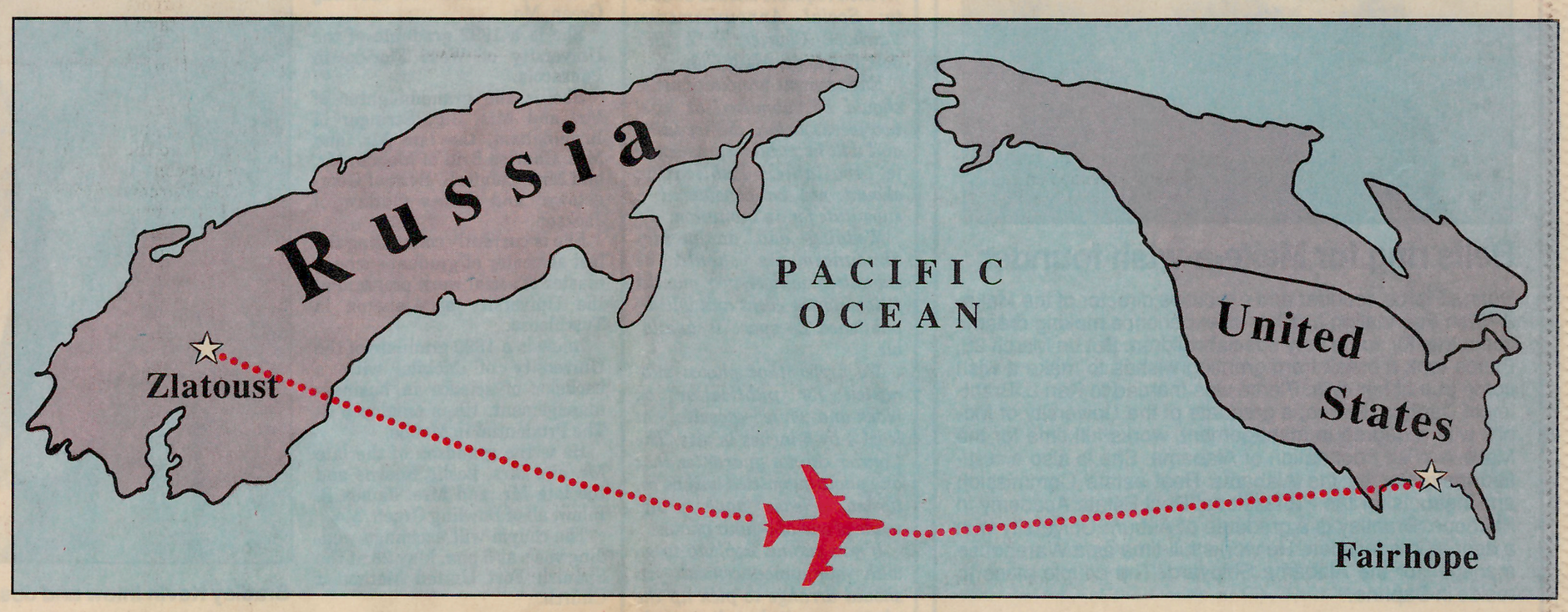
From Russia, with love

Russian citizen returns to childhood home

By Sheila Propp
Staff Writer



Fairhope came into being because people dreamed of a better way to diminish poverty and reduce inequalities in the distribution of wealth. The dream was fleeting for some and lasted a lifetime for others.

The dream died for Willard Edwards and another took it's place. The consequences of his second dream have had a lifelong effect on his family.

Willard and Helen Edwards came to Fairhope from Chicago where he had retired from a map and chart company, said their daughter, Marjorie Edwards Ewing.

The family lived on income from investments given the family by Helen's father plus his salary as a history teacher at the Marietta Johnson Organic School, she said.

Willard and Helen Edwards arrived in Fairhope in 1924 with three young children. Dan, the only child born to the marriage, was seven years old; Marjorie, 5, and Bert, 3, had been adopted by the couple, Marjorie said. When the Great Depression came and many banks failed, Willard Edwards became convinced that capitalism was on it's way out, she said.

"Many people thought there would be a world-wide revolution and father wanted to take part in a new kind of society. He thought the young country of Russia was the future," Marjorie said.

In 1933, Willard Edwards went to Russia to check things out and then the family joined him in Moscow where the five of them lived in one room, she said.

This was the same year Adolph Hitler was appointed German chancellor and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, newly elected U.S. President, launched the New Deal program.

Edwards' plan to do educational work with the Russian Minister of Education were dashed when the minister was arrested in 1934, she said.

Although Edwards was unemployed, the family used their American money at the special foreign exchange stores, she said. Helen Edwards taught at an Anglo-American school.

In 1935, Willard Edwards returned to America, disillusioned with the turn of events in Russia, she said.

"I thought father's leaving was just temporary," said Dan Edwards who was 22 when his father left.

The rest of the family remained in Moscow because Dan, who had become a Russian citizen, was not given permission to leave and his mother refused to leave without him, Marjorie said.

Stalin's purges began in 1936, she said.

About the same time the Edwards family went to Russia, another Fairhope family, Mr. & Mrs. A.M. Troyer, who were invited by a visiting Russian delegation, settled in the Caucasus Mountains to experiment with Satsuma horticulture, Marjorie said.

"In 1936, Bert and I went to visit Mr. Troyer. Sometime later, he was arrested (at age 72) and we never heard anything more about him. His wife came to visit us in Moscow to see if we could help him but there wasn't anything we could do. She returned to America," Dan said.

Mother's school closed in 1937 and she lost all hope and had a nervous breakdown," Marjorie said.

In January 1938, Helen Edwards and Bert, then 14 years old, were able to get visas and leave, she said.

"One day we received a call that the visas were ready but when I got there to pick them up, I was told that mine wasn't ready yet," she said.

Marjorie left the Soviet office with papers for her mother and younger brother and came again a few days later to pick up hers, she said.

"When I returned, they took me to a back office and grilled me, trying to convince me to remain in Russia," she said.

After a while Marjorie became so frightened that she signed a paper stating that she wanted to become a Russian citizen, regretting the decision as soon as she left the office, she said.

"My mother sent me directly to the American Embassy but they were of no help," she said. Dan and Marjorie remained in Russia and continued to stay together.

Dan worked at a pocket watch factory where he was also became a tool and die maker through the tutelage of another American working at the factory, he said.

> "Many people thought there would be a world-wide revolution and father wanted to take part in a new kind of society. He thought the young country of Russia was the future."
>
> **— Marjorie Ewing, Fairhope resident**

Marjorie worked at a foreign language library while she continued to try to leave the country, she said.

On June 22, 1941, Germany invaded Russia and rapidly closed on Moscow.

"The city was bombed every night and on Oct. 15, Dan's factory was closed," she said.

For a short while he worked at building fortifications but when November arrived, the factory workers were relocated to Zlatoust, a town in the Ural Mountains.

"Thirty men from our shop rode together in one car. Three hundred workers from our factory were on the train," Dan said. It was a 1,500 mile trip in a freight car that took one month, Marjorie said.

Marjorie remained in Moscow and eventually managed to escape with the help of a diplomat from the American Embassy, who told the Russians he would withhold their lend lease aid until she was allowed to leave, she said.

She left Russia Dec. 30, 1941 aboard a plane that also carried the British Ambassador and several news correspondents, arriving in New York City in June 1942 via a circuitous route, she said.

The brother and sister would not see each other again for 51 years. During World War II, the factory shifted to military production, manufacturing clocks for tanks and airplanes, Dan said.

"During the war, I had no time to think about leaving and when the war ended, I didn't think of leaving," he said.

Edwards wrote to his parents during the war and he continued to hear regularly from his mother until she became sick. His mother subsequently died in the late 1960s, he said. She visited him once, in 1957, before she became ill, he said.

"We met in Moscow and Mother (about 70 at that time) got to meet my wife and daughter, who was little more than a one year old then," he said.

Reflecting on his life in Russia, Dan thought the war years were the worst because there was no food.

"All we had was black tea and bread," he said.

Edward's father, Willard, died of a stroke in 1953, Marjorie said.

"He died almost the same time as Stalin," she said.

Dan's younger brother Bert sent him a telegram when their mother died and wrote a few other letters, he said. After her death, he gradually became completely isolated from his American family.

Dan met his wife, Zoya, at evening school where he studied engineering after World War II. The couple have two children, Helen, a pediatrician and Vladimir, an electrical engineer. Father and son now work at the same factory, he said.

Marjorie says her brother is brilliant in his field and is well respected in his community.

Dan is a superintendent over about 200 factory workers, he said. The factory still manufactures pocket watches but has added other items including clocks, stop watches, and timers, he said.

"We are trying to find other things to make that will sell better," he said.

"Now quality is important because we have true competition," he said.

He currently works four days a week and would like to retire soon, he said. A typical work day runs from 7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. with a 30-minute lunch break, he said.

Dan said he never had any problems over the years for being an American.

"Zlatoust was a closed city and I was the only American there," he said. "The town now has several other industries including one that makes ceremonial swords." He still considers himself to be an American although he now thinks in the Russian language rather than English, he said. In an effort to find her brother, Marjorie gave a CNN reporter an old 1952 address of Dan's that she had and the reporter was successful in tracking him down, she said.

In October of 1992, after 51 years of separation, Marjorie and Dan were reunited in Moscow, she said.

Although he wrote several letters to her after their reunion, Marjorie only received one of them, she said.

Dan arrived in Fairhope on March 16 with his son, Vladimir, for a one-month visit with his sister.

There will be no reunion with brother Bert. He died a few months ago, Dan said.

Dan left last Friday to return to Russia. His son, Vladimir however, decided to extend his visit in his father's childhood home. He will remains in Fairhope for a few more weeks.

Vladimir (left) stands with his father, Dan Edwards, at the home of Edward's sister, Marjorie Ewing. (Photo by Sheila Propp)

Edwards recalls days spent on Mobile Bay

By Sheila Propp
Staff Writer

A former resident of Fairhope recently in town for a visit really knows what he is talking about when he says Fairhope has changed. He hasn't been here for 60 years.

"It has changed so much, I didn't recognize anything," said Dan Edwards commenting on his initial impression of Fairhope.

Edwards arrived March 16 for a one-month stay with his sister, Marjorie Edwards Ewing. It marks the first time he has been to Fairhope since his family left town to live in Russia in the mid 1930s.

It's only natural that many of Edwards' memories are related to nature, he was seven years old when his family moved to Fairhope in 1924 and had just graduated from high school when they left for Europe, he said.

"My mother was involved in bird banding all over Baldwin County, blue birds, cardinals, cranes, sea gulls, and sparrows," he said.

He helped her keep track of the bird migrations and in the banding of birds, he said.

Edwards and his sister recently visited the home they lived in as children.

"The interior was nicely decorated," Ewing said.

The visit prompted a memory of the house decor in 1924.

"Our house was filled with books and anything my mother could dissect and hang on the wall. We were known as a very eccentric family," she said.

Edwards has fond memories of rides on the Bay Queen and the Eastern Shore.

> "It has changed so much, I didn't recognize anything."
>
> **— Dan Edwards, former Fairhope resident**

"The Cochrane Bridge was not built when we lived here," he said.

Edwards' father, Willard, built a motorized sail boat at the Marietta Johnson School of Organic Education where he taught history, he said.

In addition to pleasant hours spent sailing on *The Osprey*, Edwards remembered his family sailing up the Mobile River to escape the ravages of the Hurricane of 1926.

"You could hear the animals along the river screeching in terror," he said.

Edwards remembers his father selling *The Osprey* in the early 1930s because of the Depression.

"He then bought a shrimper the Coast Guard had seized and named it *The Bootlegger*, he said. Devil's Hole on Fly Creek was a favorite swimming spot for Edwards and his friends as well as Mobile Bay.

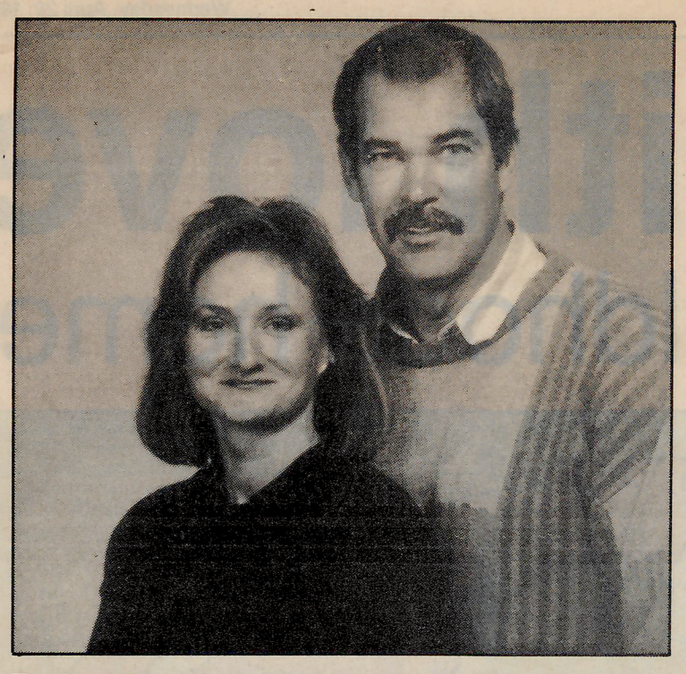
"It was much cleaner then," he said.

Most of the childhood friends he recalls, like Robert Jeffcott and Kenneth Cain, have died, he said.

Edwards' son, Vladimir, has accompanied him on this trip and is working at Nuetzel's TV and VCR Service while they are here to enhance his English skills, Edwards said.

The pair has taken several trips thus far including Pensacola, Gulf Shores, and New Orleans and have toured Scott Paper Company and Circuit City, Edwards said.

He and his wife have a large summer garden where they grow most everything but string beans, he said. He is not called Dan Edwards in Russia but is known, roughly translated, as Kenneth Vladimirovitch, he said. Although his family has always called him Dan, his first name is Kenneth. Vladimirovitch is the closest the Russians could come to Willardovitch, the traditional way of referring to a Russian man by his father's first name, he said.



Bells ring for Make-a-wish founder

Donna Pierce, founder and executive director of the Make-A-Wish Foundation has lots of experience making dreams come true for some very special children. But on March 25, Pierce took a break from granting wishes to make a wish come true of her own. Pierce was married to Karl L. Brantley of Daphne. Pierce, a graduate of the University of Mobile with a degree in management, works full time for the Make-A-Wish Foundation of Alabama. She is also a certified instructor by the Alabama Real estate Commission and instructs for the Professional Real Estate Academy in Fairhope. Brantley is a graduate of Auburn University with a degree in education. He works full-time as a Warehouse manager for the Alabama Shipyard. The couple plans to reside in Daphne.

Social Policy

The Fairhope Courier publishes wedding, engagement and anniversary announcements as a public service at no charge.

Announcement forms are available at the Courier's office in downtown Fairhope at 325 Fairhope Ave., or by writing and requesting the forms. Written requests should be sent to: Social Announcements; Fairhope Courier; P.O. Box 549; Fairhope, AL 36533.

Engagement announcements should be submitted at least two weeks before the wedding and will be published as space is available. Publication should not be considered a substitute for an invitation.

Wedding and anniversary announcements should be submitted within two months following the event and will be published as space is available.

We prefer that photos submitted for publication be black-and-white glossies, at least 4-by-5-inches in size. The Courier cannot guarantee that any photo submitted will be returned. Please have prints made of one-of-a-kind photos.

If you submit a photo to go with your announcement, you should arrange to pick up the photo once it has been published. If you request your photo to appear in any of Gulf Coast Newspapers' other publications in Baldwin County besides the Courier (The Islander, The Onlooker, The Bulletin, The Independent, or The Baldwin Times), please allow 30 days before picking up your photo.

The Courier reserves the right to edit any social announcement submitted.

Stringer to wed Inlow

The couple will marry on May 28 in Spanish Fort

Mr. and Mrs. Perry J. Outlaw of Fairhope and Mr. and Mrs. Leon P. Stringer of Pelham, announce the engagement of their daughter, Jessica Ellen Stringer to Bradley Kevin Inlow, the son of Michael D. Inlow of Daphne and Faye Inlow of Bowling Green, Mo.

She is a 1992 graduate of the University of West Florida in Pensacola.

She is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Stringer of Birmingham, the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brill of Mobile, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin L. Byrd of Georgetown; and James Outlaw of Jackson.

She is currently completing the last semester of graduate school, master of social work program at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa.

Inlow is a 1990 graduate of the University of Mobile with a bachelor of science in business management. He is employed at The Prudential in Mobile.

He is the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Kearns and the late Mr. and Mrs. James R. Inlow, all of Bowling Green, Mo.

The couple will exchange wedding vows at 5 p.m. May 28 at the Spanish Fort United Methodist Church.

Bradley Kevin Inlow and Jessica Ellen Stringer

Keith to marry McCarthy

Margaret (Peggy) A. Yeend McCarthy of Fairhope and Michael E. McCarthy of New Carlisle, Ohio, announce the engagement of their daughter, Kelly Lyn McCarthy to Chad Richard Keith, the son of Ronnie Keith of Kinston and Sue Rogers of Andalusia.

The bride-elect is a 1994 graduate of Troy State University in Troy. She is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Yeend Sr. of Fairhope and Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. McCarthy of Bethesda, Md.

The prospective bridegroom is a 1994 graduate of Troy State. He is the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Keith of Kinston, Sybil Richards of Kinston and the late Rufus Richards.

The couple will exchange wedding vows at 7:30 p.m. May 28 at St. Lawrence Catholic Church in Fairhope.

Kelly Lyn McCarthy

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Marjorie Ewing
~~2014 East Place~~, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20007
Tel.: (202) 337-0882

Keep 1665 32

1665 32 St. NW
D.C. 20007

A narrative outline

of the true story of an American girl who:

- was taken to the Soviet Union in 1934;
- was deprived of her passport through moral pressure and deceit;
- was detained by the NKVD and forbidden to seek help from the American embassy;
- experienced the German attack on Moscow and the evacuation to Kuibyshev;
- became a pawn in Lend-Lease negotiations;
- made an adventurous exit through the Middle East;
- returned home on the hazardous voyage of the S.S. Brazil from Karachi to New York during World War II.

Mrs Gordon Ewing
1665 32nd St. NW
Washington, DC 20007

Telephone: 202-337-0882

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As our ship moved to the pier in Leningrad, my brothers and I pressed against the rail, each trying to be the first to sight our parents. The scene was disappointingly humdrum. For the departure from New York, there had been music and the excitement of hundreds of passengers and visitors hurrying on or off the boat. Here, there was no music and no crowd. It was too easy to find the couple waiting for us. Mother, always a devoted bird watcher, was sitting on a capstan, gazing at the gulls circling overhead. Father, too near-sighted to pick us out on the deck, was pacing near the gangplank. Totally let down, my brothers and I collected our few bags and lined up to disembark.

The disappointment deepened when we greeted our parents. I cried and had to pretend that it was because I was so happy to see them again. After a year in the Soviet Union, father had become almost an old man, although he was still in his forties. He had lost much of his hair and his skin was pasty. Worst of all, there were gaps between his remaining teeth. Mother, shabbily dressed, looked thin and drawn. They hugged us warmly, but both seemed self-conscious and anxious. I began to chatter about the trip over, wanting to cover their embarrassment - and my own.

At fifteen, I was old enough to have some sense of the distress the Great Depression had spread throughout America by 1934, but too young to have felt personally threatened. Until now, in my pleasant little Alabama town, there had been teen-age friends and helpful teachers, school dances and picnics, long swims in Mobile Bay and wiener roasts on the shore. Suddenly, I felt afraid. I was not prepared for this alien place and the obvious unease of my parents, who seemed remote from me.

Later, I understood that I could not have had a more fitting introduction to Stalin's Russia.

Willard and Helen Edwards adopted me when I was two years old. Both foster parents were of old American stock, and there was nothing in their backgrounds to suggest that their lives, and to some degree mine, would be pulled out of shape by a country that had recently been renamed the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Willard was ~~said to be~~ descended from Jonathan Edwards, and among the other names in his family were Hemingway, Shattuck, and Emerson. Helen's people were of Scotch-Irish descent. Her paternal grandfather was a New England sea captain, her father a prosperous businessman. She grew up in an atmosphere of affluence and non-intellectual refinement, whereas Willard's principal inheritance was intellect.

Both lived in Hinsdale, a suburb of Chicago, and they were married there when both were in their twenties. Their only natural child, a son named Dan, was born shortly before the end of the First World War in which Willard served as an officer in the Navy. When he returned to Hinsdale, he resumed his position with the Chicago map and globe publishing firm of A.J. Nystrom and Company, and shortly after became its vice-president. Helen, rebelling against the values of her conventional family, threw her energies into social work and was active in the famous Hull House, founded by Jane Addams. Miss Addams, in fact, became my godmother.

When I was five years old, my parents decided to add one more child to the family and adopted a boy whom we called Bert. And so the pattern appeared to be set: a happy family in suburbia, with a comfortable house, relatives next door, domestic help to take care of the routine work of housekeeping, and a circle of friends with common interests. But then Dan contracted pneumonia. Through expert medical attention and twenty-four hour nursing, he survived, but was left in a dangerously weak condition. The doctors recommended taking him to a milder climate. Rather than risk their son's life, my parents, in their mid-thirties, decided that they must give up their work and their pleasant life.

After much discussion with their friends, they made up their minds to move to Fairhope, a small town on Mobile Bay in Alabama. Apart from the climate, the decisive attraction was the presence there of a young experimental school that had drawn attention throughout the educational world. Even the renowned John Dewey had visited and written

about it. The school's support came from wealthy donors and the tuition fees of the boarding pupils. ~~Local~~ the town children could attend for five dollars a year, but most of them went to the local public school. There were seminars and other activities for adults, and many interesting people came from all over the country, ~~staying at the small but elegant local hotel overlooking the Bay.~~ to spend the winter there.

This was a perfect setting for my parents. Father became a teacher and student counselor at the school and bought a house with several acres of field, orchard, and woodland. He christened the place "Four-Hour Farm" and grew a good deal of our food on it. He developed his skill as a sailor, and later on, with the help of students, he built a sail boat inside the school's arts and crafts building. It was so big - a 36-foot ketch - that the end wall of the building had to be torn down so it could be pulled out and hauled on rollers to the water, two miles away. He could do pretty much as he pleased because he was not dependent upon his small salary from the school; he had a portfolio of blue-chip stocks.

Mother, in her quiet but purposeful way, almost completely liberated herself from the usual work of a housewife. She taught herself just enough about cooking to boil fruits and vegetables and to make stews, her only method for coping with meat. With father's reluctant consent, she gave away all the "frivolities" of the household: curtains, carpets, pictures, bric-a-brac - everything not essential to eating, studying, and resting. She buried herself in nature studies and began to teach the subject to the younger children in the school. The house became a zoo and an aviary. She kept a huge bull snake in a box under the ~~dining~~ library table; it was her anniversary gift to herself. She banded birds and stuffed animals that could not be restored to health. And she wrote poetry. She was kind and gentle to all of us, and she was happy to listen to us and to teach us. She was even willing to feed us, if what we ate could be boiled and if we served ourselves. But she had found a world of her own, and she meant to live in it.

We children did not mind that, although we were always glad when friends invited us to eat with them. We were healthy and busy. We loved the school, with its arts and crafts, English folk dancing, and casual approach to academic subjects. We hammered and painted, danced and swam and sailed in our own Eden.

Then the stock market crashed. At first, there was no sense of catastrophe in a place like Fairhope, but after a year or so the signs of real distress began to appear, and the atmosphere changed even for us youngsters. There were fewer picnics and prizes, and the school curtailed its more expensive activities. My parents began to spend their evenings alone in serious discussion and reading left-wing magazines. By 1933, the school was approaching bankruptcy, and my father's private income was vanishing. He decided that our good life had come to an end. Through his reading, and observation of what was happening around us, he had persuaded himself, and mother too, that capitalism had failed and would not recover. The right and sensible course was to help build a new, socialist society, to make a model for a better world. The Soviet Union, he thought, offered an opportunity to do precisely that.

In reality, he knew very little about the Soviet Union, and that little had come from sympathetic books and articles. He had no informed understanding of the conditions of life there, of the country's internal politics and the methods of Stalin's rule, of the limitations and risks to which foreigners were subject. Like so many other idealistic non-Russians at that time, he saw himself using his energies and expertise - he had done innovative work in visual education - in the service of a grand and promising experiment in the use of reason and science for the benefit of humanity.

When, in the light of what was to come, I try to understand my father, I am puzzled, and find it difficult not to be bitter. He was an attractive, healthy man, a good athlete and versatile in his skills, but also reflective and something of a scholar. Acquaintances spoke of his great sense of humor, and he was popular with both children and adults. Not many of them experienced the hot temper that occasionally showed itself within the family when he was crossed, or knew that he liked to consider his own views and decisions as beyond criticism because based upon "logical reasoning", although he taught his children that the ability to admit a mistake was one of the greatest virtues. Characteristically, he established a pattern for family discussions, a sort of round table. Even for general chatter during meals, we had to take turns, counter-clockwise, for two minutes each. For serious matters, when one or all three of us protested a parental ruling, say, each would have his turn in short installments. It was all so fair and reasonable that when

things turned out as father wished, as they always did, there was no good way to object. We were smothered by kindly logic. Father saw no trace of tyranny in his family victories; he would have said that they were simply manifestations of applied reason.

Yet in making plans that would affect all of us for the rest of our lives, he ignored the principle of the family council. My brothers and I knew very little about what he had in mind until, at dinner one evening, he announced that he was going to the Soviet Union, by himself at first. When he had settled in, he would send for the family. Ten days later, he said goodbye.

We children felt mainly a greater sense of freedom after his departure. Mother was now so absorbed in her own interests that she did not follow our activities very closely. She received only a few letters from father, and it astonishes me now to think how seldom we spoke of him. After about six months, however, at the beginning of 1934, he wrote to say that he was established in Moscow and mother should join him there as soon as possible. We children would remain in Fairhope until the end of the school year. Dan and Bert would stay on in the house with a young male teacher to look after them, and I would board with the family of a school chum in the town.

It all seems unbelievably casual to me now. Mother left in February of 1934. In June, the family Ford was put in the garage, the house was closed, friends took whatever furniture and equipment they cared to have, and my brothers and I were put on a train to New York. There, a travel agent met us and turned us over to a school teacher who had agreed to be our escort. We sailed the next day on a Moore-McCormack cruise ship bound for Scandinavia and the Soviet Union. Seventeen days later, after stops in Copenhagen and Helsinki, we arrived in Leningrad.

My Father had an Intourist limousine waiting to take us to an Intourist hotel. The drabness of the streets and the people on them, the dismal furnishings of the hotel and its lack of life, put me into a state of deep depression. The sightseeing we did next day only added to it. That evening, we left by sleeper for Moscow. Again, an Intourist driver met us and took us across the city. A short distance out the Leningrad Chaussee, we turned into a small side street and stopped at the entrance

to a block of three-story flats. At that time, this section was on the outskirts of Moscow, and the government had only recently constructed apartment buildings and renovated a large hospital near by. The trolley buses did not run there, but a streetcar line had its terminal at the hospital.

We rang the bell, and a squat, ~~elderly~~ wrinkled peasant woman came to the door. This was our landlady. She opened a door off the dark entranceway, and there was our new home. It was one room, about 12' x 16'. In the center was a table, with four straightbacked chairs around it. Over the table hung a lamp with a big orange shade - the omnipresent abajour of Russian households, at least as much a fixture in them as the samovar. Against the walls stood five camp cots. ~~There~~ Purchased by our parents, and there was one large window overlooking a ~~hippodrome.~~ row of shade trees & the Moscow hippodrome.

We put our clothes in a wardrobe standing in the entranceway and stored our suitcases under the cots or in the corners. Then the old lady showed us the rest of her modern apartment, which ~~she~~ had been awarded ~~because of the heroic conduct of~~ to her late husband, a fighter in the revolution. There was a toilet off the entrance. Next to it was a room much smaller than ours, in which lived landlady, her forty-year-old bachelor son, a dog and a cat. Mother and son shared the one bed. The kitchen contained a table bearing two ~~kerosene stoves~~, ~~called~~ primuses, stoves and there was a small sink with a cold-water tap. The bathroom, behind the kitchen, had a tub and a basin, but water had to be heated on the Primus. This was the way most Muscovites lived, as I discovered later. We shared these amenities with our landlady & her son.

Our father had already arranged our immediate futures. Dan enrolled in a summer course for foreigners on the Cultural ~~aspects~~ life of the Soviet Union. Bert and I went to a summer camp operated by the English-language school we would attend in the fall. It was situated about thirty miles outside the city, on a tributary of the Moscow River. The facilities were fairly primitive, but typical of most such camps anywhere. Being completely ignorant of Soviet ideology, I was astonished to find that the shell of a charming old church on the grounds served as our mess and kitchen.

After being introduced to the other campers, I was asked to get rid of my "jewelry" - a tiny pin that friends had given me when I said goodbye to Fairhope and a silver ring with a good-luck symbol. The order upset me very much, but by now I was too unhappy and apathetic to do anything but obey in silence. The only adornment permitted was the Pioneer

tie, the Pioneers being a politicized version of our Scouts. The tie was a hand-me-down, already much used, and its dull red color symbolized, I suppose, the blood of the Revolution. It was ugly and unbecoming. I detested wearing it, but had no choice.

The campers were Russian and American. The Russians, children of Soviet trade officials who had lived in New Y ork for some years, spoke fluent English. All the Americans, except for Bert and me, were from Jewish families. Their parents had emigrated to the United States before or during the Revolution, and had returned to Russia in the early Thirties, when the depression shattered their hopes for a better future in America. The children had grown up in ~~Brooklyn or the Bronx~~ the U.S.S.R. and were thoroughly American.

There were far fewer activities at the camp than would have been expected at home. We swam once a day in the river, played volley ball by the hour, and spent the rest of the time strolling, gossiping , or reading. The only English books available, worn from heavy use, were the works of socially acceptable bourgeois writers: Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Jack London, and a few others. I was learning to live without freedom of choice.

In late August, Bert and I returned to our cramped quarters in the city. Inevitably, family tensions built up under such conditions, and my only escape was to shut myself up with a book in the toilet or bathroom. Fortunately, school started in early September.

The Anglo-American School(which had no English students) was in the center of Moscow, and my brother and I traveled to it by streetcar. It shared a well-kept building with the much larger German school, and there was a common playground, but we never mixed with the German-speaking children. I do not think there was any reason for this other than the language barrier.

The arts and crafts and English folk dancing of Fairhope were no help to me here. I was placed in the sixth grade, roughly equivalent to the American ninth grade, which I had already finished. It seemed to me the final blow. The material was certainly new to me, but most of my classmates were twelve or thirteen years old. I was nearly sixteen. Humiliation, acute homesickness, the dreariness around me, the incredible workload of thirteen subjects, and the intolerable lack of privacy

at home drove me into an even profounder state of depression. The teachers spoke to my parents, and I was given a thorough medical examination. The doctors found that I had a mild case of tuberculosis. My periods were so prolonged and painful that every month I would go into shock. My father would not budge from his conviction that no medicine whatever should be taken unless on a doctor's orders, and even when I was in agony he would not allow mother to give me so much as an aspirin. As he considered tea, coffee and cocoa harmful stimulants, one can understand his objection to aspirin.

Nevertheless, I stayed in school and worked hard. My low fever persisted, and my parents considered sending me to Arizona. I longed to go, but in the end, with much rest and a diet of eggs and milk, I began to recover, and the dream of escape was gone.

The following summer, I refused to go to the camp again. Even my parents admitted that I was too mature for it. I spent my time mostly with friends from the upper grades. We swam at a club for foreigners on the Moscow River, and danced the jitterbug in the Park of Culture and Rest. In that beautiful summer of 1935, Russians began to feel that their worst years of hardship were over. Little luxuries appeared, and there was less tension in the air. Many days I was almost happy.

Dan, meanwhile, was learning the skills of a tool and die maker in a large factory. The idea was that when he completed his apprenticeship and had learned enough Russian, he would be able to attend night school and take a degree in engineering. Father had made this arrangement and, when Dan obviously was doing extremely well, insisted that he apply for Soviet citizenship - the most outrageous of father's fateful decisions. The Anglo-American School gave mother a position as teacher of biology, and father worked out for her a series of visual aids similar to those he had designed for teaching history in Fairhope. Little Bert was neglected all around - which perhaps was his good luck.

Ironically, it was my father who was unable to fit into Soviet life. Earlier, the Russians had shown some interest in his theories of visual education, but after a period of experimentation in the schools, they were returning to conventional academic methods. The former commissar of education was, in fact, under arrest. Father made up his mind to go to New York and work for socialism in America.

He had recently resumed the practice of holding round-table discussions with us, and for the first time he told us of some of his

experiences before the family joined him. He had arrived during the Soviets' agricultural crisis of 1933, when the government made its final, ruthless drive toward collectivization and the extermination of the kulaks. Father answered the call for volunteers to bring in the grain. He went south to the Kuban, where he lived in utterly primitive conditions and worked long hours on a meager diet. The work was often sabotaged by what were called anti-Soviet elements on the collective. He worked harder and faster to fulfill his norms. One night - he had taken to sleeping in the fields to escape the odors of the crowded barracks in which the workers were housed - he woke up to the sound of an approaching tractor. He rolled away as the driver tried to run over him. The attempted murder brought things to a head in the collective. An official inquiry found that father had doubled his norm, and dissident workers, unable to discourage him by falsifying the figures on his work, had intended to get rid of him through an "accident." A hero to some and an interfering foreigner to others, my father returned to Moscow and tried again to establish a relationship with the Commissariat of Education. He rented a small office and hired a translator-secretary, but he had no success. He left for New York in the autumn of 1935.

My Father's absence made life easier for the rest of us. Dan was absorbed in his work and never revealed his thoughts about this strange family. Bert was young enough to take things as they came. Mother loved teaching, was proud of having her first paying job, and in her new independence took more care with our diet. She would shop near the school and supplement the limited choice with items from the valuta (foreign currency) store, although as a rule we ate what was easily available - carrots, potatoes, cabbage, apples and pears, good bread, and sausage more often than fresh meat. We never learned to eat herring. The factory gave Dan a midday meal, and the school lunchroom, where two Volga-German women had a skilled hand with the plainest of dishes, did well by my mother, Bert and myself.

My health was much better, and I began to meet people outside the school. The two daughters of an American director who was making a film in Moscow introduced me to their parents' friends. And through others I met Margaret Bourke White, Erskine Caldwell, Henry Dana, and people from

the New York theatre world who were interested in the Moscow stage. I was often invited to dine at the Metropole hotel and was included in their opera and theatre parties.

Nevertheless, I was eager to return to the United States, and in the summer of 1936 there was talk of my joining my dad ~~father~~ in New York. That, however, was a prospect I could not face, much as I longed to get away from Russia. Mother accepted my decision and arranged with a cousin in London, a woman whose husband was a medical specialist, to go there for a visit. I took the Red Arrow Express to Leningrad and boarded a Soviet passenger ship for London.

For four weeks, I lived in a lovely house in North London with a sunny room of my own; was treated as a grown-up young person and given sherry before dinner; ate fresh English peas as fast as my hostess could buy them - nothing has tasted so good to me since; joined tennis and tea parties; reveled in the shops and bought a new wardrobe; and went to matinee performances of plays in my own language. I could not have imagined such a world from our Moscow side street. The closest I can come to describing my excitement and relief is to say that the experience was rather like that of passing from occupied Germany into Switzerland after World War II. To me, London was paradise, but there was no way for me to stay on indefinitely. I went back to Moscow for the start of the school year.

As I had finished the last grade the Anglo-American School offered, I applied for admission to the Pedagogical Institute of Foreign Languages and was accepted. This was a great help to me. The Institute gave evening courses for those who, like me, had not finished the Russian equivalent of high school, and who wished to study a foreign language. This freed me from several courses. Students received a state stipend. It was small, but enough for carfare plus odds and ends. During the day, I tutored two young children in English.

I went to the opening classes with trepidation, for I was not really fluent in Russian despite having studied every day at the Anglo-American School. And I certainly had no specialized vocabulary. But by hard work and concentration in class, I managed eventually to get A's and B's in the pure sciences. The big challenge was Russian grammar, with its six cases and corresponding inflections, but I made a game of it and ended the

year at the head of my class, although I could never learn to cope with dictation. I learned a good deal about 19th-century Russian literature and thus about a Russia very different from the one I was living in. For the first time, I felt socially at ease with my friends who were now attending the university. "Institute" sounded much better than "school."

For the ordinary Soviet citizen, too, life continued to seem much more promising than in earlier years. Material conditions were clearly better. The assassination of the Leningrad chairman of the Communist Party, Sergei Kirov, in 1934 had shocked many people, but had come to seem an isolated incident. Then, toward the end of 1936, we began to hear of the arrest or "replacement" of important officials. This was only the beginning of the trials and purges that went on until 1938. Many of my Russian school friends saw their fathers, and even their mothers, arrested and taken away. Foreigners who had come so enthusiastically a few years before began to leave. Those who had accepted Soviet citizenship had second thoughts, and many filed applications to renounce their Soviet citizenship and secure passports from their former countries. The Germans - of whom I knew a good number - were in a frightful dilemma, knowing what faced them if they went back. Our situation was less desperate, but difficult enough. Dan had become a Soviet citizen. Mother, unable or unwilling to face the facts, would not even consider giving up her position at the school. Bert had no voice in the matter, and I could not compel mother to think ahead.

By the end of summer, 1937, many of the teachers in the Anglo-American School had left the country. The director asked me if I would teach the first grade. The idea thrilled me. I enjoyed children and knew the subject matter on that level would be no problem. I took the job.

There were only about ten children in the class. Some of them I still remember vividly. One child, Sonia, was always beautifully dressed, talkative and eager. A maid escorted her to and from school, so I did not meet her parents, but I knew that her father had been a Soviet trade official in New York. One week, she was absent for two days, then re-appeared in a state of shock. The maid said nothing, but it was obvious that something had happened to this little girl. During recess, I

asked her what was the trouble. The tears poured down as she told me that men had come to the house in the early morning, got her father out of bed, and taken him away. Her mother, apparently, was hysterical, and the traumatic experience had left the child bewildered and frightened. Although she stayed on until the school closed, she never regained her gaiety and none of us heard any more what became of her.

Teachers were rarely asked to the children's homes. I did, however, get a glimpse of one unusual household when a charming pupil, Evelyn, asked me to tea. She was a tall, brown-haired child, extremely bright, imaginative and high-spirited, and I was curious about her family. The household turned out to be a little pocket of pre- and post-revolutionary Moscow. The father was English, a handsome, upper-class intellectual, still in his thirties, a communist. His wife, a gentle and appealing woman, was Russian. She played the harpsicord in the Moscow Symphony. Evelyn's maternal grandmother - a tall, regal-looking person who was probably a member of the old aristocracy - lived with them in an apartment (presumably hers) in a fine old mansion. The furnishings were a bit worn but elegant: oriental carpets, heavy draperies, and lovely bric-a-brac. Living as I did, I was overwhelmed.

The boy I remember best - called Serge, having been born in France - was the son of the composer Sergei Prokoviev. Young Serge was a tall, gangling tow-head, with contrasting dark-brown eyes - the perfect combination of his Russian father and Spanish mother, who was a great beauty. He was intelligent, and high-strung, but keenly interested in all his school work, and his mother seemed to be pleased with his progress. She often brought the boys (Serge's older brother was also in the school) and she would always chat with me for a few minutes, but her beauty, her elegance, and her air of controlled tension ~~inhibited me.~~ had me in awe.

These few months of teaching were my happiest in Moscow, and I was delighted when the ~~head mistress~~ director offered mother a two-room apartment which had been assigned to the school. It was located well out in the suburbs, which meant commuting, but it sounded inviting to us after the misery of that one cramped room and our filching landlady.

The move itself seemed easy enough: we had nothing that we could not carry in suitcases. We took a taxi to the train and had a twenty-minute ride. Then we discovered that from the suburban station we had to walk a ~~good half~~ a mile across open fields to the housing area.

After making two trips to bring up our bags, we looked around. The

community we had moved into consisted of flimsy, match-box style, stuccoed apartment buildings, perhaps twenty-five or thirty of them, built as temporary workers' housing in the late twenties. In addition to the apartments there was a small clinic, a police barracks, a fire house with one engine, and a school, the latter of good solid brick. These structures had been erected on a vast treeless field, surrounded by patches of woodland, with no landscaping of any sort. In the approved Soviet fashion, the complex was called Textile Town. There was no factory to be seen, and the source of the name was a mystery we never bothered to solve.

When we entered the apartment, we learned what mother had been told at the last minute, but had not bothered to tell us: we were once more to live in one room, slightly smaller than the room we had escaped. But size and location were not the worst of it.

Each building had twelve apartments located on two floors. Ours was on the ground floor. As we entered a small hallway, directly across from the front door was the "bathroom." It was a small, untiled, wooden-floored room with a basin with cold running water and a toilet. Next to it off the corridor was the kitchen, with table, Primuses, and a small round-bottomed sink, also with cold water. Water was heated for all purposes by kettle. There was absolutely no storage space, and we kept a pan and kettle on a tabouret under the table.

Across the hall were ~~what should have been our~~ another two rooms of the four-room apartment. In fact, we had only the front room, which you entered directly from the entrance hall. The small room behind it, and accessible only through our quarters, was already occupied. The school director had given it "temporarily" to a young Finnish-American teacher of physics and his wife who had a four-week-old baby. She had assured my mother that they were looking for a larger room, but the outlook seemed pretty dim as the weeks went by.

So there we were, two families sharing two small rooms, with nothing between us but a badly-cut plywood door. In the other two rooms were also two families. In the smaller of them was a young German woman, Erika, and her baby of one year; the husband had taught at the German school, but had been arrested the year before and had never seen his son. When he left, Erika was forced to share her two rooms with other Germans who were looking for a place, and the German school had been as generous to her as our director had been with us. Her roommates were the elderly mother of a woman teacher and the woman's young son. The teacher herself had found a small room in town and left the son with the grandmother out in

Textile Town.

And so our happy family of eleven bodies was sharing one kitchen and one half-bath. Later on, when the couple with the baby moved out, the director let the school secretary move in.

By making this move, we had made a deplorable situation worse. We children adapted as best we could, but mother became tense and nervous. It did not help to have the young couple tramp through our place at all hours, bearing soiled diapers about which they made unappetizing jokes. As the weeks wore on, mother eventually had a nervous breakdown. Even in this state she refused to go back to America, knowing that she would be abandoning Dan and also, no doubt, dreading a return to the domination of my father.

By then, it seemed that paranoia was rapidly seizing the country: there was an endless series of arrests, and the big purges were reaching down to the man in the street. Foreigners and Russians with foreign connections were doubly vulnerable.

In January, 1938, the Government closed both the Anglo-American and the German schools. And to make things even worse, it closed down the recreational International Club, ~~which~~ claiming it was a spy center! The club had been the popular meeting place for the many foreigners who had come to Russia with such hope. Given the cramped living quarters we all had it was the one place where we could meet for games, dancing, meals, and films. A pall of fear settled over a great number of lives.

Now, even mother recognized that we must leave as quickly as possible. She agreed that I should obtain exit visas for three of us. We rationalized Dan's position by saying that he could apply for renunciation of his Soviet citizenship and return to the United States at a later time. We could not allow ourselves to admit that, in the atmosphere of that time and place, he would be considered ~~a traitor~~ anti-Soviet if he did so. We were frightened, and thoroughly disoriented. I myself was torn between my vast relief at finally leaving this terrible life and my profound grief at leaving Dan behind. He now was nearly twenty-three, but as shy and sensitive and lonely as ever. I loved him very much.

The following morning, I went straight to the visa bureau. I was put through the usual procedure, which included leaving our passports there at a special window. The official told me to return in two days to

pick them up. When I did so, the man handed me mother's and Bert's passports, but not mine. He explained that mine was not ready yet and told me to come back the next day. I was annoyed to have to make still another long trip from Textile Town, but saw nothing more alarming in it than the usual inefficiency.

The next day, I went back to the same window and was told I must wait. After a half hour or so, a man came out of a side door and spoke to me. He requested me to go with him to an office in the rear. I could not refuse, but I felt very uneasy. A year earlier, I would have thought nothing of the procedure. In 1938, one did not trust anybody, especially an official - and one in uniform, at that.

In the room we entered sat another official, also in uniform. He asked me seemingly harmless questions about my reasons for returning to the United States. I gave straightforward answers. As he and his colleague continued, I realized that they were trying to make me feel and say that I was committing an anti-Soviet act. Then they brought up a matter that really upset and confused me. What about my brother Dan? Did I really want to leave him all alone? I was so deeply attached to Dan that I could not think of any explanation that would not sound disloyal to him, so my answers were rather incoherent and increased my own distress. Through subtle threats, the officials built up the pressure on me until I began to fear not only that they would refuse to return my passport, but might even arrest me. They finally put before me a document already prepared for my signature. It was an application for Soviet citizenship. Too frightened to think, I signed it.

The men released me at once, and I rushed home to tell mother what had happened. Frantic, she ordered me to go back to the city immediately and report it to the American Embassy.

At the embassy, a vice-consul listened to my story with a look of amazement and disbelief on his face. When I had finished, he threw up his hands and said, "Oh, my God!" There was probably no way for the embassy to help me, he said, but he would discuss the problem with his superiors.

Exhausted and in despair, I went back to Textile Town. Mother wept, and ~~fourteen-year~~ 16-yr-old Bert just looked at me in silent sympathy. As soon as Dan returned from work, we began a debate that lasted until late at night. The practical possibilities were, or seemed to us, so limited that we argued in circles. In the end, we agreed that mother and Bert

should leave immediately. As my teaching job had ended with the closing of the school, Dan would take care of me until we could see whether there was some way to get me out of my predicament.

Shortly after, mother and Bert went by train to Leningrad and then by ship to New York. I took over our little household and tried to do for Dan the things mother had done.

After the initial shock, I saw my situation as hopeless. I knew that I would never accept the idea of living out my life in Russia, but I could not imagine any way to escape. I fell into a state of complete apathy, unable to do anything that was not absolutely necessary. I ate very little. The difficulties of daily life, in the middle of the severe Russian winter, seemed insuperable. Changing the bedclothes meant washing the sheets by hand (mother had paid a neighbor to do them), boiling them in a large pot and then trying to dry them outdoors, where they would hang stiff with icicles. Heating was a constant problem, as it was at best difficult to buy wood for the ~~wall~~ Dutch oven that heated our side of the apartment. And when we did manage to find someone willing to sell us wood, it was so green that some of it never did ignite. By leaving our doors open all the time, to the kitchen in back of the apartment, we were able to keep the pipes from freezing, a threat every winter.

Dan was gentle and kind, but my state of mind worried him. He urged me to look for a job. From the Soviet point of view, I was a "social parasite," and that was dangerous. When I did not take his advice, he tried to force me into action by reducing the amount of money he gave me for food. I responded by going regularly to the nearby communal mess, where I could buy a liter of pea soup for about ten cents. I would take the soup and a chunk of black bread back to the apartment, eat my fill, and get into bed. It was the only warm place. When I heard about the central commission store where foreigners as well as Russians took their precious belongings to get a few extra rubles, I sold some of the ~~few things of value that~~ clothing mother had left. Sometimes I would break out of my lethargy and go into the city to visit a school friend, a bouncy, pretty girl of Latvian-American background. She lived with her widowed mother - with whom she had gone to grade school - a bitter little woman, forever cut off from her former Latvian immigrant friends in Boston - and two brothers, one of whom worked in the department of Transportation. Their apartment, which belonged to the Depart-

ment, was modern and unusually well built, and it had three rooms - a luxury. As Lucy did not have a job at that time, although she had finished the Anglo-American school, we spent much time browsing through the shops or visiting friends.

From time to time, I would go to the embassy to ask if there was any word for me. My visits were always brief, and must have been as trying for the embassy officers as for me. Their replies to my questions were perfunctory and negative. Once, a senior officer called me in, but he had nothing helpful to say. I sensed his hostility toward my parents' presumed political views and his intolerance of their bungling. Usually, I talked with a vice-consul, who made it clear that I could not expect miracles.

After one of these interviews, Lucy and I went window-shopping and then had ice cream together. Late in the afternoon, we took the subway to the big square near her apartment. We said goodbye on the street corner, and I waited for a bus to take me to the train station. Suddenly, a man stepped up to me and flashed an identity card. I did not examine it closely, but took him to be from the secret police, an impression confirmed by his dark suit and black leather coat. He saw that I was frightened and quickly explained that I strongly resembled a woman wanted in a fur robbery. No doubt we could clear up the matter quickly, he said, by going to the police station, where I could talk to his superiors. Obviously, I could not refuse. We got into an automobile waiting at the curb.

During the ride, I tried to relieve my nervousness by talking about the preposterous mistake someone had made. The man said nothing. We pulled up in front of a low stuccoed building and mounted a wooden stairway to a room in which a man in uniform was seated behind a desk. He was a perfect Hollywood villain, heavily built and swarthy, with blood-shot eyes and an ugly face. He ordered me to sit down and began questioning me about my movements during the day. He was extremely curt and rough, but at first I assumed that he was leading up to the alleged theft and would soon realize that I had nothing to do with it. Each time he asked me to repeat my account of my activities, I omitted the visit to the embassy. Finally, looking very angry, he began shouting at me and asked me if I had not been to the street in which the embassy was situated. I understood

then that I had been observed and was under suspicion of something much more serious than stealing. When I admitted that I had been at the embassy, the man became more abusive and shouted threats at me. I tried to say that I had gone there to inquire whether my parents had sent money for me. He would not accept the explanation and kept on interrogating me until I was exhausted and terrified, and humiliated by such treatment. Then he put me in another room and told me to wait there.

It was a long, narrow, windowless room, empty except for two small, straight-backed chairs and a dim light bulb hanging from a wire in the ceiling. No one offered to let me use the toilet or get a drink of water. I thought of young friends of mine who had recently been arrested and not heard from since. I worried about Dan. He himself feared that, as a foreigner, he might be arrested in spite of his exemplary record as a worker. And he knew that I was careless about expressing my discontent with life in the Soviet Union. The more I thought about Dan, the more terrified and desperate I became.

Leaving me alone in this desolate room for five hours demolished my morale, as it was meant to do. The daily nightmare of arrest had become a reality.

Toward midnight, an officer in plain clothes took me downstairs to a waiting car. After a ride during which I did not dare peer out, we drew up under a large portico. When I saw the distinctive massive stone walls on either side of the steps leading to the entrance, I knew where we were. This was the Lubianka , the headquarters of the NKVD and the prison in which political prisoners were held. I had passed it many times.

I was led up the stairs, after stopping for a guard, and walked down a very long, dimly-lit corridor. There were many doors on both sides. We stopped in front of one on either side of which was a small chair. I was told to sit down and was left alone. The corridor was silent. After a while, I heard voices coming from behind one of the doors quite near to where I was sitting. I had the impression that an interrogator had suddenly resumed his work after a long pause. His hoarse voice rose to a shout, and then I could hear a man's pleading answers. He was sobbing. This continued for perhaps twenty minutes and then there was silence again. My imagination went wild. I was already on the way to a work camp in Siberia. I wondered if I would be tortured or just

exiled. Later, I heard a door open from the other end of the corridor. Two dim figures approached slowly, walking close together. When they came nearer, I could see that one was a uniformed guard. He was leading a prisoner whose feet were shackled. Unable to look anywhere else, I glanced at the prisoner and saw that he was staring at me in seeming recognition. Despite his growth of beard and unkempt hair, I realized that it was a young German whom I had danced with at the International Club at least two years back. They disappeared into another room. I was shattered and paralyzed with shame & fear.

After what seemed hours, an official asked me to accompany him into a spacious, well-furnished room, with carpet and drapes. Behind a large desk sat a tall, refined-looking man in his middle-thirties, wearing the uniform of a NKVD major. He stood up when I entered and greeted me politely, but without smiling. He invited me to sit down and put me through many of the same questions I had been asked before. I insisted that I had gone to the embassy to inquire about money from America, and said that my parents were good friends of the Soviet Union and had not left the country because of any hostility toward it. After some minutes of this, the major, with an apologetic air, told me that a woman in uniform, who had appeared without my noticing her, would have to search me. She took me into an anteroom, told me to strip, and examined me thoroughly. When I was dressed again, she explained that she would keep my purse and that I was to wait again in the corridor.

There was again a long wait. By now, it was the early hours of the morning and I had not been offered anything to eat, toilet facilities, or even a glass of water. But it did not matter - I felt only half alive.

After about an hour, I was led into another room where an officer was to hear my story again, in great detail, while another man wrote down everything said. By now I was so exhausted and bewildered by this repetitive grilling that I did not think I could endure going through it all again. But, of course, I did.

Once again I was asked to return to the corridor, and after a much shorter wait I was called back into the major's office. He was as

polite as before, but very stern. I was now a Soviet citizen, he said, and must behave as such. I had been extremely foolish. Under no circumstances was I ever to visit the American Embassy. The sooner I made up my mind to lead a "constructive" life in the Soviet Union, the happier I would be. Having delivered this reprimand, he told me I was free to go home. He watched while I checked the contents of my purse. When I assured him that everything was there, he motioned to a guard. I thanked him and was led out to the street where I was left on my own. By the hands of a city clock I saw it was 3:45 a.m. I knew the area well and made my way by tram to the station. I boarded a train and sat down surrounded by peasants, loaded down with sacks, who were munching on garlic and black bread. As I sat there with these earthy, normal people, I could hardly grasp my good luck. Whatever happened now, it could not be as bad as what I had escaped. I thought- and still think - with gratitude of the major who had released me. It was obvious from his speech and manners that he was not the ordinary middle-level official. He was a product of the Soviet system and no doubt loyal to it, but his manner and speech were those of an educated and even sensitive man. He must have seen me for what I was - a foolish American girl caught up in an extraordinary situation. Or perhaps during the long waiting periods he had checked on how my passport had been confiscated.

Dan met me at the door of the apartment. He had been awake all night, sure that I had been arrested and knowing that nothing he could do would be of any use. There was total disbelief on his face when he saw me standing there, alone. I tried to reassure him by sounding flip, and did not tell him the full story of my experience. Once he understood that I was free and unharmed, he became very angry with me. I must find something to do, he said again, and recognize that I was a Soviet citizen. I told him that I was willing to look for a job, but would never stop trying to get out of the Soviet Union. Since he was already late for work, he had to leave matters there for the time being.

In the summer of 1938, I sold the last of my mother's belongings, a wool coat and some other odds and ends, through the commission shop and, after buying a student ticket, I bought one of the popular package tours to the Black Sea resorts. The group I traveled with was made up of teachers, office workers, engineers and a scattering of other professions. They were friendly and casual toward me. They joked a lot and never talked politics. Their ages ~~ranged from~~ thirty to fifty or so.

We took a sleeper south to Ordzhonikidze, a large industrial city. From there, a chartered bus took us across the Caucasus to the Georgian capital of Tbilisi (Tiflis). The Georgian Military Highway was modernized, but the mountain ranges were wild and spectacularly beautiful. After a short stay in Tbilisi, where the handsome Georgian men clustered around our party and seemed enchanted by my accent and blond hair, we went on to Batumi for several days among its tea plantations and luxuriant vegetation. We climbed mountains, swam, and ate meals that delighted the Muscovites. Breakfast in our hotel would have been notable even in Holland: a huge bowl of vegetable soup, eggs, cold cuts, cheese, and slabs of white bread, along with steaming mugs of tea or cereal coffee. After Batumi, we spent several days each at other coastal resorts - all of which seemed light years away from Moscow.

This was my first experience of living with Russians under normal, happy circumstances. They were easy to be with, warm, generous, and full of humor. For the first time in months, I felt hopeful, although I was no closer to any possibility of leaving the country.

By great good luck, I was able to sustain this new mood when the holiday was over. I resumed my evening classes, tutored Russian students in English, went to the theatre whenever possible, and enjoyed many of the improvised parties that Russians are so fond of. The year passed quickly, and in the fall of 1939 I found a job that suited me perfectly. The Library of Foreign Languages needed a receptionist. I applied and was hired.

It was a small library, but the only one of its kind in the city. It was stocked with scholarly books for researchers, and the users were mostly advanced students, professors, and scientists. My main function was to scrutinize membership cards, issue new ones, and give information about the rules and facilities of the library. All the people on the

staff were foreigners, except for two Russian women who had lived abroad. The work was pleasant, the pay decent, and there was the bonus of daily contact with people of interesting and varied backgrounds whom I would not ordinarily have met.

Still trying to complete my schooling, which was very advanced by now, I enrolled in ~~still~~ another evening school near the library. It made a long day, but by now I had become quite fluent in the ~~terminology of a number of subjects~~ language in many subjects. I continued to do well in mathematics, physics, and, surprisingly, advanced Russian grammar. I had always been quick at anything that had logic as its base, but was weak in rote memory. The two most difficult subjects I had that year never became problems. In one - political science - the professor did not require me to take examinations; being a kind and thoughtful person, he did not want to expose me to making a "political" mistake because of my weak Russian. In the other case - geology - the woman professor gave me straight A's, assuming, as she said, that I knew the material, but had difficulty expressing myself.

After several weeks at my new job, I began to notice a man who came to the library nearly every day. He was in his late twenties, a tall, slightly stooped man, clean-shaven, sallow-skinned, with a long, very handsome, intellectual face. He would greet me somewhat self-consciously as he passed me to go on to the reading room. Shortly after, a young German girl who often came to study introduced us. He was a German refugee, called Pepi because his mother was Italian. He invited me to a party with his German friends. We talked the whole evening, speaking Russian, and by the time we left I knew I was falling in love.

We met almost every day, and I began to skip my evening classes. I also neglected Dan, inventing explanations for him that must have left him puzzled until he finally met Pepi. I was too deeply infatuated to care about anything other than being with him, and my studies began to suffer as I missed class after class.

Mercifully, the affair lasted only a few months. One day, I saw in Pepi's apartment a telegram signed "Paula." It said that she was returning to Moscow in a few days. I had previously heard rumours about her, but Pepi swore that that affair was over and made the usual protestations. I had believed him up until then. It turned out that Paula, a Hungarian-American who had come to Russia with her parents, was touring the Soviet Union as a folk-singer, and was now returning from her concerts to her Moscow apartment and common-law husband, as she considered Pepi.

She was, in fact, Pepi's sole support, and his library research was a cover-up for doing nothing. I bowed out with a great deal of melodrama. It did not help at all when friends pointed out that now I knew exactly what a "social parasite" was.

I had lost track of the world, but events pulled me back to reality. The Red Army had followed the Germans into Poland. At the end of November, 1939, it invaded Finland. The effects of the unexpectedly strong Finnish resistance were soon felt in Moscow. There were long queues at the food stores, and often even essentials were unobtainable. The weather turned bitterly cold. By February, I was back full time in Textile Town. Dan and I came to the end of our wood supply and could not get more. The temperature in the apartment stayed well below the freezing point and the kitchen and bathroom pipes froze. We took turns hauling away excrement. We got water from the school.

And then I fell ill. The village doctor diagnosed a severe case of jaundice and ordered me to stay in bed on a strict diet. None of the foods she suggested were available in the stores. Dan got time off from the factory, went to the Moscow free market, and managed to buy, at staggering prices, a scrawny chicken, a handful of carrots, two or three potatoes, and a few onions. A kind woman in the next block of flats made a soup of them which lasted me for three days. She also bathed me, inch by inch, trying to bring down my fever. It was a month before I could leave my bed.

In the spring, after regaining my strength, I returned to the library and to school. I had fallen behind, but with much cramming - and with help from Dan, who was attending engineering school at the university as well as working - managed to finish out the year. In July, I joined several of my university friends for a vacation on the Black Sea. We all shared one room and lived off simple foods bought in the market place. We paid no attention to the events that were leading to war.

Back at my job and studies, I soon learned that the library was sharply curtailing its staff and hours (perhaps part of the xenophobia that was so rampant by now), and I was dismissed. This left me with much time on my hands. Through the director of the library, I was asked to take on as an English pupil a young woman working with the Ministry of Foreign

Affairs. Her English was already excellent, but she wanted practice in conversation. As my pupil was a delightful person, it was an extremely easy and pleasant way to earn money. It was only after some months of this that I had faint doubts about her need for language improvement, and now and then wondered whether she had been sent to check on me and, through our gossipy conversations, my friends. But late that spring, she began missing more and more lessons because of the pressure of her job. By now, talk of a German attack was heard everywhere.

It was during these months after leaving the library that I began seeing some friends who lived in the ~~desirable~~ Arbat residential section. And it was through them that I met some of the American correspondents who lived in the same building. Listening to them and their colleagues gave me a political education. I had imagined that the Red Army was invincible in case of attack, but from the newsmen I learned how vulnerable the country was. And by the spring of 1941, I heard how desperately the Soviet Union needed munitions and other supplies and that it was appealing to the United States for aid.

It struck me that this might be my opportunity to approach the embassy again: surely, in such circumstances, the authorities would not want to harrass an American girl for visiting her country's embassy.

The embassy was now located in Spasso House, a large villa in a pleasant area of the city. I walked there one afternoon. When I saw the guard posted at the entrance, my courage failed and I could not force myself to walk past him.

On the morning of June 22, 1941, I was in our communal kitchen when a neighbor who had been listening to the radio (a loud-speaker system was wired into nearly all apartments) rushed in and told me that the German army had attacked the western borders of the Soviet Union. War was declared. It was a terrifying moment.

As the days went by, the whole country was put on a war footing, and people followed the hourly accounts of the Germans' progress while hopefully waiting for the tide to turn. We heard accounts of massive reinforcement of the troops at the front and of great heroism, but the tide did not turn and the German army swept forward.

From the beginning, there had been an active civil defense program and we were getting used to the air-raid sirens, although we had no

actual raids. One month, precisely, after the invasion, about ten o'clock at night - dusk at that time of year - the sirens started up as usual. Most of us just assumed it to be another scare. It was not. The raid was a heavy one, and I had never been so physically terrified before. I had spent that night with Lucy, but decided now that I would go back to Textile Town, where there were no military objectives and I could be with my brother.

When I arrived home, I found that the residents had been formed into groups, each of which was to build a trench big enough to shelter about twenty persons. The men were organized as air-raid wardens, mainly to deal with incendiary bombs. The stronger set to work with shovels; boards were provided to shore up the sides, and branches were used for camouflage. Everyone worked hard to finish before nightfall.

That night, the planes came again. The Russians threw up such a barrage around Moscow, after the previous night's breakthrough, that the Germans were forced to drop their bombs on the outskirts before returning to their bases. With the other women and children, I sat in the shelter, shaking uncontrollably. Dan and the other men on duty were patrolling for incendiary bombs. The first explosions were near enough, but then there was a tremendous detonation very close to us. Earth and dense smoke rolled into the trench. People in the other shelters screamed and shouted, and after a few minutes a man told us that the second apartment complex from ours had received a direct hit. An elderly couple who had refused to leave their bed had been killed. The man told us to stay where we were and ran off again. There was no way to find out whether Dan was safe. We huddled in the trench until daylight.

The all-clear sounded, and I went searching for Dan. He was exhausted, but otherwise all right. The windows of our apartment had been smashed, and the walls and ceilings had shifted and cracked. We swept up the plaster and glass and went to bed. My last thought before falling asleep was that I would not spend the next night in Textile Town.

Around noontime, as Dan was leaving for work, I told him that I was going to stay with Lucy again and then go to the American Embassy. To my relief, he did not object. He agreed that the authorities must be too preoccupied with the war to make senseless arrests - though, in fact,

they were rounding up people with German-sounding names, even Soviet Jews, and shipping them out of Moscow in cattle cars. My friends were lucky enough to have a telephone, and Dan would be able to call there to find out about me.

The next morning, I dressed and made up to look as conspicuously foreign as possible. My friends wished me good luck, and I went straight to Spasso House. Nothing happened when I walked past the guard, but that was not particularly reassuring. The real test would come when I left.

A receptionist invited me to sit down until someone could see me. Presently, a man hurried through the entrance, stopped to ask whether I was being looked after, listened to my story for a few minutes, told me to wait, and went up a stairway.

About twenty minutes later, an embassy officer came up to me and said that the Ambassador wished to speak to me. He took me to the ambassador's private quarters and introduced me - to the man who had spoken to me downstairs. I was astonished and elated. I had never met an ambassador before, but was too excited to worry about protocol. Mr. Steinhardt let me talk until I was calmer, then asked me a great many questions. He left me for a few minutes to speak with someone in the next room. When he came back, he said that the only way he saw to help me was to give me a job in the chancery. This would offer me some degree of security and also give the embassy more leverage in trying to get back my American passport. What did I think I was best fitted to do? Could I serve as embassy housekeeper? I was not qualified to do anything of consequence, least of all to manage servants. The ambassador agreed that I would not be convincing in that role. Finally, he said I could be listed as a typist-receptionist. I could not type, but I was good at spelling and could learn the hunt-and-peck system, and I spoke Russian. The salary would be $700 per annum. I burst into tears, to the ambassador's embarrassment.

When I walked out of the grounds the guard stared at me, but did not approach me. I returned home in a daze.

The ambassador had suggested that I try to find a place to live nearer the embassy. He mentioned a villa nearby where several of the officers and their wives were housed, and said there might be some sort of accom-

dation for me there. The villa belonged to a widow whose husband had been a distinguished scholar. On his death, she had been clever enough to turn over most of the house to the embassy and thus was able to keep some space for herself. When I explained my situation to her, she gave me one of her own small rooms. I was happy for the first time in many months. It still made me nervous to walk past the guard at the embassy every day, and the bombings were no less frightening, but now I had a real hope of eventually getting out of the Soviet Union.

I worked hard at learning embassy routine and how to use a typewriter, and the officers began to give me simple material to copy. I was a receptionist of necessity, for the only space they could find for my desk was in the waiting room. On my day off I would go out to see Dan and help keep the room in order.

By late September, 1941, the Germans seemed likely to capture Moscow itself. And during the first weeks of October, the ambassador, not entirely trusting official reports, had members of the staff make their own observations by driving to the front.

I began to hear talk of evacuation, not only of the embassy, but of the government itself. When I went to work on October 15, an officer told me that the entire diplomatic corps, and most of the government, would be moved out that evening to go to a city called Kuibyshev, several hundred miles east of Moscow. It was up to me to decide whether to go with them.

It was obvious that I must do so, if I was ever to have a life worth living. But the pain of telling my brother that I was leaving is with me to this day. I got word to him at the factory to meet me at Lucy's. At first, he could not believe what I was telling him. His gentle face showed such grief and despair that I almost broke down. I walked away to get my breath. Dan came up to me, took me in his arms, said I was doing the right thing, and kissed me goodbye. Sobbing, I left him with Lucy and returned to the embassy. Except for occasional letters to my mother after the war, I have not seen or heard from him since.

Back at the villa, I threw a few clothes and essentials into a single bag and rushed to the embassy. It was five o' clock. Cars were lined up outside. People were already assembled in the waiting room, and officers hurried back and forth with check lists in their hands. After an hour or so, one of them began calling out names. We formed a line, and we got into the automobiles. Snow was falling in the blackout, and there

was a constant glare from artillery fire. The German armies were only about ten miles from Moscow. The sound of guns was deafening.

It was a long, slow drive through the dark, wet streets to the Kazan Railway Station on the other side of the city. The escort officers led us past crowds of frantic people, burdened with everything they could carry. Word of the evacuation had spread - people did not know that Stalin and his staff were remaining in the Kremlin - and they were trying to get on any train that would take them away from Moscow.

We were led into a huge waiting room which had been reserved for embassy staffs, foreign correspondents, and Soviet officials. We were a numerous and varied group; a couple of well-placed bombs would have wiped out the entire Moscow diplomatic corps. The wait seemed endless. Then we filed out to the train platform and lined up in the sleet, waiting for our cars to be called. Several of the thirty-six coaches had been allotted to the Americans.

We all felt greatly relieved and became talkative when the train pulled out, even though those correspondents who had been in other war zones pointed out that in open country we would be a perfect target for German planes. The train crawled eastward, often barely moving, sometimes halting for long periods as open freight cars filled with troops from Asiatic Russia rolled toward Moscow. The short trip took four days and nights.

Kuibyshev is a rail junction and a city just large enough to accommodate the transfer of so many officials and embassy staffs. The American Embassy moved into a former school. It had brought a big stock of canned goods, and in a day or two was functioning efficiently in a devil-may-care spirit. I worked away at my typing and joined in cocktail parties with members of the British Embassy, which was headed by the austere Sir Stafford Cripps. He spent his leisure time by taking long walks, with his terrier, in the bitterly raw weather.

I hardly saw Ambassador Steinhardt, and there was talk of his imminent return to the United States. I still did not have my American passport. If the ambassador left before my status was settled, I felt sure I would soon be back in the hands of Soviet officialdom. On the day Mr. Steinhardt said goodbye to the staff, I was in despair. Smitty, his aide, tried to reassure me, but since he was not allowed to tell me what steps

the ambassador had taken on my behalf, he was not very successful.

At the end of November, Smitty appeared at my desk with unbelievable news. I was to go to the visa bureau which the Soviets had established nearby. I asked Smitty whether this might not be a ruse to get me out of the embassy in order to arrest me again. He said he was sure things would be all right, but in any case he would go with me in an embassy car.

We entered the bureau, no more than barracks, and I was taken immediately to a window at which an official handed me a paper to read and sign. It was a request to have my Soviet citizenship revoked. I was also to swear that I would never enter the Soviet Union again. This was a promise I would have no trouble keeping!

The embassy gave me a new passport at once and made plans for me to leave the country by the same route already used by the wives of the remaining staff - the Trans-Siberian railway to Vladivostok, then to the United States by way of Tokyo. Since my departure seemed imminent, Smitty told me in confidence what the ambassador had done to obtain my release. He had simply informed the Foreign Office that until it acted on my case, he would not issue visas to the Soviet officials who were to go to the United States for Lend-Lease negotiations. I never saw Ambassador Steinhardt again. How, in any case, could I have adequately expressed my gratitude?

On December 7, the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. In Kuibyshev we did not at first know the extent of the catastrophe, but my chief realized I would be unable to leave as planned. Embassy officials, without telling me until the last minute, arranged to put me aboard the next plane flying to Teheran. Early on the morning of December 31, 1941, two air-force pilots awakened me and took me to an improvised airfield where the rest of the passengers were waiting: an American correspondent, a British Intelligence officer, and some high officials from the British Embassy.

It was extremely cold. I had nothing but a few clothes, soap and toothbrush - and my precious passport. I had even left my boots behind. Since the plane was unheated and I had very low blood pressure and poor circulation, my feet became so numb I was sure they would freeze. One of the men passed me a bottle of whisky from which I took a good swig. It was just what the doctor ordered. I had never flown before and was

ignorant enough to be reassured when I saw that we were flying just above the tree tops. I could not understand why my companions should complain about the "hedge hopping." The skies, of course, were full of German reconnaissance planes.

We landed at a city on the shores of the Caspian Sea where we spent the night. The following morning we took off for Teheran. The last part of the flight was magnificent but hair-raising. To get our old DC-3 over the high Elbruz Mountains, the pilot, who was Russian, had to seek out the valleys and dodge around the great peaks. Then we were through and could see Teheran below. As we descended, a terrible stench penetrated the plane. It took me a minute or two to realize that it was the odor of the city, with its open sewers.

Local embassy officials took us to a lovely resort hotel, in Darahan, some miles north of the capital. With the arrival of our party, it was completely booked, and there were no single rooms. One of the air force pilots - a former Flying Tiger - and I were asked to share a room. I had talked and danced with him in the embassy and knew that he had been married only a few weeks before going overseas and was preoccupied with getting back to his bride. "War is hell, Marge," he said, as he picked up my bag.

Some of us spent New Year's Eve in a Teheran night club. I did not know that such exotic places existed outside the movies and was dazzled by the entertainment. The next morning, back at the hotel, someone pointed out a very beautiful woman who was there on assignment for Vogue magazine. Her name, Eve Curie, meant nothing to me.

The problem now was how to get from Teheran to New York. The embassy asked the Department of State to have my parents cable money, but the reply was, "No money available." If I could move on southward, I might eventually be put on an American evacuation ship. An embassy officer offered me two choices. I could join a group of European refugees, led by a Swedish official, who were trying to make their way to India by caravan, or I could go to Basra, Iraq, taking a train to a desert terminal and moving on from there with a British convoy carrying supplies to a base in ~~Iraq~~ near Basra.

I thought it would be best to join the British. No one made it clear to me what was to happen once I boarded the train. I must have been considered a frightful nuisance - this was the blackest period of the war - and I am sure the embassy was glad to see the last of me.

The journey began happily. I shared an extremely comfortable compartment with the American correspondent and the British Intelligence officer with whom I had flown out of Kuibyshev. When we stopped in the middle of nowhere many hours later, British troops stationed in the desert crowded around the train. I rolled down a window to chat with them. It was a welcome treat for them to see a young American girl, and a thrill for me to have the undivided attention of a score of British soldiers. I was almost sorry when the train started up.

But I was even sorrier when the train stopped again around eight o'clock that evening. The correspondent said this was the end of the line. We climbed out into the sort of utter darkness you get only in the desert. When I started to follow my two companions, the correspondent said he was sorry, but the British commander of the desert headquarters would not allow a woman in his camp - bad for morale. He and the officer walked away.

As I stood there alone, all I could see was a dim light on the tiny station. I was on the verge of panic when a voice out of the darkness asked if I was Miss Edwards. One of the soldiers who had joked with me during the afternoon stop had called ahead. The men obviously knew their commander and realized what would happen at the end station. (I will not comment here on the correspondent or the Intelligence officer.) A young British captain had managed to find a taxi - a beaten-up Chevrolet - and had come to escort me to a local inn. We drove through a typical little Middle Eastern town, with narrow streets, low houses, and scattered lights, and stopped in front of a two-story building. The captain rang the bell for two or three minutes before an unshaven, sleepy-eyed man in his undershirt opened the door and peered out. With a complete lack of interest in what I suppose must have been an unusual guest, he led the way upstairs to a room on a balcony overlooking the courtyard. He showed me the brazier and, in pigeon English, indicated that the toilet was on the flat roof.

The room had a bed, a chair, and a rickety little table holding a washbowl and pitcher. There was a small, dirty mat on the stone floor. The place was cold and dank. There was no way to lock the flimsy door, the upper half of which was glass covered by filthy gauze. The captain knew I was frightened of staying here and sat talking with me until two in the morning. When he left, I put a towel over the pillowcase and got into bed with all my clothes on, including my coat.

I slept badly, partly because I could not get warm and partly because I was afraid of not getting to the headquarters in time to leave with the convoy. I got up around six with a severe headache and a feeling of fever, went down to pay my bill and to arrange for a taxi. While I was wondering how to find the sleepy innkeeper, a man came down the stairs carrying a suitcase. He spoke fairly good English and told me he was a salesman. He aroused the owner, who called for a taxi. The salesman suggested that we share it, as there probably was only one around. I was not too pleased at the idea, but there was no alternative, so we got into a decrepit old vehicle which served as a taxi. He gave the driver directions and we were off. I had visions of being attacked and dumped in the desert, but it turned out that all the salesman wanted was a free ride.

The driver took me to a barracks door at the base. When I got out, I realized that I was very ill. I entered an empty room and sat down on a crate in the corner, too shaky to look for anyone. It was some time before a young private found me there, brought me tea, and tried to make me comfortable. He said that the convoy was assembling and I was to ride in the only passenger car with the commanding general.

The general was courteous, but hardly friendly; he was clearly annoyed at having to take me with him. He need not have feared having to make conversation. I slid down in the seat and fell into a state of delirium.

The convoy, a long line of British army trucks filled mostly with Indian soldiers, moved very slowly. As the morning went on, I had an acute need to urinate. I had not used a toilet since leaving the train. I was in torment, but did not dare ask the forbidding officer to stop. Just when I had reached the point of desperation, the convoy halted, and the correspondent, who had spent the night at the base with his friend, came up to the car and asked if I wanted to relieve myself. The general got out, and the correspondent drove me a decent distance away from the grinning soldiers.

When we arrived in Basra in the afternoon, I hardly knew where I was and could barely stand. The correspondent took me to the airport hotel. I remember being put into a cool room, with air conditioning, and being told that the resident British doctor would come to see me as soon as possible. It turned out that I had an acute case of influenza with high fe

An American consul and his wife were occupying the room opposite mine. They had just been sent to Basra to open a small consulate to facilitate the movement of Lend-Lease supplies from the Persian Gulf to the Soviet Union. The doctor spoke to them about me, and they, with the greatest warmth and kindness, looked after me until I recovered. The consul, barely out of his twenties, bouncy and full of humor, decided to hire me as a secretary to tide me over until there was a way for me to go on to the United States. The State Department cabled authorization, and I was installed under the same arrangement as at Spasso House. The consul spread the word that there was an American girl in need of housing, and the large British community responded quickly. Two young women, one of whom was secretary to the British ambassador, invited me to move in with them. We had a bungalow and three servants to take care of it.

My housemates took me to a large bazaar that stocked imported fabrics. A White Russian woman, the widow of an Iraqi, made me some dresses, and one of the embassy girls sold me a red crepe evening gown, with a huge pleated skirt covered with gold paillettes. I felt like Cinderella. Some of the British and American officers began inviting me to teas, parties, and dances, and soon I was going out every night. The supreme moment of my life till then came when the commanding general of the British forces invited me to a gala evening for the troops encamped outside the city. Entertainers and a dance band had come out from London, and there was great excitement. An American colonel was appointed to escort me. As we walked down a long red carpet to front seats in a vast hangar, brilliantly lighted and filled with soldiers, the band and five thousand voices swung into "Margie." Girls have died for less.

Soon after that wonderful evening, my situation changed again. I had been seeing a great deal of an American lieutenant named Bob. He suddenly announced that he was being promoted and sent to India as aide to the American commander there. He said that as soon as he could, he would find me a clerical job at the headquarters in Karachi. In April, 1942, a British ship carrying troops took me to Bombay, where I went to

the Taj Mahal Hotel and got in touch with Bob by telephone. He told me that the army would find work for me and advised me to come on to Karachi by train. From there, I would surely be evacuated to the United States eventually.

Thomas Cook got me a compartment on an express train. It was a fearfully hot trip, but I got through it with the kind help of a British captain. When during a stop he saw that I was nearly prostrate from the 115 degree heat, he got a container of ice, wrapped it in a towel and held it to my head. He stayed with me until the cool of the evening.

Bob met me at the Karachi station and took me to the army compound, where I had a bungalow room surrounded by thick vegetation and minah birds. I was very comfortable, but was embarrassed to discover that my job was make-work. The general, a very kind man, told me to regard it as a holding action until something could be done to get me and other trapped Americans out the country.

After six or eight weeks, Bob told me in confidence that a large troop ship was arriving. On its return, it would take home the American refugees - mainly business people and missionaries - who had been posted in South East Asia. He urged me to go with them even though there was great danger from the German submarines that were operating in the Indian Ocean.

It would be the last lap of the long journey from Fairhope.

On sailing day, at the pier in Karachi, a long line of silent American refugees, with belongings draped over their shoulders and around their necks, filed aboard the "Brazil." The same ship, or its sister, now converted for troops, had taken me to Leningrad eight years before. The portholes were permanently closed, and the beds were three-tiered bunks. As we soon discovered, meals were taken standing at high ~~tables~~ counters and the food was stale. None of which mattered, of course. I was going home at last.

I was assigned a cabin with five missionary women. The heat and darkness were too much for me, and after one night I took my blankets and pillow to the upper deck, where I slept for the rest of the voyage. That was no hardship, as I love the sea even more than I hate flying.

We had frequent safety drills because of the danger from U-boats,

and in the Straights of Madagascar we picked up survivors of a torpedoed merchant marine ship. Beyond the straights, we moved into a violent storm that damaged the ship slightly, and the next day we put into Capetown for repairs. We had a week's respite from shipboard life, but the disadvantage was that we were able to read the news of the war, including the horrors of submarine attacks on shipping.

From Capetown, because of the zigzag course we took to avoid the submarine packs in the South Atlantic, it took us a month to reach Bermuda. The U-boats were thick in that area, and we were ordered into port for a day or two. When we left, we were escorted at first by a reconnaissance plane, and then a destroyer took over. We had at least one alarm every day, a terrifying experience for the hundreds of families with children and babies aboard.

The "Brazil" at last reached the New York Narrows, at three o'clock in the morning. I stood alone on deck, peering at the skyline. I was overcome with emotion, but it was no longer fear.

End