondering what happened to you!" I couldn't hide and I told them what had happened. They tried to comfort me and said "Well, you shouldn't have gone to that carriage; we were taking you in our carriage here. But you shouldn't be too much concerned about that. The man was a spy of our terrible enemy and the fact that you participated in his execution was alright. Don't worry about it."

But strangely enough, it affected me. Something happened to my health. From that point on I had some stomach trouble; it was colitis, I had to go to the latrine there was blood in my refuse. Apparently that shook me very strongly, and I still remember that unfortunate night when I committed a cardinal sin.

Well, we moved toward the front and finally I found myself at the armored train.

Chapter 21 Scenario V

This scenario will encompass my entire participation in the Russian civil war. I will not go into the big strategy and events of that war, but will only describe the civil war as an eyewitness, my little domain of activities as a volunteer soldier on the armored train "General Drozdovskii."

Thousands of books and articles have been written about the war in Russia, so it is not for me to add a big study to that; it is not the purpose of this story. I have to project the moments of my life into the time and space where the events took place. First of all, from the previous chapters I have described the incredible rift that developed between the two parts of the Russian population, the Whites and Reds. Tremendous hatred accumulated on both sides, caused primarily by the unbelievable atrocities which were first perpetrated by the Reds. It started shortly after the communist seizure of power, with the torturing and killing of officers. I myself saw people tortured in unbelievable ways, and I have told of what I saw of the dreadful Cheka in Odessa.

So that brings us to the mood of this awful civil war. Actually the point was reached where no prisoners were taken alive. This does not include, however, masses of former soldiers. Peasants and farmers, they were shifting their

loyalties between both sides, Red and White, depending on their successes. They were actually changing sides, taking the red star from their cap and putting a White Army insignia on it, turning their rifles and bullets in the opposite direction. They were the vast majority. However the leaders -- the commissars in the Red ranks and the communist officers on the Red side -- were real enemies. And on their part they considered likewise all of the Russian intelligentsia, the people like me who volunteered for the White movement, former officers, former cadets of military schools, and all other volunteers. For us there was no mercy. If we were ever captured we were usually tortured before being killed. Thus, when I joined the army there was already an understanding among friends in the military units never to leave a wounded man on the battlefield because he would be tortured to death. If there was no possibility to bring him out and save him, it was better to kill him; so at least he wouldn't be tortured. That was the incredible state of mind we reached on both sides of the front lines.

Speaking of the front lines, as you recall, it was the 1st day of September that I arrived at the front lines, when I finally reached my destination, the base from which the armored train operated. The whole White army was marching north in the general direction of Moscow. There was great enthusiasm and joy because of the victories. What helped the situation was also

When our group from Odessa finally arrived at the front I found the armored train.* This was actually two trains. One train served as a base, that consisted of normal passenger carriages in which we lived. They were comfortable. They were freight carriages with our reserves of ammunition, explosives needed for battle, there was our bakery, our kitchen, and our laundry, all in specially prepared cars. This was our base; we lived on that base. Now the armored train itself consisted of armored cars; in composition the train looked as follows. First there were two flat cars, on which were stored lots of materials, rails etc. needed for restoration of the railroad tracks. After these two flat cars was the first gun and machine gun armored car. It had a field artillery cannon, of 3 inches caliber, in a turret which could be moved almost 3/4 of a circle, and it also had 3 turrets on the top with heavy machine guns. Also it had openings on the sides for additional machine guns if needed. The armor was very heavy. There were steel plates, then cement, and then other steel plates. So even a direct hit by small caliber artillery wouldn't pierce that armor. After the first armored car with a cannon there was another flat car, again with equipment, rails and all other materials needed for repair, and after that another armored car like the first one, only called

* See diagram BSE v.7 "Bronepoezd"

No. 2. That flat car in between permitted the second gun to be directed also forward, in certain position of the train, to fire without hitting the car in front of it. Then after that there was a commanders' car also armored, which had only machine guns and a turret from which the CO could observe the battlefield. After that came the locomotive. Sometimes it was armored, sometimes it was just a regular locomotive. In certain situations we preferred powerful locomotives of the passenger express trains because they were better equipped for a quick advance and quick withdrawal from certain battlefield situations. However they were vulnerable because even close range machine gun fire could hit the pipes and damage the locomotive. Then after the locomotive we had the third gun and machine gun car with the gun turret directed in the opposite direction toward the rear of the train. This was so that in case the train found itself beyond the enemy lines and we were attacked from the rear we had at least one cannon capable of firing back. And at the end again two flat cars with all the rails and equipment needed for repairs of the track. That was our armored train, part of which participated in the battles.

Immediately upon arrival at the train I was assigned a place to live in a compartment in one of the carriages in the base of the train, which was very comfortable. I shared that with another volunteer, and then I finally managed to get my shoes,



because I came to the front wearing my grandmother's canvas tennis shoes, painted black. Well I got my shoes, I got a warm uniform, I got all the insignia and I was assigned immediately to be a machinegunner. There was very little time for practise, so theoretical learning of the machine gun was easy but I was waiting for the chance to start firing. Finally we got that chance; the machine guns were carried out in the open field, the targets were set, and I learned all the tricks of machine gun fire. I was assigned to one of the turrets in the machine gun car no. 1, that is, the first forward looking car.

We had two kinds of machine gun. In the turrets were firmly set the Vickers machine guns, a very good, excellent piece of weaponry and also we had the light Lewis. We, the gunners, were sitting in the turrets; we were sitting on something like a bicycle seat, with a place for our feet to rest, and we had a little wheel on the side, with which we could turn the turret 360 degrees around, and also in the opening there was a free play for raising and lowering the machine gun. Well, the crew of the armored train consisted of two echelons; while one was manning the armored train during the battle the other one was at the base resting, doing other military duties. So the day would usually start with the wakening of the crew that was scheduled to go into battle the next day, about 3 oclock in the morning.

We dressed, and then we were given a good breakfast, usually some hot borshcht, bread, sometimes a piece of meat or piece of bacon on the black bread, then we had to go to bring our ammunition and machine guns from storage to the armored train, fix it there, and around 5 oclock in the morning we would start moving toward the front line. The base and armored train itself during the night time usually was withdrawn from the front line, about two or three railway stations back. Then we would move toward the front lines. The moment we came there we were placed under the command of the higher ranking officer of the sector, in charge of the unit covering that area, and he would give us certain targets, and assignments, ordering us to do certain things. We would usually move forward, at the head of the infantry. The targets were usually indicated for the artillery, so our guns would open fire. Especially we were always trying to position our armored train on the curve of the railroad track so that if not all three at least two of our guns could fire at the target. Sometimes we had to go forward fast, and even get orders to capture a railroad station. Of course we were very cautious, watching the railroad tracks. In the first flat car, at the very front, there was a forward observer with a telephone who would look very closely at the railroad track and see whether the tracks were not damaged and the train could proceed.



Sometimes an enemy armored train would come to meet us and there would ensue a duel with that armored train. I participated in many of those battles. We got a couple of hits, but fortunately no one was killed or wounded. Many times we had to repair the railroad tracks. Sometimes we entered stations when the Red infantry was still there. At one place we entered a little station and the Red soldiers didn't even recognize that it was a White armored train and started to ask us questions. Instead of an answer they got concentrated machine gun fire and fled.

So that was how we were fighting. Usually after one whole day in battle we would withdraw and by dark would come back to our base for a rest.

From that point on we were actually resting for over 24 hours because early next morning the second crew would take our place and go with the armored train up to the front.

Now I will give you the location of the places where my first participation in the battles of the civil war started. I will leave with the tapes a map on which it may be seen how we were advancing and retreating, and also a picture of our armored train. One map covers the Orel area, the second the Kursk area and the third the Briansk area.

I came to the armored train when it was located at the railroad station Lgov, an important railroad junction. Actually the

train was a little south of Lgov, on the line Lgov-Kharkhov, so you will find there the railroad station Gorknia. Gorknia was where I boarded the armored train. And then we were going up toward Lgov, fighting the Reds, then we turned toward Kursk, a large city, an important point, and it was really a pleasure to be first in Kursk. However the railroad station was some distance from the city.

Chapter 22 Scenario V

We were first to enter the railroad station and then the infantry followed us, seized the city and we marched after the infantry. I remember only the big cathedral, with some beautiful wall paintings of saints. Asolemn Te Deum was said, thanking God for liberation from the Reds.

We didn't have much time to be in Kursk so we rushed back to our armored train and continued farther northward toward the other large city, Orel. It was constant battles as we moved forward. We were organized in groups of three armored trains which were called a division -- not a regular division, but a group of three trains -- two light artillery trains and a heavy artillery train. At one point the commanding general of the area ordered our three armored trains to take a position along the stretch of railroad tracks, since the Red cavalry was going in that direction trying to escape the trap set by the White armies. We were

After this episode we proceeded without any hindrance toward the large city of Orel. It was already pretty close in the direction of Moscow. We captured Orel but our armored train was there only a very short time. We just managed to dash into the city together with the infantrymen who were coming into the town and mopping up the remnants of the Red troops who were retreating from the city. I have only a very vague impression of that town since we were told to return immediately to our armored train, since we were moving elsewhere.

We were ordered to move back to Kursk and from Kursk westward to that railroad station of Igov and then from there we started an offensive in the general direction of Briansk. There was heavy fighting near the station Dmitriev north of Igov, then Kamarichi, then -- it was already getting frosty at that time -- I remember passing through the railroad station Brassovo. Brassovo was the estate of the former Grand Duke Mikhail, who made a morganatic marriage to a woman not of royal blood and therefore she was given a title, Countess of Brassovo, and that was their estate there.

Our goal was Briansk. An interesting thing happened in the meantime. Once we were standing on a station. While our armored train was on the front line fighting I was with the crew that was resting. I had guard duty, walking near our three large four-

axeled cars in which we carried all our ammunition and explosives. These three freight cars were at the head of our base, of the train which served as our home, and I was walking along the railroad tracks. My duty was to see that nobody approached our cars with ammunition and explosives. At the head of the whole train was the locomotive, ready to move at any time with the engineer and his helper. On the adjacent track there was a huge train full of ammunition and explosives, and again at the head of that train was a caboose where people had a little stove burning and were warming themselves. What I didn't know was that beside the stove they had a large container full of benzine -- gasoline. By that time the terrain was covered with snow and while I was walking between our train and the caboose a terrible explosion shook the air and I felt that I was hit by the air wave, which pushed me so hard that I was dragged underneath our train and found myself on the other side of the railroad track. I saw that at certain spots the snow was burning where that exploded gasoline had spilled. Fortunately, none had got on my clothing, but still I was afraid to move back toward that place, so I rolled in the snow to get my clothing wet and then dashed back. A terrible picture met my eyes. First of all I knew that the railroad train which was on the next track parallel to ours was full of explosives -- shells, shrapnel, etc., and at any moment would start to explode. At the same time I was concerned about our three cars

with our explosives. They were also covered with some of the gas, and there was a little flame flickering on the walls of our cars. The duty officer was running toward me shouting something, and some other crew members were rushing up there. And at the same time I noticed that the engineer and his deputy on the locomotive were trying to jump out of the locomotive. I realized that if they left the locomotive we would be lost because the explosion would hit our train and everything would be ruined. Therefore I raised my carbine and shouted to the engineer: 'Climb back into that train or I'll shoot!' He understood that and climbed back on the locomotive. At the same time the crew under the command of the duty officer were uncoupling the three freight cars with our explosives from the rest of the train where we had our passenger cars, where we lived. He ordered me to run to the locomotive and order to the engineer to back up and push our train and then move forward carrying with him our three cars with ammunition. This done, our train started rolling after the effect of the push and the duty officer ordered some of us to jump on the train and use the hand brakes as soon as we were clear of the train that started already and was standing on the adjacent railroad track and where the ammunition had already started to explode. At the same time the locomotive with our three cars moved forward fast and beyond the range of the explosions. It was a terrible thing; how we sur-

vived I don't know. The explosions lasted most of the night while our train was back toward the switches at one end of the station while our locomotive and three cars without ammunition were at the other end of the station, also safe from the explosion. It was a terrible night, however finally the ammunition train burned itself out, everything exploded that could explode, and in the morning we went to see what was left. Of course no one survived, those people who were there -- we were sorry for them, but they were stupid -- who were burning the little stove in the caboose with the tank of gasoline in the same place. Apparently the fumes from that gasoline ignited.

Well we moved farther on, after the return of our armored train, toward Briansk. Before Briansk there was an important place to be taken -- Naviar. Naviar was a huge center with lots of railroad trains congesting the station with all the goods that the Reds had tried to evacuate from the south. So we were ready to seize this loot there. We went to seize Naviar. However when we reached the place a little south of Naviar there was a little station called Pogriby, and when we came up to that place we discovered that the Reds had destroyed a very small bridge over a little brook. We restored it but it took us about four hours. We moved forward but by that time heavy artillery started to fire against our train. We couldn't see at first where it was coming from and then we found out that it was out-



side the range of our field artillery pieces, so we started to retreat.

By that time I didn't feel too well; I felt as if I was getting a cold or something. But we were in need of fuel for our locomotive, and we stopped. There were huge forests in that area, the famous Briansk forests, and our locomotive was using firewood. Firewood was stored all along the railroad tracks and we were sent out to pick up this firewood for the train. When I jumped out of the train I didn't feel well at all. I was shivering, I felt that my temperature was rising, however I had to make the last effort to carry these heavy logs to the locomotive. So finally we managed to fill up all the wood that was possible to collect and move back.

At the time we left there was a Red counterattack toward the railroad station Dmitriev, which was north of Lgov, by the Latvian division -- the Latvians at that time were very much in the service of the Reds. The Latvian division managed to break through our front lines and was advancing toward the little station Dmitriev and they captured a bridge which we had to cross in coming home to our base. I was shivering, trembling with high fever; it was getting completely dark and I was lying covered with my coat and the commanding officer came to all of us and said 'Well, we are in a pretty difficult situation. We have just learned that the bridge has been seized by the Reds. We just



have to hope that they haven't destroyed it. I will take a chance and just go through that bridge full speed ahead, but before that I would like for you to have some vodka and some food to eat.'

So we got some bacon which was fried on the little stove that was in each of the armored train carriages. Although I didn't have any appetite I was hoping that vodka would help me, but when they gave me a little glass and I downed it my eyes popped out because it wasn't vodka, it was pure alcohol. We hadn't known that; we had to dilute it with water. However that cheered up quite a few of us and in a better mood we started back toward this bridge. When we approached the bridge the order was given to open fire. However I didn't feel well at all so I couldn't even climb into my turret and another man took my place, and we opened fire with machine guns. They told me that they saw some figures near the bridge but they didn't demolish it and we managed to escape the trap. By that time I already was losing consciousness; I didn't realize at the time that I was getting the dreadful enemy of our troops during the civil war, the spotted typhus. More people died of that typhoid fever during the civil war than from battle wounds and bullets. As a matter of fact I remember passing that bridge, but what happened afterward I do not remember. I lost consciousness because I had a terrifically high fever; I don't even remember how they

removed me from the train and brought me to the base train and that base train moved forward. All the events after that I learned much later on when I came back to my senses.

In the meantime our armored train suffered a big calamity. Our base moved without being molested by the Reds first through Lgov toward Kursk due east, and then from Kursk started to retreat in the general direction of Belgord and Kharkov. The armored train was still fighting the Reds in the area of Komarichi and Dmitriev. There were five armored trains that were retreating that way, but something happened at Lgov station. Lgov station was a junction of the main railroad tracks from Kursk toward Vorozhva and from Briansk toward Kharkov. One line was going over the other on a viaduct on a heavy bridge. There was a complete lack of communication, so our retreating forces, infantry, not knowing that there were still five armored trains north of Lgov, blew up that bridge and destroyed the possibility of retreat for five armored trains. Our people had to blow up all the armored trains. They then retreated on foot and were taken by trains and finally joined the base in which I was lying, completely unaware of what was going on somewhere south of Kursk in the direction of Solntsovo.

I was coming to my senses and saw some familiar faces -- friendly faces, concerned about me -- but we didn't have any doctors; we didn't have any medicaments, anything. My friend,

Captain Dominik, who later married my cousin in Belgium, had brought me to the train. He was very much concerned about me and he tried to feed me when he saw how weak I was and how I was losing strength.

So that lasted all the way until we reached the station Solntsovo. There an unpredictable terrible event took place of which I already took notice, because I gradually was coming to my senses, but I was so weak I could not even raise my hand. When we reached Solntsovo station I heard some machine gun and rifle fire, and somebody dashed through the train shouting 'Everybody out! The Reds are on the station!'

I tried to shout 'Don't forget me! Take me!' but nobody heard me. Everybody was busy waging battle with the Reds who

Chapter 23 Scenario 5

occupied the station, while I was left alone on the train expecting that at any moment the Reds might come in and find me; and torture and kill me if they found me there. All the electric lights were on so I couldn't even hide myself in the darkness. At the same time I was so very weak I practically couldn't move. I decided that I would rather kill myself than be tortured and captured by the Reds. Remembering that my Browning revolver was on the shelf above my head, together with my suitcase, I made the effort to raise myself and reach for the Browning. Then,

with the Browning in my hand, I fell back on my cushion and lost consciousness.

I was determined to kill myself rather than be taken, but when I came to the train was moving and people in the compartment including my dear friend Domenik. I managed to put the Browning under the blanket so they wouldn't notice what my intentions had been. They were particularly gay because they had managed to repel the Reds and move the train. So everyone was singing, drinking, etc., but I still was only semi-conscious. I came to only when we reached finally the big railroad station of Kharkov. From there on a rapid recovery started as we retreated southward.

We were told that we would receive a new armored train when we reached Rostov. The armored cars were being prepared for us.

By the time we arrived in Rostov, I had recovered completely and was looking forward to a rest. I managed to get a new uniform made for me in Rostov, new boots, and even ventured once into a fancy restaurant where I didn't know what to do and ordered champagne and caviar. I had money due to me because we managed to bring with us a couple of freight cars filled with sugar; rather than give it to the communists, we attached the cars to our train and brought them back to Rostov. The sugar was sold on the black market and the money divided among the train crew, so I had my share of that. In addition, each of us had a bag of about 100 lbs. of sugar put under the sleeping bench.

So what helped my recovery probably was lots of that sugar and the availability of eggs. We were making the so-called qogon mogen, mixing eggs with sugar and eating that with dark bread; it all helped me to recover my strength. The only thing that was missing badly was citrus; I don't think I ever longed for anything as much as I did at that time, for ~~something~~ sour to build up my body.

Well, we got our new armored train; there was a difference, however, in its construction. The first cannon was a 75 mm. navy gun, not with a turret but with a shield, like they had on the navy vessels; it was put on a flat car, because the navy 77 mm. gun had a wider range than a simple field piece. The celebration was announced after christening the new train, and here something happened that I will never forget. While we were celebrating in the armored train one of the girls from the kitchen came up to the armored train, climbed the stairs and entered the train carriage, bringing with her some cakes. The commanding officer was beside himself with rage. He said, 'How dare you come here? Don't you know that a woman coming on the armored train brings bad luck?' She got scared and dashed out, but that was that.

By then the army retreat was in full swing. Our train was stationed at the railroad station of Khataisk which was across the Don River from Rostov-on-Don. The first order we got was to go to be on guard duty with the train of the Commander-in-Chief, General

Denikin, which was at the railroad station Tikhoretskaia. Our train was stationed by the Commander-in-Chief's train.

I am not going to describe any more battles or big strategy of the White Army since one can turn to two books by two great White commanders, both in English, one the recently published book WHITE AGAINST RED, General Denikin's story, and the other the memoirs of General Wrangel, ALWAYS WITH HONOR: I will only describe the events which actually concerned me.

So we were at that station, Tikhoretskaia. And there was only one assignment, it was not particularly eventful. We only kept constant guard around the train. I saw the Commander-in-Chief, General Denikin, several times.

I spent a very lonesome Christmas night standing on guard duty. It was an awfully cold night; a clear night with bright stars shining, and I was standing there, thinking of past Christmases, good old times of my childhood and some of the terrible events of the Revolution and then my thoughts were all with my family. I was wondering what they were doing; I knew that they were all in Odessa but we didn't even know whether Odessa was still in the hands of the Whites or if the Reds were threatening it. We didn't have any newspapers, just sometimes a bulletin. So that was Christmas night in the Kuban steppes in 1919. At that time I didn't realize that it would be the last Christmas I would spend in Russia, because by that time in 1920

I would already be out of Russia.

We lived through only one very unpleasant moment. It was on New Years Eve. I wasn't on guard duty that night so after having a drink or so at midnight I slept quietly in my compartment with a friend of mine in the bunk next to me. Then early in the morning we were awakened by shooting going on in the railroad station. I was very much upset because I realized that it was probably an attack on the Commander-in-Chief's train and we were here on guard duty and we had missed this terrible event. So we dressed and rushed out and then we found that this was only the Commander-in-Chief's personal cossack guard who were celebrating the New Year by shooting up into the thin air from carbines, pistols and everything; that was quite a surprise.

This was a very critical time for the White armies. Our army was disorganized and practically lost control of everything and the retreat was almost a rout. A new force developed at that time on the territory still occupied by the White army, there appeared the so-called Greens. Initially the Greens were actually deserters from the White army and some from the Red army. They were sick and tired of the civil war and wanted to be left alone and organized into some kind of semi-neutral bands which called themselves Greens. However as these Greens began to polarize, some of them became more inclined toward the Reds and a minority toward the Whites, so they called themselves Red-Greens

and White-Greens. I know it is awfully confusing to anyone who hears of this now, but that was the situation.

Gradually the Red command managed to take control over the Greens and they became some kind of secret arm of the Reds. So the Greens began to interfere with the retreat of our armies; they attacked lines of communication, they attacked important railroads leading to the oil which we were getting from the Caucasus, etc.

Our armored trains were assigned to protect that railroad linking particularly on the stretch between the city and the stations of Armavir and Mineral'nye vody. That stretch was very important because all freight and passenger trains of the Caucasus were going over that stretch of railroad tracks and it had to be protected because the Red-Greens were mining the railroad tracks, attacking stations, etc. So, initially there were two armored trains, one, our "General Drozdovskii," was coming from Armavir, and another, the "Moguchii" (Mighty One) was coming from the station Mineral'nye vody. They were accompanying the trains to a point where they would meet. Our train was coming from the north and the meeting point was a station called Edinomyskaia. There we would come to that point, trains would pass in both directions and then we would come back to our initial base of action, our train to Armavir, and "Moguchii" to Mineral'nye vody.

One day at Armavir I was told that there was somebody in the passing train who would like to see me, and to my great amazement I found a cousin of mine who was being evacuated because he was recovering from the same typhoid fever which I had had. He already felt better, so when he saw our train with the markings of 'General Drozdovskii,' he knew that I was serving on it, and he asked somebody to pass the word to me. I was so glad to see him that my good friend Captain Dominik immediately proposed that we take him off the sanitary train and bring him to our train. However, he said no, he was going to a good hospital at Mineral'nye vody, and after recovery he would come to see me. That was a tragic decision because he went to that hospital at Mineral'nye vody and then one day the town was overrun by the Reds and he and all other officers and volunteers like him were killed in the hospital.

So that was our story. Our armored train "General Drozdovskii" would come from Armavir to the central meeting point at the station Edinomyaskaia and "Moguchii" would come from Mineral'nye vody. We would meet there, stay there for a half an hour and then return.

One day, however, we came to Edinomyaskaia and were surprised at seeing our other armored train "Moguchii" standing not at the station but relatively far away, near the signal and switches leading to the station. We didn't understand what was going on; we jumped out of the train and ran to the station and found it

locked up and not a soul there. There was no station master, nobody; we couldn't understand what was going on. The commanding officer ordered a whistle to be given to "Moguchii". There was no response, and then suddenly "Moguchii" opened fire on us. The first shell hit our armored train on our first cannon, the navy 75 mm. gun and disabled it. The one man who was standing there was killed and the other wounded. The second shell hit the locomotive but fortunately didn't pierce anything, but damaged it slightly. The commanding officer immediately gave the signal alarm, we jumped on our armored train and started to retreat back. The "Moguchii" armored train, seeing that our first cannon was not responding, moved boldly after us, firing. We of course realized that the Reds had managed during the night to seize that armored train, and probably through torture had learned about our plans and were waiting for us at that station. We were retreating fast and couldn't fire because as I said before our forward looking cannon was disabled. Our commanding officer, Captain Gutkov, was standing on the roof of one of the armored cars and waiting until the train moved into a position where the second gun could open fire. He then ordered the train to stop and we opened rapid fire on "Moguchii" which stopped too and started to retreat. But we didn't disable her. It was a most distressing story. That was the beginning of the end of that campaign. We came back to Armavir and learned that our troops were retreating rapidly to

Novorossiisk, that our last port on the Black Sea would be evacuated soon, and that our only chance for salvation was to try to get to Novorossiisk. However we learned soon that the Reds had captured Novorossiisk, and there was no other way for us to retreat anywhere. So they held a military council. At that time in our group there were five armored trains in that area and some units of Kuban cossacks, some cavalry and so forth. Our only chance to get through was now to go to another port on the Black Sea to which the railroad tracks led, Tuapse. However we knew that Tuapse had been taken by the so-called Red-Greens and that the track leading from Armavir to Tuapse went through a mountain range and we had to go through six tunnels, three of them making a complete circle while going through the mountain range. We knew that the easiest thing for the Reds would be to just destroy one of the tunnels and all five armored trains in our group would be stuck there. So one day we came to a point -- it was a little railroad station called Ganzhar -- where we had to stop since the railroad tracks had been destroyed by the Red-Greens who had a fortified position.

Chapter 24, Scenario 5

The five armored trains gradually came up to that point and many other trains with troops in the general retreat of the White Army. In front of us were hastily fortified positions of the so-

called Red-Greens. It was the beginning of March and the sun was warm, so we came out of our armored train and were sitting around. Gradually the Greens came toward us, without weapons, and we started to talk to them, sitting together, until our commanding officer noticed that too many of them were coming toward our train, so he suddenly gave the order to stop any kind of friendly talks and get back on the armored train. He was afraid that they would try to capture our train as they had done with the ill-fated train "Moguchii," so we jumped on the armored train and the Greens quickly retreated to their positions which were close to the railroad tracks. The railroad tracks, as I said before, had been dismantled by them so we couldn't move forward. At that time some of the higher ranking officers, General Schiffner-Markevich and General Pisarev, tried to negotiate with the Greens to let us pass to Tuapse and then leave for the Crimea. We needed first of all to gain some time by negotiations in order that more troops could assemble there. We learned that Novorossiisk had been taken by the Reds, and I learned also that Odessa, where my parents and sister were living, had also been taken by the Reds, but at that point I didn't know anything about the fate of my family. We knew that it would be very hard to break through six tunnels which were very vulnerable for any kind of sabotage. The Reds needed to blow up only one of them and we would be stuck, so that was the reason for our decision to negotiate. One young

officer from our armored train was selected for these negotiations. After briefing by General Schiffner-Markevich this man, Lieutenant Harashkevich, in full officer's uniform, with saber and pistol, started to walk toward the Greens' position. We were on full alert, I was sitting in my turret with my machine gun on the ready in case something happened to the lieutenant. It was understood that a locomotive would come from their headquarters toward the point where they had their positions in front of us, that he would mount that locomotive, which would take him to the headquarters of the Greens, where he would negotiate with them on behalf of our command here and then come back and report about the result of the negotiations. We figured that it would take about five or six hours for him to do that. Shortly after he reached the position of the Greens a locomotive came from that side, he mounted the locomotive -- we saw that through binoculars -- and the locomotive went back. We waited and waited, more than six hours passed, it became dark. Only sometime around midnight did we finally hear the noise of a locomotive coming from the other side, so we were on alert and some people came waiting for Lieutenant Harashkevich to appear. Finally he came back, walking, from the side of the enemy. He was immediately surrounded by some of his friends, members of our crew, but he said that he was not going to tell anything until he made a report to General Schiffner-Markevich, so he went back to the staff train and then after about one hour of

briefing the order came which explained the situation. First of all the so called Greens had now become completely Red. Their command headquarters to which our man had been taken was already completely Red, there were Red Army officers, regular officers. Directly after arrival they took away his saber and his pistol and offered their conditions for our passage. They said we had to lay down all our arms, and surrender all our armored trains -- everything -- and that under their word of honor they would let us pass without weapons through to Tuapse, to call from there the ships from Crimea that would take us there. Of course it was laughable. We knew that the moment we laid down our weapons and they took over our armored trains we would be lost. We would just be prisoners and probably would be executed by the Reds. So General Schiffner-Markevich and General Pisarev decided that we would start immediately an offensive and try to force our hand and seize the tunnels before the Reds had time to blow them up. The order was given to start firing at the Red position within a half hour. We were pretty close to their position, it was quite within the range of the machine guns and my machine gun turret probably played the most important role because it was the forward machine gun. Altogether two machine guns, from two turrets, could fire at the Reds in front, and also our cannon, that navy 75 mm. cannon that was on the first carriage. So at five oclock in the morning, we opened fire. After firing into

the Red position for about fifteen minutes we stopped and then sent a reconnaissance unit to see what had happened. The Reds had fled from their position, so we immediately sent a detachment of our engineers who repaired the railroad tracks and as soon as it was repaired the armored trains moved forward. We first went cautiously over the newly repaired tracks and then gathered speed and went faster and faster toward the first tunnel. We knew that after the first tunnel there was a railroad station called Khodyzhynskaia, so our target was to get to that station through the first tunnel at least. At some little stations the railroad personnel told us that the Red-Greens were fleeing fast in the general direction of Tuapse. At one point we met a Soviet armored train which fired a few shots at us but when we opened fire it retreated fast. No damage was done immediately to us nor to that armored train of the Reds. Toward the evening we reached the first tunnel, we stopped there, it was getting dark, so we sent a reconnaissance group inside the tunnel which came back and told us that there was a freight car thrown off the railroad tracks to block our train from passing through, but it was not a big problem. Our engineers went ahead to clear the tracks, but as we knew that it would take some time to move that overturned freight car, we sent a reconnaissance party over the mountain to see what was going on on the other side of the tunnel. We knew that it would be a long walk for

our reconnaissance group. It was headed by an officer and they took with them a light Lewis machine gun.

I was as usual sitting in my turret dozing and so a couple of hours passed when I heard a short burst of machine gun fire which echoed all through the mountains. About twenty seconds after that there was tremendous noise, like an explosion, a very long one, something hard to describe, but it was a terrific noise going on and echoing in the mountains. We couldn't figure out what to think, so we sat waiting and waiting for the return of our reconnaissance group.

Finally we heard voices and they came back. What they told us was almost unbelievable. They said that they managed to get across the mountains over the tunnel, and descend toward the station. They saw lots of troops on the station, lots of movement there. Deciding to bypass the station, they moved toward the little house of the switchman near the semaphore giving the signal for incoming trains to pass or stop. They jumped on that railroad man, gagged him, cut the telephone line that led to the station, and then asked him what was going on. He said that there were so many troops -- quite a sizeable number -- at the railroad station and that a new reinforcement was coming. The semaphore was green, indicating that the train was due at any moment to enter the station. Then they didn't know what to do, and they already heard the incoming train, so the young officer

in charge of the reconnaissance group took the machine gun, put it on the soulder of another man of his group and waited for the train to come. The train was made up in this way. First there was a little armored train platform with a cannon, and then there was a passenger type carriage, after that was the locomotive. When the locomotive was passing our group the lieutenant gave a burst of machine gun fire into the locomotive. The engineer on the locomotive, in panic, gave a full brake and so called reverse steam, a counter steam (in Russian) so the locomotive stopped dead in place and the armored car with the turret gun followed by the passenger carriage broke loose from the locomotive and raced toward the station, while the huge train behind the locomotive, consisting of carriages and freight cars filled with men -- the Soviet reinforcements -- started falling down. It was a very sharp curve and very steep terrain, so they fell, first on the highway far below and then some of them rolled even farther, down to the little river. The whole train was tumbling down. They couldn't believe what they saw. So that was what the racket and noise had been that we heard on our side of the tunnel. Then they managed to get back into the mountains and came back to tell us what had happened.

Well, we were anxious to wait until daybreak and the moment daybreak came, heavily armed with machine guns, we moved through the tunnel to see what was going on. The Reds had fled the station Khodyzhenskaia. We saw the pieces of the overturned

armored train and the passenger carriages at the station, and then we heard some kind of moaning and shouting going on. The most terrible sight unfolded before my eyes. In the broken freight cars were mutilated bodies and half-conscious people, moaning. All the troops in that train had been either killed or badly wounded. I will never forget one man who was lying under some heavy parts of a broken freight car and showing to us his hand, which was hanging from the arm by only a few shreds and asking only that we kill him. I couldn't do it, I only turned my head aside and passed by, but somebody who had probably more courage than I did so. I heard the shot and the suffering of that man was ended. This was how one man with a short burst from a machine gun defeated a whole detachment of the Soviet army.

It took us all the next day to clean up the mess. We summoned all the railroad people and all the people of the local communities to take care of the wounded men and left whatever medical supplies were needed for them. However our main task was to clean up the railroad track, which we did. It took us the whole day and the night but early the next morning we were already rolling toward the next tunnel. This big catastrophe for the Reds shook them up and they didn't show any more resistance, however we knew that we would have resistance at the main mountain range, before we reached the Black Sea. It was the

Malagin Range, in which there were three tunnels through which we had to go and which would make a complete circle in such a way that one station, Goit, (?) was standing almost on top of the other, Induk, which was down below. Three tunnels made that knotty pass. The Reds occupying the ridge had quite a sizeable force so that our infantry that came with us couldn't move up and knock them from the range because they had a much more advantageous position there. We couldn't give them any help from our armored train because the entrance to the first mile-long tunnel went on a curve and first we had to enter some kind of corridor with stone walls on both sides and then at the entrance, only shortly before the entrance to the tunnel, the railroad went straight. We had discovered that when we came to the entrance the mountain above the tunnel was so steep and high that our cannon couldn't be raised high enough, even our machine guns from the turrets couldn't be raised. Requests were coming all the time from our infantry trying to attack the Reds on the ridge of that mountains to provide them support. They didn't even have machine guns. Then the commanding officer of our armored train, which was at the head of this, came into our machine gun carriage and addressed us machine gunners. He said that we had to provide support to our troops, otherwise they would never be able to dislodge the Reds from the mountain ridge. 'I ask for volunteers,' he said, 'Who would like to climb on the

roof of the carriages, bringing with them light machine guns and, hiding behind the turrets, open fire?' Another man and I volunteered, but the moment we showed our heads near the roof the Reds opened fire. It was a very unpleasant feeling when we heard the bullets hitting the steel roof of the carriage on which we had to get. Finally I gathered my courage and told the other man that I would climb on and he should give me my machine gun and then throw me the ammunition. And I will tell you, I was hiding behind that turret. Finally I managed to put my machine gun on the turret and opened fire on the ridge, and I and the other man were lucky because the Red bullets didn't hit us. The machine gun fire helped our infantry and they managed to throw the Reds behind the ridge. When we came inside of our armored carriage the commanding officer told both of us 'You'll get St. George crosses for what you have just done.' I was very happy about that.

Chapter 25 Scenario V

However further progress was stopped by intensive fire and a counter attack by the Reds on the other side of the ridge. So a man from the infantry unit came down from the ridge to our train and asked our commanding officer to move as soon as possible into the tunnel before they attempted to destroy it, and

to try to break through the tunnel and with our artillery help our troops to go over the ridge. We had our navy gun as the no. 1 gun of our armored train in the front, so we moved into the tunnel, which as I said before was over one mile long, and with a relatively sharp descent.

We had moved approximately half way through the tunnel when the commanding officer ordered the engineer on the locomotive to stop and sent a few men as a reconnaissance troop to see what was going on at the exit from the tunnel. I as usual took my place at the turret and looked at the light at the end of the tunnel, as they say now. I saw what looked to me like some kind of figures there, but it was hard to distinguish what was going on there. Then our reconnaissance people came back and told us that there were a few men apparently trying to attach explosives to the railroad tracks. Also that the Reds had placed an artillery piece at the exit of the tunnel pointed directly into it. Apparently they expected that when we appeared at the exit they would start firing that gun against us, which was a very dangerous situation.

The commanding officer called a quick council of war. All the artillery officers were called to come to the forward gun platform and were discussing the possibility of firing that gun from inside of the tunnel. Well various arguments were heard that the tunnel was too small and that any raising of the gun would result in the fired shell hitting the ceiling of the tunnel.

However, since we had that navy artillery gun, which was better as far as trajectory was concerned, they decided to move a little bit forward and then, before the Reds fired into the tunnel, we would fire from the tunnel against that gun. So the order was given to the locomotive engineer, if possible without any noise, to start rolling down a little bit more toward the exit from the tunnel. And actually the engineers managed almost noiselessly to put our armored train into motion and by inertia and by that steep descent the train rolled down. And then at a certain point the commanding officer ordered the locomotive to stop, and then we started to aim the gun against the fieldpiece of the Reds which was aimed at the exit of the tunnel. The question was who would fire first. We were in a hurry because through binoculars commotion could be detected around that fieldpiece of the Reds. Where we were it was all very quiet except for the sound of water running down the walls of the tunnel. It was cold and there was practically no noise of escaping steam of the locomotive. Practically every artillery officer of the armored train checked the aim of our gun. Looking from my turret, it was as if I had the first seat in a theater. I saw that gun and looked at the officers as they checked the aim and then I heard the command 'Fire!' Then, something happened that probably no artillery officer could ever have foreseen. I saw the very bright flash of light of the firing gun, I heard the thun-

derous report of the shot fired in the darkness of the tunnel, and then the next, very strange sensation I felt was that suddenly I was hit as if by a very heavy object at the back of my head and I fell down from my seat and on the table that was placed underneath and then a genuine whirlwind started in the tunnel with sand and stone swirling around. What had happened was this: I believe never before in the history of artillery had anyone tried to fire a cannon in a tunnel. Usually artillery pieces are fired in the open air. And here it was like firing the gun into the relatively narrow tube which was the tunnel. The gasses which followed the shell pushed the shell out and created immediately a vacuum behind them, and that was the shock wave that hit me at the back of my head and threw me down from my saddle in the turret, and that whirlwind was started by the onrushing air in the back. Anyhow, that was quite a cannon fire. As soon as everything was calm we moved boldly forward but to the consternation of all the artillery officers when we emerged from the tunnel in the daylight, the cannon of the Reds wasn't hit, we had missed it. After that our artillerymen were subject to all sorts of jokes for having missed it. However this shot created panic among the Reds, they quickly abandoned their positions, our infantry units immediately descended over the ridge down there, and we proceeded with them. We had to take two more tunnels; curving tunnels that made that complete spiral circle

of the railroad. And finally with the help of some of the infantrymen who were put on our trains because four more armored trains were following behind us, we overcame beyond the Navagin Ridge and were rapidly moving toward Tuapse. We came to Tuapse toward evening. There was apparently such a panic among the Red-Greens or Reds that they abandoned everything and we entered cautiously into the freight station of Tuapse, a nice summer resort and harbor on the Caucasus shore of the Black Sea.

Just to be sure that everything was alright the commanding officer ordered us to open fire, firing just into the thin air from all our machine guns to show that we were there, to frighten any of the Reds who might still be around and then we moved to the main station, and Tuapse was captured. The jubilation of the people was incredible, and it's an interesting thing to see how in a very short period of time life comes back to normal. We were heroes of course to the local people, and already the next day when we were walking around they were asking us to come and have meals with them and have Caucasian wine etc. And on the second or third day in Tuapse even the circus opened and other theaters and shops started to function. The circus was connected with some not very pleasant experience for me. A group of us had gone to a restaurant and had a good supper, with probably a little too much wine to drink, and then decided to go to the circus. So I went there, slightly under the influence. As

heroes of the victory we were immediately placed in the first row near the ring and we were watching the usual circus program.

One of the numbers was a trained dog, a little poodle who was trained to waltz on the barrier of the ring, while the orchestra played. Then that dog waltzed in front of me, for some unknown reason which probably was explained by the quantity of wine I had consumed before that I jerked its tail and the dog stopped dancing and ran away. It was a very laughable thing for me and my friends but certainly not for the people who ran the circus, and the officer on duty who immediately came to me and asked me for my ID card and I was arrested for conduct unbecoming an army man in a public place. Anyhow, I was arrested and put under military arrest for three days. I wouldn't say it was a very harsh punishment, because there were so many of our military people celebrating that there were quite a few of us in that little military jail.

Well on the third day we were released and continued our happy life there. However, the Reds whom we had chased out of Tuapse now started to consolidate their forces and new masses of Red troops were coming up along the railroad track on which we came into Tuapse, so the armored trains one by one were pressed into battle duties. The time came for us too, and we went from Tuapse toward that mountain range. The mountain range had already been taken by the Reds from the side from which we came, and we just tried to protect the perimeter around Tuapse,

firing at the Reds while they were pressing very heavily down. So the time had come for us to think of abandoning Tuapse. Part of the troops that managed to escape through our capture of the mountain range and Tuapse continued along the Caucasian shore down south, but we were told that we had to destroy our armored trains and would be taken away by transport ship, of which several had already come to the port of Tuapse.

It was a very sad thing to see when our engineers had to lay the rails all the way along the breakwater to the very end, then all armored trains were put on it one after the other. We of course took off all the machine guns -- everything of value -- from them, and then a locomotive was sent to push them and all five beautiful armored trains rolled into the Black Sea.

After that, we, the crews of these armored trains, were put on the ship, the transport ship Nikolai, and we left Tuapse in the direction of Crimea.

The sea voyage was uneventful except that a Red airplane appeared over us, but they didn't drop any bombs. We reached Kerch about four days before Easter.

Kerch is an important city and port at the tip of the Kerch Peninsula which if you look at the map of the Crimea is a sort of appendage sticking out toward the Caucasus and divided by narrow straits between the Azov and Black Seas, so it was an important strategic point.

However, the influx of troops who were dislodged from the transport was such that upon our arrival they didn't even know where to put us and we spent our first night in the Crimea under the open air on the pavement of a courtyard of three surrounding units. It was raining and cold; we felt miserable, then someone of some more enterprising soldiers told us that there was a wine-shop, the back door to a winestore. And since we had reached the point that we were so cold that we kind of acted already more on instinct than anything else, we talked it over and decided to break the door and get some wine to warm ourselves. But when we started to try to break the door an old man came out, looked at us almost with tears in his eyes because we were so young, and said "I know how you feel, I will give you some wine, don't break the door, it is not necessary; I will give you as much wine as you want because I know you have to be warm after all that you have experienced."

So he brought wine and gave the bottles to us, approximately one for every three or four men, so that helped us pass the night, under the open air, in the rain.

In the morning our commanding officer apparently managed to get permission to put us in a more sheltered place and we were marched into the city theater. Instead of sitting on the street it was much more pleasant to sit in the theater seats. We took a few rows in the back of the theater and one little unit took

the stage and to have more privacy they pulled down the curtain. It was Good Friday. Of course that wasn't a very comfortable night either, for to try to sleep in a theater seat in a sitting position is not comfortable, however it was better than the night before.

Early in the morning when we started to wake up and stretch ourselves, and try to find out where we could wash and get something to eat, a strange dramatic event occurred. We suddenly heard a pistol shot on the stage behind the curtain, and then a body fell through the slit between the curtains down into the orchestra pit. Somebody, one of the young men, couldn't stand this whole thing anymore, and shot himself. It was so strangely dramatic.

It was Saturday, and Saturday night we would ordinarily have attended Easter midnight service, but in Kerch we didn't even know where the church was. However, then a little miracle happened. In the evening we were sitting in despair in that theater, it was still raining outside when some nice ladies of Kerch came in bringing some ham and a little kulich, the traditional sweet Russian bread. So each of us got a little piece of ham and a little slice of that bread. Traditionally we should have waited until midnight when 'Christ is risen' is said in church before we ate, but we were so hungry that we violated the fast rules eating that ham and bread immediately and then went

to church. We finally found the church; and that was the solemn beautiful Easter midnight service. It was the 29th of March, 1920. Again I didn't know that it was to be my last Easter service in Russia. We couldn't see our future.

Shortly after that there was a change in the high command of the White Army. General Denikin was removed and the command of the White Army, all of which was now concentrated in the Crimea, surrounded by a sea of Reds, was taken over by General Wrangel.

On the 1st of April all of us with appropriate educational background, that is those who had completed gymnasium, were called up by our commanding officer who told us that by order of General Wrangel we were assigned to the military academy. Actually it was like an officers candidate school, and would be called General Kornilov's Military Academy in Kerch. Well, that was a big change. The academy was located in the big building of the gymnasium.

Chapter 26 Scenario V

Assignment to the military academy was quite a very rewarding experience, because through all the suffering of the retreat we had deteriorated into a band of unruly soldiers, not a really proper military unit, and everything changed overnight. On the 1st of April we became cadets with strict discipline and order.

The greatest relief of course was that we were lodged in the former classroom of the gymnasium, that we had beds to sleep on, that the feeding was organized, we had breakfast, lunch and supper. It was not very sufficient as far as calories were concerned, but still we started to eat regularly. Then we started immediately with the drill, like basic training in the American army. We were drilled very rapidly; at the same time we had to attend classes, taking various subjects, tactics, fortification, and so forth. One of the most rewarding experiences for me was shortly after the beginning of the functioning of the military academy at one of the morning formations the commanding general of the Academy, General Protozanov came up to read the order of the day, and then he read an order by the supreme commander, General Wrangel, in which I and a couple of other men were awarded the St. George Cross, the most coveted decoration in the Russian army. The orders read that we were decorated for bravery in climbing up on top of the armored train and with our machine gun helping the infantry to seize the Navagin Ridge and helping that infantry unit to break through the Red lines. The captain who led the infantry, Captain Grauag, by the same order was promoted to colonel. I was elated. The coveted St. George Cross was mine.

The cadets of the new military academy were divided into two groups, those who had never served in military units, who had

just graduated from gymnasium and so forth and didn't know much about military life, and we sho had military experience. Therefore we were put in charge of drills etc. Since I was considered an experienced machine gunner I was attatched to the machine gun unit and I had to train the cadets in handling machine guns. We were actually drilled from the early hours of the morning, 5:30, until very late in the evening, but in a short time we started to represent a really smart military unit. Then one day it was announced that the supreme commander, General Wrangel, was going to visit Kerch to see all the units there and we started to prepare for parade march. Those preparations took us a couple of days but we really marched very smartly. I will never forget the big parade in Kerch when I first saw General Wrangel, a tall man in Caucasian tunic uniform; he addressed us; the cadets, and we answered him in unison. Later on at the formation we were told that General Wrangel was very pleased at our appearance, at our march, etc.

Well life continued. In my free time I tried first of all to find out about the fate of my family, father, mother and sister. The only way to do this was to get in touch with my cousin who was an officer in the navy of the Black Sea. I sent a letter to Sevastopol to the Navy Department asking them to forward that letter to the First Lieutenant of the Navy Nicholas Ulozovskii (who passed away in Nice, France on January 22, 1975) and to my

wonderful surprise I received a letter from him one day in which he informed me that he was already in touch with our family, that they had safely escaped from Odessa before its capture by the Bolsheviks, and had settled in Varna, Bulgaria. So I started to await news directly from my family. Then I got a letter from my family in which my mother wrote that she was trying to get from Varna to the Crimea, that is, to Kerch, to see me. In the meantime the fate of the White Army became more rosy. General Wrangel first of all managed to restore discipline among the White soldiers and create a well disciplined units. We managed to break out from the Crimea Peninsula into the plain of South Russia and the army again started to advance. There were some ambitious plans forthcoming. First of all one operation was planned to cross the river Dnepr to its right bank and then to spread out, and then probably send an amphibious operation to capture Odessa, and the other one was to have an amphibious operation on the shores of the Caucasus. There was information from the Caucasus that many cossacks who had been fighting with us in the White Army who were reluctant to leave their home towns in the Kuban were revolting against the Reds, and were ready to help us in case we came to the Caucasus with ammunition and weapons. So in addition to regular studies and drills in the military academy we gradually started to prepare ourselves for forthcoming military operations, because we were told that because of the short-

age of troops the military academies would also be thrown into the battle.

The Reds were constantly sending their spies and saboteurs across this very narrow strait on our side to Crimea. Once our battalion of military cadets was sent to occupy a position on the shoreline to prevent and possibly capture some of these saboteurs. Also that was good training for us in preparation for a landing operation.

On our return from that short assignment we senior cadets were moved from the gymnasium building to a former tobacco factory on the beach, on the outskirts of the city. It was not far from the old Kerch fortress, where the garrison commander of the Kerch area had his residence and headquarters. By that time the food situation had deteriorated and we felt hungry all day. We were given very little bread and some local little fish, called khamsa, which looked like anchovies. We were sick and tired of those fish. I even got so sick after eating some of them that I had to be taken to the hospital for a few days. But we could do nothing. That was the overall situation in the Crimea. We were hoping for the harvest from the area north of the Crimea, taken over from the Reds; that would relieve the situation a little bit.

The Reds were very active in the Kerch area. One night I was assigned to duty to a duty platoon on the ready in case of any emergency. Then a duty officer came at midnight with a list

of cadets and awakening us, said 'Go fast and noiselessly downstairs and fall into formation.' We were all there in a very short time and the battalion commander came and told us the following. He said early in the night a group of Red saboteurs had come across the Kerch Strait and had gone to the railroad station, where they threw some hand grenades, and killed some people and now the local police were unable to capture them, they had called for help from the cadets as the most reliable unit in the city. So we were called and a big truck was brought in and we went in the direction of the railroad station. There we were assigned a perimeter near the station and ordered to go into every house and search for saboteurs. There were quite a few sympathizers of the Reds so we had to be very cautious. We had to go in twos. So my friend and I went on that search operation from one place to another, asking people if they had seen anyone and everyone answered 'No, no one, no one.' Finally we came to a house and looked all through it, even under the bed, then came into the yard. I noticed that in the corner of the yard the straw was piled up in a rather strange way, too high up for a small quantity of straw. So with my rifle I just poked at that straw, and suddenly the straw fell down and I saw a young woman.

'What are you doing?' I said.

'Oh,' she said, 'I came by the late train and it was too late to go anywhere so I decided to stay here.'

'Stay here, covered with straw?' I took her by the hand, pulled her out of that place, and we immediately contacted our officers and the police. The local policeman came and searched her and found that she had lots of money hidden under her blouse; she was probably one of that party of saboteurs. Then we heard pistol shots in the distance and we realized that we had apparently come across that group of saboteurs. By daylight three men and this woman had been captured. They were taken for interrogation by the police and we returned to our military academy. That was quite an exciting night.

A few days after that the local police came to us and said that every night they saw in a certain area of the city signals by light coming out from a house, but they couldn't locate that house. When we looked the next night in the direction the police officer pointed out we saw that somebody was indeed signalling with a light to the Reds across the strait. By daylight we couldn't distinguish among the small tightly packed houses where that particular house was. Then somebody had a bright idea. We had among our weapons an old French machine gun called a Pieton with a fluorescent front sight. We decided to use this to point at that building the next night. So the machine gun with its stand was brought up on a balcony on the upper floor of our building and placed there and when the signalling started we aimed our gun at that window of an unknown house. A guard was

put near the machine gun so that no one would move it in any way. As soon as it was daybreak we identified the house and the window and after that the police managed to capture the Red sympathizers.

About three weeks later, again at night, somebody awakened me and again I saw the face of the company commander who again was looking at the list and he told me to get dressed quietly and go down. We assembled and he then addressed the whole group. He said that the Red saboteurs captured three weeks before had been condemned to death, with the exception of the woman, who got only a prison term. The execution would be by hanging that night and since we had information that some Red sympathizers would try to interfere our platoon was ordered to see to it that the execution of these three men was carried out.

Well we cadets didn't quite like that mission, and moreover after we were told that even the local police were not very reliable and that if at the place of execution they refused to hang these men we were to kill both the police officers who were there and the three Red saboteurs. I was ordered to take a light Lewis machine gun. We again climbed on the truck and went through the quiet city and went to the other end of the city where the prison was. It was a kind of eery, strange night. At the same time there was a bright moon but a dark cloud with thunder claps was approaching from the west.

We came to the prison, jumped down from the truck and

awaited orders. Here I saw a dramatic scene. There was one lit window facing the street from the prison. Inside I saw two prison guards and a priest, and the condemned men brought into that room. Two of them kneeled and kissed the cross and were taken away, but when the third, a big man with bushy hair, was brought in and the priest came to him with the cross he extended his arm and pushed the cross away and shook his head and started to say something. Then the guard came in and took him away.

Shortly after that all three prisoners under heavy guard were brought to the truck. They were seated in the middle of the truck with their hands handcuffed behind them, and we, the cadets, were seated around them. I, with my machine gun, sat in the back corner. And we started that sad trip toward the place of execution which was the old fortress. Our route led us through the workers' quarter of the city and it was expected that here an attempt might be made to free the prisoners. Here a strange thing happened. Suddenly the truck stopped. The officer in charge of our unit immediately ordered a few cadets to jump out of the truck, ordered me to have my machine gun on the ready and I noticed that a commotion had started among the seated prisoners. They were whispering something to each other. Of course the officer rushed to the driver of the truck. The driver said it was just something with the engine, but we didn't like it and we didn't trust the driver, so the officer pulled out a pistol and told the driver to move or else. I don't know

whether the driver was involved in the plot or not, but the engine started to purr again and we jumped back on the truck and moved to the fortress without any further incident.

When we arrived at the fortress the first light had begun to appear on the horizon to the east. And I saw that three nooses were hanging from the unfinished construction in the fortress. The prisoners were taken to that place, were given cigarettes which we helped them to light and then we surrounded the whole area. There were several policemen around and the district attorney who started to read the sentence. I remember the names of two of the men. One bore the name of the father of the White Army, Kornilov, and the other -- the last one -- the big, tall, bushy-haired man was Schmidt. The paper stated that they were sentenced to death by hanging for sabotage in wartime.

The first to be hanged was the man named Kornilov. A little bench was brought up on which the condemned man had to step and then the noose was placed around his neck. He was asked whether he wanted to say something. He didn't say a word and then the bench was knocked out from under him and the body fell down. The body fell down but the feet of the condemned man touched the ground and the body started moving back and forth and I heard with disgust the hissing sound of air coming from his constricted throat. The police officers immediately pulled the rope

higher and the man was dead.

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The second man when asked if he had something to say, said 'Yes, I would like that you carry a message to my daughter and tell her that while dying I was thinking only of her.' He was then executed.

The third and last man was the big husky and bushy-haired Schmidt who had refused the cross when the priest offered it to him in the prison. Since he was very tall and since he saw what happened to the first man who in the process of being hanged had touched the ground, he said 'Don't you think' -- he was very calm -- 'you had better raise up the noose because I am a tall man and I might hit the ground like the first man.' The police officer ordered that, and they made a few knots on the rope so that the noose was higher. Then he stepped on the bench. I saw that he was trying to get into the noose, but his hands were tied behind him. A police officer thought that he was hesitant or something, and said, 'Why are you torturing yourself and us? Go ahead, get your head in the noose.' He said 'Well I am trying but I can't because it's a little bit too...' Then he said 'Alright, I can.' Then he was asked if he had anything to say and here he started shouting: 'The day will come when all you White bandits will be wiped out! I hate you, and long live Soviet Bolshevik rule! etc., etc.' He was getting madder and

madder and the police were looking on doing nothing until finally our officer in charge of the detachment rushed forward and knocked the bench from under him and his huge body hung up. After that we turned around and marched toward the truck and were taken back to the military academy. When we got back I had a bad taste in my mouth. I really hated the whole scene.

Several years after that when I was already in the emigration in Belgrade, I read in the Soviet press about a big solemn ceremony in Kerch when the Soviet government built a monument to these three men and their bodies were buried in a central place in the park facing the sea, on the seashore.

In the meantime we continued preparations for the amphibious operation. It was already the second part of July and we were ready to go; we knew that we would go to the shores of the Caucasus. All the free time that we had from lectures we spent on maneuvers, firing practice and so forth. I was made a platoon leader of that operation, and was particularly busy with the machine guns of my platoon.

Shortly before we went on our operation, which was highly classified as a secret operation, my mother came from Varna via Sevastopol to Kerch. Only then did I discover that there were some relatives of ours living in Kerch. She came to stay with them and came to see me. Our reunion was a glorious moment;



she told me how they had escaped from Odessa and so forth, how they were living in Varna, and how she had managed to come to the Crimea.

I met my relatives. They were second cousins, one of whom much later on married Aunt Asia who was with the United Nations. We are still in correspondence. Her husband was one of the officers living there in Kerch. I visited with them and mother several times and it was a wonderful departure from the routine of the academy. Particularly they ate differently than we did in the academy; we were practically on starvation rations.

I also saw my cousin who came to Kerch with his submarine, the A G 22. It was American made. They invited me aboard the submarine; I visited with my cousin and met all the officers of that submarine and had a good time.

The main thing was that with the aid of Nicholas Ulozovskii, my first cousin, my mother had arranged that I be transferred from this military academy to the naval academy in Sevastopol, that the orders were already cut for that transfer, and that I had better get ready and go. I had some mixed feelings about that. I had always wanted to be a navy man; I loved -- and still love -- everything connected with the sea, but I could not abandon my friends and leave the school when we were ready to go into battle, particularly because I was responsible for this little machine gun platoon. I didn't want to alarm mother, so



I told her 'Alright, I will go, but we are going first on some long maneuvers. After we return I will be ready for the transfer.' It was decided that we should meet the next morning, but around three o'clock in the morning we were awakened by an alert and marched to the landing craft.

We boarded the craft and put out to sea. It was the 2nd of August 1920.

Months later, mother told me that she came to the military academy in the morning, found it empty and was told that we had already embarked on the amphibious operation. She then returned to our relatives in Kerch and from there went by way of Simferopol, where we had some other relatives, to Sevastopol, where she stayed with my first cousin Nicholas Ulozovskii until I returned from the amphibious operation after being badly wounded.

Our landing craft was a huge barge towed by a little boat, and we were accompanied by other ships; there was an ice breaker with heavy artillery mounted on it, etc. An ice breaker of course was not needed as such at that season, but that was the type of vessel.

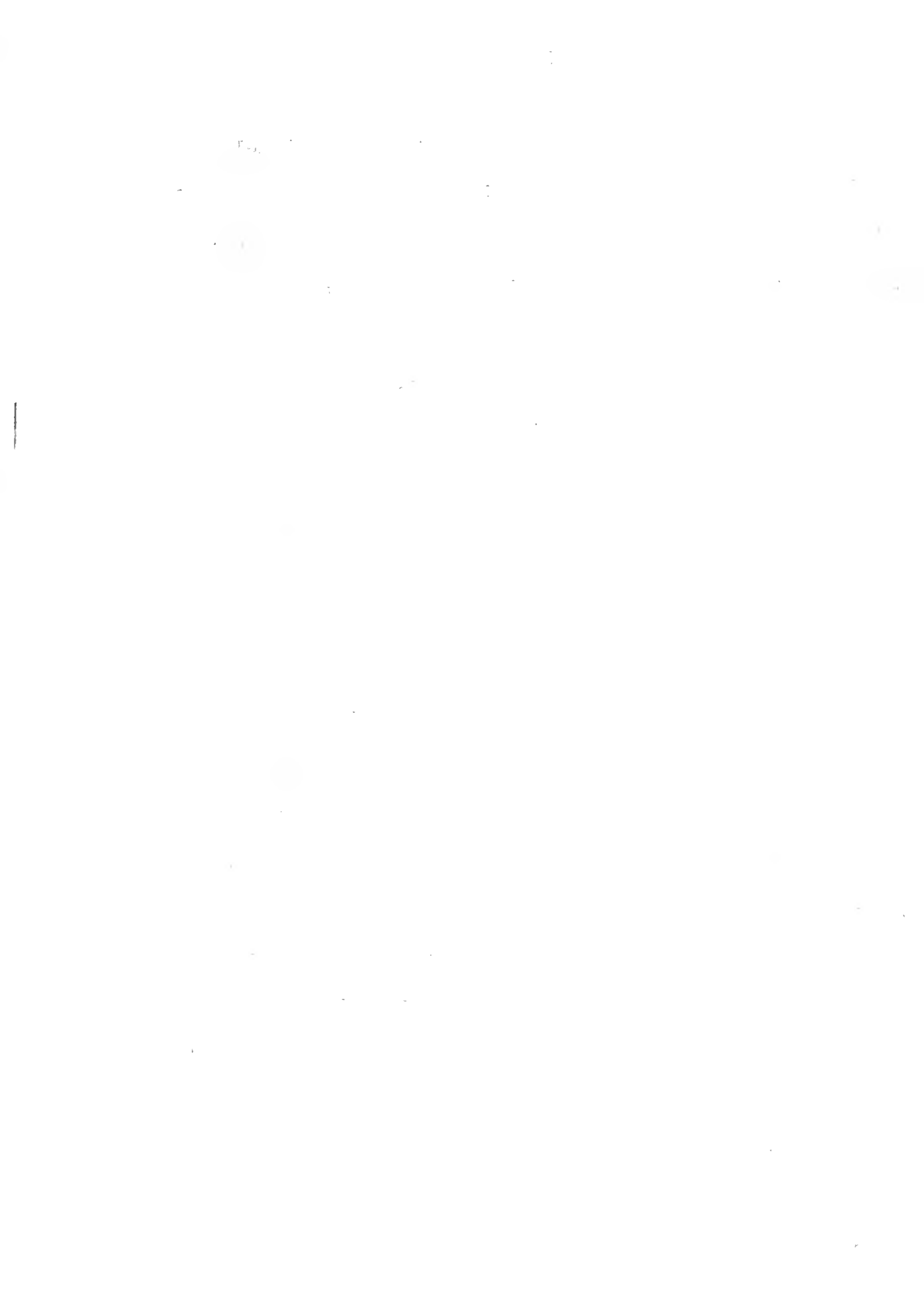
My cousin's submarine, the AG-22, was to play an important role in this operation. They landed on the shore of the Caucasus ahead of our outfit, with an advance detachment of scouts whose task was to prepare first of all a landing place for us and then to get in touch with the cossacks who were revolting against the



Reds. The man assigned that dangerous task was a Colonel Lebedev. Strangely enough, after many years I met him in New York in 1952.

It was awfully hot and unpleasant in that barge. We were packed like sardines and we travelled the whole day and waited at sea until the early hours of the next night, when we approached the place where we were to land. It was Cape Utrishok, between the ports of Anapa and Novorossiisk. We had already been told during one of the lectures on tactics what we were supposed to do. We were not the main landing force. Our task was to demonstrate an amphibious operation and draw the Soviet forces on our detachment which was small. Altogether there were 1200 men, of which our academy was one battalion, of 300 cadets. The others were some cossack units with two mountain artillery guns. That was all. The commanding general of the expedition was General Cherepov and the commanding officer of our cadet battalion was General Montezanov. The battalion commander was Colonel Iakhnov; he was a little hard of hearing, but a very brave man.

Here I have to describe something that happened just shortly before we went on that landing operation. I will never forget that day. It was a Sunday and all of the cadets were assembled at the church. At the end of the service the priest told us that he had heard that we were going into the battle and according to Christian ritual we had to say our prayers and confess our sins and get holy communion, but since he said there was not



time for individual confessions he would give that confession to the entire battalion. So we kneeled and that was an unforgettable scene. Then he started to say certain things; he said 'I sinned in that, and sinned in that,' and we repeated that and prayed. Tears were rolling down his cheeks as he was doing that. And after that we all took holy communion. When we finished that the service was ended and we stood in formation near the church, then the battalion commander, Colonel Iakhnov, came out and said a few words: 'Cadets, don't be afraid of death. Death in battle is like the peace of a beloved woman. Don't be afraid of death; you just confessed your sins, you got holy ocmmunion and God will spare your lives.' And he was crying.

Well, that was shortly before we went on the landing operation. Now we saw the silhouette of the Caucasus Mountains in front of us and then we saw a little light on the beach. That was the fire made by our advance party, landed by the submarine, which marked the place for our landing. So we went straight in the direction of that light. By the time that we were disembarking it was already bright daylight. There were no Reds around so we disembarked like we had during maneuvers and exercises, with no firing or anything.

As a matter of fact it was so peaceful that after feeling so hot in that barge during our sea voyage I had even time to undress and rush into the water and had a wonderful swim but I



had hardly managed to dress when I heard my name being called. I was told to take a light Lewis machine gun, jump on a little carriage driven by two horses and with a detachment of six other cadets go reconnoiter the roads leading up the mountains. I was told that being the senior, being already at the time a kind of higher ranking cadet, as they say in Russian Starshii portupei iunker, I was in charge of that detachment. One cadet was given a horse, and he was riding it.

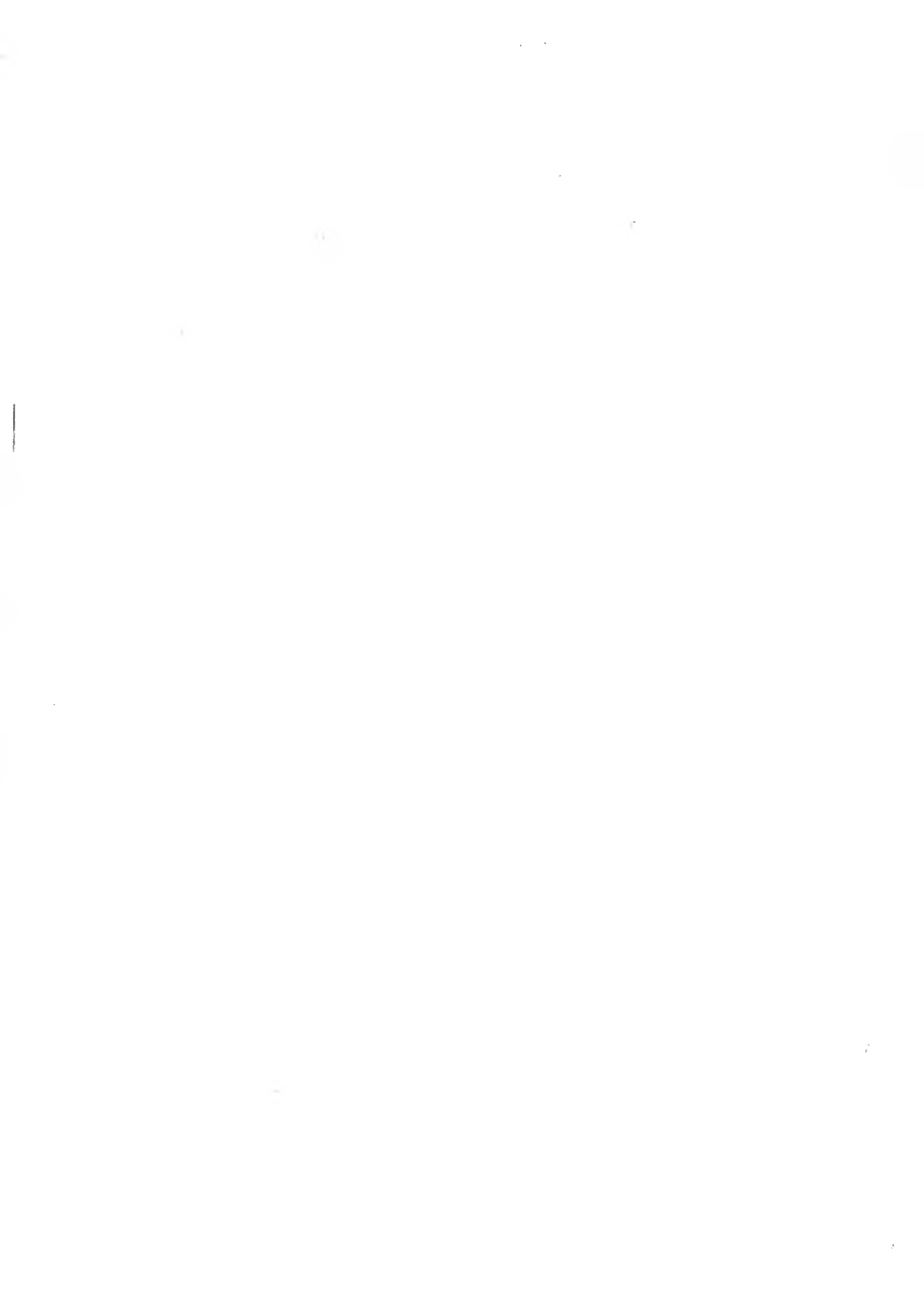
So our little group started to move up a hill on a narrow and winding road. I was told that we would reach a certain point on the intersection of the road and that friendly cossacks, the so-called Greens, but White-Greens, would be waiting for us with harnessed oxen and lots of carriages which we would have to bring back to the main landing force.

So we were driving up when suddenly the man that was going in front of us on horseback stopped and raised his hands. Then I saw two cavalymen coming in our direction. I thought at first that it was two of our cossacks, but then I saw that they were taking up their rifles and I realized that they were Reds, that it was a Red reconnaissance patrol. We jumped from our little carriage and rushed toward them. Before they could open fire, we dragged one of them from his horse, however the other one turned and at full gallop managed to escape.

The one we captured was trembling, a very young fellow.

I asked him what his mission was, and where had he come from. He said his detachment was in Abraude usol, a famous place in the Caucasus, a little place famous for its champagne; there was a champagne factory there. They were reconnoitering the seashore because they knew that the Whites were coming, so our secrecy was no good; they knew that we were coming. We didn't know what to do with him, so we disarmed him, I took all his documents, and we continued. When we reached the intersection, we saw to our dismay that the oxen were not there. I asked him what had happened and he said 'Oh we chased them away.' Some of my cadets wanted to shoot him at this point, but I said 'Oh no, we are going to send him back,' and sent two cadets back with him to our headquarters on the beach. I ordered the two cadets who were taking the prisoner to report that we could not find the oxen and therefore we were not sending anything back to them but were continuing forward because we wanted to get in touch with the cossacks who revolted against the Reds, who were supposed to be in that area.

We crossed the mountain ridge and started to descend into the valley, going at full speed, and suddenly saw a group of about twenty or thirty people standing there with rifles on the ready. We were going so fast we could barely stop our horses. As we approached them I saw white ribbons on their fur hats, so I realized that they were not Reds but Whites. They identified



themselves as the rebels who had risen against the Reds. We joined forces and they said they were waiting for another group to come soon and guided us to another crossroad and we waited there for the group that they said would come there. However there was something about these men that I did not quite trust. I knew that I was on enemy territory, and that they were capable of any kind of ruse. So, when we reached the point where we were supposed to wait I maneuvered myself so that my back was against a big tree, placed my machine gun in front of me on the ready, and whispered to one of my machinegunners 'Listen, if anything suspicious starts, keep close to me, tell the other cadets to close ranks around me and I will take care of the rebels with my machine gun.'

But everything was alright; the cossacks brought us some food. I was so delighted, we got finally fresh tomatoes, some bacon and wonderful bread.

'Where are you getting this?' I asked.

'Oh,' they said, 'in a nearby village; we go there every night and there are some contacts of ours who hide us and help us with our food and so forth. However we lack ammunition and we know that you are bringing us ammunition.' Actually we were bringing lots of rifles and ammunition for these people.

Well, it started to get dark, the first day was already over. I was still very much on the alert and I placed my head



on the machine gun and asked one of the cadets to be always on the watch and immediately nudge me if something suspicious happened. Then around midnight we heard the hoofs of horses and some voices.

I ordered an alert, but the cossacks said 'Don't you worry, our people are coming.' And as it turned out the people who came carried some burning torches and were accompanied by a man in a colonel's uniform. I recognized him as Colonel Lebedev. I reported to him at once, and described the situation. He thanked me and said he knew about that; he was already in contact with the main forces of our detachment,

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and that our main force from the beach was already on the move.

Early in the morning I heard rifle and machine gun fire coming from the area of the beach and the mountains. We were all on the alert and gradually our cadets started coming in together with some other infantrymen. Then the commanding general of the amphibious operation, General Cherpov came, and we learned that a very bad situation had developed on the beach. That morning, the entire amphibious group had started moving up the hill along the same road that I and my six cadets had gone up first, leaving only a little detachment of about 12 cadets and an officer to guard our base, including a very large amount of

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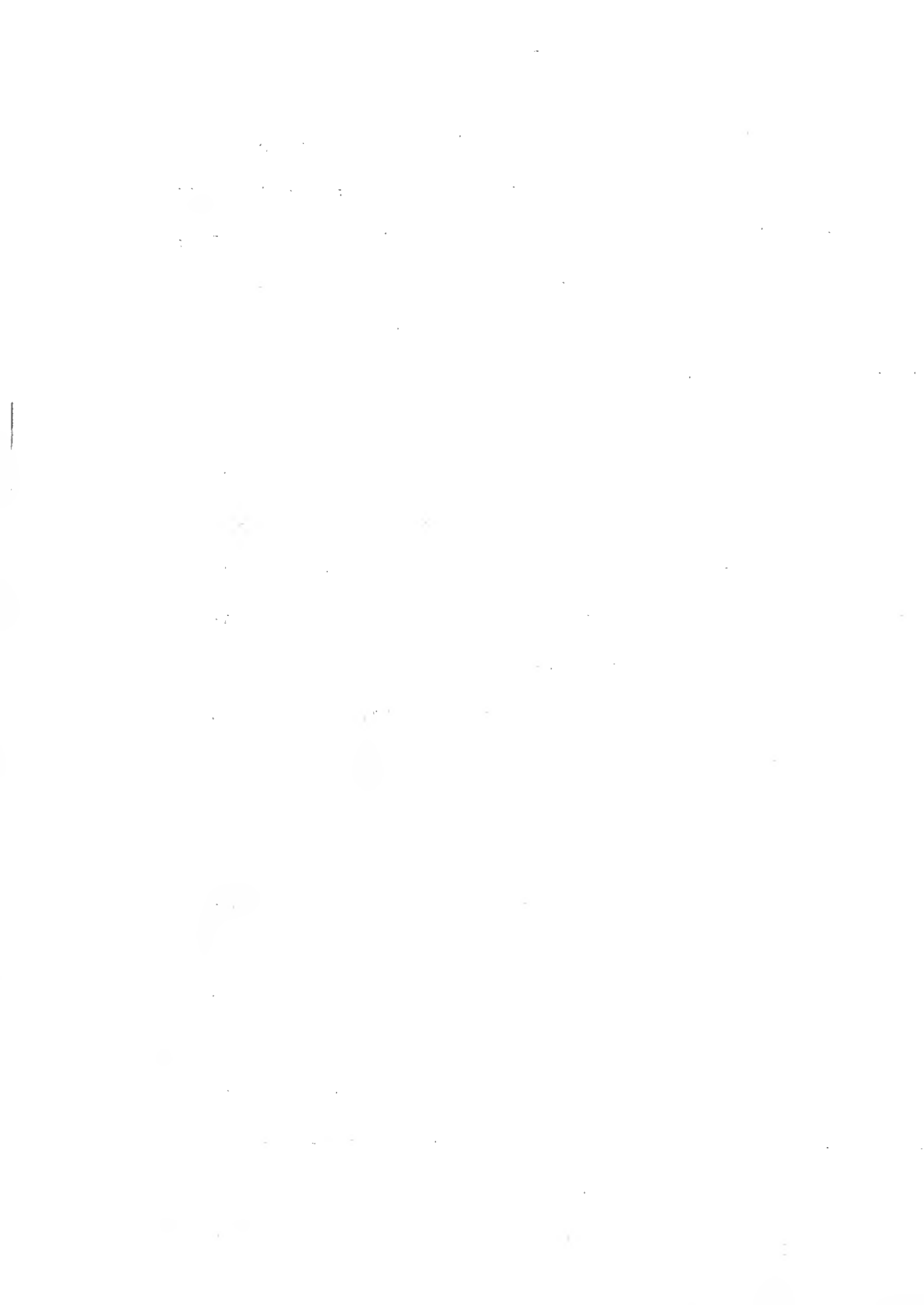
ammunition, provisions, etc. which we had unloaded on the beach. The entire landing detachment was moving along that road, which unfortunately was the only road, with very little area on either side where you could place reconnaissance units.

While they were climbing, the Reds suddenly attacked the middle of the column, and there was a very bad battle in which many people were killed and wounded. They captured our field kitchen and killed the cooks, and cut our long column in two. The fighting was going on because we heard machine gun fire all the time, and rifle shots. We heard that the tail of our column had managed to break through, but the Reds had captured our landing place and we didn't know what had happened to the detachment that we left there.

Then our reconnaissance reported that some other Red forces had started moving on the other side, so gradually all our companies were sent into battle on the little perimeter that we occupied. The center of that perimeter was a huge oak tree under which the staff was assembled, and I was attached with two machine guns to be at the disposal of the staff near that oak tree. There were also two nurses, very dear girls, we liked them, and flirted with them. The battle was raging all around us, and the reports were very discouraging, there was no longer any chance for us to break through as had been planned. We were supposed to move farther inland to reach a certain place called

Raevskaia and if we succeeded in getting more cossacks on our side to go forward and try to break through to a station called Panernaia, which was a very important junction on the railroad to Novorossiisk. But all that had to be abandoned because overwhelming forces of Reds now surrounded our amphibious unit in that little perimeter that we occupied. So we were in the mountains, our base on the beach was taken by the Reds, and we were practically surrounded. Actually there were only two companies left of our fourth battalion, near the headquarters. The next day, toward evening, I was called to the staff. A staff meeting was going on. There was General Cherepov, commander of the landing operation group, General Protozanov, superintendent of our cadet school, and other staff officers. I was called in and told that at 5 o'clock in the morning one company, the second company, would be ordered to move back to the beach by another road and try to recapture our base with all this material that we had, and that my two machine guns would be sent with that company. That was the greenest company in our academy; they were just newly assigned boys who had recently graduated from the high schools, etc., so they had never smelled powder. What they had to face early the next morning would be their first battle. I was told that we had to wait for a guide, a local man, who would lead us along a very intricate path to the beach.

Well, I returned to await the morning, and there was that nurse, with whom I was flirting a little bit. In my boxes of



machine gun cartridges one box was empty, which I, knowing that it might be needed, filled up with cans of corned beef. I have loved corned beef ever since that time, it tasted so delicious to me then. It was Australian corned beef, though some of our smart alecks said that it was made of monkey meat. So, that nurse and I, we spent a romantic night eating corned beef sandwiches.

At 5 oclock, early in the morning, we were ready to go, but the guide who was supposed to lead the company and my little machine gun platoon was delayed. And here was an interesting thing; if I ever had a premonition it certainly was at this time, this waiting and waiting for departure into battle. It was a most unpleasant experience. I felt that something probably would happen; I fell asleep, and only about 10 oclock the guide finally came and we moved. It was the 6th of August 1920 and beastly hot weather.

My machine guns and other packs were put on the carriage with two horses and the company -- I forget the name of the commander -- moved with the company sergeant, a cadet, Sergeant Noshenko, who was a good friend of mine. The deputy commander was Lieutenant Colonel Falk. So we were going down the hill toward the seashore. By the time we reached the seashore we were completely exhausted from the heat, tired of going on the steep hills along the very narrow steep roads. We drank all the

water that we were carrying in our water flasks, and we were still thirsty. When we came finally close to the sea we saw an abandoned well; we could see some water in it, so we put our flasks on belts and tried to get some water; when we brought it up it smelled terribly, but we were so thirsty that we drank it anyway. I filled up my flask with that stinking water and we moved forward.

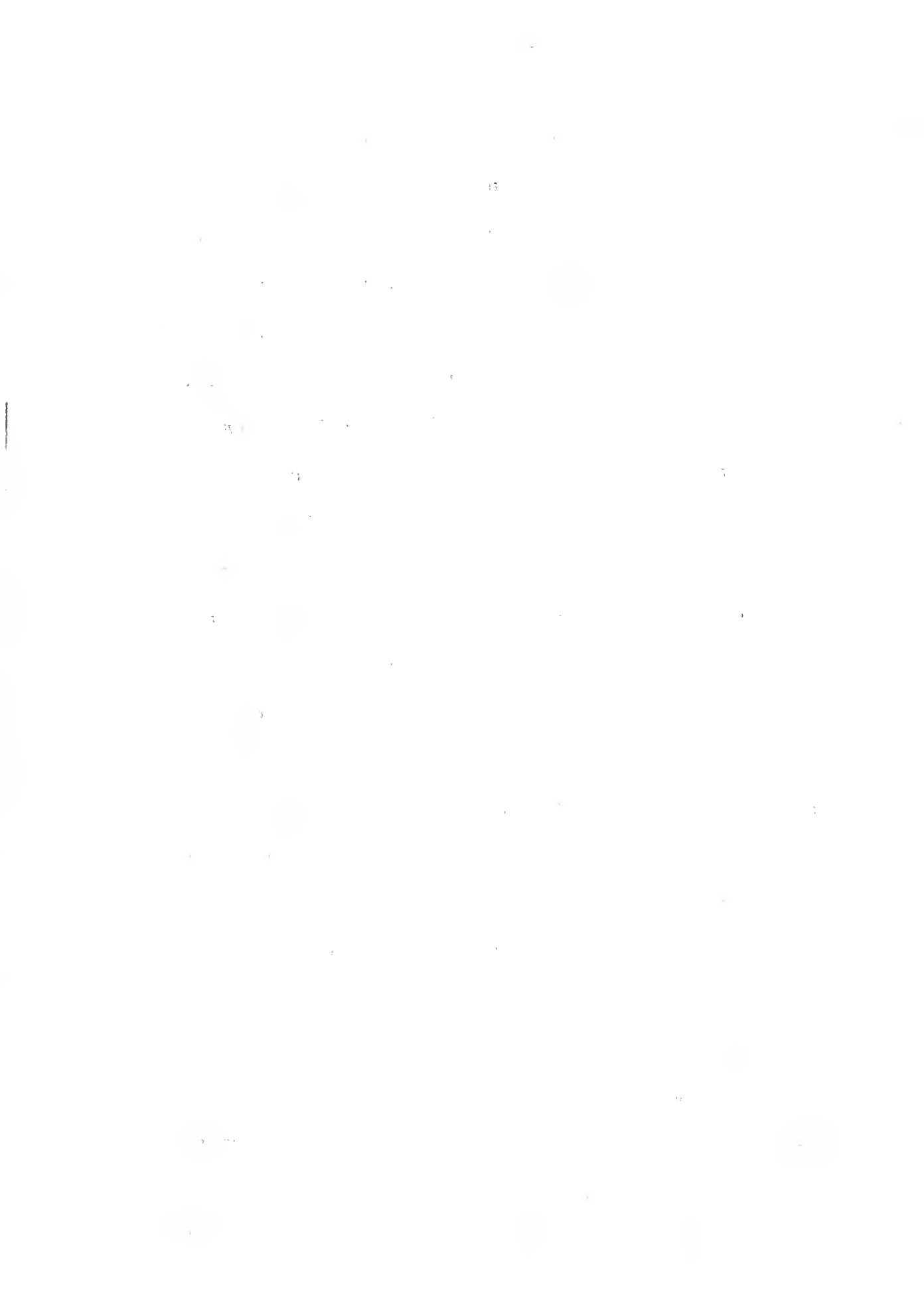
We started to go very cautiously, because it was only about a mile from the point where we landed and at any moment we could confront the Bolshevik troops.

The day before we had heard heavy shelling coming from the sea, from heavy guns; we didn't know what was going on; we knew only that there was a heavy gun shelling some object along the waterfront, so we sent patrols on both sides and through the bushes which grew parallel to the beach and tried to hide, because if we all walked on the open beach we would be detected immediately. The configuration of the terrain was this: there was a beach, there was shrubbery, bushes, and immediately after that a steep hill coming up to our left. Finally we reached the point where we were sure that it was already the place where we were disembarked, so the whispered command was given to stop, and spread out.

Unfortunately there was very little room for maneuver because of the narrow area between the beach and the mountain

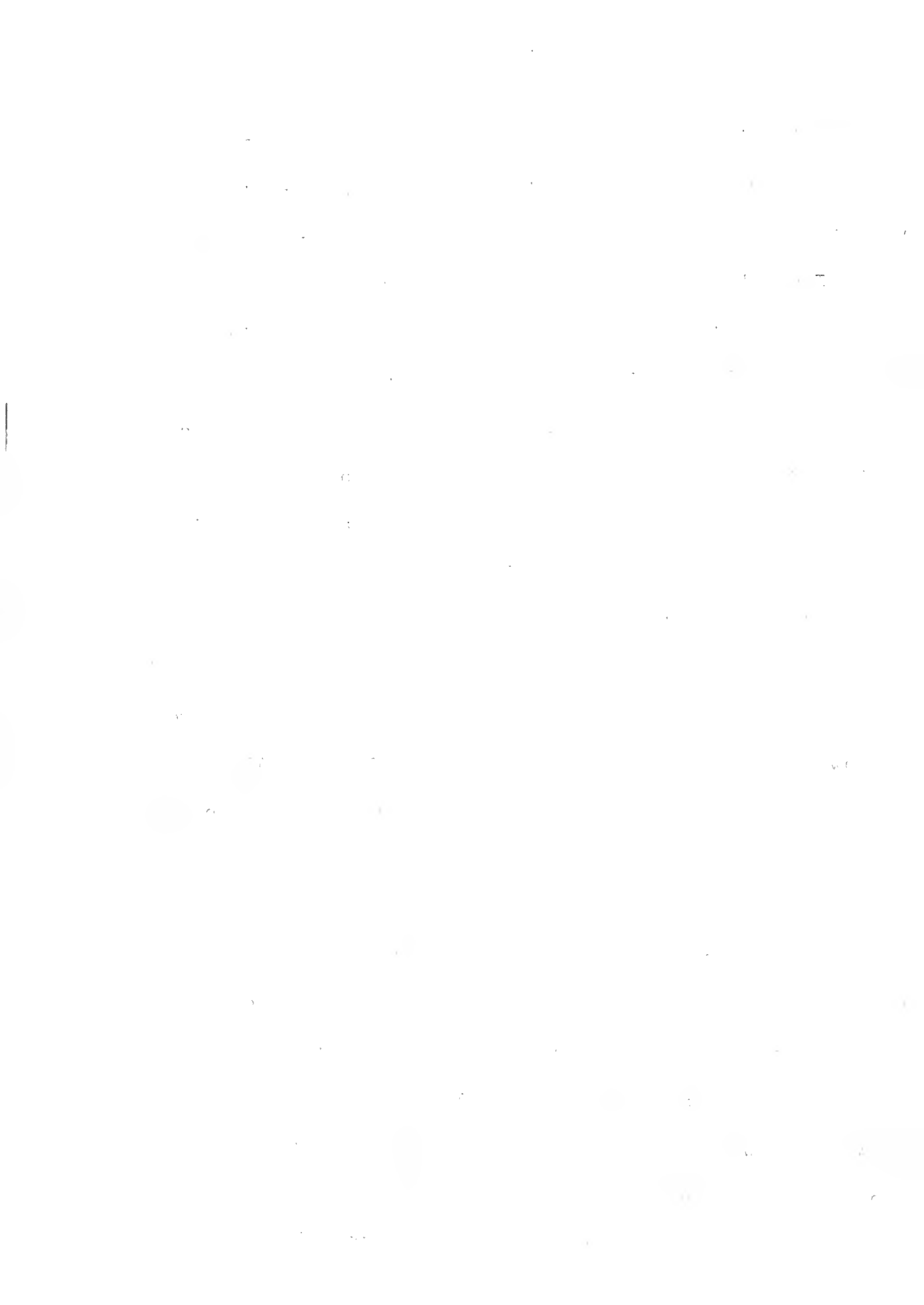


that rose pretty high on our left. So we started again to lose contact with each other through that heavy brush and bushes. Two men, I still remember the faces of those two boys, were sent as a forward scout group to see what was going on. And this was very unfortunate, that two inexperienced boys were sent on that reconnaissance patrol. They went up forward and I sent one of my heavy machine guns (a Vickers) to the left toward the rising hill and a light machine gun with two cadets in charge of it, and I went with them. We positioned ourselves in the bushes closer to the scene. So these two boys went forward. Shortly afterward we heard rifle shots, then silence for a moment, and then whistles. Someone had a whistle and was giving a signal. Before we knew what had happened, the Reds opened up on us with machine guns. It was devastating, because soon several cadets were hit, and I heard some moaning and crying. We were hit by machine gun fire without seeing the enemy because of the bushes. I didn't see the company commander -- he was probably back somewhere -- he didn't even have a chance to give a command. So Sergeant Nosenko assumed command, and he ordered the cadets to move forward, so we could see, but we were under such heavy fire, from two or three machine guns at one time, that it was very hard to do anything. I knew that our salvation lay in our machine guns, therefore I shouted to the left toward the men who were manning the heavy machine guns to move forward



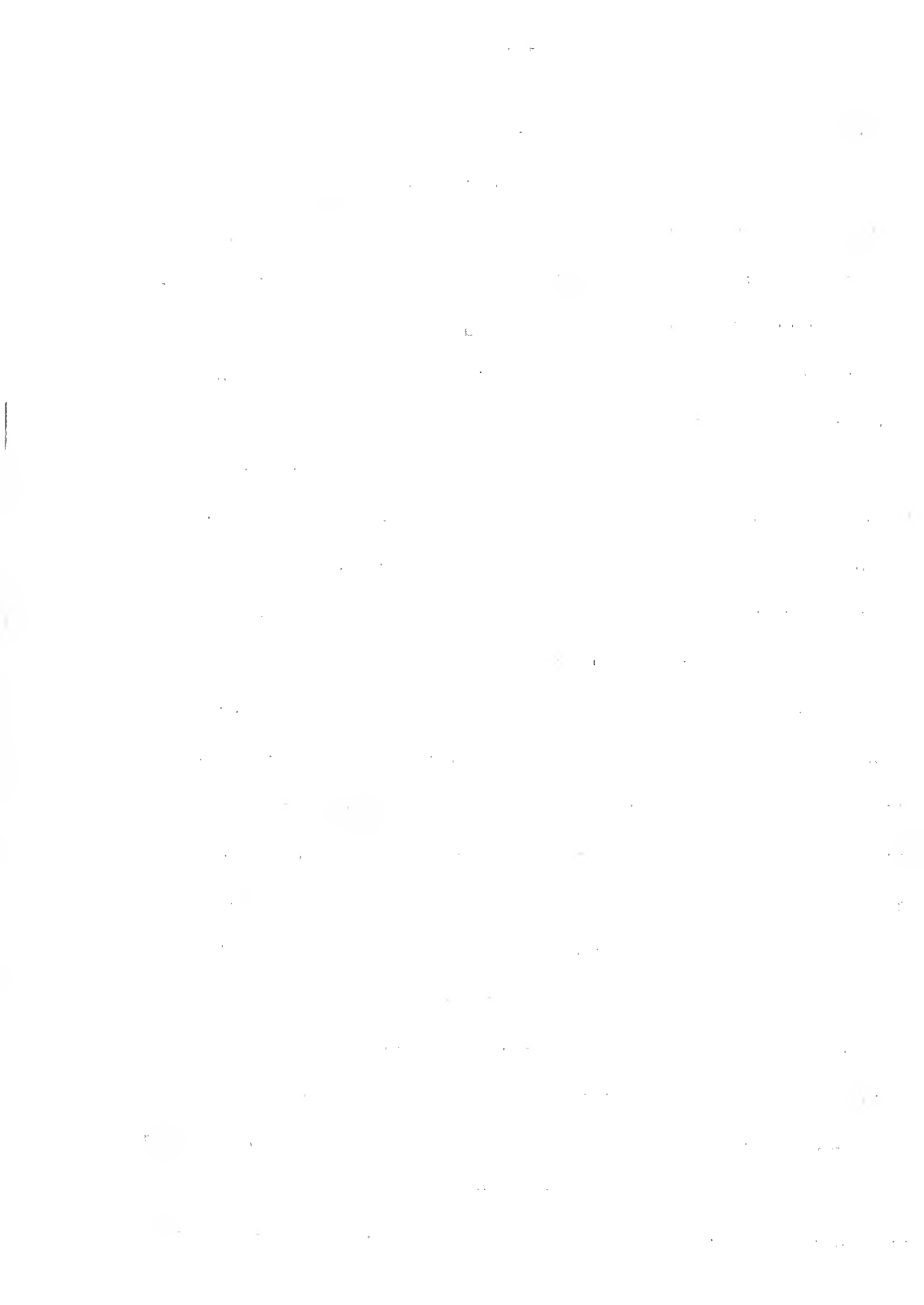
and I myself with these two boys who were manning the light machine guns moved forward. But before the heavy machine guns could open fire the machine gunners, the cadets, were killed there. I didn't know that, but I didn't hear any machine gun fire from ours, so I ordered my boys to move very cautiously forward, until finally I could see the Bolshevik machine guns firing at us. They were firing from a slightly elevated base near a house around which was stored all our baggage, all the boxes with ammunition and everything that we had brought with us while landing at that place. Also I saw the bodies of the two cadets who were sent on the forward patrol. One was killed and one heavily wounded; we managed to drag him away and he told the story of what had happened. When they came upon the boxes, they saw that some boxes were broken by artillery shells that we had been firing the day before. That was from our ships, at sea, when they learned that the Reds had captured our landing site. All the cadets who were defending that place were killed or captured, except one named Rybak, who although wounded in the chest managed to swim and was picked up by boats sent by one of the navy ships that was firing at the Reds. When we came to that place the navy ships were still standing near the position which we were taking, awaiting signals from us for artillery support, but at this point there was nothing that we could do.

The boy who was wounded in that forward patrol told what



happened -- later in the hospital -- and it was the stupidest thing that one could imagine. He said that when they came to the point and saw that they were at the point of our landing they saw that several Bolshevik soldiers were peacefully playing cards on the grass. Instead of returning at once and reporting what they had seen, one of them raised his rifle and fired a shot into that group. People immediately jumped up, realizing that we were there, they whistled commands and opened fire in our direction. As I said it was unfortunate that green untrained men were sent on patrol duty toward the enemy lines.

I was lying with two of my boys; one asked me what kind of gun sight to use. I said 'Well, it is such a short distance that you can just fire directly on the target without raising the sight. He started to fire but was immediately hit by a bullet. He was badly hit, in his stomach, apparently, and he rolled in front of the machine gun. I thought he was dead. I looked back and saw that the other man, who was supposed to bring me ammunition, had also been hit. He raised his right hand, which was a bloody mess; as I learned later he lost three fingers on his right hand, and was also grazed by a bullet on his left. He looked terrible, so I shouted to him to throw to me the ammunition; he did throw the packages of cartridges, and I managed the machine gun myself. I tried to steady my nerves, pulled a little bit behind the bush so they wouldn't see me and



opened fire.

I saw very well; my aim was good and I managed to silence one of the machine guns at least, because it stopped firing. Perhaps they had moved to another position, but I was sure that I had forced them to stop.

At the same time I was disturbed at hearing that individual rifle shots were coming from somewhere on that mountain on the left. I looked there and saw that the Reds were coming on the top of that little mountain looking down at our cadets and aiming individually at them and firing at them, and that their line was coming on farther and farther, so that if they were not stopped they would surround us.

There was no time left, so on the spur of the moment I decided to turn around and stop that group of Reds who were going on the top of that elevation to the rear of our boys, who were all lying down in those bushes under heavy machine gun fire, and who couldn't even open fire because they couldn't see anything; I was probably the only one who was firing at the Reds.

But now in my haste I failed to take precautionary measures. I should have pulled behind a bush and then turned and aimed my machine guns on that mountain to stop those people, but being in a hurry I turned in the position where I was and thus exposed myself to the Reds for they apparently saw me. I managed to open fire and I believe I got every man on the top, for at least

they stopped their penetration toward the rear of our group. But, I exposed myself. I immediately detected machine gun fire concentrated on me, so I turned back again toward that, and the bullets were hitting the ground in front of me and pieces of sand and earth were flying into my eyes. I was trying to clear my sight and to fire, when at that moment one bullet hit, grazing the machine gun and next something hit my left elbow. It felt as if someone had hit me with a big stick; the only thing I noticed was that my left hand from my elbow down started to jump convulsively, without any control. I was wounded, and bleeding so rapidly that the blood burst into my face. At the same time I noticed that the first cadet, who was wounded in the stomach, started to moan; he was lying in front of me, my machine gun over his head. I didn't know what to do. There was an understanding between us cadets that if at any time we had to leave a wounded friend alone in retreat we had to kill him to save him from torture. So I remembered that I had my Browning pistol, but I couldn't do anything because my left arm was disabled and I couldn't pull the trigger. I knew that my machine gun was the only chance for salvation of the company, so I stood up, already losing consciousness apparently, almost completely blind because I had lost so much blood, picked up the machine gun and said a little prayer for my friend. His name was Kortiev, by the way; he was a Caucasian Ingush type. I recently

read in the local newspaper here in the United States of a woman named Kortieva; I wrote her asking if it could be her relative and she replied that it was one of her brothers.

I started moving back, losing more and more blood, and finally lost consciousness and fell down. I came to my senses to find two cadets tightly binding my arm to stop the bleeding. They stopped the flow of blood, but completely constricted any blood circulation in the rest of my arm. I was so thirsty I only asked 'Water, water, water!'

'We don't have water,' they said.

'I don't care,' I said. 'Bring me sea water!'

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At this point it is important to recapitulate this battle because for me it was the last battle in which I participated in the civil war. Thereafter I was unable to take part in any other action because as a result of that battle and my wound I lost my left arm. That changed my destiny completely, because from that point on I could never rely on manual work, but only on my intellect, because I was an invalid, with only one arm left.

I have to describe the whole situation and what happened to our amphibious force. We had landed quite safely at Cape Utrish or Utrishok; we managed to disembark all of the ammunition and provisions for the "Greens," cossacks who reportedly in large



strength had rebelled against the communists, and then we had several tasks to perform, one of which was to make a demonstration and attract the Red forces toward us while the main amphibious effort was planned a few days after ours, to go across the Taman Strait to the shore of the Caucasus across that narrow strait facing the Kerch Peninsula.

From the very beginning we were unlucky; we managed to get from the landing area into the mountains, but were surrounded by overwhelming forces of Reds and our little landing group of 1200 men, which included a battalion of 300 cadets of the military academy. Our base on the beach was captured by the Reds, and we were surrounded. The company to which my machine guns were attached had the task of trying to break through that ring of Reds to the beach and recapture our base, since we were thinking only of retreating and again boarding the landing ships which were standing out at sea and going back to join the main amphibious effort in Kerch. However, the company to which I was attached, ~~about~~ 60 men strong -- under normal circumstances it was the strength of one platoon -- was composed of youths who were never in battle before, and only a few people such as myself and another machine gunner, the sergeant of the company and his deputy, were more or less experienced in battle. While we managed to reach the shore of the Black Sea safely, and started moving cautiously toward the place where our base was, the company

found itself in the heavy bushes that were growing along the sandy beach and due to the stupidity of our forward reconnaissance patrol before the company managed to prepare for battle we were pinned down by heavy machine gun fire of the Reds. Unfortunately the heavy machine gun on the left of me, manned by three men, stopped functioning because all three men were killed, almost before they managed to fire a shot. The cadets with rifles couldn't do anything; they were just pinned down and lying down flat, they couldn't fire because they would hit their own people, so I managed to move forward and finally to see the red machine guns, very close by. My number one machine gunner opened fire and was wounded in the stomach, and a second member of the machine gun crew, Troianov, was wounded too, and so I had to take a machine gun. I managed to stop the fire of the one machine gun, probably forced them to retire or killed the crew, stopping the dangerous penetration of the Reds on the elevated area who were trying to get behind my group. When I was wounded -- I was lying down while firing the machine gun -- the bullet pierced my arm below the elbow. It was a very little one; the doctor afterward said he could scarcely see it, but since it was such a short distance from the machine gun that fired it, the bullet apparently was moved from its trajectory by the bone, and made havoc of the upper side of my arm above the elbow, where a chunk of flesh was torn off and all the arteries

and veins were cut out. I started bleeding so badly that my face and hair were all covered with blood. When I stood up I was covered with blood. I lost consciousness, asked for water and finally they managed to bring me sea water. To compensate for the loss of liquid in my body I drank about half a gallon of sea water. That helped me, and they also stopped the bleeding.

When I came back to my senses I asked about the machine gun. "Who of you knows how to fire it," I said.

"I know", one said, "you taught us how to do it."

"You continue firing," I said, "for the Reds may continue movin after us, and fire in that general direction so they know we are still here and we are fighting."

Only my machine gun was firing; nobody else was, if we stopped firing the Reds would certainly move after us.

At one point the cadet who fired the machine gun said that it had jammed. Well, I explained what to do, and he managed to reload and continue firing with short bursts of fire; that was all that we needed. Then a medical nurse, a girl, came -- not the one who shared the corned beef sandwiches with me, but another one -- they were brave girls, they were with us in the front lines. "Oh, I need to do some work on you," she said. At that time each of us had a so-called Japanese first aid kit, a little ampule of iodine wrapped up with two bandages. She had a little bit more medical supplies so she started to dress

my wound in a more professional way, but there came heavy machine gun fire from the Reds, and she collapsed and fell on me. Can you imagine, she was hit in the upper part of her leg, but that brave girl said "Alright, I am hit, but first I am going to take care of you." So she managed to dress my wound and I felt better.

Later on doctors told me that it was fortunate that I began to drink that sea water, because since we all came from the primeval seas, the composition of blood and sea water are almost identical. 'It was a sheer miracle, your good luck, with the help of God,' they said, 'that you were given sea water.'

The question was raised, 'Where is our company commander?' He was not a very young man, a colonel, and I didn't see him. I saw the deputy company commander, who was lying flat on his face; passing by him I thought 'Well, he is killed,' but he wasn't. He was more experienced with that terrible machine gun fire and knew that to save his life he had to lie flat. Well, I didn't know much about that because all my battle experience had been on the armored train. Later on, there were complaints about the company commander. He remained in the rear; he never came forward; he never gave a command. However, from a sheltered place he managed to signal the ships that were standing by. I don't know what with, some people said he used his undershirt.

Well, a motor launch with a machine gun was sent toward the



shore farther back, and we retreated toward that motor launch. The sailors jumped out with an officer and he said he was going to take only wounded people back to the navy vessel. So I was among those who were taken. I was dazed, and didn't feel well at all. They took me and four other men, including Troianov, who had lost three fingers on one hand, and put us all in a little officers' lounge. I was lying on red velvet seats. And then a shock came upon me and I suddenly felt that I was dying. I was gasping for air and I felt that this was the end. A sailor

this and I told him, 'Take me quickly to the fresh air!' so he and another man brought me up on the deck and laid me on the deck. The last thing I heard was the remark "Well, this young fellow is dying." After that I lost consciousness.

I was awakened by a terrific report, the boom of a heavy gun. The officer told what had happened to our company, and that the Reds were still firmly in possession of our base, so the naval vessel, which had 6 inch guns, opened fire upon the Reds. The first report had awakened me and I realized that I might survive. Until then I thought I was dying.

Well, when I had had enough fresh air they took me back to the officers' lounge and the ship went at top speed to bring us to Kerch. And it was a terrible night; I began to feel terrible pain, not because of the wound but because of my tightly tied up arm. Two or three times I had again the feeling that I was

dying and I asked the sailors to bring me out into the fresh air. I was restless, uncomfortable and in terrible pain; the others who were with me were too, one was crying, and Troianov was praying out loud.

Finally we reached Kerch. There we were to be taken to the hospital. I remembered that the submarine might still be in Kerch and therefore I asked a sailor to go see whether the submarine AG - 22 was still there. He came back and said 'Yes, we are almost next to it.' I asked him to go there and ask my cousin, Lieutenant Ulozovskii, to come and see me. Soon afterward three officers from the submarine came, but my cousin was not among them. They looked at me and were shocked at my appearance, I was still covered with blood. One of them, Lieutenant Mukhin, said, 'Your cousin is in Sevastopol. We are leaving now for Sevastopol and we will gladly take you there.' I said 'Oh no, I need to go to the hospital or I will die,' for I felt already that something was very wrong with my arm. So I thanked them and asked them to notify my cousin and through him my mother, who was staying with him.

Well, finally the time came for them to take us to the hospital. I was taken on a horse drawn carriage with another man and we started through the main street of Kerch. I saw horror on the faces of people when they saw me, completely covered with blood, from head to toe, and then a young officer

rushed to me. It was my second cousin, Roman Labin, whom I met shortly before going on the previous operation.

"What happened to you?" he exclaimed.

"I was wounded," I said.

"What hospital are you going to?"

"I don't know." He immediately asked the driver, and he said we were all being taken to the 4th field hospital which was located in the girls pension, a very exclusive school. Because of the extreme lack of accomodation in that school, the lower floor of that school was requisitioned for the hospital, while on the top floor the girls continued their studies. It was quite fortunate that Roman ("Roma") Labin saw me, for his parents, my aunt and uncle, came at once, bringing with them a former surgeon of the Imperial Court, Professor Solntsev, who in consultation with a local man in the hospital examined me and immediately decided that surgery would be needed. However they didn't tell me about that at that point. My bloody uniform was removed, my face and hair were washed, so that I began to look less like a Red Indian and more like a normal paleface again. They gave me morphine injections so that I didn't suffer so much; I felt much better as a result of that. Then my relatives sent a wire to my mother in Sevastopol, saying "Sasha wounded lightly in left arm, come to Kerch."

The next day my wound started to play up veev badly. I dev-

eloped a fever, which indicated gangrene. The lower part of my arm began to smell like rotten meat. I couldn't tolerate that anymore. Again Professor Solntsev and Dr. Fishelson had a consultation and they told me that immediate amputation was needed, because I had started to run a fever very peculiar to gangrene. The temperature would shoot up to 104 and then go down very low within an hour or two and that kind of fluctuation indicated great danger.

Taken to the surgery, I told Professor Solntsev and Dr. Fishelson "Please, if you have to amputate my arm, cut it high enough so that there will be nothing left of that rotting meat, which I can't stand." They gave me shots and a mask with ether.

Chapter 30 Scenario V

I had developed gangrene, the worst sort, gas gangrene. I was in mortal danger, so they operated immediately. They now sent a second telegram to Simferopol saying that 'The wound is more serious than originally expected; amputation of the left arm is possible.'

I was kept under heavy sedation, so came to my senses only on the morning after the operation. The strangest sensation was that I couldn't move my head. I felt that I had my arm, and I felt all the painful sensations in the hand and fingers, so I asked the nurse. She finally told me 'Yes they did remove

your arm, but you are out of danger now.' Then with some effort I managed to turn my head and I saw a white bandaged stump instead of my arm.

Well, at that time my only concern was whether I would live or not. I knew that mother would come, but I was afraid of seeing her because I knew what kind of shock it would be to her.

Speaking of mother, I recalled that when I was leaving Odessa for the front my mother blessed me with a little wooden icon of St. Nicholas, painted on the wood, and I kept that icon always with me in the watch pocket of my military trousers. It was all soaked through with blood as all my garments were soaked, but I kept it and later on, in Belgrade, my mother had that little icon put in a metal casing behind glass. I still keep it and have carried it through all my travels and troubles.

My relatives visited me, encouraging me, etc. The food in the hospital wasn't too good, and my relatives were bringing me hot cocoa and other items to give a little bit extra.

The commander of our military academy was still in battle on the shores of the Caucasus, but the whole operation went very badly and after a week all the troops had to leave the Caucasus and return to the Crimea. The trouble had been that instead of there being, as we were told, about 4,000 cossacks expecting our arrival, we didn't meet more than about 300 to 400, which was not of much help to us in fighting the Reds.

That sensation that I had in my amputated arm was once even dangerous, because one night, the second night after amputation, I turned around and wanted to put my non-existent arm as a support, and I fell from my bed. It was a painful experience, but fortunately nothing was damaged.

Mother came to Kerch on the third day after the operation. That was a dreadful day for me because it was to be the day when they would first remove the bandages, and I was scared stiff because I knew that it would be very painful. Mother came and tried to be awfully brave, but I knew that her heart was bleeding for me and we both tried to pretend that we were happy in meeting.

Then I asked her to leave, for the time was coming for removal of the dressing and I was afraid that I might shout out from the pain and she might hear me.

The change of bandages was probably the most painful moment since I had been wounded. By the time she came later on I was already feeling better. What was most encouraging was that the doctors said that the wound was in good shape and that the healing had already started.

Soon after the remnants of the academy returned to Kerch I had a visit from the commanding general of the academy who came to me and said 'Here is the St. George Cross of the 3rd Degree, for your bravery in battle. Moreover I have sent a

recommendation for your immediate promotion to officer's rank, 2nd Lieutenant, for actually you with your machine gun saved the whole company, for if you had not continued firing the company would have been doomed, so for that heroic deed you are recommended for immediate battlefield promotion.'

I was very happy. In the meantime my cousins, with the help of mother, etc., since they knew that my uniform was ruined, managed to get a new uniform for me and to this was attached the second ST. George Cross, and the first time I visited, mother and I went to church. It was still very hard for me to walk long distances because of my lost balance through the changed center of gravity in my body.

Finally my namesday came, on the 30th of August. I was able to come celebrate my namesday with my family, with whom my mother stayed, and they prepared a traditional meal of vodka. When I had a glass of vodka something like hot fire pierced my wound, with the second glass, the same thing, so I said no more.

The next morning when I had the regular change of dressing, the doctor looked at my arm and said "Oho! Yes, I know, you had some vodka!" 'Yes,' I said, 'but how do you know?' 'Well,' he said, 'it chases some of the liquid out of your wound, it's not too good, but we can detect it. Actually more pus was chased out of your wound because you had this.' I understood then, that when I had the hot sensation it probably pushed the pus out.

Well the happy day came when the commanding general with some other officers came to me and brought my officers' shoulder pieces and congratulated me with the promotion; I became an officer, and the date of my promotion was actually the date on which I was wounded, that is, the 6th of August. And it is strange, that in the good old times, in the Tsarist army, the young officers were usually promoted, after maneuvers, on that same day of the 6th of August. So the day of my promotion was the same as that of innumerable cadres of the old army.

Well again I celebrated that, however the situation on the front became more and more difficult. After the unsuccessful attempt to reach the shores of the Caucasus, another attempt was made to expand the perimeter that we occupied above the Crimea toward the west. For that we needed to cross the Dnepr River. Some units managed to cross the Dnepr but they were beaten off, and finally by September the situation really became grim.

In September another interesting thing happened in Kerch. The food situation was very bad and since the number of wounded had increased, the hospitals were filled to capacity and very few people were helped by relatives or anyone. So the wife of the commanding general of the garrison proposed a plan jointly to the Red Cross and other ladies' organizations to have a festival, at which a lottery would be held. The idea was that the citizens of Kerch buy lottery tickets, each of which bore the

name of a wounded officer or cadet or soldier in the various hospitals, and then whoever drew that ticket took it upon himself to take care of that wounded person in the hospital. We knew of that and it caused quite a commotion in our hospital.

I had escaped certain death, but when I was recovering I felt so well, so good. However my amputated arm still bothered me. Any change of weather was very painful; as a matter of fact even now, after 55 years I still feel the same thing. I was afraid that a certain grimace in my face would remain constant, for I always felt that pain, but at the same time my spirits were high; again I was out of danger, I was alive and I was young, and didn't think of the consequences of being crippled. But there were also bad cases when someone was dying in the hospital, it was a kind of terrible routine; when somebody was a hopeless case they would remove that person from the regular ward and take him to a special ward which we called the death ward or death detachment, and quite a few people were moved there. I was sorry for these people because when they moved them there they knew that they moved them so they would die in peace there.

We in the hospital were anxiously awaiting the results of that odd lottery in which the citizens of Kerch were winning the names of all the soldiers in the hospital. Shortly after that some ladies started to appear, bearing little pieces of

paper with the names, and bringing some food, and soft pillows.

Chapter 31 Scenario V

One of the first was a big fat lady who won, of all people, the name of my comrade-in-arms, Sergeant Nosenko, who had had a bullet in his spine and was now recovering. She knew what a wounded man needs, she brought him a large pillow and bottle with milk and some other goodies from her house; she sat with him, talked with him, and made him quite happy, and promised to bring him food every day from that point on.

Other ladies came, claiming who they won, and everyone was fine, mainly because it brought some additional food, because we in the hospital were on almost a starvation diet. So gradually all the men in our ward had acquired their lady patrons, except me; nobody came to claim me; and I was beginning to get upset. Until finally, about three days after the rest of them, a very attractive young lady appeared at the threshold of our ward, and read my name and the name of a certain Captain Blinov; she had bought two tickets. Since she had the names of two of us the hospital administration decided that for her convenience it would be better if both men were in the same ward, so they moved one man out and put Captain Blinov in his place, in the bed next to mine. Well, she was a very attractive young woman named Victoria. She didn't bring us lots of food but we enjoyed

her company. Blinov was wounded in the arm too, but his arm was not amputated and he already walked, so she said that she would gladly go with him to the movies, to concerts, etc. Well, Blinov started his evening strolls with her; of course I had my relatives and mother, but I was a little jealous of the captain. However, one evening when I returned from supper with my mother and relatives I found him lying moaning in his bed. 'What happened?' I asked. 'Oh,' he said, 'a terrible thing has happened.' They had gone to a concert, after which he took Victoria to her home, where her husband was a very sick man. While there Blinov stumbled and fell on his wounded arm and dislocated his shoulder. He was in terrible pain and the shoulder was swollen and at night the doctor came and said that he needed to have special treatment and advised that he be sent immediately to Sevastopol where they had special facilities for this kind of emergency. So in the morning Captain Blinov was taken to the train and sent to Sevastopol. When Victoria appeared late in the afternoon and asked about Captain Blinov I told her what happened. She was awfully sorry, but then she became kind of my companion. Well, we didn't go out much; but we went once to a concert given by the well known Nadezhda Plevitskaia. She was very popular. She used to sing with Chaliapin, one of the most famous Russian singers. She later became the wife of the commander of Kornilov regiment and later of the Kornilov division, General Skoblin.

They lived for a long time in Paris, until in 1929 she managed to get in touch with communist agents and she betrayed the leader of the White movement, General Kutepov, so that he was kidnapped in the center of Paris by Soviet agents and taken to the coast of France where a Soviet ship was waiting. It was a terrible thing; Skoblin fled, and disappeared, and Plevitskaia was arrested by the French and died in prison. That was nine years after the concert. At that time she was a beautiful singer.

The situation of the White armies on the front became very difficult. The trouble started with this. Great Britain, under the government of Churchill, was helping us by sending ammunition, tanks, and so forth, but then the new cabinet of Lloyd George came to power. He was a left leaning statesman of the Labor Party and one of the first acts of his government was to cut off help to the White armies of Russia. He started to negotiate for trade with the Bolsheviks, and when someone in the British Parliament attacked him for that he said, "I don't care; one can trade even with cannibals; the main thing is that we want to trade."

Another factor that adversely affected our position in the Crimea was that the Bolsheviks were also fighting with the Poles, and the Poles got massive support from France. Even General Weygand was sent to Warsaw to organize Polish defenses, the flow of arms, ammunition and so forth. But the Poles managed to stop the Soviet offensive, peace was concluded, and all the Soviet

armies that were fighting the Poles were immediately directed against us, so we were overwhelmed by the mass of the Reds, who had under their control the central part of Russia with all the heavy industries, etc. and we didn't have anything. We didn't even have the breadbasket of the Ukraine at our disposal. So we were beginning to starve, both as far as ammunition was concerned, and food. There were shortages in everything. General Wrangel already had a contingency plan to evacuate the entire army from Crimea in case of collapse of the front and because of the freak weather in October that became inevitable. For the first time in 50 years suddenly very cold weather settled down in Crimea and particularly in the north where the shallow lagoon which protected us from any massive attack by the Reds was frozen and the Red cavalry managed to break through across the ice of that lagoon.

This was the only chance that the free world, the western allies, had to stop communism. We didn't need any foreign troops, we needed only help with foodstuffs and weapons, and with that we could have won our battle against the Reds and there would have been no more of that Red danger which was to threaten the world in an ever increasing sense from that point on. We would have destroyed communism inside Russia and would have certainly established a democratic government, because the goal was not restoration of tsardom but bringing back the Constituent Assembly and the decision of the Constituent Assembly, based on

free elections, would have been mandatory for deciding what form of government Russia would have. That was our goal, nothing else, and we were fighting against the Red dictatorship; merciless, bloody dictatorship. But the Allies didn't see that; except for Churchill, they didn't realize the danger of it. They didn't understand communism, how it could spread outside of Russia, and they realized it only when it was too late. Well, I would say that the Americans were more generous than anybody, although they didn't send us military supplies, we were at least getting lots of medical supplies through the American Red Cross. All our hospitals were supplied with American medicaments, bandages, thermometers, and everything. Then the Americans dumped on us a large amount of their uniforms. We didn't have any factories to produce uniforms. So actually in that last stage of the war I was fighting and wounded in a World War I American uniform. Only the insignia had been removed.

Anyhow, the situation became desperate, and the troops were retreating from the northern part of Tavrida, the perimeter, into the bottleneck of Perekop, and into the Crimea proper and the orders were given to the troops where they had to go for their assigned evacuation. There was tremendous difficulty in finding enough vessels; anything that would float was immediately commandeered by Wrangel for evacuation.

At that time mother and I decided that it would be best

for us to go to Sevastopol. I didn't need to stay in the hospital anymore; I needed only to go every third day to have the dressings on my wound changed. The wound was healing pretty fast and there was a fine naval hospital in Sevastopol so we decided to go there and live with my cousin, Nicholas Ulozovskii, who passed away just recently in Nice, France.

The trip from Kerch to Sevastopol was very difficult and painful. We spent the whole night in the overcrowded train, and people were pressing on me and my wound until some officers there learned that I was a recent amputee.

We settled in Sevastopol in the second part of October. The front was collapsing and orders were given to start boarding the ships. There were all kinds of ships. Upon arrival in Sevastopol I reported to Wrangel's headquarters and since I was an officer and not attached to any particular unit, I said I would like to be attached to the old Imperial guard regiment. There was only one battalion which was the nucleus, so I was assigned to that and at the same time I got permission to go to the naval hospital for changing of the bandages and checking on my wound.

So it went on and finally the day came when we had to evacuate and leave Russia forever.

Evacuation took place on the first of November 1920. My cousin was with his submarine but his wife, as the wife of a

naval officer, had to leave shortly before we did because there was a special ship, part of which was assigned for the families of naval officers. So she left us and I didn't see her from that time until 1972, when I saw her briefly in Nice.

We were assigned to the ship, the passenger ship ALEKSANDR MIKHAILOVICH, which later became the Yugoslav passenger liner DUBROVNIK, on which I travelled once trying to locate the in which I was evacuated. W

We were lucky to get on the passenger liner because the majority of people were being evacuated from the Crimea on just about any kind of vessel, even on barges, because of the shortage of vessels. Everyone wanted to leave, believing that after the Reds invaded Sevastopol there would be a blood bath, which actually happened, as we learned later. So mother and I boarded that ship and since I was a wounded officer, mother and I were assigned a little cabin. We were lucky enough that on that ship the headquarters of the Sevastopol command was evacuated, and also the Red Cross organization and the so-called White Cross, which was a rival organization to the Red Cross during the Civil War. Apparently some people didn't like the word Red. Well, I certainly profited from that because as soon as we had settled down representatives of the Red Cross came to our cabin and promised help. Within a short time, representatives of the White Cross came too, and they put me down on a list of people they

should help. I didn't mind, because getting two rations meant that my mother could eat relatively good food as well. Then on board the ship were all the bishops and higher clergy of our Orthodox Church, including the Metropolitan Anastasii and many others. They carried with them the miraculous icon of Kursk, which was taken out of Russia, and many years afterward was brought on several occasions to our home here. Finally the signal was given that all ships had to move into the harbor because the Reds were already in the outskirts of Sevastopol and one could hear the rifle and machine gun fire. Our liner moved out and then the order was given to go full speed ahead to Constantinople.

I went on the upper deck and we saw the Russian shores receding in the mist. It was a terrible heart breaking experience for me. The clergy were saying a solemn Te Deum on the upper deck, and we all knew our Russian land was receding farther and farther away. The last piece of Russian land that I saw was Cape Fiolet, near Sevastopol. And I didn't see Russia again until last year, 1974, when I gathered courage and we visited Russia and the Crimea.

Chapter 32 Scenario VI

With evacuation from the Crimea the Civil War had ended. The date was November 1, 1920 by the old calendar, or November 14, new style.

The voyage to Constantinople was uneventful. Since it was a passenger liner we made it pretty fast. In about 24 hours we reached the Bosphorus and then cautiously entered the big Bosphorus bay and were anchored in the middle of the bay. Close to 150 ships of all kinds were coming from the Crimea to Constantinople. Constantinople at that time was under allied, British and French command and both our former allies were very reluctant in their help, particularly to the Russian White armed forces. The army of about 100,000 men was evacuated from the Crimea and also a large number of civilians, families, etc. Initially nobody was permitted to leave the ships; we were surrounded by British and French battleships and who didn't permit any communication with the shore, but gradually the restrictions were relaxed and I remember that the former Russian embassy in Constantinople was still functioning, although without any status, and by sheer inertia and the influence of the personal acquaintanceship of the former ambassador with the British and French it became a center of activities of the evacuees. Mother and I remained on our ship, but I desperately needed more thorough medical help, since my wound was still not healed completely and required more

serious medical attention. Fortunately a team of French doctors was visiting each of those 100 ships that were in Istanbul harbor, and this medical team was checking on the wounded to see whether any of them needed to be taken to the hospital in Constantinople.

All our navy also moved to Constantinople, and the British and French were particularly cautious about it. I believe they had their guns constantly aimed at our navy ships. Eventually all the Russian navy ships were ordered to proceed through the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean and were ordered to go to Bizerte, French North Africa, where they were disarmed. General Wrangel later on sold these ships to the French for scrap metal, and with the money which he got he managed to help the Russian refugees in their most painful initial stage in living abroad.

Living on the crowded ships was a pretty miserable experience, in contrast to looking at the beautiful sight of old Istanbul. We saw the famous Aya Sophia and the other famous mosques in the distance, and what was interesting, lots of small Turkish boats were teeming around the big ships on which we were stranded and were trying to trade for some of the things that we were bringing. They were bringing bread, halva and other Turkish things. Initially they were accepting Russian money but it gradually lost value until it fell to zero. Some people were still hoping that Russia would be restored and the money would

retain its value. But the Turks on these little row boats usually preferred some kind of barter. They would ask for pistols, or for watches, and so forth, and other things, even parts of uniforms, and some people were lowering it down on a rope and back would come a piece of bread, or a little halva, or cheese.

By the way, it was the time in the late fall of 1920, when Kemal Ataturk rebelled against the British and French and was creating his army, and some of his agents secretly were trying to buy some weapons from the Russian soldiers and even were offering jobs with the Kemal army. The British and French were very strict about that, because they knew that Kemal was a dangerous force for them, but our sympathies were with Kemal Ataturk because we hated the British and French and felt that they had betrayed us in the most painful last epoch of our fight against the Reds. So there were several cases in which individual officers and men managed to escape at night and join the Kemal forces in Turkey.

Finally my arm started to play up very badly. A big French Red Cross launch came to our steamer with several French medical officers. They came aboard with a list of people who were registered by the first group of medical authorities and started to select the people who were to go to the hospital. And here was the most painful thing; they came to me and asked for my name 'Lieutenant Albov, vite vite.' which means 'hurry, hurry' and

ordered me to get aboard that launch to take me to the French hospital. My mother asked permission to go and fortunately since she spoke French she persuaded them and they took her together with me. So we were together and disembarked on the so-called Stamboul part of Constantinople, that is on the other side of the Golden Horn.

As soon as we landed there were some French trucks waiting for us and before I could even say a word to my mother I was put into a truck and driven off, while my mother remained standing on the shore. She didn't even know where they were taking me. That was a terrible moment. I knew that she was completely alone, without anything, standing on the pier. They took me to a place called Seytin Oghlu about 13 miles from Constantinople in the direction of San Stefano. A main railroad track passed by that place. We were brought into an old dilapidated Turkish barracks which was hastily converted into a hospital. Facilities were very primitive, some windows were broken, and it was cold, musty, etc., but at least they managed to help us to wash ourselves, and our wounds were taken care of by the French.

However we were surrounded by a barbed wire fence guarded by French Senegalese troops, so actually we felt as if we were prisoners of war of our dear allies, which really was disgusting. So we were spending time there, and in the morning they forced both men and officers to clean the barracks, and wash the floor,

and so forth, whoever could. I refused immediately because of my arm.

We were on a starvation diet, the French food was terrible; we were constantly hungry and the medical attention was not very good. We had not seen a real doctor for two or three days and were helped only by corpsmen. Fortunately a few of us could speak some French.

One side of the barracks looked onto land which was not surrounded by barbed wire. Some Turks were coming on that side, and we started to trade the French blankets from our hospital beds with them. We each had three blankets, so we could spare at least one, so we were lowering them down to the Turks and they were bringing us bread -- ekmek -- and halva. The halva was very rich and was good nutritious food.

Well I was desperatè because I didn't know what had happened to mother. Then one day I heard my name being called. I came out and there was a French officer asking me to put on my winter coat and come out with him. All my earthly possessions consisted of a little bag that I carried, and that was all. So I came out and can you imagine, there was a French limousine and my mother was in it. She came to pick me up and take me to Constantinople. Her story was this: after she was left alone, on the quay at Constantinople she managed to get to the Embassy, where she got to some people of Wrangel's high command and since

Wrangel knew my mother from the time she brought with Countess Kleinmichel an icon from Varna to him in Constantinople he ordered a search for me through the French hospitals. They finally located me at Zeytin Burnu, and since Wrangel still had great respect from the French as commander in chief of the Russian army the French gave my mother that car and she was driven there to pick me up. And there a real miracle happened. She brought me to a private French hospital in Pera. Pera was the most fashionable European part of Constantinople, a private villa converted into a hospital by the Society of Jean d'Arc, a charitable society which was headed by a certain Mlle Voisin, a niece of the former president of France, Poincare. She decided to help the Russians because she knew how her father was an admirer of Russia during the beginning of World War I before the Russian Revolution and these wonderful French women came to Constantinople. They wore a special Jean d'Arc uniform, which consisted of white dresses with red mantles. Somehow my mother got in touch with Mlle. Voisin and I was brought to that hospital. It was a hospital for the Russian officers only, and it was an unbelievable luxury for me after so many years of deprivation and so forth. First of all they put silk pajamas on me; there were French waiters serving us at the table, and a French wine was always included in our menu. It was unbelievable. We were in comfortable beds and so forth, and moreover since they

knew that my mother had no place to live they gave her a room which she shared with two other ladies. One was a famous author, Begutova ?, and the other was the widow of a former judge of Odessa, Demenovich, who was once in the same cell in the communist Cheka prison with my father, but was executed. So my mother had congenial company; she was close to me and we were seeing each other practically every day. It was like a dream, a dream which kind of compensated for all the misery which I had lived through before that.

Well my wound was healing, but at one point I developed a little infection which is called in Russian rozha, a pretty dangerous infection which spreads out near the wound and makes the area around the wound scarlet red. Well they managed to stop that infection and finally the time had come when we decided that we could go to Varna to join the rest of the family, my father and my sister, whom I had not seen since August 1919.

I told my mother that since I was almost completely recovered I would like to join the guard battalion in Gallipoli. The troops in the White Army were taken gradually from the ships and were sent to Gallipoli, a peninsula south of Constantinople where they were under control of the French. The French were afraid of that mass of 100,000 Russian military men. However Wrangel and General Kutepov, the next to senior in command, refused to surrender all their weapons. The French insisted

that all machine guns be turned in, but the Russians knew how to hide those things, and so the army still had rifles and some machine guns and I believe a few field artillery pieces which they had managed to smuggle from the ships during disembarkment. So the army was in Gallipoli but my request was denied by the French who didn't want anyone else to go to Gallipoli to increase the number of people whom they had to feed and to increase the force which they didn't trust too much. So nothing was left to me but to go with mother to Varna. I was happy about that because I wanted to see my father and my sister Tania. The French authorities in the hospital of Mlle Voisin, of the Jean D'Arc Society, were very helpful. They arranged through the French command a first class cabin on a Bulgarian steamship that was to take us from Constantinople to Varna, the Bulgarian port on the Black Sea. Before we left they gave us lots of civilian clothing, everything that was needed not only for mother and me but for my father and sister. So we were bringing bundles of the most important thing which we didn't have money to buy. Apparently the captain of the Bulgarian passenger liner was told that we were under protection of the French authorities, for he was extremely kind and we were always taking our meals at the captain's table in his cabin.

The voyage was short and soon we disembarked in Varna, and that was a wonderful time when our family finally was reunited

on Bulgarian soil in Varna. Varna is a beautiful summer resort on the Black Sea, but for us it was a constant struggle for survival. Fortunately there were many Russians in Varna. They had come directly to Varna from Odessa in the winter of 1920, I believe at the end of January, in terrible conditions, before we were evacuated in November from the Crimea.

The Russians immediately organized. There were not many skilled people in the Balkan countries, so Russians were welcome. Among us were Russian physicians, dentists, engineers, and so forth who immediately got some kind of job. Father, being a judge, couldn't get any job, but managed to get a position with the Russian community in charge of the library. We organized a Russian church, the former Greek church of Saint Anastasius, and the church house became the center of the Russian colony in Varna. Soon some kind of concerts were organized. My father was an accomplished pianist so he always participated in these activities and was librarian. Mother was offered a job teaching Russian children. An organization sprang up quickly to start some kind of education for small Russian children, to teach them the essentials of Russian language and culture, etc., so mother was doing that. My sister, with other girls, was active in helping the church, brushing up her English with another girl who spoke it fluently, who had come from America.

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It was the first time the whole family had been together since August 1919, when I went to the front. It was the happiest of reunions because the family was in good health, and in the time that they lived in Varna -- they left Odessa for Varna at the end of January 1920 -- to the time that we reunited was almost one year, for mother and I came from Constantinople to Varna at about the beginning of December. And it was our first Christmas in exile, in emigration.

There were many Russians in Varna. By that time some of the early arrivals in Varna who came primarily from Odessa and from Novorossiisk, which was evacuated at approximately the same time, had established some kind of little White Russian emigre colony, and with all the peculiarities. First of all a church was established, and there was a priest -- the priest had come shortly before World War I, from the United States, where he had been a priest in Philadelphia. His two daughters both spoke English, so my sister Tania could brush up her English with the younger girl, Olga, who was about Tania's age. The other, a little older, was married to a man by the name of Kotsar who was also warden of the priest, so we were close friends of that family who had come some time before from the United States. Tania and Olga read nothing but English books -- Tauschnitz editions -- and even we used to get in the library some English

newspapers, and I remember seeing for the first time some American cartoons, in the Chicago Tribune.

Thus, the life of Russians in Varna became more or less organized. The people who had left Russia were the cream of Russian intellectuals, artists, poets, ballet dancers, and opera singers, who immediately started to organize their own little groups. And for the astonished people in the Balkans it was a revelation, like bringing them in contact with quite a new culture. And it was Russian culture at its best, because the best people who had not been destroyed by the communists had fled.

The main areas to which these people came from Russia were from the Crimea to either Varna or, via Constantinople, to Yugoslavia, which was just organized as a new free state after the end of World War I. So from there the groups of Russians moved farther on, to Germany, and to France, so that the centers of Russian culture in exile became initially places like Varna, Sofia, Belgrade, and then Paris, and Berlin. Later, when some of the people started to move to the United States, their contribution was felt even in this highly progressive and industrialized country. Remember the contribution of Sikorski, with his invention of the helicopter and the contributions of many others.

The universities, especially in the newly organized Yugoslavia, needed the Russians. There was not a great language barrier because all people in the Balkans spoke one or another Slavic

dialect which had common roots with that of the Russians, so the Russians quickly learned either Bulgarian or Serbo-Croatian and they were immediately invited to various places, to operas, etc.

I observed in Varna, like in microcosm, the beginning of this bloom of Russian culture in the west. It was an interesting phenomenon. There in a little place like Varna former opera artists organized a couple of opera performances, and the Bulgarians were enchanted because they had not seen anything like that before. In the summer time they organized a kind of light opera in one of the garden restaurants which was always full of people, who were trying to get in, although everything was sung, and the comedies were played in Russian. The Bulgarians had no difficulty in understanding that.

The Russians had a dispensary, and it was here that I came into the picture. The representative of the Red Cross, Solodovnikov, needed an aide of some kind, so I was appointed in that capacity. I screened visitors for him. Then I got in contact with the headquarters of the White army in Gallipoli and asked for an assignment and was appointed aide de camp to the military attache in Varna (a Colonel Bekhteev), and I started to earn a little money, 400 leva. It was only a small amount but still it contributed to our family needs. We all earned a little, mother as a teacher in the kindergarten. Then some of the Russians brought with them valuable things, and there were displays, for which we charged

money, and this money was used to help poor people. And there were concerts.

We in little Varna couldn't afford a newspaper, so we had what was called a spoken newspaper. Some very well known Russian journalists held a weekly meeting in the church attached to the Russian community hall. There, once a week, in the evening, all the Russian colony would gather together, and listen to that spoken newspaper. They collected certain news and shared it with us; it was very interesting.

Many lasting friendships were built at that time. For instance we became close to the Bostrev family. Mrs. Bostrev and three of her four sons came to Varna; I think they escaped from Sevastopol; her husband, former fleet admiral Bostrev had before World War I been commander in chief of the Black Sea Fleet. He had already managed to move to London, but she was stuck in Varna.

Our situation was very difficult; we didn't have any passports, so a special international refugee organization named after Fritjov Nansen, the famous arctic explorer, started to issue the so-called Nansen passports for refugees like us. That Nansen passport played an important role.

In Varna we found also our relatives Uncle Vladimir, whose son Andrei was killed in the hospital in the Caucasus, and George Onda. He was from the same gymnasium as I was, in Odessa, so he and I immediately became good friends with Theodore, Fedia, and

Bostrev, sons of Mrs. Bostrev. At that time Varna was frequented by American destroyers which were still coming into the Black Sea and going around to show the flag. And whenever an American destroyer called at the Port of Varna, the commanding officer and a couple of other officers of that destroyer, since they knew that the wife of a former fleet commander of the Black Sea, Mrs. Bostrem was living there, always called on her to pay their respects, for all of them knew of Bostrem from before the time of World War I. So we met some of the officers, especially Tania and her friend Olga, who spoke English all the time, and through them my English improved too.

Once we were invited to visit one of these destroyers and they threw a party for us; for Olga, my sister Tania, for me and a couple of other people. So we went aboard, and while the girls were flirting with the officers the commanding officer invited us young men to have tea. We were expecting something stronger and when he saw the expression on our faces he said 'Alright...' Actually it was a tea party on the destroyer for everybody, so tea was served beautifully on the open deck which was all sheltered with signal flags, and a little band playing Hawaiian music, and we danced and so forth. But we young men wanted to have something to drink then, so he said at one point 'You young men, gentlemen, I want you to come with me to my cabin. I want to show you some interesting pictures.' So we

went down to his cabin, and he locked the door. First of all he showed us a trophy, somewhere, I believe in Novorossiisk -- it was already in the hands of the Reds, but Americans were permitted to send a shore party -- they got drunk and managed to steal a Red flag, so he showed us that Red flag, with the hammer and sickle on it, which was stolen by his sailors in Novorossiisk. Then he opened his safe and with great precaution pulled out a bottle of whiskey. He had to keep that in the safe because it was not permitted to have any drinks on a naval vessel of the United States. Prohibition was already in effect at that time. Anyhow, we had a few drinks and when we came up to continue our dancing, we were in a completely different mood.

My sister and Olga developed a good friendship with two navy officers, and were for a long time in correspondence with them. Even when we moved to Yugoslavia that correspondence continued, and almost to the beginning of World War II. After Tania's death in Germany at the end of World War II, when I got some of her possessions, I was hoping to get her notebook with addresses, because I wanted to establish contact with these officers, because the youngest lieutenant in the American navy at that time, was by then probably in the age group of Admiral Halsey or Admiral Nimitz. However, unfortunately I never got that book, and I didn't remember the names of those two men, so that connection was lost.

Anyhow, in Varna I saw in microcosm the expansion of Russian culture in all directions, and in this respect life was pleasant. However, there were a few setbacks. Once my wound started to play up again and the infection I had once had in the French hospital flared up again in a very bad form. It spread out so that that red inflammation almost covered my left side and chest, and this affected my heart. For the third time my life was in danger. Of course the doctors tried to help but there were no antibiotics at that time and nothing that could dramatically help me. One evening my heart began to fail and I told father, 'I think I am dying.' He rushed out to a little coffee house across the street and brought back some Turkish coffee and a little glass of cognac as a stimulant. I recovered after that, but slowly, for that particular infection apparently affected my heart, and at times there were symptoms. Later, however, I recovered and began to forget about it.

Our financial position became critical because we had to move from where we lived to another place with a little higher rent. We sold whatever we had; small gold ornaments, pieces of gold, etc. And finally my father's most precious possession, the gold watch given to him by my uncle and aunt, the Gerassimov's before they departed from Odessa, was to be sold in case of crisis. It had been the Emperor's gift to my uncle and had a chronometer, chimes, a calendar, showed phases of the moon, and everything;

it was a very rare and expensive thing. So my father went to Mrs. Bostrev, showed her the watch and told her that our financial position was such that we had to sell it. She said she would try to help, and took the watch and kept it for a short while.

Meanwhile there was another interesting thing. A Professor Whitmore of Archeology from Harvard was doing some work on restoration of the former Saint Sophia mosque in Constantinople, and he had a few scholarships at his disposal which Harvard University at that time suggested that he open to some young White Russian officers. He made that offer to General Wrangel. And General Wrangel remembered me as a highly decorated officer, and that I had lost my arm, and spoke some English, and so the offer came to me through his military attache. I had to fill out some forms and the conditions were that I would go to the United States to be accepted in Harvard University to take a course in law, because there were no more other subjects possible and they would pay all my expenses and tuition until I graduated after three years, to be repaid within ten years.

Well it seems a very tempting assignment now, when you look at it in retrospect, however at that time we young Russian officers believed that our exile was only temporary, a passing shadow. We still believed that communism would collapse, because news was coming constantly of uprisings, and even the sailors in

Kronshtadt, the fortress facing Petrograd, had rebelled, and there were peasant uprisings everywhere, so we believed that one day our army would be called back and we would return to Russia.

Also, I had fallen in love, with the younger of two daughters of a General Dobrovolzheskii, and I hated to leave her. So, I rejected that offer. In retrospect, as I said, it sounds stupid, because I am sure that I would have graduated from Harvard Law School, probably in 1926 or 1928, and you can imagine the kind of career I would have had. However, it was probably a blessing in disguise, for if I had accepted that offer my future would have become entirely different.

Our financial situation became desperate,

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and we decided to sell the gold watch. Mrs. Bostrev said that she would sell it for us somehow through her American and British connections, and one day she said that she had sold it for sixty American dollars. That sounds like nothing today, but in that part of the world, in Bulgaria, the value of the dollar was so great that it was a very important amount of money and it saved us from near starvation. So we were quite happy, although we were sorry that we had lost the watch forever.

Here I interject an interesting continuation of that story. Many years after this watch was sold, when I was already in the

United States, married, and director of the Defense Language Institute, I travelled on a T D Y (temporary duty assignment) to Europe. There I learned that this Mrs. Bostrev, now an old lady, was living in a suburb of Paris, Neuilly. I had also spoken to her eldest son Theodore, whom we had known in Varna, and who was then living in Connecticut. He had told me "You know, that ~~that~~ ~~former~~ gold watch is still in the possession of my mother. She actually couldn't sell it, so she asked about the price and gave your father the money herself." When I visited Mrs. Bostrev in Paris and raised the question of the watch, she was furious. She said "No, in spite of the fact that I love you so much, almost like my son, I bought this watch. It helped you and your family in difficult times, and now it belongs to my family." Well I had to admit that she was right, so I forgot about ^{the} ~~that~~ watch; but I was sorry, feeling I had lost it forever. That was in 1962. Mrs. Bostrev died shortly after that, and the watch was left with her second son, Ivan, who also lived in Paris. Then in January 1975 I got a telephone call from her youngest son, Nicholas, in which he said that he and his wife and a couple of their friends would be passing through Pacific Grove and would like to see us. I remembered him as a little 5 year old boy; he had become an engineer and was established in Mexico. We were very pleased to hear from him and invited them to luncheon with us. When he came into our house he shook my hand, then reached

into his pocket and pulled out this famous gold watch, which I had not seen since 1920, and he said "This belongs to you and I thought you should have it." I was so touched, and so pleased and happy. I offered to pay him, but he said 'Oh no, it is just a little gift, long overdue.' After he left us I sent him a letter telling him how great it was of him, and what a beau geste it was by the Bostrevs, to return this watch.

This watch is being repaired now and I hope soon to see it repaired and hear the chimes, for it is a watch which shows everything -- the phases of the moon, it has a calendar showing the days of the week and month and all in Cyrillic alphabet, also a chronometer, and the chimes are unique in the respect that it has three-toned chimes, and when it chimes after you press a button it shows hours, quarters of hours and minutes. According to what I hear from people who know about such things, the value of the watch probably exceeds \$10,000 nowadays, ^{and it also ~~is~~} ~~plus because it~~ has historic value, ^{having been} ~~and was~~ presented by the Emperor of Russia, it probably would go much higher.

Now back to Varna. Once I was involved in a secret mission, as I always called it later on. One day a representative of the Red Cross in Varna called me into hush-hush conference and told me that I should carry a little package by train from Varna to Sofia, and deliver it to the military attache there, General Viazmitinov. They showed me what was in the package: three

beautiful pearls -- one white, one pinkish, and one bluish. I have never seen such a perfect set of pearls. I was told not to ask any questions but just to be sure that these pearls were delivered personally to General Viazmitinov in Sofia. They paid my transportation, and I took an overnight train and carried the pearls in my pocket. I certainly was not apt to attract the attention of thieves, but I realized that the value of these three pearls was tremendously high. So I went to Sofia, arriving there in the morning, and went to General Viazmitinov's office. He apparently had been alerted; he thanked me for the mission accomplished and then told his aide to see that I was taken to a good restaurant and shown around Sofia. Then I boarded the train and went back to Varna. I don't know the story of these pearls, or to whom they belonged; I presume they may have belonged to the crown jewels and were smuggled out of the Soviet Union.

Then I got involved with activities connected with the arrival of Russian troops from Gallipoli. The French and British authorities decided that the Russian army should be disbanded. They negotiated with the commander in chief of the Russian forces, General Wrangel, that part of the army would be sent through Varna to be resettled in Bulgaria, and a part in Yugoslavia. To pay for the cost of this resettlement and to support ~~the life~~ ~~of~~ the army personnel, General Wrangel had to sell all the ships

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions.

2. It is essential to ensure that all entries are dated and clearly describe the nature of the transaction.

3. Regularly reconciling the accounts helps to identify any discrepancies or errors early on.

4. Keeping receipts and supporting documents for all transactions provides a clear audit trail.

5. It is also important to review the records periodically to ensure they are up-to-date and accurate.

6. Finally, maintaining organized records makes it easier to prepare financial statements and tax returns.

7. In conclusion, proper record-keeping is a fundamental aspect of sound financial management.

8. By following these guidelines, you can ensure the accuracy and reliability of your financial records.

9. This will help you make informed decisions and maintain the financial health of your business.

10. Thank you for your attention, and please feel free to contact us if you have any questions.

11. We look forward to serving you and helping you achieve your financial goals.

that had belonged formerly to Russia and then to him as commander in chief of the armed forces of the Tsar. For instance the ship ALEKSEI MIKHAILOVICH, on which mother and I had been evacuated from Crimea, was sold to Yugoslavia. It was renamed the steamship DUBROBNIK, and became a regular passenger steamer plying the Adriatic Sea between the ports of Yugoslavia. And, as I mentioned, the remnants of the Russian navy which were captured in Bizerte were sold for scrap metal to the French. All this money was used to help the Russian emigres to settle down. However, ^{most} ~~the~~ majority of ^{the} men ^{had} ~~were forced~~ to go into the coal mines, and that was the beginning of a very difficult road for Russian emigres. Those with a knowledge of languages managed to get a better deal; ^{some} ~~^~~ managed to go to France. But again in France and Belgium initially they became taxi drivers or were working in coal mines and other mines. It was a hard beginning. Professional people fared better, particularly in the Balkans, because there was a need for their talents.

As far as I was concerned, along with my friends -- there were quite a few young men of my age in Varna at that time -- we began to unwind. After all the horrors of war, and all the bloody mess that we had gone through, we just wanted to live, and we lived it up. Wine was cheap, and we had the company of wonderful, beautiful girls, so we were flirting and drinking, ~~and so forth.~~

One day I was called by the military attache whose aide I was. He said that he had received a communication that soon the ships with the troops from Gallipoli would start arriving. There was a letter advising him to negotiate with the local Varna Bulgarian commandant the conditions under which the troops would disembark, and to which places they would be sent. Then there was a secret message received by him which said that according to the agreement the troops should not bring any weapons with them, but they were afraid that if they were completely disarmed they might not feel as strong as they should, because at that time communist uprisings had started everywhere in the Balkans, and in Bulgaria in particular. So we were asked to see how an arrangement could be made so that some of the rifles, machine guns and ammunition could be smuggled ashore during the disembarkation. It was a very delicate task but fortunately I had managed to learn Bulgarian in a very short time, and I spoke it almost like a Bulgarian, and our counterpart in negotiations in Varna was a certain Major Popov, a graduate of the Russian General Staff Academy, who was sympathetic to the Russians and also cognizant of the danger of communism for his country. So one day during the session of figuring out how the disembarkation would proceed, after all the other Bulgarian officers had left, I came to him with Colonel Bekhteev, military attache in Varna, who had difficulties talking in Bulgarian, and I told him "Listen, you

know the danger of communism for your country. Now the Russian anti-communist forces are arriving here. We know that according to the arrangement between the French and British high commands and your country the troops have to be completely disarmed. However, do you think that will be in the interest of your country? Don't you think that the moment could come that you might enlist the support of our White troops to fight the communists in your country?"

He was kind of reluctant to give us a straight answer. He said "You know our treaty or agreement demands the strict observation of that, no bringing arms into Bulgaria, but I will certainly try not to be too particular if you manage to smuggle these weapons so that it cannot be observed by anyone outside."

So we said we would try to do our best in this respect. When the ships came from Constantinople to Bulgaria Colonel Bekhteev and I went aboard with the representative of the high command. The commanding general, General Kutepov, and his staff were there, and we told him exactly what Major Popov told us: they could smuggle weapons but it should be done in such a way that no one could think that it was weapons. It was decided to bundle bunches of rifles into blankets, and then wrap these in tarpaulin, pretending that they contained regular supplies. So the order was given on all the ships to wrap up the weapons, and finally the moment of disembarkation came. At the entrance to

the port where the troops disembarked stood Major Popov and two other Bulgarian officers. It so happened that I knew these two other officers quite well because among other things I was their teacher in fencing. They had good fencing equipment but lacked good instruction, so I used to go twice a week to the Bulgarian officers' club in Varna and teach fencing. We became friendly and I used to go to drink with them, etc. So I was standing with them and trying to distract these young officers' attention whenever I saw a bundle being smuggled out. Colonel Bekhteev was trying to engage Major Popov in conversation, but Major Popov knew what was going on.

So we managed to bring off all the weapons that were needed. Then the troops were taken to the trains waiting in the Varna stations for transport to various places for resettlement. Initially they were resettled as organized units, but gradually they started to be invited to work in the fields, in the mines, etc. and the army started to disintegrate.

By that time the former Imperial Guard battalion had disembarked too, and since I was assigned to that battalion I had to report to the senior officer of the Izmailovskii detachment and was ordered by him to proceed immediately with the battalion to the interior of Bulgaria where the battalion was stationed. So I asked Colonel Bekhteev for leave of absence, said goodbye to my family, and went with the troops. I lived there about six

months and then got permission to return to my duty as aide to the attache.

In August 1922 communist influence in Bulgaria had increased tremendously. Power was taken over by Prime Minister Stambouliski who had good connections with the Soviets, and to my disgust he invited even some representatives of the Soviet military forces who stayed in one of the hotels in Varna. Our situation -- that of the White officers -- became very precarious. I was wearing my uniform when on duty.

My good friend in Varna was the son of the British consul general, and the young consul general of Yugoslavia, at that time called the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. He was well educated and I brought him into our group. He was spending his time flirting with the Russian girls and having a wonderful time in our company.

One day there was a solemn service in the local cathedral because it was King Boris' birthday, and all military representatives were called to attend. When I was walking there I met a Russian lady who said, 'Don't go there.'

'Why?' I asked.

She said 'The Bulgarian gendarmerie and the Soviet military representatives are arresting Russian officers. You must go into hiding.'

What will I do? I thought. So I rushed to the home of

Mrs. Bostrev and her brother. Her son was sent to our home to bring me civilian clothes and I took off my uniform. He also brought a suitcase in which I stored my uniform. My parents and sister came. I decided to go to the Yugoslav consul, to my friend, and he said 'Alright, although I have no authority to do so I will give you a Yugoslav passport with a visa which will permit you to escape from Bulgaria to Yugoslavia. Stay with me here in the consulate; nobody will touch you here. Bring your cases here and I will take you to the train and you will be safely on your way there.'

Some other Russians were also escaping at that time to Yugoslavia.

I took the train, saying goodbye to my parents, and we crossed the border at a place called Tsaribrod, where representatives of the military attache in Yugoslavia, General Patotski, were waiting.

After I fled, there was a change of government in Bulgaria. Under the pro-communist government of Stambouliski the Communists were riding high and making difficulties for the White Russian units. The organization of Bulgarian patriots and particularly the organization of veterans were very much concerned about the Stambouliski government, so they organized an uprising and asked the Russian troops now scattered throughout Bulgaria to help them. Here the rifles and machine guns that we managed to bring



into Bulgaria from the ships played an important role. There was an uprising against the pro-Red Communist government of Stambouliski and the power was seized by the patriotic Bulgarians with the help of Russian units. It is said that even Stambouliski himself was killed by a Russian bullet. It was probably the last bullet fired from a Russian rifle against a pro-communist leader in that struggle of Whites against Reds.

The situation in Yugoslavia was quite different. King Alexander had himself been educated in Russia, and Yugoslavia owed her existence to Imperial Russia, so the Russians still had the Embassy, the military attache, everything, and were helped very generously by the Yugoslav government. So I came to Belgrade. I had no money, except a little I was given on which to eat, but didn't have enough to go to a hotel or anywhere else, so the first few nights on the generous offer of the military attache, General Patotskii, I slept at night on the desks in his offices. During the day I just walked around the city. Well, soon I found some friends there; I found friends from the past in Russia who knew my family etc. and gradually things began to look a little brighter. Finally I was given a little room. Actually it was a room for a servant in the apartments of the Russian doctor. It had a bed and was located next to the kitchen. Then I got a job selling books and newspapers in the evening hours at the entrance to a Russian restaurant, on commission. That was enough to keep body and soul together. I used

to wear a raincoat over my officer's uniform while selling the books in that little kiosk, then at a certain hour when I was supposed to close the shop, I would take off my raincoat and again become a young officer and then I would enter the restaurant for a little snack and glass of vodka. The restaurant became well known not only among the Russians there, but was frequented by representatives of various embassies because of the excellence of its food, its balalaika orchestra and gaiety. There I made the acquaintance of many members of the foreign colony in Belgrade, particularly with the British, Americans and Poles.

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Although I would have many crises in my life later on, that was probably the most difficult time of my life. I was on my own, without the love and support of my family. I had gradually learned to get along with only one arm with their aid, but now on departure for Yugoslavia I was alone, penniless, and couldn't do any physical job, so I had to adapt and train myself how to survive.

First of all, I needed money. I started to earn a little bit selling books and newspapers in a kiosk, but that couldn't buy more than a little food. Shelter was precarious. First I spent a few nights on the desks of the military attache and then obtained shelter in the servant's room in the house of a doctor

who had managed already to establish himself in Belgrade, but it was all very shaky, and temporary.

At the same time I had to go to the university. And that was both an important step in my life and my financial salvation, because as a Russian student I was admitted free and I had the right to get a stipend.

I didn't have any documents, so in the short span of time before classes started my father managed to get me a certificate signed by a former principal of the gymnasium which I had attended in Odessa, who lived in Bulgaria and knew me quite well, so he gave me a certificate in lieu of the diploma, which I had lost.

Another man famous among Russian emigres, Prof. Spektorskii, was a professor at the University of Belgrade. He countersigned the certificate given by the former principal of my gymnasium, so I had a valid document for entrance to the university and was admitted to the faculty of law. It was an 8 semester, 4 year program. It was slightly different from an American law school; the entire ^UUniversity program was devoted to nothing but law.

Prof. Spektorskii was a very well known law professor. As a youth he was a friend of my father and they both graduated from law school at the University of Warsaw. He was one year younger than my father. So with his help I got into university. That was an important factor because it entitled me to live in student

dorms.

The dormitories were only provided for the Russian students. There was a special commission established by the Yugoslav government, on order of King Alexander; the Russo-Serbian Commission for Aid to Russian Refugees. This commission functioned in conjunction with the office of the former ambassador to Yugoslavia, who retained his ambassadorial status, because at that time Yugoslavia didn't recognize the Bolshevik regime. So that commission was located on the territory of the former Russian Embassy. A special building was erected there which included offices of that commission and also a theater and gymnasium for sports activities; it was a wonderful gift to the Russians by the Yugoslav government and people. Well that commission took care of the needs of all the Russian refugees, particularly people like me, who were disabled during the war, and students. There were several dormitories scattered through the Belgrade area. I got into a dormitory, which strangely enough was located in the barracks of the Yugoslav gendarmerie. So on the upper floor there were gendarmes, and on the lower floor were the students. We had a little restaurant there which was a kind of self-governed operation -- the commission provided some funds for food.

The most important thing was that as an army officer, and invalid, I was getting a stipend of 400 dinars, so I was getting a little more than other army students at the university. Alto-

gether I was getting about 600 dinars. It was not enough to live on. It was only about \$20. But it provided us with food, that was the main thing. We couldn't afford to buy clothing though. That was a critical item with me and many other people; we all kept our army uniforms. When I got photographed for a student ID card I was photographed as a young Russian officer with all my decorations and everything.

We lived in these dormitories divided into various rooms and it was a Bohemian existence. Some people didn't have enough to wear if they were invited somewhere, so we were sometimes sharing with each other, jackets and so forth. We were eating very simple foods in these dorms, mostly macaroni with ground beef, Russian cutlets -- a kind of hamburger -- etc. We were getting only one meal a day; the others we prepared ourselves in the rooms by getting milk, making hot cereal~~s~~, etc.

The other thing was, fortunately, by the time I enrolled in the university I discovered that there were in Belgrade lots of former friends whom I knew from Russia, or people who knew me through my parents, etc. So very frequently in the evenings I was invited out to dinner, and that helped a lot because it was food, and the people who were inviting us young officer students knew that they were helping us with our food. But the clothing situation was very bad. My boots were ruined completely so I reached a point where I was wearing shoes with leggings which

looked like boots. My shoes were so worn that water had started to come in from rain and snow. I was desperate; I couldn't get money anywhere, and then a little miracle happened. I couldn't get enough money even for a streetcar, and I was in full despair. Then, when I was walking along the long Milosoverikov Street, returning from a little party of some friends and acquaintances, I saw there was money scattered along the streetcar track, so I walked along that track picking up bills. By the time I had finished that walk I had just enough money to buy a pair of shoes. Somebody had apparently lost that money while hanging on the streetcar. My position was such that I ~~just~~ went ^{straight} to the store and bought myself a pair of shoes.

Besides the friends who were inviting me, there were many Russian organizations, primarily military organizations. First of all there were the former officers of the Izmailovskii regiment to which I was accepted. Some of them had come to Belgrade much earlier and invited me to their apartments. And there were other organizations. We gathered first in a cheap Russian restaurant, and then a little officers' club was organized and we gathered there. So that was an outlet for me because I couldn't afford to eat practically anything; I would order a little hors d'oeuvre and one shot of vodka and that was all. But gradually I learned how to manage myself with one arm, and that was important. I learned how to tie my shoelaces. At that time I didn't

have a tie, as I was still wearing my uniform. Only going to the university I would take off my epaulettes and insignia and go in uniform without any insignia.

The faculty of law had a unified curriculum. It was mandatory for all students, and there were no electives, no majors or secondary subjects, and no division between undergraduate and graduate subjects. Completion of this kind of European university studies was equivalent to some graduate work in the American university.

These were the subjects: First of all there was the encyclopedia of law or general theory of law: Roman law, criminal law, civil law, administrative law, commercial, constitutional, inheritance, financial law, and medicine in criminology, the latter an interesting subject presented to the university by a former friend of my father, Senator Tregubov. There was political economy, contracts, corporations, civil process, criminal process, the constitution of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, universal history, statistics, and church law.

Fortunately, attendance at lectures was not mandatory and actually was not necessary. What was necessary was to be sure that each professor knew your face, so you made a point of attending a few of his lectures, and came after lectures with certain questions and so forth. All lectures were published in typewritten and printed materials. There were ^{very few} ~~certain~~ books.

~~but very few.~~ The Yugoslav government had started to function only two years before, and professors were writing their own texts and then duplicating them and distributing them to their students, so actually my study of law coincided with my study of the language. I came without a knowledge of Serbo-Croatian, so I profited most from sitting in the dormitories and studying the papers. That gave me time to go around at will, with the exception of seminars, which were mandatory. We had to attend the seminars and pass the tests, at the end of which we had to present to each professor our individual student record and obtain his signature in order to be qualified to continue the course. Here it was important that the professor knew you; he looked at you, checked your record and signed. That is how it was done there. Subjects had to be taken in groups of three. I was exposed to that only one year and then they changed that rule and then the subjects were examined individually. Attendance of seminars was mandatory because your stipend from the Russian military command depended upon your success in the school.

Russian intellectual community life in Belgrade flourished, but I could participate in it only so far as it did not demand expenditure of money, which I didn't have. Of course a Russian church was immediately organized. The first services were held in a big tent while the church was being built. There were lots of high hierarchy of the church there. A Holy Synod in exile

was organized and resided about 50 miles away in a place called Srbskii Karlovtsy, the ~~site~~^{seat} of the Serbian patriarch, so he gave a certain monastery as the site of that Synod. Most of them I knew, since I was evacuated on the steamer which carried most of this hierarchy out of Russia.

The ballet was exclusively under the guidance of Russians; Russian singers were in Belgrade opera and other operas. Russian gymnasia (high schools plus the equivalent of 2 years of junior college) opened. They were for boys and girls. Then they opened a kindergarten. So there was a lot going on.

There were some very famous people living in Belgrade at that time. Anna Pavlovna lived there and I was privileged to meet her through acquaintance with the Poliakov family. Poliakova was a famous ballerina who was at the head of the ballet school of the Belgrade theater. Then the famous Russian basso, Feodor Chaliapin, once came to Belgrade to give a concert. For that purpose I managed to save some money and attended that magnificent concert at the state opera.

There were many famous Russian military leaders of World War I in Belgrade. Some of them received a salary from the Yugoslav kingdom's foreign service in recognition of their service in World War I, which actually broke out to save the Serbs from the Austrian onslaught.

Chapter 36 Scenario VI

Here I will name some important people who passed through Belgrade at that time and left a trace in the history not only of Russia but of World War I and the Revolution. I know that these people whom I am going to mention will sometime belong to a legend of the old past and may present interest for future historians, because some historians like that kind of individual accounts of unimportant people like me, for composing comprehensive history of these turbulent times. The history of the battle of Waterloo, for instance, was ~~sup~~plemented by the accounts of young officers in the British and French armies or in the army of General Blucher which gave to history an interesting personalized angle.

For me as a student, life in Belgrade was a constant struggle for survival. As I said, I had my military uniform and that was all. To buy clothing was absolutely impossible, because I was getting about 600 dinars, or less than \$20 a month, from which I had to buy food and other essentials at a time when a civilian suit cost probably 1500 dinars. So it was impossible; I would have had to stop eating for three or four months to buy myself a suit.

I had difficulties at first in university because I didn't know the language, but fortunately Serbo-Croatian is very close

to Russian, particularly in its grammatical structure. And being young, with the highest motivation, by simply reading the text materials and talking with my colleagues and students, I learned the language very fast, so that toward the end of my studies I was able to correct the works of my Yugoslav fellow students. Strangely enough, by constant exposure I learned the language without ever opening a grammar book. By reading and talking with my friends, the structure of the language became evident to me through that process of reading, and I developed a good style in writing. I was also complimented because I learned the language without an accent, unlike most of the Russians, who couldn't speak it without retaining the heavy Russian accent. But I managed to learn it cold without an accent, and on many an occasion when talking to people I had not known before they asked 'Oh did you come from Slovenia or Croatia?' They detected a little difference, but since Yugoslavia was composed of a number of nationalities, there were dialect diversities, so that if you spoke a relatively neutral language it wasn't necessarily the purest Serbian, or Croatian. So no one could detect if I was a foreigner; they only knew they couldn't determine from what part of Yugoslavia I actually came. It was very flattering and of course helped me in my work in the university and later on.

Again I go into parentheses and tell another story of the beginning of my life in Belgrade. A certain Russian colonel

whom I knew from the Izmailovskii guard battalion got the representation of a French firm from Paris: Pech Majeu. He asked me to be his sub-agent. He was probably getting 10% and I was to get half of that. He was handling prestigious Mumm Champaigne and the liqueur Cointreau, so I was selling that, and also shoe polish, and savon dentifrice, soap for cleaning teeth -- at that time very modern in western Europe -- ^{it was used} instead of toothpaste, ^{and came} not in tubes but in little containers, like soap. I was working on selling these things in my free time and gained quite a few customers. I was particularly successful in selling champaigne and cointreau. I probably violated all the rules of commerce because I actually offered my customers a 1% reduction of the established price. Now in the U.S. I know that that is in violation of the rules of commerce, but at that time I didn't know anything about that. But they were certainly inclined to buy champaigne from me rather than from other people. And remember it was the gay '20's at that time, not only in the United States but all over Europe, including the Balkans, so American tunes, jazz, and the Charleston were played everywhere in the nightclubs, and there were many nouveau riche in Yugoslavia who were showing off by ordering French champaigne. So I was selling French champaigne to the nightclubs. Here in the U.S. we know only one variety of Mumm champaigne -- Cordon Rouge -- but at that time I was selling a variety of it. There was Cordon Rouge, Cordon Vert (o' green

ribbon) and Goute Americaine (American taste) and Carte Blanche, or white. The names indicated whether they were very dry or less so. Green was sweeter, and was considered to be mostly for ladies. Extra dry or sec was Goute Americaine; less dry was Cordon Rouge.

I also became friendly with the boot polishers who were scattered around Belgrade at the entrances to theaters, at movie houses, etc., and they evidently sympathized with my position, so they were buying their shoe polish from me. At that time it was a tradition, not like nowadays, to have your shoes always shining. So shoe polish was also a good source of income. But that didn't last very long. The former colonel lost his representation from France and that was the end of that enterprise too and this source of income dried up. However, through it I got to know lots of people.

Meanwhile, the family of General Dobrovolskii came and settled in Belgrade. As I mentioned before I was seriously in love with the younger daughter; there were two charming girls, well educated with a high degree of sophistication: they spoke beautiful French, they had good taste in clothing, etc. They were fortunate enough to be in better financial position than I was. General Doborvolskii, upon arrival, was immediately invited by the Yugoslav war ministry to start working there, so he was getting a good salary. Then the older daughter got a position

in the Franco-Serbian Bank, as she spoke perfect French. My sweetheart, Natalie, or Nadia, didn't work at that time, and Dobrovolskii's house was open house for all friends; there were gatherings and we were invited to weekend dinners, and there were many other young people coming there because they liked the company of these girls as well as I did. One of the friends was the son of General Sannikov, who had been a commanding general of Odessa. He came also to live in Belgrade and I met him, and his son was my very dear friend. He liked Nadia very much and several years after my love affair with Nadia, he married her. As a poor student and invalid with very bleak prospects of earning good money, I couldn't think of marriage at that time.

There were many Russian restaurants, at least a dozen of them, and some people opened restaurants and eating places in their own houses, which helped them solve their food problem. There were some delightful hostesses who were helping people like me and providing us with expensive food, and even here sometimes I couldn't pay for the food and they would extend me a credit until the amount reached a certain point and they would say 'No, no more until you pay what you owe us.' There were many Russian credit unions, so I would borrow some money to pay that and then go to another union to borrow money to pay the first one; it was a very unpleasant time. However it was modified by the fact that there were so many fine people among whom I was

circulating. We had the most wonderful talks, sometimes into the late hours, on problems of philosophy, on music. I had a good friend who was an accomplished pianist. He was, by the way, very much in love with the older Dobrovolskii sister, Irene. It was he who introduced me to Scriabin, with whose music I was not then familiar. So it was a strange life, with extreme poverty on one side, and a very high intellectual and social life on the other. It was a difficult but at the same time most wonderful time of my life. Spiritually and intellectually it was a very rich life, and this was a phenomenon of the Russian emigration. The cream of the Russian intelligentsia had managed to escape from the Soviet massacre and settle abroad.

Chapter 37 Scenario VI

In my narrative I have dwelt too long upon the general conditions prevailing during my first years of immigration in Belgrade, rather than registering in chronological sequence the flow of events involving me and affecting my life. But this is unavoidable, because without these background notes on the conditions in which the Russian emigrants were living, without describing the forces that motivated and influenced the behavior of the Russians in their first years of exile it would be hard for me to tell my personal story. After all, I was a part of this emigre community and there is no doubt that at my age in

those years, the early 20's, my outlook and my life philosophy were greatly influenced and affected by the interplay of forces prevailing among the Russian emigre groups and the ideological aspects of those times affecting growth of my inner self.

I was continuing to be very seriously involved in anti-communist political activities. My blood boiled at the outrageous news coming from Russia at that time, 1922; at the incredible specter of the dehumanization of the people of Russia, the destruction of cultural and historical monuments, of the thousand years of the glorious past of Russia and the terrible terror which continued to reign in the land of my ancestry. We learned in exile of the hundreds of thousands of people being tortured and killed in the Crimea after we, the soldiers of the White Army were forced to leave Russia in November 1920. We heard of mass uprisings of peasants in many regions of central Russia and Siberia. The peasants resented their new masters because they didn't give them the new land they promised and forced them into communes which they detested. These uprisings were brutally suppressed by Red Army units under the guidance of the Cheka, the progenitor of the present-day KGB. And the Cheka was headed by the very sinister character, of Polish descent, Dzhefzhinskii, who was also acting on orders of Lenin and Trotskii. The sailors of the fortress of Kronstadt, which is located in the bay of Finland, protecting the Russian capital Petrograd, who were con-

sidered the most loyal force of the Bolshevik Revolution, had revolted too, and were ~~BE~~ annihilated by a larger force of Red Army units. The Red terror continued to reign everywhere in Russia and whole groups or whole classes of the population were the target of that terror -- again the former officers, former members of the police force, judges, some professors, and the clergy. The idea of Bolsheviks at that time were to try to destroy the best brains of the country who could possibly be heading opposition.

All these atrocities occurring in Russia were well known to the rest of the world, but Russia's former allies, near-sighted and self-content after the victory of World War I, were not interested in what happened in Russia. They didn't listen to us, the White Army warriors, but fell under the spell of pro-communist propaganda. They considered us as wealthy aristocrats who had fled from Russia because we were unhappy with the new government which took from us our lands and money and deprived us of a life of luxury at the expense of the poor muzhiks. How far they were from the real truth, and how stupid they were in that concept, because not too many really wealthy landlords had escaped from Russia -- most of them perished, and we, certainly not I, didn't belong to this wealthy class. My father was a judge, and we lived on his salary.

Communism was slowly spreading throughout the world, and

there were communist uprisings in Germany, France, Italy, and Greece. In the United States the Communist party began to grow very strong and influential.

Looking back to those times now, I am convinced that my super-active life of intellectual involvement, curiosity and ideology was a sub-conscious manifestation of something inside of me which was striving to compensate for my physical disability. I was burning with all these problems of political, philosophical and moral issues. I was a voracious reader of everything I would get; I read a tremendous number of books at that time. In spite of the fact that I didn't have much time, I was reading a very diversified fare, the spectrum of books in philosophy and history, in three languages. Most of this was in Russian of course; there was a tremendous number of Russian books available in the libraries. One of the first things that Russian emigres opened at that time were libraries. Then I was reading English books, at that time popular on the continent, books published in Leipzig, the so-called Tauschnitz editions. And of course I was reading in Serbo-Croatian. Their literature was not very rich, however I read some books on folklore and learned about the South Slavs. All that was a pleasant experience, on a background of financial crisis and the misery of everyday life and struggle for daily bread. This word misery that I have used is probably too strong; it only describes my

financial situation, which objectively was not very good. It was a miserable life as far as conditions of food, lodging and so forth were concerned; I never had enough money for anything; I was sometimes hungry, but it didn't matter -- otherwise, spiritually and socially, I lived a very full and enjoyable life, with many friends.

Today it would be apropos to make a reference to when this recording is being made. Today is 4 April 1975, and as I am making this I have to refer to events that are going on right now. Our involvement in Southeast Asia is apparently coming to an end; Cambodia is apparently in the hands of the Khmer Rouge. Congress has refused to sanction payment of \$100 million to the South Vietnamese government. President Ford warns of the effect of withdrawal on other nations of Southeast Asia, and calls the plight of the refugees trying to escape South Vietnam "a great human tragedy".

Now with my experience this "great human tragedy" and the domino theory fits in with my own experience. The first piece of that domino fell down at the end of the Russian civil war, when we, the anti-communist Russians, the White Russian army, were completely abandoned by our allies, our great allies, and were forced to abandon the Crimea under the most terrible conditions. There were not enough vessels to accomodate all the people who wanted to flee, and that was "a great human tragedy".

Only human memory is short; President Ford and his cabinet members don't remember that time. But I remember, and to me it was a great human tragedy when the anti-communist Russians who couldn't get on the ships in the Crimea were killed by the Red forces, and Russia was seized by the communists. It was the first domino to fall, and after that followed all the history of communist successes in the world, seizure of many other countries, and what we have now. Fighting the Viet Cong in Viet Nam was like fighting world communism by proxy. We didn't dare to fight Red China, which stood behind the Viet Cong, or the Soviet Union, which helped North Viet Nam, so we only helped the anti-communist forces in South Viet Nam. But it is very hard to fight the forces behind which stand the two largest, strongest communist nations in the world, Red China and the Soviet Union, with a population of a billion people, almost one third of the world's population. And who let these forces grow so powerful and dangerous? The western world. The western world did not want to listen to the first anti-communists who came out of Russia full of stories of terror and who asked for nothing except financial support so that they could find and destroy communism at its very conception. We were so close to Moscow that if only help had been extended at that time, Russia, the first domino, would not have tumbled down.

My closest friend in Belgrade at that time was George Orda,

who was with me in Odessa gymnasium and whom I later met in Varna for a short time, and then again in Belgrade. This friendship was really a lasting one. He visited us once in Pacific Grove, and I visited him in Germany, where he lives now.

Orda was successful from the very start, for the following reasons. His father was director of the Kiev branch of the Imperial State Bank and it so happened that his branch was assigned to handle all the financial transactions for struggling Serbia and Nikola Pasich, the prime minister of Serbia. At the time we were in Yugoslavia, he was one of the men who were dealing with Orda while he was still in Kiev, so when the Orda family came to Belgrade, and Orda's father went to see Nikola Pasich, he immediately gave him a good job in the Yugoslav National Bank so his career was secure. My friend George Orda, with the recommendation of this powerful prime minister Pasich, got a job in the commercial bank, at a good salary; his older sister was also employed by a French company, so the family had sufficient income and could live better than most of the Russian refugees. Well I must say that they were very kind, and I ~~was~~ ^t spending lots of time in their apartment. I remember that my first civilian clothes were hand-me-downs from George Orda; he had graduated to fancier attire but he gave me his first one, which was actually made out of khaki. It was military material, but was shaped like a sports jacket and pants, and I had only to take it to a tailor to make

adjustments so that it would fit me. That was my first civilian attire.

While I worked at the university and lived in the student dorms, I was very much concerned about my parents and sister who still lived in Bulgaria and who were writing rather desperate letters about conditions there. They had no money; the money that they had got for that famous gold watch was almost coming to an end. My father didn't get much as a librarian, and my mother as a teacher in the Russian kindergarten also couldn't get enough money for living. So their situation was very precarious and they were thinking of coming to Belgrade, where there were possibilities for both mother and my sister Tania to get better jobs.

That was an involved thing because I didn't have enough money to pay initially for an apartment but I was thinking of borrowing money and bringing them in. However, in 1924 a big event in the family took place. In the summer of that year my parents were celebrating the 25th anniversary of their wedding -- their silver wedding anniversary -- and I was determined to go to Varna and spend some time with them. Of course again there was the matter of money; I managed to get a loan from the Russian credit union, and as an invalid I managed to get a railroad ticket at half price because Russian war invalids were treated the same way as the Serbians. So I went to Varna and spent a

couple of wonderful weeks with the family. This event of our family being together on our parents' silver anniversary is recorded on one of the photos that I still possess.

My father was now very frail; the experience in the Cheka prison in Odessa had ruined his health; he was a different man, who couldn't even work hard anymore. As I said before, being exposed to the threat of being executed every night for several months and seeing his best friends being taken away and shot, had broken him spiritually. So Father couldn't work; and we were very concerned about his health. Well, it was a wonderful reunion and I came back encouraged at seeing my family and happily lived through 1926 when I graduated from the university and started looking for a job.

Chapter 28 Scenario VI

I didn't get my diploma from the university at that time because the federal tax was 400 dinars. I didn't have that money, so instead of that I just got a little statement from the university, which was as good as a fancy diploma, saying that I had successfully completed the course in the law school.

There were many jobs open, particularly in the Yugoslav government, but you had to find some kind of pull to get you in. But, by golly, I got that pull. We Russians gathered after church services, particularly, and I heard someone mention the

name fon-Lang. [I said, "Wait a second,"] "fon-Lang? I have an uncle by that name!"

'Really?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Well, do you know that the former Mrs fon-Lang, the widow of a guard officer fon-Lang is wife of the present minister of the Royal court in Belgrade, Nenadich?'

'Impossible,' I said. 'I have to see that.'

But I learned that it was true, so I gathered courage, found their number in the telephone book and called that number and asked for Mrs. Nenadich. When I identified myself as Albov and told her that her first husband, Colonel fon-Lang, who was killed during World War I, was my uncle, she was quite excited and said "Oh, how wonderful! Why don't you come to see us . . . ?" and she gave the address and said "Come for supper on such and such day." I thanked her very much, but the trouble was that I didn't have proper attire to put on. So I turned to friends, one of whom lent me his white shirt, another one his tie, another some more decent shoes, another his striped pants, and even a black jacket, so that I really looked out of this world, possibly a bit ridiculous; but it was alright, I was going to visit a minister of the royal court. So I went to see them. Mr. Nenadich was very much impressed that I was speaking fluent Serbo-Croatian, and I spoke Russian with ^{his wife.} ~~her~~. She told me that

she had been widowed in Novorossiisk, south Russia. Mr. Nenadich was at that time the Serbian consul there and they met and were married.

Well, looking at me he apparently realized that I needed a job, because I told him I had just completed studies at the university. He said, "You need a job." "Yes," I said, "very badly." "Oh," he said, "it's no problem, I'll get you a job. Here is my card." And he presented me with his calling card, with its very impressive title, Minister of the Royal Court of Yugoslavia. On the back he wrote: "The bearer of this card, Alexander Albov, is a relative of my wife, and therefore I ask you to get him a position in your administration." And that was addressed to the director of the Belgrade office of the Yugoslav railroad administration.

Well, after dinner was over I thanked them very much and next day I dashed to the railroad administration and asked to see the director. Looking at me, the secretary said, "Oh I don't think he can see you today; you need an appointment; he is a very busy man." Then I pulled out that card and showed it to her, and you should have seen the change. Suddenly everybody jumped up and said "Oh, please sit down! just a second; the director will probably see you right now!" The secretary rushed me to the director's office and the man came out himself holding that card in his hand. "Oh," he said, "so you are a relative of

Mrs. Nenadić; I am glad to meet you. He says that you would like to get a job; you will have it, come to my office." I went into his office; he picked up his telephone, called someone and said "I am sending to you a young fellow, just graduated from law school. Please take him into your office, it is already approved by me; send me a routine letter; I would like him to be employed immediately."

It was again like a little miracle; I forgot initially of course that I didn't have at that time Yugoslav citizenship; therefore I couldn't be made a permanent employee; it was a temporary position, but I was getting 30 dinars a day. I was put into an office, initially my job was very dull; I had to sit and figure out the quantity of oil used by the engines on the railroad in certain areas, etc., to figure out the premium to be paid to those engineers who saved oil, etc. Later on they moved me into the legal office and assigned me to the social security branch of the railroad administration which was located separately together with the little hospital and dispensary, etc. I was very glad because it was a very nice job I got there; they made me an investigator of railroad accidents. My task was actually to follow up the accidents that happened to railroad personnel. I was not interested in the passengers, that was for someone else. I got a magic card -- a railroad pass -- which permitted me to use any kind of rolling stock to move when an accident happened

anywhere within the jurisdiction of the Belgrade railroad administration. It was a very interesting and exciting job; I was frequently called from various places and had to go there by the first available train, and sometimes by locomotive; I investigated on the spot the circumstances by which railroad personnel were wounded or killed, and had to establish whether the injury or death were caused during performance of their duties, whether there was an element of gross negligence involved, etc. And then I prepared a report, ^{and did} ~~carried out~~ all the necessary paper work, including a draft of a decision for awarding a pension for disabled people or to the families of the deceased. ¶ Some interesting things happened to me in these travels. One such experience I have described in a little article, which tells of what happened to me during one of my investigations, ^{that} /of a railroad accident which ~~had occurred~~ outside of Belgrade.

ORIENT EXPRESS

Prologue

Everyone who lived or traveled in Europe before World War II knew that fabulous train which linked Western Europe with the Balkans and the Near East and which was called the ^{Simplon}/Orient Express.

The train was composed of only first-class sleepers - dark blue carriages with an inscription in gold which read, in French, "Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits et des Grands Express Europeens." On the side of each car there was attached a small white board showing its destination. It was "London - Istanbul" when the train was Eastbound and "Istanbul - London" when Westbound.

In all countries through which it passed the Express always had number one priority. All other trains had to wait on the side tracks until it thundered by majestically like a blue bolt through the big and small stations where stationmasters in their red topped duty caps stood at attention and saluted it.

The Express was a train of wealth, glamour, international intrigues, mystery, and romance. There was luxurious deep carpeting in its corridors and compartments; dark mahogany wood paneling on its inside walls and doors; glittering bronze railings and doorknobs; and the always present faint scent of expensive French perfumes and cigars. It had the best cuisine in the world and only the best wines were served in its dining cars.

The description of the train would not be complete without a few words about its car attendants - those clean-shaven polite men, dressed

in semi-military brown uniforms with tight tunics with brass buttons, and visored caps. They spoke practically every European language. Who were those men? It was rumored that sometimes young general staff officers of certain European countries managed to spend their tour of duty on the train, hidden behind assumed names and brown tunics. There were also some young members of the vanishing European aristocracy who got jobs on the Orient Express. I knew personally a German baron and a Russian count who served on the train.

As in the French Foreign Legion so in the service of the Orient Express - they did not ask your real name when they hired you; they demanded of you only loyalty, courteous service and discreetness.

Now a few words about its passengers.

Probably the most characteristic single thing about the Orient Express passengers was that most of them pretended not to be what they really were. Whether they were throwing around "hot" money or spending secret funds of an intelligence service or were on expense accounts, or even using their own money - no one could tell. Kings, diplomats, as well as prime ministers, traveled incognito on the great train.

And the women of the Orient Express! They were as fabulous as the train itself. Who were they? Members of the European royalty? Famous courtesans? Mata Haris? Unattached adventuresses? I don't know. They were dressed in the most exquisite latest Paris fineries, expensive furs; some of them wore diamonds almost as big as those in the Crown jewelry case in the Tower of London.

I Board the Train

For all practical purposes I did not belong to any category of the passengers which I described above. I was not rich, international intrigues did not interest me and I did not have access to any secret funds or an expense account. I was just a young bachelor, fresh from law school and holding a Yugoslav government job which paid just enough to keep my soul and body together, but I had an advantage over many other young men. I worked for the Railroad Administration, and my work as investigator of railroad accidents thrust into my hands a most precious piece of slick cardboard - a free railroad ticket which entitled me to use, in the performance of my duties, anything that rolled on wheels on the railroad tracks, beginning with a handcar and ending with the express trains.

In connection with my work I had the opportunity to travel on the Orient Express, but usually just short distances during the day, and had a chance to observe that unique institution and its transient inhabitants while modestly sipping coffee in the dining car.

One morning in the summer of 1928, a telephone call in my Belgrade office informed me that there was a smashup of freight trains at Lapovo, a small station about halfway between Belgrade and Nish. In 20 minutes I was in a train. The whole matter was a routine one. I arrived at the destination in the afternoon, spent the rest of the day going through details of the train accident, visited two injured trainmen in the local hospital. Their injuries were not serious, but it took me

a while until I finally finished filling out various forms and drafting my report. I had a delicious dinner in a garden restaurant near the railroad station, eating charcoal-broiled little sausages called "cevapcici" and drinking "spritzers" (ice cold wine mixed with soda). I was a little bit oblivious of the time when I returned to the station and was surprised to learn from the stationmaster that I missed the last evening train to Belgrade and that until morning there were no more trains with the exception of the Orient Express which passed through Lapovo at about 3:00 AM, arrived in Belgrade around 6:00 AM.

"Does it stop here?" I asked.

"Very rarely," answered the stationmaster, and apparently wanting to show off a little before a junior employee from the Railroad Administration, added, "However, I can make it stop and give you a chance to board it here."

It was a warm summer night and I didn't mind waiting. Shortly before 3:00 AM in the quiet early morning from far away I heard first a barely audible and then rapidly increasing rumbling sound of the approaching train. Two extremely bright lights appeared, approaching very fast. I glanced in the direction of the stationmaster who already stood at attention, waiting for the train. He reassuringly smiled at me. With grinding sound of powerful brakes and showers of sparks flying under the wheels the train stopped. I boarded it and immediately found myself in a world of luxury, quiet and comfort. The train moved, rumbling over switches, and soon resumed its majestic smooth, slightly rolling run. A car attendant and conductor came up to me. I proudly produced my railroad ticket.

"Your ticket entitles you to travel by this train," said the conductor, "but this is an all sleeping car train and you don't have a reserved berth accommodation."

So, I had to reconcile myself to spending the rest of the night sitting on one of those small folding seats which are at each end of the sleeping carriages and usually used by conductors or car attendants. I sat down and apparently soon fell asleep because I was startled when a conductor tapped me on the shoulder.

"I completely forgot," he said, "that at Istanbul, because of an overflow of passengers, they added to this train one non-sleeper car, and I believe I will be able to make you more comfortable in one of the compartments of that carriage. You are a young man and deserving of good company for the next three yours." He winked at me and smiled.

I followed him through the gently rolling train, subdued blue lights burning in its quiet corridors. Finally we reached our destination. It was a regular first-class European car with separate compartments but without berths. The conductor stopped in front of one of the compartments and gently knocked on the door. "Come in," said a melodious female voice, in French. I opened the door. A heavy built man covered with his overcoat slept on one of the two red soft upholstered divans. On the other, opposite, an extremely attractive young lady sat near the window. She was reading a book. She was beautiful, with the "puh" of platinum blond hair framing her gentle oval face. She looked up at me and smiled. She wore over her dress an expensive raglan type raincoat. In my rusty French I murmured apologies but she told me that there was plenty of space on the divan for me and that she did

not intend to lie down again as she had to change trains at Belgrade.

While my mind searched for an opening gambit for conversation, she looked at me and asked in that beautiful Parisian French, "Tell me, please, Monsieur, when are we due in Belgrade?"

"At six o'clock," answered I, still trying to think of something interesting to say. But she talked again.

"I would like/^{you}to do me a favor. I need to buy a new ticket in Belgrade, since I am going to change trains there and continue to Budapest. But I don't feel too well and I would like to rest a while. If it is not an imposition, could you do me that favor and buy me the ticket? I have only foreign currency with me, so I would like to give you my passport with which you could exchange the currency for local currency."

The ice was broken, and gaining more confidence, I plunged into animated conversation with Madam X. She gave me her Turkish passport and some money. Noticing my surprise -- because she certainly did not look like a Turkish woman, with her perfect Parisian French accent, blond hair and blue-grey eyes-- she explained that she is French by birth, married to a Turkish diplomat whose duty station was in Budapest where she was now going to join him.

In a whisper I asked her about the fat gentleman on the opposite seat. "Is he your uncle, chaperon -- who is he?" She laughed so loudly that I was afraid she would waken him.

"No", she said, "he is a German fellow, very good natured, who spends his time mostly sleeping or eating."

This matter resolved, I began to feel more confident about a possible adventure, when she suddenly expressed a desire to lie down and stretch

out on the divan. She kicked off her little slippers and I helped to make her more comfortable. She closed her eyes and said something in a whisper. I did not hear what she said and bent over close to her face--close to her lips-- But suddenly she moaned. Her face turned ash pale, her lips quivered and she cried that she has a terrible pain and was going to die.

"Please tell me how I can help you," pleaded I. She opened her eyes, looked at me and whispered, "Get a doctor, quickly." The last vestige of a summer night's adventurous dream evaporated. I had to help this beautiful and suffering woman and do it fast.

I wakened the German fellow and explained to him what had transpired. We both came out of the compartment. First I found the conductor and told him what happened. "I will get you a doctor," said he. "I know there is one from Belgrade on the train."

We both ran through quiet corridors to the car where the doctor slept. I knocked at the door and since no one answered, the conductor opened it with his pass key. I awakened the man. "Are you a doctor," asked I.

"Yes, what is the matter?" he answered, still half asleep.

Now I said something that changed completely the next few hours of my life. To understand it you should know that in the Serbian language one and the same word is used to indicate "woman" and "wife." That word is "zena." So in my excitement I said something to the effect that there is a "wife" (woman) dying in another carriage. (There is no "a" or "the" articles in the Serbian language either.)

The doctor jumped to his feet, put an overcoat over his pajamas

and followed me running through the train, with the conductor opening the doors for us leading from one car to another.

A little group of people gathered in front of the door of the compartment where my recent acquaintance lay so seriously sick. I rushed in with the doctor following. She was moaning, dreadfully pale, with perspiration drops on her beautiful face. I bent over her, took her hand and told her softly in French, "I brought you a doctor."

She looked at me and whispered, "Please leave me to consult with him in privacy." I turned to the doctor and told him that the "woman" ("wife") wanted to talk to him but I warned him that she spoke only French. "It's all right," said the doctor, "I speak French."

I left them alone and closed behind me the sliding door. The passengers in the corridor surrounded me asking what happened. I had very little information besides the fact that a lady passenger became very sick and the doctor was now with her.

At that moment the sliding door of the compartment opened with a bang. The doctor, almost as pale as his patient and looking very angry, shouted at me, "How did you dare to take your wife on a trip in such a condition? She is going to have a baby right now!"

"Doctor," I said, "I would like to explain that..."

"I don't want, and have no time to listen to, your stupid explanations. As a doctor I will give you the orders and you will carry them out."

There was no use for me to argue. So I just listened.

"You have to get me some clean bed sheets, towels, blankets and hot water, immediately. Before Belgrade there is not a single large town with a hospital, so you have to arrange that the train stops at

the first station so that you could send a telegram to Belgrade requesting an ambulance to wait for our arrival."

The conductor and I were ready to rush to follow orders, when the doctor stopped me again.

"I want you also to find an elderly woman who could help me."

With this he disappeared into the compartment. The conductor and I swung into action. The German fellow was assigned to guard the door.

The Orient Express was not quite the train to be easily converted into a maternity ward. I had to run like mad and use all my power of persuasion to obtain clean bed sheets, blankets, and towels from the sleeping car attendant. The conductor went to get a pail of hot water and to send a signal to the engineer on the locomotive that the train was to stop at the first station. In the meantime a beautiful summer day was dawning and the sun was already rising.

The Tunnel

I heard a whistle from the locomotive and the train started to slow down. As soon as the train slowed down I jumped out and started to run to the stationmaster who came to me in a state of great excitement. I'm sure it was the first time in his career that the great train stopped at his little station. I told him about the emergency and the message he was to send immediately to Belgrade.

The train started moving again when I was boarding it. It was already 5:00AM. I came back to continue my vigil before the closed door of the compartment. The news had spread and more people gathered around me asking what happened. I was tired of repeating the story. All my thoughts were about that woman and soon I found myself pacing

the rolling corridor floor and praying for the mother-to-be and the expected infant.

The conductor looked at his watch and said, "In thirty minutes we will be in Belgrade. I hope everything will be all right with that woman."

There was still no news from behind the closed door. At 5:40 AM the train entered the Ralia Tunnel. In twenty minutes we would be in Belgrade.

While the Express thundered through the tunnel it seemed to me that I heard a child crying in the compartment. I looked at the other people's faces. No one reacted. I was probably imagining things. Suddenly the bright sunny light flashed back again through the windows. We emerged from the tunnel and at that very same moment the door of the compartment was opened. The doctor, in his pajamas, with sleeves rolled, came out, pale, with beads of sweat on his forehead, gently closed the door behind him and looked at me sternly. My heart sank. Then his look changed into a faint smile. "Congratulations. It is a boy!" said he. "Give me a cigarette, please."

I repeated the news in three languages to the assembled group of passengers. There were cheers and applause. I gave the doctor a cigarette and lighted it for him. His hands were shaking. While he smoked I finally managed to explain everything -- that I was not the father of the baby, that I met the mother only about ten minutes before he was summoned.

This little story of my predicament made him happy; he laughed and joked. Then the lady who assisted him called him back to the compartment. The Express meanwhile was already entering the Belgrade station.

The door opened again and the doctor called me in. A wave of compassion swept over me when I saw that beautiful mother holding a little bundle close to her bosom. She smiled at me. I was happy. I came to her and congratulated her on the newborn child. A boy!

The train pulled to a gentle stop.

The Epilogue

I was relieved to see the ambulance attendants with a stretcher, nurse and a doctor on the platform. Husky ambulance attendants climbed into the carriage and with the doctor and nurse carefully carried their precious cargo out of the railroad carriage and down the steps and then gently lowered mother and child on to the stretcher. Soon I heard the ambulance siren. They took my Orient Express acquaintance and child to the hospital.

I thought this was a happy ending to a romantic story.

I went home before going to the office with the report of accident, about which I forgot completely. When changing my clothes, I discovered in my pocket the passport and money which the young mother left with me. So this was not yet the end of the story. I started calling all the hospitals in Belgrade inquiring about the lady to whom a child was born on the Orient Express. Finally my fourth call was successful.

"Yes, yes," a receptionist's voice answered over the phone. "The lady is here."

At noontime I bought a bouquet of flowers, jumped into a taxi and went to the hospital.

I found the young mother already completely recovered and happy. The child was in a little bassinet next to her. The doctor was there --

he also brought her a huge bouquet of red roses.

I returned her passport and money to her, conveyed to her the suggestion of the conductor to name her son after Ralia Tunnel in which he was born. She said that she would pass on that suggestion to her husband.

I was very busy during the next few days in my office and when finally after ten days I called the hospital to inquire about the Orient Express lady they told me that she had left the hospital and that both she and the child were in perfect health.

I was very touched by this event, but for a long time after I carefully avoided ladies' companionship on trains.

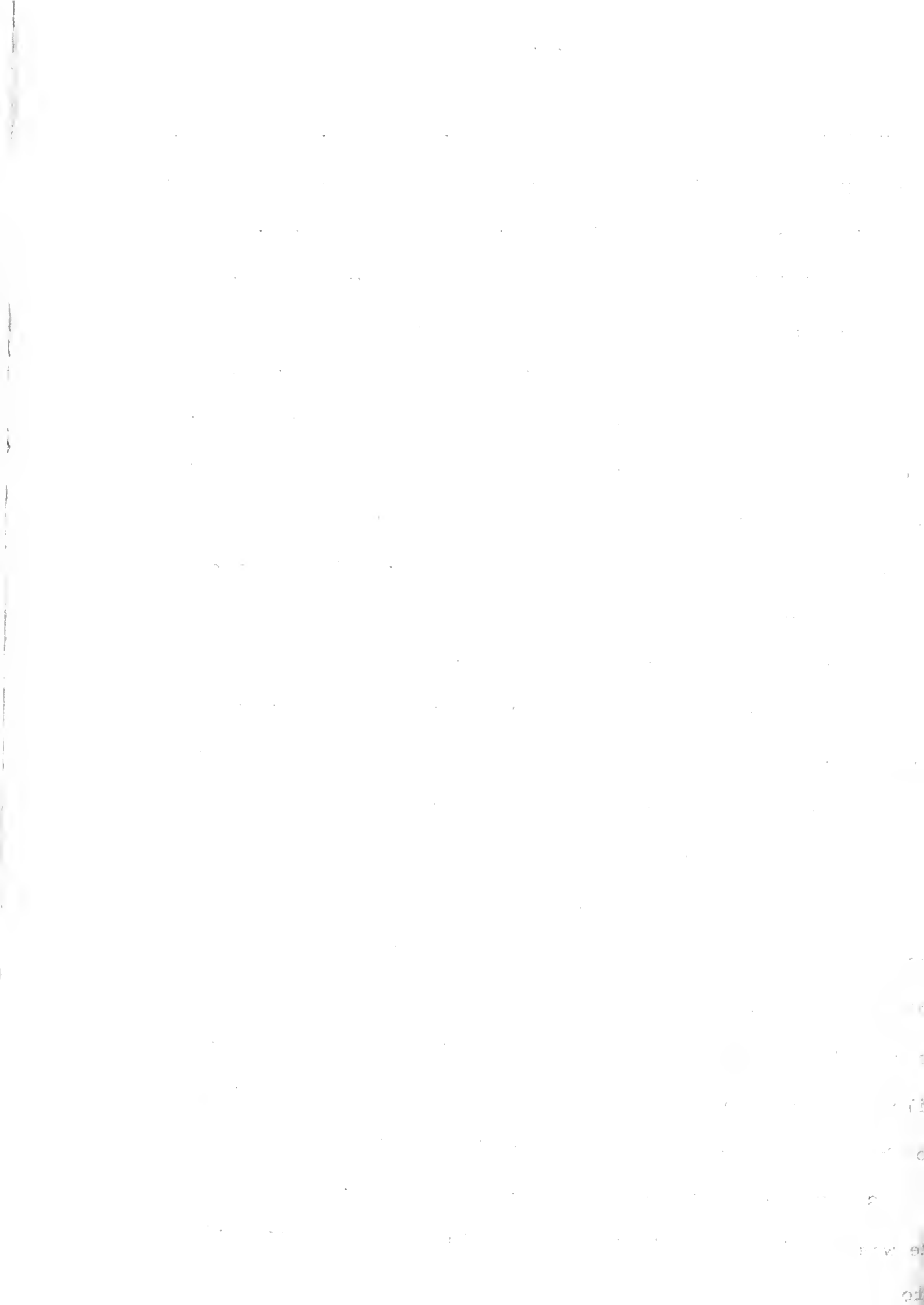
Alexander Pavlovic



In 1927 the time had come for our family to move to Belgrade. Already I had a little money set aside to rent an apartment. It was a little one, not very glamorous, but still it was an apartment where initially our family could settle down. The main thing was that it was close to the streetcar line so that one could go by streetcar everywhere in Belgrade. I didn't have enough money to send at that time, but the real problem was in getting a Yugoslav visa. After the first wave of Russian emigres came to Yugoslavia, the country became very cautious about admitting any other refugees, and to get a Yugoslav visa was a difficult task. I talked to my boss in that department where I worked, and he said 'Oh, there is no problem, I know very well a member of the skupshchina (the parliament); he is of the radical party which is in power, and I'll arrange that you meet him and his one word will be sufficient for the Foreign Minister to issue the visa to your family in Varna.'

So one day he took me to a hotel and I met that man. He was just a good natured peasant, proud of his peasant origin, but very smart and very pro-Russian. When I told him my story he said 'Oh, no problem, I'll see the minister of foreign affairs Nilchich, tomorrow, and you come tomorrow afternoon and I'll let you know of the result of my talks with him.'

So, I was waiting and the next day I came again to his hotel. He was beaming and said 'Everything is alright; I have talked



to the minister himself and in my presense he gave the order to issue the visa to your parents and your sister. So you just go to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and everything will be alright.'

I thanked him very much; really it was a great thing for me at that time, for we had only those Nansen passports, on which it was hard to obtain any visa. People in western Europe were reluctant to give Russian exiles visas too freely at that time.

I went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, found the department dealing with approval of visas for foreigners and then told the employee my name. He said, 'Wait a second, I believe I recall that name.' He looked through some papers and said, 'Here it is, yes!' He read that it was written in the minister's hand 'I permit a visa to Paul Albov and his wife and daughter to come to the Kingdom of Yugoslavia.' He said 'This is it. The visa for your parents and sister is granted. Now, we will send that immediately to the consul general in Varna, or if you want to spend the money we can wire it.' I said 'Please, do wire it; I will pay.' I for my part sent a wire to my parents, telling them they should go to the consulate and get their visas. So that was settled; the day was set for their departure, and since I had a free pass I decided to go to meet them at the Yugoslav-Bulgarian border, at a place called Tsaribrod. I went there and was waiting impatiently for the train which came from Bulgaria, and then I saw my parents and my sister; I joined them in their



third class compartment with hard benches, but it was alright. Again the family was together.

In Belgrade I had some friends, two brothers, former fliers of the Russian White Army air force. They were both taxi drivers, so I arranged that one of them would bring a car to the railroad station, without charging anything, and would take my parents and me to our new home. So they came and our life together in Belgrade began.

As I had expected, my mother got a job very soon with the Russian kindergarten in Belgrade, and my sister Tania got a job with the railroad administration. because when I told my boss that my sister was coming, and that she knew English and Russian typing, he said 'Oh, we need office help.' So she got a job in the same office with me, which was wonderful; we were going together to the job. So there were three breadwinners, and that helped us in improving our living conditions a little bit. From that first poor apartment in which we started we managed to move to a little bit better one, and then again to another, so we were gradually improving our life.

Later on, Tania got a job with a British company, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company. A friend of ours who worked there got a job with the American Embassy and Tania was able to take her position. It was better paid than what she had with the railroad administration and she could finally use her English.



Through Tania I became acquainted with British people in Belgrade: with her boss, Pierce, who was married to a Russian girl; and with Macilbeck, the head of the company -- all people who later on played a role in my destiny and Tania's too.

Through them we met other Englishmen, and finally Tania met Terence Atherton, the correspondent of the London Daily Mail in Belgrade. He had managed to organize an English language newspaper for Yugoslavia, the South Slav Herald, and he was in desperate need of a bilingual typist. Somebody suggested Tania to him, so Tania became his secretary and that job was even better paid than the one she had had with the Royal Assurance Company, so that was how events were going on at that time.

One day Tania told me that Terence Atherton would like to talk to me. He had heard about me and my work with the railroad administration and he wanted my advice; he didn't speak any Serbian and he needed somebody who could. So I went to see him, and he apparently was impressed with my knowledge -- actually I knew the political situation in the Balkans quite well -- so he saw that I might be a good source for his work as a correspondent for the Daily Mail on the one hand, and on the other that I might be a help to him in his struggle with the English language newspaper, the South Slav Herald. So he offered me a job.

'Well,' I told him, 'listen, I have a good job, and moreover I have a free railroad pass, a 2nd class pass everywhere.' He



said 'Alright, how much do you get?' I told him 1500 dinars. He said 'Alright, suppose I offer you double what you are getting?' I said 'Well, still it is the railroad pass that is very attractive.' 'Well,' he said, 'suppose I tell you that you will be having a railroad pass of the first class?' 'How?' I said.

He said 'Very simple. As the editor of a newspaper I am entitled to a railroad pass on which I enter the names of three of my collaborators. You will be my assistant, and your name will therefore be on that pass. So, you will not lose anything.'

The temptation was very great, so I resigned my position with the Yugoslav government office and moved to his job. It was already 1932.

Meanwhile, father's health had worsened since the time he came to Belgrade, and in 1927, shortly after my parents came, Belgrade was shaken by a big earthquake. After that he had his first stroke. It was a terrible thing. He recovered a little but then a series of other strokes followed, and he ended up almost a total invalid, totally disabled; lying in bed all the time, with mother bringing ice to keep his head cool. The trouble was this: he had extremely high blood pressure, and at that time there was no medication against it, so there was no hope. They tried to bleed him, but it didn't help. The last thing he enjoyed very much was the news about Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic and safe landing in Paris. He was enchanted at that



news and that was probably the last event that he remembered. Soon after that, in 1928, he passed away and was buried in Belgrade.

Chapter 39 Scenario 6 *

Finally, in the 1930's, our family moved into an era of relative prosperity. We had enough money not only to pay the rent in a nice apartment, but could buy decent clothing, and could even afford domestic help, a wonderful Russian woman called Lusha. She was one of two servants brought into exile from Russia by the family of Prince Galitzin. It was hard for the Galitzins to keep the two women so they were glad when we offered a job to Lusha. Her arrival was a blessing since she relieved mother of her household chores. Lusha became a servant and almost a part of our family. She was illiterate so my mother taught her how to read and write and Lusha was enchanted. She was a faithful person, sharing with us all events that happened to us, good and bad. She was devoted to us, and even after I came to the United States and got married, my wife and I managed to bring her here; she helped with the household and took care of our son, and it was a sad moment when she died in 1960 and was buried here, in Monterey.

My work with Terence Atherton, in the office of his newspaper, the SOUTH SLAV HERALD, was most interesting and rewarding. Atherton gave me the title of business manager of the paper and



assistant editor, and I was charged primarily with responsibility in the advertising part of our activities, which was an essential source of income for our paper. The paper was also supported by the Yugoslav government.

Shortly after joining the HERALD I conceived the idea of creating an English language newspaper not only for Yugoslavia, but for all the Balkan countries, particularly for the countries of the so-called Balkan pact, which included Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey and Romania. I made a draft letter addressed to the foreign ministers of these countries in which we asked the countries of the Balkan pact to subsidize our paper. Atherton and I attended one of the meetings of the Balkan pact foreign ministers and succeeded in selling this idea to them. Thus the new English language newspaper entitled BALKAN HERALD was born. The head office remained in Belgrade where we continued to publish the SOUTH SLAV HERALD, but the BALKAN HERALD was published in a special edition for each country. Later, we included the two other countries which were not members of the Balkan pact, Bulgaria and Albania, making special editions for them too, for appropriate remuneration of course.

All these countries were anxious to present to the English speaking world a new image of the Balkans and were willing to pay us considerable subsidies for our paper. As a business manager I was collecting these subsidies from the ambassadors of all

Balkan countries residing in Belgrade. I made some very important and valuable contacts with their foreign offices and knew personally the foreign ministers of all the Balkan countries.

The publication of BALKAN HERALD opened tremendous advertising opportunities, particularly in countries like Greece and Romania, which were anxious to get American and British tourists to their countries. We established branch offices in all the Balkan capitals and I visited them at least once every month. In Athens our representative was a certain Mr. Mavromikhalis, a member of an aristocratic Greek family, a bachelor, with very good connections in the commercial circles; through him I got the best advertising contracts in Greece. In Bulgaria, in Sofia, our representative was a British fellow, Tweedie. He was quite an interesting character; he was a former officer of the British army in India. Unfortunately he had spells of drunken stupor. Once he called us and said that he needed me to come to Sofia to discuss certain advertising matters with him. I went to Sofia, he invited me to lunch, together with his girlfriend, a Bulgarian woman, and I noticed that he looked somehow absent minded. I couldn't complete that business that he had said was so urgent and he couldn't explain much to me. So being a little disappointed I returned to Belgrade and told Atherton that there was something strange in the behavior of Mr. Tweedie. Can you understand our surprise when about five or six days later we got

another telephone call from Tweedie in which he said 'What happened, why didn't Albov come to see me?' And then we realized that actually he was completely out, while acting automatically, as host to me. It was too bad, but fortunately this kind of drinking spree didn't occur too often to him, but when it hit him he was out for about a week or so.

In Turkey we had in Istanbul a very charming lady of Greek descent, very businesslike, and she helped me a lot with my advertising contacts, and also she helped me in taking me around Istanbul. That's when I learned a lot about Istanbul, seeing it for the second time after my first visit to it, under quite different circumstances when we had fled from Russia and I was a young wounded officer in Constantinople.

I travelled extensively, and there were no difficulties in travel, nor in hotel accommodations, because the best hotels, the steamships, and the airlines were anxious to advertise in the BALKAN HERALD.--Because of the monetary restrictions they couldn't pay the full amount of cost of advertisement in the HERALD in British pounds. So we made an arrangement that part of the money owed by them would be used in hotel accommodations, for free passage on boats, or steamship lines, or on air lines. And since only the best, most elegant hotels were advertising in the BALKAN HERALD, because they were intended for the American and British tourists, wherever I went I stayed in the best accommodations



without paying a single penny because it was all a part of their accommodations which they owed to us for their advertising. It was like a fairy tale.

One of the most interesting examples was the hotel Grand Bretagne, in Athens, for which we had a good advertisement going continuously in our paper. They owed us lots of money in accommodation, and according to our advertising contract if accommodation was not used by the end of December it was wiped out and a new account started with the 1st of January. So one day it happened that I went on business to Greece, and it was in November. I finished my business in two or three days, staying of course in a special suite in the Grand Bretagne. Before going to Greece I had been advised by Atherton that there was lots of money left and that I had better use this money. Well, I called Atherton after staying there three days and said 'Well, the account is still very large; perhaps he would be coming?' He said 'No,' he would not be coming before the end of the year, and nobody was going to come from London, so I had better use the whole amount of money in any way I could see fit.

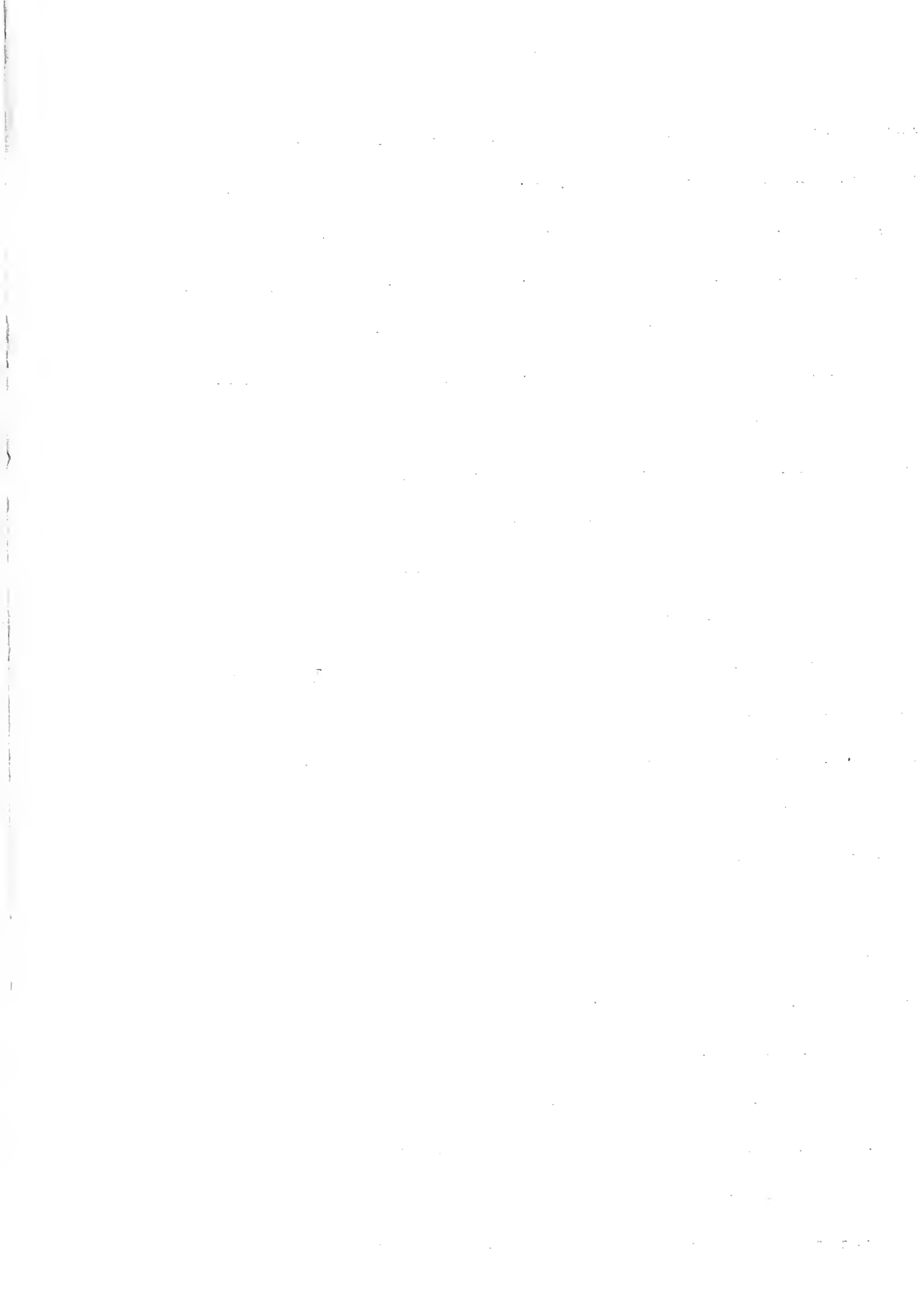
Well, Mavromihailis and I were quite prepared for this sort of thing. First of all we invited all of our friends in Greece, our business contacts, and quite a few charming ladies, to a big banquet in the Grand Bretagne dining hall. French champagne flowed like water. After that we went nightclubbing and he and



I visited all the hot spots of Athens, which were quite interesting places, and told the establishments to send the bills to the Grand Bretagne, which they did. The next morning, with my heavy head -- at that time we didn't know of Alka Seltzer -- I went down to the accounting office of the hotel to figure out how much was left and there was still some money left. Well, I already had my sleeping car accommodations for the night, so I didn't know what to do. And then the idea came upon me; I went shopping, I bought the best silk shirts for myself and for Atherton. Greece was renowned for its excellent leather goods, so I bought sets of magnificent suitcases for myself and for Atherton; silk pajamas and so forth, ties, and finally, loaded with all that, again I told them, 'send the bills to the Grand Bretagne,' and by 5 o'clock in the evening I went again to the accounting office. Now I had managed to bring the account to practically zero, and with light heart, but still heavy head after all this nightclubbing, boarded the Orient Express and went back to Belgrade.

Atherton was quite pleased with that decision to buy goods. He liked the stuff that I brought him, and he didn't mind that I had bought certain things for myself. This was an expense account at its best; such an opportunity rarely happens nowadays anywhere in the world.

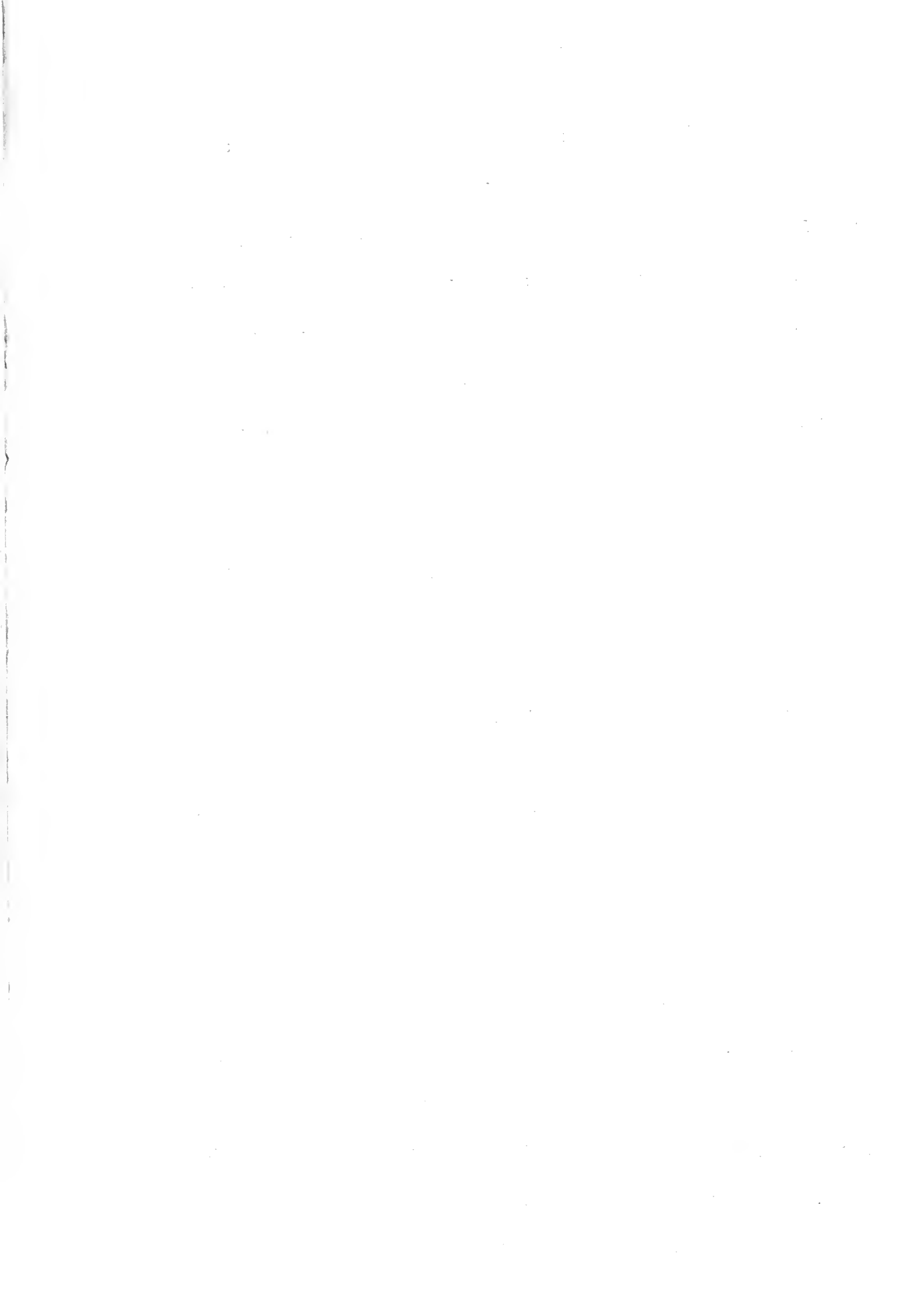
Social life in Belgrade was very active. We had many



friends, and the circle of our friends widened so that in addition to our Russian friends we became acquainted with quite a few British and Americans living in Belgrade. My sister and I joined the Yugoslav Anglo-American club, and that involved some social activities. Finally we reached the point where so many people were calling on us that we had to establish what in the good old times was called a jour fixe, that is a day when we were at home; that was a weekly event on Tuesdays. On Tuesdays people knew that they could crop in and that they would be fed, offered drinks, etc. That was a wonderful time. Lusha was preparing her goodies in abundance and we had quite a crowd all the time on these Albov Tuesdays. We were constantly being invited to dances, celebrations, and New Year's Eves -- Yugoslavia being both an Orthodox and Catholic country they celebrated everything twice; there were two Cristmasses and two New Years, so we really had quite a wonderful time, and it was time between the two world wars which was a nice time, in spite of the terrible depression that hit western Europe; it was not very noticeable in the Balkans. I am referring to the years between 1932 and 1939. We were still Charlestoning at that time; new dances were appearing -- all new dances were coming to us from the United States. We went to all the American movies, which practically cominated the screen at that time. I remember the first talking movie, with Al Jolson and so forth. So the life was nice and interesting.



My travels at this time were both interesting and adventuresome. For instance, I will never forget one of my journies to Bucharest. One of our best advertisers there was a man we called the King of Romanian Caviar. He was a man of very humble origin, half Russian and half Romanian. He spoke Russian and was married to a Russian woman. He was always advertising the delicious Romanian caviar. I liked to visit Bucharest because whenever I was there he would invite me and offer me a drink and then some of the best of his caviar spread on warm buns. So one day, Atherton told me, 'You know, you have to show to our Bucharest friend our appreciation; why don't you invite him to luncheon or dinner in the best restaurant in Bucharest?' So I invited him and his wife to lunch in one of the best places in Bucharest. He was so pleased at that, it was kind of pathetic; being a man of humble origin, to him it was a great honor that a representative of an English newspaper had invited him. So he told me 'Alright, I appreciate your invitation and your treating me so nicely; now I would like to invite you to be my guest: I am going to entertain you in the Romanian way.' First of all he asked 'Do you like fish?' I said 'Yes.' He said 'I will send my fish and my caviar to the best Romanian restaurant that I know here in Bucharest, and we are going to have dinner there, and after that we are going to a nightclub and I will show you the best nightclub entertainment in Bucharest.' And so we went first to that dinner -- it was a stag affair, by the way -- and



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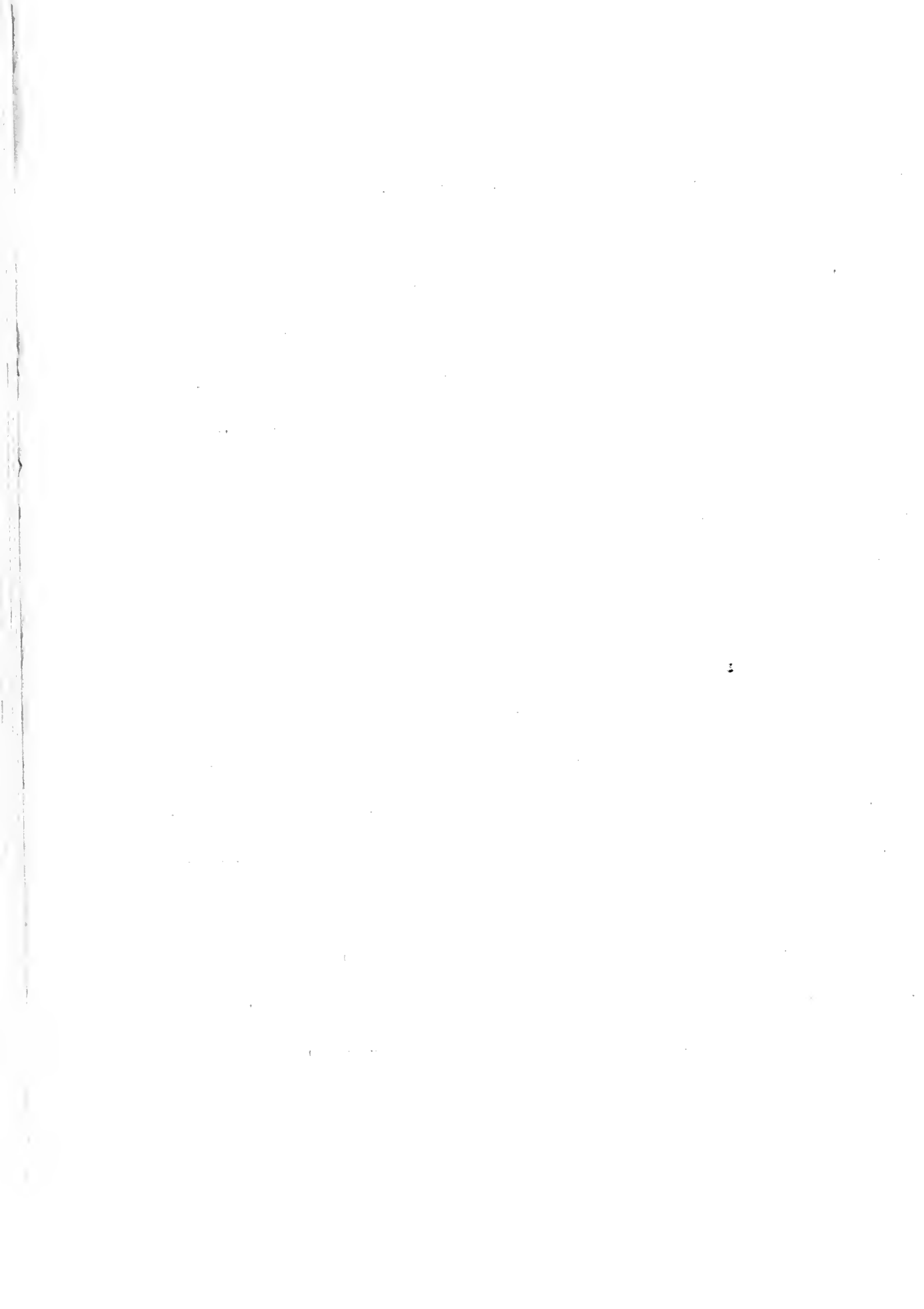


really, it was magnificent. We were eating caviar by the spoonful, and then the deliciously prepared fish, and drinking lots of the local alcoholic beverage called chulka. Well after this chulka I really felt quite fine and then he said 'Well, it's time to go now to a nightclub,' and we went to the most luxurious nightclub in Bucharest. And then certain things started to happen. Of course the table was waiting for us; I saw how the waiters were bowing before him because he was a big moneyed man, well known in Bucharest; and there were quite a few nice people, Romanian officers, some artists from opera. Again it was a pure stag party. We switched to French champagne, and then the floor show started. At one point the trumpets were sounding and two young girls, very scantily dressed, appeared. One of them was really beautiful, but they were very young, probably between 16 and 18 years old, and they danced very provocative dances, wearing something like a hussars uniform with very short panties. Well, my friend looked at me and asked 'How do you like this performance?' I said 'I like it very much. I particularly like that younger one; look how beautiful she is.' 'Oh,' he said, 'you like her?' I said, 'She is a very attractive girl.' We continued to drink our champagne, watching the performance of other girls on the floor.



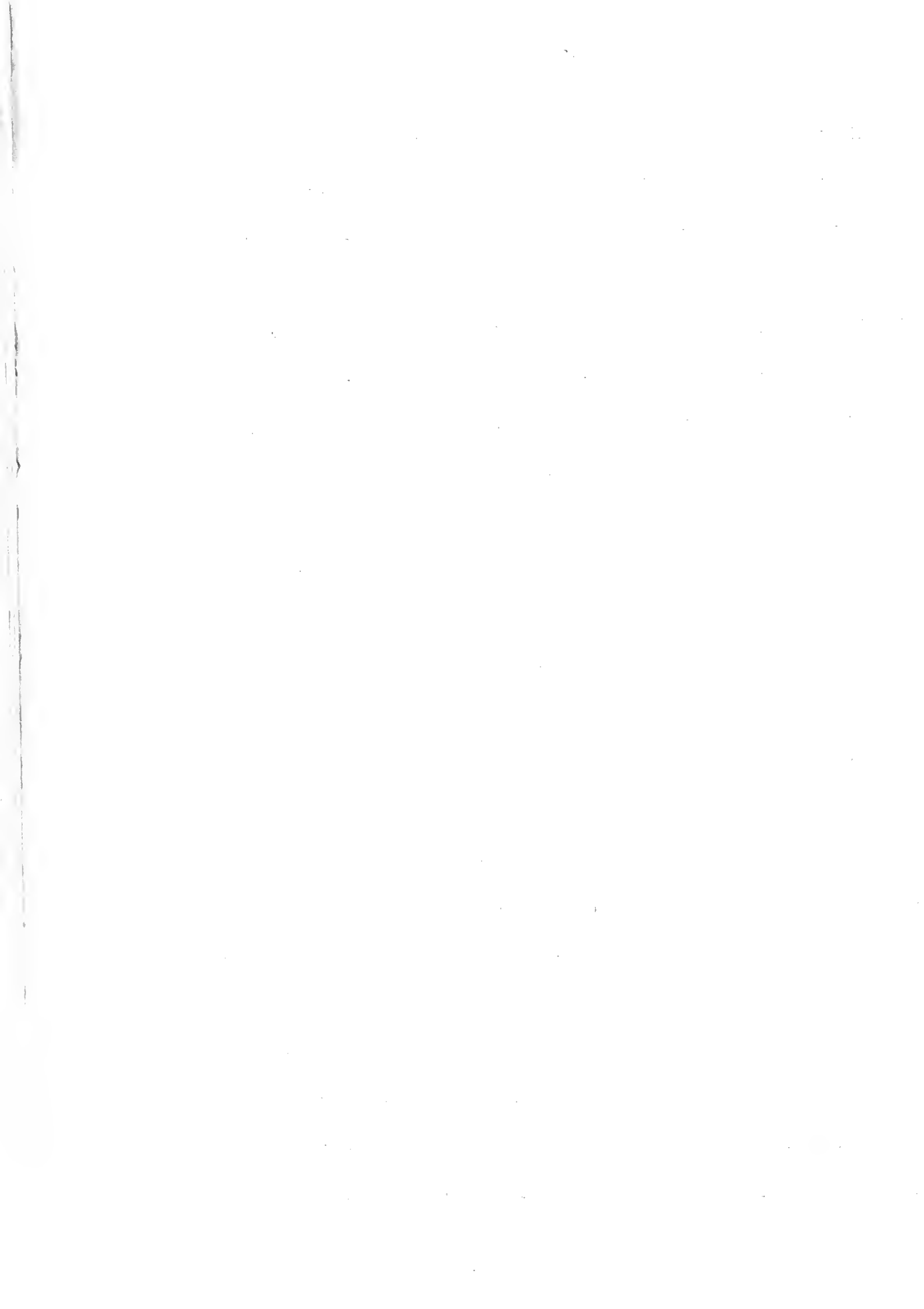
Chapter 40 Scenario VI

Well some time passed and the headwaiter approached our table, came to me, and said 'Monseur Albov? You are called on the phone.' Being a newspaperman, I was always leaving my phone number to the places where I went, although not realizing that I had never left the telephone number of this night club, I took it as a matter of routine and we went after him. He said, 'We have to go upstairs to the telephone.' We went upstairs, down the hallway, and we came to a door -- and a rather frivolous grand finale of the whole affair. He opened the door and I couldn't believe my eyes. There was a beautifully furnished room, with a table at which there was caviar and a bucket with a bottle of champagne, and -- the girl -- whom I had watched at the show and expressed the opinion that she was very beautiful. She was indeed beautiful, but here she appeared like Eve, dressed in nothing but her beauty and slippers. I was of course a little bit shocked; then I found a calling card of my friend on the table, which said "Please accept this gift from me". Well, that's the little frivolous story of the time.--Remember, the '30's were still like the roaring '20's -- so that was the "gift", Bucharest-style, which of course I had to accept!



As I said before, it is next to impossible to restore in chronological sequence all of the events that took place in the 1930's because it was a long time ago. So I am rather going to tell the events as they come back to mind.

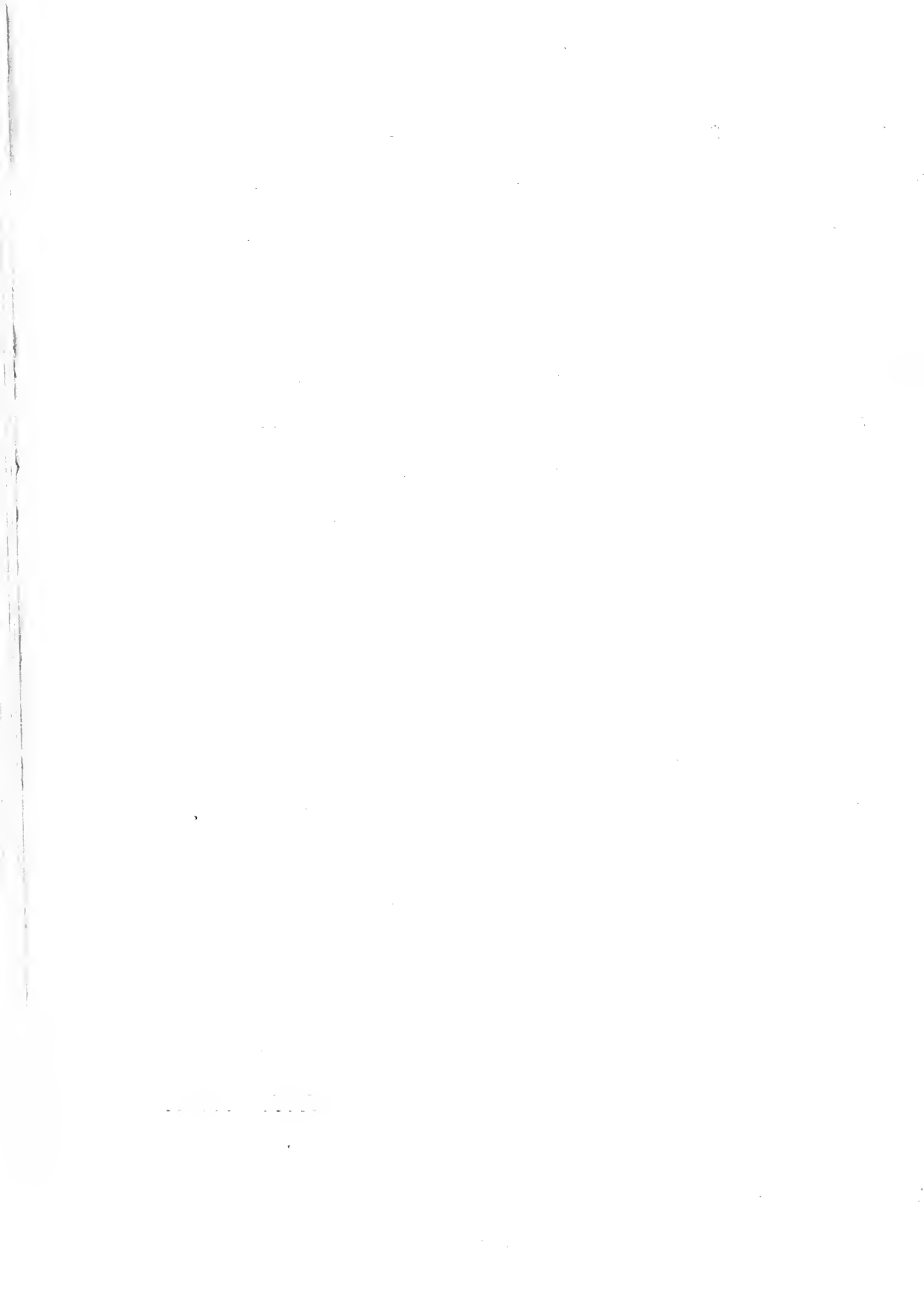
As I said, I travelled extensively. One of the trips took me to the Near East, to Egypt and to Palestine. I took a steamship, of the Yugoslav Lloyd Company, and because of this advertising arrangement we had to use free accommodations, I got a wonderful suite on that ship, was an honored guest at the captain's table, and had a good time travelling from Split in Yugoslavia to Alexandria in Egypt. The trip took about 3 days. It was a very interesting life on a luxury liner: you got up early, they served you breakfast in bed; then you dressed casually, in sports jacket and slacks, and walked around; then about 11 o'clock a member of the crew goes around and serves hot bouillon; then around noontime you go and change, then come for cocktails, and go down to lunch. Of course this was first class. Then in the afternoon I took a seat in a chair covered with a blanket and was reading, then walking around until around 4 o'clock afternoon tea was served; then everybody would go to change for the big evening galas. Every night something was going on on the liner; formal dress was a must of course. Usually we had codktails. The last night was the captain's night; all drinks were free, that is offered by the captain. There were lots of



games and dancing; it was interesting; I still remember what a pleasant feeling it is to dance on a slightly rocking ship, under the beautiful sky of the Mediterranean. There were many attractive lady passengers.

My destination was Alexandria, then a friend of mine, whom we had entertained once in Belgrade, who was of the same Izmailovskii regiment to which I belonged. He was a well-to-do man, he had some means, and he lived with his wife, had two sons and a daughter. Since he stayed during his visit to Belgrade with us in our apartment, he of course invited me when I came to Alexandria to stay with him. So he met me when the ship came into port, took me to their house, where they had quite a few servants, treated me to a sumptuous dinner, then took me around Alexandria. They lived in Ramlei, several miles north of Alexandria. I must say that the climate in Alexandria was terrible; it was awfully muggy and hot. Therefore it was dangerous to overindulge in any drinking, and I am afraid that the first night I miscalculated my resistance power. I didn't feel well at all next morning when my host took me around to see various palaces and other points of interest in Alexandria.

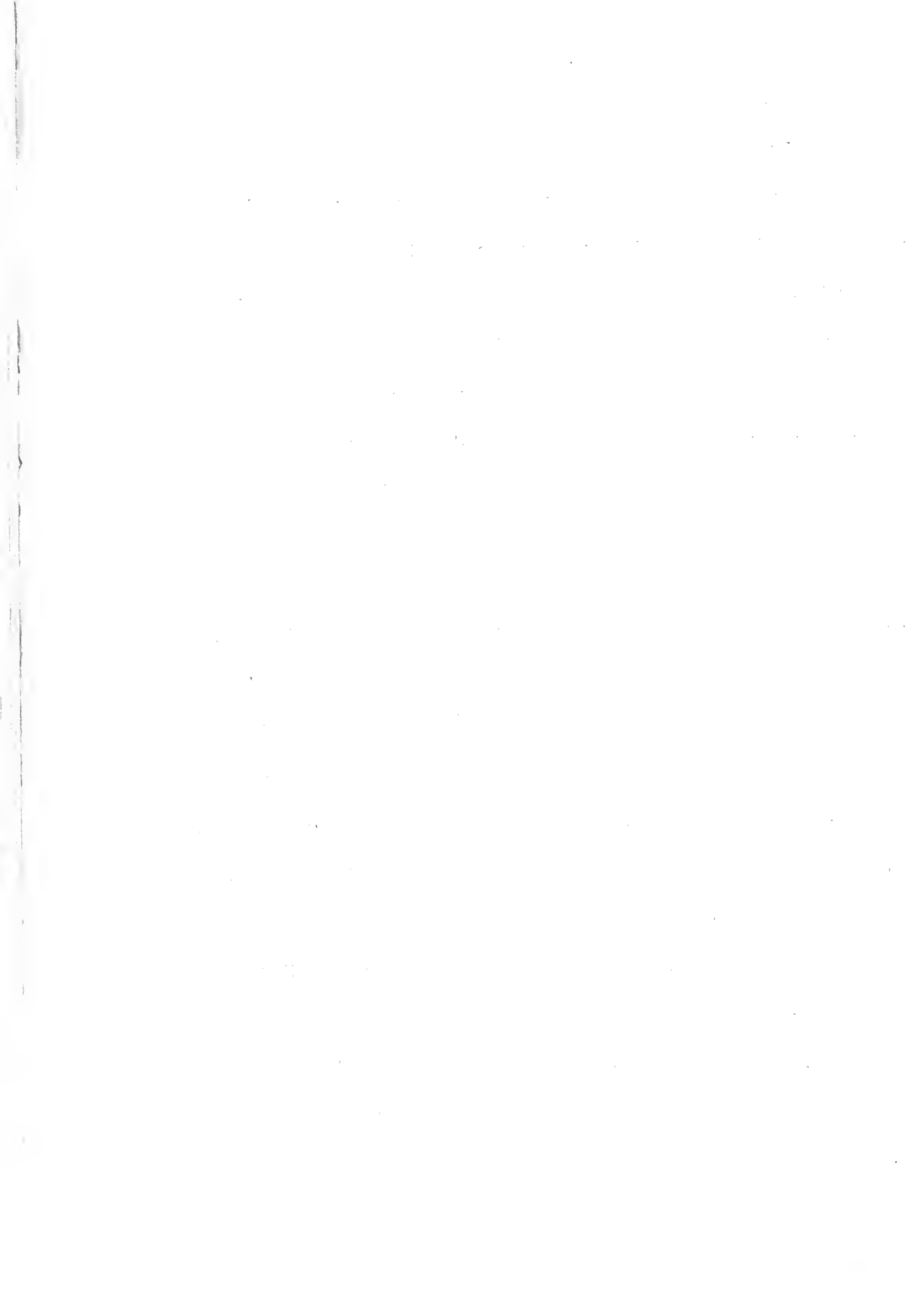
Well, I had some business to attend to for the BALKAN HERALD, I contacted some tourist offices and so forth; however my main destination was Cairo. It was decided that a friend of this friend of mine named Alexis von Bretzell, who had a car, would



drive me from Alexandria to Cairo.

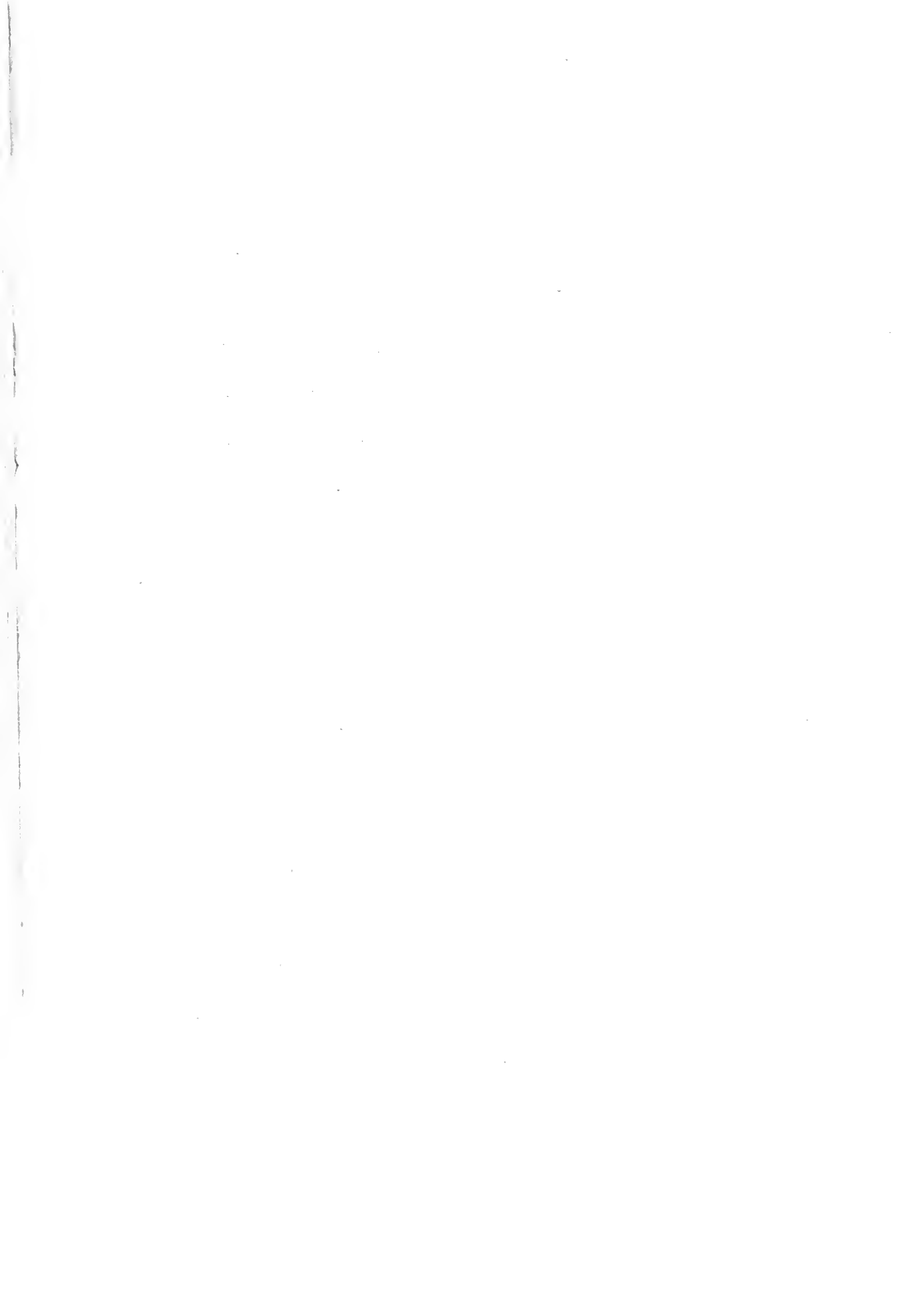
The road ran through the Sahara Desert, a straight line from point to point, from Alexandria to the Pyramids, which were close to Cairo. We had a very nice ride in his car, over a stretch of about 125 miles, but awfully monotonous. There was only one stop in the middle, with gas stations and a repair shop with mechanics available and so forth. So we stopped there, got gas and water, rested a little and got cool drinks and then resumed our drive toward Cairo. I asked him at what point we were going to see the pyramids, and he said 'I will tell you.' I said 'Well what if I see them before?' to which he replied 'If you see them before me, then I'll buy you a bottle of gin!' And can you imagine that ~~really~~ ^{did} I ~~detected~~ ^{them first} since he was driving and ~~was~~ careful not to fall asleep on that monotonous road. Well suddenly I saw the triangular shape on the horizon, and I said 'Stop, is that the pyramids?' He said 'Yes it is, so I owe you a bottle of gin!' So when we arrived in Cairo he bought me a bottle of gin, which we tried out immediately after I settled down in a hotel.

Unfortunately the famous Shepherds Hotel wasn't yet open at that time; it opened only the 1st of November, and my trip was around October 1st, and it was beastly hot. So I settled in another hotel, and he stayed with some friends of his. As soon as I was settled, we decided to go to see the pyramids, and it



was a magnificent sight. As was customary, I took a ride on a camel, and on that camel trotted all the way down to the Sphinx. Then we went to the Manor House Hotel, which is not far away from the pyramid of Gizeh, and had drinks there. Another time, after a good dinner with my ^b business friends in Cairo one night, we decided to go see the pyramids under moonlight. It was a magnificent picture. I'll never forget those beautiful pyramids, and thinking how many centuries they were standing there, and who else in history had seen them -- Napoleon, and the great kings of the old Egyptian Empire.

I wanted very much to go to the Holy Land. Before going on that trip I saw the head of the Russian church in exile, the Metropolitan Anastasii, who, as I've related, was a good friend of my family, who had helped me in Constantinople after we escaped from Russia, and was really helpful in every respect. So when I told him that I was going to Jerusalem he said 'Alright, I'll give you a letter to the priest in charge of the Russian mission there, asking him to provide you with accomodation and a guide through the Holy places. You can see everything there; pay your respects to the Holy places.'

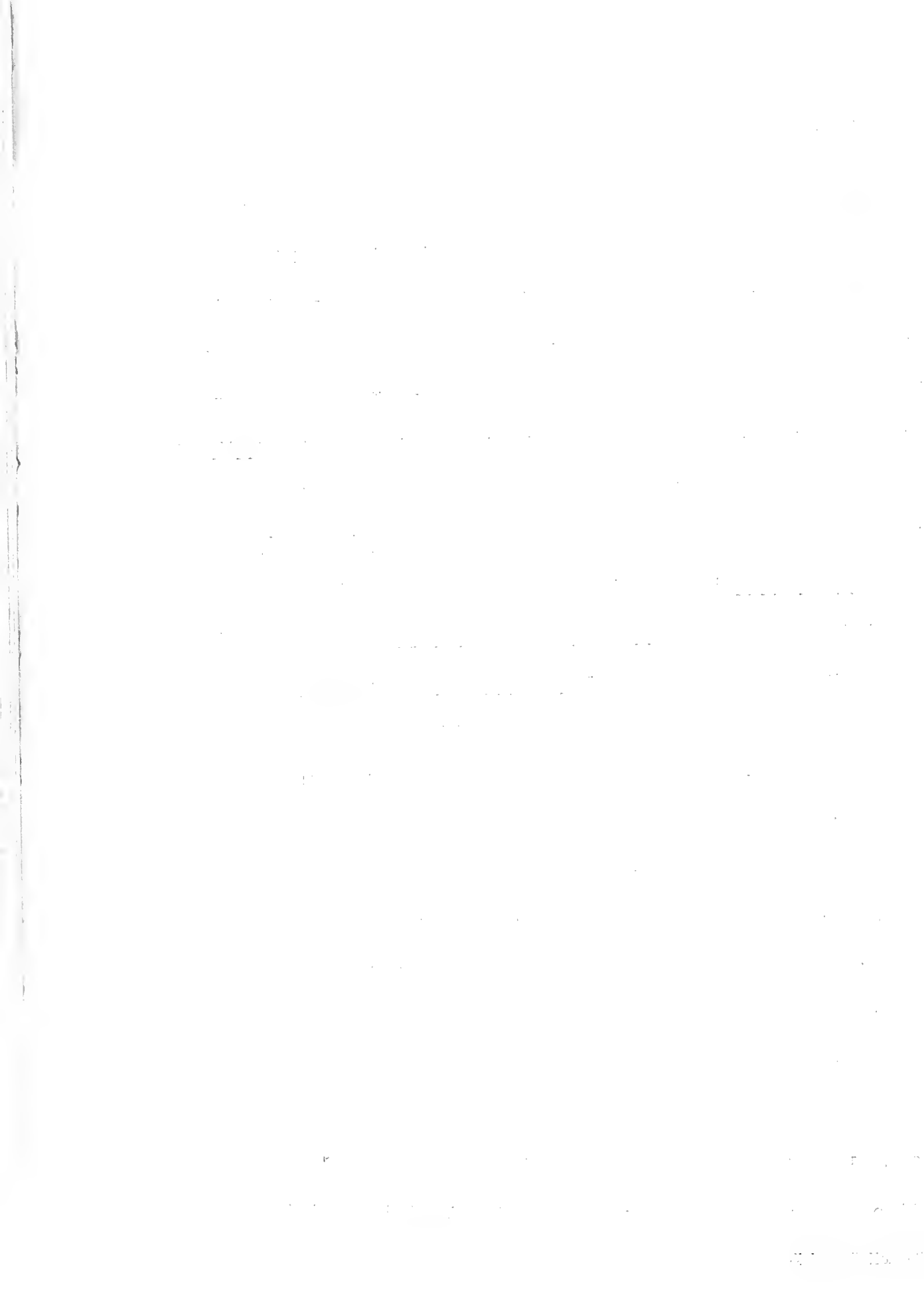


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My success in the advertising campaign and particularly my knowledge of the Balkan area and the situation in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia became known to the circle of British and American newspapermen, who often asked my advice. However, I owed first loyalty to Atherton, who was very jealous that I wouldn't divulge anything to other agencies that wouldn't go first to the Daily Mail. However, he permitted me to inform other agencies of hot stories one day after he had used them for the Daily Mail.

The Daily Mail in addition to the London edition had a Paris edition called the Continental Daily Mail, something similar to the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune. One day Atherton called me and said he would like to have me go with him to a certain railroad station to meet the Orient Express on which the big boss of the Daily Mail was coming from London on his way to the Near East. It was the famous Ward Price, a very well known figure on Fleet Street. So we waited for the arrival of the Orient Express, boarded it, found Ward Price, and had dinner with him on the train until it arrived in Belgrade, whereupon we said goodbye; he continued south, and we went to our office.

Shortly after that Atherton called me and said "The assistant editor and advertising manager of the Parisian edition of



the Continental Daily Mail is going to visit us and he would like to meet you.'

Well, I was very much flattered and he said 'I think that he is going to offer you some connection with the Continental Daily Mail.' I was very pleased, and one day that man, a Mr. Luntley, came down. Atherton and I took him around, and the three of us ended up at the park called Kalymedlon, where there was a zoo. The Belgrade Zoo was very unique because the animals were not in cages but in big open ravines, separated from the public by walls. Trying to take a picture, Luntley stepped over the wall overlooking the place where the lions were, and while trying to focus his camera he stumbled and almost fell into the lions'den. We grabbed him and pulled him away just in time. He was pale and shaking, but I was laughing.

'Why are you laughing?' he said.

'You know,' I told him, 'I was thinking what a unique story we have just missed -- unique from every journalistic point-- 'A visiting newspaperman fell into a lions den in Belgrade and was eaten.' In these dull times, that would be the greatest sensation in the world.'

'You have certainly developed a newspaperman's sense of humor,' he said; but he was pleased. And then -- he was leaving that night -- in the afternoon he called and said, 'I would like to propose that you work for the Continental Daily Mail.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key personnel. Secondary data was obtained from existing reports and databases.

The analysis of the data revealed several key trends and patterns. One significant finding was the correlation between certain variables, which suggests a causal relationship. This insight is crucial for understanding the underlying factors influencing the outcomes.

Based on the findings, the author proposes several recommendations to improve the current processes. These include implementing more robust data management systems and enhancing the training of staff involved in data collection.

Finally, the document concludes by highlighting the overall significance of the study. It provides a comprehensive overview of the research process, from the initial objectives to the final conclusions.

I learned of you from Atherton and have seen your advertising in the Balkan Herald. We don't have anyone who could do the job here who knows the local situation as well as you. Would you mind taking over the job? I'll make you advertising manager for the Continental Daily Mail for all the Balkans and the Middle East. On the side you can also send us news.

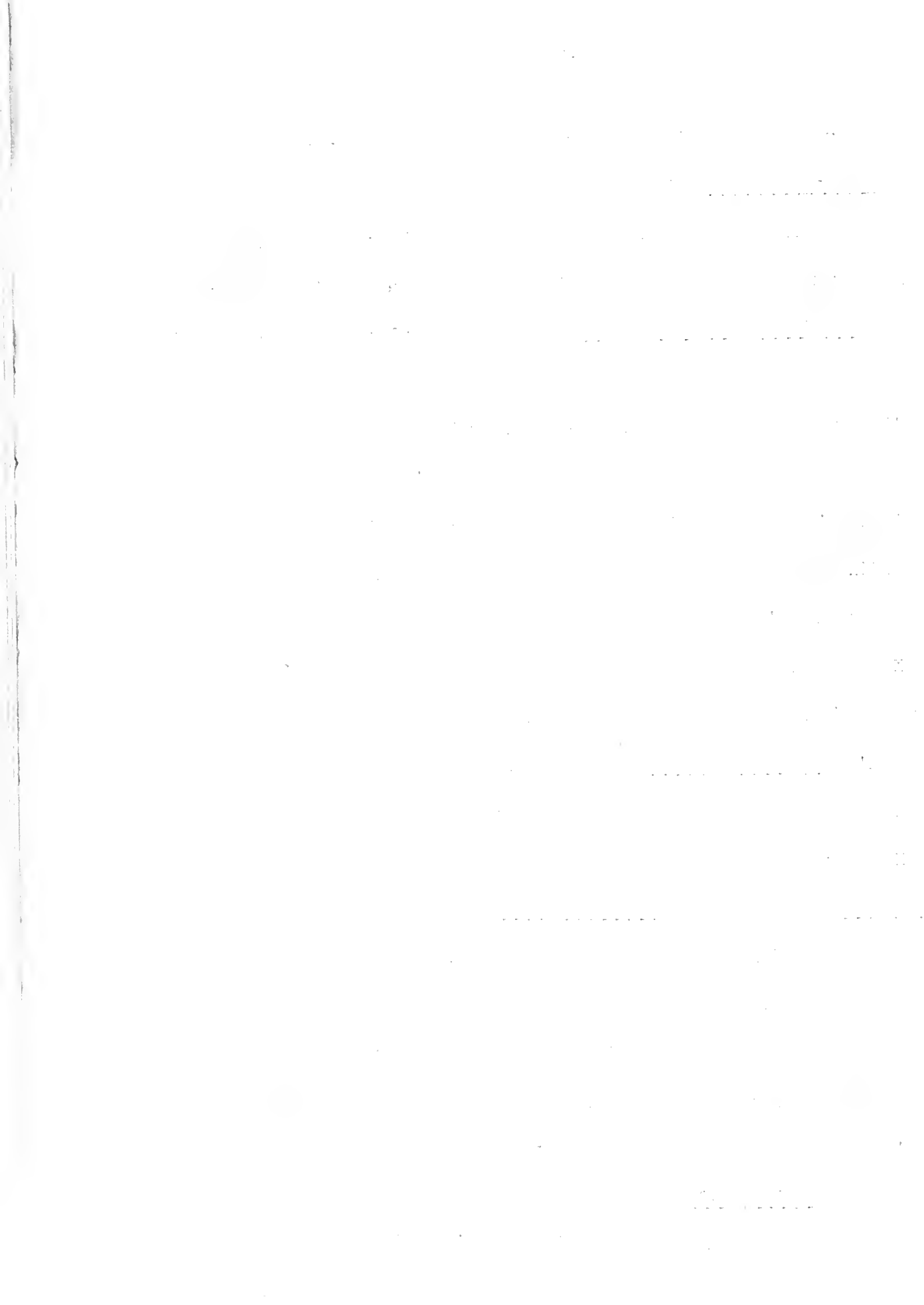
'As far as news is concerned,' I said, 'you had better talk to Atherton, because that is his exclusive.'

'Well,' he said, 'alright, but as soon as I get back to Paris I'll send him an identity card authorizing you to be our representative.'

I made an agreement with Atherton. I could keep 20% of the advertising income, but since I was using facilities of Atherton's Balkan Herald office and I was a paid employee of his, I told him that I would share that sum with him.

It became even easier for me to get advertising for the Daily Mail than for the Balkan Herald because certain companies were very much interested in the very prestigious British newspaper. For example I got a half page advertisement from Slovenia advertising the summer and winter resort Bled, and others covered the same area of advertising of hotels, steamship companies, etc.

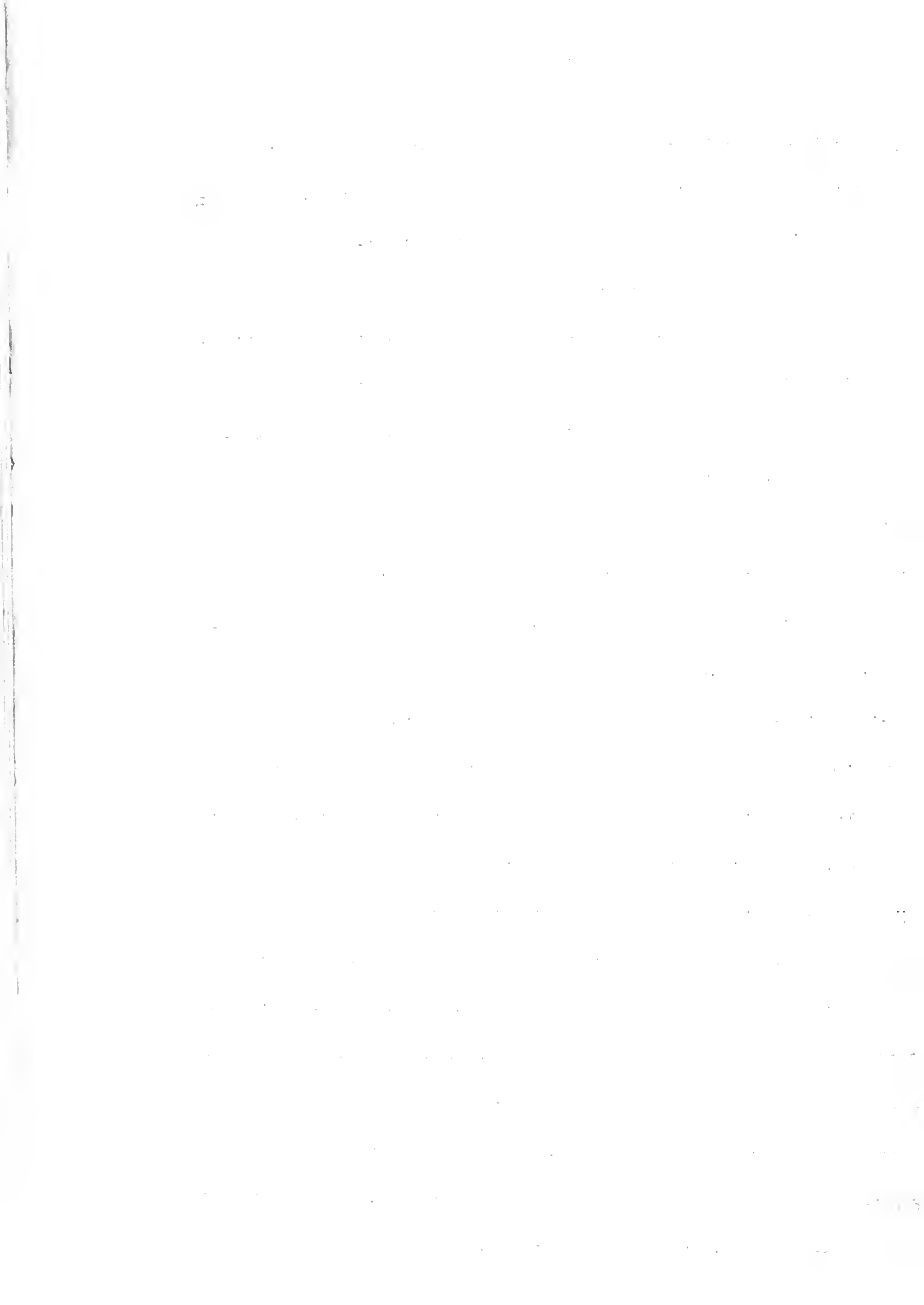
So that is how I joined the family of the continental edition of the Daily Mail.



Our office was located in the center of the city, in the so-called Kattar building on the corner of the main street. Some interesting people visited there. For instance, Somerset Maugham spent about five days in Belgrade and used to come to our office every day. He was a strange man. He would say hello and then go directly to the book shelves -- we had plenty of books there -- and without removing his slouch hat would pick up a book and read, sometimes making some short remark to Atherton, or asking some questions about Yugoslavia.

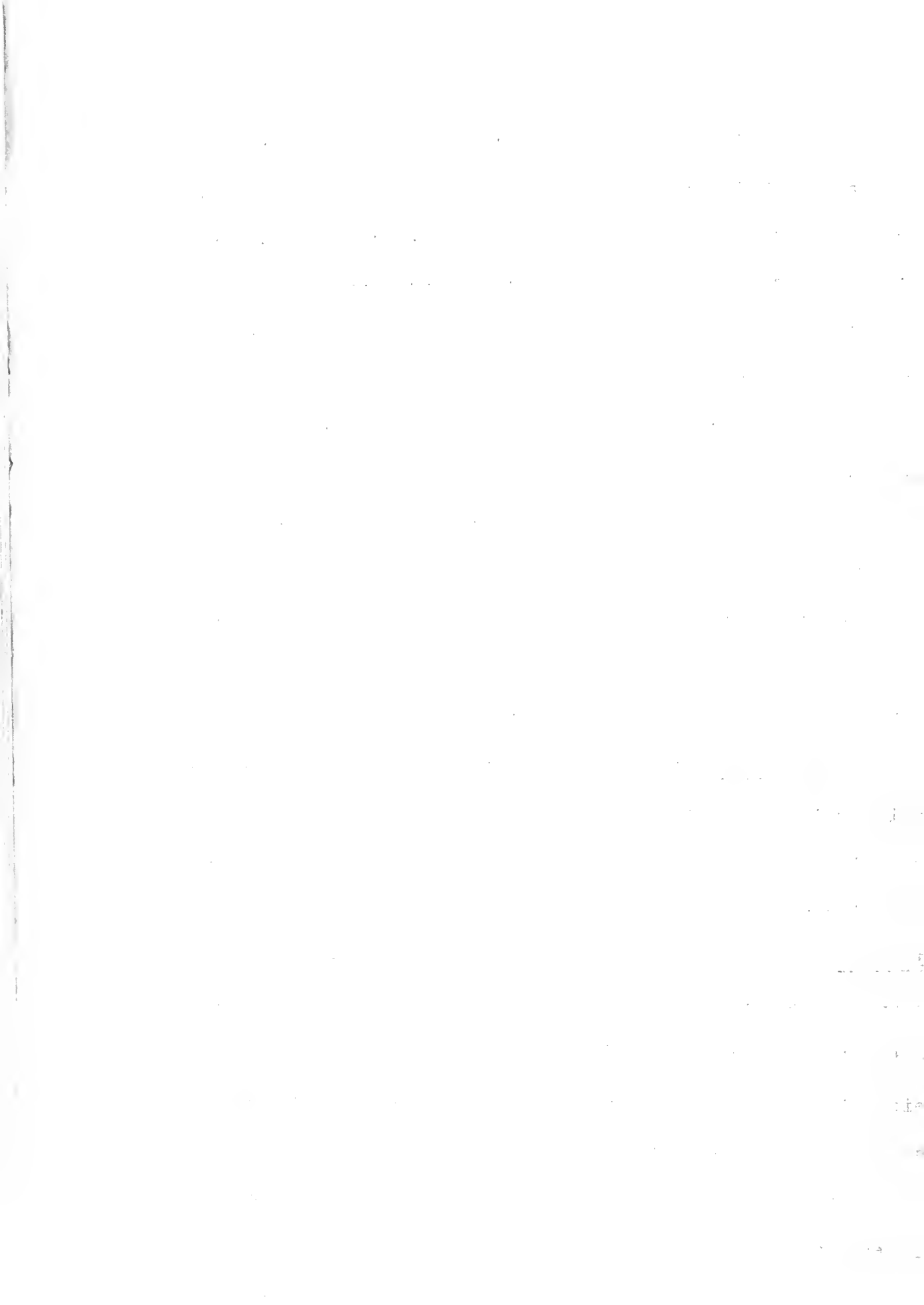
At the same time I continued my fencing; it was before the 1936 Olympics in Berlin and the fencing group was there, organized by a certain Russian Prince Maksutov. I exercised in that group with him and helped him take care of his students. One day, at his request, I undertook to train a man who would be on the Yugoslav fencing team going to the Berlin Olympics, fencing with him and teaching him all the tricks I knew.

In the meantime, the political situation in Europe was deteriorating. Various forces in southeastern Europe hated Yugoslavia. First of all there were extreme separatist Croats, fanatics who hated Alexander because they wanted a separate Croat state. There was a very dangerous group of Macedonians who were not happy being under Yugoslav rule, who also dreamed of some kind of independent Macedonia, and they were supported in their design by Bulgarians. And there were Hungarians who still aspired to some territories



occupied by Yugoslavia; because, don't forget, Yugoslavia was created after World War I at the expense of certain countries who were defeated. These forces of hatred against Yugoslavia combined and planned the assassination of King Alexander, who was a united symbol of the Yugoslavs. They selected a time when the King went to France. He went to Marseille on a Yugoslav destroyer and was riding with the French foreign minister, when he was assassinated by a man who jumped on the running board of the car and pumped from an automatic pistol, killing Alexander and the French minister and wounding the driver. Since it happened at a time while movies were being taken, the whole thing was recorded in film.

Atherton had excellent connections all around the world with his Daily Mail friends and the first news about the assassination which reached Belgrade was not from the Yugoslav government, which would have had to go through the Yugoslav consular authorities and so forth; but we got a wire directly from the Daily Mail correspondent there, who said that the attempt had been made on the King; so we were the first to get that news. Atherton immediately asked me to call the press section of the Foreign Ministry, and when I told them they said 'Don't talk nonsense, we have no official communique. We will check that right now,' so they didn't know. Within an hour or so, of course, they received the news.



It was a terrible time. Command of the state was taken over by a regency, headed by Prince Paul, cousin of King Alexander, and his wife Princess Olga. The sister of Princess Olga was Marina, who married the Duke of Kent. The regency in Yugoslavia was established because King Peter was still a boy of fifteen years of age.

After the assassination, Prince Paul was inaccessible to newspapermen. The country was in shock; there were fears of an uprising of Croats, but the country survived.

Sometime about then Ataturk, the great Turk, also died, and the clouds over Europe were getting darker and darker with the rise of Adolf Hitler.

I managed to visit Berlin twice, once before Hitler came to power, and once shortly before the war. It certainly was a great change. The earlier Berlin, which had been such a pleasant, gay, frivolous city became dull, full of martial music and marching troops, after Hitler came to power.

I visited my uncle and aunt, who lived in Berlin and spent Christmas with them. Once Tania went to Berlin to visit them, and came back loaded with beautiful dresses, made by Aunt Lika's mode salon, which employed 14 girls and served mostly the ladies of the diplomatic corps of Berlin.

tened carefully and then said, 'Well, there is a simple way to speed it up. Give a bribe to the man in charge of your account.' I said 'What? A bribe?' And he said 'Yes, just offer him a bribe, and you'll get your money.' 'How could it be possible?' I said. 'He occupies a position almost equivalent to deputy foreign minister.' 'So what?' he said, 'They take bribes, and that is probably the reason they are delaying payment of the sum due to you, expecting someone to come up with a little bribe.'

I was very reluctant, but he said "Don't you worry; only find a nice way to do that. I leave that up to you, to your diplomatic skill."

So I made an appointment with that fellow whose name was Anastasiu. To get to him was almost like getting to the late Tsar of Russia, there were so many secretaries, officers and so forth. Finally they told me that I would get an appointment on a certain date and at a certain hour.

The day came, and he received me very kindly. Then I told him 'You know that we are very much concerned about payments due to our Balkan Herald. It is an obligation that was taken by your government, signed by your foreign minister Mr. Dofenku, and the existence of the paper depends on these payments.'

'Oh,' he said, 'you know, Mr. Albov, we have some difficulties. We are very much involved now in our propoganda activities about Hungary -- as you know Hungary and we are in opposite camps; they claim certain areas that we possess -- so we

have to concentrate all our efforts there.'

My mind was working like a clock. I decided this was the topic. I said 'Mr. Anastasiu, I understand you; I understand your position, however we still need the money. I am authorized by my editor, Terence Atherton, to make you an offer. We will give 10% of the amount of money due to us to you to carry on your activities directed toward Hungary. I am authorized to give you a check for that amount, and as I know that it is a very touchy subject, I will give that check personally to you so that you can use it at your discretion, and then you can pay the balance due to us from the payments due.'

He suddenly changed. 'Oh that's fine,' he said. 'I will see that you get the payments within a very short time.' So I gave him a check amounting to 10% of the amount due to us, a personal check mind you, so he would not be accountable to anyone, and that was that. Shortly after my return to Belgrade, we received a call and we got our money in full; however, the check came out of our Balkan Herald fund.

It was an interesting example of how some of the Balkan governments were working.

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Chapter 44 Scenario VI (Cont'd)

But the time for the easy life was running out, and the clouds over Europe were getting darker and darker. It is not my intention to go deeply into that period, the second half of the 1930's, as the history of that time is well documented. I just want to state that the creation of Nazi Germany in the center of Europe, the formation of the Axis, the ever existing threat of the Soviet Union, and the gathering forces of the anti-Nazi coalition of England and France, all had their effect on smaller nations, and because of Yugoslavia's position it soon became an arena of great political movements and intrigues. A map of Europe will show that Yugoslavia occupies a very important position. Germany would have to go through Yugoslavia if it sought an access to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Italy had always had ambitions pertaining to the Adriatic Sea and Albania, and the British were always afraid of any other power getting a foothold in the Mediterranean Basin. Yugoslavia was at the crossroads of all these conflicting interests, and therefore with the approaching storm everyone concentrated on Yugoslavia, which was under terrific pressure from all sides. Germany asked prince Regent Paul and the Yugoslav government to subscribe to the principles of the Axis and to join the Axis Pact. At the same time the British were trying to influence some people in Yugoslavia to resist that pressure.

The majority of Yugoslavs favored Britain and France. The communists, who were still outlawed, were looking toward the Soviet Union. There were very few pro-Germans in Yugoslavia, and they consisted mainly of members of the German minority.

This situation brought a tremendous number of newspapermen from everywhere -- British, Germans, Americans, French, etc. Since I was working for Terence Atherton, I was constantly in the company of other correspondents. We were meeting at lunch and dinners discussing the political situation in Yugoslavia, and many foreign correspondents relied upon me since I knew perfectly the language of the country and was quite a good student of Yugoslavia's internal policy and its external policy; its relationships with other Balkan countries. So I was a kind of source of information for many people -- the New York Times, the United Press, the Associated Press, etc. My prime loyalty lay with Atherton, but he encouraged me, once he had used it for the Daily Mail, to pass over information to other correspondents.

Gradually I noticed that Atherton was trying also to bring me into contact with members of the British Embassy. I developed friendships with some of them, particularly the commercial attache, who was very interested in everything that I knew, so they were trying to pump me for certain information that was available to me.

I was also keeping contact with my Yugoslav friends, and like any newspaperman I always had certain informants among the

local people. The best informants were always low level plain clothes policemen.

Chapter 45 Scenario VI

At this juncture I would like to make a little departure from my narrative. Some people say that old men like only to talk about the past. Which is probably true. There is a reason for that. As a matter of fact the more I talk about that statement I am convinced that it is probably a biologically inherited ability and function needed by the human species. If we think of the fact that homo sapiens appeared on the earth as a thinking being more than half a million years ago at least, while the writing system appeared only five thousand years ago, it is obvious that preservation of important facts, of important stories, and propagation of acquired knowledge and maintenance and development of civilization all depended upon stories told by the old men. Therefore through many generations it became second nature for old men to share their experiences with the following generations; so there is nothing wrong with old men living in the past, as they say; it is an important function. It is easy to say now that I can narrate the story of my life on a tape recorder before writing these memoirs down, but for millenia it was impossible and everything hinged upon the spoken word, and all traditions and all the knowledge gradually accumulated by humanity depended

upon this knowledge. Can you imagine what would happen if old people did not talk about that? There would be no growth of civilization; nothing would be left. However, as we know, many things, many sagas; many myths from the past have been preserved long before humanity developed writing, where history was recorded. Long before Herodotus certain facts of life long past reached us through the narratives of old men telling their stories around the fire in some kind of a cave, telling their experiences and those of their fathers and forefathers to wide-eyed children. I think it is a wonderful thing that old people have the ability and urge to tell about their past. And that is what I am doing now; telling the stories of my past which contain some stories passed to me by my father.

Well so much for that; we are back to that threatening political situation in Yugoslavia. At that time I met many interesting people, because as I said before, Atherton's office was the usual place where all English-speaking people, British and Americans, would drop in and become acquainted. The South Slav and Balkan Heralds were the only English speaking newspapers available on the affairs of the Balkans, so we had interesting people coming to our office. For instance Bruce Lockhart, author of British Agent and other books. He was a mysterious character sent by the British government to Russia before the outbreak of the civil war during the first days of Bolshevism,

because Great Britain and its foreign policy was always very cold and cynical and they were considering all the options. Already at that time they thought that the day might come when they would be trading with the Soviets. At that time communism had already showed its terrible face to the entire world, but Lloyd George, speaking before Parliament said 'We can even trade with cannibals.'

In the previous chapter I told how more and more I became involved in newsgathering activities, primarily for Atherton and his Daily Mail, but also for other people, and that I met many members of the foreign embassies. In the American Embassy I knew the ambassador through formal gatherings of the Anglo-American Yugoslav club, and also I knew well the consul general McAtee, and also an American girl who worked for the consul-general and who once was our representative in Salonika. She was disappointed in certain aspects of our advertising policies and she came to McAtee and Atherton and I had to go to McAtee to straighten out that situation. Then I also met the American military attache, Colonel Fortier, who after the outbreak of war later became a general and was working in the Pentagon.

Interesting activities which I initiated in the Balkan Herald and which were very profitable were special editions devoted either to individual countries of the Balkan Pact, or to specific affairs. I recommended the making of a special

edition for Turkey in connection with a big international fair in Turkey. Atherton enthusiastically endorsed that and the Turkish ambassador of course said that he would give all help needed, so I again went to Istanbul and Ankara. Primarily I spent my time in Ankara where I was promised financial support by three leading banks of Turkey, the Ish bank, Sumer bank, and Ziran bank. Of course I had to do lots of conferring and gathering materials at the foreign office. Here I had a talk with an elderly official of high rank. During our conversation, accompanied as usual by Turkish coffee and Turkish cigarettes, he took notes in a little pad, holding it for some reason very close to him. I told him of our plans for the special issue; he suggested certain corrections, and said they would provide all the necessary pictures and background information. So we completed our interview, and he asked me to wait and called his secretary and dictated that memo to her so that before I left I would have a typed copy of the resume of our talks. And here again when the secretary stepped in he started dictating to her but kept these notes very close to him. I thought first that it was because of eyesight, but no, it was for some other reason. He dictated in Turkish and asked her to have it immediately translated into English. And then when she left I saw that he tore up his notes, and as he was doing so I saw that they were written in Arabic script, which had been abolished under threat

of severe penalty by Kemal Ataturk, the reformer of Turkey. The old man, this functionary at the foreign office, apparently had not learned yet to use the Latin alphabet, so to take notes in the fastest way he could write only arabic, but he didn't want any evidence of the fact that he was writing Arabic to remain, so he tore them up, placed them in an ashtray, burned the bits, and placed the ashes in the trash can. That is how afraid the old bureaucrats were of Kemal Ataturk and his tremendous reforms.

In Ankara there was only one excellent European style restaurant, a Russian restaurant, with balalaika orchestra and so forth. It was a charming place known even to the present day by everyone who has visited Ankara, called Karpych's. Karpych was the name of a former White Russian who joined Kemal's side during the war for liberation of Turkey, and as a reward he got a concession to open that restaurant. It was a most successful place, with fine Russian and French food, and a beautiful orchestra. All the diplomatic corps and newspapermen gathered there. I spent a couple of evenings there, became acquainted with Karpych, and shared reminiscences with him about the White Army, etc.

The Ankara edition was very successful and Atherton gave full credit to me. But just before it was ready to go to press, a terrible thing happened: Kemal Ataturk died. Fortunately we hadn't started printing that Ankara edition, so we managed to

quickly get from the embassy a beautiful picture of the Ataturk bronze mask made as a kind of monument to him during his life. Of course we had to change the front page, devoting it mostly to Ataturk and his achievements. But it was a successful issue and the ambassador was extremely pleased that we managed to make it both an Ankara edition and an edition commemorating the great Turkish reformer.

The success of this special edition of the Balkan Herald was such that we decided to make a special edition for Poland. The Polish embassy was very receptive to the idea and invited me to Warsaw and to be guest of the Polish foreign office, which would help us with the special edition.

Chapter 46 Scenario VI

I was looking forward to the trip to Warsaw for many reasons besides the interesting assignment of preparing the special issue. Poland was my birthplace, and there were still relatives of mine living there near Warsaw. I decided that I would go to Lomzhaand, the town where I was born, and then after a few days at Warsaw move to the little estate -- what was left of it -- of my relatives who were living near Warsaw, at Piastu. Well it was all fine and dandy, but this departure took place in August 1939, which was significant because at the end of that month, World War II began. But we didn't suspect that events would

move that fast.

I flew to Poland, stopping at Bucharest to change planes, and made the last part of the journey on the Polish airline Lyot. The Polish embassy in Belgrade had made all the arrangements for me in Warsaw so I went directly from the airport to the Hotel Bristol, which was one of the two best hotels in Warsaw (the other being the Europeiskii.)

My first mission was to go to the Foreign Ministry. There, I met with a young and charming gentleman who spoke perfect English and told me he would be at my disposal with all problems dealing with the special issue of the Balkan Herald, and that meanwhile he would entertain me the next day and show me Warsaw. It really was a wonderful evening; we had dinner at the Hotel Bristol, and then went nightclubbing, visiting all the interesting places. In one of them I was surprised at seeing a group of Polish officers who were singing Russian gypsy songs. Anyhow I spent most of the night in this gentleman's company seeing all the nightspots, and some very good floorshows. Warsaw was at that time a city of brilliance and gaiety, comparable to Bucharest. It was a western European capital, no doubt about that.

I was very busy in Warsaw at the beginning, getting in touch with various government agencies which were supposed to provide the financial support for the special edition. In dealing with the Ministry of Finance, and the tobacco monopoly and

other government agencies which were supposed to support the special edition, I started to detect a fading interest in our proposal. When I enquired about this at the Foreign Ministry, I was told that the political situation was becoming very alarming. In August the so-called Ribbentrop-Stalin pact was signed in Moscow, and apparently some provisions of that pact were at the expense of Poland. Then Molotov went to Berlin and was received by Hitler and it was obvious that Germany and the Soviet Union were coming to an arrangement which brought a completely new perspective to the whole situation in the world. Great Britain and France were counting on the Soviet Union fighting Fascism and Nazism, because they were bitter enemies, but the pact showed that the two dictatorships had found common ground. Poland immediately realized that it was all at Polish expense. So the situation began to deteriorate, at first gradually, and then very fast. I moved from Warsaw to the estate of my relatives at Piastov, and they were getting really panicky. They said that the situation was very grave and that a secret mobilization was going on and they didn't know what to do. They were hinting that I had better leave.

By this time I was getting alarmed myself. Before that I had noticed that in all the government agencies gas masks had appeared on the desks of the employees. I realized that no negotiations were possible; people were saying that they couldn't think of anything else except that war could start at any

moment. So I went to the Foreign Office and saw my friend who was attached to me and he said 'Forget everything else; try to get out. I will help you to get an airline ticket, and then get out of Poland, because Poland may be involved in war any time now.' So I went to Lyod airlines and finally managed to get a seat in a flight leaving Warsaw on the 29th of August 1939. I dashed by the electric train to Piastov to see my relatives, and they told me that they would come to see me at the airport, or rather that the wife of Klim would come, as he was busy at the office. So she came to the hotel, I got into the taxi, and we drove; but already the military were everywhere on the streets requisitioning automobiles, and they wanted to take our taxi. Fortunately, although I didn't speak Polish fluently enough, with Mrs. Klimm's help she explained that I was a foreigner and needed to get to the airport and they let me go.

The airport was under full military alert; the troops' screening of the passengers was very thorough, but finally I got into the plane, bidding my cousin 'goodbye. Tears were flowing, falling down her cheeks, and she said 'I don't know if we will ever see you again.' And as a matter of fact up to this day I don't know what happened to them.

The airplane took off after considerable delay because of the military precautions, with every seat taken. Most of the passengers, I realized, were either British or French, who were

leaving Warsaw. We were going to Warsaw, but we had to put down twice, at Lvov, and at Chernovicy. At Lvov the airport was already completely on the ready, the military aircraft were standing ready for takeoff, and the crews were sitting under the aircraft ready for battle. So we took off again and already toward evening stopped at Chernovic, and in the evening arrived at Bucharest. It was already the 30th of August. I spent the next day reading the news, which was very alarming. Then about 2 o'clock in the morning of September 1st, 1939, came the news that the Germans had bombed Warsaw; the beginning of World War II.

At this point I switch to Scenario VII. This will cover the period of World War II from September 1 1939 to my arrival in the United States from Europe on May 18 1945.

On September 2 I flew back to Belgrade. Everybody was very much upset and depressed because we knew that the blitzkrieg attack of the Germans on Poland was only the beginning of something very big, and immediately after this attack on Poland, France and England declared war on Germany. As soon as the Germans had conquered most of Poland, the Soviet Union moved her troops and conquered the remainder, so that Poland was again divided.

With the outbreak of war there was an immediate change in my job. Atherton told me that he was closing the two newspapers and that therefore I was not going to work with him anymore, but

he found a good position for me with the United Press. I knew the man at the United Press, George Kidd, a very fine gentleman. He and his wife stayed with us before he moved to the hotel Zenskii Krai which became the headquarters of all newsmen who were covering Belgrade politics.

Chapter 47 Scenario VII

Before going on I have to refer back to an event which took place before. Terence Atherton, my boss, told me that the chief European correspondent for the Daily Mail, a certain Herr von Schimpf, of Berlin, was going to visit in Belgrade and he asked me to join him in entertaining Mr. Von Schimpf.

'Well,' I said, 'why not arrange a dinner at our house? We'll prepare some Russian food for him.'

'That would be wonderful,' he said.

Lusha prepared an excellent dinner, so my sister and I entertained. We invited some other people, including both Princesses Schakovskoi, and some other friends joined us there, so there was a very nice dinner. After dinner we had coffee and drinks and I was talking with von Schimpf. He was very much interested in my anti-communist past; how I was an officer in the White Army, etc., and listened with great attention. I kind of struck a mutual understanding on certain things. I told him frankly that I didn't think that Nazism, although being very

anti-communist, was really a healthy force to be in a position to combat communism, but knowing that he was a German I didn't go too far in expressing what I thought about Hitler and the Nazi party. Anyhow, we really felt very friendly toward each other, and before he departed he called me and invited me for drinks together with Atherton. We had another round of conversation and he told me to stop by whenever I was in Berlin and gave me his address and telephone number. This event played an extremely important role later on.

However, at this time I return to Scenario VII, the war situation. From the Balkan Herald I moved to the United Press. I was very happy, and Kidd was happy in having me join his office; he needed someone who knew Serbo-Croatian, so I was his interpreter. I was reading the newspapers and getting all the information and translating it for him, and he was sending his news by telephone to Zurich, and from there it was transmitted to New York.

The competition for the fast developing news from Belgrade became very strong between the various agencies. Our particular rivals were the Associated Press and the New York Times. The Associated Press correspondent was a very amiable man named O'Sullivan. He drank a little too much and sometimes got plastered by night time. The New York Times was for a time repre-

sented by Cy Sulzberger. There is a book by him, AGE OF MEDIOCRITY, Which describes certain events of a later era, the 1960's to 1973. I knew him as a cub reporter while we were all dreaming of getting an interview with Prince Regent Paul after the assassination of King Alexander. He came to Belgrade shortly before that, and he also stayed in that same hotel where we all had our offices, the Zenskii Krai. I saw him once on a Sunday running down the street with a tennis racket. 'Where are you going Cy?' I asked. 'Where am I going? I am going to play tennis with Prince Paul!' When I told Atherton and Kidd they couldn't believe it. But that was a token of the tremendous prestige enjoyed by the New York Times. Later he left and another man, Ray Brock, took his place. Pleasant, but tricky. We discovered that whatever news we sent -- exclusive news -- that we telephoned via Zurich to New York was always beaten by a few minutes by the New York Times. We knew that news originated with us, and we couldn't figure out how the New York Times managed to get this news ahead of us. Finally, we learned a simple fact, that Ray Brock had managed to put his wife into the telephone exchange in Zurich with the understanding that she would kick back the news coming from U P and A P to him. He would then call the New York Times, and after that the news would be conveyed to the other agencies. Of course it was not a very ethical thing to do, but the times were such that anything went.

Another event which played as important a role as my meeting

with Herr von Schimpf occurred at this time. Atherton asked me to go to Zagreb. He said he had learned that a lady had escaped from Nazi Germany and that I should go and interview her.

So I went to Zagreb by train and went to the Hotel Esplanade and was introduced to Mrs. Schmidt. She was a very attractive young woman, who spoke perfect English, and I started to interview her. She told me some horror stories about life in Nazi Germany; Gestapo atrocities, the shortage of food, etc. Really she answered my leading questions, because that was my instruction from Atherton, to ask her the most sensitive questions possible, and she answered very calmly. Our meeting ended, I said goodbye, and with my notes dashed back to Belgrade.

So Europe was at war. Yugoslavia was not at war but there was a continual interplay between the rival forces, and her neighbors Italy, and particularly Hungary, who had claims on some territories lost after World War I. So Yugoslavia was in a very uneasy situation. Then the war broke out in Albania, and through Albania the Italians attacked Greece. So we of United Press were very much interested in following the events.

At that time George Kidd left the United Press office in Belgrade and in his place came Leon L. Kaye, also a very capable and jovial man under whom I worked at the most critical time of my journalistic career.

One of the first assignments he gave me was to set up machinery which would give us a flow of information about the develop-

ment of the war between the Italians and Greeks, in Albania of in the border areas between Albania and Greece. Fortunately I managed to find a Montenigran who was a newspaperman; he didn't speak any English but he had a wealth of information, and we established a certain machinery with him that he would call us when he came to Belgrade. He became acquainted with me and he met Kaye, and then he went back to Pecz, a little town in the south of Yugoslavia. From there he was supposed to call us every day, and give the latest news, which I would then transmit to Kaye, and he would immediately call it to New York. Well, with that man we had the best coverage of that little known war on the borders of Albania. Sometimes the news was so exciting that we would get questions from New York whether we could ascertain that certain things actually took place. We replied that we had a reliable source of information, and that was that.

One day there was an important town in which a battle had been raging for several days, Argirokastro. Suddenly we got a telephone call in the morning from our man in Pech who said that Argirokastro was taken by the Greeks, the Italians were pushed out. It was a very important and critical event of that war, so Kaye was reluctant. He said 'Check once with that man, to see whether he is telling the truth or it's just rumors.' So we flashed that news to New York, and then came a very searching inquiry 'Are you sure? No one else has reported Argirokastro being retaken.'



Kaye was a little distressed about the inquiries so he said 'Alex, why don't you take a train and go to Pech? I want you to see that man on the spot and see how he operates.'

It was a long trip down south and involved changing trains at two junctions. What I found when I got there was not very encouraging. The man was sick and lying in his bed; he had TB in the very advanced stages. He had a little map of that area, like taken from a high school geography book, and some people were coming to him and telling him various stories; he would jot them down and call us.

I said, 'How do you get this information? Who are these people?'

'Oh,' he said, 'they are montagnards who are coming from the mountains, and their information is usually very good.'

I wasn't very impressed, and my faith in that man's information was shaken. But when I called Kaye, my boss, in order to deny or confirm Argirokastro, our source said 'Oh, that's for sure.'

Strangely enough, when the man called us and we flashed that news, it hadn't taken place, but it did take place about three days later. So our flash gave the world the information of the capture of the city three days in advance of the actual fact.

The only place from which to call Kaye from that town was the local telephone station, and here I noticed that I was under



surveillance by the local police. This meant that they were alerted by Belgrade about my trip. So I called Kaye and told him that it was just an act of fate that we should accept the man's news as valid, and that I had also collected the latest news from him, but was not very much impressed with the way that he collected his news.

From that point on I noticed that I was under constant surveillance by plainclothes policemen. Wherever I went there was one or two following me. Even when I was going home they were keeping watch on me, on two corners; when it was raining, with their umbrellas. I knew very well that the Yugoslavian police force at that time was heavily penetrated by pro-German elements, and they were apparently under orders to keep an eye on me and see what was going to happen.

Again going back: At one point I was approached by a friend of mine from the time of my Balkan Herald advertising activities. He was a Persian citizen who was a very rich man, he made money by delivering horses to the cavalry of all the Balkan countries, and also he was selling Persian rugs; he was married to a Russian girl. We were good friends through my friendship with his wife, and through much advertising of his rugs. One day he said, 'You know, the Yugoslav government is planning to buy helmets for the army and there will be open bids for these helmets. I suggest

that through your contacts in Greece you find somebody there who will bid.' I immediately went to Greece, to my friend Mavromihalis, who got in touch with the two largest producers of steel helmets for the Greek army, and got from them the prices, etc. It was to be \$300,000 in dollars, and the balance in local currency; a million dollar bid. So I submitted that, and when the bids were opened the Greek bid was lowest and I dealt with the staff officers of the Yugoslav army who were very much interested in this. The other bid was from Czechoslovakia. I said, 'We know the situation; the Czechoslovakian source could be interrupted at any time that there's an outbreak of hostilities. The only logical place to get the helmets would be from the rear of Yugoslavia, from Greece.' They agreed, and one day I got a telegram from the Ministry of War, saying 'We would like to see the manufacturers; we would like them to come to Belgrade.' Here, I was involved with the Greek embassy, whom I knew very well through the Balkan Herald activities, and we set a date for these people to come. Finally after taking them over to the Ministry of War, they considered that the deal was finished, that this was it; the Greek firm would get the order to manufacture the helmets. So we were all set for that, and there was even a celebration dinner in the Greek embassy; champagne was flowing; and then I was waiting for the final orders.

Chapter 48 Scenario VII

I was almost in a state of euphoria about that Greek helmet deal, because I knew that when it went through I would be a relatively rich man because of the money I was supposed to get out of it. However those sweet dreams didn't last too long. There was delay after delay after delay, and in the meantime we learned that the War Minister had gone to the Soviet Union and all activities in the deal were stopped. Upon return of the War Minister I was summoned to the War Ministry and told that any deals about buying armaments, helmets, etc. were off, since Yugoslavia hoped to get all necessary equipment from the Soviet Union. It was a blow, and I knew it was a terrible thing that Yugoslavia was counting on getting that kind of help from the communists, but that was that; Yugoslavia trusted the Soviet Union, remembering still the old Russia that helped small Serbia in the critical hours of her history in 1914. So the deal was off.

Around that time, a very sad event happened in our family, the death of my mother. She died on the 18th of January 1941, on the eve of Russian Epiphany. On that day she went to church; she brought some holy water from church and went around the house blessing it, sprinkling all the rooms with holy water. She looked tired, and laid down. My sister Tania and I were supposed to go to a party that night, but around 5 o'clock my mother commenced to cough and called Tania and me, saying that she didn't



feel very well. I knew that a doctor lived in the apartment below, so I called him, but it was already too late; mother was dying. She told us only that her letter to us had instructions, about the funeral, and what we were supposed to do. She was aware of the forthcoming terrible events in the world; she predicted that we might be going to Berlin to live with Aunt Lika, Then she asked my sister to bring to us the icon, and place it in front of her, and looking at that icon and silently praying, she passed away. She was a devout Christian and churchgoer; she never missed a service; and she was known to all the priests. The Metropolitan Anastasii came to church for the final ritual for my mother, a great honor. She was buried in Belgrade in the same grave where my father was buried.

In 1972 when my wife and I went to Yugoslavia I went to that cemetery and couldn't find the place because, I learned at the office, later on someone else was buried in that same grave.

Tania and I were very much depressed by this, but life went on. At the same time I was constantly aware of being followed. This was probably due to my activities as a newspaperman, I thought. At that time to be a newspaperman on the side of the Allies -- America, Great Britain, France, etc. -- was considered as a hostile act against the Germans. Of course we were all interested and concerned about the next move the Germans would make, as they obviously were about to move toward the Balkans.



The British were friends of the Americans, and some friends from the British legation whom I knew had approached Kaye and had asked if he would mind that he and I would share with them some of their news. They were interested in the same news that we were interested in and they all knew that through my background, my knowledge of the Yugoslav situation, language, and Balkan situation in general I might be a useful source of information for them. Of course my sympathies were on the side of the Americans and British. So, probably involuntarily, through sharing information, I was unwittingly dragged into something that would be called intelligence work helpful to the British, who were already at war with Germany, while the United States was neutral. It was spring of 1941 and the Yugoslav secret police was heavily infiltrated by German agents, and they were watching me.

At the same time I had to get information as part of my newspaper activities. Toward this end I established an interesting contact with a Yugoslav man who worked for the German airline Lufthansa. He was providing us with the most interesting information about the flight through Yugoslavia of various Nazi big shots going to Istanbul, to Bulgaria, and so forth. I would meet him somewhere and he would slip me a piece of paper with the names of important Nazis who travelled through Yugoslavia. I relayed that information to Kaye; some of it was not of interest to him, but he told me I could share it with our British friends, which I did.



One of these was the British air attache in Belgrade, Wing Commander McDermott. He told me that he would appreciate it if I would call him sometimes, but never from my house as the telephone might be tapped. I was to call from different places, never to tell who was calling, nor to reveal my name. It was agreed upon that I would identify myself as McNab, so that was my name in dealing with the British.

I learned from McDermott certain other interesting tricks of intelligence precautions. As I say, I wasn't an intelligence agent, but with Kaye's permission I shared news, although I had to be very cautious about it. He said, 'There are three places in which we can meet; a Cafe Casino, a Cafe Coliseum, and another cafe. When we make arrangements to meet, if we say 'let's meet at 7 oclock at the Casino,' that would mean that we would meet an hour and a half before that at the Coliseum cafe.' So I learned this kind of a code and we used to meet there and I passed to him some information.

One of my informants was a police secret agent, a young fellow who, for a 100 dinar note -- about \$2 -- was willing to tell me all he knew. Some of the information was fantastically interesting for Kaye and for the British, about the movement of German troops in Romania, and how they were assembling a pontoon bridge along the Danube shore which at any moment by the force of the current could make a crossing possible from Romania to Yugoslavia.



And I was meeting some other people who were slipping me little pieces of information at the entrances to movies, etc. But, as I say, I was being followed and that bothered me; I was afraid that at any time I might be arrested.

There were interesting events going on in the Hotel Srbskii Krai, the gathering place of all newspapermen both of the allied and Americans, and also of the Axis powers. We all had to share the same bar. At that time the CBS correspondent in Belgrade was Winston Burdett, who still broadcasts from Rome. He was married to an Italian girl, of Jewish descent, a very charming lady, and we were usually sitting together: Ray Brock from the New York Times, Burdett, O'Sullivan from Associated Press, Kay from United Press, myself, and another man named something like Fleming from Associated Press. I remember one day a noisy party was going on headed by a representative of DNB, the German News Service. They were toasting victories of their friends, and the wife of Winston Burdett couldn't stand it any more so she grabbed a bottle of beer and threw it at that man, and hit him on the head. Well, he jumped up and rushed toward us and a fist fight ensued between the Germans and the British and Americans. Since I was no good for fighting, I retreated to a corner. Strangely enough, a friend of mine was working at that hotel on the telephone exchange, which was not far away from the bar, so when he heard the big commotion he peeked out and saw what was going on.



But he didn't report the event immediately to the police, and the next morning he was arrested for not reporting that international incident in the Hotel Srbskii.

Yugoslavia was trying to remain neutral but it was almost impossible. Germany put pressure on the Yugoslav government to sign the Tripartite Pact, that is, to join the Axis. On the 25th of March, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia was summoned to Berchtesgaden to see Hitler, and under threat of annihilation of Yugoslavia, the prime minister of Yugoslavia very reluctantly signed that pact.

The Yugoslavs, especially the Serbs, were traditionally pro-French and pro-English and strongly resented collaboration with the Axis. As patriots and democrats they felt themselves duty bound to do all they could to stop fascist aggression. So there was a conspiracy, and we learned that some people in the armed forces, particularly in the air force, were trying to do something about the situation.

The secret negotiations of the Yugoslav leaders with Germany and Italy, the intensified activities of German agents in the country and the German plans to seize Salonikaland, indifference to the pride of friendly Greece, refusal to undertake military preparations, failure to negotiate treaties with Bulgaria and Turkey, and the rejection of British aid, was crowned with the signing of the Tripartite Pact. The conspirators, supported by



the British, were shocked by this and determined to do something in the national interest. So on March 27, a coup d'etat took place, intended to save Yugoslavia's honor. It also had far reaching military consequences, because it forced Germany to revise its plans for military operations against Greece and the Soviet Union. Those responsible for the coup, headed by General Simovich, air force commander, have said that their deed was a major political defeat for Hitler, and contributed to his ultimate defeat. That was slightly exaggerated but there was also some truth to it, for it actually moved the timetable for German plans back a few months, which put German troops at the gates of Moscow not in the fall but in the winter. Then General Frost took over and helped the Soviets to defeat the Germans at Moscow.

Following the signing of the Pact, the atmosphere was one of defiance; there were demonstrations on the streets, people were going around shouting 'Boje rat nego pakt!' which means 'better war than pact!' On the 26th, on the eve of the coup d'etat, all we newspapermen felt that something was about to happen, but we didn't know what. There were rumors that British troops were landing in Salonika, to help the Yugoslavs against the Germans, but I think those rumors were spread by British intelligence.

On the night of the 26th I did my regular routine task of going around at 11 oclock in the evening to the two local Belgrade newspapers, Politika and Vremia, getting their next day editions



fresh from the printing press and scanning them, looking for the latest news which might be of importance to send to New York. I didn't find anything of particular interest. I called my boss, Leon Kaye, from home and he said that if I heard something I had better come to his hotel to see what was going to happen.

I got up early in the morning and went to the Srbskii Kraj. There were many troops on the streets, and some tanks, so I knew that something had happened. I rushed to Leon Kaye's hotel suite. Some friends came in and said there was a coup by the air force, Commanding General Simovich, and other officers who opposed the policy of regent Paul and wanted to create a pro-allied government headed by the child King Peter, at that time only 14 or 15 years old.

We wanted desperately to send wires, but all telephone lines were cut off. A coup had occurred and we weren't able to send a wire about it! We tried to approach the new rulers, but with no result whatsoever. I kept calling the central telephone exchange office, and managed to establish contact with a girl at the foreign telephone exchange; she promised to help me once there were lines open, at 10 o'clock in the evening. It was 27 March 1941.

I asked the girl for her name and identified myself; she knew who I was because we were good customers, along with other newspapermen, calling constantly via Zurich to New York.



Chapter 49 Scenario VII

Throughout the day, Belgrade was in turmoil. Troops occupied all public buildings, and the local police were taken over by air force units. I was particularly happy at this, since I heard they had arrested 11 pro-German agents who had penetrated the police and therefore their surveillance of me would stop.

My recent boss, Atherton, who was still my sister Tania's boss, had a car, and he, Kaye and I went driving through the town observing the manifestations of incredible joy and patriotic feeling. People were singing and dancing, and shouting 'Boje rat nego pakt!' voicing a preference to war over the hated pact, which they considered a betrayal of Yugoslavia to the Germans.

There had been some changes in the newspaper corps. O'Sullivan of Associated Press had left and his place was taken by very able newspaperman Robert St. John. Brock remained, and there was Lee White of NBC and Peter Brown from Reuters, and many others. At a time like that we were all more or less banded together, despite being competitors in every respect, and were just waiting for the lines to be opened. The gathering of the crowds also resulted in some anti-German and -Italian demonstrations. A crowd rushed the German travel agency, which also housed Lufthansa's airline office, a beautiful office with great plate glass windows. They smashed the windows and then people got inside and smashed everything in sight, tearing off posters with



the German swastika and so forth. The Italian travel agency experienced the same fate.

Still, it was not quite clear whether the forces who had seized power were in full control or not. We learned that Prince Paul had left the night before in his train for Zagreb. The new government was afraid that he might try to sneak out of the country, so telegrams were sent to Zagreb to stop him. He was returned to Belgrade and immediately brought into the war ministry before the new leader, General Simovich, with whom he agreed to leave the country and go to Greece the very same night. So the boy king Peter assumed power.

However, the situation didn't clear up until some hours later, in the afternoon; the position of the royal guard was not very clear in the morning hours. Some of the cavalry guard regiment were still against the revolt, but when the troops of the new regime approached the royal palace with tanks they finally surrendered and went on the side of the people who had seized power, the anti-German and pro-British forces of General Simovich.

Travelling through town, whenever Atherton and Kaye identified themselves as being American and British we were the objects of enthusiastic ovations. Atherton, who knew some Serbian, was shouting also 'Boje rat nego pakt!' ('better war than pact!' and so it was going on all day long.

The trouble was that we couldn't send news. Kaye was in



despair. He told me that he would try to escape from Belgrade, which was completely sealed by the troops; get across the Sava River and try to hire a car; go as far as he could from Belgrade to some point where he could send a wire. He instructed me to stay in the hotel and try to get through to New York on the telephone exchange. He left, and meanwhile I decided to leave my post for a short time, got a taxi cab and drove to the main telephone and telegraph and post office. On my way there I managed to buy the best possible box of candy, took it with me, and with some difficulty managed to get to the girl who was handling the outside calls of the telephone exchange. She said that she would stay there until the late hours and when a line was open she would see that we got it first. She was very touched by my little bribe of a box of chocolates, and kept her promise. Kaye returned from his unsuccessful attempt to cross the river around 6 pm and to my surprise he was a little tipsy. He had had too much to drink while trying to negotiate with a boatman to take him across the river, and while returning with the soldiers who arrested him. He managed to get the boat alright, and the man started to row him across the river, but the patrol on the river bank opened fire and he was arrested. He tried to call me, but they didn't permit it. So he was under arrest for 3 hours, until finally toward evening they let him go and he dashed to the office. I reported to him what I had done; then we were just



waiting and waiting. So were all of our competitors -- Robert St. John, Ray Brock of the New York Times, Atherton for the Daily Mail, etc. Finally around 10:30 the telephone rang in our room; I picked it up and it was the girl. She said 'You get the line; I have hooked you into all outgoing lines.' This meant that we were hooked simultaneously to lines via Istanbul, Zurich and Budapest -- we had all three lines. Kaye, who by that time had sobered up, fortunately had started to dictate his messages, which he scribbled before the line was opened, and when he finished he said 'We have to keep those lines busy so that other people won't get in.' We managed to keep the lines busy for half an hour. That was good enough to beat any competition for anyone. We learned later on that the United Press really did get out the first information about the coup d'etat in Yugoslavia. Later on it was recognized in a book by Robert St. John, FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE, which gives a more comprehensive idea of what took place in Yugoslavia during this period.

I stayed overnight with Kaye, and messages were coming constantly from New York inquiring about additional details, etc., which we managed to provide; we were getting new information all the time about the departure of the prince regent, change of the government, etc.

Next day a king's proclamation was announced and the boy king, Peter II, was sworn in as the new king of Yugoslavia.



A Te Deum was announced, to be held in the Belgrade main cathedral, and the Serbian patriarch conducted services. All the diplomatic corps was invited, including the German and Italian ambassadors. All of us went. It was difficult to get in the church since only people with special passes could enter, but we observed all the dignitaries of the diplomatic corps. Then, after the end of the Te Deum, King Peter emerged with the Patriarch, General Simonovich, other members of the government, and the diplomatic corps. And here outbursts of hatred on the part of the people of Belgrade were manifested when they rushed for the car of the Minister of Germany, von Herre. I saw with my own eyes how his car was pounded upon with fists, and people were rushing to it to spit on it. I have never seen anything like it; the car was all covered with spittle. I realized then that certainly the relations between Yugoslavia and Germany would be very cool, if they did not reach the breaking point. Finally the gendarmes helped that car to be removed and rushed back to the German embassy. Troops surrounded the embassy so that people wouldn't rush in and smash everything.

During the night messages came from the United Press head office in New York congratulating Kaye on the outstanding service we had rendered in beating all of the other agencies and papers with our exclusive story. Then, around 5 o'clock in the morning, a message came from the head of the United Press announcing that



a special bonus of \$500 would be awarded to Kaye and \$200 to me, which made me very proud indeed at that time.

From that time on Yugoslavia had to prepare for war. We heard that the Germans were concentrating troops on the Yugoslav borders. Heavy tank concentrations were noticed in Hungary, already taken over by the German; troops were in Bulgaria and Romania, and in Hungary a heavy concentration of attack bombers and fighter planes was noticed. The Yugoslav government announced a partial mobilization, and so events were rolling fast toward a great climax.

I will remember the next Sunday, 6 April, 1941, as long as I live; it was a terrible day. During the days after the coup, the Germans evacuated their embassy, and nationals, which showed that we could expect outbreak of war at any time. We were sending information about that all the time, and the Yugoslav army was mobilized. I remember that on Saturday the 5th April there were many air raid exercises, the sirens were wailing, and then the all clear was sounded; it was repeated several times. It was all exercises prepared for anticipated attack by the Germans.

On instructions from Leon Kaye I was always walking in Belgrade and calling him from various points, describing to him what happened. My sister Tania was busy with Atherton until late in the evening hours, but she went home about 10 oclock and remained at home with Lusha. At that time I was grateful that



mother had quietly passed away, for I knew it would have been terrible for her to live through those fateful days.

On the night of the 6th and 7th of April I was walking in the direction of the railroad station to see what was going on there, when I heard a terrible noise, and saw a column of tanks going up the streets in the direction of the bridge across the Danube. I rushed for the telephone and told Kaye about this column of tanks going apparently to the border. Kaye ordered me to come back to the office. We reviewed the situation, and he said 'Alright, now you better go get some sleep because tomorrow morning we will have to be ready for all kinds of events.' So I went, reaching our home at Stranichne Bana St. no. 33 at around 3 oclock in the morning. I was exhausted and lay down to sleep.

I was awakened by a terrible noise. It was already bright out as I jumped out of bed. The cathedral bells were pealing from the main cathedral, not far away; sirens started to wail, and then we heard the terrible noise of stukas -- fighter bombers equipped with sirens which made a tremendous noise when diving -- and the heavy thud of falling bombs. I started to dress and suddenly our house shook as if there was a heavy earthquake, and we realized that it had been hit by a bomb. There were heavy explosions everywhere around us. We looked through the window and saw smoke and debris. Tania and I grabbed Lusha and rushed down stairs into the cellar. It was the best possible shelter



because the cellars in Belgrade, used for storage of coal and firewood, were well built. So we stood there with many other people who lived in our house, listening to terrible explosions, the noise of diving stukas and the whistle of falling bombs.

After the first wave of bombers there was silence, and we heard only shouting and screams of wounded people. Tania said 'Let's go upstairs and save some things!'

I had a special package with all-important documents, and some old photographs from Russia, but I left all that. I just took a shaving kit, pair of pajamas, pair of underwear, an extra shirt, slippers, a toothbrush, toothpaste, and that was about all, in a little overnight bag. Tania was more thoughtful; she first of all took the old icon, which had been in our family for almost 200 years, mother and father's prayer book, and a few other things in a suitcase. We all rushed down into the cellar just as a new wave of bombers came, bringing new terror and destruction.

Chapter 50 Scenario VII

The vicious, indiscriminate bombardment of Belgrade by waves of German fighter bombers and big bombers continued, bringing terrible destruction and killing many people. It should be said that in a last attempt to avoid destruction, Belgrade was proclaimed an open city. It was a desperate act of the govern-



ment, trying to save Belgrade from this kind of punishment. It meant that there would be no anti-aircraft artillery around the city, so no anti-aircraft measures were used during the first day. Only the next day were some anti-aircraft guns hastily brought to areas surrounding Belgrade, but the number of pieces was very small and of course couldn't stop the incoming waves of German bombers. In this respect, the attack of the Germans upon Yugoslavia was very similar to their attack on Warsaw, and later on, the attack on Rotterdam, which shook the civilized world by its vicious destruction.

During the 9 days between the coup d'etat on the 27 March and the attack on Belgrade on April 6th, which, by the way, was on Palm Sunday -- the Germans usually used such big holidays for their attacks -- the Yugoslav government tried to take certain measures to help save the population from air attack by the Germans. Hastily, some air raid shelters were built in the public parks. Actually just deep trenches were dug, and covered with some light materials for protection against splinters rather than any direct hit. One such shelter was dug out in the famous Kalimingan park across from the Hotel Srbskii Kraj, where most of the western newspapermen had their rooms and offices. A bomb hit that shelter and killed many people tightly packed in those trenches. The same fate was experienced by people who tried to find shelter in a churchyard of the Voznesenskii church in the center of the city. I don't know



whether the German pilots saw these trenches from above and purposely hit them, or not, but other air raid shelters were also hit. Most heavily bombarded were all government buildings, the British Legation, and the American Embassy. The area where we lived was close to the military barracks, so it was really devastated, and it is no wonder that one of the first bombs in this bombardment hit our house.

As soon as the bombardment started, before we even ran down into the cellar to take shelter there, I turned on the radio; but to my surprise, there was no announcement made. Only folk music was serenely playing over the radio while the city was undergoing bombardment by the German stukas.

I also tried to call the Hotel Srbskii Kraj. I managed to get through to Leon Kaye, who told me in a panicky voice that bombs had hit the hotel and that he was dashing down to save his life, that he would try to get to the American Embassy, and that I should try to get in touch with him there. My next call, to go Atherton, didn't get through.

After we had gone upstairs to fetch our things, and were back waiting in the cellar, I suddenly heard a car stop before our house. Looking through the small windows at the pavement level from our shelter, I saw that it was Terence Atherton, my former boss and Tania's present boss, who had come to see us -- a very great gesture by him! Tania ran upstairs to the front door to meet him, and he said 'Without losing any time, get into the car

should try to get in touch with him there. My next call, to

fetch

and let's get out of Belgrade! I am leaving, and you cannot stay here under any circumstances. Sooner or later, the Germans will capture Belgrade and you cannot afford to stay under the Germans! You will be in mortal danger!

He was so excited and so persuasive. we told him 'Alright, we will go with you, but what about the old lady, our devoted servant Lusha? We have obligations toward her; we cannot leave her here alone!'

'I cannot take her,' he said, 'but I will take you, make up your mind.'

'We cannot leave her;' I replied, 'we have a moral obligation to take care of her!' I was a little surprised at Atherton's excitement, and the insistence with which he tried to instill in us the necessity to leave Belgrade because we would, as he said, be "in mortal danger."

'You could do us a great service,' I told him, 'if you take us to the suburbs of Belgrade; I know that you are planning to go south so your road will go by the house of Mr. Sabashkov, a Russian. He told me once that in case anything ever happened we could always come and stay with him.'

Mr. Sabashkov lived outside the limits of Belgrade and I was hoping that this area had been spared from the bombardment. He was an old man living with a lady who was his common-law wife. He couldn't marry her because of religious reasons. He was an Old



Believer and couldn't get wedding rights in the regular Orthodox Church in Belgrade. so they were living as common-law husband and wife. He was a relatively rich man. He had two or three apartment houses in Belgrade which were rented very nicely for him, and he told me on several occasions that he kept lots of gold in some places under his villa. I had dinner at his house once or twice a month, and recently had been almost weekly in his house. He liked my company because he had some very interesting people around him -- actors, artists, writers, and newspapermen -- and I was always interesting company for these people because through me they got the latest news; they knew that I was a United Press correspondent and knew the situation better than any one of them. So that was how our friendship got established. He was fond of me and had given me his standing invitation for my sister and I to come and live with them. So I thought that it would probably be our best bet to go there, because to stay in the area where we were was impossible. The three of us joined Atherton in his car, and we started in that direction. However, we had not passed two blocks when a new wave of bombers came

"We have to hide somewhere!" Atherton said

There was a big house with an underground garage, and a wide opening leading to it. The garage was empty, so he just drove his car in there. At that moment a bomb fell close to the entrance, a shock wave shook us up inside that garage, and we saw a



house across the street start to burn.

Then Atherton and I looked around and we saw something that really scared us. Stored in that garage were many canisters of gasoline, big canisters like metal barrels. 'If ever that flame comes to our area,' we thought, 'we would just perish in that flame.'

It was probably the worst bombardment that we experienced, there, in that particular shelter. First of all shock waves were coming into that garage and shook us terribly, and then the noise! First we would hear the noise of approaching planes and then the noise of stuka sirens when they were diving upon that area; then as they came up from the dives we would hear the whistle of bombs, and then the heavy explosions all around. The house shook, probably also hit by several bombs. I was scared, but I knew that I couldn't ever show that I was scared.

For under conditions of battle or bombardment, when in mortal danger, people are divided into brave people and cowards. It is supposed that brave people don't experience any fear, while cowards are frightened and show their fear. Actually I believe that every human being experiences fear in terrible adverse situations like war, combat, bombardment, etc. The only difference is that the so-called brave people hide that fear; they hide showing that they are scared in the same way as those who are called cowards don't hide that feeling. They hide it and they play a role. It takes some effort to do that, but anyone can do it and pass for a brave



man. I had experienced that myself in the past on many occasions before this one. For instance, as I stated before, I was twice decorated for bravery. But to say that I wasn't scared at that time -- no! But I played a role, as on the stage. I played the role of a brave man, I didn't want anyone to see that I was scared, and that probably helped me and helped other people who were observing me. It was the same in Belgrade; I knew that we were in mortal danger, that we could be hit by a bomb, or that flame would ignite the gasoline tanks and we would perish in a minute in a terrible conflagration. Tania, Lusha and Atherton were almost trembling, and I grabbed Tania and Lusha and said 'You stay close to me.' Talking very quietly and calmly, showing neither by my facial expression nor by my voice how I felt. I said 'You just stay and we will pray together and everything will be alright. Just have trust that everything will pass.' And so we were waiting through probably the worst of the episodes that we experienced in the 3 day bombardment of Belgrade.

The bombers usually came over certain areas in two or three waves, and then they would move to another area and drop their bombs there. They dropped bombs of all calibre; among them some tremendously large ones which they dropped by parachute, probably because they wanted more precision in the hits with these bombs.

Well, after two waves passed over us and our area became a little calmer, we decided not to waste any time because of the

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fires everywhere around, and we jumped into the car again. It was difficult to drive through the city because there was so much debris, so many bomb craters everywhere which were hard to bypass in the car. Finally we came to an important intersection which we needed to pass. Just then, to our sorrow and amazement, one of the big bombs fell just exactly on that intersection, making out of it a crater, so that there was no possibility whatsoever of getting across -- a crater with the facades of four houses, on four corners, destroyed. I looked up and saw the interiors of the houses, and on certain floors, parts of the rooms, some bodies, and pieces of furniture. It was a terrible thing; everywhere there were bodies or parts of the bodies of human beings. We had to make constant detours around such places, but at last we reached the main road leading toward the Avila, that little mountain, south of Belgrade.

When we came to Mr. Sabushkov's villa I was relieved to see that it was still intact. So we said goodbye to Atherton. He started again to plead with us that we had to go, and said 'As a matter of fact, I am going back now, to the British Legation, as I want to be with the British people and we will probably leave town together.' But we couldn't leave Lusha, and we decided to stay with the Sabushkovs.

The Sabushkovs were extremely pleased to see us. They were scared, and alone, except for their old servant. So they immediately made rooms available for us. They had a two storey house with a



large basement which served as a shelter, and was also where Tania's and my rooms were, while Lusha shared the room with their servant. Their house wasn't hit, but bombs had hit the garden. It was a strange thing; they had apparently fallen on soft ground and had made deep tunnels, and had not exploded. I didn't realize then how dangerous these unexploded bombs were, but later on we learned that some of the bombs dropped by the Germans were time bombs. Fortunately, the two bombs that had hit Mr. Sabashkov's garden didn't explode, at least while we were there. From his house, which was on an elevated plateau, we could see Belgrade burning; it was a terrible thing. The upper floor of one of the highest buildings, the 13 storey "Albania" building, was aflame. We could see the bombers coming around, and how they were diving; then we would hear the thud of the bombs.

We told Sabashkov what we had experienced and what we had seen. He told us not to worry, that he had plenty of produce and other supplies, and just to calm down and start to live the best we could. We told him all the horror stories; he asked about our house and we said 'We don't know. We know that it was hit at least by one bomb at the very beginning of the bombardment.'

Thinking of that war, I think I have to express here that it seemed to me, at least at that time, that war is a noise: There was the terrible noise that stukas make when they scream down in a dive right at your head, with the wind making their sirens go round



and round like mad, the noise of the bombs when they fly down, then the thick heavy noise of the explosion. Next, when bombs fall close to where you are, after the explosion there is a kind of complete silence for a minute, which is probably more terrifying than even the explosion itself.

Late on, I learned another thing, that war is a smell. We couldn't go back to Belgrade for 3 days, because for three days Belgrade was indiscriminately bombarded. When the bombardment ceased, Tania and I decided to go to Belgrade. It was a long walk, since streetcars and buses weren't functioning; so we started our long walk toward the center of Belgrade and our destination, our house. We went, but what we saw on our way! The closer we got to the city, the worse it became-- twisted iron, the smell of burned human flesh, still-smouldering debris, fires still burning; everything was covered with black soot;-- it was the most nauseating sight which we saw and smelled on that terrible day.

Chapter 51 Scenario VII

There was still smoke coming out of some of the buildings; people were still trying to dig out others who were trapped in the ruins of the houses. We saw many bodies lying on the street waiting to be carried away. I would never forget that terrible awful sight of destruction, and the all-pervading smell of burned wood and of burned flesh.



Gradually we made our way along Stanichna Bazar St. toward our house, finally reaching a point where we knew that after the next turn we would be able to see it. I told Tania 'Let's stop: let's just carefully look around the corner and see whether we will see the corner of our house.' It was something like a poker game, where you look carefully at the cards, slowly raising one card at a time and looking at what you have. I was looking in the same way toward our house. I looked very cautiously and said 'Listen, I see the wall, the corner of our house.' I moved my head a little bit farther, and then -- great disappointment! The wall was only an empty shell, with gaping holes instead of windows. The interior had collapsed, leaving only the outside walls. We looked at each other and said nothing. Finally I said, 'Well, that's it, we have lost everything we had.'

At that time I realized something. The first time our family lost everything was in the summer of 1914, when we left everything that we had in Poland and went on our summer vacation to Yalta, in the Crimea, never to return home again. We lost everything then, but it was not so tragic because father had occupied a good position as a judge and he again got a good position in Odessa. We rented a nice apartment there and bought all the furniture that was needed and established a more or less normal life, as much as it could be under conditions of World War I; it was already 1916. However, we had a comfortable life; Father could continue to play the piano,



though it was no longer a grand piano as we had in our place in Lomzha, but an upright one. But then with the revolution came our terrible experience with communism, the bolsheviks and Cheka; and I went to the front with the White Army. Then in January 1920 my parents had to flee Odessa, and again we lost everything; that was the second time

Then, after I left the Crimea as a young wounded officer in November 1920, our family reunited in Varna. That Varna was a pretty sad experience because we didn't have any jobs or possessions and lived like poor people, although intellectually it was a nice time because there were many Russian emigres and we at our church organized our library and some cultural activities. But then I had to flee Bulgaria and go to Yugoslavia, to where I finally managed to bring the family. There we managed to establish, for the third time everything, in more or less normal form again; we had a nice apartment, with Lusha as servant, all the furniture we needed, etc. Now, for a third time, we had lost everything in that German attack on Belgrade. The only document which I saved, which I always carried with me, was my passport. All other documents perished, along with everything else. I was thinking of that as I looked at the pile of rubble inside the empty shell of the walls of our house. We entered the main entrance and I saw that the steps led only to the first floor and then everything was destroyed.



It was a shock, but after experiencing the bombardment and everything, we had already become kind of numb to big emotions as far as losing property was concerned. So we just sadly walked away, and I said 'Let's go to see what happened to the hotel Subskii kraj.' I knew that my boss Leon Kaye had left, so we went there and found the hotel destroyed by the bombardment. Then we went to the centrally located Taka Building, containing the famous Belgrade department store downstairs and the auditor's office on the top floor. To our amazement and pleasure, the 6 story building stood intact. Tania always carried the key to the auditor's office, so we went upstairs and went in. I knew that Atherton had left after he had given us a lift to the place where we stayed outside Belgrade city limit, but he had left his overcoat and hat. I had forgotten mine, so I said 'Well this is something I can use,' so I took his overcoat, which was a little bit long for me but still possible to wear, and his hat, which fit my head, and Tania took the portable typewriter and we locked the office and left. On our way back home we called at several places of our acquaintances. Although some of our friends' houses were ruined, we found that others' were not involved; two or three families' houses were intact and we found all the people whom we wanted to see. Among them was a certain family of Poliakovs. She had been a famous ballerina in the past and was always attending the dinner parties at the home of our host, Mr.



Sabuchkov. So we were glad to see that they were alright and that their house was not hit. It was at M. s. Poliakov's that I had met the famous, legendary prima ballerina of the old Russian ballet, Anna Pavlova.

We were happy to find other friends of ours also sound and alive, and then we had to go back since there was no transportation yet of any kind and it was a long walk home. By the time we got there, Lusha and the Sabuchkovs were worried about us, and happy to see us back. As I said, we didn't suffer from lack of food because The Sabuchkovs, apparently in anticipation of events like that, had managed to save lots of produce and kept them available; so we had something to eat all the time.

In the meantime, events were developing very fast, but we didn't know anything; the radio didn't work and the newspapers didn't appear. But I started going more frequently to town now and visited the Russian church, which fortunately was not hit. It was Easter time, but of course no one thought of coming to Easter services.

We learned that the Germans were rapidly approaching, the Yugoslav army was retreating in disorder, and the Yugoslav government had moved southward toward the Adriatic Sea. One night we heard two tremendous explosions coming from the Belgrade area. 'I am sure they have blown the bridges,' I told Sabochkov. And that proved to be the case, except that they were in such a



hurry to blow the bridges before the Germans could use them that one bridge across the Sava River was blown without any warning while some military vehicles were still going over it. Worse still, under the bridge a steamship was passing, with troops and ammunition, and the bridge collapsed on it. A great many people perished in that self-inflicted disaster.

Shortly after that an event happened that shook me up and saddened me greatly. M. Sabochkov, our host, who had given us shelter, was an old man, of advanced age and for a few days he complained to me that he did not feel well and didn't sleep well. We tried to have someone with him, to help him with medicine, and water, but early one morning I was wakened by his wife who said "Get up! Mr. Sabachkov has passed away!" I was very sorry for it was only through the old man's kindness that we had found shelter after losing everything in the destruction of Belgrade. I took it on myself to organize his burial. In that city of destruction it was hard to do, but we managed to get a coffin, and somebody with horses to take it to the church, and I organized the funeral services, which were very short. They didn't even bring the coffin into the church because he was a Old Believer and according to the rules of the church he couldn't have it brought in completely. So they brought him to the entrance and said prayers and then we accompanied his coffin to the cemetery.

Events started to develop very rapidly then. Early one



morning people came banging at our door, shouting 'The Germans are coming!' You have to put out a white flag because otherwise they will start firing at us!' I wasn't so anxious, but there were four ladies -- Mrs. Sobachkov, her servant, Tania and Lusha. They managed to get one of the bed sheets on a pole and we put that in front of our house. I was looking out the window and I saw the Germans passing by our house, in the 3 motorcycles typical of the German army at that time, one after another. And after that some tanks passed through, and heavy trucks full of soldiers. I didn't want to go out; I just looked through the window, feeling in my heart that something was going to happen to us very soon -- and I wasn't wrong.

Thus Belgrade was taken over by the Germans. Actually the Yugoslav army had held out for 18 days after outbreak of the war, since the bombardment of Belgium. But it was impossible to fight this modern German army still drunk with victories in Poland and western Europe.

The German command started to establish some kind of order in Belgrade. Under their direction, the power station started to work, electricity was restored, and certain streetcars started moving.

At the same time everywhere appeared proclamations printed in both German and Serbian. One stated that everybody had to register with the German command at the former police stations



scattered all around the city. I wasn't in too much of a hurry to register. I was debating that matter with Tania, and I said 'We now are outside the city limit, so technically we are not obliged to register. On the other hand our former permanent domicile is in Belgrade, in that ruined house of ours, in the center of the city. Should we go or not?' We finally decided to go and register, but when we went to the police station we saw a very long line of people waiting. There was something about the whole thing that I didn't like, and I said 'You know what? Let's forget it; let's take our chances and not register. Moreover, if somebody comes to look for us they won't find us because our house is ruined.' 'That is probably the best thing,' she agreed.

So we returned to the late Sobashkov's house and continued to live there without being registered.

Meanwhile, after the regular troops, the Gestapo came, and when Serbian patriots started their attacks on the Germans, the German reprisals were terrible. Initially for every one German soldier killed they were grabbing about 100 people and shooting them.

Another terrible thing was that they ordered all the people of Jewish descent to register separately. We had many Jewish friends, and when we saw them later on, all wore the yellow star of David on the left side of their clothing with the German in-



scription 'Jew'. I saw a girl who was a good friend of mine and Kaye's working with a group cleaning the street of debris; I tried to talk to her, but when I saw the German soldiers coming up I had to leave. Then I saw the bartender from a famous bar in Belgrade, a place which I had frequented. He was also wearing a star of David, and working in the street. So the Gestapo started doing its work.

I went to the American legation and asked a man in charge about Leon Kaye. Through him I learned that Kaye had returned to Belgrade and had asked about me, and finally we managed to get together.

Kaye gave me a large amount of money and asked me to help him find a little apartment where we could set up our United Press office, though the chances were very slim that we would be able to send any messages, because Belgrade was under war restrictions. But I managed to find an apartment and we used to go there together. He told me a hair raising story of how he managed to reach a place on the shore of the Adriatic Sea called Budba, where he met Atherton, Robert St. John, and some other people. They bought a motor boat and he was ready to go to Greece when he decided that the venture was not for him. He was still an American, and America was not at war with Germany; there was no need for him to escape the military, so he decided to return to Belgrade.



I was of course happy about this, because with him I felt more protected. At his suggestion, I got an American visa from the acting consul general, because I worked for the United Press. 'If anything happens,' he said, 'you could leave for the United States.'

One day I had a very unpleasant encounter. I bumped into the little detective who had provided me with news of the German army etc. "Oh," he said, "you are still in Belgrade? I didn't know that." "What are you doing?" I asked. "I am still with the Yugoslav police" was his reply, and I realized that he would give a report on me. I told him what I was doing and he said 'Did you register?' I told him "Well, no, because I live outside the city." And he said 'Oh well, you'd better register, because we consider that you still live in the center of the city.' I said 'Well, I work with my boss, whom you know, Leon Kaye.'

Anyhow, I felt that from that moment I was going to be under surveillance by German agents, and I was right. The results of that meeting were evident in a very short time. While the Americans were there, everything was all right; but one day Leon Kaye told me that the acting consul general had told all the Americans to get ready to leave Belgrade.

Chapter 52 Scenario VII

Kaye told me 'Listen, you have your American visa, why don't you



go with us?' I told him 'Well, that's easier said than done, because before I can go with you I have to get an exit visa from the Yugoslav authorities-- and that means from the Belgrade city police, which is in the hands of the Germans -- I don't want them to see me because I know what then could happen to me '

He realized that Moreover there was the question of Tania and Lusha again The Americans had to leave by boat, boarding at Belgrade, and going up the Danube River to Budapest I went to see off Kaye and our other American friends, and sadly waved goodbye to him as the ship moved out

When I got home, I found everybody pale faced and excited. They said, 'Do you know that about an hour ago a Gestapo car stopped here and they were asking about you?'

I said "Who?" "Well, a German captain with GSP on his shoulder sticks (which stood of course for Geheime Staats Polizei, or the military branch of the Gestapo) and a Serbian interpreter. They said that they would be back in about an hour.'

So, the Germans had waited until the Americans left, and were now coming to get me While we were talking, a gray car pulled up and two men jumped out of it and came into the house One of them was the captain of the Geheime Feld Polizei. the other was an unpleasant character with shifty eyes who said that he was the interpreter

The man said 'Well, are you Mr Albov?' and I said 'Yes ' "You have to come with me; I have to talk with you" 'Are you



arresting me?' I asked. 'Oh no,' he replied 'We just have to interrogate you.' I said, 'Because if I am going to stay overnight, let me take my little suitcase.' 'No, no, you'll be back home before nightfall.'

So, I said goodbye to Tania, Lusha and Mrs. Sobashkov, got into the sedan, and off we went. He drove me to a hotel on Kraje Zolotaia Street, which was one of the branches of the military branch of the Gestapo. We went upstairs and in one of the hotel rooms there was a typist, the interpreter, and the captain, who started to interrogate me. He was asking me everything about myself from my date of birth onward, and I had to tell him the story of my life in probably as many details as I have narrated here. Everything seemed to go smoothly until we reached the period where I left the job with the railroad administration and got employment with Atherton. He said at once 'So you admit that you were working with Atherton?'

'Oh yes,' I said. 'I was working with him on his project with two English language newspapers, the SOUTH SLAV HERALD and the BALKAN HERALD.'

"Oh, I see." and he was a little cooler after that 'Didn't you know that Atherton was a British agent?'

'No,' I said. 'it couldn't be, because he was a very good correspondent.'

'Oh no,' he said, 'everybody knows that he was a British



agent, and certainly you knew that, and as far as I am concerned we know that you provided him with some intelligence information too.'

I denied this. My German was a little rusty but I didn't like the way the interpreter was translating my answers. I knew that he was making it sound worse than I wanted, so I had to correct the interpreter. Finally I said 'I don't speak fluent German, but I can probably answer your questions better without the interpreter.' But he insisted that I use the interpreter. So I said 'Alright, when I can't express myself I'll ask him to translate it for you, but otherwise I'll try to answer the question myself.'

The interrogation went on and on, all around my connection with Atherton, and that my sister worked with them. Of course I tried to downplay Tania's role with them completely: 'Well.' I said, 'she was a typist there and that's all.' Then I tried to switch from Atherton to the United Press, but he was concentrating his interrogation on Atherton, his activities and his beliefs and so forth.

'I don't know anything about that.' I said.

'Oh you know him very well,' he said. 'You spent all your time with him. He entertained you, and you spent several years with him; you travelled with him abroad; we know that. We have all the information about that.'



At that point it dawned on me that if Atherton was really a British intelligence agent then I might really find myself in hot water.

After that, I started to tell him about my work with the United Press. He said 'We have information that you have collected some data about the German army'

I said 'No, we didn't collect it purposely; we were just working like all newspaper men.'

'Yes, but you particularly were trying to pry some information about the German army.'

Finally, after about four hours I was tired and exhausted, and emotionally upset. I realized that I was in grave danger because apparently they would try to tie up my case with Atherton, who, I realized by this time, was indeed a British intelligence agent. Then it suddenly dawned on me how I agreed to provide the British with certain information, and then my connection with Wing Commander MacDonald, the air attache of the British Legation, who provided me with clear cut intelligence information. 'Oh oh,' I thought. 'I might be in very great trouble'

Finally the interrogation ended. 'Alright,' he said, 'in light of what I have learned about you during this interrogation I put you under arrest and you will be sent to the Gestapo detention point'

I told him, 'Listen, I asked you when you came to our house



whether you were going to arrest me and you said no.'

He said 'Yes, but I didn't know at that time everything concerning you. Now I see that we have a serious case of espionage against you.' He called some Gestapo men who grabbed me and took me down. It was already dark -- The car was waiting, and they drove me and another man who was already waiting in the car to the prison.

That Gestapo prison was actually a court detention prison. It was a Belgrade court with the building which served as a prison. They brought me before the man downstairs and then I saw a very ugly picture indeed. The men in charge of the prison were Gestapo men recruited from the German minority people in Yugoslavia, and these German minority people had been beaten and some of them killed by the outraged Yugoslavs. The faces of the head of the prison, a Mr. Hahn, and particularly his deputy were still covered with bruises, so they were like animals. They ordered me to undress; they checked everything -- fortunately I had left my passport with my suitcase -- they emptied my pockets of everything and then took me upstairs and pushed me into one of the larger cells.

In that cell people were already sleeping on the concrete floor, covered with straw. When I came there was a little bulb burning on the ceiling and the stench of a canister for human waste. Then several people said 'Hello!' and I began to recognize people whom I knew socially and in business. There was the Greek

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consul, my very good friend with whom I had arranged that deal about the Greek helmets for the Yugoslav army; the priest of one of the Belgrade churches, a leader of anti-German action who had participated in the coup; and a colonel -- whose name, I believe, was Granovich -- who was president of the Society of Yugoslav War veterans. Then there was a professor of the university whom I knew, and a couple of Jewish fellows, one a famous publisher and owner of a big bookstore "Getzakon". That at least made me feel much better, for it was an elite group in that cell.

The first night passed without further interrogation. The next day they took us for a walk around the yard. There I met two more professors of Belgrade University. One was Anton Bilimovich, whose daughter is still here in the United States. She was a teacher at the Defense Lang Institute under my directorship, so that I knew that family very well. And there was the famous professor Peter Struve. His son is now professor emeritus of the University of California, Berkeley, a famous man in the study of Russian literature. Then there was Professor Hlichev, whom I knew very well because of my association with a certain family of Zeeberg; I believe I mentioned that when I was visiting Berlin I visited this family who were friends of my uncle Gerassimov. There were three daughters, one of whom, May, married a British fellow named Piece, at one time one of the directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance, where Tanya worked before she switched to

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses.

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Atherton Another sister also named Tania, was married to a certain M. Smith, who was involved in some mining business in Yugoslavia. The third and youngest one, Ksenia or Kisa, I met and befriended in Berlin. Well this Hlichev was a good friend of Smith, and probably was in the Gestapo prison through guilt by association. At least I had found some well known people with whom I got a chance to talk while walking around within the prison walls.

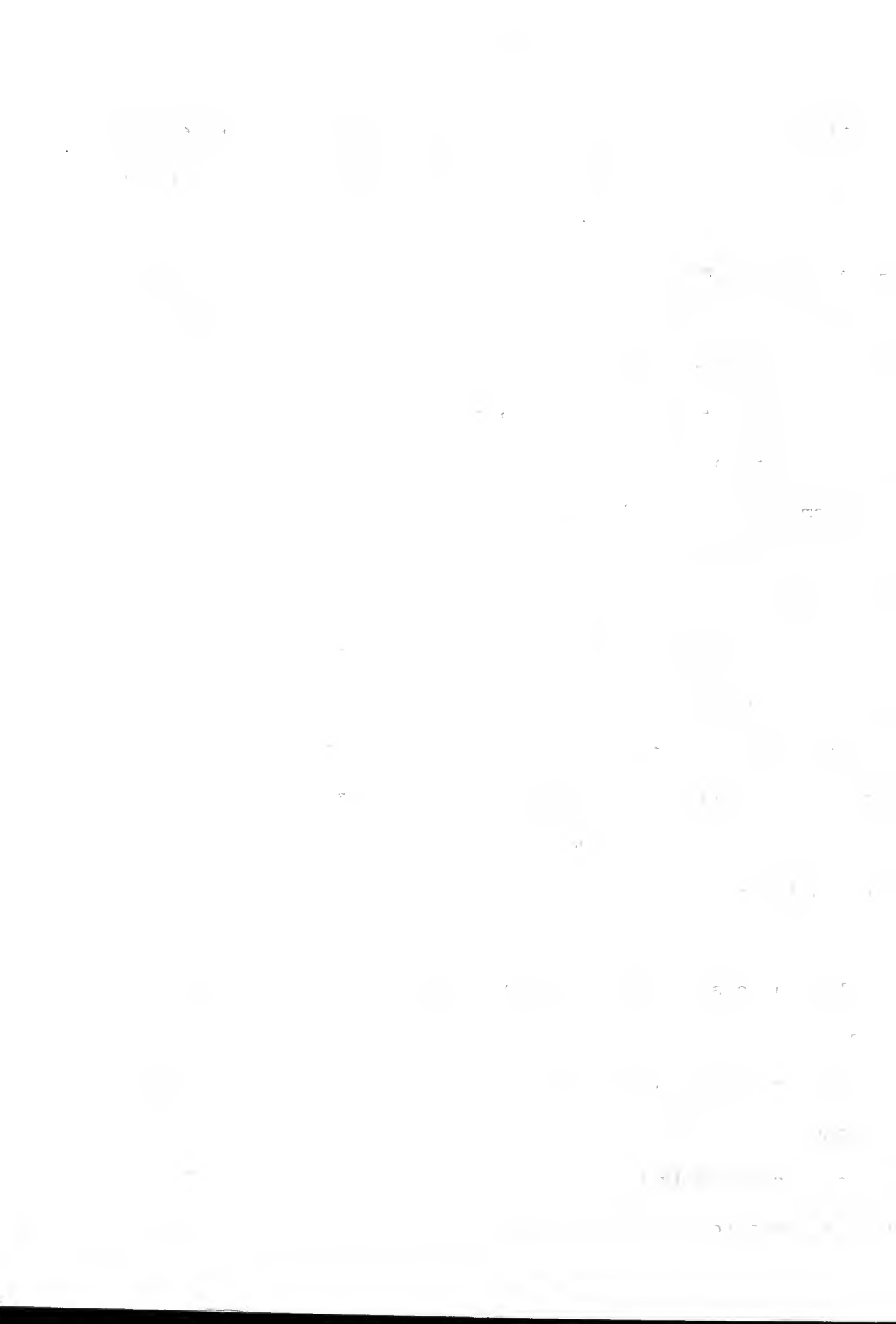
Then there was a pleasant surprise. At noontime a large crowd came to the gate of the prison and among them I saw Tania and Lusha. They had brought me my little suitcase and some food, which was very good because the food in the Gestapo prison was terrible. Practically everybody was getting some food from friends and relatives. The Gestapo permitted that kind of aid in order to save their expenditure on food. They even allowed me to get my suitcase, without checking it. So at least I got my pyjamas, shaving gear, etc. I was not permitted to talk to Tania, so I just waved at her and at Lusha and they sent me kisses: but it lifted my morale.

When I returned to my cell I opened my suitcase and the first thing that I saw was my passport. I immediately realized that I had to destroy that passport because it would be an incriminating document if it fell into Gestapo hands, due to the British and American visa on it, and stamps that revealed all my travels in



the Balkans and Near East -- I certainly didn't want the Gestapo to question me about these points. So I talked to my friends in the cell -- trusted friends -- and they said 'We will help you destroy that passport.' We weren't sure that there might not be a plant in the cell, so we sat in one corner together, talking only to the people we knew. Hiding it from everybody else, we started to tear the passport into small pieces. It was hard, because it had a hard cover, but we managed to tear it into relatively small pieces. Then somebody said that he had to go to the toilet which was at the end of the hallway. When he came back, he said that he had managed by flushing two or three times to get it down. So I calmed down. Then next day a big commotion started. We saw that plumbers had been brought in, because all the toilets had got stuck. I realized that probably it was my passport that stopped the drainage. They started to clean and remove part of the pipes etc., but fortunately my passport was mixed up with other unpleasant stuff, with which, apparently, even the Gestapo didn't want to get involved. So they restored the function of the plumbing system, and my passport was destroyed. It gave us a good laugh.

Several times we had bad experiences in that prison because more and more people were brought in, some of them badly beaten. One man was so badly beaten that we didn't know what to do with him. We managed to get a bowl to give him some water, etc. He



needed medical attention, but our request for it was not fulfilled. 'It's alright,' a young Gestapo fellow from the German minority told us, 'he's a Serb and he got back what we got from the Serbs.'

Now women started to come to the prison. Certain Russian ladies were brought whom I knew had been friends of the British. A very strange character who was brought in was the famous Ruth Mitchell, the sister of the famous General Billy Mitchell. She had become some kind of ultra-Serbian patriot who started to wear some special fancy uniform of the Serbian komitadji or chetniks, as they called them, with the insignia of this along with death head and crossbones on a big fur cap. Anyhow, she was arrested by the Gestapo. She was a friend of my sister; she played the piano well, and sometimes we had visited her in the past.

Regularly, every day, Tania and Lusha visited me, bringing me food, for which I was very grateful. But one day I saw that Tania was pale as death. Since she couldn't talk to me, she stepped outside so I could see and crossed hands to indicate that evidently she was awaiting arrest. The next day nobody came to the gate at noontime and then the women passed the word to me that my sister had been arrested too and was in the same prison. The women were occupying the first floor and the men were on the second. So, the next time that we were allowed to walk around, I looked at the window and saw Tania there. The windows were made in such a way that boards were placed in front at a certain

angle so that you couldn't see inside the room. You could see only a little bit through a little slit between the window and that board. In that slit I saw Tania; she waved at me and I at her, and I didn't know what to do. So Lusha was apparently left alone.

Then a little miracle happened as is sometimes the case. We had some good friends, two girls -- brave souls who apparently were not afraid of anything -- who started to come. Lusha must have gone to them and told them our story, for they started coming with her to bring us food, cigarettes, etc. It was such a good gesture, particularly since no one else came to see me, being afraid that probably they would compromise themselves, only these two girls. They were Elochka and Natasha Stakhovich. Actually it was Elochka, the younger, who was particularly courageous, and she helped me through that most critical and difficult period in my and Tania's life. I later saw her again, under different circumstances, in Berlin, and was later in correspondence with her. The last I heard, she had married and was living in the New York area.

The Gestapo people were taking me for interrogation. They would call me, then I would run down the stairs, they would push me into a small Gestapo car, and drive me beyond the city limits to their interrogation center in an old Yugoslav army barracks. This interrogation was different from the first one. Then it had



been by only one GFP capped man -- now it was by five of them

Chapter 53 Scenario VII

I was ushered into a room; there were five men sitting at table, and I was ordered to set facing them. They were all in uniform with GFP on their epaulettes (Geheime Feldpolizei, or the Gestapo branch in the armed service.) They were very rude and cold; they all looked at me with piercing eyes; there was of course an interpreter. They had lots of paper in front of them, apparently my dossier, which they studied. Without any preliminaries they started shooting questions at me; it was like being under a crossfire. Everything centered on Terence Atherton's attitude. At that moment I realized -- too late of course -- why, during the bombardment of Belgrade, Atherton had been so insistent on asking me and my sister to leave Belgrade with him; to try to escape and not to fall into the hands of the Germans. I hadn't realized what a terribly dangerous game I was playing.

They were asking me point blank such questions as 'Are you a British secret agent?' when something very dangerous happened: They asked me in German whether I was with the British nachrichten Dienst. Unfortunately my knowledge of German was not deep enough to fully understand the meaning of that word. I misunderstood and thought they were asking me about the news service, while nachrichten Dienst in German means espionage or collection of intelli-



gence! I very coolly and calmly answered that question, 'No, I was not with the British N D, I was with the American N D.' That statement of mine caused them to jump up; they shouted at me, particularly one pudgy man who was sitting in the center, evidently the chief interrogator. He pointed a finger at me and said 'So, you have admitted that you worked for the American nachrichten Dienst!' Then I realized that something had gone very wrong, and I said 'Wait a second, you probably misunderstood me. I worked for the United Press,' and I tried to explain; 'United Press is something like your newspaper agency -- D N B -- Deutscher Nachrichten Buro. There is a different meaning in these two words; one, N D is intelligence or espionage service, while Nachrichten Buro is a newspaper agency.' But they didn't want to listen; they were only shouting at me 'So you have admitted here in front of all of us and the interpreter that you worked for the American N D!' At that moment I really felt very bad. I thought, what a stupid thing to have happen to me! I tried again to explain, without any result. On that note, they abruptly stopped the interrogation and ordered me to be taken by the guard back to the cell in the prison at the center of the city.

In the car, there was a driver, a Gestapo officer next to him, and a Gestapo soldier next to me. It was an open car and we were driving on the main streets of Belgrade. I saw many familiar faces and particularly, one of my best friends. This friend looked



for a second, then seeing me in the car under guard, turned his face away so that I wouldn't nod or make any gesture. I wouldn't have anyway, but that was a kind of shocking experience. I thought 'So my best friends won't recognize me anymore because I am a Gestapo prisoner.' Naturally, he wanted to protect himself and his family.

There were lots of people walking on the streets; life was going on in Belgrade. Then, a most revolting scene met my eyes when we were passing by the heavily bombed royal palace in the center of the city. One of the cupolas of the palace was torn off from the roof and had fallen in the middle of the beautiful garden facing the street. It brought to my memory that pre-war time when I used to like to stop there and join the crowd waiting at 11 o'clock to see the changing of the guard, while the band played. Now the palace was in ruins, and I saw a German soldier sitting before an easel, painting a picture of the blown up cupola with the royal crown lying in the middle of the palace garden. How is it possible. I thought, that Germany, the land of Heine, Goethe, Mozart, Schubert, Schuman, Wagner, and Bach, could change so much; how could they fall so low as to reach this point of being barbarians, of even painting the picture of the results of their barbarism? Anyhow, that was a thought that passed through my mind as we were driving back to the prison.

When I returned, my cellmates asked me how the interrogation



had gone. I didn't want to tell them too much, so I just said 'Well it wasn't too good; it wasn't very pleasant.' Apparently I looked very downhearted, so they left me alone. I was really upset. I knew that I couldn't communicate with Tania who was one floor below. But she must have known that I had been taken for interrogation, for when we started to walk she looked very anxiously for a few seconds at me. I just waved to her and then again waited. Presumably she had got food, but she couldn't share with me. I had missed this lunchtime when usually food was brought by Elochka Stakhovich and Lusha, but I was sure that Tania was able to get it, so that made me happier.

The days were passing without any particular events. In that little suitcase I had got from Tania before she was arrested, besides my passport, there was quite a lot of money, which had been given to me by Leon Kaye before he departed from Belgrade. So financially I was alright, as far as Yugoslav dinars were concerned. I had plenty of them.

Then one morning I heard shouting in the yard and saw that a large group of people had been brought into the yard -- exceptionally well dressed people. Later on, while walking around the yard -- the only means we had of contact with the others -- we learned that those people were the members of the Yugoslav embassy in Berlin. While travelling through Germany, under the eyes of foreigners, they travelled in style, with sleeping carriages, etc.



But the moment they crossed the Yugoslav border they were arrested and dragged into the Gestapo prison. The Gestapo didn't recognize them as diplomats, only as enemies of the German regime. So our crowd got some new members, former members of the diplomatic service in Germany.

One morning, the door was opened and two big husky Gestapo men called my name and said that I should take my suitcase and 'schnell, schnell' (fast fast) go immediately. I didn't even have a chance to say goodbye to my friends. Going through the yard I managed to turn around and see Tania, who was looking at me with terror in her face.

At the door of the prison, there was a big city bus waiting, with three Gestapo officers and a driver. They just ordered me to get in, and the bus started moving. I couldn't ask any questions of course, anything. Then I noticed that we were going in the direction of my former alma mater, the law school of the University of Belgrade, and across the square there was the former Yugoslav police detention center. According to the rumors that had reached us, that was the place where the Germans executed their prisoners. My heart sank. 'So,' I thought, 'apparently they have decided to kill me.' When the bus came to a stop, I was easy to be taken out of it, but they didn't order me from it. Instead I sat, waiting, and finally they brought from the prison five young fellows. They were in civilian clothes, about 20 to 25



years of age, and they talked in Slovenian, sometimes mixed with Italian. They were ordered to sit separately from me; I was sitting more in the back. Then they started loading into the back of the bus some produce -- there was flour, and hams, and all kinds of preserves -- all looted from the Yugoslavs. Then five officers -- I recognized two who had interrogated me -- and the driver, all of them with pistols and the driver and a sergeant also with sub-machine guns, took their places in front and warned us not to talk. Then the bus started. We crossed the Sava on a pontoon bridge which the Germans had laid to replace the permanent bridges blown up by the Serbs. then went through to Zemun and started moving fast on the main road in the direction of Zagreb, driving all the while except for a short stop to get gas from the military tanks.

At one point they got some bread and a sausage and cut it into six pieces, that is five pieces for the five civilians and one for me and six pieces of bread, and threw it back to us -- they didn't give it to us -- saying 'That's for you to eat'. So each of us got a piece of sausage and black bread. We drove practically all day long and finally reached Zagreb. We didn't stop there long, but continued farther north, into the beautiful alpine area of Slovenia. Finally we came to the city of Ljubljana -- or old time Laibach, under the Austro-Hungarian Empire -- the main city of Slovenia. I knew Ljubljana quite well and I liked the city very much. I had visited it many times and had always



stayed in the best hotels and restaurants. Ljubljana was occupied by the Italians, and the Germans were asking some questions and finally reached the detention camp where the Italians kept their prisoners. We came to that place, and after some talks between the Germans and Italian officers, the five young fellows were taken out of the bus and handed over to the Italians. Somehow I learned that the Italians considered them as deserters, because although of Yugoslav origin, they lived in parts of Italy with Slavic population. So the Germans arrested them as deserters and handed them over to the Italians. After that our bus with five officers, two soldiers, the driver and the other with the sub-machine gun, and myself, turned into the city.

We stopped in front of the famous hotel where I had stayed in the good old times, and the Germans asked me one question: 'Do you have any money?' I said 'Yes, I do.' 'Then you can come with us and have dinner.' I did not look very presentable, since according to prison practice, my shoe laces, tie and belt had been taken away, so I had to walk holding up my pants, and I was uncombed and unshaven, and felt dirty. They were splendid of course in their uniforms, and in that company we went into that restaurant. Immediately, I recognized one of the waiters and the majordomo of the hotel, whom I knew. They looked at me with alarm in their faces. They realized that I was a Gestapo prisoner. One look at me was sufficient to show that I did not



belong to the rest of the party. However in order to keep me under constant observation, they put me at the same table with them; they warned me not to exchange any words with anyone, but just to order my meal. So we ordered our meals; they were joking and talking and so forth, and I was hungry, so I ate. This meal was very pleasant; I gave a big tip to the waiter, and shook his hand, and he looked very sadly at me when they took me back to the bus.

Again we were on the move, and after a time we entered a very mountainous area and came to the former Yugoslav border with Austria. At the border there were Austrian troops under German command; they were mountain troops with edelweiss on their caps, this mountain flower insignia. We stopped at a little tavern at that border place, where they permitted me to order beer, whilst they had beer for themselves. They then drove farther into the mountains. It was already dusk as we were descending from the mountains, when something very sinister happened. They stopped the bus near a little brook and an open field and ordered me to get out. I stepped out and they ordered me to go toward the brook, where there was some underbrush. Behind me, I heard the clicking of submachine guns. 'Well' I thought 'this is probably the end. They probably will liquidate me here.' Well I was scared, as any human being would be, but I tried to play the role of being brave, and walked very deliberately and very slowly toward this



little brook. Then they started to laugh and some one shouted 'Now you can relieve yourself there!' That was a Gestapo joke on me 'Well,' I thought, 'I will remember that.' After relieving myself I returned to the bus and we continued driving

After it was already dark, we came to a town -- I believe it was Klagenfurt. We stayed there for a short time, then continued, and at about 3 o'clock in the morning came to Graz, a comparatively large city in Austria, not far from the Yugoslav border. While driving through the suburbs, one of the senior Gestapo officers suddenly addressed me and said 'You know, this is our homeland; we are in the Austrian Tyrol. This is where we were born and where our families live. We are going on leave and we invite you to be our guest here.' I was so surprised, I could hardly believe my ears. I somehow said 'Thank you, I appreciate that,' or something like that. Then they said 'We are also bringing to our families some gifts,' and he pointed at the back of the bus, which as I said before was loaded with things from Belgrade.

They drove through the streets asking the way, and finally drove to a house. There was an open gate; they drove the bus inside and ordered me to get out, and I found myself in the Graz prison. It was an old Austrian prison. They still apparently followed the former prison regime, so they took down my name, made a meticulous inventory of all my possessions and ordered me to a shower room.



Chapter 54 Scenario VII

The shower I took was the first since I was arrested in Belgrade several weeks before, and I felt physically much better afterward. I felt clean, and I managed to shave. I was taken to a cell, and was surprised to find out that it was a room with real beds with straw mattresses, and even bed sheets, pillows and blankets. I was amazed and pleasantly surprised, especially after living for several weeks under crowded conditions and sleeping on a concrete floor barely covered with straw.

This was what my guards had called being their "guest". Anyhow, whatever the situation was, I realized that this prison was much better than what I had experienced in Belgrade, and I thanked God for that. At least I would not stay there forever, for they had said they were coming here for an Urlaub (vacation). How long that vacation would last and what they would do with me after that I didn't know.

My roommates in that prison cell I found to be a Hungarian count, a pleasant young fellow, who spoke beautifully English, French and German, in addition to his own Hungarian, and a professor at the University of Ljubljana, a very intelligent man. There were only three of us in that room, and each one of us had his own bed, an incredible thing for me and a very pleasant one. The three of us became very friendly with each other, and very happy -- as much as one could be in prison -- for each of us had experienced



much worse when we were arrested by the Gestapo initially. We asked our jailers if we could have playing cards, and to our surprise they said 'Yes, you can.' So we had playing cards, and the Hungarian count taught us how to play a game for two; so two played and one watched.

Being in prison gave me lots of time to think of what had happened before. First of all, lying in bed, I realized that the situation was this: Tania and I had been arrested; we were both in Gestapo prisons. Tania was still in Belgrade; I had been brought here to Graz, and Lusha was still outside. Then I started going over the interrogations and broke out in a cold sweat, for suddenly I remembered something which I had not paid attention to previously. It was this: When the Gestapo interrogated me in Belgrade, in addition to accusing me of being a British spy, as supporting evidence for that they asked me 'Did you ever use a so-called Dach name?' A Dach name was a cover name. I realized that they were probably referring to my telephone conversations with the British Air force attache, Wing Commander Macdonald, in which I had used the assumed name MacNair. Had they really found out about that? At first I couldn't figure how on earth they had learned of it, and then I remembered something. As I said before, we had in our apartment an extra room which we usually rented to someone. Mostly it was either my British or American friends; once it was to an elderly British lady who spent



a couple of months with us. After she left, George Kidd, my former boss, and his wife stayed with us before moving into a hotel. Then Ames, also an American, and his wife. He brought with him samples of telephone listening and recording devices which he tried to sell, and he made the best possible contacts with the Yugoslav government at that time. Next, we rented out room to a Russian couple named Vladyshev. He was a big husky fellow and his wife was a daughter of a famous professor of Belgrade University, Lebedev. They were recently married and were happy to stay with us. The only thing that bothered me a little was that she worked with the Italian embassy. Upon the outbreak of war, she and her husband left us; where they went, I did not know.

Now I recalled one occasion when I wanted to share some of my news that was already sent by United Press to New York with my British friends. I forgot the precaution and called from my home, and the telephone in our apartment was in the hallway which also led to the door of the room, still occupied at the time by this couple, the Vladyshevs. Calling the British Embassy from our apartment was a stupid thing, because Wing Commander MacDonald had warned me not to do that; I also identified myself as MacNai. And I now remembered that at that point, the door from the room occupied by the Vladyshev couple had opened and he passed by, looking straight at me on his way to the bathroom nearby. Putting all that together, I began to wonder whether it was he who had

3.2.2. *Information science and information systems*

Information science and information systems are the two disciplines that have been most closely associated with the development of the information science discipline. The relationship between information science and information systems is complex and has been the subject of much debate.

Information science is a broad, interdisciplinary field that encompasses the study of information, its creation, organization, and use. It is a discipline that is concerned with the fundamental principles and theories that underlie the study of information. Information systems, on the other hand, is a more applied field that focuses on the design and implementation of systems that support the use of information. It is a discipline that is concerned with the practical aspects of information science.

The relationship between information science and information systems is complex and has been the subject of much debate. Some scholars argue that information science is the foundation of information systems, while others argue that information systems is the foundation of information science. The relationship between the two disciplines is often described as a symbiotic relationship, where each discipline informs and supports the other.

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denounced me to the Gestapo. Later on I learned that one of his friends, a certain Lanin, also a Russian from Belgrade, was a Gestapo informer. So it might be that this Vlanyshev had reported that to Lanin.

Of course I never learned the real truth about how the Gestapo had learned about my using that cover name. MacNai. Perhaps my telephone was tapped, as I had not taken the precautions advised by my British friends. Well, I was worried about that, as I knew that this was not the end of my imprisonment and that I would have to face the music at a later date.

The day after my arrival at Graz, I was taken out with other prisoners for a walk in the prison yard. There, to my amazement, I saw a familiar face. It was my friend Gerasimov -- not to be confused with my uncle Gerasimov -- with whom I had been in the same gymnasium in Odessa. He was one grade senior to me, but we were good friends. Later on, we had met in Belgrade, where he had worked with the French Wagonlits Company. After the capture of Belgrade by the Germans, before I was arrested by the Gestapo, I met him and he told me that he was planning to go to Paris by train, because already Europe was in German hands. Now I was very surprised to find him here. We kind of waved at each other and managed to position ourselves so that he was walking in front of me and he was telling me the story. He said that he boarded the train for Paris alright, but as soon as the train reached

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. This section outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and store data, ensuring that information is readily accessible and secure.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the analysis and interpretation of the collected data. It describes the process of identifying trends, patterns, and anomalies, which are crucial for making informed decisions. This section also discusses the use of statistical techniques and software tools to facilitate data analysis, highlighting the importance of regular updates and reviews to ensure the relevance and accuracy of the information.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges and limitations associated with data collection and analysis. It acknowledges that while technology has advanced significantly, there are still many obstacles, such as data quality issues, privacy concerns, and the need for skilled personnel to manage and interpret the data. This section provides practical advice on how to overcome these challenges and maximize the effectiveness of the data collection process.

4. The final part of the document concludes with a summary of the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of a systematic and consistent approach to data collection and analysis, and encourages ongoing collaboration and communication among all stakeholders involved. The document also provides a list of resources and references for further information on the topics discussed.

German territory he was taken off and put in this prison in Graz, and he did not know what was going on. He was interrogated several times about his French connections, but otherwise he just didn't know what was going on. He was pretty much upset about the whole thing. Well, I told him my story, not the whole story of course -- that I was under suspicion of being a spy -- I didn't want to tell that to anybody.

We continued our life in that prison and I still didn't know how long I was going to remain there. Meantime, the company was good: That young Hungarian count and the professor from Ljubljana University were both well educated people, and we talked about many interesting things in several languages. And strangely enough, the food was good in this Austrian prison. There was soup, and bread, and sometimes one could find a piece of meat in the soup; it was very unusual, not comparable with the miserable food which they had given us in Belgrade. There, I had survived only because of the help of Lusha, who was bringing food for me and Tania.

Well, after a week, they opened the cell door and called me, telling me to get my suitcase and coat and leave. I said goodbye to my friends in the cell and was taken down and there I saw the same Gestapo officers who had brought me there. Apparently they had visited their families, and given them the gifts they had brought from Yugoslavia, because the bus was empty. They were in

1. The first part of the document

is a general introduction

to the subject matter

and provides a brief overview

of the main points

discussed in the document

2. The second part of the document

contains a detailed analysis

of the various aspects

of the problem at hand

and discusses the different

options available for

addressing the issue

and the potential benefits

and drawbacks of each

of these options

3. The third part of the document

concludes with a summary

of the key findings

and offers some final

thoughts on the matter

and provides a list of

references for further

reading on the subject

4. The fourth part of the document

contains a list of

appendices and a

list of figures and tables

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a little better mood and evidently their hearts were a little softer after visiting their families, and they even started to talk to me. But I became very cautious because once they mentioned the name of a former Russian general, asking me if I knew him. Without thinking much, I said 'Yes, I knew him well.' Then another man cut into our conversation and said 'Oh, that is very interesting; that fits the pattern because that friend of yours, that former Russian general was a representative of Standard Oil Co., and we know that he had British connections too, like you had.' Well of course I shut up then, and got depressed.

We travelled farther north; again I didn't know the destination and I didn't have the courage to ask them. Then we came to Vienna. Again it was late at night, about 2 or 3 o'clock, and it was quite a feeling to roll through the streets of that beautiful city which I knew before this calamity and had liked so very much. We went through the downtown area and finally entered the big Vienna prison, the Polizeigefangnis, or police prison, now completely taken over by the Gestapo. It was an old established Austrian prison, with almost the same strict routine as in Graz. Once again I was stripped naked, and forced to walk while they tried to find whether I had hidden anything in my clothing. Then I was permitted to dress and was taken up a metal staircase to the 3rd or 4th floor. They were opening and closing the grilled doors, and finally we came to a big hallway with a row of cells



which were closed. They opened a cell, pushed me in and locked the door behind me. Here I found myself in a situation similar to what I had experienced in Belgrade. In spite of the fact that the room was of a pretty large size, it was filled with people. There was practically no place to step; people were lying on thin mattresses, on the floor, two or three to a mattress, and the air smelled of unclean human bodies. I realized that this was it; that I would need all my courage, all my spiritual strength, to withstand my experience in that prison. At the moment they pushed me into that room I didn't even see a place where I could sit, let alone lie down. I just stood there, afraid to move for fear I would step on someone. But someone pulled at my trouser leg and made a little space for me, and I managed to squeeze myself between two people and to rest. I didn't rest long, because two hours later, at 5 o'clock, we were awakened by a loud banging on the door, signalling that we must all run to wash. I didn't know that we had to run, but because there were only about ten faucets and the population of our room that day was about thirty, only some of them managed to get washed. The rest of them, including me, did not, that first day for me in the Vienna prison.

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After the unsuccessful attempt to wash myself early in the morning, I returned to the large, but crowded cell. The popula-

tion of that room during my long stay in prison was never constant; it fluctuated from 18 people to a maximum, once, of about 33 or 34. It was tolerable when we remained below 20 or 25, but over that it was very hard; we were crowded in like sardines. It was especially difficult at night; there were not enough mattresses to put on the floor for everyone to lie on. The first day when we returned from the washroom, we had to pick up all the mattresses and pile them one on another along the wall. After doing that they brought some brooms to clean the room with, and while people did that, I began to see the faces around me. The population of this room was a motley crowd.

Well, it is a kind of rule of nature that you gravitate toward your own peers. There were such people there. There was a famous lawyer of Yugoslavia named Bechanovich, an old man now. He was famous for being one of the leaders of the Croat movement under Austria-Hungary during World War I, dreaming of the unification of the South Slavs. He had been one of the signers of the declaration of Corfu, which was issued after the collapse of Austria-Hungary, when all the South Slavs decided to unite into a separate entity, initially called the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, later Yugoslavia. Representatives of those three nationalities, including Bechanovich, had met at Corfu and signed this declaration.

Another cellmate had been the Polish consul general in

Vienna. Poland, having again been divided between the Soviet Union and Germany, had ceased to exist as a separate independent state, so the Poles were treated like criminals. He was a mild softspoken man, highly educated, with a knowledge of several languages.

There was also a director of the Wagonlits Company in Yugoslavia, with his headquarters in Zagreb, so I had the opportunity to talk to him and Bechanovich in the Serbo-Croatian language.

Another interesting man was a former cavalry guard captain-- Rittmeister, they called it-- of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire and at one time the personal aide of the former Emperor of Austria. Why he was in this prison I couldn't figure out; probably he didn't agree to submit to the Nazis when they took over Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Then there were some radical intellectuals from Yugoslavia and other places, and members of the International Brigade who had fought in the Spanish civil war in Spain.

Also there were just old jailbirds-- thieves, bandits, etc. As I said, it was a motley crowd, and I learned to study the behavior pattern of these people. It was an interesting thing: First of all, there was one unifying force among us, which was that we had to band together against the authorities of the prison, against the Nazis, and try our best to survive under any circumstances. It was a matter of survival because the food that

we were getting in p erson was obviously insufficient to give us a healthy life over any sustained period of time. We were getting e satz coffee-- water colo ed with something b own-- we we e getting soup with a few pieces of potato and only one day a week. on Sunday, would we get either a piece of meat of of sausage in that soup; and we got a little piece of bread. B ead was the main solid food that we got all day long. I ealized that to su vive. I would need all my effort; I would need to do everything possible to t ry to keep well mentally and physically. I knew that this was the final destination, pa ticularly since I had learned from people already a rested in that room that Vienna was the Gestapo center for Southeastern Europe, and that the most serious cases for the Gestapo were brought up in that center to be interrogated in Vienna. So apparently I was considered a serious case, having been brought all the way from Belgrade.

I decided that, fi st of all, in order not to get diso ientated; in orde not to get panicky o downhearted, I had to establish a st ict routine. I lea ned my lesson about the washroom the first day, so the next day and through my whole stay in that p erson, I was always among the first to rush to the washroom to be able to wash myself with wate from the faucets. I hadn't washed my whole body for a long time. In the Belgrade Gestapo p erson we didn't have any oppo tunity to wash, and I felt te rible; dirty, itchy, and smelly. So I asked people 'Is

there any way to wash here?' and they said 'Yes, once a week or twice a month they will take us to the showers downstairs.' Well, as far as my daily routine was concerned, after getting washed, I would come to the window and look through the heavy bars into the courtyard. Fortunately, we were on the top floor of the prison, so that beyond the wall surrounding the courtyard down below, I could see the sky over Vienna, and in the distance, the spire of Saint Stephan's cathedral. And every morning I prayed hard, as probably I had never prayed before in my life, while looking at the distant cross on the spire of Saint Stephan's. After that I would do some vigorous calisthenics. Without paying attention to anybody else, I would stand somewhere so that I wouldn't interfere with other people, take off my shirt, and do all possible calisthenics that I knew to keep my body well trained. Then we would usually walk, waiting for morning ersatz coffee to be brought, and bread.

Bread was the most important thing. Each of us had to keep that bread somewhere. I kept mine in one of my handkerchiefs and you had to keep it always under close observation, because people were stealing bread. It was especially terrible during the night, when I would hear somebody sneaking about, trying to get bread from another fellow who was asleep, usually digging it out under his coat, which usually served as a pillow, since we didn't get any pillows or blankets. There were ugly scenes when some of

the thieves, bandits or old jail birds tried to steal bread from other people and got beaten up, with cursing and shouting which interfered with our sleep.

Another thing that was terribly depressing and frightening was the moaning of human beings being tortured somewhere down in the basement of the Gestapo prison. I think there is nothing more terrifying than the cries of despair and pain of people being tortured, and it was so loud that we were like scared animals walking around listening to it. It was particularly terrifying to hear the crying, screams and howling of tortured women, and we prisoners were listening to that. Every night about midnight apparently there were interrogations going on down on the lower floors and the shouting could be heard throughout the entire prison.

Our pastime during the day was very limited. There was nothing to do; just talk to each other, or walk around the room, but when there were around 30 people there was no place to walk, and barely a place to sit down on the concrete floor. There were two tables with benches, something like what you see in the United States in a picnic grounds, and on a rotation basis we sat on these benches and then walked, giving time to other people to sit.

There was a certain code among the old jailbirds, the experienced criminals to whom prison was a familiar place, almost like their own home. They knew all the tricks, all the communication systems. The communications system was incredible: We had a flush toilet in our room and somehow through the pipes leading to that

toilet, we could communicate with other rooms, or cells. Not I, of course, but these old experienced jailbirds knew how to get the latest news, even the names of people who had come to the prison. One day they told me that they learned that someone from Belgrade had come to the prison, one woman and a man whom I had known in the Belgrade prison.

Another thing was cigarettes. In Belgrade, when Tania knew that she was going to be arrested, she had managed to bring me my suitcase with clothing and all my things that eventually I managed to save. Of course it was immediately taken away from me when we came to the Vienna prison and stored. In it was a carton of cigarettes, a precious possession which I had no possibility to obtain. Under these conditions, cigarettes were tremendously desirable, and everybody was trying to get them. The old jailbirds organized a system to get cigarettes. They got them from other jailbirds assigned to clean the hallway near the cells, so under the door of our cell there was a carved out little hole through which sometimes the cleaning party that was cleaning the hallway pushed a few cigarettes. These cigarettes were smoked in a ritual, each one a few puffs or so and then around through the entire crowd. People who were taken to interrogation with the Gestapo usually used to bring back some cigarettes too.

Our trouble was matches. We didn't have any and we didn't

any and we didn't have the possibility to save the cigarettes and to strike the match. There again I learned an interesting trick, how to manage smoking without lighting matches. One experienced jailbird told us that he would teach us how to make matches that could be ignited anytime. Everyday we were getting the German propaganda newspaper, the Nazi party publication Völkische Beobachter. There was some propaganda, but there was also some news, so it was interesting reading. Well, he told us to put this newspaper on the concrete floor, then he asked us who would volunteer to give his handkerchief. I said I would give my handkerchief. 'That's fine,' he said, and took it. Next he said 'I need only one match, because I have to burn your handkerchief.' So again through their communication system, via the toilet pipes etc., word was sent that we needed a match and somehow we managed to get one. Then he struck that match and burned my handkerchief over the Völkische Beobachter, spread on the floor. The handkerchief burned until there were just ashes left. Then he started looking around and finally he came to the table with the benches and managed to break off a little piece of wood and to find one nail. Next, he masterfully managed to put that nail inside the piece of wood so it was firmly embedded in it. Then, positioning himself over the newspaper on which there were the ashes of my burned handkerchief, he started to strike the piece of wood with a nail in it on the concrete floor. Sparks started to fly and

began falling on the ashes which started to glow, and from these ashes he lit up a cigarette. It was a great discovery. So whoever had a cigarette tried that and it always worked. After that we would wrap up the ashes carefully in a newspaper and store it away somewhere, so that during the checkup of the room the Gestapo agents wouldn't find it.

I mentioned that to go under the shower was a very great event for me, because I was so dirty. However there were five of us under one shower and time was very short so we just had to go through the routine of washing, using the same piece of soap. But I still managed to wash myself. Then I discovered something that puzzled and alarmed me. I discovered that there was something on my genitals-- a little growth on the tip of my penis-- I had washed very thoroughly to get rid of all the dirt which had accumulated during those many weeks of imprisonment, but it continued to bother me, so I decided one day to ask for medical attention. For doctors' call we had to make the request early in the morning, then at about ten o'clock in the morning those who asked for sick call were taken from the cell and placed outside the cell door, so I was among them. The doctor came and was asking people what their complaints were. When he came to me I told him that I noticed that apparently because of contact with terribly dirty toilet seats there was some kind of growth appearing on the head of my penis. He looked at that and then he

looked several more times and said 'Oh it is an interesting case, we will send you to the hospital for study.' When I would go there I didn't know but I returned to the cell and people were joking-- not very nice jokes-- that I had had the courage to show my genitals to a representative of the nazi regime

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The next day I was taken to the barbe shop where I was shaved. I got permission, accompanied by the guard, to take a shower again and also to get to my suitcase and to get clean underwear. This was also quite interesting for me after so many long weeks. I was alarmed about the situation with my genitals: that the little growth looked like a wart and was growing. It was at first barely visible, but now I noticed that it was growing, resembling a wart or mole. Anyway, I changed my underwear and was brought back to my cell, and then shortly after that I was called and told that I was to be taken to the hospital.

After a relatively long time accompanied by a Gestapo guard, I found myself in a medical institution. There was lots of talk etc.; the guard had a little note from my doctor which was read there, there was discussion, and I had to wait. I waited and waited, and finally I was brought into a typical classical medical auditorium. There were quite a few people sitting around on the benches and I was standing in the middle with the doctor in white

standing next to me. He ordered me to take off my pants, and show my genitals. Then, with his rubber gloves, he was taking my penis in one hand and with the other giving some kind of medical explanation to some doctors and also some medical students, quite a few of them, including women. Well, it was the most grotesque humiliation, but I had no other choice but to follow orders. And then the individual doctors, including two women doctors, came close to me, looked at that growth on my penis, and were discussing it. They didn't ask me any questions, and they were talking in medical terms. Finally when it was over I asked the doctor what kind of medicine I'd get. 'Oh,' he said, 'there is nothing to be alarmed at, it is a very simple case.' He again gave some explanation, 'It is caused by dirt. We will give you a powder which you have to put on your penis twice a day, in morning and evening, and in a short time that growth will just dry up and fall off.' And that was true, but it was so ridiculous and so humiliating to go over that it is hard to describe. However after many years have passed I now have only to laugh at that experience, but at that time it was grotesque and humiliating and made me mad.

After I had dressed, the guard took me back to the car, and when we were driving I asked him if I could stop and get some cigarettes. I promised him that upon return I would get to my things where my money was-- it was Yugoslav-- and would somehow compensate him. He was a nice fellow, apparently somebody who wasn't

p o-Nazi. He told me, "Don't you worry, I'll buy you some cigarettes, but be very careful, because when we come back they will certainly search you for whatever you bring with you " So he taught me where to put the cigarettes. He said "Put them under the collar of your jacket, and put them into the folding of your pants, down at the shoe level. Those are the only places where you might smuggle these cigarettes." So we stopped and he went with me to the cigarette shop and bought some cigarettes. After we were in the car, I carefully put them where he had instructed, and then we came back to the prison and I thanked him for his kindness. There, of course the prison guards started to search me but I distracted them by showing them the medicine that I was carrying with me from the doctor, and also the note to the local prison doctor, so they were satisfied with that and didn't look under my collar or in the cuff of my pants. When I came back to our prison cell, there was great jubilation when I started to pull out cigarettes from behind my collar and my pants and give them to all the people there. We managed to get smokes for a couple of days with that supply of cigarettes.

Finally, one day, my time came to be called for interrogation. The interrogation was carried out in the Gestapo headquarters in one of the best hotels in the center of the city of Vienna. Our prison was not far away, and apparently the Germans didn't want to waste gasoline carrying prisoners, so I walked to that hotel,

accompanied sometimes by one, sometimes by two guards. At the hotel entrance there was a close scrutiny of the passes that my guard produced they looked at me and so forth, and finally I was taken to one of the apartments occupied by my interrogator. Later on I learned that his name was Herr Graf. He was sitting by the desk and his secretary was sitting next to him. He didn't offer me a seat, and there was no chair positioned in such a way that I could sit, so I had to stand.

He started to interrogate me about the same things that I had already been interrogated about in Belgade. There was again Atherton, my collaboration with him; questions that I used a cover name, that I was a British spy, that I was supplying information about the German troops to the British intelligence agents, etc. It was rough and bad, and I was really distressed by that. There were some ominous threats, that 'We don't tolerate this kind of activity in the Third Reich,' and threats were made. I was very discouraged after I came from that interrogation. There were several more interrogations of the same kind on certain points and every one of them was bad and rude. I was particularly alarmed when during one of the interrogations, he asked me about my sister Tania, saying 'She also worked with you in the office of the British intelligence agent?' 'Well,' I said. 'she was just a plain typist' and so forth. 'Oh no,' he said. 'she was a secretary, and before that she worked in the Royal

Exchange Assurance, another British firm, whose bosses were the famous Mattlebeck and Price, who were both British intelligence agents. We know that very well.' I was so afraid for Tania -- not so much for myself -- that I tried not to talk. But he persisted, so I had to answer certain questions.

So it lasted for awhile. Meanwhile I noticed a certain routine; how the population of our room increased and decreased, how people were brought in and taken out. For taking out, there was a special procedure. Usually during the morning hours, one of the Gestapo civilian interrogators would come into the room with a batch of white and pink slips, then he would look at the slips and read the names. If a name on a white slip was read it meant that the person was released; he was immediately taken out and what happened then we didn't know. The pink slip meant a concentration camp or probably even worse fate. So we knew that if someone's name was read from a pink slip, something bad would happen to that man. So that was the routine. I will never forget how upset we all were when the former Austrian cavalry master or Rittmeister, the former aide to the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary was called upon and his name was on the pink slip. His interrogator just told him, 'We will go to a concentration camp.' The man didn't even have a chance to shake hands with everybody; he walked out proudly. Probably he didn't want to show to the Nazi jailers that he was afraid of them. There were others. The

Polish consul-general disappeared in the same way.

At one time the population of the prison cell was reduced to 18 people. Then we felt much better, for there was more room to walk around and a place for everyone to sit and rest on the benches. One early morning, there were some signals coming up through the pipes of our water closet, some messages were transmitted, and the man who received the messages turned around and said 'Do you know that Germany attacked the Soviet Union this morning?' We were surprised, and I particularly was shaken up; it meant something very strange to me. I hated the Nazis, but I hated the Bolsheviks more, and I thought 'This will probably bring an end to my greatest enemy, the Bolsheviks in Russia.' I believed in the liberation of Russia; I hated to think that it would be by the Germans, but still... That was my first reaction to the news of the outbreak of war between Germany and the Soviet Union on the 22nd of June, 1941.

And, interestingly enough, about a week after that, when I was called in for a routine interrogation by Herr Gaf, I noticed that there was considerable change in his attitude toward me. For the first time he didn't bark or shout at me; instead, he quite politely offered me a chair. I got scared; I thought it was some kind of a trick, probably to dull my attention to help them in their interrogation tactics, and when he offered me a cigarette, I almost fainted. And then, instead of interrogating me,

he told me the following thing: 'You know Mr. Albov, I have read very carefully your personal dossier, your interrogations, and I see that you were an officer in the White Army, you were fighting the Bolsheviks, that you even lost your arm while fighting them, and that you were decorated for bravery as an officer of the White Army. Do you know that now the German Reich is at war with your enemy, with the Bolsheviks? What do you think of that?'

Well, of course I knew that this could be a turning point -- it might mean that I would be saved from being annihilated by the Germans -- so very carefully choosing my words, I said 'Yes, this is a very interesting event. At this time certainly you started the war against my former enemy, and in this I am in solidarity with you that you might destroy the Bolsheviks.' And on that note, the interrogation ended; they didn't ask me anything during that one about being a British spy. I came back with mixed feelings.

We were getting the daily newspaper the Völkische Beobachter and reading daily about the tremendous successes of the German army. As they advanced, hundreds of thousands of Red Army troops were surrendering, the population was greeting the German troops as liberators, etc. My head was going round and round; I didn't know what to think.

It was the custom in that Gestapo prison that a prisoner had

the right to send one postcard somewhere to his relatives from the prison. So when it was announced one day that we would be provided the postcard and the stamp and could write, I thought 'To whom should I write?' It was already late fall; there was no use in writing to Belgrade, our house was destroyed, Tania was in prison -- I didn't even know where Lusha was or what had happened to her -- so I didn't have anyone there. Then my thoughts turned to the Gerasimovs, my uncle and aunt who had lived since 1919 in Berlin, and I decided to write to my aunt. I knew the name of the street, Fischerstrasse, but I had forgotten the number of the house. I remembered that it was a double digit, something like 16 or 18 or 20 -- I wasn't sure -- but I was hoping that the letter would reach her. With the help of friends in this place, I wrote a brief postcard saying 'Dear Aunt and Uncle: I am for no reason at all being held in the Gestapo prison in Vienna, where I was brought from Belgrade. I did nothing to justify my being detained, and I would appreciate it if you would help me to be freed, and also if you would send me some foodstuffs.' Here I couldn't say because I was starving, but 'because I would like to receive some additional food to what I am getting here.' Even at that, I was afraid the censors might cross it out. And the letter went out.

After a couple of weeks or so, I got an answer. Of course this all went through Gestapo censors, so it was written on pu -



pose for the Gestapo to read: It said 'Dear Sasha: I am amazed that you are arrested -- you particularly now when Germany is fighting Bolshevism -- you who were such a fighter against the Bolshevik regime, and a brave officer, and your friends,' and she mentioned a friend of mine, 'Prince Lieven, who is already working against the Bolsheviks here in Berlin. I hope that with the help of your uncle they will soon free you. I am sending you some money and some goodies.'

After a short while some of the prison authorities came to me and said that some money was sent to me and also a parcel of food. They said that they would keep the money because they could not give money to the prisoners, but they brought me the food. It was a large piece of bacon and a large piece of bread, a sweet bread of the coffee cake variety, used for tea, but that was exactly what we needed, a little sugar, something sweet. Well at that time there were about 25 people in the cell, so we managed somehow with the help of the old jailbirds, to borrow a knife, and with that knife we cut the bread and the bacon into 25 equal parts and each of us got a little part. That was the rule of any prison, that you had to share everything with your cellmates. Well, I was very much encouraged; it was a good sign. After that I was called for another interrogation, and this time there was again a very great change in the attitude of my interrogator, Herr Graf. This time he not only offered me cigarettes,

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but ordered his secretary to bring me some coffee. Then he started to tell me that my uncle, 'who is a very distinguished gentleman and a former Russian general,' was working for my release, and that I might be considered for release from the Gestapo prison.

Within a short time, Herr Graf appeared in our cell with the usual batch of pink and white slips and he called my name. When we were addressed inside the prison cell we were never addressed as Mr. or Herr, but just the name, 'Albov!' I jumped up and he said 'Pick up whatever you have fast, and come out!' I grabbed my things, and waved at my friends. I saw that he had read my name from the white slip, so apparently I was free. The moment I stepped into the threshold of the prison and found myself in the hallway, everything was changed. Suddenly the interrogator called me 'Mr. Albov,' shook my hand and said 'My congratulations; you are being released. We are immediately going to send you back to Belgrade,' where they had arrested me. I was stunned; that was the rule, but I said "Why to Belgrade? The house we lived in was destroyed, my sister was arrested by the Gestapo shortly after I was and I don't know where she is -- you might know that -- I cannot go to Belgrade!"

Chapter 57 Scenario VIII

The main reason, which I didn't mention to Herr Graf, was that I was afraid to go back because I knew that some people who



had originally denounced me to the Gestapo would still be there, and that if I reappeared in Belgrade I might again get into trouble there. Therefore I asked that I might be allowed to go to Berlin, where my aunt and uncle lived, since they would be happy to provide me with accommodations. Herr Graf said 'To get to Berlin, the capital of our Reich, you have to get a special permit. You are definitely not going back to Belgrade? Alright, then, you go back in your cell and wait until we ask the proper authorities whether you will be given permission to go to Berlin.'

With that, the cell door was opened and I again found myself on the inside, with all my cellmates looking at me in complete bewilderment. They started to ask me questions; I told them what happened. Some of them even laughed. They said 'You know, we believe that it is the first time in the history of a Gestapo prison that someone who is being freed refused to go out, but was sent back!' But I must say that when the door banged behind me and I found myself again in that blasted Gestapo cell I felt downhearted.

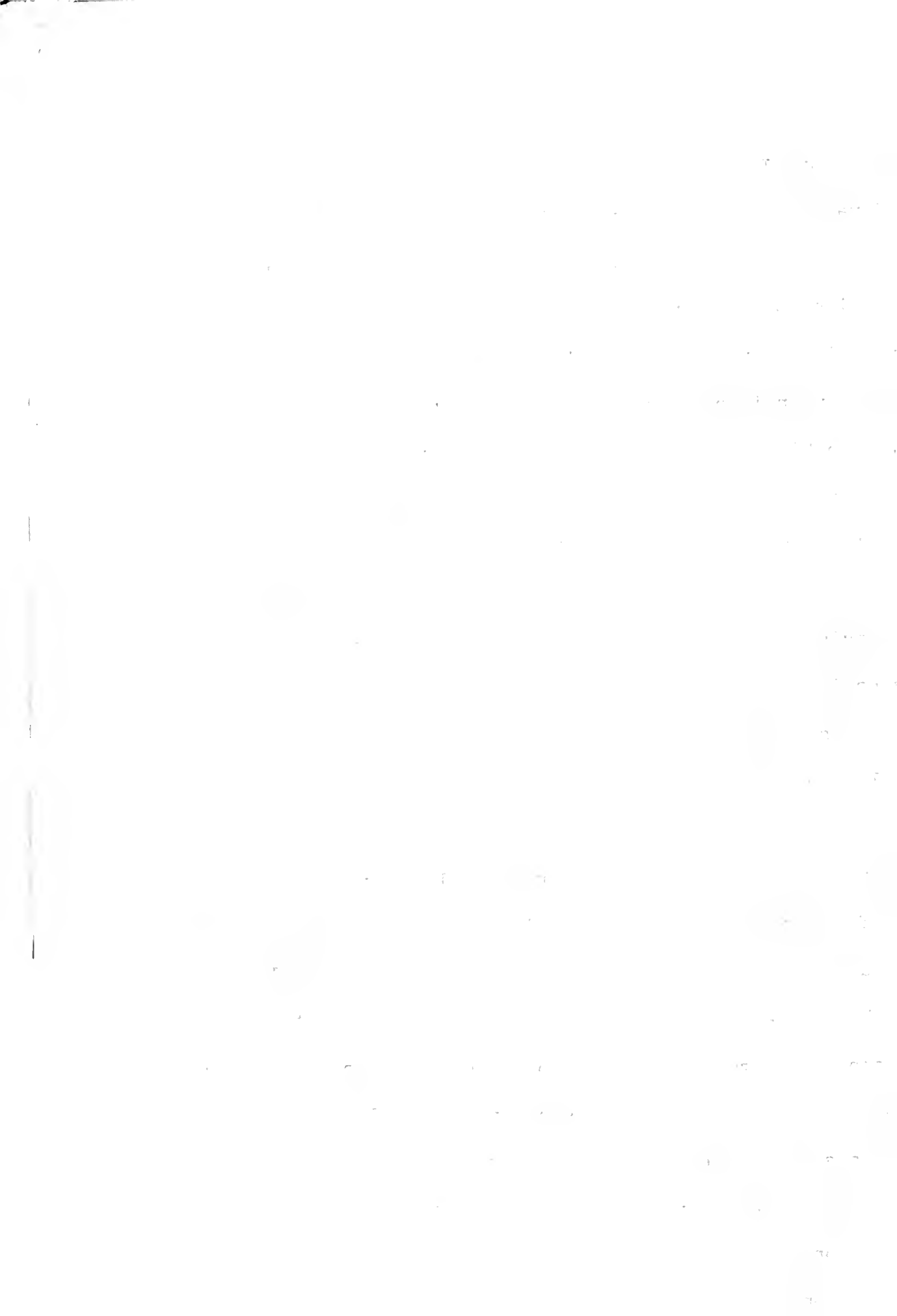
I had to wait almost a whole month. I didn't have a chance to write anything because we were permitted to send only one letter. I didn't know what to do. I was just waiting and waiting and feeling very bad.

Well, that time gave me a chance to reminisce about many things that had happened. First of all, I thought of the unique



experience that I was living through in the Gestapo prison. I observed various kinds of human beings under conditions of tremendous stress and deprivation. I found it interesting that under conditions of stress there are no shades of human behavior. There are either exceptionally nice people, saints, as they were called, or exceptionally bad ones, 'sinners', the scum of humanity, with nothing in between; a complete polarization of human souls. I had the privilege of observing the naked souls of human beings; it was a worthwhile experience. That was one thing

The other thing I was thinking of, was the Bolshevik system and the Nazis. And I came to the conclusion that actually Nazi Germany copied the Bolshevik system, for all aspects of the Bolshevik system were present in the Nazi system-- the same one-party rule, one leader: on the Soviet side, Stalin, and on the German side, Hitler; the party was completely controlling the life of the state, and the life of the individual citizens. The Gestapo, for instance, was the spitting image of the NKVD. It was the apparatus that was responsible for the arrest of people, for keeping them in prisons, deciding their fate, for executing them, and for sending them to concentration camps-- the same as in the Soviet Union-- without due process of law. The clash between these two systems-- the Nazi and the communist systems-- was something terrible, that I, and many other Russian patriots at that time, were hoping would end in the defeat of both. In the entire wartime, the only thing that was not clear to us was: how could



the western democracies so easily make a pact with Stalin? Just a short time before, Stalin had a pact with Nazi Germany. Now Stalin became Uncle Joe, a good friend of western democracy. This was something beyond my comprehension and remained so throughout the wartime and beyond; I still don't understand it. I must say that the responsibility for it lay with people like Churchill and Roosevelt, who was a sick and weak man at the time of this and the end of the war.

So I remained in prison while waiting for permission to go to Berlin. Finally the day came; again Herr graf, my interrogator, appeared, again with a white slip, and called me out and said that permission was granted for me to go to Berlin. He was awfully nice. I went downstairs and they said that while I was in prison my aunt had sent lots of money, but of course they couldn't give it to me, and there was a package that had just come. So now I had plenty of money, sent by my aunt and uncle. And finally I managed to shower and shave and change, and I felt like a man again. Then they asked me where I wanted to go. Well, I said that before going to Berlin first of all I wanted to stay for a day or two in Vienna and send a wire to my aunt and ask what her further instructions were. So I asked for a taxi, they called one, and wished me good luck; I jumped in with my suitcase and asked the driver to take me to the best hotel in Vienna. At that time the best were the Grand Hotel and almost across the



street, the Imperial. He took me to the Grand Hotel and brought in my suitcase. Certainly my appearance wasn't very impressive for that class of hotel. So, to the manager or desk clerk who registered incoming guests, I said 'I would like to have the best room that you can get me.' He said 'Well, where is your passport?' I said 'I have no passport.' 'You are a foreigner and you do not have a passport?' he said, 'What happened?' Well, at this moment I realized that I was in trouble again. I replied 'I do not have a passport because I have just been released from Gestapo prison.'

When he heard that, he looked at me and said 'Oh no, you are not going to stay in this hotel; we don't want guests like that. Representatives of the German high command are staying here, and foreign diplomats, and so forth. Please get out of here.'

So the porter took my suitcase outside, and called a taxi. I went to another hotel-- not of the same class as the Grand, but still in a nice location-- not far away from Denis Curtner Str, and the Stephans Kirche, which I would always remember because I had been looking at the spire of that church and praying while in the Gestapo prison.

But the same story was repeated in that hotel: 'You are a foreigner; where is your passport?' 'I have no passport.' This time, when I told the man that I had been released from the Gestapo prison, he said 'You will not be able to stay anywhere without proper documents. I could probably help you.' I suspect

that he was an Austrian of Slavic descent, probably Czech. Anyway, he was obviously sympathetic to my situation. So he asked 'What is the name of the man who handled your case in the prison?' I told him it was a Herr Graf, and he said 'Wait, I will call him.' He went and called and came back and said 'Yes, Herr Graf said that you must go back immediately to Gestapo headquarters and he will give you some kind of a document.'

So again I had to get a taxi and drive to Gestapo headquarters, which was located in one of the hotels. I climbed the stairs with a heavy heart. After a wait, finally Herr Graf came. He was all smiles and everything and said 'Sit down, yes, I forgot, completely forgot, that you don't have any documents with you. It is alright, I'll give you a document. Have a cup of coffee!' He offered me a cup of coffee and a cigarette, called a secretary and dictated to her a statement. The statement was a little bit vague. It said in effect that Mr. Alexander Albov was released today from Gestapo for the reason that there was insufficient evidence against him of anti-German and -Nazi activities. It was a little ambiguous. Then, at my request, he added "There is no objection to Mr. Albov going to Berlin to live with his Uncle and Aunt " I thanked him, and left the Gestapo headquarters as fast as I possibly could. The taxi was waiting for me, and I went back to the hotel, to that man at the desk. He said 'That will do it. I can register you on the grounds of that document ' I still have



that document.

I got a nice room; I felt very well. I went for a walk, took a cab and went first of all to the gardens of the Schönbrunn palace in Schönbrunn park. This palace in Vienna is an imitation of Versailles, as are many other palaces around Europe.

After that I returned to the hotel. It was almost dinner-time and I was pretty hungry, and went to the restaurant. It was still early; I was the only guest in the restaurant. The waiter came to me, and I said 'Well I want wiener schnitzel, and a bottle of wine, and something else.' He said 'Alright, where is your ration card?' 'Ration card?' I said, 'I don't have a ration card.' He looked at me in bewilderment and said 'You stay here and you don't have a ration card?' 'I'll straighten that out immediately,' I said, and hurried to my friend at the desk, saying 'Listen, there in the restaurant they ask me for a ration card. I don't have one. What shall I do?'

He said 'Oh yes, we in the hotels are entitled to give to our transient visitors ration coupons for three days, so here are three blue cards, meaning that it is three times fifty grams of meat; then this is for bread and this is for that...' and marked on the back of my Gestapo card that he had given me these ration cards. So I went back and proudly gave these ration cards to the waiter. The wiener schnitzel that I had ordered consumed my meat ration for all three days.

The very first moment when I stepped out from the prison to the street and was standing there waiting for a taxi, I thought 'I am free. If I want, I can go across the street, or go to the right, or to the left; I am free.' This was the most wonderful experience, and I was still elated all day; then having that dinner, and that wine, I enjoyed life like never before! Freedom is such a wonderful gift, especially since I had spent so many days and nights in that terrible prison

I sent a wire to my uncle and aunt telling them that I was free, staying in such and such hotel, and that I was ready the next day to move to Berlin, and asked their advice as to the best way to take, etc. The next day I got a telegram from Aunt Lika, and she said that the best thing would be to take the night train leaving Vienna in the evening and arrive in Berlin in the morning and she would be waiting for me at the station, or Bahnhof am Zug, which was the station nearest their apartment

So, I got myself a sleeper, ordered through my friend at the hotel desk, who got me the railroad tickets, and went by train to Berlin.

At Berlin Aunt Lika met me. She was so happy; we had not seen each other since 1938, and she knew what I had gone through. I asked her if she had heard anything from Tania. She said yes, my sister had been released and was in Belgrade with Lusha, and that she was in correspondence with Tania.



Well, I felt so good! We went to the Gerasimov home, and Uncle greeted me happily. They gave me a room with the proviso that I wouldn't occupy it during the day since my aunt still continued her business as a haute couture salon and that was the room where her clients who came during the day tried on their dresses. But at night the room was mine, so I didn't mind.

I was walking around Berlin during the day, when I saw a lady coming toward me, dressed in a beautiful fur coat. She looked at me and I at her and I realized that it was that Frau Schmidt whom I had interviewed in Belgrade at the request of Atherton, before being arrested. I thought, 'How could it be that she is here in Berlin, when she escaped from Germany and gave me that interview?' And she asked me: 'What are you doing here?' I said 'I came here.' And she said 'Well, as far as I know you were arrested by the Gestapo.' I said 'Yes, but I was released.' 'Oh,' she said, 'apparently the Gestapo didn't know everything about you. I am a member of the gestapo, and I would like to have a little talk with you. Would you like to give me your address and telephone number and I will call you and we will meet at a place where I would like to talk to you.'

I was completely shocked. I realized now that she had a very serious case against me because it was she, apparently an agent the Gestapo sent to Yugoslavia, whom I had so naively interviewed, and the interview had appeared in the Daily Mail.

I was downhearted. I came back to my aunt and told her about

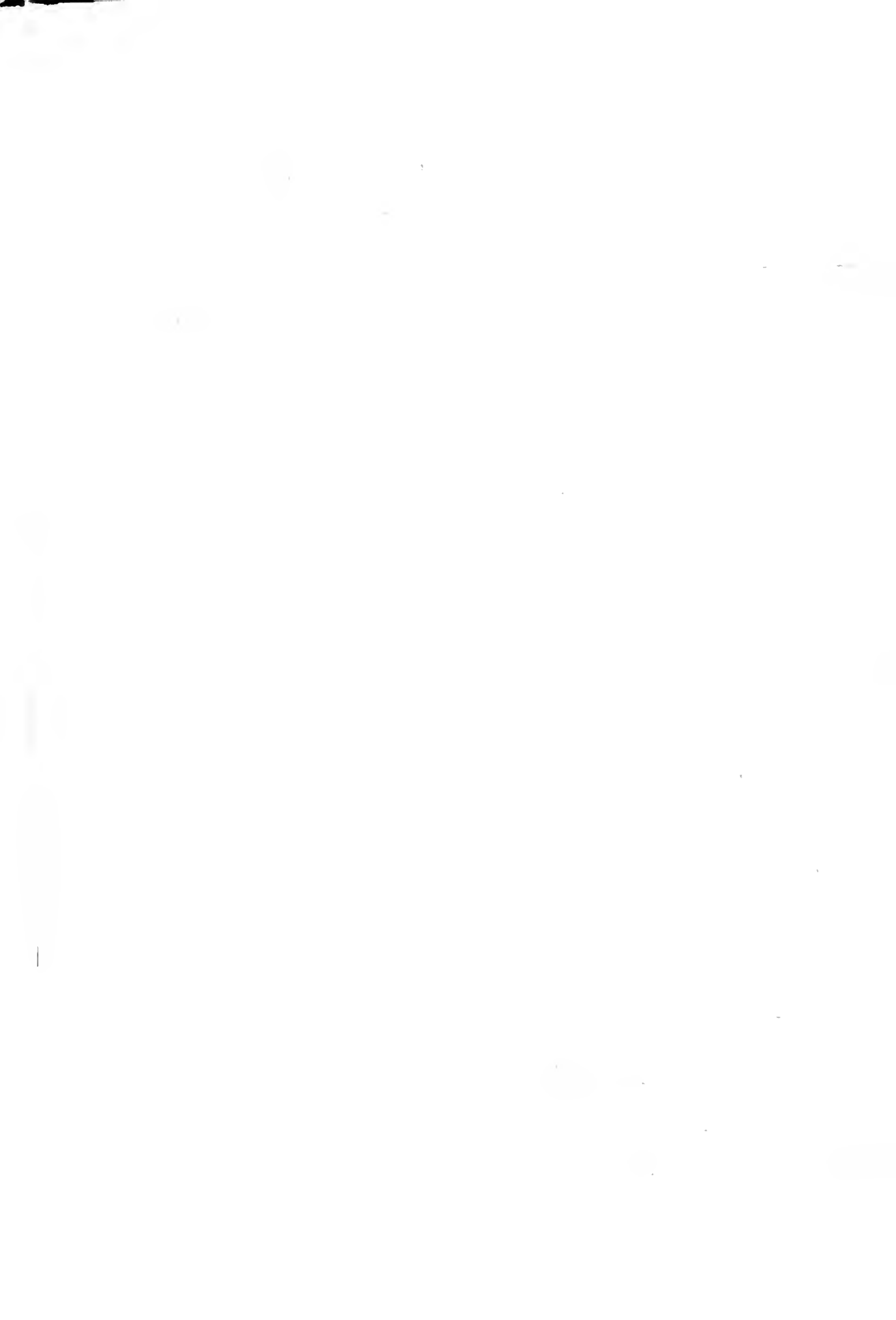


it. She was also very concerned, and I didn't know what to do. Then I remembered Herr von Schimpf, who was Berlin correspondent on the Daily Mail, a native German, who lived in Berlin. I didn't know-- I thought perhaps that being connected with the British he might have been arrested himself-- but I looked through the telephone book and I found his name and telephone number. So I immediately called. His wife answered and I told her I would like to talk with him. She said 'Oh, he is in his office in the propaganda ministry; I'll give you his telephone number.' So I called him there, and when I identified myself he said 'Oh, my dear friend Alex. So you came here; I would like to see you.'

'I would like to see you too,' I said 'and as quickly as possible!' 'Has anything happened?' 'I won't be able to tell you over the telephone.' 'All right,' he said, 'come to the Propaganda ministry tomorrow around noontime and ask for me, and I will take you to lunch.'

Chapter 58 Scenario VIII

So, at noontime I went to see Herr von Schimpf, who had been the correspondent of the Daily Mail in London, and also chief correspondent of the Daily Mail in New York, and now was a highly placed employee of the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. The building was not far away from Hitler's chancellery. I went there, told the doorman that I came to see Herr von Schimpf, he gave him a



ring, and I was told that a secretary of his would come down and take me to his office. She came, and ushered me into his office.

He hadn't changed much. He came out around his desk and with a very friendly smile shook my hand and immediately began talking in English. He said 'Well, tell me what happened to you! You sounded alarmed when I talked to you over the telephone!'

Now I saw that this was my only chance to confess everything that had happened, because I was again with my back against the wall with the Gestapo. So I told him the whole story. Not hiding anything, I told him about Frau Schmidt; how I went at Atherton's request to Zagreb to interview her, how she pretended to be a refugee escapee from Nazi Germany, and how she gave me an interview very detrimental to the Nazis, which Atherton used, which was printed in the Daily Mail, and that I had met her in Berlin, and that she said that she was with the Gestapo and that she would be giving me a telephone call in order to talk to me and apparently probably either arrest me again or send me to Belgrade.

He listened carefully and said 'Oh these stupid Gestapo people! They don't understand. I know you, and you're lucky that when I was in Belgrade I had an opportunity to talk with you on several occasions. I know your attitude toward communism and so forth. Don't you worry. These stupid Gestapo people, they just don't know what they are doing. When she calls you, tell her to call me immediately. Give her my telephone number, and everything will be alright. And now let's go to the press club

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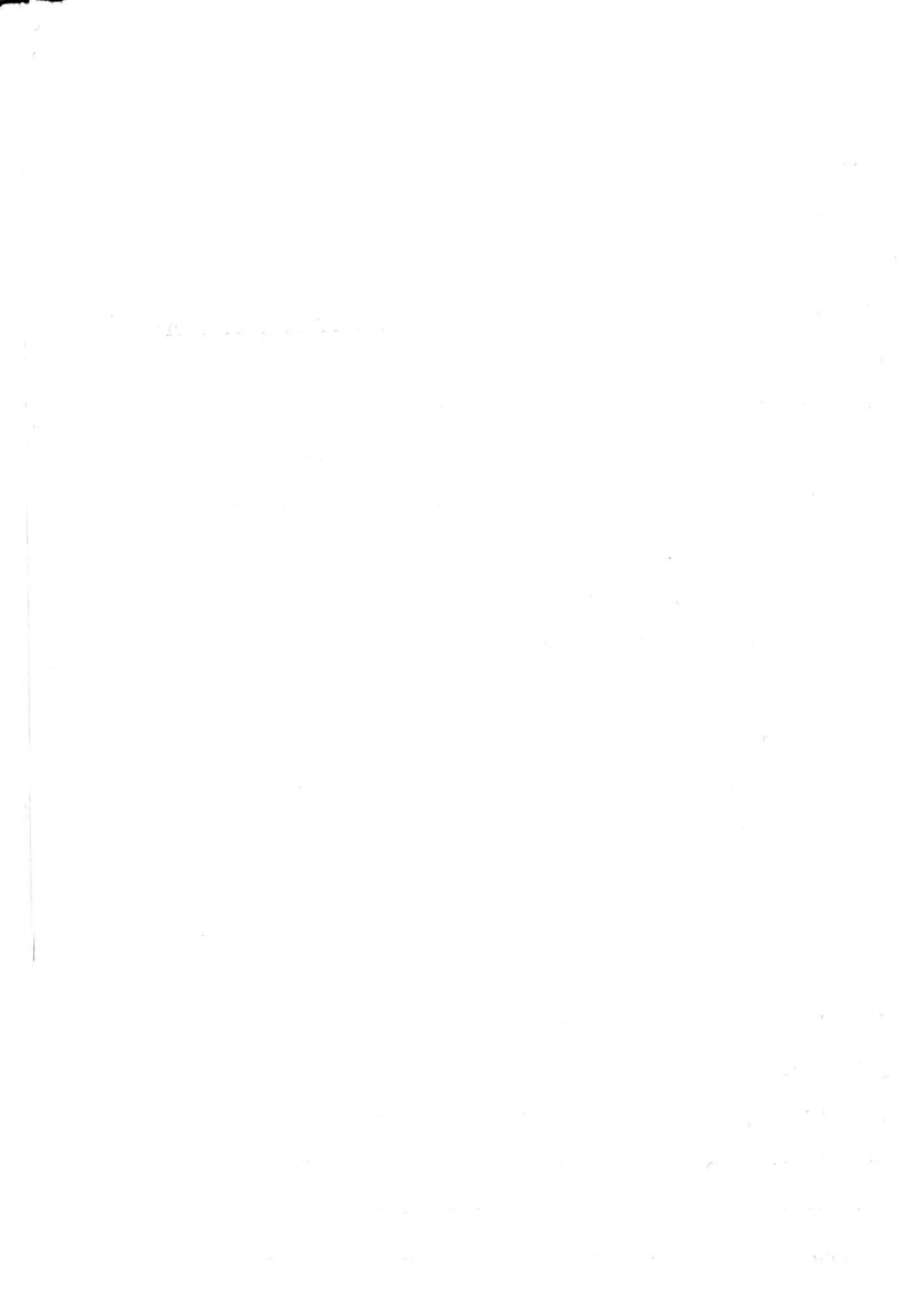
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for lunch!'

At the press club another surprise awaited me. While we were sitting there having our lunch, I recognized at the next table a fellow who was representative of the Deutsches Nachrichten-buro, the German news agency, in Belgrade, who was also very surprised to see me there. He came to our table and addressed me and said 'Well, how is it that you are here; as I recall you were in Belgrade with the United Press last time!' He was a little bit hostile, but Herr von Schimpf said 'Sir, this gentleman M. Albov is my friend, and I am...' and he gave his high ranking title in the Propaganda Ministry. The fellow was satisfied with this and said no more.

So we had a nice lunch and a nice talk. I told how the Gestapo was asking me about Atherton and about Atherton's association with the British Intelligence Service, how I was accused of espionage because of working for the United Press after the outbreak of war, and how I certainly was involved in collecting information about the movement of German troops, as was everyone else. 'Sure' he said. 'I understand that. For the Gestapo, everybody is a spy.' He was very outspoken.

He said 'Now, you forget everything.' He asked me about my living conditions; I told him I was staying with my uncle and aunt who had been living in Berlin since 1919, and I gave him my telephone number and address with the Gerasimovs. So we parted



in a very friendly way, and the last thing he told me was, 'If anything happens to you again, if you are in any trouble, or if you need any help, always rely on me; give me a telephone call, or come to my office; because I know you, and have respect for you.'

I was delighted. After lunch I went home to the Gerasimovs', who lived at Spiecherstr. no. 16, and in a much more relaxed mood I told my aunt what M. Von Schimpf had said. She was very much relieved. and she said 'By the way, that lady-- Frau Schmidt-- she called you while you were at lunch and she asked you to return her call immediately upon your return.

Well, I thought, here I have to tell her. So I dialed the number and Frau Schmidt answered. 'You must come and see me,' she said.

I said 'Before that, would you please call a friend of mine in Berlin, M. von Schimpf,' and I gave his high sounding title in the Propaganda ministry, 'because he wants to talk to you before you continue to talk to me. This is his telephone number.' She said 'Alright, I will call him.'

I waited, and after two days got a call from Herr von Schimpf. He said, 'Don't you worry now about anything. Frau Schmidt called me, I invited her to lunch and we had a lengthy chat about you. I told her that I know you, that everything is all right; that I vouch for you, that you are not a spy or anything, and she was



apparently satisfied with that and asked me to tell you not to bother calling her again and she regards the case as closed'

Can you imagine how I felt about that!

I will now tell about life in the Gerasimovs' apartment. First of all, it was a Mode salon, so there was a lot going on during the day. There was a lady in charge of the workshop, where seven or eight girls were working, sewing dresses and so forth. The room in which I slept was used as a fitting room for the ladies so that all day long there were ladies coming in. And I would sit either with uncle in his room or in the dining room, or sometimes chat with the girls who were working for my aunt. When the weather was nice, I walked around town.

From the moment that I came to Berlin and through all my stay there, every day the city was under aerial bombardment. The routine was this: around 10:30 o'clock in the evening we were usually listening to the radio and then the very familiar signal would come: 'Achtung! Achtung! Enemy airplanes are flying over Germany in the direction of Brandenburg and Berlin!' Shortly after that the sirens over the city would start wailing and that meant that it was a red alert and the airplanes were approaching the Berlin area. At that point my uncle and aunt would go downstairs into the air raid shelter under the house. It was dangerous to be on the upper floors of the house.

Very strict blackout restrictions were in force everywhere.

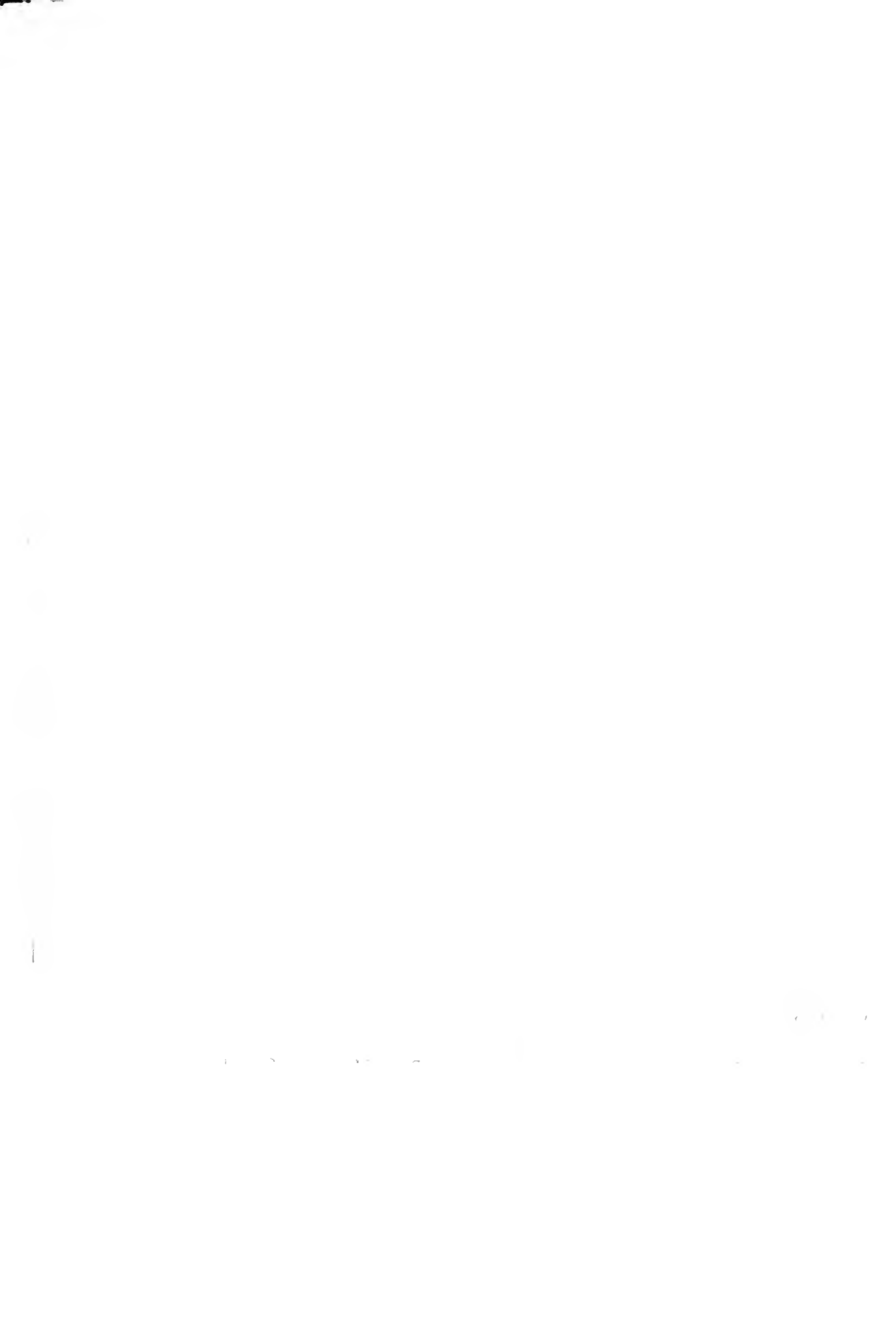


Windows were covered with dark drapes so that not a streak of light could be seen from outside. Auxiliary guards were walking the streets and if they saw any light coming out of a window they usually would knock on the door, go into the house, and under threat of heavy fine order that it be immediately remedied. The streets were dark at night

Well, I was so happy to be sleeping on the nice soft couch in that room which my aunt had made into a sitting room, a beautiful soft couch on which my bed was spread every night. And I told my aunt that 'You know, after sleeping in Gestapo prison for so many nights, I would like to sleep in a nice soft bed!' So never during the months that I spent in Berlin did I ever go down into the air raid shelter. Sometimes the aerial bombardment was very bad. Bombs were falling close by. Particularly they set up an anti aircraft battery very close by, in a little park at the end of our street, the Kaiser allee. That battery made lots of noise, but still, I enjoyed the sleep.

There was another problem, immediately after my arrival there. Every person in the German Reich under the wartime conditions had to register for work. Only in that case could one get food coupons; and without food coupons, of course, you would starve. It was essential, for of course my uncle and aunt couldn't feed me with their coupons because the ration was very limited.

I had to do something about that, and had finally to legal-



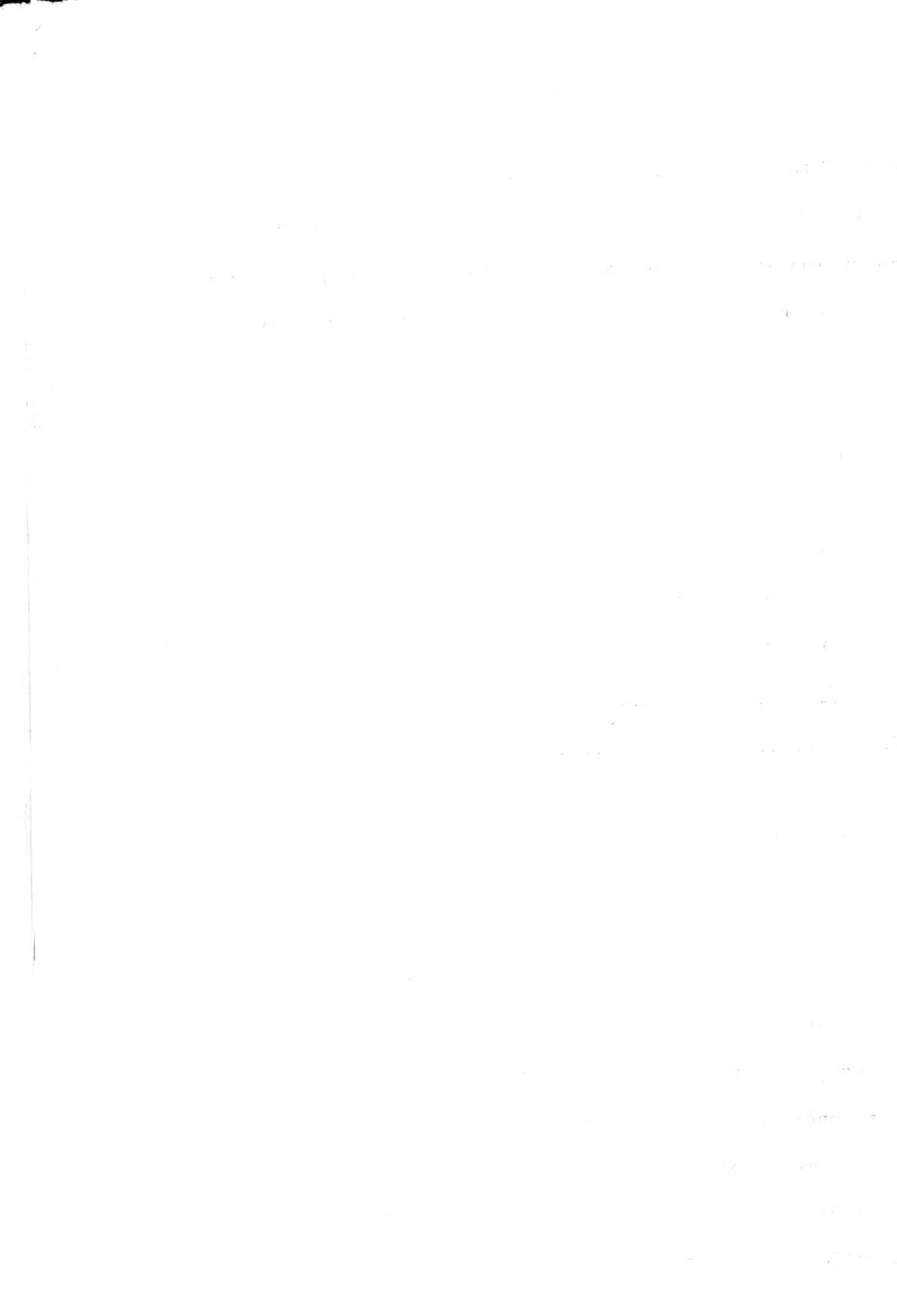
ize myself. On instructions from the Gestapo in Vienna, I had to report to the Berlin Gestapo with my document. They asked me a few questions and filled out a card and told me that I had to register immediately for work. My aunt said I would have to do that because they could not feed me. It was not because they did not love me, but there were not enough food coupons

Berlin, like London and Paris, was a center for resettled Russian emigres, refugees who had fled Russia after the Revolution. Berlin had a large population of Russian emigres; life was thriving there before the war. Several Russian newspapers were published there, and Russian publishing companies published books. The famous Nabokov, well known for his novels and stories -- he became famous in the United States for the novel Lolita -- was writing then under the name Silin. His father, a member of the Russian Duma, was killed during one of the gatherings of the liberal wing of the Russian emigration, by some right wingers. They actually intended to kill the Russian left leader, Miliukov, who was standing next to him, but killed Nabokov instead. There were Russian concerts; Chaliapin used to come there, and all famous emigre ballet artists. There were Russian restaurants and Russian food. So Berlin was one of the cultural centers of Russians in exile.

With the outbreak of war between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany, many Russians placed themselves at the service of the



Germans to help in their fight against our greatest enemy, the communists. They were working as interpreters and translators; an organization was created called the Anti-comintern, and many people were working there. Of course Aunt Lika, because of the former position of her husband, my uncle, was very much in the limelight. Many friends of the Gerasimovs visited them. I met many of them, and there were some of my friends too. Quite a few members of the old aristocracy had settled in Berlin who knew my uncle from the time when he was head of the Okhrana in Saint Petersburg. My uncle wrote his memoirs while in Berlin and those memoirs appeared as a series of articles in the well known weekly magazine BERLINER ILLUSTRIRTER, in a series of articles called Der Kampf gegen erste Russische Revolution, and it was published as a book. I have the German edition. I had the Russian manuscript but this manuscript burned together with all my other papers during the bombardment of Belgrade. Publication of his memoirs in Berlin brought quite a few acquaintanceships among the Germans, particularly some old guard German military friends of my uncle, including the famous General Ludendorff. It was through these high ranking German generals, friends of my uncle, that he had managed to get me released from the Gestapo prison. Although they were not trusted very much by the new Nazi regime, they were kept in high respect by all the Germans and their word was influential. They had their own way to influence the Gestapo

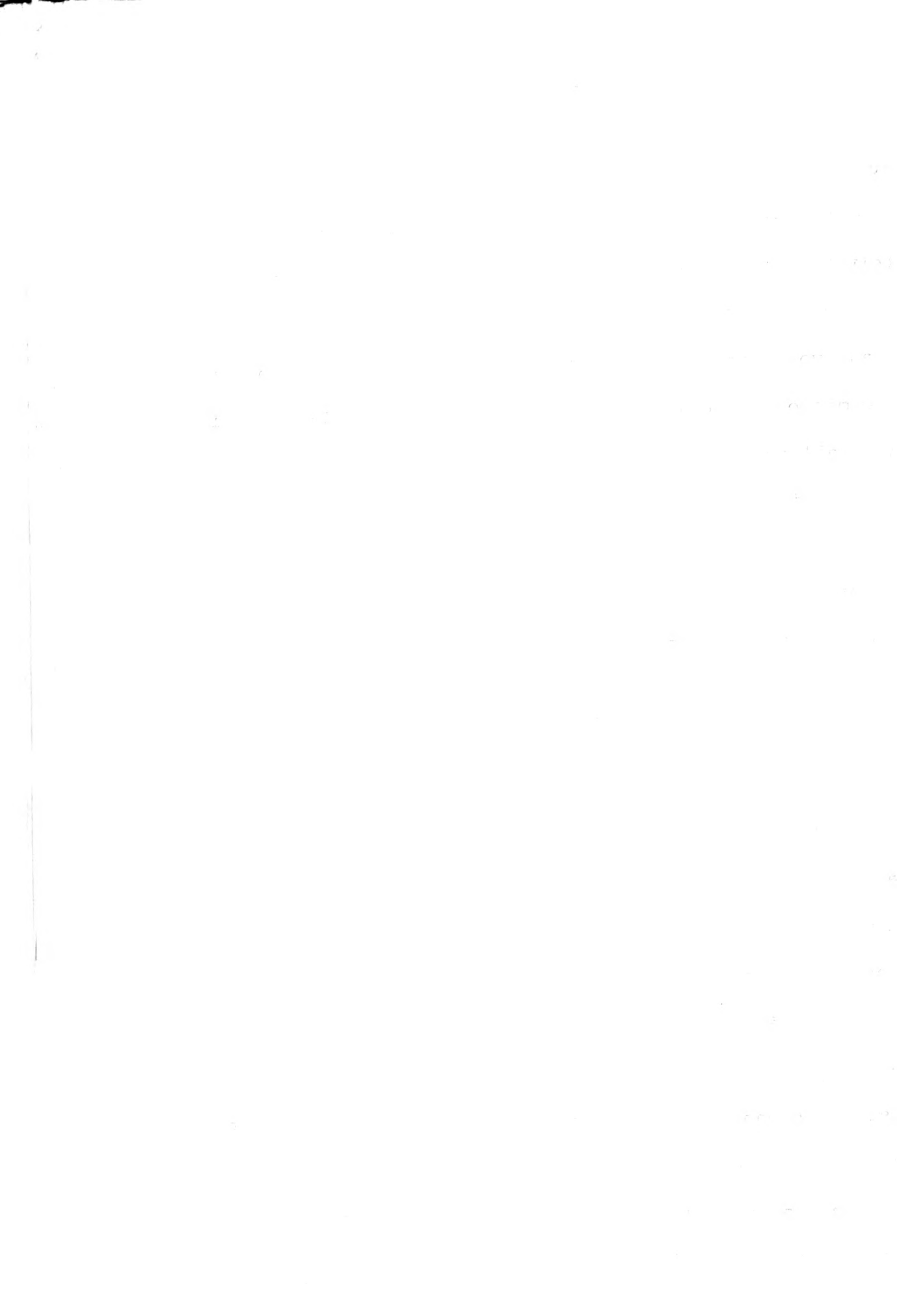


in my favor.

Now my problem was: I had to get a job. I had to report immediately because I had to get my food coupons. So I talked to my aunt and she said 'There are some people like Prince Kochubei and your friend Prince Sasha Lieven who already work in the Anti-comintern, and I know people there like Mr. Vieber. I'll give him a call and you'll go there and you can probably get a job in that anti-comintern office.'

So that was arranged and I went one day to the office which was called Vineta. It was located on Victoriastrasse, a very nice section of Berlin. I went there and asked for Mr. Vieber. This Vieber had been an actor at the Moscow Art Theater. His wife, a native Russian, had also been a prominent actress there. Mr. Vieber, being of German descent, opted for German citizenship. He decided to leave Russia and left with members of the German embassy after the outbreak of war.

So I went to see Mr. Vieber. There were some other Russians and Germans milling around. I told him who I was and he said 'Oh I know about you, and I would like you to meet some other people,' and he introduced me to a man by the name of Spitz eich. He was also a Russian German; he wore a Nazi party badge, but he spoke faultless Russian, the same as Vieber. He asked me my experience, so I told them that actually I was a law school graduate, and that my journalistic experience was initially with the English



Press and then with the United Press. They looked at each other and said 'Do you have any documents?'

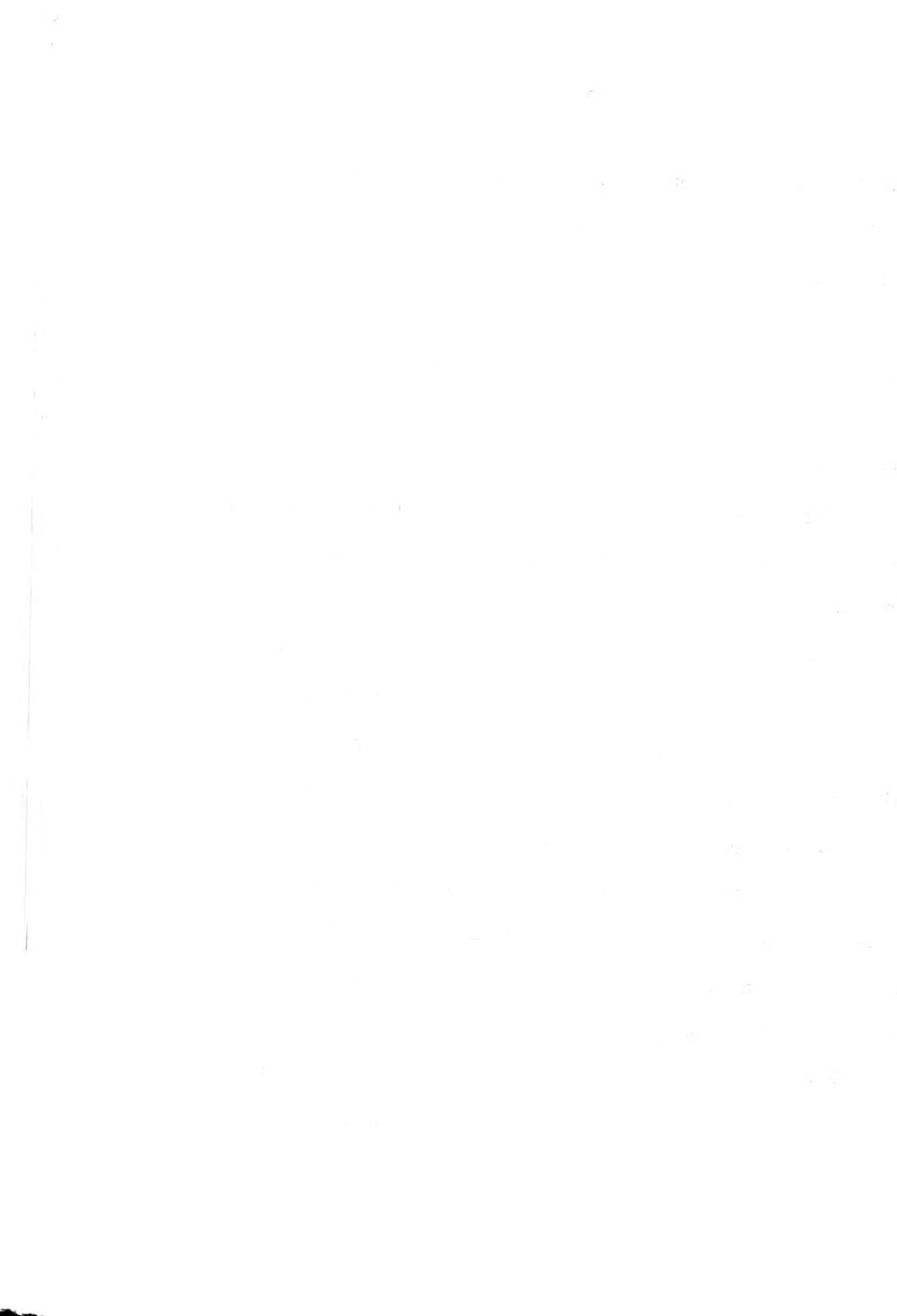
'Well,' I said, 'I will be frank with you; I have just been released from Gestapo prison.'

They were really surprised, and again asked if I had any documents

I said 'Yes,' and produced that document I had received from the Gestapo, and then my Daily Mail correspondent card and a document from United Press, stating that I was a member of the United Press bureau in Belgrade.

They took these documents and went into another room and I saw that one of them was shaking his head. I was not surprised.

In about 20 minutes they came out, headed by a man in a Nazi uniform, a brown uniform with all the party regalia. He was apparently the political boss of that outfit. They came to me and the fellow made a statement in German that in spite of my unusual background they considered that I might be useful to work with them, that I was hired effective today, and that my work would consist of preparation of texts for broadcasts aimed toward the Soviet Union. I asked them to give me some kind of statement which would entitle me to get food coupons, which they did immediately



Chapter 59 Scenario VIII

I was quite impressed by German efficiency, because within two days, on the basis of the document that I got from Vineta, I got the so-called Fremdenpass, the passport for foreigners entitling them to live on the territory of the Reich, and with that I got the food coupons, which was a great relief for me

While I was still in prison, my sister Tania had been released from Gestapo prison in Belgrade and was again living with Lusha and was in correspondence with the Gerasimovs. The Gerasimovs wrote her that I had been freed and we started to work together trying to bring Tania and Lusha to Berlin to join us. I used that opportunity to ask Tania to go to see whether my private tailor was still functioning in Belgrade, and since he had all my measurements to try to buy me good clothing and make a couple of suits and winter coat for me. I had only the light coat which we had got from Atherton's office, and winter was here. Well, she answered that she had found the tailor and he still had all the measurements, and she found the cloth and he would make me two suits and a winter coat which she would bring with her. It was a great relief for me because the clothing situation in Germany was terrible. Once I managed to get coupons for a jacket which was made not of wool -- some people said it was made of some kind of wood -- I don't know but anyhow it was very much ersatz stuff

So, while waiting for Tania and Lusha to arrive, I started



my work at Vineta. My work there consisted initially of going over the propaganda articles which were written by the Germans and translated at Vineta. I and some other people would correct them and select the most suitable to be broadcast to the Soviet Union. Within two weeks I was absolutely disgusted by the content of the material, to such an extent that I decided to do something about it. I had thought I was going to fight communism, but this was just pure pro-German, pro-Nazi propaganda and they thought that with that kind of silly stuff they were going to win the war against the communists. Anyhow, I decided to call their attention to that, no longer being afraid of any consequences. Therefore at one of the regular staff meetings of Vineta I asked for a word, and I told them what I thought. I said that this kind of propaganda only strengthened the hand of Stalin and didn't help in any way the anti-communist goal. Therefore I suggested that the propaganda material for broadcasting shouldn't be translated from German propaganda stuff, but had to be written by people who had suffered under communism, and who were capable of writing in good Russian, and also that the speakers who broadcast should be all native speakers, preferably the most recent arrivals from the Soviet Union; there were already thousands of them coming all the way from Moscow, some very well educated people, etc.

And to my amazement the Germans listened very carefully to



me. Of course I wasn't fluent in German, and spoke mostly through an interpreter. The staff meeting was in the morning and in the afternoon, I was called by the big shots of Vineta and was told that 'We were very much impressed by your talk and we thought that you are the man who should take over command of the Russian staff and take this command outfit as the director of it! I was just flabbergasted! Not long ago I had been in the Gestapo prison and now relatives of my jailors, so to speak, had offered me that responsible job. But I accepted it.

I started to check, with the help of Vieber, the camps for refugees who had escaped from the Soviet Union to the German side during the German attack on the Soviet Union. We found quite a few exceptionally talented men. One of them was Marchenko, who later on came to the United States and published many books under the name of Na okov. And his son, also a brilliant man, whom I later helped to get a job at the Defense Language Institute.

Being in the position of the Russian department (Abteilung) of Vineta, I was entitled to receive some restricted material, and that was really a source of enjoyment for me. I was getting all information, published under the label of secret, everything that came from Great Britain, in English. As a matter of routine they sent me that material together with what was picked up from the Soviet broadcasts. We were monitoring with great interest all Soviet broadcasts, seeing changes in mood, wondering how they would react to our broadcasts, etc. We were broadcasting from



Warsaw. The Germans of course wouldn't let us go straight on the air; everything was recorded and reviewed by censors, but there was not too much censorship of the work of my group, and I managed to collect a very talented group of people. Moreover I insisted and managed to persuade them that the speakers who actually narrated the stories to be broadcast should all be persons newly arrived from the Soviet Union. And we found some great talents there. We found some actors and artists from the theaters who spoke beautiful Moscow standard Russian and they were our speakers, and really they were on a par with the best speakers who were narrating their propaganda on the Soviet side. I got full credit for that effort. I was very busy; I had two secretaries, completely bilingual, and the group grew and grew until finally I had about 50 people working in that department. Parallel with us there were other nationalities; Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Crimean Tatars, Azerbaijanis, Georgians, etc., each of whom had their own thing.

It should be remembered that the political line of official Nazi Germany at that time was based on the Rosenberg theories. Rosenberg, who fortunately was hanged after the Nurnberg trials, was the Minister of Eastern Affairs. This meant that he was in charge; that he was entrusted by Hitler with planning what was to be the future of Russia. His ideas, of dismembering Russia into small separate states, were dear to the Germans because they were



hoping to seize Russia and weaken it. They hoped to separate the Ukraine and Belorussia, etc. To my amazement, after several years when I came to the United States and became an American citizen, I found the Rosenberg sentiments very much alive here in the United States congress, where that infamous Resolutions of the Captive Nations was almost similar to the documents written by Rosenberg under the direction of Hitler. Again the idea was of dismembering Russia instead of insisting that Russia should be a unified national state which should overthrow communism and be a real friend of western democracies. This part of American policy goes beyond my understanding. On the one hand, Kissinger's detente; on the other, that Captive Nations attitude. It is very strange; we are not going to win the Russian people to our side, which is what we need. We do not need to be friendly with Stalin or Khushchev or Brezhnev; we need the Russian people on our side. We still do not understand that.

So, I was working in Vineta, very hard, and conscientiously. Working there I felt again as a soldier who fought communists during the Russian civil war, except that this time, my weapon was not a rifle or machine gun, but probably a more powerful weapon -- anti-communist radio propaganda. At the same time I felt that I was a pawn in an enormous struggle that was being fought between political theories so different on the one hand and so similar on the other. I have always claimed that communism



and fascism are two sisters, almost identical. I had no qualms of national conscience about continuing to fight bolshevism in the service of Nazi Germany. I had merely changed my habitat from Russia, which I had left long ago, after the Civil War, to Germany. In no way had I renounced my moral principals, which I had pledged in Russia, to fight the Bolsheviks to the bitter end. It should be remembered that at that time, when I was working in Germany against communism, I didn't owe allegiance to the United States. I didn't even dream that I would one day find myself in the United States as an American citizen. When I became an American citizen, I gave all my sincere allegiance to this great country in which I am now living and in which I have married and in which my son was born and will continue the proud tradition of our family.

After the outbreak of World War II, with the collapse of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, to which I owed allegiance as a naturalized citizen of that country, I owed allegiance to no country, but only to my ideals to do everything possible to see the destruction of communism in Russia and to see the country of my ancestors free. As representatives of the great western democracies, Roosevelt and Churchill, were at that time choosing in the national interest to collaborate with Bolshevism, and its murderous leader Joseph Stalin, I chose in the national interest of Russia to collaborate with Nazi Germany against my greatest enemy, communism, in order



to see it destroyed. I believed that with the destruction of communism, also Nazism would be destroyed, and I would see national Russia restored.

The difference between the attitudes of Roosevelt and Churchill toward the Bolshevik Soviet Union, and my attitude toward Nazi Germany -- though it is perhaps presumptuous of me to compare the views of those great leaders to my own -- was that while collaborating with them, I really hated the Nazi regime which had imprisoned me and which brought so much destruction and misery to the people of Russia; whereas the western democracies were on friendly terms with 'Uncle Joe' Stalin, the man who killed ten times more people than Nazi leader Adolf Hitler. Hitler was responsible for genocide against Jews, Poles, Gypsies, Russians and many others; but Stalin, the friend of the western democracies, was responsible for organized genocide through Red terror, and through man-made famine in which millions of people perished. So in my work in the field of propaganda against Communism, I collaborated with the Nazis on a much smaller degree than did Roosevelt and Churchill, with the Red Fascist, Stalin. Cold pragmatism was the motivating factor in both cases. Therefore, when somebody dares tell me that I was collaborating with the Germans, my answer is 'Yes, in the same way as the great leaders of the western democracies were collaborating with the most atrocious and evil power known to the world: Bolshevism and



its leader Stalin!' My goal was restoration of national Russia by any means; theirs was the destruction of Nazi Germany by any means; so we could not accuse each other on account of collaboration.

The trouble with our Russian liberation movement during World War II was that we lost our fight. History knows however of other collaborators with the Germans against the allies in World War I. There were Irish patriots under the leadership of DeValera, who, with German arms, fought the British in the famous Easter uprising of 1916. The Irish won their independence, and DeValera became president of the Irish Republic. Another collaborator with the Germans during World War I was Marshal Pilsudskii, commander of the Polish Legion in the German army on the Russian front. He also won, and became president of the Polish Republic. In both cases, collaboration with the Germans was forgiven and forgotten, because they succeeded.

Chapter 60 Scenario VIII

Shortly before Christmas, my sister Tania and Lusha came to Berlin; so our family was again reunited. Aunt Lika and Uncle Alexander Gerasimov were quite happy to have us live with them. Besides the pleasure at seeing the younger generation of the Albov family living with them, Aunt Lika was also very happy about Lusha joining the household, because Lusha relieved her from tedious household chores.



I managed to get my sister Tania a job at Vineta as a Russian typist. The fact that we could now pool our meager food coupons made life easier for all of us. It was a little crowded in the apartment, but Tania and I spent most of our time in the Vineta office anyway, so it wasn't so bad. Aunt Lika's mode salon, located in the apartment, prospered and because her clientele were mostly ladies of the Berlin diplomatic corps, she received from her customers such things as real--not ersatz--coffee, chocolate and other delicacies completely unavailable for the rank and file Germans. Of course, Tania and I contributed generously to our communal life from our earnings. I was getting a good salary but there was nothing to buy with the money, since everything was rationed. Only wine was not rationed, and people were indulging in parties where little food was served and plenty of alcoholic beverages were consumed. I felt as if I was living in an unreal world. First of all, after the dreadful experience of the long months in the Gestapo prison, I wanted to unwind, to live a full life. I wanted the company of charming ladies, since through the collapse of life in Belgrade I had lost contact with my former lady friends. In Berlin I met and had many romantic adventures with fascinating women, both Russian and German. Most of the Russian ladies of my fancy belonged to the artistic world into which I penetrated as director of the Russian section of Vineta. We had the most charming ladies--actresses, opera singers, etc.--who worked for anti-Soviet propaganda. We organized some fabulous parties, sometimes a little bit gauche, where we drank lots of champagne. It was really something like the feasts during the plague in the Middle Ages, because the war was a plague. The bombardment of Berlin was intensified weekly, Berlin was bombed every night and very often our parties had come to an end in the air raid shelter, where the local German people looked on us in unfriendly fashion, since we spoke Russian freely, and were obviously in a good mood, but we couldn't care less. We worked in Germany, but



for something they could hardly understand, a national Russia, and we hated the Nazis. Quite a few Germans, by the way, shared our views of the Nazis.

My unwinding, which included amorous escapades, was at the same time interwoven with very hard and responsible work. I carried out my nationalist Russian propaganda line in the broadcast programming to a point where I started to get into conflict with the German propaganda bosses. In spite of the strict censorship and the fact that our broadcasts were always put into the air from taped materials, the Germans monitoring our radio, particularly near the front line on the eastern front sometimes complained that our Vineta propaganda output was devoting too much time to Russian problems, while almost completely neglecting broadcasting boastful German propaganda regarding their victories in the west and in the east. I started to receive warnings that I should follow more closely the general propaganda instructions given to me. Sometimes my conversations with the Germans resulted in great tension and more than once I detected a veiled threat that I had better comply more closely to their orders, or else. This 'else' I knew quite well. It meant the Gestapo with its prison, torture and concentration camps. It happened to one of my good friends, who I will call Serge. He was working in the Anti-Comintern Office, which was similar to our Vineta, which also employed a large number of Russian-speaking people. He was an Oxford educated man, a great anglophile and we were good friends. We used to meet in the home of a Russian family named Falsfein. I have mentioned this family before, how one of the older men was a rich landlord in Southern Russia, who under the Bolsheviks was imprisoned in the same cell with my father.

Anyway, it was a very pleasant house, and we had wonderful parties there, at that time with no food but with plenty of wine as everywhere else. If you went to a restaurant with a girlfriend you couldn't afford to buy her food on your coupons because then you would starve, so you paid for the food but

she had to provide you with the coupons.

It was a time when a series of heavy bombardments were made on Berlin. I hadn't seen my friend Serge for quite awhile so one day I asked one of the young girls at the Falsfein house 'What happened to him?' We were sitting at the table and suddenly there was a dead silence. Mrs. Falsfein asked me to come to another room with her where she told me a real horror story about my friend Serge. What had happened was this. On the morning after one of the heaviest bombardments of Berlin by the British, my friend Serge came to his office in the anti-comintern with a flower in his lapel. When asked by someone why he was wearing a flower that particular day he answered as a joke, 'To celebrate the visit of my friends last night!' Unfortunately, there were some Germans in the room, and they apparently reported him to the Gestapo. My friend Serge was arrested the same day and within a short time executed.

When I heard that story I realized that I myself was walking on very thin ice, and that if I was not careful I might myself one day share the fate of my friend, particularly since my background as a former British and American correspondent and Gestapo jailbird made my position even more dangerous. But strangely enough I didn't experience any fear. I was deeply involved in my work, I had a strong will, and commanded the devotion and support of all my subordinates from text writers, translators, correctors, typists and researchers to broadcasters, so that the Germans apparently didn't dare to threaten me too much. Some of them, I felt, respected my independent, unservile attitude and I always spoke my mind. I preached to them about the suicidal policy of the Nazis in mistreating the Russian people, who initially saw the Germans as their liberators, but later were embittered by the Germans' stupid and arrogant mistreatment and forced labor in Germany under a starvation diet. The Russians who were brought from the parts of Russia occupied by Germans for forced labor were forced to wear the letters OST (which means East) on their outer garments,

the same way as the poor Jews had to wear the yellow Star of David. We free Russians were absolutely disgusted. We immediately tried to get in contact with these poor Russian people whom the Germans called sub-humans, untermensch. When I saw all this with my own eyes, when I talked to the Ost-Arbeiter [Eastern workers] in the camps which I was permitted to visit, I realized that from that point on, in addition to my fight against communism, I would wait for the moment when I would be able to fight also the Nazis. Now I had two enemies, the Reds and the Nazi fascists.

As I said before, the bombardment of Berlin was getting more and more devastating. Once, when I was spending an evening with one of my lady friends in her apartment near Tempelhof Airport, a terrible air raid started, concentrated in the airport area. My friend and I had to run down into the air raid shelter and stay there for a couple of hours. After the all clear was sounded I had to go home. All means of transportation in that area were disrupted by the bombardment and I had to walk quite a long distance. I knew my way but some of the streets became impassable, being covered with the debris of ruined houses. Terrible fires were burning everywhere, but finally I got lost and found myself in a little square surrounded on all sides by burning houses. And then for the first and only time in my life I saw a so-called fire storm. It was a flaming wind blowing with a tremendous velocity. To save myself I ran into the gutter, and laid face down on the ground, trying to cover my head with my overcoat. I was afraid that the overcoat would ignite, and that would be the end of me. Fortunately the fire wind blew higher over me. The heat was unbearable. It was hard to breathe the rarified, almost incandescent, air. When the fire storm subsided I ran out of that area through unknown streets, but finally, found my way home, completely exhausted.



Another time, after another heavy bombardment, when I was going to the office I came out of the subway at the Alexanderplatz, a famous place in Berlin, which was a short walking distance from my Vineta office. I smelled a strong smell of phosphorus, and then to my amazement and horror I noticed that it came from the soles of my shoes. Every step I made on the pavement was like striking a match. I realized that when the British dropped phosphorus bombs, some of the liquified phosphorus didn't burn out, but covered the pavement with a thin layer so that anyone walking through that area struck fire with his shoes, an eery experience.

When I came to the office I found it pretty badly shaken up by the previous nights bombing. There were cracks in the walls, and some plaster had fallen from the ceiling. My office wasn't damaged and for my shaken-up secretary I had some good medicine in the bottom drawer of my desk, a bottle of French cognac.

I will now continue the story of my conflict with the German bosses and the propaganda line I took while directing the broadcasts into the Soviet Union. To complicate the situation with my German bosses, one former famous German communist leader, Albrecht, became a devout Nazi, who was regarded as an expert on Soviet affairs because he had lived for quite a while in the Soviet Union. So the propaganda bosses listened to his advice and passed certain instructions on to me. One of these was that we should avoid attacking Lenin because this Mr. Albrecht, who was formerly a communist, and now a Nazi, convinced the German propaganda bosses that we should play up the position of devout Leninists versus the Stalinists of the present day. His theory was that as pure Leninists were better than Stalinists, this was a good story to be played upon, and we might get some former Leninists on our side. This was an absurd idea of course, but the Nazi Germans, not being very clever, trusted him and thought that it would be a good idea, so the word was passed to me to



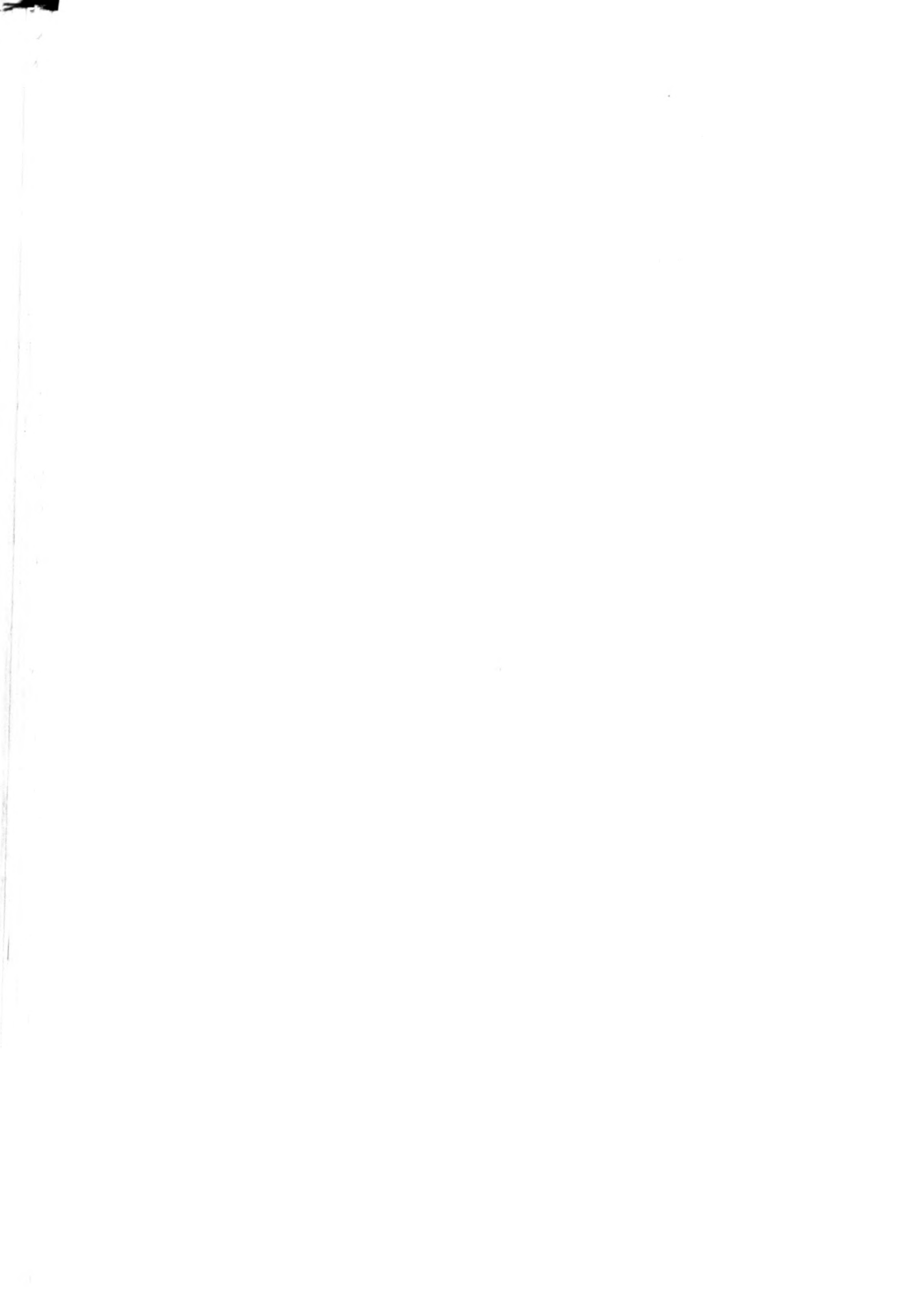
go easy on attacking Lenin.

Well, it so happened at that time that a very talented writer who was writing scripts, particularly of a humorous nature, wrote a tremendously funny story involving Lenin's spirit. The present day bosses were supposedly sitting in the Kremlin and having a spiritualist session calling the spirit of Lenin. The spirit appeared and so forth, and then after listening to their talk disappeared. To narrate the story we had a wonderfully talented man by the name of Blumental Tamariev, an actor of first rank of the Moscow theater, who, when the German troops approached Moscow, escaped to the German side and was immediately brought to my attention. He had a great talent; the way he narrated a story was really something to hear. So he took it on himself to narrate this story. When he came to the point of the disappearance of Lenin's spirit after completing the talks with the Stalinists he said, "And so Lenin's spirit disappeared with the sound....." whereupon he made some very strange sounds. It was recorded on tape and passed the censorship and I forgot about it because every day there were new stories and new things to cover.

Then one day all my German bosses came into my room and closed the door and said "What happened? What kind of a story was that about Lenin's spirit? We would like to listen to the tape."

"Oh, just a second," I said, "you are talking about that funny story written by Mr. Fevre (?), the author?" and I had the tape retrieved from the archives and played.

When they heard that very unpleasant sound that accompanied the narrative of the disappearance of Lenin's spirit they were outraged. They said, "It violates all our instructions! You ridicule Lenin, whereas our friend Albrecht suggested..., etc., etc." I realized the conflict between me and my German bosses had come to a head.



What saved my neck was that shortly after that the report was received two Soviet pilots were captured and interviewed and they mentioned that while flying on their military missions, they often listened to that particular German broadcast from Vineta, and they made very complimentary remarks, saying that they had been particularly amused by a certain story. I requested that a transcript of their statement be given to me and I kept it in a little file on my desk. Whenever Germans would come and criticize the validity of my propaganda or violation of their guidelines I would draw out that report and show it to them. I would say, "Listen to what the people about whom you should be most concerned say about our broadcasts!" That usually shut them up, and saved my neck.

There were other cases like that, since more and more prisoners of war referred to our broadcasts. Most of these were fliers, who had radios, since no one on the ground had the opportunity to listen to our broadcasts.

Shortly before Christmas, 1941, I had a serious infection in my eye and even had to go to the hospital. So I spent Christmas in a German hospital sitting there and listening to their singing "Stille Nacht, Heilig Nacht", the same as our "Silent Night". After 3 or 4 days there I had recovered pretty well and by the Russian Christmas I was already back.

During December of 1941 many fateful events occurred, especially the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, which brought the United States into the war. From that point I realized that the German cause was lost. In spite of their great victories on the eastern front, they didn't take Moscow. General Vlasov was one who could take credit for repulsing the German troops from Moscow; he was one of the great defenders of Moscow, and later he played such a significant role in the Russian liberation movement, of which I will speak later.

In February 1942 the Germans suffered the terrible defeat on the Volga



River at Stalingrad. That was the turning point of the whole war, which finally ended in their complete defeat.

Chapter 61 Scenario VIII

Since the events of my work in Vineta from this point on will be closely tied to and will play a significant role in the Russian liberation movement, I have decided to give a brief summary of the head of this movement, the famous, tragic figure, General Vlasov.

Lieutenant General Andrei Andreevich Vlasov, one of Stalin's most capable army commanders, was captured by the Germans in the summer of 1942. He was a kind of Russian DeGaulle, the ideal leader of the proposed Russian liberation army.

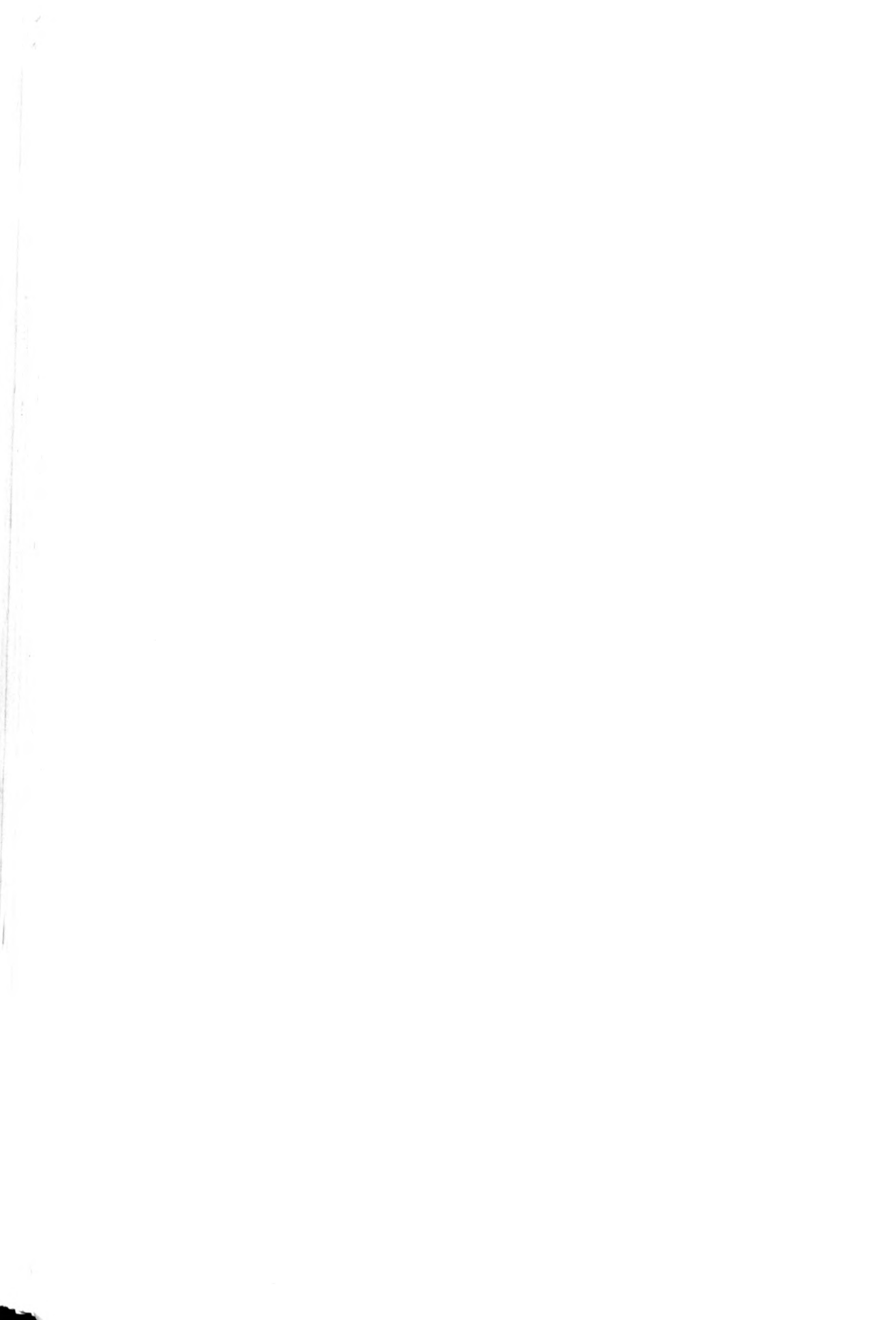
Vlasov was ready to side with the Germans for the purpose of forming a Russian anti-communist political organization to recruit adherents in the PW camps and to make preparations for the constitution of the anti-communist army. The trouble was, the German leaders were guided by the stupid Nazi doctrine which regarded the Russian people as sub-humans, and supported the dismemberment of Russia into numerous small states and racial groups. Vlasov, however, was a Muscovite who supported a centralized and unified state. He initially was permitted to make a propaganda campaign directed toward the Red Army. The operation was successful. In May 1943, 2,500 Red Army men deserted and within a few days the figure rose to 6,500. Vlasov's appeal was so successful that on June 1, 1943 the German army officers who supported him decided that Vlasov should make the next step, the proclamation of an independent Russian government under the leadership of Andrei Vlasov. How different the history of the world might now be if that plan had been realized. There were hundreds of thousands of anti-communist Russians who in 1943 were prepared to go



along with the Germans in order to break the tyranny of Stalin. But, Germany unfortunately was ruled by a madman open to no rational arguments. Hitler raged and proclaimed that he would never permit the formation of a Russian army and government. Only in the summer of 1944, after suffering terrific reverses on the Russian front, the Germans came to their senses and permitted the formation of three divisions, of which actually two were organized.

These divisions were part of the Russian Liberation Army [Russkoe osvoboditel'noe armia]^{oia} or ROA. German high-ranking generals realized that there might be a political purpose injected into the campaign against the Soviet Union, collaboration with the national Russia liberated from communism and allied by friendship with Germany. There was such a possibility because the Russian people had suffered grievously under Stalinism. The terror, the first purges of kulaks, the interminable economic chaos, the purges in the Red Army, partly in connection with the so-called Tukhachevsky affair, the persecution of national minorities, all these were elements in favor of changing the political course of Germany toward support of the national aspiration of the Russian people. The persecution of the Russian Christians also left behind permanent and bitter scars on the deeply religious Russian people. Stalin's son, Iakov, an officer in the Red Army, was captured by the Germans and in an interrogation by the Germans said: "The only thing my father, Joseph Stalin, dreads is a nationalist regime opposed to him, but that is a step you will never take, because we know that you have not set out to liberate our country, but to conquer it." Those were the words of Stalin's son, whom the Germans had captured. They treated him relatively well, but he caught typhus in the PW camp and died.

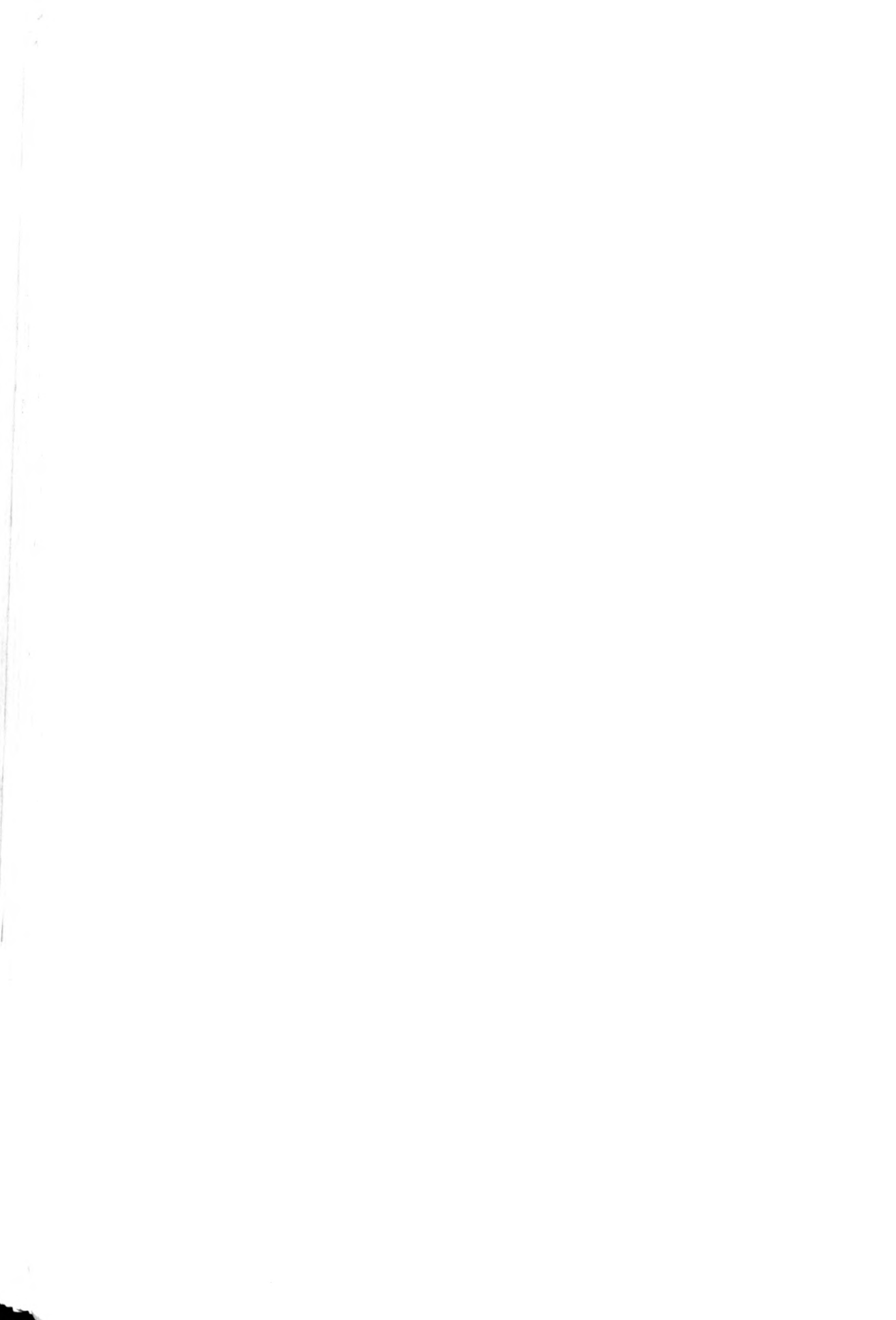
General Vlasov never went out of his way to flatter the Germans, and never left any doubt that he was collaborating with them merely for the sake of



Russian national independence. Later, when I myself was in the ROA, I had a chance to participate in main political talks between General Vlasov and my commanding general, General Maltsev. These discussions usually took place in the bathroom with the noise of running water muffling our voices, since we knew that the German Gestapo had hidden microphones everywhere in Vlasov headquarters. In this, our clandestine conversation, Vlasov openly told us that he hated the Nazis, and would go along with them only to secure delivery of arms and ammunition for his troops, the Russian Army of Liberation. The Russian army proved that point in the last days of the war in May 1945 when the 2dn Division of Russian Liberation Army troops attacked the SS troops in Prague and liberated Prague from the Germans.

Regarding the fate of the Russian Liberation movement under General Vlasov, it should be noted that initially Vlasov was denied success and the German attitude changed only in August 1944, when confronted with the rapidly deteriorating war situation. Then the Germans finally sanctioned creation of the Committee for the Liberation of the Russian people, with General Vlasov as its head. But this happened far too late. Born out of opportunism and despair the Vlasov army at that late hour was doomed to failure. On February 10, 1945, the first and the only two Russian divisions were formally put under Vlasov's command, and the Russian flag was hoisted over the Vlasov headquarters and these divisions.

Vlasov's attempts to salvage these divisions from the ruins of the German Reich and to transfer them to the western allies were thwarted by the Allies themselves. The Yalta agreement, a shameful document, bound all belligerents to surrender Allied prisoners to their countries of origin by force if necessary. Thus, through a betrayal by the western allies General Vlasov and his followers found themselves treading the bitter road to imprisonment and eventually to the gallows of their own country which they had wanted to



liberate from the communist yoke of Stalin.

This story of the Russian liberation movement and General Vlasov and other leaders of the movement can be best concluded by the final statement made by Vlasov shortly before he was handed over to the Soviets. Vlasov said, and I quote, "George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were traitors in the eyes of the British Crown. They won their fight for freedom and are now revered as heroes. I lost. So I will remain a traitor until such time as freedom comes in Russia. I do not believe in the help of the Americans. We have nothing to offer. We are not a power factor, but thus to have trod on our Russian hopes for freedom and for human worth out of ignorance and opportunism is something that the Americans, British and French; and perhaps Germans too will bitterly regret."

What can I add to these prophetic words of Vlasov? If we - I speak from the point of view of the Americans - had helped Vlasov to win we wouldn't have the terrible political tension between the West and the Soviet Union which has existed ever since, and which is becoming more and more threatening, and which could explode one day into an apocalyptic Armageddon to bring an end to our civilization. I am proud that through incredibly complex circumstances I was destined not only to witness but to be an active participant in these events which I have just described and I must add to it that I am proud of the role I played.

A book describing the Vlasov struggle by W. Strik-Strikfeldt has been published in English under the title Against Stalin and Hitler. It gives an insight into one of the great tragedies of World War II.

In Vineta my staff and I were all very much excited by the emergence of Vlasov. Initially, at the beginning of 1943, he and some of his senior staff officers were already in Berlin, but were still under wraps, and with PW status. However, they lived in a special apartment, a little villa on Victoria



strasse, closely guarded, but we from Vineta had a chance to visit these people and talk to them, and sometimes they would visit Vineta. In our radio broadcasts we were not permitted to refer to Vlasov in any way because that area of broadcasting was conducted by the German armed forces, not by Vineta. However, I made the acquaintance of General Vlasov himself, with his chief of staff General Turkhin, a former member of the old Russian novelty--a very pleasant, well educated man--also with General Blagoveshchenskii, and with General Malyshekin, a very pleasant and capable fellow, and finally with Shirinkov. Shirinkov was, strangely enough, a former Soviet political commissar and before that he was a communist bigwig in the communist apparatus in Moscow, but during the war, after the death of his commanding general, he took over the command of his division and was captured as a divisional commander and the Germans chose to disregard his political past. He was a very knowledgeable man and very valuable for the Russian liberation movement. I was very much impressed by these people. We were just waiting for the moment when we could start broadcasting the news about them to the other side of the front line, towards the Soviet troops.

Meantime, because of the incessant bombardments, life became more and more difficult in Berlin, to a point where it was practically impossible to work because of the heavy bombardments at night. Transportation was disrupted and it was hard to get to the office. The office was also shaken up by newly fallen bombs, so finally the higher echelons of the German propaganda machine came to a decision that Vineta with all its apparatus should be moved to a less vulnerable place than Berlin. It was decided finally to move to Konigsberg in East Prussia. Konigsberg, a city which, because of its distance, was not yet reachable by the bombers flying from England, so it was relatively safe there; not a single bombardment took place in Konigsberg. Konigsberg, incidentally, is famous because the great philosopher Immanuel



Kant was born there.

When we were told that we were going to move to Konigsberg, it was easy for me to decide that Tania and I would go there, but we didn't want to separate from Lusha, our servant and trusted friend.

Chapter 62 Scenario VIII

To take her with us caused a problem because the Germans didn't allow anyone who was not a blood relative of personnel to travel on that special train. So my request for her pass was rejected, but I talked to a fellow who was directly involved in arranging the seating in the various carriages of the train and he told me to bring Lusha along and he would try to smuggle her into the train. The operation was successful; nobody paid any attention that she was with us. We found a nice apartment which we shared with other people including a German family who owned the house.

There was only one sour note before leaving Berlin. My aunt Lika and uncle Gerasimov were very much upset that we were taking Lusha with us, because she was a great help to them, but I tried to argue that Lusha was a part of our family and we had pledged to support her and never leave her alone. So our farewell with Gerasimovs was a little bit cool because of this fact.

We settled down very comfortably in Konigsberg and it was really a great thing not to be exposed to bombardments. Life was very peaceful, but I was extremely busy because some new talented people came to work with me in the Russian department of Vineta. What was most interesting was that in a nearby place, about a 100 miles east of Konigsberg, there was a place called Moritzfelde, where there was a gathering place for Soviet defectors who had been airforce people. The day came when I was permitted to go and meet these people and even to interview them. A recording crew accompanied me and I took



an interview for eventual broadcast back to the Soviet side. There I met a most remarkable man, named Colonel Maltsev. At one time he was the head of the civilian air force in the Soviet Union and also held military rank during the war as a colonel. He had the qualities of leadership similar to those of Vlasov, and he was destined to play an important role in the Russian liberation movement because in addition to the infantry divisions that Vlasov got, it was decided also to have an air force. Of course, the Germans initially were very reluctant to provide any airplanes to former Soviet pilots--they were afraid that they would take off and either fly back home, east, or to the west, so they screened them very carefully.

I became a friend of Maltsov. We had many interesting talks. He was a well educated and intelligent man and what was interesting, after the seizure of the Crimea he was for a short time the mayor of Yalta, the city with which so much of my past was tied up, so we talked about Yalta, etc. The head of the German military command of that Moritzfelde group was an air force officer, Colonel Holster, and his chief interpreter, Adolf Idol, was an Estonian by birth but fluent in Russian. Later, after many years, Idol became a teacher in the Defense Language Institute and instructor in the German Department. Idol shared completely my views about Russia, he hated the Nazi regime though, of course, had to hide it; but he had trust in me and in Maltsov. So gradually a group of former Soviet air force pilots organized there. Among them, by the way, were two former heroes of the Soviet Union, a Captain Antiletskii and Captain Bychkov, who because of their outstanding war record were made Heroes of the Soviet Union and got the covered gold star. (See the photograph of me during an interview I had with Antiletskii while General Vlasov and other people looked on.)

So my ties with the Moritzfelde outfit, future Russian Liberation Army airforce started there. The Germans--that is, Colonel Holster--were very



in letting us bring the former Soviet fliers to Konigsberg. We entertained them in our home and in particular became very close friends with Maltsov. And I must say that I was impressed very much by Maltsov's high standard of conduct. It was one of those parties that Maltsov attended where a little bit lighter side of life was presented. Somebody suggested that we play strip poker. Maltsov didn't know what that was, but when it was explained he blew his top, "What!" he exclaimed, "to see Russian girls participating in this kind of degradation? Never!" And he walked out, and we had a hard time to calm him down. The standards of morality among the Russian people were much higher than in the western world.

We arrived in Konigsberg in August of 1943. In November Berlin was very heavily bombed and the house in which my Aunt and Uncle, the Gerasimovs, lived was hit. They were in the air raid shelter under the house, but fire broke out in the house and my uncle inhaled so much smoke that he became very sick, and died shortly after that bombardment. When Aunt Lika Gerasimov wrote to us and said that she was left alone, we invited her to come to Konigsberg and join us. She stayed with us for a considerable period of time and then went back to Berlin where she settled with some German friends in one of the less vulnerable suburbs of Berlin. She stayed there all through the capture of Berlin by the Reds and until long after I was already in the United States. I corresponded and I sent her packages of food until finally she passed away too. Before that, through friends of mine--some army officers--she managed to send me the gold cigarette case of my late uncle, a beautiful gold ring for my wife and also my uncle's gold watch that I constantly wear.

Konigsberg was located not far from the Baltic Sea and I used to go with friends to a very nice summer resort on the shores called Krantz, for fun and relaxation. As I said the life was completely different than in Berlin because we were not exposed to bombardment.

The work of Vineta intensified because finally we were permitted to announce the Vlasov movement, and to make broadcasts about the movement, above Vlasov, about Maltsov, etc. On several occasions there were clashes, usually between my too intense propaganda for the Russian national movement and German use of that, so I started to lose the confidence of the Germans. They began to suspect that I was not a trustworthy ally.

My greatest coup with Vineta took place on January 1, 1944. The Soviet radio announced that on New Year's Eve they would introduce a new Soviet Union anthem. Until then the official anthem was the so-called "Internationale," the song of all proletariats, but they said that a new anthem would be introduced on New Year's Eve. I immediately alerted all the Germans who had responsibility for recording to see to it that the best possible recording was made of the new anthem. They did an excellent job and I stayed overnight myself in the broadcasting studio listening to it. It is the present Soviet anthem. I was interested in the words of that anthem, and the moment that I got the recording of the voice I left instructions first of all that the Konigsberg philharmonic orchestra should immediately start rehearsing the music while I summoned my best writers and poets to write a new wording for the anthem which would be pro-Russian but anti-Stalin and anti-communist. And the Konigsberg philharmonic and one of the poets did an absolutely excellent job. Within one day they managed to prepare the music of that anthem so that by the next night they were ready to play it on the radio. One famous singer, who was formerly a singer of the Bolshoi theater in Moscow, was given the text of the anthem; he rehearsed for a short time with the Konigsberg Philharmonic and by midnight we were able to play over the radio the Soviet anthem, but with new anti-Stalin, anti-communist wording. It was a beautiful performance and later we made several recordings with a soloist vocing the words and with a Russian choir that I managed to assemble, and we recorded that. And from that point on

he told me after that, "Yes, it was a brilliant rendition of the Liszt piece; however, I would prefer to listen to Wagner in its pure form as it was written for the opera Tannhauser." That was the only remark which was not negative, but still kind of snooty.

Well, my visits to Moritzfeld and visits with this nucleus organization of the Russian liberation air force became more frequent and we became very good friends with Maltsov. It should be remembered that on 20 July, 1944, an attempt was made on Hitler's life with a bomb blast in his HQ bunker in East Prussia not far away from Konigsberg. Everything and everybody was in an uproar. We didn't know until late that night whether Hitler was alive or dead. Unfortunately, he survived and an order came from Berlin to make a brief statement about the event over our radio, emphasizing the point that Hitler was not hurt and that all participants in the attempt on his life had been apprehended.

Shortly after that I detected a change in the attitude of my German bosses toward me. I felt that they suspected me of something and were not happy about (my activities over) playing the Russian anthem. A member of my editorial staff told me in confidence that two Gestapo officers from Berlin were making an inquiry among members of my staff about me and that questions were very searching and that they suspected me of some anti-German activity. Narokov and Malchikov--the old man--told me "Listen, they say that by over-playing the Russian theme over the radio propaganda you are sabotaging the German effort and that deeper inquiries are being made about you."

Finally, my secretary, pale as death, came to me late a night and said, "You know, the Gestapo asked me the most difficult questions about you and threatened to arrest us both if I didn't answer their questions."



Chapter 63 Scenario IX (new)

With this chapter I begin a new scenario, the reason being that a complete new phase of my life began. I suddenly quit my work with Vineta and joined the Russian Liberation Army.

I had thought of one day joining the ROA, but what prompted my sudden decision was the fact that the Gestapo was again after me, breathing down my neck. I was confronted with the fact that I might be arrested any day. I realized that there was not much time left for me. I had to flee, to try to outsmart the Gestapo, so as a result I decided to speed up my plan to join the ROA, and to do this immediately through my friend Colonel Maltsov, who was at that time completing formation of his staff in Moritzfeld--the German Air Force base near Konigsberg--which I had visited several times before. And that base was charged with the task of helping organization of a Russian liberation airforce.

After a hurried late night discussion at home with my sister Tania and my trusted friend Narokov Marchenko who was my best right hand helper in Vineta, I told them of my plan. Early next morning I took a train for Moritzfelde without notifying anyone at Vineta because I knew that it would be immediately known to the Gestapo agents who were after me there. So no one knew about my departure, and I instructed Tania and Narokov to tell everybody in the office that I was sick and wouldn't come to work that day. The Gestapo apparently believed this story and I went to Moritzfelde without being seen by anybody while taking the train at the Konigsberg RR station. Upon my unannounced arrival at Moritzfelde I immediately went to see Colonel Maltsev and my friend Captain Idol--that was his rank in the German Air Force--I told them frankly that for all practical purpose I was fleeing the Gestapo and asked them to help. Colonel Maltsov's reaction was very positive and he said: "Don't worry, stay with us and I hope we'll be able to process you immediately

to become an AF officer under my command in the Russian liberation Air Force." Captain Idol also promised to help me by persuading the German side of the command to accept me as an officer and to process me, issuing all necessary papers on the same day. Idol then left, leaving me alone with Colonel Maltsov. Maltsov told me that he was glad I was joining him, that he would make me a member of his staff in charge of propaganda, and that he was looking forward to working with me at his headquarters. He also told me that if the Germans approved my commission I should stay in Moritzfelde with him as long as it was needed to do all of the paperwork which involved issuance to me of a German ID card which also served for issuing my salary. He also told me that his (Maltsov's) staff was moving to Karlsbad, where the nucleus of his organization was already located and that I should go there at once. Karlsbad, otherwise called Karlovyi Vari, is a famous spa in Czechoslovakia.

Finally, Captain Idol came, after his talk with his German military bosses, with a big smile on his face. "So Captain Albov," he addressed me, "you are no longer a civilian employee in Vineta but a captain in the Russian liberation air force. Captain is the highest rank that we are authorized to give anybody, however we recognize that your position in Vineta was equivalent to a colonel or at least a major, but that promotion may come later. Now, in our office here we will try our best to prepare your documents as soon as possible."

And by the late afternoon of the same day everything was ready. I had all the documents in my hand proving that I was a captain in the Russian liberation air force, which was logistically under the German air force. I had travel orders, or in German Marschgefehl, instructing me to leave immediately for Karlsbad, Czechoslovakia, which was at that time under German rule, and a money voucher for travel expenses. So this time I had managed to outsmart the Gestapo, since they couldn't touch me now without going through the highest

echelons of the air force command. I was elated. I thanked my saviors Colonel Maltsov and Captain Idol and the German Colonel Holster, Commanding Officer of the Moritzfelde base, who pretended that he didn't know the hidden motive of my joining the military in such a hurried manner. I had time to have a drink with Maltsov and Idol before taking the evening train back to Konigsberg.

Upon returning I told my sister Tania what had transpired, and told her that I would go next morning to my office and tell my German Vineta bosses that I was quitting my position, since I had joined the army, that is the air force. I asked Tania and Lusha to help me pack my suitcase since I planned to leave Konigsberg as soon as possible. I talked to Tania and Lusha hours into the night and told them about my plans. I said that as soon as I was settled in Karlsbad I would arrange for them to come there too. I would do that with the help of Maltsov, who knew both my sister Tania and Lusha. He liked Lusha because she always made for him the dishes that he liked best.

Well, after getting up early in the morning I went to the Vineta office. After a short talk with Narokoy I told him that I would go to see our German bosses and tell them that I would recommend him as the man to take over the Russian department of Vineta after me. He was a little reluctant, he said, "I don't know any German," he said. "It does not matter," I replied, "you have a staff of Russians who know German well so there would be no problem. You are the best man for the job."

So I went to my German Vineta bosses. They were surprised and shocked, but apparently they realized the reason behind it, because certainly they were aware of the Gestapo inquiries about me and the threat of my imprisonment. Anyhow I told them that I was staying only that particular day in Vineta because the next day I was leaving for Karlsbad. My staff hurriedly prepared a farewell party and presented me with a very nicely written address stating

how much they appreciated my work, how much they enjoyed working under my guidance for our very important mission in combating communism in Russia. Then I introduced Mr. Marchenko-Narokov to them and told them that he would be their boss from now on. And so that was the end; and when I left them I saw quite a few tears on the faces of some of the ladies, particularly my secretaries. I didn't make any long speech, I just said a few words, telling that I was going to continue my fight against communism in probably the most effective way, with the Russian liberation movement.

I spent the rest of the day in obtaining my railroad ticket and sleeper accommodation for the night train that I had to take for Berlin, where I had to change trains and go from Berlin to Karlsbad. So in the evening I went to board my train accompanied by some of my friends. There were some unfamiliar faces around too, and I suspect that some Gestapo people were also there to see me leaving Konigsberg.

Well, I got a first class compartment in the sleeper and settled down for the night. And here a strange thing happened. We were due to arrive in Berlin early in the morning. I slept quite well, and then I was awakened by some talk outside my compartment door. I listened carefully since I realized that some people were talking about me. Somebody who was asking the conductor about me, and I heard him say "Yes, this man in civilian clothes is going to Berlin; his destination is the zoo station." A train arriving in Berlin goes through several stations located in various parts of this huge city. The first is the Schlesischer Bahnhof or station, and then a couple of more stations, and finally the Station am Zoo, or Zoo, near the Zoological Garden. I had to get off the train at that station and then go by taxi to another railroad station, called the Anhalter Bahnhof to get a daylight train for Karlsbad.

So the conversation continued and the conductor said, "Yes, this civilian

has military orders, and he is going to get off the train at the Zoo station." I realized that the other was a Gestapo man who had probably accompanied me all the way to Berlin, so I was again in danger of being snatched by the Gestapo. I had to think fast. I hurriedly dressed, packed my suitcase and decided that instead of getting off the train at the Zoo station I would get off at the Schlesischer Bahnhof. The train goes very slowly through the city of Berlin so that I thought that I had a chance to get off the train unnoticed at that very first station which was located in the outskirts of Berlin.

When I was all ready I opened carefully the door of my compartment and looked around and it so happened that no one was there. I knew where the conductor usually sat so I took my suitcase and dashed in the opposite direction toward the other door of the carriage. And as soon as I was well hidden I stood in front of the car door waiting for the train to stop at the Schlesischer Bahnhof (as soon as the train stopped) then I opened the door and stepped out, dragging my suitcase, and left the station. Apparently for the second time I managed to fool the Gestapo, for they were expecting me to get off the train at the much later Zoo Station. At the Schlesischer Bahnhof I called a porter and asked him to get me a taxi, got in and told the driver to drive me immediately to the Anhalter Bahnhof. There the train which was supposed to take me to Karlsbad was already at the platform, and I got into that train with no difficulty.

I bought some German newspapers and sat by the window of one of the compartments--it was no longer a sleeper. Soon other people came on the train, my compartment filled with German officers. They looked at me, surprised at seeing a civilian; they didn't ask me anything, but before the train moved a military patrol, the so-called Field gendarmerie, moved through the train asking everyone for their ID cards. When they came to our compartment

everybody produced their military ID cards. They looked at mine and everything was all right, so they saluted and let me depart. The officers realized that I was also an officer. There was some small talk; but I was reluctant to talk. It was obvious that I was not a German, that I was a foreigner, so I just told them that I was a captain of the newly formed Russian Liberation Army. Fortunately there were no SS officers in the group, but just regular army officers who were quite sympathetic to me.

We arrived at Karlsbad late in the evening. I went to a hotel and then down to the restaurant to eat my supper. And there I got a shock. During the war at every place where people gathered in Germany there were loudspeakers transmitting the latest news. So, while waiting for my meal I hear the announcement that Konigsberg had been bombed for the first time and that the city had suffered heavy damage. I was very much concerned about Tania and Lusha, and hurried to the post office to sent a telegram. In the morning I received a reply from Tania, saying that both she and Lusha were all right and were hoping that I would soon call for them.

I moved to another hotel where the headquarters of the Vlasov movement was located. There at Karlsbad I reported to the Russian commanders including Vlasov himself. Maltsov came a few days after that and then his headquarters moved into a little place in the outskirts of Karlsbad called Wochhau. It was a nice place near a forest; with barracks occupied probably in the past by the Czech troops, now they were put at the disposal of Colonel Maltsov and so we settled down in Wochhau.

Karlsbad was within an easy bus ride from Wochhau, and so I went often to Karlsbad.

Finally everything was set in Wochhau and I got my uniform and my pistol --a German Luger automatic pistol--and then I got all the insignia identifying me as an officer of the Russian Liberation Army. I was told by Colonel Maltsov

to start work immediately and I was put in charge of the propaganda section. A certain Major Kaiuov was in charge of that outfit, but Maltsov was displeased with him and I was going to replace him. However, there was one delicate matter. Kaiuov was a major and I was a captain. It wasn't right for a captain to take over a position assigned for a major but Maltsov managed to solve the problem. He went to German liaison command and within a short time I was promoted to major and given a major's uniform.

Karlsbad had also been spared any bombardment, although air alerts were sounded pretty frequently there because Karlsbad was on the air route for British and American bombers flying from bases in Africa or Italy. They were going to Berlin or to the eastern part of Germany so they flew overhead but never dropped bombs on Karlsbad. Karlsbad had been proclaimed an open city because there were many hospitals, etc. One day I went to the famous Karlsbad hot springs to take a bath and while sitting in the bathtub I heard a familiar sound of wailing sirens, signifying that air attack was imminent.

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Somebody knocked at my door and said, "Get into the air raid shelter!" But I didn't have time to do that because I was in the tub and it would take me time to dress. So I just resigned myself to stay there hoping that the bombs would not hit the bathhouse. They didn't. As a matter of fact it was a very light air raid with a few bombs dropped only in the area of the railroad station. So I had a very nice hot bath and dressed, and returned to my place in Wochhau.

By that time the situation on the eastern and western fronts was very bad for the Germans. From east and west the Allied and Soviet troops were tightening their grip and occupying more and more territory. They were closing the ring around the remnants of the Nazi Reich. I will not give any dates

or any map readings as far as war is concerned; I will just describe what happened to me.

So, as I said, I was appointed a major in charge of the propaganda with the Russian liberation air force. Wochhau, the little camp located in the vicinity of Karlsbad, served first of all as the headquarters of Colonel Maltsov, commanding officer of the Russian Liberation Air Force and also as a reception center for all the captured Soviet fliers who specially desired to serve with the Russian Liberation Army. After a special screening by Colonel Maltsov's staff, they were sent to me for indoctrination. After receiving uniforms these people were then assigned to other camps where they had to serve with the units to which they belonged. For instance, fliers were sent to Eger, on the German-Czech border. The former anti-aircraft personnel were sent to an AA unit which was located at a place called Plan, not far from Karlsbad. Others, former paratroopers, were sent to another camp. The commanding officer of the AA artillery of the Russian Liberation Army was a good friend of mine, Colonel Vasil'ev, whom I knew for many years as an officer in the Yugoslav army. He too was a former officer of the Russian army. His second in command was Colonel Shebalin, who also had lived in Yugoslavia.

My responsibilities as the head of propaganda were very demanding and time consuming. First of all, as I said before, I had to screen and indoctrinate all of the incoming personnel, and then it was followed up by my further very frank discussions with gatherings of officers and enlisted men of the Russian Liberation Army air force personnel. I managed to establish a good rapport with them, and I asked them to ask any questions without hesitation. I tried to organize these meetings in such a way and under such conditions as to be sure that the Germans wouldn't hear what we were talking about, because many questions asked by these people referred to our relationship with the Germans. I had to be frank. I told them that we hated the Germans

as much as they did and we wanted to use German help only for one purpose, to overthrow the communist regime of Stalin. I knew that I was walking a very dangerous path, talking that way, because who knew there were probably some eyes and ears of the Gestapo implanted among these people.

In addition to these indoctrination discussions I was responsible for preparing a daily report for Colonel Maltsov about the situation on the Western and Eastern fronts. For that purpose I had a powerful receiver to which I listened for many hours of the day and night and really my sleep was cut into short segments because of the importance of listening to certain programs coming from either the West (usually the BBC) or the Soviet Union. By morning I had to summarize into Russian language the report of the major events and I had two secretaries to whom I dictated this report, and by the time of Colonel Maltsov's staff meeting I was ready with my report. Moreover, I initiated a project of putting out a newspaper, because we had to provide the latest news, information, etc., to the personnel of the liberation army air force. Therefore, I organized a newspaper which was called OUR WINGS. Technically it was impossible to print it anywhere but in Prague. It was a weekly newspaper and all the materials for it were prepared by some talented writers in my propaganda outfit and was sent by courier to Prague, where they were printed and then copies were brought by courier and distributed among the Air Force personnel. We moved soon, with the rest of the headquarters of the liberation army airforce to a more comfortable location at a place called Marienbad. Marienbad was not far from Karlsbad and it was also renowned for its hot springs. It was a beautiful place, and a very nice first class hotel was requisitioned as Colonel Maltsov's headquarters. I got a 2 room suite, so I had a place to sleep and to listen to the radio, etc. My secretary lived in the next room and could come to me at any hour. She was a charming lady of Estonian origin, and she helped me a lot in translation,

particularly with the German communiques and of course I had to dictate to her information for my daily report.

Incidentally, just a few years ago, in 1976, after a period of 30 years, I got a letter from her from Heidelberg where she lives now with her family. She still addressed me as 'Major'; I had to laugh at that.

After Maltsov's headquarters settled down in Marienbad I managed with his help to bring my sister Tania and our old servant Lusha there. He also helped me to get Mrs. Loban, my cousin through marriage to my cousin, a job there as a secretary. It was nice to have the family together again, so to speak. Nick Bostrand was also among the officers of Maltsov's Liberation Air force, the same who is on the picture taken in Varna in 1921 (when the story of the gold watch was developing). He, after the war, managed to get to Mexico, where he is now representative of an American industrial concern, and it was he who returned that gold watch of my late uncle to me.

Another kind of work no less demanding but more pleasant was my responsibility for the entire entertainment field for the fliers and personnel of the Liberation Air force. I was given the task of organizing the visiting groups of singers, dancers, etc., and I had some very interesting contacts through this. One such contact was with Iurii Morfesii, a famous Russian singer who had started his career even before the Revolution, and has had many records made of his songs. I invited him to join my entertainment group which he did with great pleasure.

Then another shadow from the past appeared; I probably narrated previously that at one time, when I was a school boy, I enjoyed playing the balalaika, and that at one time in Odessa I was in a balalaida orchestra under the baton of a man called Ogorelov-Amerikov. He added the hyphenated name after his visit to America before WW I. Now, suddenly, this man reappeared there in Marienbad with his little balalaika orchestra, and we had a very warm

meeting. We also had outstanding ballet dancers visit us and I must say that there were a few romantic adventures with some of them.

The only unpleasant part of our living in that hotel in Marienbad was the cold, because the fuel supply was very short and therefore we shivered in our rooms as it was already late fall and almost the beginning of winter.

Often I travelled with Maltsov in his staff car to visit other units of the air force, mainly in Eger and to Plan. One day, while we were travelling in a caravan of 3 cars to Plan, an airplane appeared overhead strafed the road and so we had to jump from the car and run into the bushes, not a very pleasant experience. Neither cars nor any one of us were hit, but it was a strange feeling; all of my sympathies were with those who were flying overhead, but my immediate instinct was for survival.

The Germans were very reluctant to supply our airforce with planes and they usually supplied trainers--unarmed aircraft--and restricted the quantity of gas because they were afraid that one day some of the fliers might fly away either to the east or to the west. As far as the ability to fly the aircraft was concerned, the Soviet fliers were really outstanding. Even the Germans were very much impressed by them. They were particularly impressed by the Hero of the Soviet Union, Uchkov. His acrobatics in the air were absolutely fantastic, but after seeing him perform the Germans requested that he stop that because they were afraid that he might crash and hit the living quarters of Germans.

The time had come to get some more airplanes, and one day I was told by Colonel Maltsov that I had to go on the train to Berlin and to meet there General Aschenbrenner of the German airforce who was liaison with both Vlasov and Maltsov; I was to return to Eger with a new airplane being released to Maltsov's airforce. I also took advantage of this opportunity to

get myself equipped for the winter and went to the place in Berlin where the air force personnel were issued with fur lined helmets, jackets, etc. Whilst talking to Aschenbrenner about the delivery of that particular airplane, which happened to be a reconnaissance type of Messerschmidt 110 or ME 110, I was told that 2 former Soviet pilots were going to fly this craft to Eger and that I could fly with them. I was delighted.

In my talks with General Aschenbrenner I also brought up something that had bothered me for a long time. Maltsov was a head of the Russian Liberation Army airforce and he was still only a colonel. I knew that Vlasov had proposed that Maltsov be promoted to a general's rank. However, the actual promotion within the Russian Liberation Army depended upon the Germans, simply because it was they who had to pay us, and to put us on the appropriate pay scale of colonel or general. So I had a nice talk about this with General Aschenbrenner, who told me that there would be no problem, and that he would see to it that Maltsov be immediately promoted to general officer's rank. As a matter of fact he promised to do that while I was still in Berlin and he told me that I could take General Maltsov the news, together with a case of vodka that was given to our headquarters.

So, the three of us, the two captains, former Soviet fliers in German uniforms with the Russian insignia and myself in a major's uniform went to the airport. We loaded the plane with lots of other materials needed by Maltsov's headquarters not forgetting the case of vodka, and then we were briefed about how to fly to Eger. The two pilots didn't speak any German at all, and my German was rusty, but I was the only interpreter in the crucial briefing about the flight pattern. Well, we were given the map and we were shown it several times. I did my best to explain everything to the pilots, and they explained how we should fly. They said the first leg would be to Dresden, almost due south of Berlin, and when flying over Dresden we had to turn southeast

and fly over the city of Chemnitz, now called Karl Marx Stadt in the Eastern Zone of Germany, and then from Chemnitz we again had to turn due south to Eger. Seeing that the Russian pilots were somewhat confused, the German flight control man told us that the best way was to fly low, following the railroad track first to Dresden, and from there to Chemnitz, and from there due south to Eger, but actually it wasn't so simple.

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After they had briefed us about the flight plan, which I had difficulty in getting across to the Russian pilots, they also requested a chart of the control panel of the airplane. So one was brought and they studied it very carefully. Then we went to and boarded the plane. With the chart and with my help in translating, they looked for all the knobs, switches, etc., everything that was necessary for flying. These experienced pilots seemed to have no difficulty in following the instructions as to which knobs to use to start the engine, etc.

So we were ready to take off, the canopy was pulled down and the three of us were settled cozily in the airplane. It was a bright, clear, sunny winter's day, so I didn't foresee any difficulties in following the railroad track if we flew in low enough. However, we experienced the first difficulty when we took off, because the Germans assigned us the least used airstrip which was covered with a thin layer of ice, so when our plane veered around the airstrip it was like a car on the ice and turned almost around. The Russian pilots were cursing the Germans for having assigned them this ice covered airstrip, on which the plane was almost lost. I thought we shouldn't take off from this airstrip, but the pilots said they could make it, and they really did an excellent job, so that in no time we were airborne.

Initially everything went fine, as we were flying very low following the railroad track, easily visible in the bright winter sun. However, south of Berlin, before we came to Dresden, we ran into some banks of fog which interfered with our seeing the railroad tracks. But in addition to the tracks they of course had made all necessary preparations as far as flying by the compass points on their map. So we flew over Dresden without any trouble at all; then we turned southwest to fly in the direction of Chemnitz. We only forgot one thing, that winter days are very short. Even when we were over Dresden the sun was already pretty well down and it was beginning to get dark. Even when we flew over Chemnitz it was almost sundown, and I was worried that since there were no lights anywhere--all of Germany was blacked out, of course--I was afraid that we might be approaching our area, Eger, in complete darkness. So when the pilots pointed out to me that we were flying over Chemnitz and I looked down I saw that there was an open airport, I suggested: "Why don't we land here, stay overnight, and continue to Eger in the morning?"

"Oh no," they said, "it is a relatively short flight and we hope that we can still reach Eger before it is dark."

Well, they were experienced pilots and I believe them but I wasn't so happy about that. The moment we left the Chemnitz area we were flying over a wooded mountainous region where fog gradually began to cover all of the landscape below us. That bothered me, and finally the pilots became kind of unhappy about it too as they felt that we were lost--disoriented--and then they told me that according to Soviet flight instructions if lost they had to continue on course for five minutes and then turn around and return to the point known to them. We were practically flying over the treetops, which were shrouded in fog. It was not a very pleasant experience since it was a mountainous area and we couldn't see far ahead of us. Finally, the five minutes were almost up; that is, the time had come to turn and go back, when

we noticed a railroad track down below. Then I looked to my left and saw a big building which I immediately recognized as the Marienbad railway station. So I shouted to the pilot "This is Marienbad! There is a landing strip there somewhere, and we can find it." He nodded and we flew along the railroad track and over the station. It was almost completely dark when we saw the airport but it was all covered with snow; only the silhouette of the airplanes, also covered with snow, were visible. The pilots made a circle over the airport, but then we saw a red rocket go up, which signified that landing was not permitted. The pilot just laughed and said to his friend, "Whether they like it or not, we are going to land here." It was really a hair raising experience since we didn't see any airstrips on which to land. A split second decision had to be made, but as I said the two former Soviet pilots were experienced men. They made another approach, another red signal rocket was fired from the airport, but disregarding the signal they made a final approach and we found ourself rolling through the deep snow and came to a stop. Some people came running toward us from the airport buildings, waving their hands. We stepped out of the airplane and when I opened my mouth the German air force people immediately realized that we were not native Germans, and they became very suspicious about us, since Marienbad had not been informed about an airplane which was destined to land in Eger, about 25 or 30 miles to the west. So in the best German I could muster, I produced the papers that I had and they invited us in to the airport building. There they invited us to a room, offered to bring us some hot drinks and then left us and locked the door behind them. I told them to get in touch with Eger. Se we were waiting there, actually like prisoners of war, with a guard outside of our door and waiting the result of their communications with Eger.

In about an hour, however, everything was settled and they came back and

said "Yes, we now know everything that happened." According to instructions given by General Maltsov from Eger, we were to stay overnight in Marienbad and then the Germans would take us to the train and next morning we would proceed to Eger. I requested that a couple of German soldiers help us to bring everything into the quarters assigned to us, including the precious case of vodka, so when everything was brought in I sighed in relief. It was really one of the most hair-raising flying experiences in my life, including the one already described from Warsaw to Bucharest just before the outbreak of World War II.

The next day before noon we were taken by train to Eger, we were met by our people there. I reported to General Maltsov, and everything was all right. They decided to deliver the plane to Eger later. There were no reprimands at all when I explained to General Maltsov what had happened, and the pilots explained how the Germans in Berlin had given us insufficient instructions. That was in February 1945.

We were expecting a visit by General Vlasov to inspect General Maltsov's Russian Liberation Army airforce now gathered in the area of Eger. We heard over the radio that on the 23rd of February, the day before General Vlasov was due to arrive at Eger, that Berlin was bombed terribly by waves of American planes attacking during the day and that the British attacked the burning city during the night, but fortunately Vlasov survived this attack and managed to come to Eger. We had planned a reception during the evening for Vlasov and his staff and I was in charge of all the arrangements for a concert, dinner, etc. All my concert groups including the caucasian dancers, balalaika players and singers were ready, and we presented a really good show.

Vlasov, like many other great men in history, had only one weakness. He liked the company of ladies very much and was always looking for an opportunity to have a little affair. I didn't quite realize that at that time, but it was very dramatically brought home to me at the end of the banquet and

concert. Before leaving, going to my assigned quarters, General Maltsov told me that Vlasov was calling for me to report to him. I went to him and he took me aside so that no one would hear and he said, "Major! You are in charge of the propaganda unit, and I believe that all of these actors and actresses are under your command."

"Yes, general," I replied.

"All right. That lady who sang the last number in the concert--ask her please to come with me in my car to my quarters."

I was surprised, but, it was the General's order. I didn't really know how the lady would react to this kind of invitation, but when I went to her I told her about General Vlasov's invitation, she said, "Oh yes, of course! I would be delighted to keep him company!" So I accompanied her to the car in which General Vlasov was already waiting and off she went with him.

There is really nothing unusual in this little episode that I have just described as in time of troubles, moral standards are usually lowered very much and therefore adventures with women become normal occurrences. I myself had many adventures with the women who I was surrounded with, including my attractive secretary and beautiful ballet dancers, one of whom, a very attractive and charming Polish girl, was my steady companion at that time.

The next day, after a reception and concert on his behalf General Vlasov inspected the troops of the airforce outfits under command of General Maltsov. This moment, before the inspection, I recorded on a photograph which I have in my files. In that photograph I am standing next to General Vlasov, and on his left is General Aschenbrenner, whom I have mentioned.

After the inspection there was a meeting of the staff of officers of both Vlasov and Maltsov, including myself. We were discussing problems facing the Russian Liberation Army and the movement as a whole, since Germany, pressed from east and west, was on the brink of collapse. By that time two divisions

of Vlasov's army had been fully organized and equipped, but Maltsov's unit was only partially equipped because the Germans were very reluctant to provide Maltsov with fast flying combat airplanes. So our airforce consisted mostly of transport aircraft of the same type in which I made the trip from Berlin to Marienbad. Interestingly, during the day when Maltsov's staff was assembled, somebody told him that there was a special movie detachment of the Russian Liberation Army which would like to take a movie of Maltsov and his staff. So we assembled in a conference room and the crew came along with the movie cameras and took pictures of us sitting in chairs and then talking to each other, etc. It was fine until we learned several weeks after that the entire movie outfit had managed to go back to the Soviet side. They were actually guided by a Soviet secret agent. So there is no doubt that somewhere in the archives of the KGB there is a film showing Maltsov's staff, including me. I was wondering whether they knew that in 1974 when they granted me and my wife Tecla a visa to go and visit Russia. If they knew they certainly decided to forget it.

In the evening we had a final secret conference with General Vlasov, and, as I said before, as a precautionary measure this conference was held in the bathroom with closed doors and running water since everyone was aware that the Germans probably had listening devices everywhere. This was attended by Vlasov, Maltsov and a few other staff officers, and myself.

Vlasov was very frank. He declared once more that he hated the Germans, but that he was determined to use them to get all the necessary weapons and equipment and try to build up the Russian Liberation Army. He still hoped to get the Russian people on his side and after toppling Stalin's regime he would turn around and hit the Germans, trying to do that in alliance with the western European countries, that is France, England and the United States. These were dreams, because the actual events were not as rosy as Vlasov

believed because militarily, politically and economically, Germany, in these last months before the end of the war, was on the brink of collapse and the enemy forces both in the west and east were marching through Germany practically unopposed. On the German side all the men and boys were thrown into the armed forces, in a last ditch effort, but it was too late.

Now our only problem, as far as the Russian Liberation Army was concerned, was how to get in touch with the Americans first of all, since they were approaching the area where we were located, and to persuade them to accept our idea about the fight against the communist Stalin regime. But these also were only dreams. We didn't realize the strength of the Soviet influence on the leaders of the United States and the allies in general. Probably Churchill was the only man who realized the danger of communism, while neither President Roosevelt nor General Eisenhower had the slightest idea about it. Stalin, the greatest murderer of all times, was "Uncle Joe" and the Soviet Union was a "glorious ally". People could not understand the distinction between the Russian people and the communist rulers. The Russian people wanted to defeat the German invaders but they didn't want to fight for Stalin and communism. They were fighting because Stalin had at the last moment changed his policy toward the church and religion. He even restored the old Tsarist uniform and started to glorify the old heroes of the Russian imperial past and created medals bearing their names.

Chapter 66 Scenario IX

After Vlasov's visit we all returned to our headquarters, the hotel in Marienbad, where routine work continued. However, things were moving fast and we knew that Germany was going to collapse very soon. We were hoping that the American army would enter Czechoslovakia and occupy Marienbad, where we were near the German border, and that we would surrender to the Americans.

The plans were made, as I said before, to communicate, to establish contact with the Americans, but at that time, the beginning of March, the idea had not yet fully crystallized. The only thing was that we were determined to propose to the allies that we should go with them; we were naively hoping that after destroying Nazism the allies would be willing, with the help of the Russian people, to topple the terrible regime of Stalinism and Bolshevism in Russia. However, we did not realize then that they were only dreams. We were not even aware of the agreements reached between Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin at Yalta, which among other things stipulated that all the prisoners of war should be returned to their native lands, if necessary by force. It was the most shameful resolution and even after thirty years the documents dealing with that forcible repatriation of the anti-communist Russians to the Soviet Union still have not been made available for public scrutiny. There have been a few books published on the subject, one called Operation Keelhaul, but the archives in London and Washington have still not released all the documents pertaining to that forcible repatriation of the anti-communist Russians to the Soviet Union which were marked by mass suicides and terrible scenes, when women killed their children rather than return them to the Soviet yoke. The Yalta agreement provided for a forcible return to the Soviet Union not only of PW's but of all Soviet civilians.

In the meanwhile, through March and the beginning of April 1945, our routine work in Marienbad, in Maltsov's headquarters continued. As I said one of my duties was to listen to radio broadcasts coming from the Soviet side but I also heard broadcasts from the west, primarily from the BBC. On the 12th of April I learned of the death of President Roosevelt. I immediately reported on that to Maltsov. I also reported that the name of the new president was Truman, but of course being far removed from the United States I didn't know anything about him and couldn't give any data to General Maltsov in my

daily briefing. In these daily briefings we discussed all kinds of problems involving our troops and lots of other refugees who came to this area in Czechoslovakia, fleeing before the rapidly advancing Soviet troops. General Maltsov's chief of staff was a certain Colonel Vaniushin, a colonel of the Soviet air force. He confided to us that he had been attached to the Far Eastern command of Marshal Blucher and was working on developing the battle plan for war against Japan. Colonel Vaniushin's knowledge of these Soviet plans played an important role in the events in the future, which I will describe later.

Shortly after the middle of April the situation became unbearable, and it was decided that we, with all the available units of the liberation army air force, should move from Marienbad toward the south, in the general direction of Regensburg. We were afraid that the Americans, for some reason, would not come to Czechoslovakia, and that the Soviets would come first. We didn't know, at that time, that this already had been agreed upon by the High Command of the Allied and Soviet armies, which was a stupid thing, because the Allied forces could have taken all of Czechoslovakia including Prague and also Berlin without any difficulties because the Germans were ready to surrender to the Allies rather than the Soviet Union and were putting their last efforts into fighting the Soviet troops.

So it was decided at our headquarters that we move from Marienbad down south. We had some trucks and cars available to us, however, gasoline was in very short supply, therefore most of the people just walked. The big exodus started in the middle of April 1945. Our first stop was at a place called Spitzberg. Then we moved farther south to a place called Eisenstein, where we stayed a couple of days. Near the area where we were billeted there was a PW camp for British officers. Since we were already ignoring our German liaison officers and bosses I established contact with these PWs. I walked

with the senior officer of that group, a Colonel, through the forest adjacent to their camp. They were more or less free to do that. He was very much interested in our Russian Liberation Movement, but he was baffled by the fact that we were wearing German uniforms. It took me several hours of explanation to tell him the background of our movement so that he realized that we were not pro-Nazi traitors and quislings but rather Russian patriots who considered communism as great an evil as Nazi fascism. Before moving from Eisenstein farther south I decided to leave these British officers with my radio, a huge receiver, a very fine one, so I got a couple of enlisted men from our unit and told them to carry it to the barracks where the British were. The German officers saw that and tried to stop me, saying, "What are you doing? Where are you carrying that radio set?"

"To leave it with the British PW's," I said.

"It is against the rules," they said.

"I couldn't care less about your rules," I replied. "Here we go by our command and our rules. Get out of my way!"

He was apparently quite impressed by the tone of my voice and did not interfere with delivery of the radio set to the British PWs.

At one time we were driving in a truck when an allied straffing plane appeared over the road and started to strage our convoy. Our old maid and friend Lusha who was of course with us unfortunately broke her leg when certain people jumped out. That was a calamity. She was in great pain and we could barely help to bring her back on the truck. There was no medical help until we reached the next stop, Defferlich. There a doctor helped bandage her leg and ordered her to lie down, but how could we keep her lying down when we were constantly on the move? General Maltsov was very much attached to our Lusha and he liked her looking. Tania was staying with her and they were driving in a car.

A very long night march was accomplished. We covered over 25 miles in one night. I got very tired and developed blisters on my feet. Early in the morning, our column again marched, in the general direction of Leisel, American planes appeared and started strafing our column. The order was given to scatter. I rushed to the shelter of the nearest trees, covered myself with a camouflaged piece of tent and listened to the whistle of the bullets falling around.

When we reached a certain point, Linzberg, we stopped. Some other units arrived and there was a big gathering of Maltsov's force. Here it was finally decided, with Aschenbrenner, who also appeared there, that we had to establish contact with the Americans at once. Since the only people in Vlasov's headquarters who knew English were my sister and I, we were ordered to prepare first of all a letter to the American command. The letter was written, typed by my sister Tania, and we gave it to a soldier, who was provided with a bicycle and was told to attach a white flag to the bicycle and go as fast as he could to the American lines which were not far away at that point. So off he went.

At the same time the Germans--they had some SS units around--who were beginning to put up a line of defense between our area and the Americans. That was our greatest danger, because the SS fanatics were determined to fight to the end and not let anyone go over to the allies. We were waiting for our bicycle man to return but he didn't come back, so Maltsov asked me to take his car and driver and try to establish contact myself.

So I drove in the direction of the road leading toward Svizl. Fortunately we managed to get through unobserved by the scattered SS units in that area. Then I saw an American open jeep with a sub-machine gun mounted on it coming toward us. I ordered the driver to stop the car, we both stepped out, and I pulled out my white handkerchief and waved it. We stood there while the jeep

came toward us. It was in the no-mans-land between the area occupied by the Germans and the Americans. To my relief I saw on the jeep our bicycle messenger, who recognized me, and waved at me.

A Lieutenant Colonel stepped out of the jeep and came toward me. I saluted him and told him who I was, that I would like to negotiate the transfer of the people of our units and the refugees who had attached to our unit to the American side. The colonial was a little bit cool; he put an American soldier into our car and we all drove to the American headquarters of that area. The Lieutenant Colonel, whose name was Miller, started to ask me about my background, and I told him that among other things in my past I had been a United Press correspondent in Belgrade, and it would be easy for him to verify that fact if he would check with the United Press representatives somewhere on the front line. The driver, the bicycle messenger and I were kept under guard for about two hours, and then Colonel Miller came, all smiles. He said, "Yes, now I know who you are; the United Press confirmed that, and your identity. First of all, let's celebrate," and he invited me to the most wonderfully sumptuous meal, with lots of drinks topped by a bottle of champagne. I was relaxed and overwhelmed. Then he said, "All right, the first thing in the morning we will take you to higher headquarters, the headquarters of a tank corps commander of the Third Army.

The next morning, after driving about an hour and half by jeep, I was taken to the corps commander, a Major General Kennedy. The general asked me to tell the whole story about the Vlasov movement, about the units that I was representing, etc. And so I started to talk. And, as so often happens in a time of crisis, one gets some kind of inspiration. I never talked so persuasively with such emotion, with such good English, as I talked with that General. I told him everything! I told him the story of how the communists seized power, about the struggle of the Russian people against communism, and about how

communism spawned nazism, the whole long story--and how it came about that the Russians were ready to accept German help in order to topple the hated Stalin regime. He listened very carefully, without any interruption. There was no one else in the room. He then asked some questions and after finishing my talk I suddenly realized that I had poured out my soul, and probably it all just went for nothing. So I asked him, "General, you didn't even take notes on what I told you."

He smiled and said, "Don't worry, every word you said was recorded and will be part of my report which I am going to submit to higher command. You stay overnight here and tomorrow you return with Colonel Miller to his headquarters and he will give you advice on how your troops and the refugees attached to your troops, should march and cross the American lines, at what point and so forth. Certain markings will be made; they will give you maps showing you which road you should follow, and so forth. And we will try to protect you against any attacks by the SS."

Well, I was really delighted. That was probably the brightest moment of this contact with the Americans. Of course, this required that I return back through the no-mans-land to report to Maltsov. And that, of course, was a dangerous adventure; I realized that. And so, returning to the place where I initially contacted the Americans I had a lengthy conference with Colonel Miller and some other people, who gave me the map on which they showed me the road on which Maltsov's troops should retreat and come to the American area. I told them that our car was short of gas and he ordered immediately that it be filled and gave us some additional canisters of gas which we put in the trunk of our car. The name of the town in which this event took place was Schvizl.

The point was this; I had to return to Maltsov's headquarters and go through no-man's-land. The Americans warned me that according to their intelligence the SS troops were active in this area and therefore they would

send a tank and our car would follow that tank, and then when that tank returned to American lines a spotter tank would follow our progress and call for artillery barrage if SS troops tried to interfere with our progress.

So the wonderful feeling of safety of the American hospitality and protection I had once again to cross the no-man's-land between the American and German lines.

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Now, once again I found myself in a most dangerous situation. My new American friends were trying to help me return from the American front lines through no-man's-land to the German lines, that is to the area within the German lines occupied by General Maltsov's Russian Liberation Airforce units and thousands of refugees who came to that area seeking the protection of General Maltsov's units. I realized that General Maltsov was desperately waiting for me to return in order to learn the results of my talks with the American military authorities. I also knew that I had stayed a day longer than was originally planned, because of my having to travel to the American higher echelon of command to visit with General Kennedy, corps commander of the American 3d Army.

An American tank, making a terrific noise on the stone paved street of Schvizl maneuvered in front of our car and the man in the turret of the tank gave us a signal to follow him.

Our strange caravan, consisting of a tank and our passenger vehicle, moved in the general direction of the German lines. When we left the American forward observation posts we found ourselves in a no-man's-land approaching a German village called Theresienthal. The villagers, hearing the terrible noise of the tank apparently assumed that this signified the beginning of an American general offense. I heard the bells of the village church start to ring--

apparently it was an alert signal--and saw white flags appear in some of the windows. Seeing all that, I realized that the protection provided me by the American tank might have very bad consequences for me and my driver by attracting too much attention to our car and to me. I was afraid that a German SS unit, hearing all this commotion, might send a patrol to investigate, and I was sure that if they caught me in German uniform with Russian Liberation Army insignia returning from the American lines with maps they would shoot me on the spot. Therefore, I ordered the driver to honk to attract the attention of the tank commander. When the tank stopped I went to the tank man, told him of my concern, and asked him to return.

I was also greatly relieved to hear the noise of a spotter plane, which I saw circling overhead. So the tank turned back and my driver and I continued cautiously to drive further toward the German lines. First we passed through the village at high speed and then the road led us into a forest area. At one point we had to check the map, since we reached a crossroad and were not too sure which road to take, but markings on the map helped us to find the road we needed. Although outwardly calm, I was afraid, because I was fully aware of the danger in this adventure between the American and German lines. Suddenly we heard, not far away in the forest, a few rifle shots and then a burst of machine gun fire. I ordered the driver to turn off the road and into the dense bushes bordering the road. Then I ordered him to get out of the car and run with me deeper into the forest. At that moment I heard overhead again the reassuring drone of the American spotter plane. We were lying on the ground and listening. We didn't hear any more firing. My driver and I had our pistols--German lugers--on the ready. I was determined to die fighting. Then something unexpected happened. Suddenly artillery shells started exploding in the close vicinity. I realized that it was a protective artillery barrage promised by the Americans to help our mission get through the no-man's-

land. Apparently the spotter plane observed some German patrols in the area where we had stopped our car and called for the artillery fire. Since our road led through a deep forest the pilot of the spotter plane didn't see us stopping and assumed that we had already passed through this area and therefore called for artillery support to stop the Germans. It was not a very pleasant experience to find oneself in the midst of bursting artillery shells. We were lying on the ground being shaken by close explosions and listening to the whine of the shrapnel pieces flying overhead. This experience took me back to the days in the civil war in Russia in 1919-1920. After the end of that war I never dreamt that 25 years later I would again find myself under artillery fire.

The moment the artillery firing stopped we rushed back to our car and drove at breakneck speed back toward the German lines. Finally we came out of the forest and saw in the distance the little town of Lindberg, where General Maltsov and his units were supposed to be waiting for us. Approaching the town we were surprised not to see the mass of soldiers and refugees comprising Maltsov's group, and soon realized that they had left it. We stopped in front of a building around which there were a few German soldiers. I barely had time to get out of my car before 3 German officers and several men with sub-machine guns on the ready surrounded us. A tall German captain with the highest German decoration on his neck, the Iron Cross with swords, oak leaves and diamonds, came to me, saluted me since I was wearing the uniform of a German major, and started to shout: "Do you know that your General Maltsov arrested all officers of the German liaison staff and moved toward the American lines? Since you are a member of his staff we are going to arrest you and keep you under arrest until all German officers are released. Otherwise," and he looked at me sternly, "you are going to share here the fate of our officers taken prisoner by General Maltsov." Looking at the threatening faces

of the Germans surrounding me and my driver and seeing the submachine guns pointed at us I realized that I was in serious danger. Another thing that bothered me was the fact that General Maltsov, with the captured German officers and all the units and refugees, was moving along the wrong road, not the road indicated on the map by the Americans. First of all I asked how long ago had General Maltsov moved his column. They told me that the mutiny, as they called it, had taken place about 4 hours before. I figured out that the slowly moving column could not have gone too far away yet, and that if I hurried I would still have a chance to stop the column and direct it on the road where the Americans were waiting for us. Otherwise, it was clear to me that the appearance of Maltsov's column on another road could end in a disaster, namely that the Americans, seeing the troops in German uniforms moving toward Schvizl on the wrong road, could open fire. The only chance was to try to persuade the Germans to let me go in my car and try to catch Maltsov's column before it was too late, but the furious German officers were not in a mood to talk to me.

At this critical moment, when every minute counted, I started to plead with the German captain who wore the high decoration. "Listen, captain," I told him, "why don't we go together, you in your car following me in my car and we both will catch up to General Maltsov and I will try to persuade him to release the members of the German staff he arrested and then you can take them back to your headquarters."

"And what if your General Maltsov arrests me too?" asked the captain.

"I give you my word of honor as an officer that General Maltsov would not do that. I will tell him that I gave you my word of honor about it. You know," I continued, "that I have just returned from the American lines where I negotiated the conditions under which our troops should come to the American lines and on which road they should go. If the troops appear on the

wrong road a calamity could happen in which not only our Russians but also your German officers may be killed!"

After a minute's hesitation, the captain finally agreed to go with me to see General Maltsov, but he suggested that we drive together in his staff car while my driver followed us in my car. The captain apparently wanted to be with me so that I could explain to the Russians in Maltsov's units why a German officer was driving by their column. His suggestion proved to be a wise one, since the moment we reached the tail end of the slowly moving column our car was stopped by the rear security patrol. I identified myself and explained to the patrol scout that I was bringing a German captain to see General Maltsov. The men in the patrol told me that the general, with his staff and the imprisoned German officers, was marching at the head of the column. We, of course, spoke Russian so that the German captain driving the car didn't understand a word. I told him that we should go to the head of the column. The column stretched out for at least a mile, so we had to hurry. The captain was a good driver. He stepped on the gas and kept his hand on the horn and we drive along the column toward the head. Several times security patrols protecting the flanks of the column stopped us but when they saw me and heard me speaking Russian they let me pass.

Finally we noticed that the head of the column had come to a halt. When we finally reached General Maltsov and his cars I saw the group of German officers surrounded by guards with sub-machine guns. I realized why the column had stopped. There was an impassable road block hastily thrown across the road by SS troops. Trunks of big trees were piled up across the road and there was no way to by pass them or cut through them to let our column and especially our vehicles through. General Maltsov was in an ugly mood and started shouting to me, saying, "Why are you so late? I couldn't wait any longer, and I had to move, since the Germans tried to prevent me from moving with my column

toward the American lines. Then I arrested these dirty German fritzies and now I may give an order to shoot them, since I am sure that this road block was set up with their knowledge!" Then, looking at the German captain who brought me in his car, the general exclaimed, "And who is this German clown whom you brought with you? I will arrest him and probably shoot him too!"

General Maltsov always had a temper and I knew that it would be difficult to talk to him at that moment. Therefore, I asked him to go with me to the side of the road, so that I could talk to him and his chief of staff, Colonel Vaniushin, privately. I stressed that I had an important message from the Americans which I had to convey to him. He calmed down and I made a brief report about the outcome of my negotiations with the American commanders, showed him the map, and told him that we must turn the column with his units to the road marked on the map by the Americans. Fortunately, studying the map we discovered that through a linking road we could turn into the road that was needed. Of course, we would lose some precious time, and I figured out that at best we would reach the American lines at dusk. I also told General Maltsov that I had given the German captain who brought me there my word of honor as an officer that he would be permitted to return. Reluctantly General Maltsov agreed and ordered the guard to let the captain take his car and drive back.

After that a complicated and tedious task of moving the long column back began. First we had to march a few miles back, then turn on the road that would link us with the highway on which the Americans were waiting for us. My sister Tania with our servant Lusha, whose leg was broken, were driving in one of General Maltsov's cars. Realizing that for the first contact with the Americans he would need English speaking people, General Maltsov ordered me to get into the car with Tania and Lusha, and take a seat next to the driver, being, so to speak, forward patrol leader and interpreter. General Maltsov,

his chief of staff, Colonel Vaniushin, and a couple of other high ranking officers of his staff were following my car.

From that point on everything went pretty smoothly, but I was only concerned that we were approaching the American lines in the dusk, and it was rapidly getting darker. I was afraid that some undesirable incident could occur, particularly since the American forward units which met us headed by Lt. Col. Miller requested that all weapons and ammunition be surrendered at a few assigned areas. General Maltsov was not very happy about that but he realized that we had to abide by the order. During the drive I told my sister Tania everything that had happened to me on the American side, including my identification by the United Press. They were happy moments of family reunion in the incredible circumstances in a car driving through no-man's-land and toward the American lines and an unknown future. We hoped that finally we would find rest and security and were sure that our servant Lusha would be provided with medical care.

Acting as interpreter, I introduced General Maltsov and members of his staff to Lieutenant Colonel Miller and other American officers. Lieutenant Colonel Miller told them about the requirements to surrender weapons and a couple of our young officers were attached to me and the Americans to see that rifles, machine guns and pistols would be laid down on several large pieces of tarpaulin. So I had to control this pretty delicate operation, because our men were reluctant to surrender their weapons, particularly their pistols, and I knew that quite a few of them, especially our officers, including General Maltsov, managed to hide their pistols. I pretended that I didn't see them. Eventually a huge pile of weapons accumulated on the side of the road. Lieutenant Colonel Miller was pleased to learn that my sister spoke English too, and he told us that he would see to it that Tania, Lusha and some other ladies would be given a comfortable lodging.

Chapter 68 Scenario IX

Our first task was to organize a smooth check point to pass troops and refugees into Schvizl. To help me, General Maltsov assigned a few officers and enlisted men from his command, and also his counterpart in the American troops, Lieutenant Colonel Miller, attached a couple of officers and some of his men to our group. In general, the mass of people crossed through the check point pretty smoothly. The only difficulty was created by darkness. It was completely dark when the last people in the column crossed the check point and entered the town. I was assigned to quarters together with General Maltsov and his staff, while Tania was assigned billets somewhere else. As soon as I completed my mission at the check point, I went to look for her. I finally found her and Lusha and the other women relatively comfortably lodged in a house, but she was almost in tears. She said that while she was crossing the checkpoint, she was asked to leave the car and help with interpreting for the Americans, and in that chaotic situation our suitcase was lost. She was particularly upset because the suitcase contained the family icon. I was also very upset, since I knew that this icon had been in our family for almost two centuries and had survived everything--war and revolution and escape from Russia, then bombardment in Belgrade, and finally arrest by the Gestapo. It had remained with us through everything, particularly because Tania had taken such good care of it and our mother's prayer book, and to think that these things had perished was unbearable to her. Then something happened that I could call only a miracle. A man, one of the soldiers of Maltsov's army, entered the house in which we were located holding our suitcase, which was open. Most of the things in it were lost--but we saw that it was our suitcase, with the icon still in it. Of course, he didn't know to whom the suitcase belonged. He just came into our place and said, "I found this on the street, do you know to

whom this suitcase and icon belong?"

Tania and I couldn't believe it; the icon had come back to our family. I believe in miracles and that was surely one. Lusha was also being taken care of. We were waiting for an American doctor, but apparently they had difficulties in finding one, but our doctor, Mondrusov, the doctor of Maltsov's headquarters, finally came and helped Lusha with her broken leg, so she felt much more comfortable. She was put on a sift bed and everything was in order. After that, saying goodnight, I went to Join Maltsov and his group. The German officers whom we brought as prisoners were immediately taken away and sent somewhere else. I marvelled at the organization of the Americans in settling us, the troops and the refugees in that area. During the night all the troops were marched to different localities in the vicinity of Schvizl. Not all of them, of course, were put in houses or barracks, some of them just had to settle down in the open fields and they were in the position of semi-prisoners of war. Namely, they were told not to leave the area, and some sentries were put around the areas where they were located. However, General Maltsov and his staff, including me, were billeted in private houses. We had talked with Lieutenant Colonel Miller far into the night. He wanted to know the backgrounds of all our senior staff officers beginning with General Maltsov, and I had to interpret the dialogues between Lieutenant Colonel Miller and the officers whom he was interrogating. I learned many interesting things about our staff officers who were for the most part former officers of the Soviet Army. Among other things I learned that General Maltsov, besides being a good career air force officer, after retirement shortly before the outbreak of war had been put in charge of the Soviet equivalent of the civil aeronautic board and had lived in the Crimea, in Yalta. When the Germans occupied Yalta, he was elected to be mayor of the city of Yalta under German occupation. I was pleased to hear about that because my memories of my young years were also

connected with Yalta, so later I had a chance to talk with Maltsov at length about this town.

The second in command, Colonel Vaniushin, General Maltsov's chief of staff, told about his career, and this was an extremely important thing. Colonel Vaniushin had served in the Red Army for a long time. He participated in the civil war on the side of the Reds and then became an officer and finally wound up as a staff officer in the Far Eastern Command of the Soviet army where he helped the commander in chief of the Far Eastern District, Marshal Blucher, to prepare the war plan for a possible conflict between the Soviet Union and Japan. I noticed that the American who were listening to his story were extremely interested in it and they asked far more and more details about it. After interrogating all of the senior staff officers we finally were permitted to go to bed, but were warned that probably early in the morning after breakfast we would have to go to some higher headquarters for continued talk.

The next morning, a good American GI breakfast was served, at which time I was introduced for the first time in my life to the famous Spam and powdered eggs which were made into scrambled eggs, but after our diet under the Germans everything tasted delicious, particularly brea, white bread we hadn't seen for many years during the war.

Around 11 o'clock in the morning we were told that a jeep soon would be ready and that General Maltsov, Colonel Vaniushin and I were to go to a higher headquarters. We were advised to take some personal things, since we were probably going to stay for a long time outside of the area where we were now. I rushed to the house where Tania was located, said goodbye to her and Lusha, and rushed back, jumped into the jeep and off we went. It was April 28th, 1945, and it was the last time that I saw Tania, for she died in Munich in 1947 when I was already in the United States. Three of us went in the jeep with an American officer and American driver, first to the places where our troops were

billeted temporarily to talk to some officers and men. Some of them complained that they were actually treated like prisoners of war, however they were all grateful for the plentiful food that was given by the Americans. When I translated their complaints I was told to tell them that the situation would be like that only for the first couple of days and that later on they would be billeted under better conditions, not in the open fields.

While still in the area where Maltsov's troops were located, we picked up another passenger who joined our group (in addition to General Maltsov, Lieutenant Colonel Vaniushin and myself). That was a Major Lantukh of the Air Force Signal Corps. Apparently the Americans were interested in his knowledge of the Soviet code system, and so we were four of us. Major Lantukh was probably not as well educated and intelligent as the rest of our group, but he was a good fellow and very helpful on many occasions with his peasant kind of resourcefulness and good humor.

We drove all the time in a westerly direction. It would be hard for me to recall all the places where we stopped for a day or two. I remember stopping at Nurnberg. We were in the position of semi-PW's, however the Americans avoided using that term. When I openly asked them what our position was, they said that we were in the protective custody of the American Army. Well the thing wasn't quite clear to me; we were fed in the American officers' messes and were lodged very comfortably, but a guard was always standing nearby.

At the beginning of May^{we stopped} in one of the camps near Frankfurt. There, one evening, an officer came to our room where four of us were lodged. He came in and told us, "Do you know, we have just got news that one of your Russian Liberation Army Corps divisions entered Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, fought successfully with the Germans, mostly SS troops who were in Prague and liberated Prague!"

We were jubilant, since it was Vlasov's army's first military success



which became known now also to the Americans, but that jubilation didn't last too long when we learned that our Vlasov troops remained in Prague only for a short time and after being initially greeted by the local population with flowers and cheers soon had to leave because the regular Soviet army was approaching and captured Prague soon afterward.

In Wiesbaden we were taken to a very luxurious villa on the outskirts of that city, where we found ourselves billeted with captured German field officers. We learned about that in the evening when everyone gathered in the dining room for dinner. There were three field marshals, one of them Field Marshal Rundstedt. We greeted each other coldly; they saw that we were in German uniforms and apparently were well aware who we were.

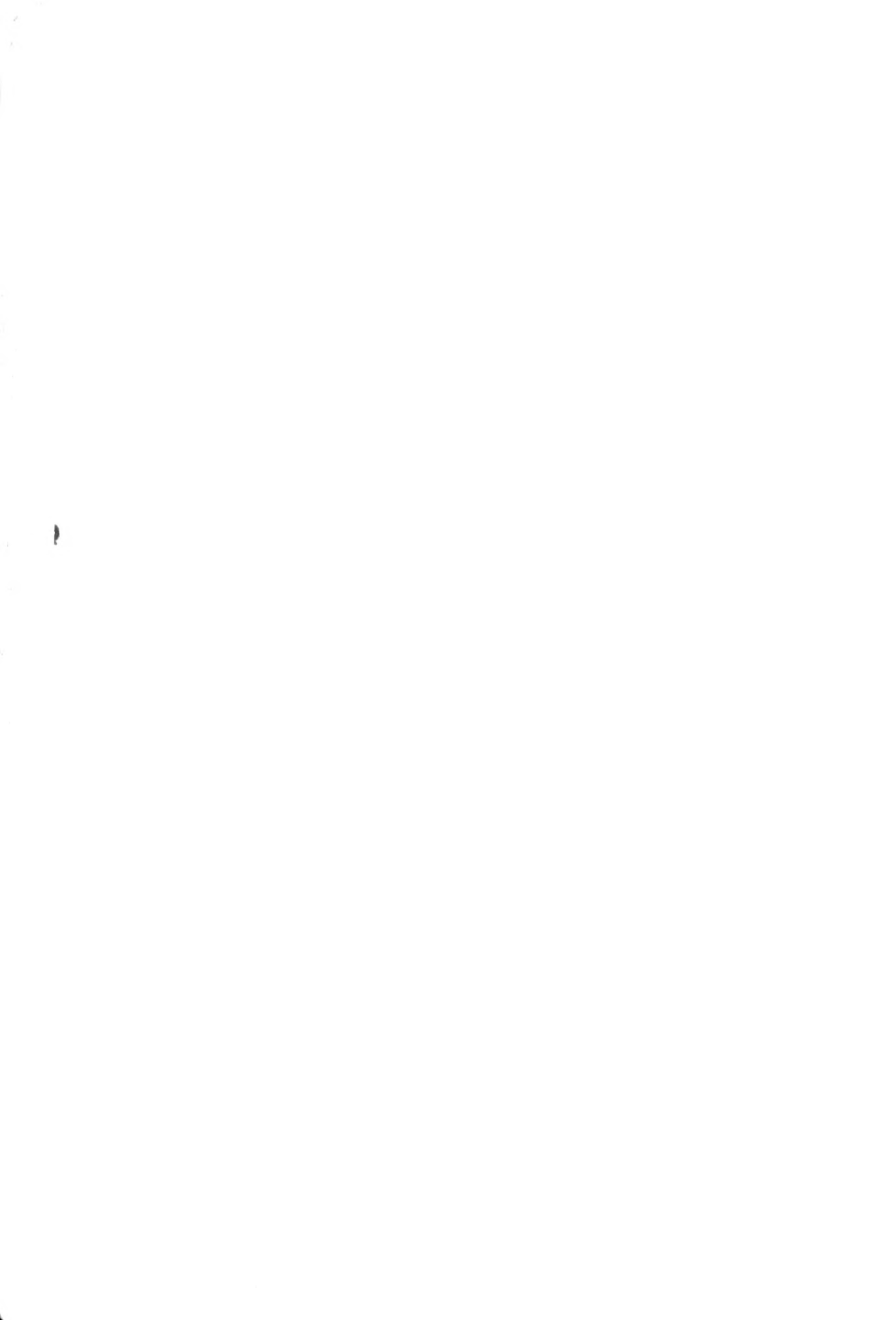
We were served excellent food there and the next morning we left the German field marshals and went farther west. We finally reached the border between Germany and the duchy of Luxemburg. We drove through the city of Luxembourg and then crossed into France and went to a small place in the northern corner of France called Reven, which makes a salient into Belgian territory. It was a mountainous area and a kind of mountain cottage. We were lodged on the upper floor and to my great surprise I looked through the windows and saw, walking in the yard, the other group of our former Air Force personnel, whom I initially met near Konigsberg at Moritzfelde, the first place where the Russian Liberation Army Air Force was organized and I made my first contact with the then Colonel Maltsov. That group was isolated from ours, but I recognized the faces and particularly I was pleased to see there Captain Idol who earlier had played such an important role in saving me from the clutches of the Gestapo by speeding up the process of my becoming an officer of the Russian Liberation Army air force. I later helped him to get a job in the German department of the Defense Language Institute; he is now living in retirement here in the Monterey area.



During our westward drive, which lasted from the end of April through the month of May 1945, at various places where we stopped for several days we learned of the great historic events which were happening. We heard of the capture and execution of Mussolini and his mistress, Patacci, by Italian partisans on the 28th of May 1945. Then we learned of the capture of Berlin by the Soviet troops and rumors of Hitler's and Boebbels' suicide in the German chancellory and finally a great event, the end of the war in Europe, V-E day, which we joyously celebrated with our benevolent captors, the Americans, on May 8, 1945. At one point, I believe it was in the vicinity of Rheims, in France, we were told that we were going to Paris. I was extremely curious about this bit of news, because I remembered at that time the word given to me by one of the high ranking American officers, during our talks, that I would be sent to the United States.

At one of the stops an ominous event took place. Around noon time a sergeant came into the room where we were having our luncheon. Holding a piece of paper he read slowly in English, "General Maltzu, General Maltzu." We didn't understand initially what he was talking about, but then I realized that "Maltzu" was the English pronunciation of the name of General Maltzev, which was spelled in German as "Maltzew." He then told me, and I translated to Maltzev, to get all his suitcases and go, for a car was waiting for him.

Maltzev realized that something strange was happening. He shook our hands and repeated the sentence that he always told us in time of crisis, "Don't you worry, my friends, everything will be all right!" and that was the last time that we saw him. Only much later, when already in the United States, did I learn that the Americans had taken him because they were carrying out agreements whereby all the leaders of the Russian Liberation movements and all the Russian prisoners of war and civilians who came to the west escaping from the Red tyranny were to be handed over to the Soviets.

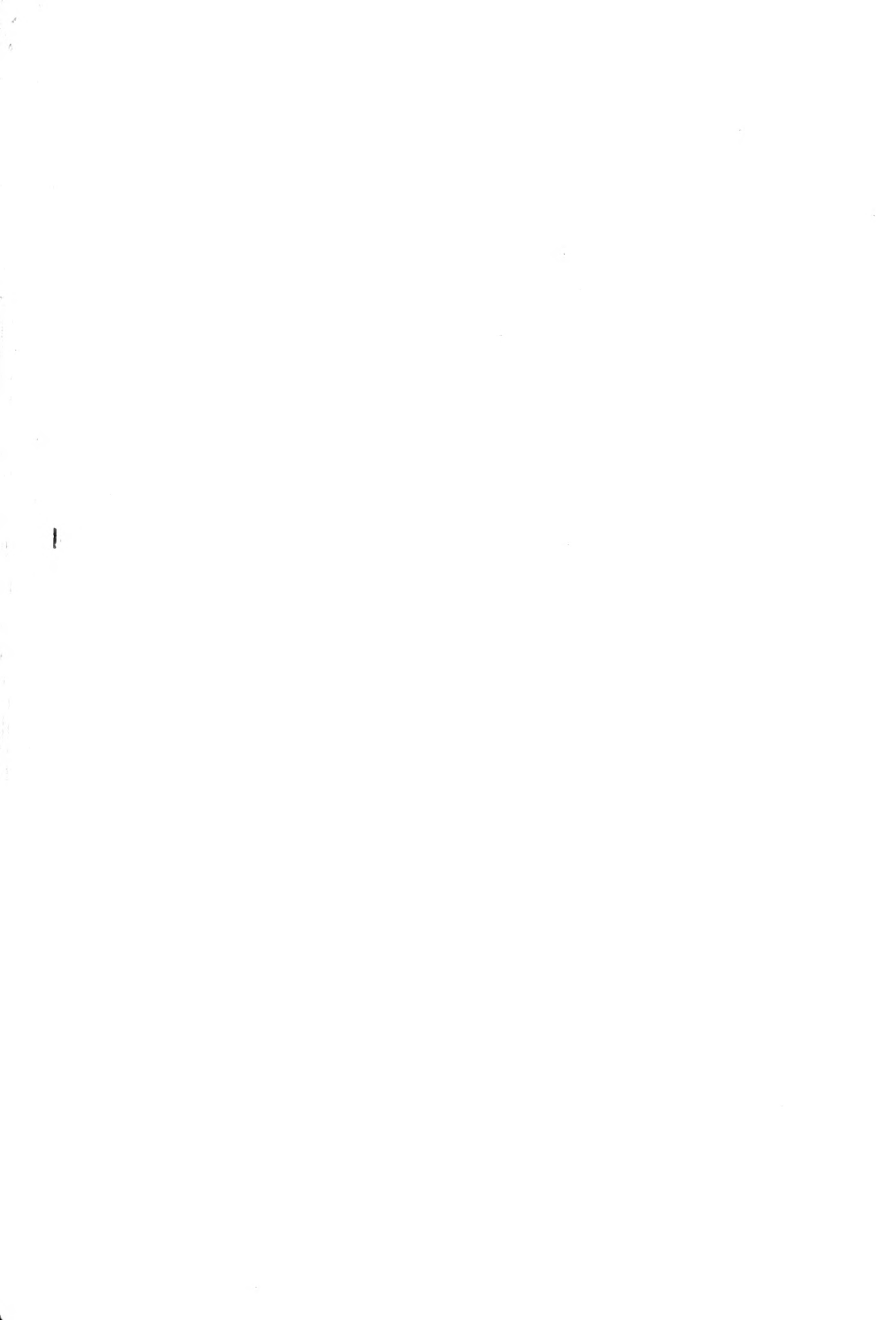


So that was that. After that we remained only three, Colonel Vaniushin, General Maltsov's chief of Staff; Major Lantukh, the code specialist; and myself. We continued our westward drive, now in the direction of Paris. It was strange to see Paris at that time. I had never been in Paris before, and I saw the beautiful avenues and streets and admired the buildings of the city and its famous landmark, the Eiffel tower.

Chapter 69 Scenario X

Finally we reached Paris--the three of us, the American officer who accompanied us and the driver of the jeep, since General Maltsov was in a mysterious way separated from our group. We drove quietly through the streets to a suburb, and were housed in a requisitioned building which apparently was a schoolhouse. There were quite a few German officers there, but the three of us were separated from them. We had two adjacent rooms at our disposal with comfortable beds and we were taking our meals separately from the Germans. Walking in the yard of the building complex one day I saw a sign on one of the buildings which read "Detention Center." That building was heavily guarded, but I managed to get close to it and to my amazement I saw that the ground floor was populated by young women, all of them with clean shaven heads. They were standing at the windows shouting, laughing and gesticulating. The American guard at the entrance to the building, seeing my bewilderment at the sight, came and told me that these young women were German collaborators or mistresses of the German military, and that the French as punishment had shaven their heads and they were kept here pending investigation of their involvement with the Germans. It was quite a sight.

The three of us, Colonel Vaniushin, Major Lantukh and I, constantly asked our American guards about the fate of General Matlsov, but couldn't get any satisfactory answer, particularly since, upon arrival in Paris, our American

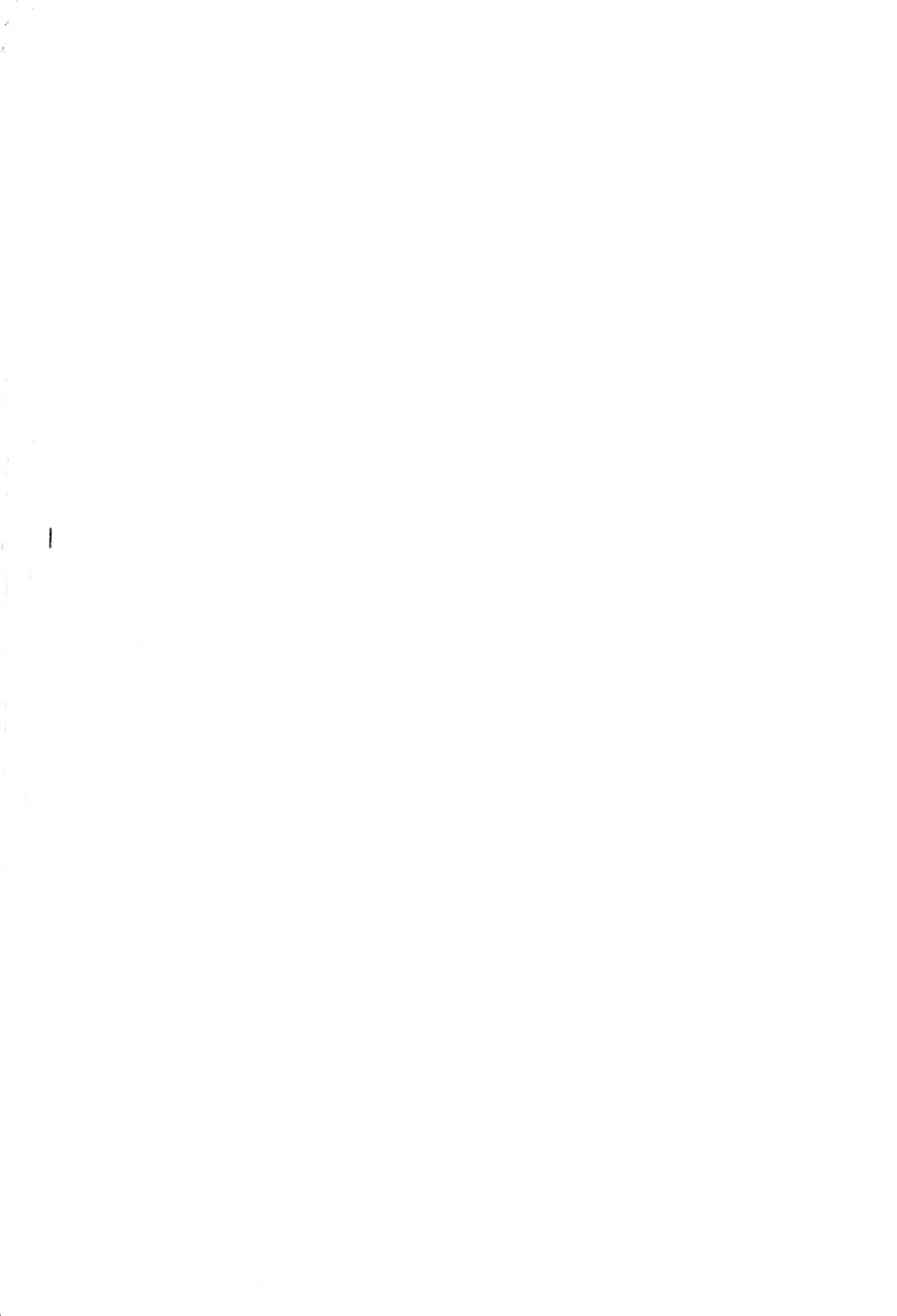


escort group was changed, and the officer of that group didn't even know who General Maltsov was.

As the only English-speaking member of our group I kept in close contact with an American major who was apparently in charge of us. Initially I couldn't get any information from him about our future plans and so forth, but then one day, it was about 20th of May 1945, he told me, "Now I can tell you about your immediate future. You and your two friends will be flown in an American military aircraft to the United States."

I was delighted, and tried to get from him more details about what we were going to do in the United States, but he told me that that was all that he could tell us and we should start preparing for the long flight. He advised us to throw away all unnecessary things, but when I asked him if I could change for that occasion into civilian clothes he said no, and then added that it would be in my interest to travel in German military uniform with my rank insignia as a major in the airforce of the Russian Liberation Army. We happily waited for the day of departure, which was set for the 24th of May. We had to pack everything we planned to take with us and be ready to leave. We were waiting impatiently and just before sundown we, our group of three, and a large group of German Air Force officers were ordered to board two open trucks, and after we climbed in the trucks they took off and started to move through the streets of Paris in the direction of the airport.

I don't recall now what airport it was, Le Bourget or Orly, but when we arrived there we saw that it was used exclusively by military aircraft. While riding through the streets of Paris we were exposed to various unpleasant reactions from the French walking on the streets. They were shouting at us and making threatening gestures. It was ironic for me to think that the French people didn't know that among the Germans in that group were three Russians who were not at all their enemies, but they could only judge the



passengers of the trucks by their uniforms.

When we arrived at the airport it was getting dark. We were taken first of all to a briefing room where we were given instructions on emergency procedure in case of a landing on the ocean. We were shown a big inflated rubber boat, how to inflate it automatically, what kind of equipment was available in these boats, how to use the floating vests, and so forth. My two Russian friends and I stood apart from the Germans and I translated to them in whispers the instructions given by the American officer.

After another hour of waiting we were moved into another room where a check of each individual took place. A major came to me and explained apologetically that we three would have to undergo the same kind of body check as all the German officers. I translated that for my friends; there was nothing new in that procedure for them. The major asked us to take everything out of our pockets and lay it in front of him. He noticed that Colonel Vaniushin had a pen knife, which he requisitioned because it was not allowed to board a military aircraft with that. Otherwise it was just a procedural matter. After that we were taken to the airplane.

When I saw this Super Fortress waiting for us I was completely flabbergasted. I had never seen so large an aircraft in my life. It was a tremendous four-engined aircraft into which we had to climb on a very unsteady metal step ladder--my friends helped me--and then we were shown to bucket seats in the back of the plane. It was a military aircraft converted for transportation of troops. The German officers were all in front and in between there were quite a few American officers. The major now introduced himself and told us that he was going to accompany us all the way to Washington, D.C.

Finally, the engines started to roar and the airplane, heavily laden with gas, rose with difficulty in complete darkness. It was already past midnight, probably about 2 o'clock in the morning. We were offered coffee and

sandwiches, and in a short while, with the first daylight--it was May 25th 1945--I noticed that we were flying over a body of land and water; I figured out that we were crossing the shores of England, flying in a northerly direction.

This, my first experience, flying from east to west, was the longest daylight flight in my life to that point. Later on I crossed the Atlantic several times, but the first time was very strange that the daylight lasted so long.

We stopped the first time in the airport in Iceland where we came out of the plane and were offered an excellent luncheon at the officers' mess. Again we were messed separately from the German officers; we ate with the American officers. After that stop we took off again and the next stop, still in bright daylight, although my watch showed it was next to midnight, was when we landed in Newfoundland. There we were served dinner, while the aircraft was getting gas.

It was getting dark when we took off from Newfoundland and started to fly down south over Canada. In the late hours of the day I looked with fascination at the barren landscape in that northern part of the country, with many little lakes but practically no villages or towns. We began to see the lights of towns only when we reached the central and southern part of Canada, and particularly when we crossed the American border. After always living in the blackout during the war in Germany, it was such a wonderful experience to see the lighted streets below. Finally we came over a tremendous brightly lit area which was apparently New York. Then our airplane started to circle over another large city and then I saw the capital, brightly lighted with floodlights, so I realized that we were landing in Washington.

At the airport the German officers were again let out first from the airplane and were taken to one part of the airport buildings and we, with the Americans, to another one. Nurses and doctors were waiting and the first



thing, before any questions were asked, a nurse put thermometers in our mouths to check our temperatures and then a doctor checked our pulse, heartbeat, looked into our eyes and throats and then shortly afterward we were taken to a car. It was a car which I believe used to be called a "black Maria", a windowless car in which we were comfortably seated, with the major who had accompanied us, the driver, whom we didn't see because we were separated from him, and a couple of enlisted men.

We drove a relatively long time. I heard some traffic noises as if we were going through the center of the city, then the traffic noises ceased and we were driving apparently on country roads, but the roads were magnificent --no bumps at all. Then in the distance I heard a ship's horn and thought we were somewhere near the ocean. I couldn't figure it out, trying to restore in my memory the location of Washington in relation to the ocean.

Finally we stopped, apparently in front of some gates. Some words were exchanged between our driver and the guards, and then we drove somewhere and then stopped flush at the entrance to a building. We stepped out of the car, without seeing anything around us, directly into the hallway of a building and were asked to go to the second floor. There we found ourselves in a well-lighted hallway covered with a thick green carpet and then we were taken to a large room where three beds were prepared for us.

As soon as we got there, a major and another officer came to us and said that they would like us to go to the shower room, and take off our uniforms, our underwear, everything, since we were going to be issued American GI summer uniforms. Well, we took off everything we had, were given towels and soap, and marched into the shower room. How I enjoyed this first shower on American soil! Then we were taken to a room and started to try on various sizes of uniform--shirts and pants, socks and underwear, and shoes. They had difficulty in finding my size, but finally succeeded in getting items which

fit well. So in a relaxed mood and in the light summer uniforms without insignia we were marched back to our room.

I was aware that we were probably in an intelligence outfit and that soon some intelligence work would start, probably beginning with our interrogation. We were told to go to bed and from experience with the Gestapo I was aware that probably the rooms were bugged, as in any intelligence outfit. Our status was similar to that of prisoners of war, so I made a gesture to my friends not to blab too much. We didn't have any particular secrets from the Americans, but still I didn't want to jeopardize our position.

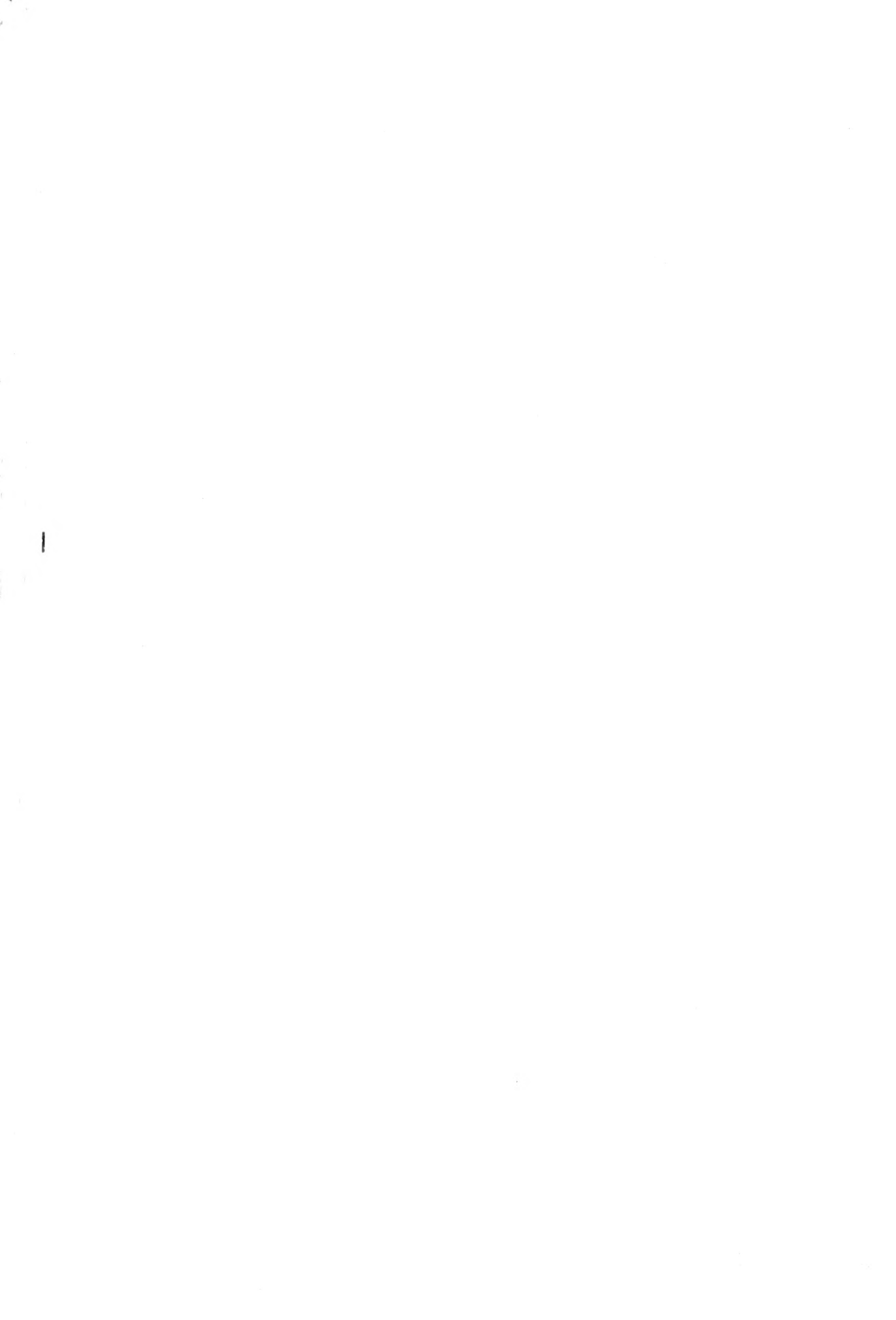
We slept well, and in the morning there was a knock on the door; they said it was time for breakfast, so we had better go to wash ourselves and shave; we were given enough time for that and then breakfast was brought to our room.

Chapter 70 Scenario X

The breakfast brought to our room this first morning in the United States was plentiful--eggs, bacon, jam, bread, coffee, and plenty of milk. With the breakfast each of us received a cardboard box with some colorful comic strip pictures on it. Since we never heard before of dried cereals we opened one of the boxes, tried its contents, didn't particularly care for it and had no idea that it should be mixed with milk. Later we didn't even bother opening the boxes and just piled them in the corner of the room.

Shortly after breakfast the major who brought us to the United States from Europe came in with two young captains. One of them introduced himself as Captain Krag; the other name I have forgotten.

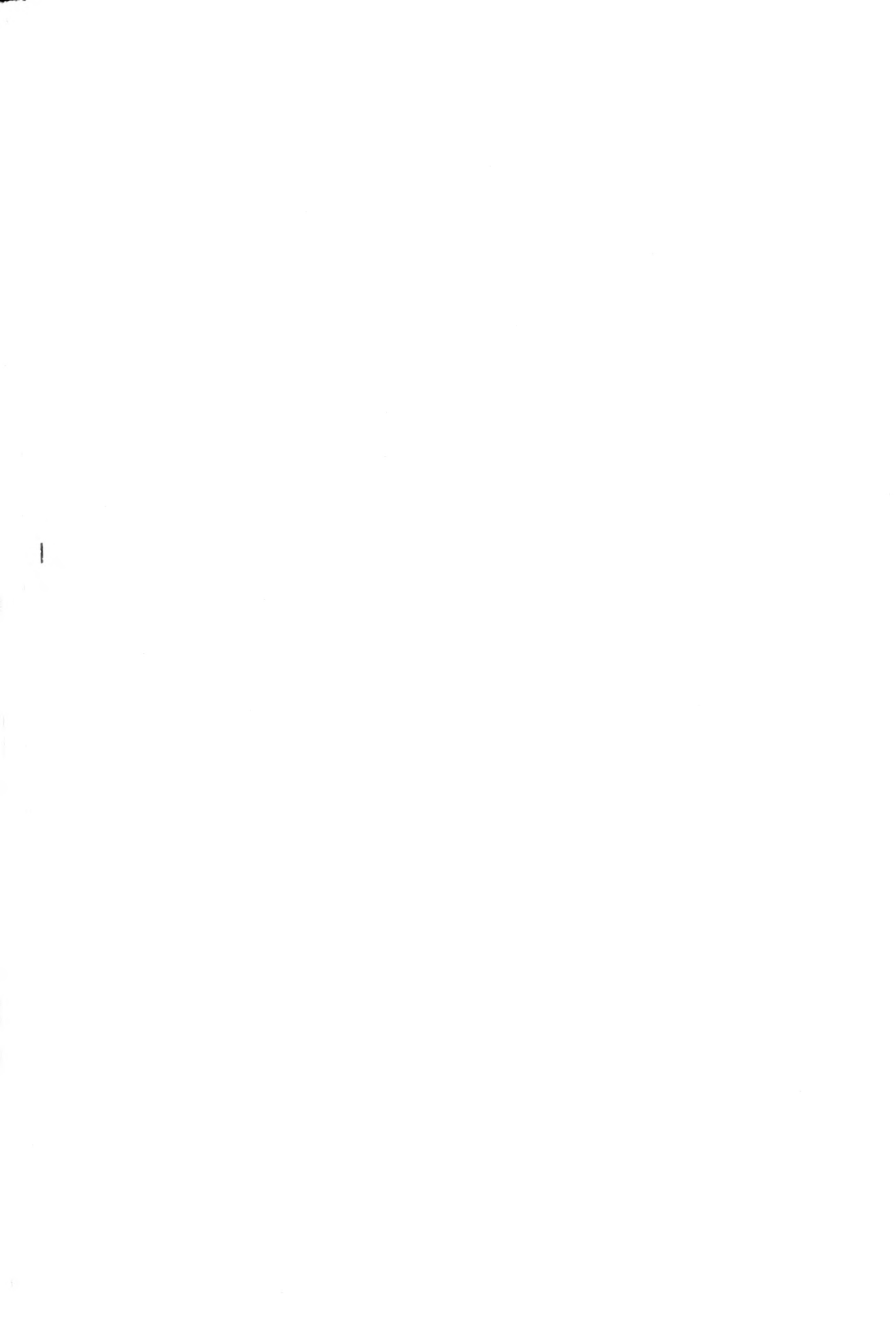
I realized at once that these two captains were familiar with our background and each had a knowledge of either Russian or some other Slavic language. They were businesslike and told us immediately about our status. We were,



they told us, under protective custody of the U.S. Army. We were lodged at an Army intelligence secret post. Only later did I learn that it was a highly classified post called Fort Hunt, located about halfway between Alexandria, Virginia and Mount Vernon, in the woods and couldn't be seen from the highway. The building in which we were lodged looked like a two storey hotel, with thick carpeted hallways and individual rooms on both sides of the hallway. There were three guards constantly stationed in the hallway, and we had to call them by knocking on the door from the inside when we wanted to go to the bathroom. Otherwise, all the rooms in the building were locked and the whole procedure was so arranged that the individuals occupying the various rooms would never see the occupants of the other rooms. I must say that this was a perfect arrangement and during the week or so that we remained in this mysterious intelligence hotel we didn't see any of the other inhabitants. It was a prisonlike arrangement except that all personnel of that "prison" were extremely kind and helpful. We were served delicious and plentiful meals and we were told that if for any reason we would like some additional snacks we would get them.

As it was already the end of May, it was getting pretty hot in the Washington area and our room was not air conditioned. We were sitting most of the time in our room in our trunks, and an electric fan was brought to us to make the rooms cooler. We were provided with cold chocolate drinks and juices. The New York Times was brought to us every morning and I spent a long time translating the latest news for my Russian friends. We were getting a little restless and complained to our captains about the lack of exercise and they promised to do something about it.

At this point I should state that everything that has been said, beginning with the events described in the preceding chapter, as well as everything that I am going to record from now on was at that time, in 1945,



classified by the Department of the Army as a Top Secret project. However, since so many years have passed since that time and the two former Soviet officers with whom I was sharing this intelligence adventure died a long time ago, it can no longer be considered as any breach of secrecy to describe these events. Rather, it will show the tireless, persistent, imaginative and successful effort of the American War Department intelligence service that that critical time in American history.

What made the whole project so secret was this. The United States and the Soviet Union were allies in the war against Nazi Germany, however, Army intelligence was fully aware of the fact that the one time alliance with the Soviet Union was just a marriage of convenience, and it was trying desperately under the strictest secrecy to obtain some intelligence data about the Soviet military activities. The captured officers of the Vlasov Liberation Army, who were mostly Soviet officers in the past were the best source of that kind of information. However, the Soviet authorities, who were aware of that, and in implementation of the Yalta agreement, requested from the Western allies the forcible return of all former Soviet citizens, particularly, of course, of the Soviet prisoners of war in Germany and especially of General Vlasov and all officers of his command and all members of the Russian Liberation Army. This was why our initial partner, General Maltsov, had to be separated from our group and later delivered to the Soviet authorities, to be tried and executed together with Vlasov and other senior members of his command. However, with us three the American Army Intelligence decided to gamble. We just disappeared in Europe and were brought to the United States in an army aircraft mixed with a group of other German airforce officers. I later learned that these German officers were all experts in jet propulsion and jet aircraft fighters and they were also brought to our secret Fort Hunt. There were many other important people at that time at Fort Hunt, including the famous Werner von Braun, the



father of modern rocketry.

As far as our work was concerned, we were requested to write detailed biographies, with particular stress on knowledge of certain Soviet military matters and also to report on the Russian Liberation Movement in Germany, its impact on Soviet prisoners of war and so forth. This area was primarily my task since I was well versed in anti-communist propaganda activities and techniques, both German, during my work with Vineta as head of the Russian anti-communist propaganda department, and Russian, in behalf of the Vlasov liberation army. I wrote a very detailed report emphasizing the stupid mistakes of the Germans against communism, and the incredible but short-lived success of the ROA, headed by General Vlasov. I made a strong plea about the necessity to save the cadre of the Vlasov army in the American interest, and I predicted the dangerous difficulties which the Americans would soon have with the Soviets.

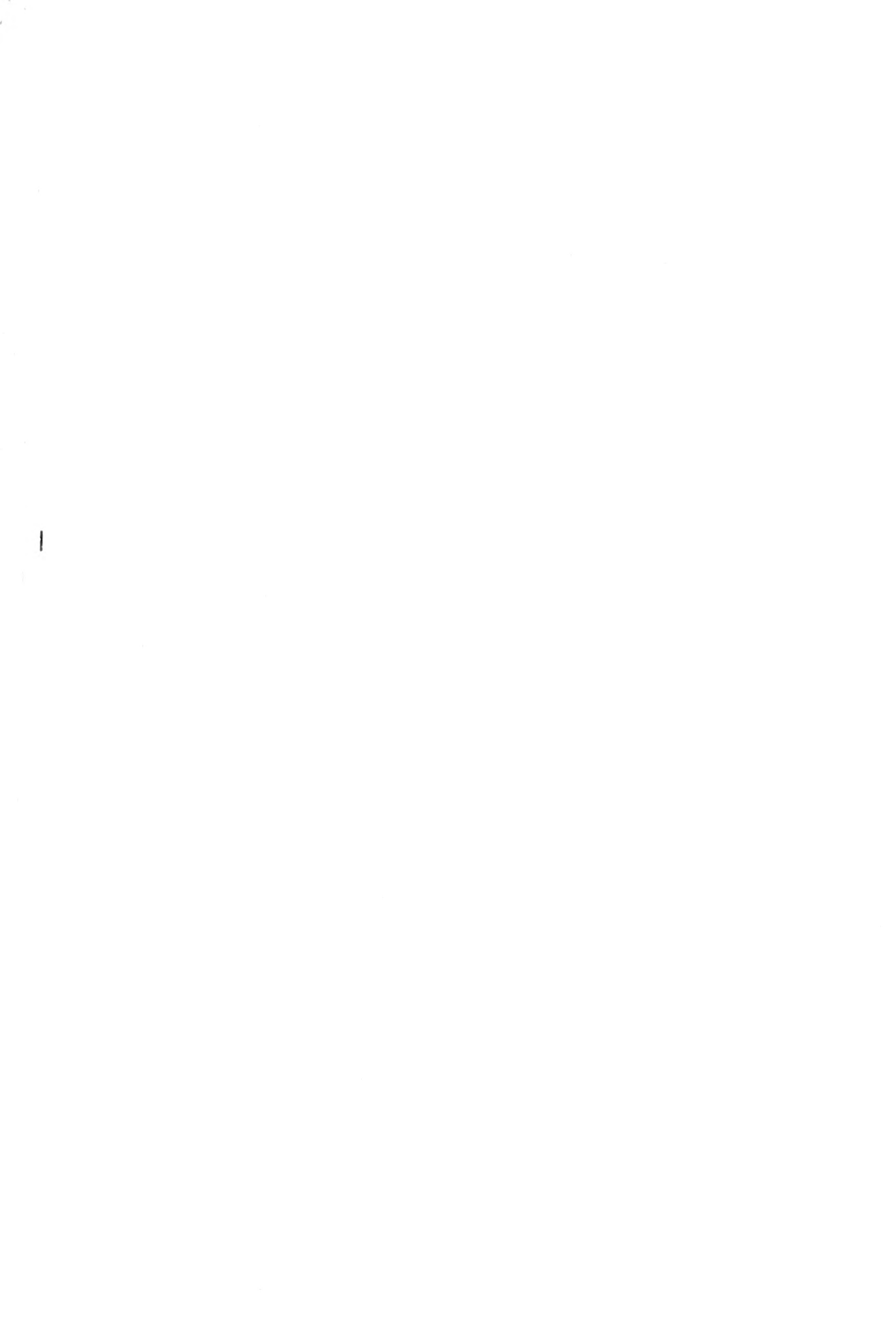
I urged that the best of the Vlasov army should be saved, transported to a Pacific island, and kept in military readiness, in case of conflict with the Soviet Union. It is interest^{ing} to note that my report apparently was carefully studied at a high level in Washington because in after about three weeks an American colonel came to see me and requested that I give him the names of the high ranking officers of Vlasov's staff who could be important in case of implementation of my plan. I was told that Vlasov's name would not be on the list, because his fate was already sealed and he was already in the hands of the Soviets. I asked one day before giving my answer, and after talking to Colonel Vaniushin drafted a list of generals and other high ranking officers who in our opinion were important to maintain the Russian Liberation Army. Among the names we gave to the Americans were General Trukhin, Vlasov's chief of staff, General Malyshev, General Maltsov, the head of the Liberation Army air force, then commanding officers of two liberation army divisions



already activated, and some other names. I turned in this list to the colonel next day and he told me that the American intelligence would try to do something to save these men, but that it would be a very hard task.

This little episode gave the three of us a moral boost. We began to hope that probably our idea of liberating Russia from the communist yoke was getting popular with some of the higherups in Washington. Unfortunately, the same colonel came a couple of weeks later to see me again and told me that it pained him to inform me that the attempt of the American army intelligence to save the people who were on our list had failed and that all of them had been turned over to the Soviet authorities. The three of us were downhearted; we knew that America would regret this shameful act of betrayal and we were right. I am convinced that a strong Russian liberation army supported by American aid would have toppled the communist regime in Russia at that time without involving American troops, because history teaches that it takes a Russian to beat a Russian. If that miracle could have taken place at that time, in 1945, we in the United States would not have had Cuba, Viet Nam nor the ever-present threat of nuclear holocaust.

Discussions with our benevolent captors now became quite frank. We were told why we had been isolated and we understood that probably Soviet headhunters were looking for the three of us everywhere in Europe. Of course, I felt that in my particular case, since I was not a former Soviet army officer, probably it was not so important to be in hiding. I was particularly anxious to let my sister Tania know that I was all right, but our American friends told me that if my name surfaced somewhere in Europe the Soviet intelligence services, putting two and two together, would immediately realize that the two former Soviet officers with whom I had left Germany were also with me. So I was told that I would have to be in cold storage for a relatively long period of time, probably one year before being permitted to surface again. It was



hard but I understood the necessity of this action. The immediate problem for the U.S. army intelligence was to change our identities as soon as possible. It was particularly important in the case of my two Soviet friends. I helped in the process of reincarnating my friends and told our liaison officers that the best thing would be to have them be born somewhere in the Slavic area of the Carpathian mountains where Poles, Carpatho-Russians, Czechs and Ukrainians had lived intermingled through centuries. I requested a map of the area and carefully selected birthplaces and social origins for my friends. I also suggested names, which to my surprise were happily approved by both my two friends and the American intelligence authorities. Colonel Vaniushin became Mr. Novak, and Major Lantukh became Mr. Litvin. Both names sounded Slavic and could have been of any Slavic group. Their first names were left intact, so Colonel Vaniushin became Alexander Novak, and Major Lantuch Ivan Litvin.

When my American friends suggested that I change my name I protested and told them that through my long life outside of Russia, work in many anti-communist organizations and Russian emigre organizations such as White army veterans, and membership and work in Russian church groups my identity and name was widely known among the Russian emigrant groups in all corners of the world including the United States, where our family had many friends. I also pointed out that during my work for the British press and the United Press I made friends with a large number of American and British newspaper men and it would be simply ridiculous for me to change my identity under such circumstances. My reasoning was accepted and I was permitted to maintain my real identity. The only concession was that in the case of a theoretical emergency, if there was a need for me to go to an army hospital while at Fort Hunt I would just be put there under the name of Major Brecht.

While we were still living at the hotel at Fort Hunt after successful



completion of changing identities of my Soviet friends Novak and Litvin, as I will call them from now on, another serious problem came up. It should be remembered that the main purpose of this whole unusual and highly classified operation was to get intelligence data about the Soviet armed forces from former Soviet officers such as Novak and Litvin. Novak's background was of particular interest to American intelligence, since he knew the battle plan of the Soviet Far Eastern army in case of war against Japan. In May of 1945, the Soviets were not yet in the war against Japan, but in accordance with a clause of a secret Treaty between the allies and the Soviet Union they were expected to join the allies in the war against Japan in the final stage of the war. For this reason any intelligence information about the Soviet plans in the Far East was urgently needed by the American high command. Novak was requested to submit a comprehensive report about everything he knew regarding the Soviet plans in that area.

It should be recalled that Novak in his previous career was a staff officer in Marshal Blucher's Far Eastern command, which developed a plan of attack on the Soviet Union against Japan. According to Novak he not only served in the development of this battle plan, but also served as a courier, carrying that plan from the Far East to Moscow for approval by the Soviet General Staff and Stalin himself.

After receiving this request, Novak, and with him Litvin, got cold feet. They got scared, and asked me to interpret their concern to the American officers. They were afraid, they said, that after divulging this most critical intelligence information they would just be returned to Europe, where for sure they would be hounded down by Soviet spies. They requested an assurance of political asylum in the United States. I for my part was not too panicky about the whole affair but I certainly wanted to move for good from battle ravaged Europe and settle in the United States, where I had many friends, both Russian



and American, and where I hoped eventually to bring Tania and Lusha.

In a few days a conference was arranged with some high ranking American officers to discuss this problem. At this conference I was told that while there would not be much trouble as far as I was concerned, it would be certainly very difficult to formalize the status of the so to speak newly born persons like Novak and Litvin. We were told that under no circumstances would we be returned to Europe, since this step would completely compromise the secret intelligence operation in which we were involved. If for some reason it would be too difficult or impossible to get approval for our permanent resident status in the United States we were promised to be taken after the end of the war to one of the friendly South American republics, with a guaranteed income for life.

After a few days of very heated discussion between us, in which I for the first time realized how much distrust and fear the Soviet citizens keep in their hearts about any promises made by government and military officials, I finally persuaded Novak and Litvin to accept the conditions offered, and start working on their projects, namely Novak on Soviet battle plans against Japan, and Litvin on revealing information pertaining to the Soviet military code and cipher system. I reported this discussion to our American liaison officers who were greatly relieved, and on order from the higher echelons of the intelligence authorities our isolation ended and we moved to a delightful log cabin located in the woods, consisting of two bedrooms, and dining and living room with kitchen and a detached bath house with a shower. This cabin was located within a restricted area at Fort Hunt.

Chapter 71 Scenario X

The entire area of Fort Hunt was surrounded by a high chain fence and we were told that a certain area around our house was free for us, however



we were asked not to cross the boundaries suggested for us by our American friends. We didn't have a telephone and it was suggested that in case of emergency our contact should be a sentry situated on the sentry tower some distance away. We should go to this tower, call the sentry and tell him to send somebody to help us.

Life in that cabin was very pleasant. We had an outside picnic table and a barbecue pit, and we enjoyed our life there. Our food was brought to us three times a day. It was plentiful, brought from the officer's mess, breakfast, lunch, dinner, and also since it was summer and very hot and they brought us an abundance of cold drinks--cold chocolate drink and cold juices and our two American friends visited us daily.

Now we were working very hard. I was asked to make evaluations on matters in the Balkans with which I was familiar. Then I was asked to make extracts from Soviet newspapers and translate them and to evaluate the newly appeared magazine Amerika. About the latter I wrote a very critical review, because it was obvious to me while reading the magazine, which was printed in Russian for distribution in the Soviet Union, that it was sheer word for word translation from English texts, and as such it stank. So I wrote about that and suggested that even if the material was translated from English it should be rewritten by an editorial staff and in free style, not word for word. Then I also recommended creation of an American radio station aimed toward various nations, particularly in Eastern Europe, and I suggested a name for that station, "Voice of America." I don't know if it was the result of my recommendation or not, but sometime afterward I learned that a radio station under that name was indeed created under the auspices of the State Department.

It was also my duty to translate the important papers being written by Novak about the battle order of the Soviet Union in the Far East, and by Litvin



about his knowledge of the Soviet code and cipher systems. We had some difficulties in obtaining a large scale map of the Far Eastern area, but the Pentago managed to get one to Novak's satisfaction and he was working very hard to write the order of battle as far as he knew it. I must say that it was a very urgent project and therefore I burned the midnight oil, because I had to translate everything and as soon as the material was translated it was picked up daily by our American officer friends.

We were also told that we could use the facilities of the PX, although we personally didn't go there. Instead, we were given a list of items from which to select what we needed, and we really enjoyed that very much. There were all the toiletries that we needed, etc., and we were told that eventually we would pay for that.

"With what?" I asked.

And then came a new revelation. We were told that from the very first moment that we stepped from the airplane that brought us from Europe to the United States we were getting salaries according to our rank, and that the money was deposited in our name in a special account arranged by the War Department. We were very happy about that for we learned that the salaries for majors and lieutenant colonels were pretty high.

Then, a great joy to us, was when we received a radio receiver, a huge affair with very good sound, and here we were for the first time exposed to American radio programs. Of course, we were very anxious to hear the news items, my friends didn't understand a word of English and I had to translate to them the most important items, but the exposure to American handling of news items and even music was a kind of cultural shock. The first newscast I listened to was by Gabriel Heatter, and he started to read the news items and then without changing the tone of his voice, or the rate of speech, he started to advertise Serutan, a laxative. He said that if you read Serutan backward



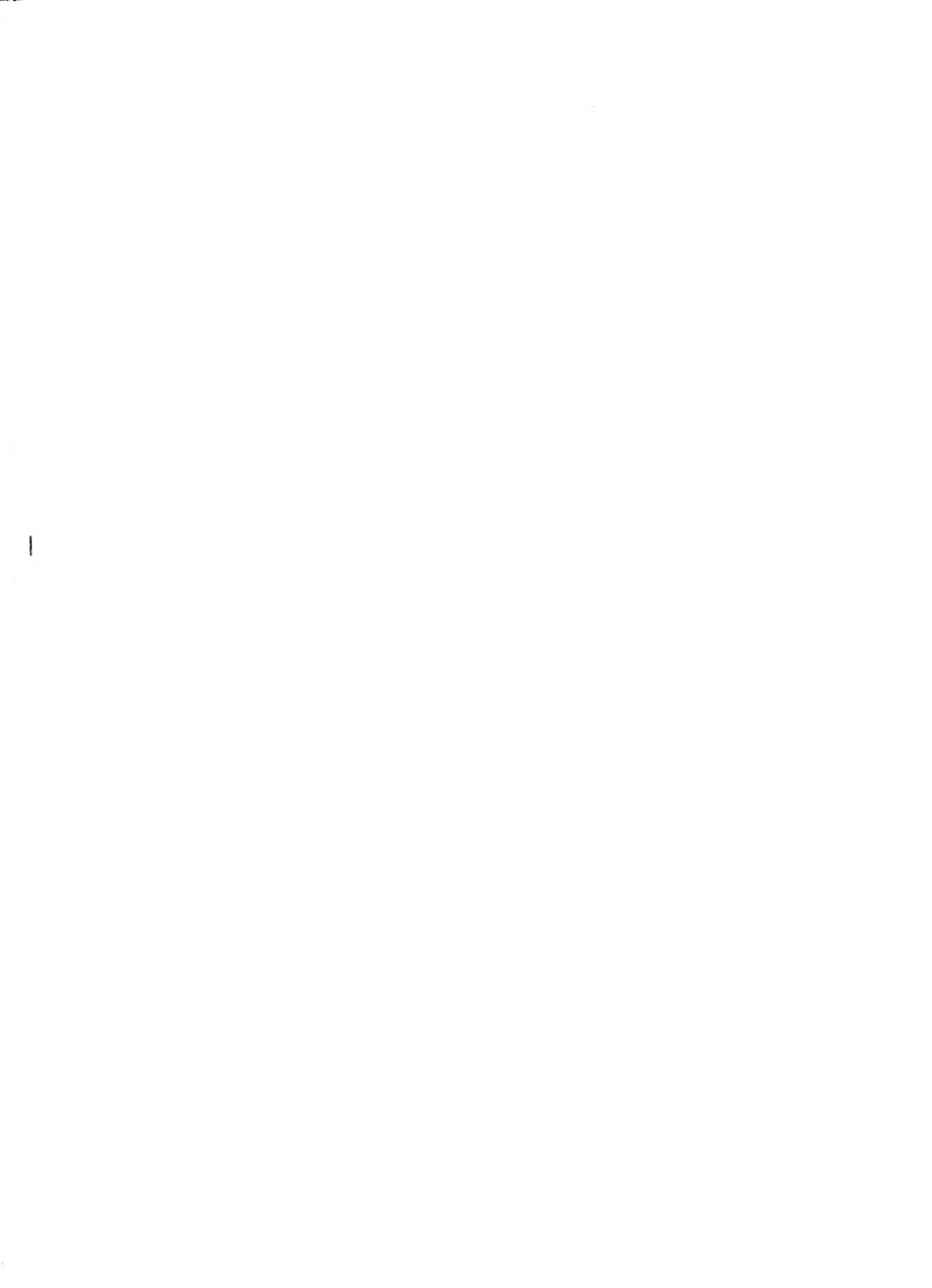
it was 'Natures', which was nature's kind of laxative. It was so ridiculous to me, because everywhere in Europe radio is a government controlled agency, and radio owners paid monthly dues to listen to the radio and there were no commercials whatsoever. It was our first exposure to the American way of life. We listened mostly to station WTOB, in Washington, D.C.

There were some other interesting discoveries. We listened to Walter Winchell, with his dramatic staccato voice and very high strung information. We also listened to the very pleasant voice and excellent diction of Arthur Godfrey, and what amazed me was Arthur Godfrey's handling of advertisers. He had quite an interesting approach--he was actually laughing and making jokes about the sponsors of his program. Day in and day out whenever he talked about the main sponsor of his program, a certain Zlotnik the furrier in Washington, D.C., he was making jokes and making fun of that store.

Another interesting discovery in the radio programs was music. Among tunes which were not familiar to me, and typically American, I frequently recognized tunes based on melodies by Rachmaniov, Chopin, Beethoven, etc. which were changed into popular songs. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard popular songs based on these tunes, but it was an interesting experience. I learned a lot of American tunes at that time. My memory preserves songs like "Chasing rainbows" or "Open the door, Richard", and another which made no sense at all which started "Chicory chic chalak chalak, chakarumi ina bananica chicory chic" and so forth.

One day I was called by my American friends, the two captains, to go with them to one of the buildings in Fort Hunt, where I had to be interviewed by several high ranking officers. One of them was even of general rank.

I realized later on that the purpose was to establish firmly my past identity. They apparently were quite aware of my biographical sketch that I presented initially, but they couldn't check any sources like United Press



or any one else without showing their interest in me, so they couldn't afford to get information about me through that channel.

So at that conference, after a few questions pertaining to my past in Belgrade particularly, one of the officers, a colonel, asked, "By the way, since you lived in Belgrade and worked there for the British Press and the U.P. did you ever happen to know a Mr. Smythe?"

Smythe was an American car dealer for Packard and Chrysler in Belgrade and he had a flourishing business, for he supplied the royal family and court and all ministers with those wonderful Packards and limousines, which at that time served everywhere in that part of the world as a status symbol for higher authorities.

I knew Smythe quite well, for at one time Atherton and I were dealing with him and Atherton bought an old jalopy from him. Moreover, I met him socially on many occasions with my American friends and so forth, so when I was asked that question, I said, "Smythe? Bill Bmythe? Yes, sure I know him. I know him quite well! I remember that he always had champagne cocktail parties and that he was married to a Hungarian girl, redheaded, a very vivacious and attractive girl!"

At that point the colonel smiled, looked at other officers around him and said, "Well, I think that proves Mr. Albov's identity beyond any doubt," so the interview was finished. They all shook hands with me and I was dismissed and taken back to our log cabin.

For entertainment our liaison captains finally decided to take us to do some fishing on the Potomac River. We would drive out the entrance of Fort Hunt, cross the highway leading to Alexandria, and then to the river bank where a boat was waiting for us and then we would go and fish. Usually we were catching Potomac River eels. They didn't look too attractive to me but then we learned to barbecue them and they were just delicious. The first time we

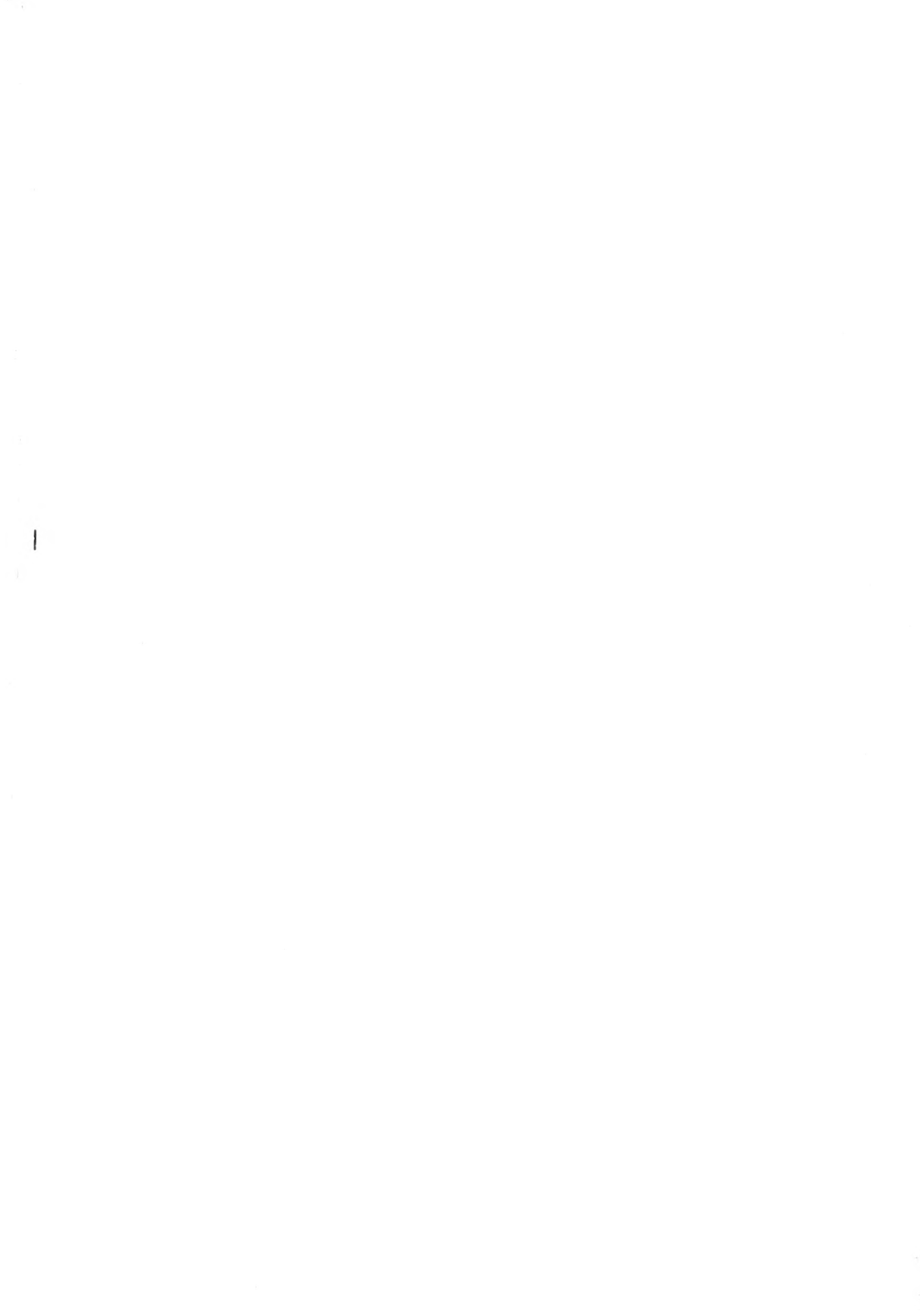


brought our catch back to our log cabin. The captains were with us; they brought with them some whiskey and we barbecued the eels and had a wonderful time. Also on 2 or 3 occasions we were driven to Virginia to some isolated places where they were sure we would not meet many people. We went as far as the monument to Stonewall Jackson and had a picnic nearby, and at the same time continuing working very hard in our cabins supplying the necessary information.

Finally the big day, V-J day, came. I heard about that over the radio and it was a big, great moment. So the war for all practical purposes was over. We began to hope that our semi-imprisonment was over too, but we had still to stay in isolation because the American authorities were afraid that something might go wrong before our new identity was firmly established and we got a legitimate status for living in the U.S. Finally the fall came without any particular change, and we were getting kind of depressed. To help us build up our morale it was decided one day that we could go to have some meals in a Chinese restaurant in Alexandria, Virginia, so we went there in the evening. There I tried Chinese food for the first time in my life--I liked it --and then we again went back. But that was the only outside exodus that we made.

Then the fall came, the weather changed and we were in the midst of winter. I remember how depressed I became at Christmas time, particularly since I didn't have a chance to establish communication with my sister Tania, who was still somewhere in Germany. I didn't know anything about her and she didn't know anything about me, but that was part of the deal.

Now the question of our status became more clear. One day a colonel who was assigned now as the head of our group told me that the time had come for us to do certain things with the Immigration Office and then confidentially he told me the whole thing, and asked me not to tell that to my friends. We were talking again in a separate place outside of our cabin. He told



me that the Intelligence service had tried very hard to resolve our status through an act of Congress but they learned that the Congressional committee dealing with that particular matter was staffed with certain people who were unreliable as far as keeping these secrets was concerned, namely that they could have revealed a part of our story which would have blown up the whole project. Since they couldn't go through that particular channel, namely through Congress, they decided that the whole thing would be resolved at the highest level. I don't know how high it was, but anyhow it was decided that our custody by the Army would be transferred to the immigration authorities. For that purpose we were taken to the Immigration Office in Washington in a very hush-hush sort of way and in an isolated room at that agency we were interviewed by the director of the Immigration Office at that time. And present at that interview was the colonel in charge of our project representing the War Department and the head of the Immigration Department. An exchange of papers took place and we at that moment switched from the custody of the Army to the custody of the immigration authorities. It didn't mean that we were already bonafide immigrants; we were in the custody of the immigration authorities until an arrangement could be made for us to make a legal entry into the country, because we were at that point under custody as illegal aliens, but it gave us all the freedom that we wanted, and that was wonderful. However, the Army was still responsible for holding us as far as our work with classified material was concerned.

Of course, in the preceding narrative I have telescoped events. They were developing much slower than it would seem from my narrative in this chapter. Actually the whole process of our transfer from the custody of the Army to the custody of the immigration authorities, including an arrangement for illegal entry into the United States and obtaining status of legal immigrants, took about 2 1/2 years, from our arrival in the United States on

25 May 1945 until the exceptionally interesting moment of our legal entry into the United States, arranged jointly by the Army and State Department, on 13 November 1947.

Before going into the details pertaining to my life during that long period I should emphasize that in spite of the fact that this whole period of my life was full of drama and changes and the search for a new way of living in a new country, I was aware of how insignificant these personal problems were when projected against the great and awesome events which were taking place in the whole world. They included the birth of atomic energy, introducing us to the atomic age, of the end of World War II--the most terrible war known to humanity--and finally the dangers grown from the dangerous growth of communist power in the world, which confirmed my predictions made for the Department of the Army in my reports.

Chapter 72 Scenario X

In order to shorten my narrative I have again to telescope the time of events which took place during that period, and certain events too. First of all I have to express my deep gratitude to the Army Intelligence for the wonderful job it did in handling our case and making our life comfortable and secure. As we kept our part of the bargain, providing the War Department with important and sensitive information dealing with complex problems arising from the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, Army Intelligence scrupulously kept its part of the bargain with us. Throughout the time that we were in the Washington area and working on the assigned classified project the intelligence branch provided us with room and board, medical aid, extra facilities, etc., never charging us a penny, while our salaries were accumulating in our personal accounts in the branch bank of the Pentagon, and securing for us employment after we finally left the Washington area. As



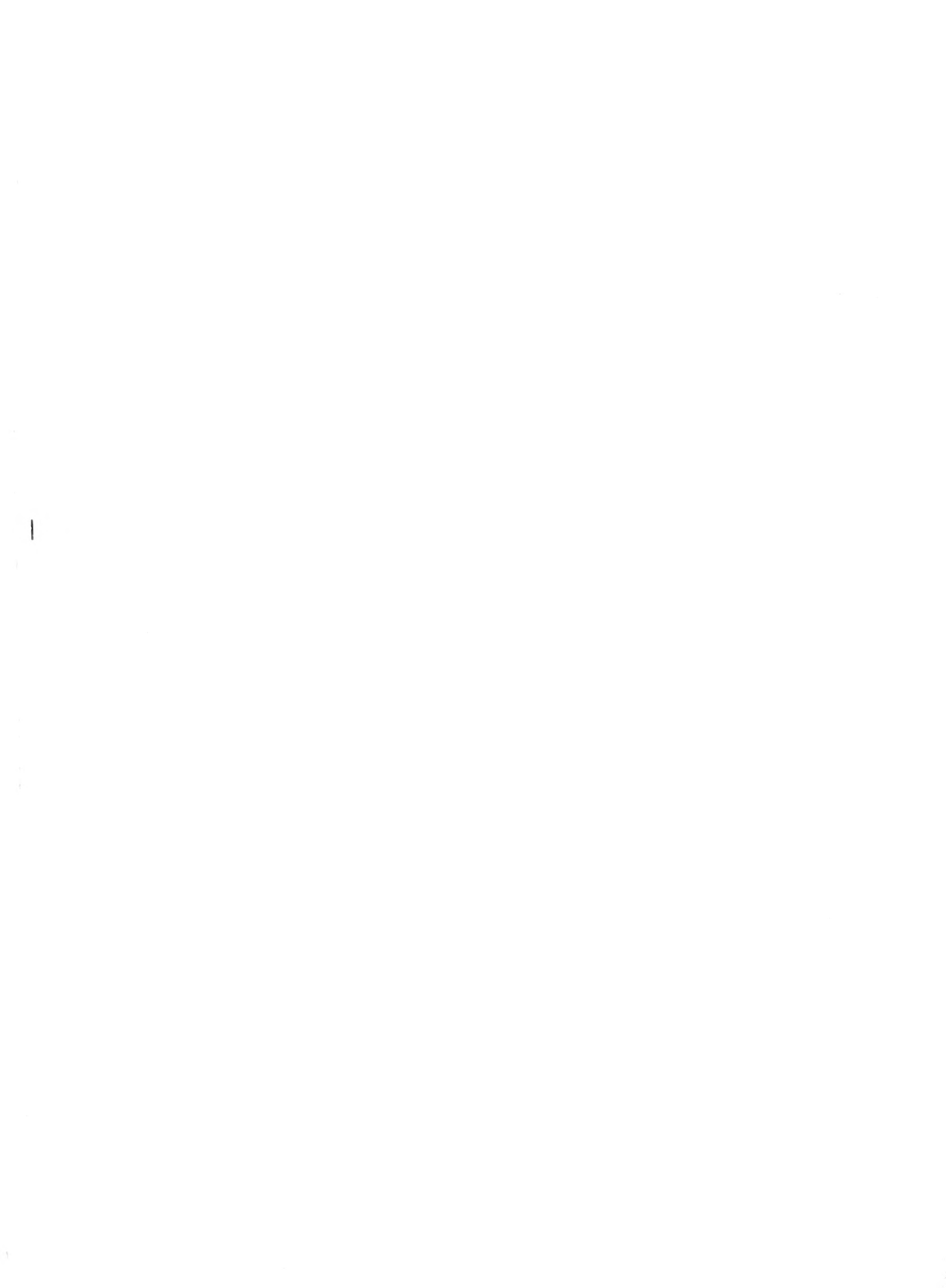
long as I live I will remember with the deepest gratitude all the wonderful people at the Army Intelligence headquarters who were associated with our project.

I wanted to repay my debt to the United States and the Army and Providence gave me a wonderful opportunity to do that. Of course for the first two years, as I already described, I worked very thoroughly on the project for Army Intelligence. My work was recognized by a letter from the Intelligence headquarters covering that period. It was a letter of commendation issued by the office of the Assistant Chief of Staff of Intelligence, and it read as follows:

"This is to certify that Alexander Paul Albov, born 29 June 1901 at Lomzha, Poland, performed in a superior manner the service of special advisor to the War Department of the United States government continuously during the period 1st June 1945 through 15 November 1947. Mr. Albov rendered exceptionally meritorious service to the government of the United States, and is commended for his valuable assistance to the War Department during the aforementioned period. Signed, Robert L. Ashworth, Colonel, General Staff, Chief Administrative Division."

My work at the Army Language School, later renamed the Defense Language Institute, was also appreciated by the Army, and shortly before my retirement from the D.L.I. I got a bronze medal, the Meritorious Service Award of the Department of the Army, with a citation which reads as follows:

"Department of the Army, Decoration for meritorious civilian service, Alexander P. Albov has received official commendation for meritorious performance of duty and citation for exemplary service as director of the Eastern Slavic Division, D.L.I., West Coast Branch, from 1 January 1960 through 31 December 1970. During this period Professor Albov demonstrated unusual initiative in devising new and improved



work methods and procedures which effected a substantial saving in manpower. He achieved outstanding results in the Russian language training program and rendered public relations service of a distinctive character. As a consequence of Professor Albov's personal effort and leadership the D.L.I. West Coast Branch has gained an outstanding reputation in the United States and abroad for the Russian language training program, Signed Stanley Lassen, Lieutenant General."

I quote these two citations not for the purpose of bragging but to show how much I appreciated my newly adopted country and how much I tried to do my best to repay all the wonderful things that this country provided to me. I should be remembered that during the period between the years 1945 and 1947 the Cold War was initiated by the Soviets, who after the end of World War II not only did not demobilize their armed forces but kept them at full strength and initiated the most open and shameful aggression against their neighbors, which resulted in the subjugation of Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Albania. The western allies with the leadership of the United States managed to preserve in Eastern Europe the integrity and freedom of only two countries, Austria and Greece. My prophesy, expressed in innumerable memoranda which I have written about the real intentions of Soviet Russia, came true, and belatedly the general staff of the U.S. Army, and particularly the Intelligence Branch of the Army, agreed with me that the idea of preserving and utilizing the anti-communist Russian forces embodied in the Vlasov Liberation Army in Germany had not been a bad idea and could have helped the United States in her struggle against communism in the Cold War.

Our group, coming to the United States from Europe with the help of U.S. Intelligence, actually blazed the trail for a stream of defectors from

the Soviet Union which included not only high ranking officers of the Soviet Army but also members of the Soviet diplomatic corps, etc. They included such names as Kravchenko, who later published the best seller, I Chose Freedom; Barmine, who later became head of the Russian program of the Voice of America; the famous Gouzenko, the cipher clerk of the Soviet embassy in Canada, who provided the Western world with valuable information pertaining to the Soviet espionage system, and finally, the tragic figure of Colonel Penkovsky, whose Penkovsky papers became a must reading for the American intelligence community. All of them followed in the footsteps of the three of us, Novak, Litvin and myself.

While living at the cabin at Fort Hunt we were close to nature and learned many things about nature of that Washington area. We were fascinated by the blue jays; their behavioral pattern was a very interesting one. They were very aggressive, attacking any food that was left on the table outside our cabin. Then we also observed the beautiful bird called the cardinal. I had never seen these two birds in the Old World.

As soon as we were put under the jurisdiction of the immigration authorities we were much freer and started to go to downtown Washington. First we arranged our financial matters in the bank located in the Pentagon, and were amazed at how much money we had accumulated within that time. We bought things right and left, first of all of course civilian clothing. I bought myself both winter and wummer suits, shoes, and so forth, and even a tuxedo, though there was of course no occasion yet to use it anywhere. I started to go to the Russian church, which was located in the center of Washington in a little private house, and in that church after the service I met several former friends of mine from the Belgrade era, and through them I met the girl who was destined to become my wife. Tekla was singing in the church choir; she had a beautiful contralto voice and it was love at first sight. I started courting her at that very moment--it

1

was 1946--and we were married in California on 18 June 1948.

But although we were free we were still technically under custody of the immigration authorities but working under the auspices of the Pentago. We were moved several times. From Fort Hunt, which was a very closely restricted area, we moved to the huge military post called Fort Belvoir, near Alexandria, a Corps of Engineers post. We lived there also in a BOQ (Bachelor Officers quarter), with one of the officers who shared our accommodations there and helped us with everything. From there we moved south to Fort Meyer. This was very close to the famous Pentagon Building. Actually we were already working part time in the Pentagon, going from Fort Meyer through an underground tunnel to the Pentagon. We were already completely free, and living at Fort Meyer provided us with the opportunity to go often to Washington, D.C. because there were buses running by and taxis were available.

My insistence at not changing my name was confirmed very dramatically one day when the three of us, accompanied by our friend, whom I will call Captain Black, were walking by the old Willard Hotel in the center of Washington, when we came face to face with my former boss in the UP office in Belgrade, George Kidd.

"Alex!" he shouted, and came up to me. "What are you doing here? We all thought that you had died in Germany!"

Captain Black, who wore civilian clothes, was very excited. He was shocked that somebody in Washington had recognized me, and he was particularly upset because Novak and Litvin were in our group.

And then the most ridiculous scene took place. Captain Black came to me and George Kidd and interrupting our conversation said, "You must excuse us, sir," addressing George Kidd, "we are in a great hurry and have to go," and asked me to follow him, so we were started almost running down Pennsylvania Avenue. My friends asked me loudly in Russian, "What's happening?" and George

Kidd was left behind standing stunned by the whole thing. Turning my head I saw, however, that he started to walk following our group. Captain Black rushed us into the restaurant, O'Donnells, once famous for its sea food. He then asked me who the man was who recognized me, and I told him that it was my former boss from United Press, George Kidd. Captain Black was kind of relieved by this, but at that moment George Kidd came into the restaurant, and came up to me asking questions and looking very suspiciously at my friends. However, Captain Black didn't give us a chance to talk much. He came to George Kidd, took him aside, and talked to him almost in whispers, apparently showing him his ID card identifying him as an intelligence officer. After that he came to us, paid for the drinks and we left the restaurant. As we passed George Kidd he shouted to me, "Alex, I hope I will see you soon!" But Captain Black went out, hailed a taxi and off we went back to Fort Hunt.

The whole thing was, of course, ridiculous, but it brought home to our intelligence officers that it was useless to change my name since I might be recognized anywhere not only by Russians but by the Americans.

But there is an interesting end to that story. George Kidd at that time after he left United Press had become an officer of Navy intelligence, and he was conscious that something very strange had happened to his former friend and collaborator in the U.P., so he filed a report to his superiors in the Navy intelligence describing the whole strange scene, that he had seen me in Washington on the street near the Willard Hotel, that I was with some strange characters talking Russian, and with an officer who tried to prove to him that he was with Army Intelligence. That report went through to the highest authorities and, of course, reached our intelligence group leaders. When the whole thing was revealed, the Navy was satisfied with the explanation given by the Army Intelligence authorities and the incident ended with this exchange of reports between the two intelligence entities, the Navy and Army, and apparently it was



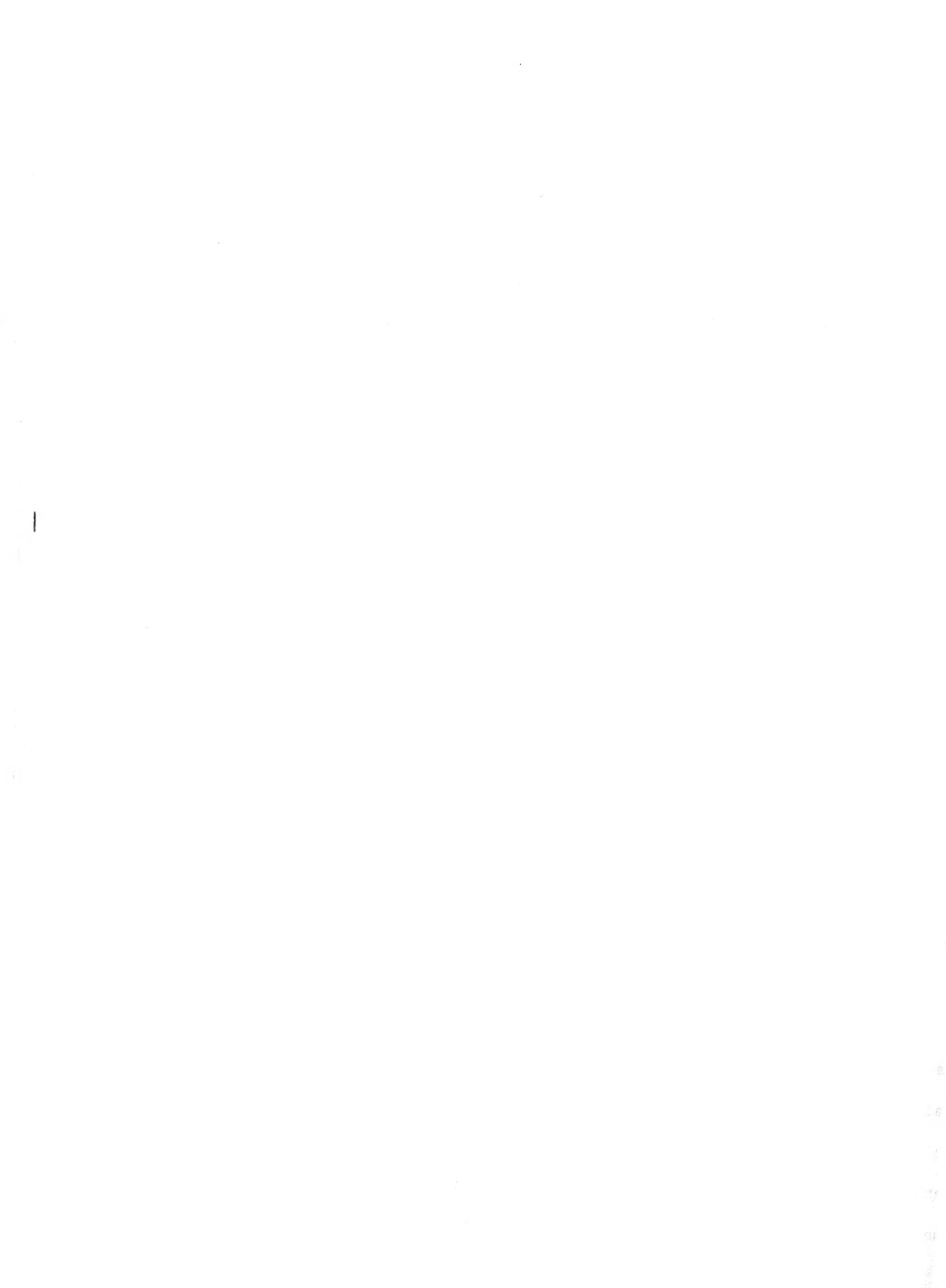
to George Kidd's satisfaction because later on he as well as Captain Black told me how concerned they were about the whole incident. George Kidd told me he was particularly concerned when he heard people talking Russian. He couldn't imagine what that could be. Seeing me somehow afraid to talk, he was under the impression, which he stressed in his report to the Navy Intelligence, that I might be in the hands of Soviet agents who were trying to kidnap me, or for some other purpose.

After this, no one in our Intelligence ever raised the question again about the desirability of changing my name. So I retained our old family name up to the present time. My son will carry that name and will pass it on to his family, and I hope his family will continue that tradition.

In the meantime, my work at the Pentagon, as well as my social life, intensified. I met many people and now I was free to go anywhere I wanted to since I was now under the jurisdiction of the Immigration Office, and although still an illegal alien in that custody, we were free to go anywhere, and I continued to meet more and more friends and to continue courting my future wife. We continued meeting at the Willard Hotel bar after her and my office hours; we went to concerts at Constitution Hall and we even travelled to New York one day.

Of course, I was particularly pleased that I managed to finally establish contact with Tania in Germany. It was done through a friend of mine, Colonel Denison, whose official address I used.

I didn't know to whom to write, so I got the address of Metropolitan Anastasii, the head of the Russian Church in Exile, who was very close to our family and who certainly, I was sure, would know the whereabouts of my sister Tania. So I wrote him advising him that I was safe and sound in the United States and I was hoping to reestablish contact with Tania. Finally a letter came; she was enthusiastic at hearing that everything was all right with me,



since they had heard terrible rumors that I had been captured by the Soviets, taken over and tortured and killed, etc. and she asked me to try to help her come to the United States. She had some good friends, one of them I discovered was a pretty big wheel in Wall Street, so I went to him and asked for an affidavit, which he gladly gave me to sent to Tania so she could come here.

I was in constant correspondence with Tania, however she complained that her heart was weak, and asked me to send a particular medicine that was not available in Germany at that time, and I managed to do so. Everything was all right until the sad day of August 27, 1947. I was working at our quarters in the south post of Fort Meyer and when Denison came in holding in his hand some kindof paper. It was an awfully hot day, I was working in my pajamas. He said, "Sit down, don't get excited, I'm afraid I have some bad news for you."

"What is it?" I asked.

He said, "We have just been notified that your sister Tania passed away in Germany."

It was a terrible shock to me.

I knew that people there like Metropolitan Anastasii would take care of her burial, etc., but my hope of reuniting my family faded away. We had memorial services in Washington attended by Tekla and many other friends. Tekla knew how much I was looking forward to Tania coming to the United States.

Our intelligence officers were exchanged and the late Colonel Edwin L. Clark was put in charge of our group. He was a real friend and benefactor and helped me in many ways. He took care of our future. One day, it was early November, he told me to tell my friends to get ready to fly to El Paso. He asked me only not to give the details of that flight to my friends, but to keep it to myself. He said that we would be flown with him in an army plane to El Paso, where we would stop overnight at Fort Bliss. Fort Bliss is an ordnance

research and development sub-office for rocketry. It was a classified institution.

We made the flight in a special two-engined aircraft which held about 12 people. We boarded it one morning and we flew to Texas. I believe we stopped at Dallas and then flew farther to El Paso. Because it was November it was a very bumpy flight. Colonel Clark, who accompanied us, suffered much from air sickness. Here for the first time I saw something which I had seen before only in the movies. He carried our documents in an attache case which was handcuffed to his wrist so that he would never lose it in any way. Before departure a military photographer was called who took pictures of us needed for passport or something, and we flew with all these documents to Fort Bliss. There we stayed overnight, I still have a special pass permitting my friends and me to move around Fort Bliss, which was a classified base.

And then a most unusual procedure took place. We arrived at Fort Bliss on the 9th of November. On the 10th of November after breakfast we were all ready and a limousine with the American consul general of Juarez came with his car from Mexico. We were asked to sit in his car, with the American flag on his limousine, the consul general and his driver drove across the border into the Mexican territory of Juarez without being asked or stopped because he was a consul general in his car. At the consulate building we were given an affidavit in lieu of passport in which we swore our names, ages, and so forth, and that document, which actually served as a passport, was stamped by the consular authorities, the photographs taken in Washington were affixed to that document and then when that procedure was accomplished we drove in the consular limousine to the border. This time we stopped at the border, and emerged from the car. The Mexican authorities stamped the document as an exit from Juarez; the American authorities on the other side of the border stamped it, and we paid some kind of \$8 tax per head as an entrance fee to the United States.



That was the most important moment. Finally, on the 10th of November 1945, we were admitted legally to the United States of America. It was a wonderful feeling. Now we were no longer aliens in the custody of the Immigration Office but were bonafide immigrants. We were very happy about that; at Fort Bliss we had a few drinks to celebrate and shortly after that we took off for Washington in the same special plane that had brought us there. It is hard to describe my feelings, how happy I was at that time. Finally the era of troubles and turbulence had ended, and I think it would be appropriate if at this point I changed the scenario, and from 10 November 1947 I became a legal immigrant into the United States.

I mentioned before, thatwhile we were still living at Fort Hunt the famous Werner von Braun, the German father of modern rocketry was brought from Germany, and was also at Fort Hunt. I found later that he went through the same procedure as we. Of course he didn't fly in our airplane, but according to an item in the local newspaper, dated 30 January 1977, they were taken to Mexico, and then walked back across the Rio Grande between Juarez and El Paso to gain official status as immigrants, a procedure similar to that employed with us.

The return flight was also very bumpy. Again Colonel Clark suffered from air sickness, but he was happy about our little adventure because the mission was successfully accomplished. There was only one moment of anxiety. It was already dark when we approached Washington and the pilot was looking with his flashlight at the wingtips of the plane because he noticed that ice was forming there. At that time they didn't have the de-icing devices that they have now, but we landed safely.

After arrival at Washington things moved rapidly. We arrived late in the evening of the 10th of November and first thing in the morning on the 11th I was summoned to the Pentagon and was told to be ready for a new assignment.

I was told that I was going to be interviewed by a certain Colonel Hathaway.

Colonel Hathaway said, "Well, now that you are a bona fide immigrant, we have a job for you."

"A job?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a job! As a teacher of Russian at the Army Language School, which is located in one of the most beautiful posts in the United States, in California, at Monterey."

I was pleased and shocked, as I suddenly realized that I was going to cut my ties with all my friends, but I had no choice, for I had to start working and earning money.

"Of course there will be an interview," he said. "One of the aspects of that interview will be for you to prove that you know the Russian language well. I would like you to talk to a captain who is our expert in Russian language, who is going to interview you."

He took me to another office and introduced me to a young captain, who greeted me in Russian. The moment he opened his mouth and greeted me I realized that his Russian was not of the native category. So I thought, "All right I will show you how the Russians say that," so he started asking questions and I gave him answers in such a way that I would probably give to some graduate student in Moscow, in the most sophisticated imaginary language possible. He listened with open mouth, grasping apparently only a few words here and there, and in the middle of one of my sentences he just stopped and said, "All right, all right, you know Russian quite well. Thank you very much, just wait here."

Chapter 74 Scenario XI

I was told to get ready for departure within a few days, that my travel orders would be cut very soon and the date of departure determined.



I had to get ready fast, packing my belongings. For that Tekla and my friends were very helpful. First I had to buy an army style footlocker, which I sent to California by railway express. I filled it with lots of clothing and things which I had acquired while living in Washington. We had a couple of farewell parties, and in my talks with Tekla it was almost agreed upon that if I got a secure permanent job in California she would come and marry me there, which made me very happy.

Three days after that, on the 14th of November, my travel orders were cut and given to me, but when I received them I was told a story which I was told was classified. The Army Intelligence was still concerned about me and they said that they would send me to California by Army aircraft, at that time of the Army Air Transport Command, in a direct flight from Washington National Airport to Fairfield-Suisun Army Airforce Base, now called Travis Airforce Base, where I would be given a vehicle to be driven to the Presidio of Monterey.

Colonel Hathaway when telling me of my forthcoming assignment told me. "Mr. Albov, you are a lucky fellow. You are going to be assigned to an Army language school where you will be a teacher of Russian to military personnel and you will be living on the most beautiful post of the entire United States Army, which is located on the Monterey Peninsula at a historic place called the Presidio of Monterey. It is a beautiful place climatically and otherwise. You will enjoy living there and I hope you will make a career there. However, we are concerned about your security until you are safely in the Army Language School. Therefore, your travel orders will not be cut with your name in them. You will be travelling instead incognito, under the name of Mr. Harry V. Thompson, a civilian consultant for the Department of the Army and you will reveal your real identity only when you arrive at the Presidio of Monterey when you first report to the commandant of the Army Language School. He said when



reporting to that commandant who will be advised in advance who you are, then everything will be all right.

It is interesting how these orders were written. I will read the contents, from the copy which I still possess.

SUBJECT

Subject Invitational travel orders 14 Nov 1947
issued by the Dept of the Army, the Adjutant General's Office.
To the commanding general, Air Transport Command,
Par. 1 Mr HARRY V. THOMPSON, a civilian consultant for
the army, Washington DC is hereby directed to report to the
Commanding Officer, Air Transport Command Terminal, Washington
National Airport, not later than 0830, 15 Nov 1947, for
transportation by air to Fairfield Suisun Army Airfield,
California, thence to the Presidio of Monterey, Monterey,
California, reporting upon arrival to the commandant, Army
Language School, for temporary duty of approximately 7 days and
upon completion thereof to return by air to proper station.
Travel by military aircraft is directed as necessary in the
military service for accomplishment of an emergency mission
and no fare therefore will be assessed. Baggage to accompany
the individual will be marked with the owner's full name,
will accompany the individual to the port of aerial embarkation
and will be limited to a total of 100 pounds. The Commanding
General, Air Transport Command, will furnish the necessary air
transportation and coordinate with all concerned. By order
of the Sec of the Army, Adjutant General

signature

Copies were furnished the individual through Major Gibbs, ID,
10 copies, Major Gibbs 2 copies, CO Washington DA Air
Transport Command 2, CO Fairfield Suisun Army Airforce Base,
Calif 2, Commandant Army Language School, Monterey, California, 2
Budget Section, AGO, 1.

So this was the orders under which I travelled. It was explained to me not to get alarmed, that it was only a 7 day assignment. They had to include that in my travel orders in order to be able to avoid paying my transportation. "When you arrive there," they said, "your return will be cancelled, since Mr. Harry Thompson will vanish into thin air."

An Army sedan was sent to pick me up with my luggage, and before going I called Tekla. She and I were saddened by our separation, but I had high



hopes for the future, and apparently so did she.

So I boarded the plane; it was a big plush affair. There were stewardesses who were army WAC personnel, there were stewards who served also the food and drinks; there were even a couple of card tables for playing bridge. I was very much impressed by the whole accommodation. We took off at 0930, flying west. There were not many passengers; not all the seats of that huge plane were filled.

Everything was fine and serene and I knew that it was supposed to be a non-stop flight. Since the winter days are short, suddenly it became dark and then the weather got bad. At that time the aircraft did not have pressurized cabins and therefore we were flying relatively low. In order to fly over really bad weather we had to climb to over 19,000 feet, which was considered dangerous for human beings and all of us were given oxygen masks. The weather got worse and worse. We were approaching the continental divide; it was dark but through the windows I could see the snow flying past the darkened windows.

Then something strange happened. A sergeant came from the pilot's compartment in front bringing with him a flashlight. The flooring of the plane was a beautiful soft carpet. The sergeant stopped near the seat where I was sitting and took a pen knife out of his pocket and cut out a piece of that carpet. I watched him in consternation not realizing what was going on. Underneath there was something like a cover. He then brought a screddriver and unscrewed something. There was a little hole, he looked with his flashlight inside of that hole, put the cover back, screwed it up, put the piece of carpet over that and rushed to the pilot. The pilot summoned the 2 stewardesses, in black uniforms. I began to feel uneasy, realizing that something unusual was going on.

Suddenly a stewardess, looking very pale, came out of the pilot's cabin and through an intercom system addressed the passengers.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I have an announcement to make at the request of the captain." And then she made an introductory remark which shook me up. She said, "you know that when you take off in an aircraft any kind of emergency can happen."

At the word "emergency" my heart sank.

She said, "we are flying against very strong headwinds, which have considerably delayed our flight. We have checked our auxiliary tanks which are already very low." Now I know why the sergeant ripped the carpets and looked into something on the floor. "And therefore," she continued, "we will not make the Suisun airfield in California but we'll have to land somewhere in between to get gas."

After that speech I really didn't feel too well.

"Please don't get upset," she said, "we have an experienced pilot who will try!--I didn't like that word--"to bring our plane to safety in Ogden, Utah. It will take approximately an hour and a half of our flight time."

I must say I spent most of this hour and a half in meditation and praying as I had prayed only in real time of trouble. Finally the pilot announced that we were approaching Ogden Air Base, and when I looked down and saw the lights of the airport again I gave a sigh of relief. We landed safely in Ogden. The weather was terrible; it was snow and wind, and the pilot said that he had decided that after refueling we were not going to continue to Suisun Air Base until morning, by which time, according to the forecast, the weather would improve. So we spent the rest of the night at the airport. In the morning the weather had indeed improved. The airplane was gassed fully and we took off. We arrived at our destination, Fairfield Suisun Army Air Force Base, around noon on the 16th.

From there I had to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey. My orders were like magic, they opened all doors. An Army Air Force sedan and driver



were given me and he drove me all the way from the present day Travis Air Force Base to Monterey where I arrived late at night on the 16th of November.

I located the duty officer, a very nice captain of Japanese descent, and asked him if it would be too late to call the commandant to tell him that I had arrived.

He said, "No, I will call the commandant, for we were expecting you. He knows that something delayed your arrival." So he called the commandant at his quarters and told him that a certain Harry Thompson had arrived from Washington. The commandant said, "All right, arrange for him a room at the bachelor officers quarters, take care for him, and ask him to report to me first thing in the morning tomorrow, the 17th of November."

I was hungry so told that to the captain. He said, "All right, everything is closed all ready, so we will go to a little cafe at the entrance to the Presidio." This cafe still stands there, at the entrance to the Presidio from Pine Street. That was the only time I was ever in it.

We went there, the cafe was still open, but they didn't have any food, but at the captain's insistence they said that they would prepare me some scrambled eggs, toast and milk. So I had my first supper at midnight at that cafe, and then the duty officer drove me to the bachelor officer's quarters, where a nice room was assigned to me. He told me where the shower room was, toilets, etc. and I settled down there.

The first thing in the morning I put on the best suit I had. I didn't have much to choose from because my best clothing was travelling in the footlocker by express.

At 0800 I went to the headquarters. At that time one commandant, Colonel Thorpe, was leaving and another, Colonel Barnwell, was assuming command, so I reported to both of them. I showed Colonel Barnwell my orders and he said, "You can reveal your proper name now. We know that you are Alexander

Albov. The orders can be destroyed." They called the head of the Russian program, the director of the Slavic division, Major Mitchell. He came and greeted me warmly.

I got a room in quarters closer to the classrooms, near the chapel, in what is now called the Chapel Annex.

Major Mitchell told me that I was going to teach in a few days but first I would have to go and observe classes in order to get acquainted with the methodology and approach so he said I would have about two or three days for that before I would start teaching.

Well, I believed in that, however something happened to one of the instructors and they needed a substitute at once, so after a couple of hours observing classes in action, and teaching in these classes, I was called by Major Mitchell, who said, "I am sorry, Mr. Albov, but I have to send you to class immediately."

This was quite a shock but by now I was ready for anything and it was nothing compared to what I had experienced in the past. Anyhow I was sent to a classroom, given a textbook and told, "You start teaching at this page and that paragraph and so forth". I had only a vague idea of what to do. However, when I entered the classroom, in which there were six students, some of them officers, and some non-commissioned officers, who eagerly looked at me, seeing a new face, I introduced myself as their new instructor, opened the book and started teaching. Something strange happened to me at that moment of my first exposure to a class. I realized that I liked the teaching process and this, as the French say, coup de foudre, determined my future career in teaching. I suddenly felt that this was going to be my profession, that I liked to see these students, that I liked to look at them, see their eagerness to learn something from me because I was the only source of information that I could convey to them, and so I carried on teaching.



However, I was a little disappointed with the text materials that I was given, but I considered it too early to start criticising the text materials but after time was passing and I was teaching by the way Class No. 1 of the Russian program, with every day I realized that the textbooks were not fit for this particular program because it was an intensive language course and the text materials were not prepared for this, so each instructor had to improvise. I didn't mind the improvisation, but at the same time we had an obligation to cover certain materials and I had to cover that fast and then improvise explaining certain grammar rules and so forth, and that was a task.

By the time the first class had to graduate which was in the middle of December and seeing the prepared final examination I went to the head of the Russian department and told him I would like to suggest some different final test than the one that had been prepared by some one else. "Why?", he asked. I said, "the final examination doesn't test all the aspects of language training that we exposed the students to."

"All right," he said, "you say that you don't like this final examination, sit down and prepare your own and we will see whether it will be accepted or not."

I eagerly started working on a final test and I was thinking of the future assignments for the graduates of the Russian program. I knew that they would be certain to be put in the position of interpreters, interrogators, etc., so my final test was prepared with the stress on translation and interpreting, particularly oral interpreting. I visualized that an instructor should ask question of the examinee, then one student would translate that into English, the other would translate the answer back into Russian and vice versa. The students would have to ask questions in Russian which would be translated in English, and so forth. My intention was to test their ability to act as translators and oral interpreters and also I prepared a written examination on similar bases and even requested certain narratives.

When I submitted my draft for a final examination it was immediately approved. I must say that the leadership of this nucleus Russian faculty-- they were not very experienced teachers and therefore they liked any kind of suggestion and innovation that would improve the testing system.

Well, this encouraged me and after a couple of months I came to the conclusion that the existing, commercially produced textbooks were not fit for the intensive program that we used at the Army Language School, as it was called at that time, that we should develop our own text materials, because what we had been given were haphazardly taken from reading portions and crammed vocabulary in these segments were not unified; it was hard to teach and I realized that the students were suffering; they did not learn as fast as they should. I finally gained courage and went to see Major Mitchell, at that time director of the Slavic group, and told him what I thought of the course. He listened attentively and said, "You have a point here, however, in the Army an oral report is not sufficient. Why don't you sit down--I'll let you teach less classes--and prepare a written report with your suggestions for changes in text materials and so forth."

I was happy about that; I had already certain ideas so I put them down and prepared a report. I heard later that my report was taken and shown to the commandant, who apparently was impressed by my suggestions and this resulted later in something that I will tell later.

However, I have to tell a kind of interesting experience I had as an instructor. It is probably known to all educators that students, when they see a new instructor, they want to kind of test him on his ability to keep calm under any kind of pressures and interruptions and so forth. It so happened that in one of my classes, consisting of only officers, there was a Major B--. He apparently wanted to see how long I would endure his student's tricks, so during my introductory class he made some smart remarks, asked some obviously foolish

questions and took too much of my time. I told him, "Major, please do not interrupt the class. I will come to the point; I will explain to you." But he continued that and what was particularly unnerving was that all his smart remarks usually resulted in the students laughing. I didn't like that for I realized that it undermined my prestige as an instructor, which is^a very important aspect of teaching.

Finally, after two or three days, I had had enough and I asked Major B-- to see me after class. He came to my faculty room after class and since there were several instructors there I said, "Major, we had better step outside, as I want to talk to you privately." And I told him, "Major, let us make it clear, you know that you are interrupting class procedure; you are trying to make a laughing stock of me with your smart remarks and I'll tell you one thing, that if it doesn't end I will go to the Slavic Division director, Major Mitchell, or even to the commandant and I will tell them that after this either you or I will remain in this school; we cannot cooperate unless you put an end to this."

I must give credit to him, the next time I came to that class, he stood up and in the presence of all the other students told me, "I have been considering everything that you told me. Yes, I was foolishly playing some kind of tricks on you, and I promise you, in the presence of my colleagues, the officers here, that it will never happen again!" He came up to me, shook hands, and I must say that until the end of the course he never did anything to obstruct the teaching and he was one of my greatest supporters in everything that we were doing in and outside of the classroom.

But as we went deeper into teaching, I saw that although the faculty was growing, there was no way to train them, nobody to tell them how to teach. I saw the need to do something drastic, and talked about this on several occasions with Major Mitchell, who was fully on my side.

Here I insert something of a personal nature. In 1948 Tekla finally decided that we should get married. She came from Washington to California, and we were married on the 18th of June in the Presidio Chapel. It was a very happy occasion, but since only one of her relatives could come so far from the east coast to the west, only her niece managed to come here, representing her family at our wedding, so upon the advice of some of my friends, officer-students, I went to the commandant and asked him to give my wife away, in place of her father. It was in the army tradition they said, and I must say it was a wonderful ceremony, with lots of friends, both faculty and students and after the reception at the officers' club, which was possible because it was a regular commandant's reception of that day, we settled down. At that time married faculty were assigned living quarters in the so-called Ord Village. It was military living quarters for the officers and an exception was made also for the married members of the Army Language School faculty.

Another thing I should mention was that in April 1949 Michael was born and that was the most, of course the most, significant moment of our lives. We had gradually managed to buy some furniture, and I was concerned about the fate of Lusha, the devoted servant who after the death of my sister in Munich remained there alone. She was helping some other families, but she wanted to come to the United States. Through the Red Cross I managed to arrange that. Tekla gave an affidavit and she finally came to help Tekla in taking care of our baby, Michael.

While Tekla was still in the hospital after giving birth to Michael, the commandant called me in, and told me that I was being selected as one of the four instructors representing various language groups to go to Cornell University in New York and take a course there in language teaching methodology and linguistics. The time of departure was set for August. I was very proud of this assignment, for I knew that I needed some post-graduate work in the sciences

directly related to my position as a teacher. I was a little afraid to leave Tekla and our new-born son at that time, but everything ended all right.

Four of us made the trip. I represented the Slavic Group, another man Far Eastern languages, a third one the Romance-Germanic languages, and a fourth one the Near Eastern languages. At Cornell we attended some very interesting courses. We had a brilliant group of professors in linguistics and language teaching and methodology. The courses were very intensive and we were given tremendous amounts of background materials to read in the evenings; I barely had time to sleep sometimes, studying until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, then getting up at 7 o'clock, but the whole thing was worthwhile. We had such well known professors of linguistics as Cowan, Charles Hockett, Robert Hall and William Bolton--all familiar names for anyone who studied linguistics. At that time the structural linguistics was based on theories developed by Bloomfield, so it was called Bloomfieldian linguistics at that time.

Chapter 76 Scenario XI

At this point I have to go back a little bit to tell what kind of assignment I had before I was sent to Cornell. It was probably a contributing factor for my selection to go to Cornell. The story was this: the Department of the Army requested that an Army language proficiency test be developed to test the ability or knowledge of the Russian language by army personnel who claimed this knowledge. I had to prepare the proficiency test at five levels. To avoid any chance of compromising this test I was asked to work on it alone with only one bilingual typist assigned to me. I also personally had to voice record the entire test. That Army language proficiency test was used for over ten years by all army installations in the US and overseas. I think the qualified people in Washington were impressed by the contents of the test that I prepared and apparently they told the commandant of this, and he was sufficiently impressed



so that he selected me to go to Cornell. It created a little jealousy among some of the higher grade instructors who thought that they had come earlier to the school, particularly the chairman of the Russian department, but that was the commandant's decision.

Upon my return from Cornell I made a thorough report about everything I learned there, and also made some specific suggestions how our programs in Russian and other Slavic languages could be improved. My report was endorsed and accepted by the commandant and I was given the task of implementing the suggested procedure. Since I was just a simple instructor it was hard for me to do anything, so the commandant ordered that I be elevated to the position of assistant director of the Slavic Language Division. That was in 1949.

Now I had a free hand to start implementing this program. I was told to give^a series of lectures to the faculty personnel, which included Russian instructors and instructors of the Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian, Czech and Polish departments--the entire Slavic division.

It should be remembered that all this was happening at the time of intensification of the so-called cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union. Even when we were flying from Monterey to Ithaca via Washington we couldn't fly direct because all army planes were at that time being used to alleviate the terrible conditions in Berlin, the so-called Berlin blockade. The situation was very tense, not unlike what happened much later in the so-called confrontation about the Cuban missiles. Since the number of students that were taught at the Army Language School depended on the overall strategic situation in the United States, there were increased demands for recruiting more faculties, since the number of students who had to study Russian increased tenfold. So the question arose where to find these instructors. I told the commandant that the only way to send somebody to the East Coast where most of the people who came from Russia and from DP camps in Europe were, and to



screen and recruit them, particularly in New York and in Washington. I told the commandant that I felt myself qualified to do that because I had quite a few connections in New York, including the editors of the Russian newspapers and the Tolstoy Foundation which took care of Russian immigrants when they came to the United States, and I knew some people who occupied important positions in the United Nations in Flushing, New York.

The commandant said he would consider that, and so one day in 1950 he called me and said, smiling, "Well, Mr. Albov, I will call your bluff; I have given an order that you should go to the East Coast with a legal officer from my staff for the purpose of recruiting and bringing in a certain number of Russian instructors."

The first group was to consist of about 20 people. I suggested that an announcement be made through the New York Russian language newspapers, and I sent official letters to the Tolstoy Foundation and other organizations advising them that a representative of the Army Language School--my name was mentioned--would interview people at the Henry Hudson Hotel, a hotel which was used by the military personnel for overseas assignment. I even sent a personal letter to the widow of the former commander of the White Army, Mrs. Xenia Denikin, she knew some people who were good instructors.

It was a very hectic experience and an interesting one. The legal officer, who was a WAC major, and I stayed in that hotel, and we used a special area on the terrace for people to write their resumes. I prepared and gave each of the applicants certain topics which they would answer and write their stories. This was an important thing because I wanted besides the oral interview to check whether their speech had any impediment either physical, or grammatical, such as improper pronunciation. I wanted to see their ability to write correct literary Russian. Hundreds of people came and applied. The time of our presence in New York coincided with the outbreak of the Korean

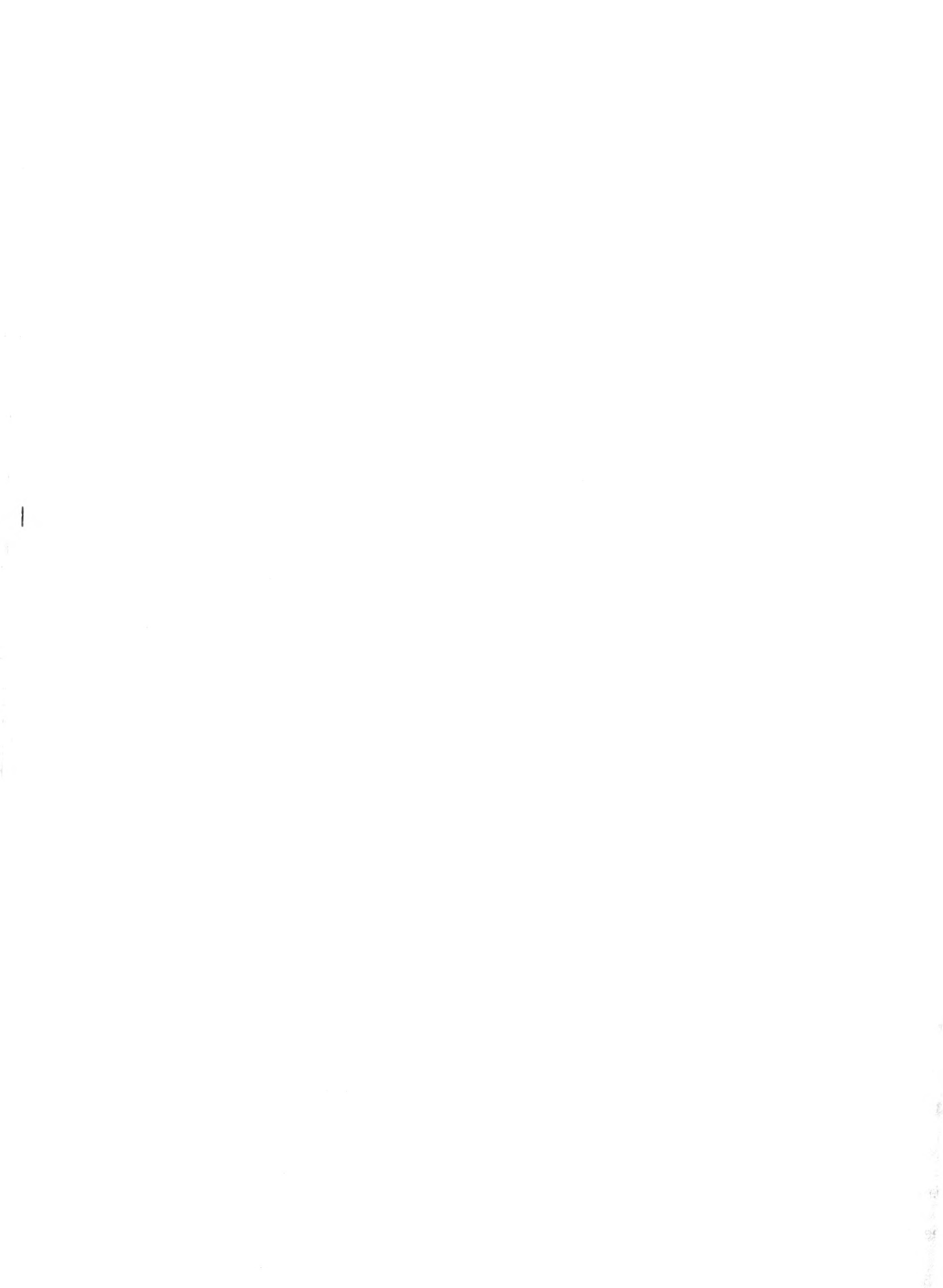


War, so we got a wire from the Army Language School to hire even more instructors than initially planned.

I must say that I was lucky. I met such wonderful people there, with such tremendous backgrounds, that we could easily select the cream of the crop. There were people of many professions. Some were professional instructors who came from the Soviet Union at the end of World War II. There were scientists and engineers, lawyers, doctors, well known writers, poets, and so forth, all of them a unique group of people, and very enthusiastic, because that was their first job of the kind that they were dreaming about. Before that they were either elevator operators or street cleaners; it was pathetic to listen to their stories; some of them didn't yet possess a good knowledge of English, but it didn't matter; we needed someone who really knew their Russian, who had a high level of proficiency. One difficulty for all of them was that the government didn't provide any funds for their transportation, so they had to arrange for this transportation for themselves; in most cases they had to borrow money and repay it later from their salaries that they were saving here.

I had to repeat this recruiting campaign several times. In 1950, 51, 52 and 53 I went to recruit more and more Russian instructors because the Cold War was at its coolest at that time and the American armed forces needed more personnel speaking and understanding Russian.

Speaking of the caliber of the faculty I would like to mention a few names. There was a Dr. Paul Orlov, hired in San Francisco. Besides going to the East Coast I also went there where quite a large group of Russian emigres had come from China, Harbin and Shanghai, usually via the Philippines-Tubabao. We even arranged with the steamship company that we would set up a reception point on the pier, and they were advised while they were still on the high seas that if they were interested in serving as instructors they should report to



that reception point, a desk with two of us, the legal advisor and I, sitting and waiting. One of the people who came to report was Dr. Orlov. He was one of the closest collaborators of the famous Professor Pavlov. When I went to Cornell Dr. Orlov asked me to see a certain professor there who he said he remembered from Leningrad--at that time still Petrograd--when he came from the United States to study Pavlovian theory in order to set up similar programs for the study of animal reflexes at Cornell. So when I came to Cornell I called on that professor, and when he heard the name of Orlov he said, "Is it possible that he is a member of your faculty? I am so pleased to hear that. I would like for you to take to him a pamphlet which I have prepared because he was the man who helped me in studying with Professor Pavlov, who didn't speak English." And he sent through me to Dr. Orlov this pamphlet summarizing what had been achieved at Cornell University in the field of so-called Pavlovian reflexes.

That was just one example. We had some well known poets and writers, whose poetry or stories were published and well known among the Russians everywhere in the world. There were scientists and that was important because at one time we were asked to start a scientific Russian program, and I had enough training in science to be able to organize that program.

Then there were people like Prince Nikita Romanov, a nephew of the late Tsar Nicholas. In 1959 the Duke of Windsor came to Monterey to visit some of the old friends of the Duchess of Windsor who lived in this area and he went to the Navy post-graduate school which was here. One day shortly after his arrival the commandant called me and said, "Alex, you have in your faculty Prince Nikita Romanov. His second cousin, the Duke of Windsor is now in the Navy School and he has expressed a desire to see Prince Nikita. Since Prince Nikita doesn't have a car will you do me a favor and take Prince Nikita to the Navy school so that he can meet the Duke of Windsor?"

Well this event took place, and lots of pictures were taken at that meeting, and when I came to the Navy school I was met by the commandant and the late academic dean Glasgow and taken to the main hallway, and there was the Duke of Windsor. They were quite pleased to meet each other, and Prince Nikita introduced me with a smile and said, "What are you going to say to Prof. Albov? He is my bos!" The Duke of Windsor laughed and addressed me and said, "So you are Nikita's boss? I would like to ask you: Is there a big difference between the Russian and English languages?"

Well, thinking of them being distant cousins, I said, "Well, there is no big difference, because Russian and English are distant cousins. They belong to the same family of Indo-European languages and there are certain common words in both languages." He laughed like anything and photographers took pictures of that event, which I will attach to my narrative.

Then the Duke of Windsor said, "Will you let Prince Nikita go now with me to meet the Duchess and have lunch with me?"

I said, "Certainly, I will grant that permission," and at that we shook hands and I went back.

Now back to my regular narrative. As I said, in 1949 upon my return from Cornell I was appointed Assistant Director of the East Slavic Division, which because of the large number of instructors was separated into^a special division which, in 1950 was reorganized into the Russian Language Division. I remained in that position until 1959, when I was appointed division director of the East Slavic Division, consisting of three Russian departments, a Ukrainian department and a Lithuanian department. And so my career continued until March 1971 when, in addition to my duties as director of these five divisions, I was appointed Assistant Dean of the Russian programs.

In addition to my regular duties as supervisory professor, director and assistant dean I was permanent member of the faculty board and academic board

councils, member of the executive award committee, member of the curriculum development board, member of the organizational committee for seminars, etc. That is, so to speak, my resume up to my retirement in May 1971.

During these 24 1/2 years of work in the Army Language School and its successor the Defense Language Institute, I provided a course design for guidance and supervision over the several Russian courses and other materials in the Russian language.

I was fortunate that the Russian faculty at the Army Language School was a constellation of great talents, which made it possible to develop an outstanding teaching staff. Among faculty members we had many highly professional linguists with long experience in course writing, teaching and lecturing. I won't mention them by name, but we had an expert in phonology, grammatical structure, language teaching methodology. We also had qualified experts in Russian military terminology such as a former Soviet General and a former Soviet airforce colonel and also a talented illustrator. I organized a group of these experts into a course development team which we called "The Academy" and they started to work developing texts for various purposes and different time situations.

Chapter 77 Scenario XI

In the last chapter I was narrating about the work on the development of courses in Russian at the Army Language School, later called the Defense Language Insitute. When we were developing these courses we had about four or five bilingual typists because of the volume of the material that had to be typed in draft and in final form. My role consisted in providing course design, guidance and supervision over development of these courses. As soon as certain courses were developed in draft form we tried them in the classrooms, and on the basis of classroom experience modified them when necessary. In their final form the courses were printed in book form and used as official Army Language



school Russian textbook materials. Through several years of intensive work we developed about ten different Russian text materials, such as a Russian 47-week basic course; a Russian 37-week oral comprehension course; then a Russian 12-week intensive course; a Russian advanced course; a scientific Russian course; a 96-hour intermediate level language refresher course; two scientific Russian courses, one for 10-week and the other of 6-week duration, and some other materials like reference books, etc. Altogether while I was director we produced 146 volumes of materials with 23,988 typewritten pages and 127 tapes used by the students in the language labs. On my suggestion a videotape closed circuit TV program was introduced in the Russian classrooms. The Russian language text materials were not only used as a model by all other language departments of the Army Language School, now the DLI, but were copied and adopted by many friendly foreign armed forces such as Canada, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Turkey and Nationalist China.

The Russian courses developed under my guidance by this outstanding team of the Russian faculty of the DLI were also independently evaluated by many other institutions of higher learning in the U.S. and by the central Center of Applied Linguistics in Washington, D.C., and were found to be among the best of all the existing Russian intensive language courses in the land. To keep abreast of the development of the Russian language in the Soviet Union, thus keeping faculty aware of the continuous changes in the Russian language, I decided to build up a special research library. The command of the institute approved the idea and provided necessary funds. We subscribed to Soviet newspapers and periodicals dealing with practically all aspects of Soviet life such as current events, politics, economics, science, literature, military subjects and particularly linguistics and language teaching methodology. All these publications we were getting by air from Moscow. Publications dealing with linguistics and language in general were personally screened by



me and then abstracted and published as a reference pamphlet for the faculty. This publication was mandatory reading for the faculty members and of particular import for the personnel involved in course development, who used the material for updating new aspects of Russian phraseology and other changes in the Russian language under the Soviet system. These reference pamphlets eventually became known outside the DLI not only in the universities where the Russian language was taught but also in many government agencies which requested that we share with them our findings. The command approved that we supply all bonafide establishments asking for these publications and we printed them in ever larger number of copies and sent them out according to an ever growing and I believe that working at the DLI was the busiest time of my life. It lasted for close to 25 years.

It should be stated that in addition to my supervision and guidance provided to the faculty I was responsible for implementing various orders, instructions and regulations of the military command of our institute every day, in addition to regular meetings with the department chairmen of my division I had to attend Conferences with the commandant, academic dean and sometimes chair meetings of the institute faculty and academic boards, incentive award committee, faculty promotion and curriculum development committees, organization committee of the school seminars, grievance committee, and so forth.

The DLI had frequent visitors, both from military high command and various institutions of higher learning. Since our East Slavic Division was considered the best organized unit in the DLI, most of the visitors were brought to my office to provide briefings about the functioning of our teaching process, showing classroom activities. Participating at official luncheons, cocktail parties, etc. was also my responsibility. I had two secretaries, one stenotypist was also responsible for my filing system and calendar of events, and another one, bilingual for my voluminous correspondence both in

English and in Russian.

I can proudly state that my work was appreciated by my superiors and that several times, beginning with the year 1963, I was officially commended by the Department of the Army for outstanding performance of duty, and in January 1971 was awarded by the Department of the Army a bronze medal for meritorious performance of duty from January 1 1960 through December 31 1970. Later, already after my retirement and in recognition of my activities within civic organizations at local, national and international levels, the Department of the Army named me a Professor Emeritus of the DLI and I received a certificate of appreciation and a special badge for patriotic civilian service. It all sounds like bragging, but I am proud of my record of work in the interest of my second homeland, the United States of America.

In addition to my regular duties and responsibilities as director of the East Slavic division I was involved in many extracurricular activities. I travelled to annual meetings of professional organizations such as the Modern Language Association, to various universities where I usually had to give a lecture, usually dealing with the subject of applied linguistics and its implementation in the Defense Language Institute. Then I was invited to give lectures on communism and the Soviet constitution and other subjects related to the Soviet Union and the dangers of communism. These lectures I was invited to give were before audiences of various military installations and civic groups, all throughout the nation. In these lectures I shared with the audience my knowledge of the Soviet system reflected in my personal experience during the Revolution, Civil War and other activities following that period of my life.

These activities rounded out my lifetime struggle against communism. To me it is still a tragedy that twice the western democracies lost the opportunity to destroy the danger of communism, the first time for not



sufficiently supporting the White armies in the Russian Civil War and the second time by forcibly sending most of the members of General Vlasov's Russian Liberation Army back to the Soviet Union to be tortured, killed or sent for long terms at forced labor in the Gulag Archipelago in Siberia. The British-American leaders of that era, that is the end of World War II and during the period from approximately 1944 to 1947, certainly had a guilty conscience about the forcible handing over to the Soviets of almost 2 million Russians found in the West, for they kept all materials and documents concerning this action as Top Secret. Only 30 years later, through insistence of many people and organizations both in Great Britain and the United States, these materials were finally made available and published in a book by Nikolai Tolstoi under the title, The Secret Betrayal, 1944-1947. When I read this book I was shocked that the Western democracies at the end of World War II were real collaborators with the leader of communism, Stalin. As far as I am concerned, neither in Europe or in the United States I never swerved from my position of necessity to achieve the destruction of communism in the Soviet Union and seek the rebirth of the historical Russia which will become a true ally of the United States and not its dangerous rival.

Now I would like to tell more about the unique faculty of the DLI. It should be remembered that at the time I am talking about there were 34 languages taught at the Institute, and since all the teachers were native born, this was a unique group of intellectuals from so many different countries. That unique position of the DLI could be compared only with the United Nations in New York, and here on the Monterey Peninsula we had our little United Nations, and that gave us such an interesting color of different cultures mingling together and brought into contact people of many cultures, beliefs and religions. The commander realized that, and we were encouraged to organize some social activities, of which we were very proud. There were so-called



international festivals where representatives of various national groups appeared in national costumes to show their art, songs and dances and even food was served. We had several of these gatherings in so-called international festivals and they were a tremendous success. Many people were coming, even from the east coast, and Washington, particularly.

Speaking of the Russian faculty, we had, as I have already mentioned, many talented people, like the man, already retired, who organized a Russian student choir. This choir was such a success that it was called to appear before television and radio and won three Army oscars for choral groups in all contests.

When the then President Eisenhower visited the Peninsula it so happened that on the eve of their departure, Mamie Eisenhower happened to be watching the TV when the Russian student choir appeared. She was so interested and so pleased with the Russian singing that she immediately asked whether she could get a tape recording of that singing. We were really in a hurry since the President's train or plane was leaving in the morning from Monterey, but during the night we managed to prepare a copy of that recording and before the departure of President and Mrs. Eisenhower they were handed a copy of that tape.

Among the faculty there were talents not only of teaching and related activities, but other talents as well. We needed to build a Russian church, and believe it or not a Russian church was actually built by members of the Russian faculty and their families and, of course, with the help of some hired labor, but the onion-shaped cupolas for the church were built by one of the members of the faculty. It was a beautiful, typically Russian wooden church of redwood color with blue cupolas. Most of the interior decoration of the church in Orthodox tradition and some icons were painted by members of the faculty.

But unfortunately, the faculty were so good that Washington agencies

were very much aware of them, so the best and the brightest were gradually lured away by the State department, universities, etc. We couldn't keep them here because the conditions of work and salaries that they were offered were much better than we could offer here on the periphery. So we lost them; however, we still remained a good group and I am happy that some of the members of the faculty made brilliant careers in the Voice of America and in the State Department. The editors of the magazine AMERIKA are former members of our department. The chairmen of the Russian language departments of various East Coast universities, such as Georgetown University are former instructors of ours, the head of the Voice of America and Radio Liberty program all of them are former instructors of ours. I was proud of them, but it was sad for me to see these people leaving our DLI.

Now I would like to point out one more aspect that I neglected to stress. As you will recall from my previous remarks I was involved in teaching from the time I came to the Army Language School in 1947 until I returned in 1949 from Cornell. After that, until my retirement, I myself had no chance to teach. I observed the teaching progress in these classrooms and dealt with all kinds of personnel, but that was all. I was, of course, involved in counselling students, and out of 12,000 students who studied Russian during my period of leadership of that department I actually saw only the outstanding ones who were destined to get some awards, or the so-called bad boys who would have eventually to leave the school. There were some interesting people who were studying Russian who became later generals occupying very high and important positions in the armed forces like military attaches in Moscow, etc. Some long-lasting friendships developed between my family and those people and their families and we are still corresponding with some of my former students.

Actually I resumed teaching only after my retirement. Shortly after my retirement I was approached by the University of California at San Diego and



offered the position of professor during the summer session and since that time I started again to teach, and you don't know what kind of good experience it was for me. I felt again in my medium; I was enjoying my teaching; I was enjoying the students, and this teaching initially during summer sessions and then I was invited also as a part-time professor in the Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies, later the Monterey Institute of International Studies, where I taught several subjects--the social and political structure of the Soviet Union and advanced grammar, idiomatic Russian, and other subjects. I am still teaching part-time at the Institute of International Studies at Monterey and also at the University of California at Irvine.

At this point I think it would be appropriate to reminisce a little bit about new experiences in my private life. Since as I told you I was born in Poland where we didn't have our own house because of my father's position--he was moving from Warsaw to other places and finally Lomzha, where I was born, and so we lived in partments. We had an estate, but it was run by relatives of my mother. And so the time has come in 1953 when we had to leave Ord Village reservation where the families of officers and faculty members were living since that reservation was closing so we had either to rent an apartment somewhere or to buy a house. And my wife and I decided that the time had come for me to buy a house. To me the idea that I was going to finally have our own house for our family was incredible, because during the year in Europe it was an impossible dream. However, this dream materialized and we managed to buy a house in which we lived from 1953 up to the present time.

Another thing of course was buying a car. Again there were very few people among the Russian emigres, I am not talking about Russia. In the places where we lived practically no one had a car except for a very few rich people

who had drivers and so forth, and during my whole life in migration practically no Russians owned a car. Therefore, it was new, pleasant experience when we finally bought a car.

Now our family lives together on the Monterey Peninsula. My son Michael is attorney with one of the local firms, he is married and recently bought a house, and we are all very happy here. This concludes the main part of the story of my life and I am thankful to God for all the blessings He has bestowed upon our family.

Chapter 78 Scenario XI

The next chapter will be an epilogue and a change of scenario.

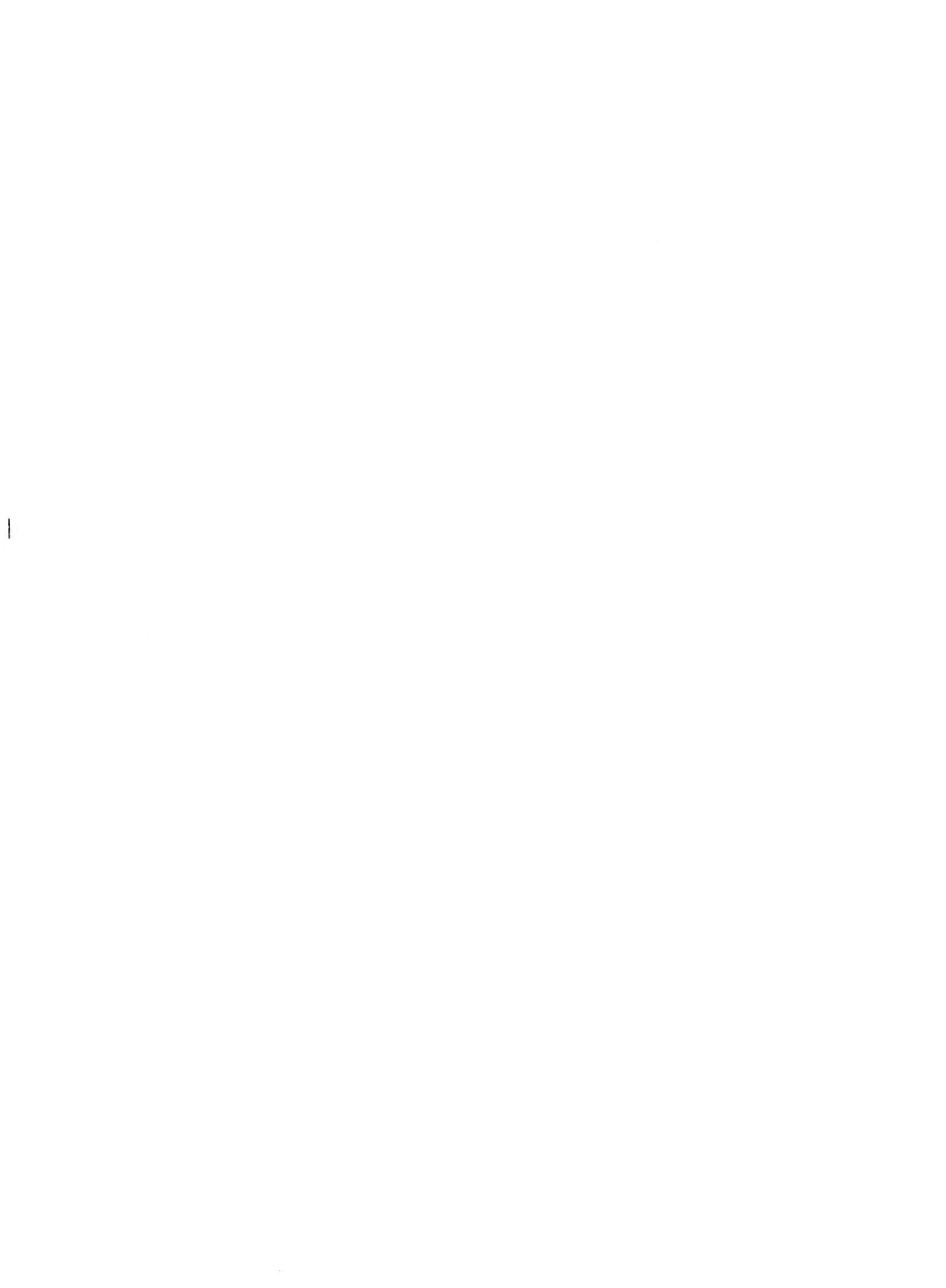
First I have to say that it was my destiny to travel a lot. If you recall I travelled extensively while I was in Belgrade working for the Balkan Herald and United Press, particularly in the Middle East, the Balkans and Italy. Then when I came to the United States and got a job with the Army Language School I travelled from Monterey to the East Coast to hire new members of the Russian faculty. Then I was going on so-called TDY trips as in connection with a Kiwanis village in Korea, in a project which I initiated, and for which Kiwanis Clubs in the United States provided the funds. I made two such extensive trips while I was director of the Slavic division.

And then, before my retirement in 1970, I went with my wife on a trip to Europe. We visited many countries and attended the Passion Play in Overammergau, Germany. I believe I have mentioned already that during that time I managed to meet after so many years my first cousin, a former navy officer of the Imperial navy who was living in Nice, France.

Then after my retirement in 1971, in 1972 my wife and I decided to go on our own again to visit Europe. We went to many countries, including Istanbul in Turkey, and there in Istanbul we took several guided tours, one to see the

Palace of the Sultans, all the museums, etc. It was very interesting. For me the most interesting part of those guided tours in Istanbul were not the visits to the Hippodrome or the Turkish bazaar in Istanbul but a guided tour to the shores of the Black Sea. We were having lunch with our guide and were discussing what we had seen in the St. Sophia church and then said "This is the entrance to the Bosphorus from the Black Sea."

I stepped out from the restaurant for a better view and saw this entrance. Then memories came back to me. I realized that practically my whole mature life was connected with the Black Sea shores. First, if you recall, it was in Yalta where we enjoyed for a short time everything possible, because it was still peacetime and we were enjoying the south Crimea immensely. However, it didn't last too long because the so-called guns of August in 1914 marked the beginning of World War I. I will never forget reading the announcement in the newspaper that a solemn Te Deum would be held in the Yalta Cathedral, and I was in that cathedral when after the service a proclamation was read about war with Germany. Then, at the beginning of the war years, came the realization that we had lost everything in Poland because Lomzha, the city from which we went to the Crimea, immediately became a battleground of World War I. Then again the Black Sea was tied up in my memories of our move to Odessa, where we experienced the Revolution, the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, with its Red Terror, and my departure to join the White army and my departure for the front, the return to the Crimea from the furthestmost point of our offensive near Briansk and then participating in an amphibious operation from Kerch to the Caucasus where I was wounded, and then in November 1920 leaving Russia forever and going to Istanbul. All those thoughts flashed through my mind at the moment when we were having lunch in that restaurant on the Black Sea at the entrance to the Bosphorus and I felt kind of nostalgic thinking that I would never see Russia again.



Probably at that moment a little seed of desire to return and see the country of my forefathers started to grow in my mind.

Then from Istanbul we went to Yugoslavia. Of course, Yugoslavia played an important role in my life; my family lived there, my mother and father died there, and I had lived in Belgrade for almost 18 years, so I was anxious to see Belgrade. Strangely enough it was my first excursion into the so-called 'behind the Iron Curtain countries', and I must say that Yugoslavia didn't show its communist face because I felt that there were no such restrictions as I had imagined there would be. First of all, we didn't require even a visit to enter Yugoslav territory. We landed from a flight from Istanbul. Our American passports were enough; they were stamped with a tourist visa for 60 days, and that was all. What really surprised and impressed me in Belgrade was this, that I remember very well that when our last White Army commander-in-chief, General Wrangel, died, his body was brought to Yugoslavia and was buried in the walls of the Russian church in Belgrade. The wall under which his body was buried was covered with a white marble plaque with the inscription that General Peter Wrangell, the last commander-in-chief of the White armies rested there. When I went to the Russian church I immediately looked at that corner where General Wrangell's burial place was, and I was surprised that it was intact, only the marble plate was covered with an icon that completely covered the inscription. A Russian who was at that time in the church told me an interesting story. He told me that when Tito's troops seized Belgrade in 1944 they immediately rushed to the Russian church to destroy the grave of General Wrangell, thinking that that would please their bosses, the commanders of the Red Army, but to everybody's surprise the Soviet command forbade the Tito troops to touch Wrangel's body and his grave site. They only advised the priest of the church to cover the sign on that marble plate. I was very surprised.



Then I went to the cemetery where my mother and father were buried, and there in that area which was actually part of the cemetery where practically all the Russians who died in Yugoslavia during their exile years were buried, there was a monument built, of course before the 2nd World War, a very tall, high monument with a statue of an angel with a sword on the top and the imperial eagle underneath and the words which translate "In the memory of Tsar Nicholas III and two million Russian soldiers killed during World War I 1914-1918." Well, I never expected that this monument would be left there, but the same thing had happened to that monument. The Tito troops wanted to destroy it and again they were told by the Soviet command; 'Do not touch it; it is a Russian monument and should be left intact.' I was so surprised that I took a picture of it with all the words, even the mention of the Tsar, and the double eagle and the crown.

I believe that this experience in Belgrade kind of helped me to begin thinking that probably I might one day revisit my homeland Russia. To me it remains Russia, not the Soviet Union, which is actually the communist conspiracy based on the territory of Russia.

Well, two more years passed since that visit and my wife Tekla was also anxious to see the former Russian Empire. We discussed it many times and three years after my retirement I decided to visit the Soviet Union. Of course, I had to take certain precautions. And here I am going to tell the story of the last chapter of the epilogue of this account.

Every American has two heritages, and at a certain age we in America develop the urge to visit the lands of our ancestors. It is probably some kind of salmon syndrome, as I call it. So Americans visit the lands of their ancestors in the Scandinavian countries, Great Britian, Ireland, Germany,

France, etc. without any difficulties. Americans of Russian descent, however, have that chance for almost half a century because of the tightly closed Iron Curtain. Only within the past two decades did travel to the Soviet Union become possible and many Americans are visiting now that never-never-land which Churchill described as 'a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma'. In general, the Soviets like American tourists because they bring dollars. However, we the so-called White Russian Americans are definitely not among those whom the Soviets are particularly anxious to see because they consider us White Guard bandits and enemies of the people. I can well imagine what kind of commotion my visa application produced in the KGB in 1974. They knew everything about me and they knew that I knew that they knew it. It took the Soviet authorities more than two months to decide whether to grant us a visa or not, but the good American dollar triumphed, and the visa was granted (two days before our departure time, when we were ready to unpack).

I travelled with my wife, who is a native born Pennsylvania girl, on the so-called deluxe program and we had to pay everything in advance--hotels and so forth. I spent over \$65 on phone calls made by my travel agent to the Soviet Intourist agency in New York trying to get approval to my itinerary. I wanted to visit places where I spent my youth, to see the school in which I studied. For a long time the Soviets for some reason didn't want us to go to Yalta, in the Crimea, offering instead Sochi, in the Caucasus. Finally, after several telephone exchanges I told my travel agent, "If they won't let me go to Yalta I'll cancel my trip and request return of my dollars," whereupon they said Yalta - da.

And something happened also when we requested to travel a portion of our trip within the Soviet Union by train. They insisted we go from Moscow to Leningrad by night train. I said we wanted to go by daylight train because my wife and I wanted to see the landscape. Same story. Again, I threatened

to cancel the trip and get back my dollars and again the dollar prevailed and we got the approval.

Before our departure I took certain precautionary measures. First, there was the timing of our trip. My wife and I went to the Soviet Union just before the planned visit there by former President Nixon. I knew it would be the safest time for me to go there since the KGB wouldn't dare to create an incident with an American tourist at that time. Secondly, I called a good friend at the State Department, who was for three years first secretary of our embassy in Moscow, and personal interpreter in the past for our three past presidents in their conversations with Soviet bosses, including Khrushchev and Brezhnev. This man some time ago was a member of my family. He told me over the phone that if in my case the Soviets granted me a visa in spite of my past they wouldn't touch me, but he strongly advised me upon arrival in Moscow to go to our embassy and leave there a detailed itinerary and be on the alert for provocations involving selling dollars on the black market, or buying icons or antique objects outside the special Intourist stores.

My friend in Washington also advised that we travel on the deluxe plan which he felt would be better than with a large group of tourists.

We flew to Moscow from New York by Pan-Am, making a short stop at Amsterdam. When the pilot announced that we were descending at Moscow, at Sheremetevo International Airport, my heart started to beat faster. I was about to revisit the homeland of my ancestors which I had left 54 years before.

When we were stepping down from the plane I noticed a man in a dark suit watching closely the disembarking passengers and looking closely at a piece of paper he held in his hand. As soon as Tekla and I appeared on the steps he shouted in English: "Mr. and Mrs. Albov?" He told us to follow him to the air terminal, separating us from the rest of the passengers. My heart sank. Was I already in the KGB's clutches? But the man was polite, he

said he just wanted to help us pass faster through passport control and customs. When we reached a desk manned by a sergeant of border troops, which are under the KGB, the young sergeant looked at my passport then at me several times shaking his head. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore and decided to break the impasse by addressing him in my fluent Russian. "Is there any problem, Sergeant, with my passport?" When the man heard me talking Russian he almost jumped.

"You speak Russian?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then there is no problem." He hurriedly stamped my and Tekla's passport and let us pass, smiling at us. So the trick worked. I repeated it again passing through the customs. Again a surprise and fast action. Our suitcases were not even opened.

Chapter 78 Scenario XII

I ended that story with a strange thing that happened to my suitcase upon arrival in Moscow. Passenger luggage was coming from the plane in small carriages, and after all suitcases were brought from the plane I realized that my suitcase wasn't there. I started to ask questions and got some stupid answer that probably it was not put on the plane in New York. I told them in Russian that this was nonsense since my wife's suitcase was there. After waiting a half an hour finally the man who handled luggage said, "Oh, they are bringing four more suitcases from the plane." One of them was mine. In all of the excitement of the arrival in Moscow I didn't think much of this, but later I learned from knowledgeable people that luggage of so-called special visitors is screened before it is ready for customs.

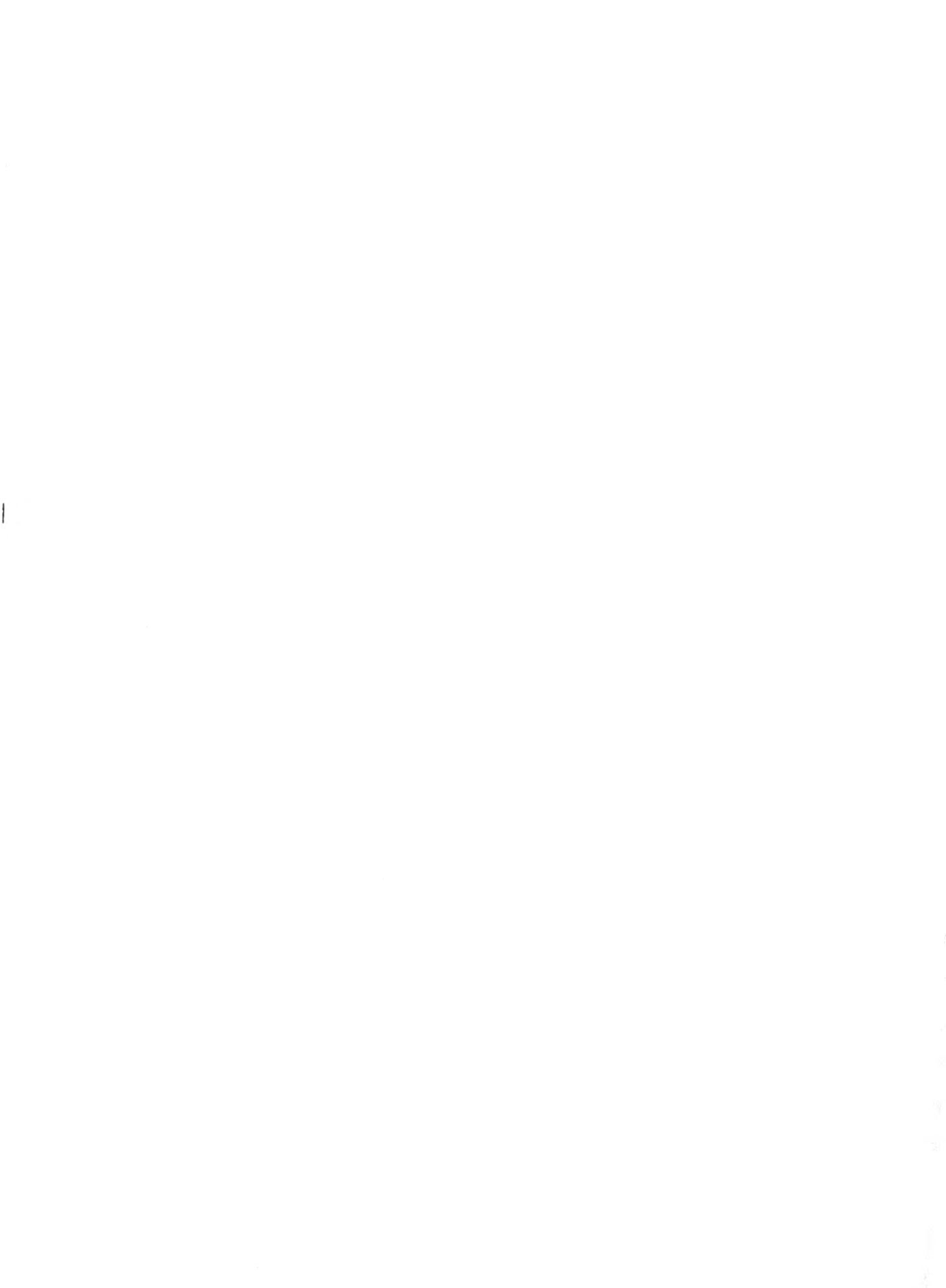
Upon our arrival in Moscow the Intourist--the KGB--tried to impress us with their facilities and comfort. We were driven from the airport to the

Hotel Metropol, opposite the Kremlin, in a big black limousine with Persian carpeting on the floor, folding chairs in the front, and separated with glass from the compartment with chauffeur and guide. The deluxe plan entitled us to a limousine and guide for three hours every day of our stay in the Soviet Union.

The guides were girls speaking excellent British English, well educated and knowledgeable, but as I learned also they were members of the KGB secret police. The most interesting thing to me was that they were showing us in the Soviet Union not the achievements of Bolshevik rule but the remnants of the past glory of Imperial Russia. They were impressed by my knowledge of Russian and when I told them that I was for 25 years professor of Russian in the United States they thanked me for teaching Russian to Americans.

In the hotel, after checking with the so-called dragon lady whose functions on each floor I will explain later, they brought us to our room, which happened to be a five-room suite consisting of a hallway, sitting room, living room -dining room, bedroom, and bathroom, all furnished in classical French style, with beautiful china, crystal chandeliers, gold framed original old paintings, piano, etc. In the bedroom, instead of wallpaper, the walls were covered with pleated silk brocade. This luxury we enjoyed for only one night since next morning we left for Odessa and other places where the suites were much more modest, usually a sitting room and bedroom with bath only. Later on I learned that these special luxurious suites like we had the first night in the Metropol were saturated with microphones and even infra red television cameras hidden, of course, from our eyes and every word and every whisper and every movement was recorded because I understand we were in the eye of the KGB very interesting special visitors.

Now I would like to explain the function of the dragon ladies, so-called, on each floor of the Soviet hotels for Intourist. You do not get the key to



your room at the desk at the downstairs entrance, but you must instead go to the floor on which your room is located and there get the key from the lady who sits at the desk opposite the staircase and elevators. She had a big book in which she entered the date and time, whenever one of the tourists came in or left again. This strange procedure really looked funny to us.

Upon settling in that luxurious suite at the Metropol Hotel we immediately requested that we be driven to the American Embassy. Although it was Saturday afternoon I managed to get in touch with one of the consular employees and told him that I had been advised to call there. We then returned to the Hotel and had dinner in the huge dining room where we listened to very loud music and some beautiful voices singing sometimes familiar old Russian songs.

Then we returned to our suite and early the next morning we left for Odessa and then to Ximferopol, and finally by car all the way to Yalta.

In Yalta we stayed in an old hotel which I knew from the long past, and I had a nostalgic feeling when one day Tekla and I attended vespers in the Yalta cathedral. It brought to my memory the day in 1914 when I was in that cathedral listening to the proclamation of World War I.

You will probably ask what was the most striking impression of our visit to Russia. The first one was that we observed a desire of our guides to isolate us foreign visitors from any contact with the Russian people. We were forced to deal only with the agents of Intourist, change our money in Intourist offices, be driven around to the showplaces also by Intourist guides and what was most interesting we had never to wait in line with other people to go to theaters, museums, exhibitions, palaces, galleries, etc, or churches. Our Intourist guides always took us ahead of everybody waiting in line to enter these places. At the airports through which we travelled we were always invited to wait for the flights in separate VIP lounges, taken to the plane ahead of

all the other passengers, seated in specially reserved seats, and so forth.

The most incredible thing happened to us when we were taken from our hotel to the railroad station in Moscow to go by daylight train to Leningrad. What could be simpler to go from the Hotel Metropol to the so-called Leningrad Station. It is all located within the center of the city. However, instead of taking us directly to the main Moscow railroad station for the Leningrad train the driver took us in his car through some little narrow street to an unpaved alley running between the back wall of a highrise building on the one side and a high wooden fence on the other. Several times I asked the driver where he was taking us, and he always answered, "Don't worry, I am taking you to your train." Finally, after a very bumpy ride we stopped and to our amazement we saw that there was a portion of that fence removed, and through the opening we saw not the railroad station but platforms and trains. At that opening three men were waiting for us, a uniformed militiaman, an Intourist guide and a porter. The militiaman saluted us and the Intourist guide asked us to follow him. So we moved in a procession headed by the militiaman and the guide and behind us the porter with our luggage. They helped us into our car and within three minutes the train moved. The last thing I saw was the militiaman standing at attention and saluting a departing white guardist or enemy of the people. Before we moved I managed to give this militiaman a package of cigarettes. It was an incredible thing and I was thinking what kind of coordination had to be worked out to send my wife and me from the Hotel Metropol to the train to Leningrad. Everything had to be coordinated to the minute, arrival at the place with the broken fence so that we would not be going through the railroad station but direct to the train, etc.

Later, dissidents who had recently come to the United States from the Soviet Union explained to me the reason behind this[✓] ^{strange experience}. They told me that during the daylight hours the railroad stations are crowded by poorly dressed masses

of people, some with sacks, who come to Moscow from the provinces to buy in Moscow lots of things, including foodstuffs, unavailable in the provinces. The Soviet leaders didn't want us to see that big, unruly crowd at the station, and rather went to a very complicated procedure to put us on our train bypassing the station.

Now, what is the most striking thing in the USSR? I would say the poor service in the restaurants, stores, everywhere. The reason for this is the fact that everybody is a government employee. Waiters, and store personnel couldn't care less about their clients since they are getting their monthly salary whether there are customers or not. I think more often than not they consider the customers a nuisance and treated them accordingly. In the best restaurants of the Soviet Union we had to wait almost hours to get our food served. Sometimes the food was excellent, but those were rare occasions. Most of the time it was not of the best quality. The most incredible waste of man hours could be observed in the stores. You had to stay in one long line to select an item you wanted to buy. The sales clerk quotes you the price and then you stand in a much longer line to the cashier where you quote the price and pay money. Then with a stamped receipt you return to the first line and wait for your turn to get the item you bought.

And there is a shortage of paper in the Soviet Union. You have to carry such things as bread, oranges, and other food items either in your hands, or in a newspaper, or in your pockets if you forgot to bring a newspaper. Soviet citizens all carry little bags for that purpose.

Another interesting incident occurred at the famous GUM, that is, a large department store which sells everything possible from food to furniture. This GUM, stands for Gosudarstvennyi universal'nyi magazine, or Univermag, a strange thing happened to us. I wanted to bring Soviet cigarettes back to the United States. So I went to a stand where cigarettes are sold, but couldn't

figure out which were the best brand. There was a man standing near that stand; he looked like Khrushchev, with ribbons and decorations on his civilian clothing, and looked at me with some kind of suspicion because he realized that I was a foreigner.

Addressing him in my fluent Russian I asked, "Will you tell me, please, which of these cigarettes are the best cigarettes?"

He looked at me and told me, "All Soviet cigarettes are the best cigarettes!"

I was absolutely stunned by that stupid answer, but apparently it followed the party line when talking to a foreigner, so I just started looking at the packages of the cigarettes, which were very colorful and selected several packages of them myself.

As for human relations involving Soviet citizens, I had a strange, sad experience with our guide in Leningrad, who was called Natasha. Natasha was our guide throughout our stay in Leningrad. I was very much impressed by her excellent English and her knowledge. I was particularly impressed by her explanation of the masterpieces collected at the Hermitage in Leningrad. When we were returning home she was tired, because she had to be with us not a half day as a guide but a whole day, because we had to be compensated for the day when we were travelling to Leningrad from Moscow, so she had a double tour of duty. It was a beautiful day so we decided to walk the short distance to our hotel instead of driving in a limousine.

By the way, when we were in Moscow, we were travelling in the so-called "Chaika" or "Seagull" limousine, usually at the disposal of high government and party officials. Therefore, when this Chaika limousine was coming to an intersection, if there was a militiaman at the intersection, irrespective of the light, whether green or red, he would stop the cross traffic and let our Chaika go through even a red light because they learn to respect the people who travel there.

Now back to the story of Natasha. As I said, she was a very charming young girl, very knowledgeable, and coming back she started to ask various questions. Among those she asked about, of all things, was the book by Pasternak, Doctor Zhivago, and the movie made from it and she asked whether we had read the book or saw the film. "Oh, we bought it," Tekla and I replied, "and we were very much impressed by that story."

She said, "Well, it's too bad that I haven't had a chance to read it."

"Why?" I asked. "You are such a knowledgeable girl, why couldn't you read this book, you know you show such spirit, such a knowledge about the geniuses of the past, when describing to us the masterpieces of the Hermitage."

Here she stopped me. "Please, don't talk to me about geniuses."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "in my opinion, genius is something not natural, it is something like a calf born with two heads."

I was stunned. "Natasha," I said, "you, an intelligent girl, with such a knowledge, with such good cultural emotions and so forth, you could compare the geniuses like Michaelangelo, Beethoven, or Pushkin, or Mossorgski, with a two-headed monster calf?"

"Oh, please," she said, "don't talk to me about any kind of spiritual things."

I said, "I am not going to talk to you about spiritual things."

"Don't talk to me also about religion," she said.

I said, "I didn't intend to talk to you about religion."

"Also don't speak of rituals."

I said, "Listen, in your society you have more rituals than any other --all these processions, these banners and slogans put everywhere on all the buildings, those are the rituals here."

Then she said, "Oh, I am sorry, I shouldn't have talked like that!"

By then we had arrived at the entrance to our hotel in Leningrad, the Hotel Astoria. I looked at her and saw that she was sad and almost in tears; and then she came and shook my hand and said, "Thank you for this interesting conversation, because from this point on I think it will be easier for me to live!"

I was impressed and pleased with that answer. However, the next morning we were supposed to be picked up by her at 9:30 in the morning. We descended to the hotel lobby and were waiting for Natasha. Then she came, about 20 minutes late. When I saw her, I said, "Natasha, how are you, it is so nice to see you."

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Looking at Natasha I was shocked by her facial expression. She was pale and looked cold and grim. Instead of answering my cheerful greeting, she said, "I am sorry that I am late, but yesterday I was very tired spending the whole day with you and your wife, and you exploited my tiredness and tried to convert me to your capitalist ideology, which I ~~resist~~. Tell me where you want to go, and I will take you."

I was shocked. I said, "Natasha, what's the matter with you? We had a wonderful time with you yesterday!"

She didn't smile; she looked very stern and simply said, "I have to perform my duties as your guide and you simply tell me where you want me to take you."

I still was shocked by this dramatic change in Natasha's attitude. I tried to figure out what had happened to her since we saw her the day before in the evening. Later I learned what probably had changed her mood. The matter of fact is that all these charming girls, the Intourist guides, are also

members of the KGB apparatus, and at the end of the day they have to present the KGB with a detailed oral and written report about all the conversations carried out by foreigners among themselves and with the guides. The KGB requires from the guides minute details of the conversations. For the guides these oral and written reports could be compared with church confessions. Moreover, the guides realize that some secret agents of the KGB might, under the guise of being foreign tourists, check on the Intourist guides themselves, so I imagine that late at night when, after being with us the whole day, Natasha, in preparing her report to her KGB bosses, suddenly became aware that in her "confession" she had better report also about her statements made to us before we parted. And certainly was seriously warned by the KGB to be more careful and discreet in showing her emotions before the dirty capitalists. This explains the reference by Natasha to our capitalist tricks when we met her next morning.

This episode of Natasha saddened us and it spoiled our last day in Leningrad because she never volunteered any information and refused to initiate visits to any point of interest, saying merely that she was at our disposal to take us anywhere that we would like to go. So I had to search my memory what I wanted to see, and remembering the past history among other things I requested that she take us to the room in the Winter Palace where the members of the Provisional Government were arrested by the Bolshoviks during the October Revolution. Then I asked her to take us to see the cruiser Aurora, and also to the palace of the ballerina Kseshinskaia who before the Tsar Nicholas II married was one of his good friends. By historical irony this palace of the ballerina Kseshinskaia became the first building in Petrograd taken by Lenin after his seizure of power and before he moved to the famous Smolnyi Institute. Long after that experience with Natasha I shuddered at the thought of ^{what} the Bolshevik regime could do with the psyche of a human being.

and more impressive than the Louvre in Paris, its gold chamber where there is a dazzling display of gold objects dating back to the 6th century BC and the Scythian artifacts. We visited also what is presently now called Petrodvoretsk, the suburban residence of the Tsars, beginning with Peter the Great in the 18th century. Credit must be given to the Soviet government for an outstanding work done in restoration of the monuments of the old Russian architectural treasures ruined during World War II.

What was really exceptionally good in Russia was the opera, ballet concerts and other performances in the theaters and concert halls. We saw an opera in Odessa, a beautiful performance of Swan Lake by the Bolshoi-Theater in Moscow and a very colorful performance of Siberian dances and song ensemble in Kiev.

After that concert we had a unique chance to have a glimpse into capitalist tendencies among Soviet citizens. We came from that Kiev theater before the end of the concert in order to get a taxi. We were waiting in vain, taxi drivers didn't pay any attention to our hand signals and just buzzed past us. Suddenly a big black limousine stopped and the driver came out, apparently waiting for a Soviet big shot, some kind of commissar, to take him home from the concert. He looked at his watch, then looked at us, recognizing immediately that we were foreigners, and came up to us asking in Russian whether we spoke Russian.

I said, "I do."

"I have a few minutes yet to wait," he said, "you give me a ruble and I will take you to your hotel,"

I was happy to give him even more than one ruble. He promptly removed from the back seat an attache case of his boss and we jumped into the car and he zoomed to the hotel at a speed of probably 70 miles an hour. Tekla closed her eyes, and I gave 1 1/2 rubles to this only representative of free enterprise that we met in the Soviet Union.

We left Russia after 18 days there and flew to Warsaw. I wanted to see Warsaw, where my father was born, where my grandfather lived a long time ago, which I had visited with my grandmother several times before World War I. I wanted also to visit the little village of Gzhanka, near the city of Mako where we had a summer cottage where I was born. We managed to visit these places, although it was hard for me to recognize my birthplace. World War I and II had rolled back and forth through those places, and no traces of early construction were left. However, I recognized the little river Orzhets, in which I learned how to swim. It was a nostalgic experience. In general we arrived in Poland with a sense of relief because I was no longer in the shadow of the KGB. At the same time I had a feeling of having fulfilled my dream of seeing Russia after 54 years since I had left her.

After Poland we flew to Madrid, stayed there for several days, saw some friends of ours there, and then returned home to the United States. It was an unforgettable experience, but I was happy when the plane touched down at the Kennedy airport in New York.

This is the end of the epilogue of the story of my life.







