Stepler, Herness, Wright

Christina Herness John Stepler Cliff Herness

1841–1991

Preface to second, expanded edition

Aside from a few minor typographical corrections, this edition differs from the first in that it includes (much of) the text of the booklet *To the Soviet Union in 1937 and Now*, by Chris and Cliff Herness, published in 1981 by Novosti Press. That booklet is a new seccond chapter.

The first section of the Novosti booklet (*1937, Cliff Herness Visits Europe for the First Time*) is an abridged and edited version of the second section of *To Illuminate The Darkness* (*By Boat in 1937*). Rather than include two copies of this, there is only one copy of it, which is marked to show which version contains each piece of text. Unmarked text is in both versions. Text which occurs only in *To Illuminate The Darkness* is marked by [[double square brackets]], while text that occurs only in the Novosti version is marked by ((double round parentheses)).

The first few pages are in square brackets, indicating that the Novosti editor made the reasonable decision to cut the description of sailing from Canada to Scotland out of a book sold as an account of Americans in the USSR. There are also a few minor changes to wording.

Most puzzling is a section that occurs in the Novosti version, but not in the version in "*Illuminate*". Did Kevin leave it out? Did Cliff find old notes or memories and write a new section just for Novosti? Did the Novosti editor make it up out of thin air? Evidence for the latter is a British speelling in one of the longer Novosti-only sections. Cliff spells American[1].

No doubt I made some mistakes. If I find one, or get any new information, I will make the correction. The result will not be a third edition, but I will change the date on the file, and the header of this page, which is the date of TEX to `*.pdf` oonversion.

This second edition was produced using TEX Live, which is included in the Debian Linux distribution. The hardware has changed, the operating system has changed, but TEX still works. If you need the Ascii text (TEX input), send email to me.

—Keith Wright

[1]See footnote on page 97.

Preface to First Edition

This book comprises three documents written at different times. I have collected them under a single cover for the first time. After some thought I have decided to put them in reverse chronological order. The first chapter is the autobiograpy of Chris Herness, my grandmother. This is her book, I intend to give her the first copy for Christmas 1995.

The second chapter is about her husband, Cliff Herness. The third chapter was written by her Grandfather, John Henry Stepler. The title, "Stepler, Herness, Wright", consists of the three last names she has had. In this case I have not put the names in the order she used them, but have put "Wright" last, because I think it sounds better that way, and because it is the name of her only child, and my name.

This book was produced using OzTEX, a MacIntosh implementation of TEX. The fonts are Computer Modern. My brother, Kevin, sent me machine readable copies of the text of the first two chapters, which I re-formatted to use TEX. The third chapter I re-typed from a typed copy of the original manuscript. I added the section headings to the first chapter to make it more like the others in form, and so something would appear in the table of contents.

Grandpa Stepler ends his autobiography with the observation that it is not worth printing. He did not, of course, foresee how much simpler printing would become at the end of the 20'th century. He begins by referring to the first half of his autobiography, which was printed in the church newspaper. As far as I know, there is no copy of this extant. It was partly to keep these documents from a similar fate that I undertook to put them into a more permanent form.

Contents

Chapter 1

Eighty-eight Years, as I Remember Them,

by Christina Herness.

Anyone who is familiar with Grandpa Stepler's autobiography *Eighty Years as Lived and Told by John Henry Stepler, VDM*[1] will notice the similarity in the titles of his autobiography and mine. I do not believe that Grandpa, if he were still living, would object to my borrowing from the title of his story. I hope that some of my descendants will write their own life stories, using similar titles; mine would thus become the second in a series. Grandpa's autobiography was typewritten by his grandson, my cousin Waldo. So far as I know, there were no computers at that time. Now I am typing this on a computer, with the help of my grandson, Kevin. (I wonder how coming generations will produce and store such records?)

I have been encouraged in this undertaking not only by Kevin but by every member of my family with whom I have discussed it—and especially by my niece, Miriam (the "family historian").

Grandpa Stepler was born 150 years ago, in 1841. When some one of a younger generation adds his/her story to mine, I wonder how many years will be covered by the entire series of biographies?

[1] Reproduced as Chapter 3 of this book.

1.1 Childhood

I was born in the village of Rocky River, a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, on Feb. 5, 1903. My parents were Philip Melanchton Stepler and Mary (Lieberknecht) Stepler. They had six children; besides myself they were Martha born in 1898, Bertha in 1899, Harvey in 1901, Dorothy in 1905 and Frieda in 1908.

My mother's parents—Heinrich Lieberknecht and Katrina (Morgenstern) Lieberknecht—came to this country from Germany sometime between 1848 and 1863. They had four children; Heinrich (Henry), Katrina (Kate), Marie (Mary, our mother) and Fred.

I remember seeing Uncle Henry only once. He had reportedly run away from home when he was only fourteen years old because his father was abusive. He had changed his name to Fischer; when later he married and had children they never knew that he had once had a different name.

He came alone one day to visit our mother some time after Grandpa Lieberknecht had died. When he was about to leave I (probably about five years old) made the mistake of asking him, "Where are you going?" I have never forgotten his stiff, formal response, "I have business of importance that requires my attention." No one had ever spoken to me in that way before. I decided that he didn't like me, so I didn't like him.

So far as I can recall, I never met Aunt Kate, although she came to Mother's funeral in 1920. I was in the house when someone told me that she was out in front where people were starting to get in the cars for the ride to the cemetery, and that she was making a bit of a fuss about which car she was to ride in. Under the circumstances, I didn't feel like going out to meet her. I was told that she and Dad never got on well together, and that she had opposed Mother's marriage to him, but I never learned why.

Uncle Fred, on the other hand, was always friendly and sociable. He was the motorman on the inter-urban street car that passed about half a mile from our home. He sometimes stopped by for a short visit with Mother. Once he asked her to make him some *gebrannte Mehl Suppe* (a home remedy for digestive upset). And I remember when shortly after he and Aunt Lill were married, he brought his new bride to our home. She was standing in front of the mirror, adjusting her hat, and smiled at me when she noticed that I was watching her. I warmed up to her at once. I have only a vague recollection of meeting her a few times in later years.

February 5, 1991: Today I am 88 years old. I am thinking back to my

very earliest memory. Mama has just put me in Dorothy's baby buggy. (I was not aware that it had earlier been mine). She and Martha were standing there while Martha fussed with a bright ribbon in my hair, trying to arrange it so that I could see it out of the corner of my eye. They were telling me that if I would stop pulling out my hair (something that I didn't remember ever doing) I could wear that ribbon! Martha was especially enthusiastic. They were talking about a hair ribbon but what came across to me, from the two people who knew everything in the world, was the implication that I was in charge of my own behavior; this was heady stuff! It struck me as a great revelation. I don't recall whether or not I ever earned the right to wear the ribbon after that, or whether there was any follow-up of any kind; but for the moment at least I felt empowered. I was "sitting on top of the world"—in a baby buggy!

Another very early memory: I was on Grandpa Lieberknecht's lap in what was then our "front room." He was giving me candy from a colorful striped bag. Dorothy was crawling on the floor, playing with clothes-pins (as she often did, since toys were scarce). She didn't notice that I had candy and she didn't. Somehow I had the feeling that Grandpa would not have wanted me to call her attention to it so I said nothing but felt a bit guilty about not sharing with her, as I sat licking the candy. (Years later someone told me that Grandpa Lieberknecht, in his old age, had taken a strong dislike for Dorothy because she put clothes-pins in his shoes).

My only other personal recollection of Grandpa Lieberknecht was probably during his last illness. He was heading for the door when Mama urged him not to go out because it was raining. But he was determined, so she put a blanket around his shoulders and stood by the kitchen window with tears in her eyes as she watched him walk very slowly out toward the barn. He died soon after that, but I remember nothing about his death or funeral.

I never knew Grandma Lieberknecht—she died about five years before I was born.

Some other incidents that I recall from early childhood: I was considerably older but still under school age when one day I noticed that some men were digging a ditch in Cramer's garden. (Cramers lived next door; a driveway separated their property from ours). Having nothing more interesting to do, I went over to watch them work. I stepped a little too close and almost fell in; some of the dirt fell back in where they had just dug it out. In a terrifying, loud voice one of the men said, "If you don't stay away from here I'm going to put your head between your ears!" I was terribly scared; I ran home as

fast as I could, and I heard those murderous men laughing as I ran! I hid in a clothes closet until I felt that it was safe to come out.

One Halloween, when I was still too young to get dressed without help, Martha decided that it would be fun for me to be dressed as a boy and go with her to join the neighborhood festivities. So she dressed me in Harvey's clothes that were not much too big for me, and led me out to where Mama was hoeing in the garden. When she asked if Mama knew who this was, and Mama said, "No", my whole world fell apart and I started to bawl! Nothing they said could reassure me; I kept on bawling until Martha dressed me in my own clothes. Now I could believe it when Mama said she knew me, and my world fell back into place.

Realistically, there was no reason for any of us to feel insecure in relation to our mother. She was very possessive about her children. Once someone (I never found out who) did offer to take one or perhaps two of us to rear, and thus ease the burden of caring for all of us. Mother was furious! I recall overhearing her tell a neighbor woman about it. "Yes", she was saying, "I have six children. And I have ten fingers! That doesn't mean that I'm willing to give any of them away! My children are mine!"

When Frieda was learning to talk she called me "Kittydeena"; sugar was "futaguta." One day she, Dorothy and I decided to pretend that we were making supper. A large, flat burdock leaf was our tablecloth. There were quite a few edible weeds. Some small, flattened round seeds we called cheese; Dorothy or I suggested that the sour-grass leaves be called cabbage. Frieda had been quietly agreeable as usual up to this point, but now she became really upset and ready to cry. "No, 'ets not p'ay cabadeez!" So we changed the cabbage to lettuce and she was satisfied.

During my earliest childhood we lived in a four-room house, with two rooms downstairs and two upstairs; as the family grew a partition was put in to divide the larger upstairs room into two. The kitchen had a wooden floor that had to be frequently scrubbed. There was no plumbing, no running water, no electricity, no basement. Originally there were no clothes closets, but they were put in before my time. Cooking was done on a coal stove. Water was brought in from the well in a bucket. We had kerosene lamps with wicks that had to be trimmed frequently. (Martha usually did that).

In front of the house winter onions grew where a lawn was put in later. There was—and I think still is—a well-shaped, healthy maple tree near the road. Some distance behind the house was a barn with stalls for the horses, a work area with the hay-loft above, and an engine room that contained

a gasoline engine for pumping the water to irrigate the crops. The engine room walls were papered with newspapers—all upside down! When I was old enough to question Martha about this she told me that she remembered a time before I was born—and before our house was built—when she and our parents lived in that one room. Dad had covered the walls with newspaper to help keep out the cold, and had put them upside down so that he would not be tempted to take time for reading them when he should be working!

Both Dad and Mom worked long and hard under difficult conditions and without adequate facilities. When Martha was a toddler there was no playpen to put her in so Mom put her wherever she could keep an eye on her. Once when she left Martha at the end of the beet-patch while she thinned the beets, she turned around and saw Martha coming along behind her, pulling up all the beets that she had left standing!

While they were living in that one room, Dad was sick with typhoid fever for practically one whole summer. Martha remembered that at his request she once brought him some water in a dipper, while Mom was working outside. The doctor had said that Dad was not to drink the water, but of course Martha was not aware of that at the time.

Years later, when Dorothy was a toddler, she became dangerously ill with diarrhea. At that time we had a good, productive apple tree near the house, and the apples were just getting ripe, so our parents thought she might have gotten sick from eating green apples. Apparently the doctor agreed; he put her on a diet of nothing but malted milk, and she stayed on that diet for a long time. I don't remember ever seeing her when she was sick, but I do remember the long row of empty malted milk bottles on the shelf. The apple tree was cut down, to prevent any of the rest of us from developing the same illness, which of course meant that we were deprived of a tasty supplement to our diet. From today's perspective it seems to me unlikely that the cause of Dorothy's illness was green apples which she would more than likely have spit out because of the sour taste. I assume that the cause—like the cause of Dad's typhoid fever years earlier—could well have been the general lack of adequate sanitation. There were manure piles near the barn, and it seemed that we were forever swatting flies in the house. Sometimes, especially when food was being cooked, the flies became too numerous to swat one at a time; we would darken the room, open the door and wave aprons or towels around to chase them out. The situation improved later when screen doors and windows were installed and all of us were old enough to close the door when we went in or out.

The general level of sanitation in the village can be inferred from the lyrics of a song we were taught in school—"Baby bye, there's a fly. Let us watch him, you and I. How he crawls, up the walls, Yet he never falls! I believe with six such legs, You and I could walk on eggs. There he goes, on his toes, Tickling baby's nose!"

In spite of everything our parents were able to gradually improve our living conditions. I remember when they decided to have a basement put under our house. For a few nights we slept in the hay-loft while the house was off its foundation and resting precariously on wooden beams. Sleeping in the hay-loft was fun, but we had to move back into the house when it was ready.

The new basement added some much-needed storage space, and provided room for a coal-fired furnace. A chute was put through an opened window and coal was shoveled in until there was a big pile of it near the furnace. Later a wash machine was installed by the opposite wall; shelves were put in wherever there was room for them.

There was no refrigerator but we had an icebox, with a pan underneath to catch the dripping water. About once a week during the summer an "ice-man" would come by, with children running along behind his wagon, hoping to pick up one of the smaller chunks of ice that fell off as he carried a huge block of it into someone's house.

Other delivery men and peddlers came by frequently. Glass bottles of milk were left on our back steps every day. Now and then a knife sharpener, or a Bible or other book salesman appeared. Harvey kept alert for the "rag-man" who called out "Rags, Old iron!" as he drove along in his one-horse wagon. If any scrap iron or any rags in the rag-bag that hung in the stairway had accumulated since his last visit, Harvey would run out with it and get perhaps a quarter or a even a half-dollar in return.

Where our property ended some distance behind the barn was "the woods" and this was our main playground. Here we hunted for wild flowers and berries in season, watched the little wild animals, listened to birds and improvised a variety of games. We were gathering violets one warm day when we heard the "ice-cream man" ringing his bell as he drove by in his cart. In the past, Mom had sometimes given us enough small change so we could get a penny cone for each of the children and a nickel cone for each adult present. But now she had gone on some errand, and we had no money. I wanted ice cream so I ran out to the driver with a hand full of violets, and in turn he gave me a penny ice-cream cone; I think both of us were pleased with the

bargain. I shared the cone with the three or four other children who were with me; we each had a lick.

One day the woods caught fire! Men appeared from everywhere with pails and in practically no time a bucket brigade reached from our well pump to the woods where Dad and a couple of other men were throwing the water on the trees as fast as they could. No one had time to pay any attention to me as I went up to a tree that was no longer burning and touched it to see how hot it was. Of course I burned the tip of my finger. When the fire was out most of the men disappeared as fast as they had come; a few stayed to talk with Dad. Years later a village water system was installed and a Fire Department set up.

We had two gentle work horses. They had to stay in the barn most of the time when they were not working but sometimes they were let out for exercise. There was no pasture area on our property, and no room for one. (We had only two acres). Occasionally Dad would lead one of the horses along the road. Once when he was doing so, I happened to be playing alongside the road as he and the horse came by. He picked me up and put me on the horse's back. Both the horse and I were surprised, I had never been on horseback before, and I wasn't sure that I liked it. The horse definitely did not like it. He put his head down almost to the ground, and hard as I tried to hang onto his mane, I slid off and lay there with his iron-shod foot just inches from my face. He stood still while Dad picked me up and put me on my feet. I was thoroughly frightened and have never been on a horse since.

Agnes Hanson was a playmate who lived across the road. When she and I were both sick with some childhood illness, she "wrote a letter" that Mom delivered to me with all the seriousness that the occasion called for, and it meant a lot to me. Agness and I were under school age, and the letter contained no words, only pictures of a house and some people. But it was the first letter I ever received. I sent a similar letter back to her.

I don't know how old I was when we had some rabbits in a pen close to the barn, but I was not yet old enough to understand that paper money comes in different denominations—I knew about pennies, nickels and dimes, but to me paper money, no matter what its actual value, was simply "dollar bills." One day a man came to buy a rabbit. I thought of the rabbits as pets, and would never have considered selling any of them. I watched as Dad not only gave him a rabbit in exchange for a "dollar bill", but then gave him back two different dollar bills and some nickels and dimes besides! I was very angry. As I saw it, he was paying the man for taking that nice rabbit away from us.

I said nothing because I never did win an argument with Dad, but if I had told him he would have explained that paper money is not all the same. I recall the time when he was teaching Harvey to recognize small coins by feel, without looking at them. This was a skill that would come in handy when he helped Dad to sell vegetables at the market before dawn—the lantern on the wagon gave out only a dim light.

Harvey went to market with Dad more often, I think, than any of the rest of us, but Dad did try to take each of us in turn when we were old enough. I was probably about ten years old when he allowed me to go with him. I was fascinated by the lights of the city as we drove slowly toward it in the dark with the two-horse wagon that was loaded with vegetables. Other wagons were already there when we arrived at the market. Dad told me the prices and I sold a few items. Sometimes women who lived nearby and who were wearing big aprons would ask, "How much, basket back?" This meant that they did not want to pay for the container, they would carry the vegetables in their aprons. One woman, when almost everything was sold, was not wearing an apron but said she had only enough money with her to pay the "basket back" price for the cull tomatoes; she would bring the basket back after she got home. Dad suggested instead that I go with her to her home and bring back the basket. He warned me not to depend on wagons as landmarks to find my way back because many of them would be leaving soon. I noticed a sign high up above the buildings, it said "Children Cry For Castoria" and this was the landmark that helped me to find my way back to Dad's wagon.

When I was growing up I felt much closer to Mom than to Dad. On those infrequent occasions when she went away somewhere and left Dad in charge of us children, he was anything but relaxed. He seemed to assume that he had to actively entertain us every minute of the time. I remember one day when he stood on his head and walked on his hands along the gravel driveway to amuse us. Another time he cracked black walnuts for us with Mom's flatirons; of course she protested about this when she came home as it was not easy to get the irons clean again. (There were no wash-and-wear garments in those days, almost everything that was laundered had to be ironed; the irons were heated on the coal stove.)

Our parents were among the first in our immediate neighborhood to have a telephone installed; I think this was when Dad was supplementing his income by "Teaming, Excavating and Lawn Grading", and the telephone was an important link to people needing such services. Neighbors who had no telephones often asked to use ours for important and (usually) brief conversa-

tions. None of them ever paid, nor were they expected to, although the phone company charged according to the number of minutes the phone was in use. I recall one woman who made a long-distance call to her son and began each repetitious sentence with a drawling, "Ja, Martin, mein lieber Sohn" (Yes, Martin, my dear son), over and over again until Dad could hardly restrain himself from interrupting to tell her to make it short. She was a poor woman and could not have paid for that call; she probably never thought of the cost. Another neighbor who had never before used a phone said that she needed some meat and couldn't get to the butcher shop; a friend had told her that she could get it by phone. (Most butchers delivered to homes). After making her call she sat for quite a while and finally explained that she was waiting for the meat to come over the phone. Mom quietly and patiently set her straight.

One of my earlier memories is of walking to Sunday School with my older sisters, with a penny in my hand to put in the collection plate. Our parents would come later for the church service. There were only about eight or ten "German Reformed" families in the village but they evidently considered it essential that they have their own church. In Sunday School we learned to read German—not the modern, simplified German that came into use later in the 1920's or so, but the old style. The sermons were in a mixture of English and German, so that one needed to know something of both languages in order to understand what was being said.

Both of my parents were religious, but I think Dad was more ambivalent about his faith. Grandpa had wanted him to become a preacher like himself, but Dad resisted the pressure. He used to say that he was "vaccinated for the ministry but it didn't take." He dropped out of school after the eighth grade and went to work for a vegetable grower (truck gardener) to learn the business. He especially disliked the constant "begging for money" that he felt was part of every preacher's job. (And indeed, as I re-read Grandpa's autobiography, it does seem to me that there is a heavy emphasis on fund-raising). Sometimes Dad, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, would sing a parody of a church hymn. Mom always interrupted if she heard it, and scolded him for letting the children hear such stuff. (I quickly learned the lyrics and still remember some of them).

Mom may have been more religious than Dad, but she did not hesitate to criticize a preacher when she thought he deserved it. Once when Dad's dispute with our local preacher threatened to come to blows she said to Dad, "Come, Phil, he's not worth it"; and this was not the only time I heard her

make a stinging comment about a preacher.

Mom's formal education was even less than Dad's. She went to school just until she "could read the catechism" (about three years). But she was a capable person who educated herself. She was literate in both German and English. She could think in either language, and yet I recall her refusal to help Martha translate a high school assignment because, as so often happens, a literal translation failed to carry the original meaning.

1.2 Elementary School

When I was a child our school did not furnish textbooks; this meant that the discarded books were brought home. In the year before I started school Martha showed me her out-grown First Reader with its brightly colored pictures and very short stories in large print. She read some of the stories to me, and told me that with her help I could learn to read those stories myself. I was delighted. She kept her word, and gave me all the help she could. As I look back, I am impressed with her patience. Given the opportunity, I think she could have had an outstanding career as a teacher.

I carried the book around with me and read aloud to anyone who would hold still long enough to listen. I recall one day when Mom and a couple of other (hired) women were peeling leeks or onions in the kitchen because it was too cold to work in the unheated shed. All the "big kids" (Martha, Bertha and Harvey) were in school. I wanted an audience, so I took the precious book into the kitchen and read aloud to the women who were busy preparing the vegetables for the market. In between their comments to each other about their work they seemed to give momentary attention to my reading. None of them suggested that I was in their way; but it seemed to me that they failed to really appreciate the marvelous stories about Chicken Little, etc.

Incidentally, I might mention that the usual rate of pay for women who helped prepare vegetables for market was $3.00 per day. Mom always worked along with them. Some were friends and neighbors. When more help was needed, Dad would take a horse and wagon to the end of the street-car line in the early morning, where people from Cleveland who wanted such work would be waiting during the busy season. The Rocky River area had many truck gardeners who also came with their wagons, so most people who wanted such work were able to find a place.

On my first day of school three or four older girls told me that the superintendent had a "thrashing machine" in her office, to thrash kids who weren't good. I knew what a grain threshing machine looked like, and I wondered how her office could hold such a big machine, and how it must have been modified to be fitted with paddles for spanking kids. I thought I was a good kid most of the time, so I tried to convince myself that I didn't need to be concerned. As it turned out, my first teacher, Miss Pugsley, was so kind and gentle that I gradually forgot about the "thrashing machine."

Our school had eight rooms—no gymnasium, no lunch room or cafeteria, no auditorium. The "library" was a couple of shelves with about 20 or 30 titles in the 8th grade classroom. There were two outhouses, and in the basement there was a bucket of water with a dipper. In front of the building was a well-pump with a long handle. A beech tree grew nearby, and a little farther away was a wooded area with oaks, maples and other trees; we often played there during recess periods.

I enjoyed school. If there was a problem, it was related to the fact that I was naturally more left- than right-handed. The school required that whatever we wrote with our left hands had to be re-written with the right. (Harvey had more of a problem with this than I did, being more strongly left-handed to begin with).

When I was in 2nd grade Miss Pugsley once came to the door to ask our teacher (Miss Jenkins) if Christina could come and read to the first-grade children for a short time while Miss Pugsley attended to some errand. She handed me a book—I don't recall what it was—and the first graders listened quietly while I read on and on (for perhaps 10 minutes) until Miss Pugsley returned. This was great! Now I was ready to teach school—hadn't I already taught first grade for a little while, when their regular teacher was away? I half expected to be offered a job as a regular teacher, but no one hired me so I gradually gave up the idea.

If that experience gave me a temporary lift in spirits, another incident—also in 2nd grade—did just the opposite. Late one afternoon Miss Jenkins asked how many of us would like to hear her read the story of "Heidi." All the hands went up—except mine. She didn't ask me why I disagreed with the others—she simply ordered me to go to the cloakroom, and I felt miserable. If I had been more articulate I could have told her that I liked to read for myself instead of listening to someone else. I could have asked if there was a second copy of "Heidi" so that I could follow along as she read, and maybe learn some new words. I could also have told her that I was willing to abide

by the vote of the majority even though it was not my first preference. But she asked no questions, and I felt unjustly punished but said nothing.

I continued to be very much interested in reading. When I was in 3rd grade the school superintendent, Mrs. Cleverdon, suggested that I go to the library in the 8th grade classroom to see if there was a book there that I might want to borrow (she had been a friend of my mother's since childhood, and probably knew that we had very little reading matter at home). So one day when the "big kids" had left the room, I went to the library and selected something called "Timothy's Quest." I didn't know what "quest" meant, and I didn't know there was such a thing as a dictionary, but as my mother might have said, I had my "nose in the book" until I had finished it.

My downfall came when Mrs. Cleverdon was visiting our class. We were reading a story I had not seen before, about a boy who put a splint on the broken leg of a bird. I was very pleased to be among those whom the teacher called on to read aloud. Now I could show Mrs, Cleverdon how fluently I could read—without stopping to "sound out" the words. The brief passage I was to read included the line, "one leg stiff, but better than none..." I read as rapidly as I could, "one leg stuffed with butter was none..." and everybody laughed, even Mrs. Cleverdon. I was so embarrassed that I remember it after 80 years!

I think that was the year when I received a whole set of books for Christmas; simple stories about "The Motor Girls" who in some unexplained fashion had acquired an automobile (not at all common in those days) and drove to the city, to a farm, to the seashore, etc.. That was probably also the year when Harvey got the "belly-slammer" that he had been asking for—a kind of sled that was very popular at the time.

Speaking of sleds—Bertha (92 years old this October) reminded me in a recent letter that we sometimes rode in bob-sleds. The few people who had cars put them up on blocks to store them over winter; horses could usually get through with a bob-sled. The main thing I remember about such a ride was how cold I felt, even though I wore a knitted cap, a warm coat, mittens and leggings.

Sometimes we went skating on Morrison's nearby pond. I went there alone one very cold day; no one else was there and I soon tired of skating by myself. I removed my mittens and put them down beside me while I took off my skates. I was halfway home when I realized that I had left my mittens at the pond. What if someone else had already found and kept them? I knew that if I lost them I would not soon get another pair. As I hurried back to

the pond, I prayed, probably more earnestly than I ever have before or since. When I got to the pond no one was there, and my mittens were right where I had left them. I was greatly relieved, and my faith in a benevolent deity was greatly strengthened—at least temporarily.

Our school was within walking distance, and we always went home for lunch. If mother was busy out in the garden we usually had milk and bread with jelly or peanut butter. Sometimes when Harvey and I came home at the same time we would each fry an egg for ourselves. Once Mom surprised us by having prepared a pot of bean soup with ham—quite honestly, the best bean soup I have ever tasted!

Our paternal grandparents were living in Cleveland at that time. I never felt very close to Grandma Stepler. Once she came to our house when I was quite small, but she stayed in the house, visiting with Mom and Dad while we were playing outside. When she was ready to leave Dad brought out a kitchen chair and Grandma wrapped her almost floor-length full skirts about her as she stepped onto the chair and from there up to the very high buggy seat.

Once Harvey and I were taken for a visit to our grandparents' home in the city. There were several children living close by and we were enjoying our play with them when Grandma called us into the house. Once inside, she said they were Jewish children and we were not to play with them. But she didn't provide anything else for us to do. Seeing that she was getting dinner ready I asked if she wanted me to help set the table (I often helped with that at home). She gave me a pan and asked me to get some potatoes from the basement. When I brought up a full pan, she exclaimed in a disparaging way, took out exactly four potatoes (there would be four people for dinner) and sent me downstairs to put the rest of them back. More because of her critical tone than because of her words, I decided that I couldn't please her. I was glad when Dad came to take us back home.

According to Grandpa's biography, it was in October 1911 that she suffered the stroke that left her paralyzed. Soon after that an addition was built onto our house, including a first-floor bedroom for Grandma and study for Grandpa, with bathroom and two more bedrooms upstairs. They and Grandma's nurse lived there for a while, until Grandpa was able to have a home of their own built on the other side of the river, in Lakewood. Grandma died in 1915.

For a while Grandma's nurse, Sister Margaret, was very much a part of our family. Once she took me and one of my siblings (Bertha?) to visit

Aunt Meta and her family at their farm near Bloomville, Ohio, for about a week. I enjoyed being with my cousins, Irma and Vera, but Aunt Meta was so strict that I felt uncomfortable and it seemed that something was always going wrong. I was running in the house and knocked over a floor lamp. I went out to watch Uncle Owen who was sharpening tools on a grindstone; in my curiosity I reached out to touch the grindstone and injured the tip of my finger. One evening I went with the other girls to visit a neighbor; it was dark when we started home and of course there were no street lights along the road. We walked close to Irma who knew the way. Suddenly I stumbled and fell—over a black cow that was lying there in the middle of the road! I was frightened until Irma reassured me that the cow was a gentle one.

I liked going places with Mother. I remember going with her to the Frauen-verein (a church women's group) and to the Maccabee meeting (an insurance group that met socially from time to time), I enjoyed the nonsensical entertainment at the latter meeting—and I still recall what passed for poetry there : "Mine mudder had two leedle twins, Dey vas me and mine brudder. Ve looked so very much alike, No von knew vich from t'udder. And one of us got dead—Ya Mein Herr, dot iss so. But vedder Hans or Yacob, Mein mudder she dunno. And so I am in troubles, I can't get troo mine head Vedder I'm Hans vot's living Or Yacob vot iss dead."

While I was in 7th grade we were reading about the American Revolution when Jack, who had just come from England, joined our class. He told us that just before leaving England he had been in a class that was also studying the same war, but from a very different point of view. He mentioned some specifics which I have now forgotten, but I have never forgotten his main point, that history, as written, depends on who has written it.

Near the end of the school year our 7th grade put on a class play, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; my part called for the use of a spinning wheel. I was very proud when Mom showed me how to use her small one which her mother had brought with her when she came to this country some 60 years earlier. I was permitted to take it to school for the play which was put on right in our classroom as no other place was available. The play went well, and of course I was happy to see Mom in the audience. She took the precious spinning wheel with her when she went home.

In the 8th grade we began early to prepare for graduation from elementary school. A temporary building had been built in the school yard, with the necessary equipment for teaching sewing. Someone had decreed that for the graduation ceremonies the girls were to wear white middy blouses which they

made themselves, with big red bow ties; the boys were to wear white shirts and dark trousers.

There was one sewing-class period each week (about 45 minutes, as I recall). By the time we or our mothers had purchased the material a week or two went by. By the time we all waited for the teacher's inspection before cutting the material another week or two went by. It seemed to me that we were working forever on those middies.

The graduation ceremonies were simple; a few announcements by some official and a few memorized "pieces" by some of the graduates. I don't recall any music. But Martha told me afterward that we all looked nice in our white outfits with the red bows, so I was pleased. There were, as nearly as I can recall, about 20 graduates; about half went on to high school. One of the girls told me that by adding a year or so to her age she could get a job at the near-by basket factory, and she would rather be earning money there than be sitting in school.

1.3 High School

That fall (1917) Rocky River had no high school building, and Lakewood, where Martha and Bertha had gone, was refusing to take any more students from Rocky River. So construction was started on a new building, but until it was ready we had classes upstairs in the village hall. The Mayor's office was on the first floor, and the jail was in the basement. There were just two teachers; Mr. Pierce, the Principal, taught science and mathematics. Miss Willet taught history, English and Latin.

Before I went to register Martha suggested that I ask about signing up for five subjects instead of the usual four, then I could probably graduate in three years. When I told Mr. Pierce that I wanted to take five subjects, he asked, "What subject did you fail in?" I was struck dumb by the question; I hadn't failed in any subject but I was literally speechless. I sat there until he asked Miss Willet to talk with me, and fortunately she knew the right questions to ask. I regained my composure and told her that my older sister had suggested five subjects, and I told her why. She promptly arranged it. The extra subject was not burdensome, since there were no such distractions as athletics, music, art or other extra-curricular activities.

School was going along quite well when one day, to my great surprise, Grandpa Stepler walked in the door, accompanied by Mr. Pierce! I learned

later that he had simply come to ask Mr. Pierce how I was getting along in my studies; I had not known that he even realized that I was in high school.

By this time our country had become involved in World War I. Some of the girls in my class considered it great fun to skip classes in order to go to the nearby railroad tracks and wave to the soldiers as they passed by in the trains. I never went because even then I took a more serious view of the war. I consider it my good fortune that my parents had pacifist leanings, although I never heard them use that term. But before we entered the war, Mother gave her opinion, with strong feeling; "If President Wilson and the Kaiser want to fight each other let them go at it, but leave the rest of us out of it!" Dad was not so vociferous, but he tacked on the wall a clipping from some magazine that said,

> If you take sword and draw it,
> And go stick a feller through—
> Gov'ment ain't to answer for it.
> God will send the bill to you!

Of course, our relatives and some of our neighbors were German; a few of them experienced overt hostility from "110% Americans"; we also knew some soldier's families that were bereaved. One young man from our school enlisted and shortly afterward we received word that he had been killed in combat. I knew his brother well, and felt a sense of loss at his death.

Even during the war, in some respects life went on pretty much as usual. When the Chautauqua players came to Cleveland, Grandpa took me (and Bertha?) to see *The Merchant of Venice* by Shakespeare, the first professional acting I had ever seen. As we left the playhouse, near the stop where we waited for the street car to take us home, a "mock battle" was going on. "American soldiers" attacked "German soldiers" who promptly surrendered; there was a lot of cheering, and less violence than in a typical football game. The whole purpose was obviously to build up the war spirit. Grandpa was very quiet and down in spirit as he took us home. No doubt he was thinking of his family in Germany. Communication with them was interrupted; even ordinary letters came with lines blacked out by the censors.

Aside from my parents, Uncle John (Sommerlotte) was one of the first persons to set me thinking about issues of social justice and peace. When he became the Minister of the church in Lakewood, after the German Reformed Church in Rocky River had been disbanded, we attended the Lakewood church and I soon developed a good deal of respect for his views which

reflected progressive thinking. At the urging of Norman Thomas one year he ran for Governor of Ohio on the Socialist ticket.

I remember a social studies teacher in high school who seemed to know only what the textbook said; when I asked questions she simply quoted the text and I felt that, having heard Uncle John's views, I knew more than she did about some topics (e.g., socialism). Our Sunday School class once paraded along the street, singing, "Peace, peace we sing, When men shall love each other; Hosts shall go forth to bless and not destroy. . .".

Grandpa Stepler was not altogether comfortable with Uncle John's emphasis on current issues; Grandpa confined himself in his sermons to the theme, as he put it, of "Christ, and Him crucified." But I think most of the younger people appreciated Uncle John's more wide-ranging talks that were not always based on a Biblical text: I recall one very interesting sermon that dealt with the meaning of the term "apperception" as applied to an understanding of current events.

In the fall of 1918 our new high school building was ready; I could get there by a very short walk through he woods. The teaching staff was enlarged and extracurricular activities were added. I was able to take part in athletics, music, debate and the student council. One summer tutoring in Latin was provided, so I gained the credits I needed to graduate in three years.

I think it was while I was in high school that Bertha decided to take her first job away from home; she was a maid for a wealthy family in Lakewood. But before long she felt too humiliated by the kind of tasks she had to do—such as pulling off the muddy boots from the feet of men who had been sloshing around outdoors. When she told Mother that she wanted to quit Mother encouraged her by saying, in effect, that there was no need for her to ever accept humiliating treatment from anybody.

Bertha eventually went into nurse's training and became a registered nurse. Dorothy later followed her example. If Mother had still been living I think she would have been pleased with this career choice; she had been the one neighbors called on to help when someone in their family was sick, although to my knowledge she never had any formal training for such work.

When Martha graduated from high school she thought about college, but Dad told her that if he paid her college expenses he would not be able to buy a car for the family. It was obvious that he wanted a car, and he made her feel that a family car was more important than her college education. My own feeling is that he persuaded her to make too great a sacrifice; that not having a higher education himself he failed to realize its importance for her.

We used the car (a Reo) mainly for Sunday afternoon rides, to see the surrounding country. One Sunday we were driving home when our car passed a man riding in a one-horse buggy. His horse was so frightened by the car that he reared up on his hind legs and then began galloping out of control. It seemed that at any moment the buggy would be overturned into the ditch. Dad stopped the car, went over to where the horse seemed to be headed, and grabbed the halter as the horse came by. He calmed the quivering beast by patting, stroking and soothing it, until it slowed down to a walk and the driver again had control. Then Dad returned to the car and waited before starting the engine until the horse and buggy had turned off onto a side road.

Martha went to work as a Linotypist for the publishers of the *Kirchenzeitung*, a church paper. She told me something about her work and said that sometime she wanted to take me to see how Linotyping was done, but I never got there. I think she stayed with that job until her marriage to Joe Borovy.

As my senior year in high school was drawing to a close I was looking forward to graduation when suddenly Mother became dangerously ill. She was taken to the hospital and died on May 19, 1920. It was of course a horrible shock to the whole family. We were told that the cause of her death was "peritonitis following flu" (there was a serious flu epidemic that year). Aunt Meta (Dad's older sister) came to take charge of our household for a short time. (It was several years before I learned that an attempted abortion was the real cause of Mother's death).

Before her illness Mother had helped me buy a frilly white dress for my graduation. Now Aunt Meta insisted that I wear that dress to Mother's funeral—and also to the graduation exercises which were only a few days later. I'm sure she had no idea that doing so would add to my almost unbearable emotional stress, but so it was. I had been scheduled to give a short memorized talk as a part of the graduation ceremony and I attempted it, but kept forgetting and had to be repeatedly prompted.

1.4 College

My plan was to enter college that fall—Heidelberg College had earlier offered me a scholarship that would pay tuition, and I was assured that there would be available on-campus jobs to earn room-and-board. But when the time came I found it impossible; I simply had to have more time to recover from

the severe shock of Mother's sudden death. Partly in order to have something familiar to cling to, I returned to high school for graduate work. But so many teachers were victims of the flu epidemic and there was such a shortage of substitute teachers that I was frequently called on to take over classes in various elementary schools for short periods of time.

By the next fall (1921) I felt ready to enter college, in the hope of some day becoming a fully qualified teacher. The scholarship offered the year before was still available to me; I think Grandpa had been instrumental in arranging it, although he never told me so.

I went, and found the academic work congenial enough, but the social rules and regulations seemed to me to be excessively restrictive: attendance was compulsory at religious services each morning; dancing was forbidden; going to movies was frowned upon. For the girls, even going down-town without wearing a hat could bring a rebuke from the Dean of Women. I missed the personal freedom we had always had at home. I became desperately homesick. Going home for the Christmas holidays helped, and in all my life I have never again felt as homesick as I did during those first few months at Heidelberg.

I was quite willing and ready to go back for my sophomore year, but after that I again took a year off between my sophomore and junior year because of recurrent tonsillitis during the summer followed by a tonsillectomy at about the time for classes to resume in the fall.

Returning to Heidelberg for my junior year I found college to be really enjoyable. There were fewer restrictions on upper-classmen. I knew my way around and felt more free to express my opinion on campus issues. There was not much official encouragement for progressive views but I did come across a copy of *New Russia's Primer* in the college library; one student who had recently come from Armenia stimulated our thinking as he told us about the aggression against his country by Turkey; and one Professor invited students who were interested to meet at his home at regular intervals to discuss the significance of current events. (His teaching contract was not renewed the following year).

One day as I walked through the entrance to the main residence hall I saw Grandpa Stepler talking to the Dean! Just as in high school, he had come, without any prior notice to me, to find out how I was getting along. The Dean was fortunately speaking positively about my academic progress. Then I heard her add, "But she did go out without her rubbers last week when it was raining!" Grandpa's answer, "Well, she grew up in the country,

not in a steam-heated apartment in the city" really pleased me and I wanted to thank him. But he left right after his talk with the Dean, apparently without making any effort to see me. He had come about seventy miles to check on my progress, and left with just a chance word of greeting to me! If the problem had been one of meeting a train or bus schedule, I would have supposed that he would write a note of explanation, but he never did.

1.5 Marriage

During my junior year I met Herman Wright, and before long we started dating regularly. I remember going with him to the home of another student to listen to a radio—the first radio that any of us had ever heard. After the end of that academic year he borrowed his father's car and drove to my home to visit me and meet my family. He graduated the year before I did, and went to Indiana University to begin graduate work toward a Ph.D. in zoology. After my graduation in 1926, as we had agreed, I went to the Biological Station at Winona Lake, Indiana, where Herman was teaching and doing research; we were married there during that summer. (I wore a plain white dress that I had sewn entirely by hand). Grandpa Stepler came from Lakewood, Ohio, where he was then living, to perform the simple ceremony. (He was 84 years old). The only guests were a few of our graduate student friends.

Meanwhile, time was not standing still for my brother and sisters in Rocky River. After Mother's death Dad hired various people to help with the gardening and to manage the household. Home no longer seemed like home. Dorothy left our local high school to attend a boarding school for a while, but became homesick and returned. Martha and Joe stayed for a while after they were married, but eventually moved away. Bertha and Dorothy, as mentioned above, became trained nurses. Frieda was only twelve years old when Mother died. She attended Heidelberg college for a year or two after I had graduated and left. Harvey stayed on at home, married a fine neighbor, Elsie Schneider, who had at one time been a classmate at school, and with her help he went into the business of heavy machine hauling and related work. He bought the "home place" from dad who wanted to retire.

Dad went to Florida, but evidently he did not feel ready to retire completely. He took a series of jobs, such as driving an entertainment group on a tour, and then working as yard man and handyman for a Florida hotel.

At this time our family had a round-robin-type letter (called the "Flying Dutchman"). In it, Aunt Clara (Sommerlotte) wrote, "Phil, I hear that you are working at a hotel. In what capacity are you working at a hotel?" Soon the answer came back "Clara, I'm working full capacity!"

Herman was making good progress toward a Ph.D. in zoology when he began having signs of diabetes. The doctor at Farmersville, Ohio where Herman's parents lived, at first made a tentative diagnosis of lead poisoning, but when Herman returned to Indiana University the doctors there made the correct diagnosis. With daily injections of insulin Herman managed to carry on his research and the routines of daily living. We spent our vacations with his parents at Farmersville.

In the fall of 1927 I stayed on at Farmersville when Herman returned to the University. Theron was born on November 25th, while Herman was home for the Thanksgiving holidays.

I should have mentioned earlier that in 1926, while still a senior in college, I had written to Dad, telling him that Herman and I planned to marry soon after I graduated; I wanted his approval. He answered promptly, saying that although he had met Herman only once he had a good opinion of him. Dad was ready to agree with whatever decision I made. Then he added, "But when you get married the little fellows come. Look around and see if it isn't so."

And when on Nov. 25, 1927 the "little fellow" (Theron) came, Dad took the next train to Dayton and paid an exorbitant price for a taxi from there to the Wrights home at Farmersville where his new grandson was born. (There was no public transportation from Dayton to Farmersville—ten miles away—at that late evening hour). Dad looked at the baby, talked briefly with me (still in bed) and a little longer with Herman and his parents. Then he left, and returned to Rocky River that same night; he must have arrived home at about dawn the next morning.

Before long, Herman was able to take me and our baby to Bloomington, Indiana, where the University is situated. On our departure his mother provided us with an abundance of fruit, canned and fresh vegetables, dishes, linens, home-made soap—and a can of baking powder of a brand that was unfamiliar to me. The fruit and vegetables were a very welcome addition to our low-cost meals, and the dishes, linens, etc. were certainly useful. But when I tried—more than once—to use the baking powder I had a baking failure every time. When I told Herman that I was convinced that the baking powder his mother gave me didn't work, his answer was, "That's probably

why she gave it to you". I was astounded. I had always felt comfortably accepted by his father, but my relationship with his mother was more complicated; when Herman had first told his parents of our engagement she asked him if I could cook; and knowing that my mother had died six years earlier she wondered if I had been taught to do housework properly. She herself was a meticulous housekeeper. She took quiet pride in the fact that no one around hung out a whiter wash on the line each Monday than she did, and her meals were always very tasty.

Herman's father also liked to cook; his pies and cakes won prizes at the County Fair. Sometimes he would make pies or cake while "Mama" made the rest of the meal—or he would make the entire meal when she was busy with other chores. And, on the other hand, she helped him with even the heaviest of farm work; when he started to plow she hitched up the other horse and plowed the opposite end of the field, or perhaps the furrow next to his. They worked together more than any couple I have ever known.

Back at Indiana University, when Theron was still a baby, Dr. Alfred Kinsey asked if I could work part-time in his laboratory; he was doing a taxonomic study of gall-wasps at that time. I considered accepting his offer but then Theron became very sick with a respiratory infection. I was not willing to leave him in the care of a baby-sitter, even for the two hours per day that I would be working. Herman telephoned his mother to ask if she could come. He knew that she had never in her life been so far from home (about 150 miles) so he gave her careful travel instructions, of course including the transfer at the Indianapolis bus depot; bus travel was the only practical way for her to come. When she arrived she told us that she was pleasantly surprised and very relieved to find that Herman was right—there really was someone at the depot in Indianapolis who told her which bus to take to Bloomington.

The doctor prescribed cocoa-quinine for Theron, and "Mama" gave him loving care. He soon recovered from his illness—but apparently developed a permanent allergic reaction to quinine; we were not aware of that possibility at the time.

The next year Frieda transferred from Heidelberg to Indiana University. She roomed with us, and seemed more than willing to function as a live-in baby-sitter occasionally.

In June 1930 Herman was granted the Ph.D. in Zoology. He was promptly taken on as assistant professor at the University of Iowa, in Iowa City. (Frieda stayed at Indiana for another year). We went directly to the Lakeside Lab-

oratory, where Herman began to teach summer courses in limnology, etc. Theron, then two-and-a-half years old, loved to play at the lake shore with the two little daughters of the botany professor; their mother and I took turns watching the three children on alternate days. It was a pleasant summer.

In the fall we moved to Iowa City, rented a small house and bought a little furniture. Herman enjoyed teaching. I was told that he was very well liked by his students. And at last we felt financially comfortable.

Suddenly, very early one morning—before daylight—Herman became very sick. Just as I became aware of that, little Theron called to me, saying, "I coughed!" He had thrown up all over his bedding and himself. I called the University hospital, they agreed to send a doctor. By the time I had washed Theron and changed his bedding he seemed to be all right again. But Herman continued to be very ill; neither he nor I could think of anything I could do to help him. He didn't want the baby toddling around in his room while we waited for the doctor. So I took Theron out to the porch and put him in his little walker so he could ride around while I watched. (The porch had a railing around three sides, but none at the far end). Suddenly Herman shouted to me. Because I was frightened about him, I did not take time to unfasten the strap on the walker and take Theron with me as I normally would have done; I assumed that Theron would try to follow me and I would get back to him in a few seconds. But he did not try to follow me—I heard his loud cry—he had fallen off the far end of the porch, walker and all! I carried him in to Herman's bedside and learned that Herman's loud shout had not signalled any emergency; he had yelled as loudly as he could because he didn't know where I was, and wanted me to hear him wherever I might be. Theron's nose was bloody; the doctor checked it and arranged to have Herman taken to the hospital. He said that many students were brought to the emergency rooms that morning; the probable cause was contaminated milk, but that was still being checked out.

In the hospital, Herman was failing fast. A nurse asked if he had relatives who should be notified that he was not expected to live much longer. His parents came by car, and were there when he died on November 6, 1930.

The funeral was at Farmersville. I left Theron there with his grandparents and returned to Iowa City to settle our affairs and to take the one course in Education that I needed in order to qualify for a teacher's license. I supported myself by part-time work as assistant technician at the hospital.

1.6 Employment

When I came back to Farmersville I sent out many letters of application. It was a year of high unemployment. I carefully explained my situation in my letters, but received such responses as, "We do not hire married women." Eventually there was an offer from a rural school district near Mansfield, Ohio, where Bertha and her family lived. I taught history, social studies, biology and home economics. I roomed with a local farm family, and on weekends when bad weather or school activities made it impractical to drive to Farmersville I stayed with Bertha at her home. One day the Superintendent dropped in during social studies class, and evidently decided that I was too liberal for his taste. My contract was not renewed.

By this time I had learned that if I could complete a certain minor research project that Herman had left unfinished it might qualify as meeting part of the requirements for a Master's degree. A Fellowship grant was available to cover cost of tuition and necessary supplies. I felt at home in Bloomington and soon found a place where I could earn room and board by serving as part-time companion to an elderly woman; her only son had a managerial job in another town and came home only on weekends. Of course I had very little cash income but before long I was granted a monthly stipend of $30 from the National Youth Administration which had been recently set up on President Roosevelt's initiative.

I was granted the M.A. degree in 1933, but when I applied for a teaching position at Indiana University the reply from Dr. Fernandus Payne (head of the Zoology Dept.) was, "We will hire you if no man with equal qualifications applies." Of course, a man with equal qualifications did apply.

By this time I was ready to face up to the fact that Zoology was not really my field—it had been Herman's, and I had wanted to share his interests in order to help him in his work—as he earnestly wanted me to. But now that motivation was gone. I had taken several courses in psychology as the opportunity allowed, and was increasingly drawn to that field of study. Prof. Jacob Kantor told me of a Fellowship available at the University of Chicago and wrote a letter of recommendation for me. Most of my work there was with Dr. Helen Koch, Prof. of Child Psychology. It was for me a very productive experience. I was able to earn expenses by sharing with a psychiatric nurse the daily care of a psychotic woman.

In 1935 I went to Pittsburgh to begin a two-year internship with Dr. Marion Monroe at the Pittsburgh Child Guidance Center. I recall a very severe

flood during my stay there; the down-town business area (the "Golden Triangle") was covered with water; street cars could not run; electricity and water supplies were cut off; for three or four days there were no newspapers. (Newsboys came by, selling candles). Gradually life returned to normal.

I had always wanted to have my son with me, and now that my income was more nearly adequate to support both of us, the feeling became almost irresistible—especially after short vacations at Farmersville during which neighbors told me that Theron's grandmother was keeping him too closely tied to her; in the words of one of them, she was "trying to make him a Mama's boy." Of course, I had seen indications of that myself and had wondered if I was over-reacting. The neighbors convinced me that there really was a problem of over-protection.

When I wrote to say that I was now at last able to provide for my son and wanted to have him with me, I was not prepared for the vehement response. From the time of my marriage to Herman, I had been accustomed to thinking of his home as my home; I had left some of my possessions there from time to time, and whenever I asked if they had room for my things they always said "It don't eat no hay", assuring me that they always had room for my things. Now they put everything that I had ever left there in a huge tobacco-shipping box (they raised tobacco and a variety of other farm crops) and sent it to my Pittsburgh address. Since a tobacco box can hardly be opened without adequate tools, I had to destroy the box to open it; and to say that I was dismayed at what it contained is putting it mildly—linens, hiking boots, clothing, books—nothing that ever belonged to me was welcome any longer at their home.

They wrote to me, saying that Theron was at that moment standing under the maple tree in the front yard, crying because I was going to come and get him. They did everything they could think of to frustrate my plans.

I was living in one room at the time. I had intended to rent an apartment and check with the nearest school before bringing Theron to Pittsburgh. But my in-laws were keeping him so upset—apparently without realizing that their attitude was largely responsible—that I decided to move more quickly than I had planned. So I simply rented the empty room next to mine, bought a used car, telephoned to the folks at Farmersville, and went there to pick up Theron. The folks offered only verbal resistance which I put an end to after a while by simply driving away, assuring them that I would write frequently and we would come to visit real often.

When we were out of sight of his grandparents Theron seemed comfortable

enough. He enjoyed the restaurant meals we had along the way. I told him about an amusement park in Pittsburgh and he expressed an interest in going there. I took him at the first opportunity but unfortunately we both picked up some kind of an infection there and were sick for several days; the doctor sent a nurse to care for both of us.

I soon found an apartment quite near a public school, and Theron started third grade. He made friends readily; before long he told me that he was invited to a neighbor boy's home for lunch; it was the first time he had ever eaten spaghetti. There was one "bully" in the school; the other boys stood together against him. (I made one attempt to talk with the "bully's" parents, but found them so openly hostile toward their own son that further talk seemed useless).

Coming from a small rural school, it was not easy for Theron to adjust at once to the rigid requirements of a school where even in 3rd grade each subject was taught by a different teacher. I was notified that he was not doing well in spelling. I went to the school to talk with his teacher. I started to tell her that he had just come from a small, easy-going rural school and in my opinion was making good progress but needed more time to get used to a completely new environment. She interrupted me with, "I'm interested in *spelling*!" I thought to myself, "How can one discuss anything with a teacher like that?" I mentioned the incident to Dr. Little, the Director of the Child Guidance Center where I worked. He offered to try to arrange a scholarship for Theron to attend a private school for one year. But the school he spoke of had the reputation of being completely without structure or discipline; I was afraid that if Theron went there for a year it would be very hard for him to return to a public school afterward; and I certainly would not be able to pay the fees for a private school. So I turned down the offer and wondered, as I often wondered while he was growing up, whether the decision I made was right for him. Now, after more than half a century, it's a little late to worry about it. In any case, since adulthood he's been making the right decisions for himself.

In 1937 (age 34) I was to start my new job as psychologist in the Indiana State Dept. of Public Welfare. My old car needed a coat of paint, so a few days before we were to start our long drive, Theron (nine years old) helped me by painting one side while I painted the other. I can't say that it was a professional job, but at least the car looked better than before.

On our way to Indiana we stopped at Farmersville and I was very much relieved to find that the attitude of Theron's grandparents had mellowed. We

had a comfortable visit with them, and from then on we returned as often as my schedule allowed. When Theron was old enough to drive—and especially when he had his own car—he went there alone during school vacations when I had to be at work.

I enjoyed my work, and made friends with co-workers. The school system was not as rigid as in Pittsburgh: Theron had some very fine teachers. In 7th grade he made a bird chart that lighted up with small electric lights when a bird was correctly identified with a pointer. A picture of Theron with his bird chart appeared in the city newspaper. And I think he was in 8th grade when he built a home-made radio; while building it he had some difficulty separating the signals from different stations, and at one point he made the joking remark, "Well, it's all right if you like your music mixed!"

The main disadvantage of my job was that it required travel throughout the State of Indiana. I had to be out of town for several days at a time. For this reason I thought it would be best to room-and-board with someone who could provide supervision for Theron when I was not home.

We lived for a short time with a widow, Mrs. B. who made a good first impression. But it turned out that her idea of supervision for Theron was to take him along on her frequent dates to Bingo parlors, where there was nothing he could do for the entire evening but watch the adults play Bingo.

We moved to the home of Mrs. T. who had a daughter in high school and who told me that she was widowed, but before a year was up it became apparent that she was getting phone calls from her husband. She then explained that he had left her for another woman and now wanted to return to her. She intended to take him back because she was Catholic and believed that marriage was for life. Her family would now need the rooms we occupied. So we had no choice but to move again.

By this time I had learned the importance of recommendations from outside sources. The school principal recommended the home of Mrs.Y. whose son was in the army. Her husband had died a few years before; she had a daughter a little younger than Theron. Mrs. Y. did what she could to make us comfortable in her home; I recall sitting with her in the living room, listening to the radio, when President Roosevelt made his Pearl Harbor announcement on Dec. 7, 1941.

1.7 Marriage Again

One evening at a reception a few years later I met Theodore who was about eight years older than I was. He soon became very attentive to me; one Sunday he took me to see his home at the edge of town where he lived alone with his big, gentle dog (a Llewellyn setter). He had a small, well-kept home with a huge willow tree in the front yard. Behind the double garage were a few rows of grape vines and a large, productive kitchen garden. I liked what I saw, and was yearning so much for a home of my own that it was easy to imagine Theron and myself as a part of that idyllic picture. Theodore told me that he was lonesome since his wife died a few years earlier. I was now forty-one years old and felt older than that; I was not looking for the kind of youthful romance that Herman and I had once shared. It was about fourteen years since Herman had died—fourteen years of lonely struggle—and I was ready for anything that would provide some measure of security and emotional support. When Theodore proposed marriage I was ready to accept. My first inkling of his ambivalence was when he said to the marriage license clerk, "I hope this works out!" The possibility that it might not "work out" had never occurred to me. But very soon I learned from personal experience the meaning of the term "incompatibility." He was, for example, unbearably possessive of everything he owned; he made it very clear that I was to ask him before picking any grapes or gathering any vegetables for dinner. Theron had been studying auto mechanics in high school; he bought an old "jalopy" that he took apart and started to put back together in the empty half of the garage. Theodore was consumed with quiet fury; that garage belonged to him and Theron had no right to use that space. Whenever we had guests Theodore tried to tease and humiliate me in their presence. And not only me—when a neighbor, Jack, who was new at gardening, asked to buy some of Theodore's surplus tomato plants, Theodore supplied him instead with weeds that somewhat resembled tomato plants when they were small. He laughed with great glee as he furtively watched Jack carefully hoeing and tending the weeds, expecting to harvest tomatoes from them.

Worst of all, every attempt that I made to discuss differences with Theodore was futile, and left me feeling on the verge of tears.

Of course I soon realized that it would be impossible to live in such an atmosphere. I liked my work and had been promoted, but I decided that the quickest and simplest way to end the predicament that I had gotten myself into would be to give up my job and move away from that area.

So I sent out some applications and soon had three offers—one from the Cleveland, Ohio school system, one from the Chicago school system, and one from the Wilder Child Guidance Clinic in St. Paul. From several standpoints the Clinic position seemed best.

The divorce was simple and uncontested.

I regretfully had to insist that Theron dispose of his old car; he had driven to Farmersville in it a couple of times but I was afraid that on the longer trip to Minnesota it might need emergency repairs which would delay us and make it impossible for me to get to the Clinic at the time scheduled. I softened the blow a little bit by telling him that he could use my more dependable car after we got to St. Paul.

As it turned out, our apartment was on a bus line, so Theron could use the car almost every day with no inconvenience to me. He had very little to occupy his time until the opening of school some weeks later so he drove to the airport almost every day and before long he had his solo flying license.

World War II was now over—there had been celebrations in Indiana just before we left—but the military, maybe from sheer inertia, was still drafting young men into the service. Theron was told that he could choose his branch of service if he would volunteer before being called up. So he went to enlist, but was rejected after the physical examination because of hilar nodes that had probably resulted from some respiratory infection.

In Indiana he had been in an accelerated high school program, completing three-and-a-half years in three years, but St. Paul had no half-year program. On the advice of a school counselor, he took the college entrance examinations and did well on them, so he enrolled at the University of Minnesota. He had barely started there and the time limit for a refund of tuition costs had just expired when he was called to military service; the physical requirements had been changed.

1.8 Meeting Cliff

When I joined the Child Guidance Clinic there were five staff members; Dr. Lippman, Director, three social workers and myself. I had been there for about a year when, at a meeting of the Progressive D.F.L. Party, I met Cliff Herness. We were married the following year (1947). Right after our marriage Cliff started to build our house. He was at that time a Training Officer with the Veterans' Administration, and building the house was a

second job so it went rather slowly. But by Dec. 1st the basement was ready; wanting to save on rental costs we moved right in.

In 1948 Cliff was a candidate for Congress and soon after that (perhaps because of that) he lost his job with the Veterans' Administration. From that time on he devoted full time to building the house.

When the first floor rooms were ready Cliff's mother lived with us for a while. She was a very energetic woman for her age of seventy-some years, and she was always eager to help in whatever way she could. One year when our kitchen garden was more productive than usual, she canned 70 quarts of tomatoes. As might be expected she sometimes found modern conveniences puzzling; opening or closing a garage door by remote control was to her sheer magic. Another of her sons, Irwin, lived next door and she divided her time between the two households. She continued to be vigorously active until well into her nineties when she suffered a massive stroke.

Cliff worked carefully and did better than standard construction. When at last the house was finished he faced the problem of needing an income. He had been away from teaching too long to readily find employment in that field. It happened that a lot across the alley was for sale; we bought the lot and Cliff built another house there. It was rented shortly before it was finished, and has been continuously occupied since then. Eventually he built one more house where our garden had been.

Once Cliff and I drove to Florida to visit Dad. We had his address and a map, but had never seen a picture of his place or heard any description of it. As we drove along, thinking we had another ten miles or so to go, I suddenly saw a place with a modified "Skinner" (i.e.overhead) irrigation system, well cared for rows of vegetables, and a small cabin. I said to Cliff who was driving, "Stop here, this is Dad's place"—and of course it was. He had created here almost a duplicate of the place where he and Mother had lived many years earlier. The cabin was smaller than the home of my early childhood but the area around it looked familiar although I had never seen it before.

In the course of our conversation when I commented about the thriving garden Dad said that, at the age of almost eighty years, he was still earning enough from the vegetables he raised to pay all his expenses. At the time I thought this was a matter of pride; it never occurred to me that he might be short of funds, because I knew that Harvey had paid him well for the Rocky River place.

A few years later, when Dad's health deteriorated, Martha, who was wid-

owed by that time, went to Florida to take care of him for a while. She told me later that he had been defrauded by a woman who had brought supplies when he was sick and befriended him long enough to gain his confidence; she persuaded him to add her name to his checking account, then withdrew substantial funds and disappeared.

When the time came that Dad needed constant nursing care Bertha (and Dorothy?) went to Florida to accompany him by train to Cleveland, Ohio, where he lived in Dorothy's home until his death October 17,1955. Harvey made generous financial contributions toward his support.

At the clinic where I was working the staff gradually expanded over the years and the focus of our work gradually shifted from school adjustment, as the schools acquired their own psychologists, to peer and family interrelationships. In the main I enjoyed my twenty-three years there, but the reactionary political position of some of the staff troubled me. The argument for supporting the war in Vietnam, for example, was "if we don't fight them over there, they will come here to fight us on our own territory"—and foolish as that sounds now, at that time some of our staff members believed it.

Still, professionally, those were good years for me. I felt that the work was useful, and I gained some recognition. In 1958–59 and again in 1961–62 my name was listed in "Who's Who of American Women."

1.9 To the USSR

But by the year 1969 I wanted a longer summer vacation than the clinic allowed, in order to accompany Cliff on his second trip to the Soviet Union. He had been there in 1937 and wanted to see for himself what changes had come about in the intervening thirty-two years. He also wanted me to see the country that was so different from the way our government and media portrayed it.

Pine County had no school psychologist at the time, and was considering setting up classes for exceptional children; one of several tasks for a psychologist would be to help decide which children might benefit from such classes. I was offered the position, to begin when school started in the fall. So I retired from the clinic and my summer was now free for travel.

The trip was a highlight in both our lives[2]. Cliff made the arrangements;

[2]Chris's description of this trip is a chapter of the Novosti Press book. It starts on page 39 ot this book.

we travelled in our own car, purchased in W. Germany, and visited many of the same places where he had been as a young teacher in 1937 (long before I knew him). We stayed in moderately-priced hotels, and found it surprisingly easy to make friends wherever we went. We were more convinced than ever that from the stand-point of common people there was no reason for hostility toward the Soviet Union. We were determined to do all that we could to bring about a better relationship between that country and ours, for the sake of peace on earth.

In Pine County I showed slides from our trip to various school and community groups; Cliff showed the same and/or other slides to groups in and around St. Paul. I suppose it was inevitable that some people who "knew a lot that wasn't so" about the Soviet Union would object to our more positive reports. In any case, my school contract was not renewed, and when I asked why, I was told, "Some people around here didn't like what you said about Russia."

It happened that the Minnetonka school psychologist was about to take a one-year sabbatical leave. I filled in for that year, and was so busy in the spring getting ready for another trip to the Soviet Union that I neglected to search for a job for the following school year; when I returned from my trip I had no job prospects. I was then 69 years old but did not feel ready to retire completely. I applied to the Ramsey County Senior Citizens program and was at first offered community organization work that would have required frequent attendance at and participation in evening meetings all around the city of St. Paul. But because my purse had been snatched one evening on a St. Paul street, I was wary of being on the streets in the late evenings. I opted instead for the lower paid, part-time job as Site Manager in the Congregate Dining program. I thought I would work there for a year or two, but I stayed for eleven years, retiring when I reached the age of 80.

Cliff travelled to the Soviet Union eight times; in 1975 he was the tour leader. Soon after we returned from that trip Lon McDade of St. Paul came to our home accompanied by John Baker of the Council of American-Soviet Friendship based in Seattle, Washington. John told us about the Washington Council and its affiliation with the National Council. He urged Cliff to start a similar Council in Minnesota. Cliff liked the idea; he called the people who had been on the tour with us that year, and thus the Minnesota Council of American-Soviet Friendship was founded. At first there were about 15 members, and we met monthly in our living room. Later Cliff finished the basement, with parquet floors and knotty pine panelling, and it was only

when attendance grew to more than 30 that we started to have our meetings in the Whittier Community Center, (and more recently, at Van Cleve.)

In the early 1980's Cliff's health began to deteriorate. He continued to do most of the maintenance work for the three houses he had built, and he continued striving for improved relationships between the USA and the USSR. He was very appreciative when, in October 1983, the council which he had founded eight years earlier honored him and me with a banquet at which he was awarded a medal from the Soviet Union "for Contributions to the Cause of Friendship." But his illness was diagnosed as cancer, and we were told that it was incurable. Early in January 1984 he had to be hospitalized; he died on January 19th. I had known that death was immanent, yet I was stunned when it came. Now I was alone, and desolate.

1.10 Descendants

Three years later when my younger grandson, Kevin, graduated from the Fayetteville Technical Institute in North Carolina, I persuaded him to come here and share my home. He has found satisfying work here as an electronics technician, and his presence means more to me than any words can express.

I am glad that it has been possible for each of my five grandchildren to visit the Soviet Union at least once. Keith, the oldest, went with Cliff and me in 1971. I took Ami in 1974 and Beth in 1977. By the time Kevin and then Barbara reached college age I no longer felt able to go because of health problems, but Ami was willing and able to take them. (I had been there six times altogether in the years from 1969 to 1977).

As I grow older my family takes on added importance for me. It has been 39 years since Theron found an ideal wife, and their five children, now 27 to 37 years of age, are scattered across the country: Keith is working in the field of computer research; he and Diane have recently bought a home in Malden, MA which I have not seen because I no longer feel able to travel so far. Beth is operations manager and master flight instructor for a hot air balloon corporation in Albuquerque, NM. Ami is a technical writer now living in Somerville, MA. Kevin, who shares my home as stated above, is an electronics technician. And Barbara is a school counselor; she lives with her husband, Dave, near Siler City, N.C.

For many years Theron has had a hot air balloon repair business near Statesville, NC; currently he is teaching part-time in a local college.

I take pride in all of them and I feel lucky to have such talented descendants. And now Beth tells me that I also have a very delightful great-granddaughter whom I have not yet seen. I am looking forward to meeting my youngest descendant. Of the six siblings who grew up together in Rocky River at the beginning of this century only three of us are left—Bertha, age 92, living in her own home in Mansfield, Ohio with her daughter Miriam; Frieda, age 83, wasting away with Alzheimer's disease in a nursing home; and myself. Dorothy died in 1969, Martha in 1974 and Harvey in 1975.

I regret that I did not always keep in close touch with my original family. I am grateful to Mary Wahl (Dorothy's daughter) and Miriam Schroeder (Bertha's daughter) for coming from Ohio to be with me at the time of Cliff's memorial service. I am happy that Sue and Wesley Roepke (Dorothy's son and daughter-in-law) have come twice in recent years to visit me here in my home. And at Bertha's 90th birthday party I was able to renew acquaintance with some of the other relatives including Mildred James and Arthur Borovy (Martha's daughter and son), Evelyn Kirkhart's adult children, and others.

I do keep in touch by mail with Bertha and her daughters, Elsie Stepler and her daughters, and of course with Theron and his family. On a less frequent basis I also correspond with Cliff's brother Harter and his wife. (Harter is the only one of Cliff's four brothers still living).

I earnestly hope that from now on my family and all families will be able to live in peace. The fighting in the Persian Gulf area has ceased, but the problems there have not been solved and cannot be solved by wholesale murder—which is what war amounts to. I think it is critically important for the people of this country to find a way to take the authority to make war—declared or not—out of the hands of the President.

And remembering my mother, I look forward to a time when governments will stop interfering with women's choices about the size of their families, and will attend to the real business of government, which is to bring an end to nuclear weapons tests which contaminate the very earth itself, and join with other governments all around the world in preserving natural resources for future generations. This includes protecting the purity of air and water. The welfare of people must be given higher priority than the making of profit; I am not sure that the capitalist system can do this.

At this point in the world's history we would do well to cooperate with the Soviet Union whose President has recently been awarded a prestigious Peace Prize. If Cliff were alive now I am sure that he would be pleased with the degree of cooperation that is starting to come about, and would look

forward, as I do, to more consistent and broader cooperation between the USA and the USSR (by whatever name it will be known) for the benefit of all mankind.

To summarize: The most satisfying period of my life was (until near the very end when his health was failing) my 37 years with Cliff. We travelled together, worked together and shared—in broad outlines though not in every detail—the same views of world events. Our respect, love and admiration for each other was more than adequate to make allowances for the minor differences that I think are inevitable between any two people whose earlier life experiences have been different.

Now I am glad to see that some of the goals Cliff worked for have been achieved. I hope and believe that my grandchildren and their children will live in a more peaceful world than the one I have known.

1.11 Postscript—by Keith Wright

Grandma died at 2:15 AM October 26, 1998,

A memorial service was held November 21 at the Michael Servetus Unitarian Church in Fridley, Minnesota.

At that time I met Waldo Sommerlotte, who is credited as the typist of "Grandpa Stepler's" autobiography[3]. Obviously he was no longer 13 years old. I did not ask his age, but you can do the arithmetic. He told me that he remembered typing it. He also told me that he had learned Chinese and traveled in China years earlier.

To the astonishment of everyone, in her last years Grandma began to write poetry. Most of it was humorous doggerel, written for an occasion long past, but I found one of her poems so moving that I read it at the memorial service. If I can find a copy of it, I will put it here in an updated version (See Preface to second edition).

[3]See page 174.

Chapter 2

To the Soviet Union in 1937 and now

by Chris and Cliff Herness

2.1 Editor's Notes

This chapter contains most of the text of a book written by Chris and Cliff Herness, published by Novosti Press, Moscow, in 1981, and sold for 55 kopecks. The book is a 10cm×16cm paperback of about 132 pages. It is cheaply bound—the pages began to fall out the first time it was opened. There is an Author's Preface and three chapters, the first of which is entitled *1937, Cliff Herness Visits Europe for the First Time* and is for the most part an abridged version of the section of *To Illuminate the Darkness* entitled *By Boat in 1937*. That chapter has not been repeated here, but is combined with the other version starting on page 77.

The book also had a half page of Biographical Notes by the publisher, a table of contents, and *The First Reader's Opinion* by one James M. Shields. I do not know who he is, and have omitted those pages. The book also contains quite a number of black and white or color photographs of famous buildings, street scenes, and aerial photographs. These are clearly "stock" photos; not taken by Cliff or Chris, and only loosely related to the text. These and their captions are also omitted. What is left is only what was (mostly) written by Chris and Cliff. — KW

2.2 Authors' Preface

The idea of writing this book came soon after our return from travelling in Europe by car. A number of our friends thought that our enthusiastic reports of our experiences especially in the Soviet Union deserved a wider audience. Especially insistent was 90-year-old Madge Hawkins who urged us to write the story of "The Herness Travels" while our health and energy were still adaquate to the task.

But the peasure of sharing out exhilarating experiences is not, in itself, our only reason for undertaking the chore of writing this little book. The fact is that we are worried about our own country; about its militaristic policies clothed in humanitariean words, and about its gullible citizens who allowed themselves to be drawn into the Vietnam and who still do not sense that they are now being pushed into equally unjustified, more widely destructive war in the future. We are wrrried about our educated acquaintances who concider themselves well-informed, and well-travelled because they have been to such places as "The Holy Land" at Easter time; the argue with conviction that Sweden is a socialist country (because "it has free medical care"). Of course we can not hope to deal with all of the distortions that pour in a steady stream from out news media. But perhaps the story of our travel experiences will encourage some of our countrymen to look behind the daily headlines and try to get their information about the Soviet Union from Soviet—or at least not anti-Soviet—sources. We urge those who can to visit the land of the Soviets in person. They will be able to learn that the Soviet peace policy is basic, enduring and sincere. If our own ccuntry were equally forthcoming we could have by this time firmly established good-neighborly relations, constantly expanding trade, creating more jobs for Americans, and solid guarantees of no more war. What could be more importannt for mankind, now and in the future?

At the "Congregate Dining" Program for Older Americans, where I (Chris) am now working, some of the retired participants in the program are involved with an orginization with the stated aim of "bringing Christ to the Communist World". Those retirees and a few others at the dining site object to even hearing about anything that goes contrary the their negative, set attitudes about "Russia". Our program Director, understandably, wants harmony at the work-site and has gently but pointedly told me so. (However, there are no objections to having ordinary, bourgeois politicians address the assembled retirees). Such are some of the problems in disseminating our recently ac-

quired knowledge by word of mouth. This book offers one outlet for spreading information that we think will benefit Americans and everyone else.

Cliff and Chris Herness

2.3 1937, Cliff Herness Visits Europe for the First Time

> This chapter of the Novosti Press book is an abridged and edited version of **By Boat in 1937 (by Cliff)**, which starts on page 77. Also see the preface on page i. —KW

2.4 1969, By Car Via Europe by Chris

Most U.S. citizens were still supporting our involvement in the Vietnam war in 1969 when Cliff and I visited the U.S.S.R. together for the first time. He had been there once before, in 1937. He had experienced the warm hospitality of the Russian people, so he had a diffetent perspective than most U.S. citizens in regard to our slanderous daily media reports. the Russians had been warmly human when he met them before and he refused to believe that they had grown horns in the intervening thirty-two years.

I don't know how representitive of pubic opinion my sister Dorothy's comment was, but when I told her that Cliff and I were leaving soon for Russia she asked anxiously, "Aren't you scared?"

The travel agency nearest our home refused to help us to arrange the trip. "We don't want any American money to go to Russia!" the agent said when I called. But we soon learned that there were travel agencies in New York that would handle the arrangements. In about three or four weeks we had our passports, visas, health certificates, airline tickets, hotel reservations and receipts. (We learned that hotel rooms must be pre-paid. After being in the Soviet Union a while we could see why; the Soviet people travel so much that hotel rooms are all taken, so if you haven't a confirmed and pre-paid reservation the room will go to someone else).

We flew Icelandic Airlines to Luxembourg, then headed north at first by bus and then be train to the West German city of Osnabrück, where our little red Karmann Ghia Volkswagen was waiting for us. We drove north to

Denmark and from there to Sweden. In these countries we stayed in tourist rooms rather than hotels, mainly to keep our expenses low; but this also gave us a better opportunity to visit with people in their homes. From Stockholm we took a ferry to Turku, Finland, a country where the scenery ranged from pleasant to spectacularly beautiful. But as it happened, it was also in Finland that we made the acquaintance of an anti-Soviet bigot, a man who tried to give us merchandise to sell on the black market after we would arrive in the Soviet Union—for no purpose that we could perceive except to make trouble.

"Kuda Intourist?"

The border crossing was uneventful. The Soviet customs office had a busload of people who arrived just ahead of us, so we had to wait about twenty minutes. Our baggage was then cursorily examined, a physician asked us each a few simple questions about our respective health histories. (Actually, two physicians; the one who talked with Cliff was a man, the one who talked to me was a pleasant and friendly woman). While Cliff was exchanging some money I also exchanged a $100 travelers' check for 88 rubles plus a few kopecks, and we were on our way.

The road at first followed the Baltic seashore. Children were playing on the beach. When we stopped to take pictures a few seven- or eight-year-olds came running up to us and tried to start a conversation. This was the first of many occasions when I wished that we had found time for more than six lessons in beginning Russian before starting on this trip. We drove on through long stretches of wooded country reminding us very much of northern Minnesota. There were absolutely no billboards and very few signs of any kind.

Our travel agent had told us to go first to the Intourist travel office when we arrived at any Soviet city, in order to get the name and location of the hotel where are reservations were. He assured us that there were Intourist offices everywhere, we would have no trouble finding one. So we approached Lenningrad confidently expecting to see a big sign saying "Intourist". But there just weren't any. We drove on into the business section of the city. We saw a few street signs which we could not read on buildings near the intersections; and two or three times we had to detour because of street repairs, but the detours made no real difference to us because we had absolutely no idea where in the city we were or which direction to go.

We pulled over to the curb where the street was wide enough so that

we dared to stop, and tried our meager Russian on the first passers-by we saw. "Kuda Intourist? Gde Intourist?" It pleased us immensely when they apparently understood, but they answered in long sentences that left us bewildered. Here we were—tired, hungry, lost, unable to speak the language, and because it was getting late in the evening I was feeling anxious. We drove on uncertainly and soon stopped again, hoping someone would understand and help us. One man certainly would have helped if I had been more receptive. He said brightly "Intourist Astoria!" and was eager to direct us there. But I knew that the famous Astoria was not our hotel (we traveled "tourist class") so I shook my head and said, "Astoria nyet. Intourist". He tried again to patiently explain but seeing it was useless he walked away looking sadly troubled. What I had failed to understand was that the Intourist headquarters for the whole of Leningrad was in the Astoria hotel, and if we had gone there we would have been told where our reservations were.

And Here Comes Vadim

Further attempts to talk seemed useless, so we drove on. But driving aimlessly seemed useless too so we pulled up by an open space where there were lots of people. Some of them came toward us and one man said something like "Krasnaya mashina!" (A red car). We smiled and asked if anyone there could speak English. A young man stepped up and asked in clear English "Can I help you?" This was our introduction to Vadim Khotyantsev who soon proved to be a friend in need. He listened to our problem and then explained that there was an Intourist office in a hotel not far away but we would need to make several turns and would have trouble finding it if we could not read the street signs. He looked at our little car with baggage piled in the back and suggested that if we could make room for him to ride with us he would direct us. With great relief I crawled in beside the luggage so Vadim could sit beside Cliff. He told us that he had learned English in school, starting in the fourth grade. He went with us to the nearest Intourist office and from there to the Vyborgskaya Hotel where our reservations were. As he helped us to register etc., he told us that he had just finished his sophomore year at the University of Leningrad, he now had a few days free before taking a summer job "and I would like to show you my city". His parents were expecting him home now but he would come back tomorrow morning to take us wherever we wanted to go. Cliff answered, "It looks as though we need a guide who speaks English. Could we hire you as our

guide?" Vadim remonstrated, "No, no, I don't mean that. I don't need the money. I'm a student at the University. I get my stipend each month, and I'll work this summer too. But Leningrad is my city and I want you to have a good visit here!" It was agreed that we would meet in the lobby at nine the next morning.

After he had gone we realized that we had not eaten since early morning. There was a restaurant next door to our hotel. We were probably the only non-Russians there. The menus were printed in Russian and at that time we did not realize that we could ask for an English one. We looked at each other and wondered aloud, should we just point to something on the menu and hope? Or point to what looked good on someone else's plate, risking the appearance of bad manners? I rememberedd the words for vegetables and meat so when the waiter returned I hesitantly pronounced them "Ovoshchi. Myaso." He brought us a stew, it tasted good. While we were eating a man came and joined us at our table. He spoke some English but said that he could read and write it better than he could speak it. He was a young Engineer from Odessa. We had a good, friendly conversation.

The Vyborgskaya Hotel was very busy. Big busloads of travelers were leaving or arriving at frequent intervals. Evening and morning, the lobby was piled with luggage being brought in or taken out. We judged most of the guests to be either Soviet citizens or Finns. It was a surprise to meet a couple from California, they were checking out after what they described as a wonderful vacation in the Soviet Union. They called our attention to the Beryozka souvenir shop off the lobby where only foreign (i.e. non-Soviet) money is accepted and some items are surprisingly low priced.

The next morning Vadim came with a bouquet of flowers for me, gathered from his parents yard. We were deeply touched by this completely unexpected gesture of friendship.

We went first to the historic Peter and Paul Fortress. Vadim refused to let Cliff pay our bus fares, saying that they weren't much. (Later we learned that a bus fare is less than a nickle). The fortress was built in 1703 by Peter the Great. Among the buildings that have servived until now are the Peter and Paul Cathedral which houses the remains of the Tzars from Peter the Great to Alexander III, and a number of low, red masonry buildings with walls about two feet thick. From XVIII century the fortress wsa used as a place of incarceration and sometimes torture of political prisoners; after the October Revolution it became a museum.

Later in the day we went to the Hermitage with its gorgeously beautiful,

spacious rooms and ornate furnishings, unlike anything I had ever seen before, or even imagined. As we walked from one luxurious room th another, Vadim said, "Keep in mind the the Tzars were accumulating all this wealth while the ordinary working people had to wrap their feet in rags because they could not afford shoes." His words reminded me of the old geography book that I studied in elementary school—about 1915—in which Russia was described as a country of illiterates; an accompanying picture showed a grim, shabby peasant with his feet wrapped in rags. What a difference has come about in my lifetime!

As we walked around together we told Vadim about our experience in ordering a meal at the restaurant the evening before. Laughingly, he said that was no Russian meal. Would we like a Russian dinner tonight? Did we like fish? We answered yes to both questions. So Vadim took us to a yacht on the Neva River where we had a three-course dinner which we thoroughly enjoyed.

The next day we had our first ride on a hydrofoil. In a very short time we arrived at Petrodvorets, about twenty miles from Leningrad, and spent there most of the day. More than one hundred fountains, each more beautiful than the others, were scattered about over many acres of park-like grounds. There were sunny walks with flower borders, and shady walks with birds singing everywhere. (And something that I appreciated from time to time, plenty of park benches to rest for a while). We were told that in Tzarist times the people were not allowed to come within three miles of the palace grounds but now we saw people all over the place, enjoying the beauty and in a few instances, eating picnic lunches on the grounds but without creating any litter. On the palace grounds were a few ice-cream stands; for about fifteen cents apiece we each had a cone and they were so tasty that from then on we regularly had ice-cream cones for lunch while traveling in the Soviet Union.

The palace itself was lighter in coloring and in atmosphere than the Winter Palace but just as luxurious. Of course we did not see every one of the more than 100 rooms—in fact a few of them were still being restored. The palace had been largely destroyed by the Nazis during the long siege of Leningrad. But the Russians removed some of the precious art objects; they photographed what could not be carried away, including decorative wall finishes and the parquet floors with their intricate, rich designs. After the war, as their resources permitted they began the Herculean task of restoring the palace to its original grandeur. Highly skilled craftsmen were still completing the work in 1969.

Vadim who had an exaggerated idea of American well-being asked us if we were rich. He thought we were because we could travel to his country. Of course we explained that we were far from rich, we were working people who had to do without other things in order to make this trip. He told us that he had been getting his information about our country from listening to the "Voice of America". Cliff responded at some length, explaining that the "Voice of America" is a propaganda agency whose broadcasts are not to be taken at face value. Vadimlistened intently and replied soberly, "I will not forget".

Our First Meeting with Russian Policemen

We were sorry to leave Leningrad on the morning scheduled. Vadim brought me a bouquet of roses, and rode with Cliff to the nearest station to get gas for the car (gas stations are fewer here than in our country). Vadim rode with us to the outskirts of Leningrad. We shall never forget the warmth and sadness of our goodbye. We agreed to write often. Cliff and I were concerned about how Vadim would get back home but Vadim was sure there would be no problem—a bus would be along soon. So after Cliff took a few pictures of aprtment buildings etc. we drove on.

Vadim assured us that the road to Moscow went straight ahead, we would have no trouble following it. And we didn't—for a little while. But eventually we came to a fork in the road. What should we do now? Should we go right or left? There were no signs. We slowed to a near stop while trying to decide. To the right was the wide open road; to the left the roadway looked a little older and more worn, some minor road repairs were going on. If we could have spoken Russian I supoose we would have walked over to ask the workmen but since we couldn't I hazarded the guess that the somewhat wider, newer highway would take us to Moscow. So we tried it.

We drove perhaps a dozen miles or so when a large billboard (the first we had seen in Russia) announced that this was the new Leningrad-Kiev highway! So we had taken the wrong fork way back there. What to do? It seemed logical to drive on until we came to a good cross-road and go left on it until we reached the road we should have taken in the first place.

It was then that we had our first meeting with Russian policemen. As we turned left onto a well-paved crossroad, two of them stepped out of a little bus-shelter kind of building and motioned for us to stop. They asked for passports, looked at them and said something in Russian which of course we

did not understand. I tried to explain in English which of course they did not understand. So I tried out my very inadequate German which, luckily, one of them understood. "Sie müssen zurück nach Leningrad." (you must go back to Leningrad) he told us, and I argued, "Aber es ist so weit!" (But that is so far!). "Ya, leider" (yes, I'm sorry), and he patted Cliff's shoulder, gently explaining in German that this road does not join the Moscow road and if we get lost so easily we would surely get lost again if we tried any shortcuts. He looked genuinely sorry but there was nothing else to do. We turned back, took the other fork of the road and proceeded as fast as the heavy truck traffic would permit.

It was a long drive to Kalinin; we passed the city of Novgorod without stopping, yet even with no time out for lunch or dinner it was about 11 p.m. when we finally reached our motel. By the time we arrived we were getting low in gas and a bit worried because we saw no gas stations along the way.

Inside the Tver Motel people were eating and listening to jukebox music; some were dancing. It was too late to order a hot meal but the Intourist girl there managed to serve us a good cold supper. Within an hour the lights had been dimmed and the people left—no doubt most of them had to be at work the next morning. We had a good night's sleep.

The Language Problem Again

Late the next morning, after Cliff had taken some pictures and recorded the sounds of birds in the nearby woods, we were on our way south toward Moscow. At the town of Klin we stopped to visit the Tchaikovsky museum. Recorded music by the great master was playing softly the entire time we were there. His handwritten notes, now preserved under glass, and his two grand pianos were among the items viewed by a constant stream of visitors.

As we drove on we began to feel hungary, it was already past noon. Seeing no restaurants or road stands along the way, we joked about going into the houses of the collective farms we passed, to find something to eat. Suddenly I saw a bright blue house with the sign "STOLOVAYA" (Café) printed over the doorway. A few trucks were parked nearby, obviously this was a truckers' lunch stop. Hesitantly, we went inside. To our left was a glass case with shelves displaying about a dozen kinds of sandwiches, to our right were men sitting at the tables, eating and socializing. The girl behind the glass case looked so very friendly that I decided to try out my one memorized Russian sentence, "Ya ne govoryu po Russki" (I do not speak Russian), and I pointed

to a couple of the sandwiches. Cliff noticed the bottles of "pivo" (beer) cooling in a tub of cold water. The girl put our selections on a plate and led us to a veranda with carefully set tables, including freshly laundered white linen tablecloths and the customary three stemware glasses at each place. I noticed that the glasses were of fine quality, and at a truckers' stop this surprised us. We were surprised, too, at how quickly a feeling of camaraderie developed between us and the truckers in spite of the language handicap. One more surprise was the low cost of our lunch—our bottle of beer and two sandwiches apiece cost a total (for both) of about 43 cents.

Not only food but lodging also can be quite inexpensive in the Soviet Union. The lowest priced accommodations for travelers are probably the tourist camps. They are well supervised and conveniently spaced. We visited one between Kalinin and Klin; we learned that the rates were about $1.50 per night and this included a guided tour of the area if desired.

We did not visit the village near this camp, and regretted it later. Other villages we had passed along the way had mostly log houses and very elaborate, wide window trims decorated with floral or scroll designs. On the roofs were TV antennas. Most of the houses had high fences in front, with vegatable or flower gardens rather than lawns. The people who gathered in the village squares and parks were talkative and so very sociable that whenever we stopped to join them we at once felt that we were among friends. And many young people seemed to be glad for a chance to practice English (or German) that they had learned in school.

As we approached Moscow the highway became wider. Large aprtment buildings with balconies bright with flowers came into view. Cliff recognized the downtown skyline from having seen it thirty-two years before, so we drove straight to the center of the city. We stopped at the Metropole Hotel to ask where our reservations were and we were given the name of the Bucharest, an older hotel across the Red Square and the Moskva River. It was not very far but the question was, with so many one-way streets, how to get there by car? The Intourist girl did not know, and because it was already past working hours, she could not send anyone with us to show us the way. She suggested that Cliff just ask anyone he met out in front of the Metropole. She was sure there would be no problem. We had gotten lost so often by this time that Cliff ws not so easily reassured, but he had nothing to lose so he tried it. One cheerful fellow pointed across Red Square and imitated walking movements with his fingers; Cliff could not explain that we had a car and he know that cars are not permitted on the Red Square. We finally resolved our

little dilemma by walking to the Bucharest to check in; Cliff then followed the one-way streets back on foot to check the route before driving over it. This took quite a while but at least we did not break any traffic rules and we did not get lost.

We would probably have left our car parked in front of the Bucharest for the duration of our stay in Moscow, since public transportation is cheap and convenient, had not an American tourist volunteered the advice to put it in a supervised parking lot. She ws sure it would be safer there and we allowed her to persuade us. At the nearest lot the girl in charge at first said, "Net mest" (No room), but we were able to arrange to leave our car there after all when, with the help of a Russian bystander who knew German, we made it clear to her trhat we would leave the car in dead storage for a couple of weeks. The cost was only about $2.00 for the two weeks.

At the first opportunity we went shopping in the GUM store, a department store close to Red Square. It has everything from fresh fish and ice-cream to greeting cards and clothing.

Looking for Fedor...

Meanwhile, where was the friend who was going to meet us when we arrived in Moscow? Dr. Fedor Romashov lievs there, it was he who first invited and then urged us to visit the U.S.S.R. We had met him some years before when he had participated in a medical institute at the University of Minnesota. The student newspaper had asked local residents to invite the visiting Russians into their homes, and we welcomed the opportunity to have such intersting guests. We invited Fedor and another Moscow physician; Dr. Solovyov spoke little English so Fedor translated. A year or so later Cliff and Fedor met again in Cincinnati, Ohio; and later they arranged a third meeting at EXPO 67 in Montreal. At each meeting Fedor's invitation to visit his homeland became more insistent, and in 1969 we werer finally able to arrange it. Now here we were in Moscow and unable, at first, to contact him. No one answered the telephone when we called. The Intourist girl managed to reach a relative who said that Fedor was out of the country. Three days later when he returned he told us that our letter announcing our coming had arrived too late to change his own schedule. But at the time of course we did not know this. We considered telephoning Dr. Solovyov but because the address book with his phone number had disappeared in Finland and also because of the language problem, we decided to ask the Intourist girl to phone him for us. After

all, Intourist girls had been doing all sorts of favors for us as we traveled through Russia. To my surprise and annoyance, she said she could not look up his telephone number without more information about him, specifically, she needed to know his patronymic (the name derived from his father's given name) and his appoximate age. I could hardly believe her, but a few days later when I told Fedor about the incident he informed me that the girl was right; ther are mant Solovyovs in Moscow and to find the right man in a telephone book one needs to know his first name and patronymic.

...and Finding Anatole

But to go back to the day after our arrival in Moscow, before Fedor came. After breakfast I was sitting in the hotel lobby, writing postcards to my sisters. A man sitting across the writing table from me asked, "Are you a tourist?" "Yes." "Do you like my city?" I answered that we liked what we had seen of it but were a bit disappointed that our Russian friend was not there to meet us and show us the city. Of course we could take walks and guided tours but it would be more fun to be with a friend who knew his way around. "Where do you want to go? I have the day off, I'll take you if you like. I live here." So Anatole took us first, at Cliff's request, to Kalinin Prospekt, the new business street. It was a wide avenue with contemporary tall building. The architecture of the entire area is harmonious. The tree-lined sidewalks are very wide. At main intersections pedestian crossings are below street level. These underground crosswalks are well lighted, clean and attractive. (By eliminating congestion at intersections they prevent traffic accidents, reduce the air pollution from idling motors of waiting cars, and offer protection to pedestrians in bad weather). We were told that future plans for Moscow include such subterranean crosswalks at all main intersections of the city. Already there were many of them in the area near the Kremlin and the Red Square.

On Kalinin Prospekt, Atatole took us to a supermarket, saying this was something his country learned about from the U.S.A. The merchandise was somewhat different that at home, without brand names and fancy packaging. Across from the check-out counter was a section set apart as a snack area. While Cliff and Anatole ate at the counter I took my dish of ice-cream to a small snack table and was joined there by a mother with her daughter who appeared to be about nine or ten years old. We struck up a conversation mostly in German; the daughter was learning English in school adn the

mother tried to get her to demonstrage her knowledge but she was too shy.

Next we went to a large bookstore where we bought a Russian-English dictionary for about seventy-five cents (73 kopecks) and looked at many other bargain-priced books, some of which we would have bought if it were not for the problem of getting them home.

Subway: Seven Cents to Any Station

Then we explored the "Metro" (subway). Without Anatole we would have hesitated to do this for fear of getting lost. He took us to the nearest entrance where we exchanged coins—the fare was five copecks[1] (about seven cents) for any station. Then we descended the longest escalator that I have ever seen. The train came almost immediately. It went very fast and very soon Anatole was saying we should get off so as to get a good look at the station. It was beautifully lighted and had high, arched ceilings. It had none of the dingy look that we tend to associate with subway[sic]. Cliff took a picture and almost at once the next train came along, so we got on again. We repeated this several times, and every station was different. Each was very attractive in its own way. Some were strikingly beautiful with statuary or paintings or rich marble columns and indirect lighting. The walls of one were gaily decorated with huge murals by young artists.

We were told that the trains come every 52 seconds, and that the aim is to make it possible for people to get from any point in Moscow to any other point within 45 minutes. Muscovites take justifiable pride in their subway that provides such fast, economical trasportation and are so aesthetically pleasing. There was no litter on the floors, no defacing of the walls which are free from th eclutter of commercial advertising. We revistited one station that Cliff had seen in 1937, before the war; it still looked as clean and attractive as when it was new.

Our breakfasts at teh Bucharest Hotel were hearty. For a coupon obtained from Intourist and worth one ruble, we had a standard breakfast consisting of three 4-minute eggs, three Russian pancakes with sour cream, logs of very good bread, butter, jam, cheese, cold sliced meat and all the excellent tea we wanted. With a breakfast like that, we wanted only an ice-cream cone for lunch.

One morning we were especially lucky. We entered the restaurant as usual

[1]Spelling change in the original—KW

only to find that the tables which seated four people were all filled, except one where only two people were sitting. One of them gestured for us to join them. We learned that his name was Paul and that he was the leader of a tour group from the German Democratic Republic. Cliff and Paul hit it off well together at once. When we mentioned that the G.D.R. would be on our itinerary later in the summer Paul urged us to phone him as soon as we arrived in the Berlin area. We agreed to do so. Thus began our lasting friendship.

Cities Without Fear

When we visited Fedor one evening in his comfortable apartment near the Moscow University campus only he and his father-in-law were at home—his wife and daughter were away at a vacation resort for the summer. His father-in-law, an excellent cook, had provided a very enjoyable full-course dinner for us. The drinks included kvass. There were the usual sincere toasts to peace, friendship, good health, etc.

In the course of the evening's conversation we told Fedor about our late evening walks in both Leningrad and Moscow, and that we felt safe even without knowing the area; I asked if we were being foolhardy. "No," he answered, "you can go where you want to. I have never heard of a tourist being attacked in my country." His answer made a very strong impression on me expecially since in our own country I had been terrinfied when my purse was snatched on a street in St. Paul a few months before, while I was taking a short walk during the noon hour. My mention of that prompted Fedor to tell us that he and his colleagues had had a bad experience while they were at the University of Minnesota some years before, when we first met. He and the other Russian physicians had pooled their funds to buy a television set, a radio and an electric alarm clock. While they were away at a meeting all these things were stolen. On the advice of the building manager they notified the police but the articles were never recovered.

Cliff and I had known fomr reading our daily papers that there had been some vandalism directed atainst the Russians of the Institute at that time—tearing down the Soviet flag, etc.,—but we had not known until now about the theft.

Our Second Meeting with Soviet Policemen

Before leaving Moscow we tried to change our travel schedure somewhat. Back home when we first planned this trip we had planned ourselves to drive south from Moscow to Kursk in one day, a distance of more than 300 miles, which may not sound like a long day's drive. But on our map it looked almost as far as the distance we had driven from Leningrad to Kalinin (arriving an hour befor midnight). It would probably get us to Kursk very late in the evening, and with our propensity for getting lost in cities it would probably take us a couple of hours to find our hotel after we reached Kursk. I felt tired just thinking about it. On our map Orel was about two-thirds the distance to Kursk, so I asked the Intourist girl to arrange for us to stay over night at Orel and cancel Kursk from the schedule. At first she doubted that she could manage it, all rooms in hotels would be taken at this late date. However, she agreed to see what she could do, and after a while it wasarranged.

As we were leaving Moscow we saw a filling station. We were feeling lucky to find a station at such a convenient spot, and we turned to drive in. As we did so, a policeman, standing nearby, stopped us. We did not understand every word he said but he pointed to a sign and indicated that we were going the wrong way, that would cost us one ruble! As Cliff paid the ruble, the policeman gave him a receipt and then very helpfully guided us to the proper approach, halting traffic momentarily to let us pass. Later, as we drove away after getting gas, he waved a friendly fairwell. We were impressed with the efficiency and effectiveness of this way of handling minor traffic violations.

The highway south toward Orel was good but not wide (only two lanes) and as before, many trucks slowed our progress. The landscape gradually changed, there were more open fields, fewer houses with high board fences in front. Each little village had a gaily painted bus-stop shelter, and each one was different. Geometrical designs, animals, birds, landscapes, free-form splashes of color, all were represented. Later we learned that these paintings were the result of a competition among the young people of each village in the region.

It was late afternoon when we reached Orel. The Intourist girl at the hotel must have been waiting for us, she came out to the car to meet us as we drove up.

The next morning another Intourist girl came on duty, one who spoke excellent English. She graciously offered to show us around the town; she mentioned the picture gallery and the Turgenev museum as places worth

seeing. But, in the time we had, we only got as far as the nearby Pioneer Palace, a recreation center for children and youth. It was an attractive building with columns at the entrance, and nicely landscaped. A car with a sticker like some we had seen before was parked close by. To our question about the meaning of the sticker, our guide told us that this car had been awarded to the young people of this Pioneer Palace as the winners in a regional driving contest. She also mentioned that most of the children were now (in late June) away at camps or summer resorts, and few stayed in the city. Many of the rooms in the building were being redecorated, but in one room we watched a group of boys taking cameras apart and putting them back together again to see how they worked. There were blown-up snapshots on the walls; the adult leader told us that the snapshots had been taken by boys in this group. They were good pictures—I recall one of a small boy watching a mother bird feeding her young, and another of two very small children pretending to play chess.

More than 80 per cent of the children in the area spend some time at the Pioneer Palace on a regular basis after school. They have a wide choice of activities; crafts, painting, sculpturing, vocal and instrumental music, athletics, drama, photography, electronics, mechanics, foreign languages, etc. There were fifty recreational leaders in a town of roughly 250,000 population; these leaders are entirely apart from the public school teachers, they work full time as recreational leaders. When I said that in the poorly-funded rural school system where I worked some of the teachers supplemented their incomes by working with student clubs after school hours, our guide was surprised. It did seem ironic that the U.S.A., presumably the richest country in the world, could not spare the money for a well-rounded education for all of its young people.

At the other end of the building some other boys were making soap-box derby recers from spare airplane parts. They built not only the chassis but also the motor. They were about to begin a race when we arrived to watch. It was an obstacle course on a level section of a wide street that had been marked off and kept clear of traffic for the purpose. The obstacles were old automobile tires, and Cliff was so intrigued with watching the little cars chugging along that I had to remind him that we had scheduled ourselves to drive to Kiev that day.

Our guide, like many of the Intourist guides we met, was a college student working with that travel agency during her summer vacation. As a student she received a stipend of fifty rubles per month. Her room rent was two

rubles per month; she paid no tuition and books were low in cost or supplied free. The fifty rubles were spent mostly for food, clothing and incidentals. She herself managed comfortably on that sum, but her roommate who dined at the most expensive eating places whenever she could (rather than at the low-cost student dining hall) sometimes ran out of money before the end of the month "but her parents help her".

Svetlana Remembers...

In Kiev we got lost again. It is a city of over one million[2] population and we were right in the middle somewhere. But by this time wer had learned not to worry, any hotel could direct us to the one where our reservations were. We had been given the name of it in Moscow and we knew it was on the outskirts of the city but it took a couple of hours and several stops for information before we located it. It was called a motel but seemed to us more like a resort hotel, with a camping area in back of it.

At dinner that evening I left my sweater hanging on the back of my chair in the restaurant and forgot about it until late taht night after I was already in bed. I wondered vaguely how I would inquire about it in the morning. What's the Russian word for sweater?—I fell asleep. We awoke to the sounds of birds in the early morning. I wondered if by some chance my sweater might still be on the chair where I had left it. As soon as the restaurant doors were open we went in. The chairs were all stacked against the wall and of course the sweater was gone. There had been many guests here last night so maybe someone had walked off with it. But it was my favorite sweater and I was not ready to give up just yet. On an impulse I walked back toward the kitchen area. The man in charge understood my gestures and my use of the word "jacket". He led us to a small closet containing an assortment of lost-and-found items. There was my sweater!

After breakfast the woman at the hotel desk offered to have our car washed (it needed it!) for one dollar in American money and to provide a tour of the city with a driver and a guide for three dollars. The guide, Svetlana, was a native of Kiev and knew it well. She was obviously proud of this capital of the Ukraine, a beautiful city with many gardens and parks. She told us thtat it had seventeen institutions of higher learning, the largest being Kiev University with twelve thousand students. During the war, in

[2]Now Kiev is a city of two million people.

1941, the city was destroyed and over 200,000 of its people were killed and 100,000 deported to Germany. Svetlana remembered that as a small child she and her mother were crawling along a broken-down wall, looking for something to eat or drink; and soon after that her mother was killed. For more than two years Kiev was occupied by the Nazis. After the war the city was quickly rebuilt and is now the third largest Soviet city. We visited the Central Stadium and from there we went to Vladimir Hill where we had a magnificent view of the Dnieper River in which many people were swimming. In the evening we went to the opera that was spectacular.

Uman. "Are You Uzbeks?"

The next day we drove on toward Odessa, some 300 miles south of Kiev. About half way we made what we expected to be a routine stop for gas and lunch at the town of Uman. But we were pleasantly surprised at the hearty welcome we received. The friendly woman who ran the restaurant spoke German well, and was expecially warm in her manner toward us when we told her that we and many other Americans were opposed to our government's war policies in Vietnam. She talked about the Second World War (the Soviets cal it the Great Patriotic War) in which her mother and her brother were killed. Her eyes were moist when I expressed full agreement with her plea that our two countries must learn to get along together, and that we must by all means find a way to end war.

We observed that the Soviet people were less inhibited than are our own countrymen in the questions they ask on first acquaintance: "How much do you earn? How much rent do you pay? How much do you pay in taxes? How old are you? How many rooms in your apartment?" etc. As compared to U.S. citizens they seem, by and large, to be much more active in community affairs and presumably when something is wrong they are much more likely to become involved. The local Soviet is really a neighborhood committee, and this is the very foundation of their government.

Outside, a little group had gathered around our car. Someone asked Cliff, in Russian, how fast it would go. Cliff pointed to the speedometer and hoped that they realized that he did not drive it at top speed. Someone else asked if we were Uzbeks and when I said "No, Americans," one of them commented that I might be American but he (Cliff) was obviously Uzbek; he pointed to Cliff's velvet skullcap with the gold braid embroideryy (a part of the Uzbek national costume) purchased in the Beryozka store in Moscow. A man who

spoke some English asked how long we could stay, he wanted us by all means to see the municipal flower gardens and the park before we left. We very much regretted that we had scheduled ourselves too closely to allow time for such side excursions. Next time we will know better!

Moldavia's Capital Kishnev

We should have arrived at our hotel well before the end of the working day except for the fact that we lost our way again as we had been doing with such discouraging regularity in Soviet cities. When we finally arrived the Intourist girl said that if we would wait ten minutes (what else did we have to do?) she would close her office and walk with us to where we had missied a turn, it wasn't far.

We soon came to the intersection where we should have turned left in order to reach our hotel by the shortest route. A very light drizzling rain was falling, a few peole were jaywalking to reach shelter more quickly. When I commented about it our guide told me that it is against the law and sometimes a policeman stop jaywalkers. I asked what he does to them. "He fines them." "How much is the fine?" "Two ice-creams." In other words, about thirty cents. These are the Soviet policemen who are pictured in U.S. propoganda as harsh and ruthless!

Wherever we went in the Soviet Union we were treated very well but in Kishinev the welcome extended to us was particularly warm and friendly. The mayor's office was in the same building as the hotel where wer were staying; we met him ahd were asked to sign his guest book. With the help of an interpreter we were interviewed by a newspaper reporter, a pleasant young woman who wanted to know our impressions of the Soviet Union in general and of Moldavia in particular.

After a couple more days it was time to leave the Soviet Union. We had learned much in our few weeks there, enough to realize that we knew relatively little of this immense country so maligned in our own land. We decided that some day we would go back.

The GDR: First Impressions

We traveled to the G.D.R. via Austria and Czechoslovakia. At the border of the German Democratic Republic we were delayed for a couple of hours by the necessity of getting confirmation of our hotel reservations. We arranged

to stay at Meissen the first night and at Potsdam for the other two nights that we would be in the G.D.R.

Driving through Dresden, we went on to Meissen, about twenty miles ot the northeast. It is in a beautiful setting on the Elbe River, with an old castle high on a hill overlooking a picturesque bridge that was hazy with fog when we first saw it. The hotel was on the upper floors of a clean, modern-looking railway station. We wondered if the noise and vibration of the trains might disturb our sleep but there was no such problem. In the restaurant on the first floor we ate well, at low cost; in this respect the socialist countries did consistently well by us, especially at establishments patronized primarily by their own people, rather than by foreign tourists.

After dinner we were asked to take our passports to the police station, across the bridge and down the road to the right. We had a moment of apprehension, sondering what, if anything, could be wrong. We had usually been asked, especially in the U.S.S.R., to leave our passports at the hotel desk until our departure but never to take them to the police. Later, we learned that the reason was very simple, that ours were the only passports to be checked that night, and so rather than ask the police to make a special trip to the hotel, it seemed reasonable to have us take the passports to the station instead.

At the police station we showe our passports to the fir uniformed person we saw. He handed them to a companion who looked at Cliff, then at the passport, then back at Cliff wearing his gold-embroidered velvet skull-cap and joked, "It says here that you are an American. To me you look like an Uzbek farmer!" to which Cliff answered laughingly "Thanks!", and, the ice broken, we had an hour-long friendly discussion. The were sincerely interested in knowing our opinion of their country. They answered our questions about it and they asked good questions about ours. They wondered why most U.S. citizens supported their government's aggression in Vietnam. To our question about their attitude on re-unification of Germany they replied that they were not against it in principle but could not think of it seriously so long as former Nazis were in positions of incluence and power in the Federal Republic. Nor would they under any circumstances ever return to an economy run for the profit of the few rather than for the well-being of all.

Paul: "They Did Not Believe Us"

The next morning we were able to telephone Paul whom we had met in Moscow. He and his son took the next train to Potsdam and me us at our hotel in time for lunch. Meanwhile, Cliff and I had been sightseeing a little on our own, visiting the Sans Souci Castle with its wide, high enterance stairway and the New Palace which was at that time undergoing repairs so that we could not go inside. After lunch Paul took us by train to Berlin. He showed us some of the harmonious, massive new construction in the city center with its air of spaciousness, the underground walkways that help to prevent congestion at major intersections, the Treptow war memorial to the Russian soldiers who died freeing Berlin from the Nazis, and the shrapnel damage in some places not yet repaired.

Paul spent years in Nazi concentration camps. He told us a little about his experiences. He did not want to talk about them every day, he said "it is important that Americans understand". "We had ways of sending messages out from the camp," he told us, "and once we sent word to ourt Bulgarian trade-union brothers, telling them of the terrinble things going on in the camp. Word came back that they did not believe us." Paul had been speaking English but he paused and then with strong emotion he said to me in his mother tongue, "Tell your husband that the reason those horrible things could happen was the the ordinary, decent German people did not know and did not believe it possible. The reason for the horrible war in Vietnam now is that the ordinary, decent Americans don't know what goes on, and if they are told, they don't believe that it's possible! Tell your husband!"

On our way back to the hotel we had another friendly conversation with a stranger. After Paul had left us at the transfer point the man who sat in front of us in the train turned around to ask how much we had seen of his country. He spoke enthusiastically of the progress in housing, health care, public education, recreational opportunities, and art of, by and for the people. He eagerly volunteered to take us around his city for the next couple of days and show us his country's accomplishments in some of these areas. When we said that we had to leave teh next day he was sincerely and keenly disappointed. We had to get off the train at about this point, we have always regretted that we did not get his name and address. Basically, his attitude was typical of the great majority of people we met in the G.D.R.

The next day was a croweded one. Out G.D.R. visas were due to expire at midnight. We wanted to see as much of this country as we could in the time

that was left. Eisenach, where we would cross the border, was only about two hundred miles of good highway from where we were, so we thought we could include some side excursions.

Darkness was beginning to fall when we reached the town of Bad Bibra with its narrow streets and sharp turns. At the hotel, which stood close to the street, we stopped for supper. The restaurant was not too crowded, our orders were taken promptly. Our English speech attracted the attention of two young men at a nearby table; they asked us to join them in a glass of beer. Their names were Gerhard and Hans. We drank to peace in Vietnam and everywhere. Gerhard told us that to him and his co-workers, peace in Vietnam is so importatant that many of them have decided to give a percentage of their wages each month to help the Vietnamese people. He looked as though expecting us to object and was pleased when Cliff commended him. Gerhard was a construction worker; he told us, with appropriate pride, that he had helped to build the new addition to the hotel where we were. If we would stay until morning he would show us the house down the street that he and others are building now. He would like to show us the city park too, it is very pretty with lots of flowers now in bloom. The other young man, Hans, managed the local cooperative grocery (Konsum).

We continued our journey, on into the Fedral Republic, then through Denmark and Sweden to Norway where our experiences in driving over narrow mountain roads, meeting with relativesand learning much about how other people live would make a story too long for the purposes of this narrative. I took a plane home from Oslo on receiving word that my sister was dangerously ill. Cliff followed after driving the car back to Embden, West Germany, and shipping it home from there.

How to Measure the Quality of Life?

During our 3000-mile trip over Europe the belief that people always want to know more about other peoples' way of live and want to compare their conception of the quality of live was confirmed many times. When we discussed the impressions of our travels in socialist countries with our friends back home many of them tried to compare the cost of various commodities, say, in the U.S.A. and in countries with a different social system. But by our own experience we came to the conclusion that this is only one side of the problem. There are many more which should be included on the priority list of evaluating the quality and way of life.

We remember a talk with a stranger in the streets of Prague who was very kind ot show us the way to a railway station when we got lost in the city one day. The man was a clergyman. He was born in Austria and lived in several capitalist countries, including France and Australia. He has settled now in socialist Czechoslovakia, he told us, because the ethical standards are higher in socialist countries. So apparently ethical standards came on top of the list of this clergyman's priority.

When we were still in Berlin one evening a neighbour invited Paul's family and us to a party. This neighbour had at one time lived in West Germany but moved to the G.D.R. and built a home in which he takes justifiable pride. He had recently added a porch and an attractive patio. At the party were many of Paul's friends and fellow employees from the institute where he worked. Of course some of them had experienced Hitler's Nazism; they realized that ruthless aggression was its very essence and private profit was its motivating force. By contrast, their present system emphasizes peace and offers continuing improvement in the quality of life because the people collectively now have the power to make decisions that affect their lives. Over tasty food and drink we discussed these and other issues until late in the evening. And here was another, more broad, approach ot the quality of life definition.

One day, when Cliff and our friend Paul were waiting for a local train, a group of college girls happened to be waiting there also. Paul did not know any of them personally but that made no difference, he promptly engaged them in conversation, told them that his friend was a visiting American, and suggested that if they had questions about the United States here was a chance to get some answers. One of them who spoke English at once asked if it was true that we had unemployment in our country. Another asked if inflation in the U.S. was really a problem as their newspapers say. If so, how do people manage? Cliff frankly admitted that both unemployment and inflation are serious problems in his country and are apparently getting worse. He told these students that sugar prices have gone up in the past year from about ten or twelve cents to about fourty cents per pound; gasoline for cars went up from thirty-two to about sixty cents per gallon within a period of only a few months. Meat prices increased drastically as did prices on other foodstuffs. The young ladies were astonished; they remarked that they had read such reports in their newspapers and now that they had confirmation from Cliff they know that the reports must have been true. But with prices increasing, were some people actually without work? Cliff replied that there

are estimates that as many as seven or eight million people are now unemployed, with indications that this figure may continue to mount as big industries lay off workers. He mentioned that while he was in New York on his way to Europe he saw a long line of people on the sidewalk waiting to sign up for unemployment compensation benefits. The girls looked at each other in amazement.

Then they asked about the amount of money paid to college students as government stipends. Cliff told them that students in out colleges ordinarily receive no stipends. But they persisted, saying that from time to time they had heard broadcasts fomr the Federal Republic to the effect that all American students receive very good stipends. He again answered that this was not true, and besides, tuition costs have increased sharply during the past two years. "Tuition? What is that?" was the next question. Cliff explained it to them. Then they all aggreed among themselves that in the United States higher education is not free after all. Now they wanted to know how a school year in college or university costs. When he replied that up until two or three years ago $2000.00 was perhaps the average cost but now it has increased to $3000.00 or more they were all amazed. They asked "How can young people go to college when it is not only not free, but actually costs so much as that?" Cliff had to answer that many cannot. "Some choose not to because the sacrifice for their families would be too great," he said. "Some borrow money from banks and then pay it back over the years after they have finished their schooling and have become employed; but then there are certain conditions attached and they must continue to pay interest of 7.5 per cent or more on the borrowed money until it is paid back to the bank. A small proportion of students do win scholarships that help in varying amounts with the costs. Some work, as I did, at whatever part-time jobs they can get to earn their way," concluded Cliff. "I still recall with some bitterness how I shoveled coal until late at night and was then too tired to study."

Later, when we talked about the problems of younger generation nowadays we remembered this accidental discussion at a railway station. We thought it was a typical example of young people's interest in the quality of life in different countries under different social systems. That's why it was natural that a group of young men from the Federal Republic of Germany whom Cliff met on his way from Dortmund to Hanover asked almost the same questions and seemed to be most anxious to find out why the quality of life was improving faster in the G.D.R. than in their own Federal Republic. These young men could in our opinion find the answer to their question if

they had visited with us Eisenhüttenstadt (about one hundred miles from Dresden), the first town to be built in the G.D.R. under socialism. The site was chosen and construction started in 1950 for iron smelting and steel mills because the location on the Oder-Spree canal was convenient for bringing in coal from Poland and iron ore from the U.S.S.R. Eisenhüttenstadt is a young town of about forty-five thousand; the average age of the people liveing there is under thirty. We met the mayor, a twenty-eight-year-old, energetic young woman who spoke with pride of the schools, cultural activities, recreational facilities, including a ski-jump and swimming pools, and the increasing prosperity of the town.

Our senior citizens would probably put medicare on the priority list of the quality of life. Cliff can't help recalling how he get ill during his fourth trip to the Soviet Union. It was in Moscow, Hotel Ukraina. "One morning I woke up with a cold and sore throat that kept getting worse, until within a couple of days I was feeling really sick and feverish. I decided to ask for a doctor, and was directed to her office. She gave me a careful examination—at home that alone would have cost me about $25.00 several years ago and probably more now—and then she told me that my heart and other vital organs were in good condition. She painted my throat, gave me some pills and powders with instructions for their use, and responded to my question about the charges with a surprised, "What for?" I said something about not being a Soviet citizen and so not entitled to free medical care. "But you are a guest in my country!" she replied, and told me that there was no charge; adding that in my own country she supposed I would have to pay as much as $5.00 for such medical services as she had just provided. When I commented that it would be more like $30.00 or $35.00 she looked shocked. Again she assured me that there was no charge.

These examples and many other observations during our trips to socialist countries convinced us that, indeed, the "quality of life" question is a many sided problem.

2.5 Travels to the Soviet Union Since 1969

Since that memorable trip by car in 1969 we have each returned to the Soviet Union four times, sometimes separately and sometimes together. On three occasions we took one or another of our college-age grandchildren. Once Cliff was the leader of a tour group. Each trip has been a different, outstanding

experience. We have come to feel that if we try to write about all the towns and places we had visited our journey would become too long. So, we invite our readers to join us for a visit of only a few cities and places.

Novgorod. More Than a Thousand Years Old

This ancient city really puts out the welcome mat for tourists. We (i.e. Cliff, Chris and 18-year-old Keith) had taken an overnight train north from Moscow. On arriving in Novgorod in the early morning we asked the first available bystander where the Intourist office was. He promptly turned to the driver of a station wagon parked close by and simply told the surprised driver to take us to the hotel. Both men helped to load our bagage into the wagon. At the hotel was our turn to be surprised when the desk clerk apologized for not having a taxi waiting at the station for us when we arrived! "Moscow failed to telephone us to say what time you were coming!" she explained. An efficient. friendly young man named Yuri at once made the arrangements for our three day stay.

Novgorod is more than a thousand years old and like many old Russian cities it has a walled-in Keemlin. Yuri took us on a walking tour of the area with its ancient cathedrals, one of which is more than nine hundred years old. On the central square of the Kremlin is a very elaborate circular monument built in 1862 to commemorate the one-thousandth anniversary of Russia. The monument along with the rest of the city of Novgorod was badly damanged by the Nazis during the Second World War, but it and other monuments have been restored; and the housing industry is booming.

After a half a day of exploring the old Kremlin I asked Yuri if it would be possible to also visit schools, day-care centers, apartments, etc., in order to learn what is being done in modern times to improve living conditions for the people. He replied that we were the first Americans to ask him for this; he would need a little time, perhaps an hour or so, to make the arrangements. When we stopped in at his office after lunch he had a car there with a driver (no charge) and took us first to a day-care center. The children were to six years old, separated into three groups according to age. Three separate play areas with appropriate play equipment provided an opportunity for outdoor activity. A group of half a dozen children straggled over to meet us. One child was carefully carrying a live rabbit. Others bashfuly handed us fresh flowers. Inside the building the furnishings were sturdy and colorful. Near a window was a bird cage. Small chairs were lined up along the wall, leaving

plenty of space for active play on the linoleum floor. There were not only trained adult teachers for each small group of children, there eas also a nurse on duty every day and a physician who came once a week —vmore often if needed. The children certainly looked well cared for and happy while their mothers were at work. Such day-care centers are as common as elementary schools in this, land of sociealism.

The ten-year public school was a short drive away. It was close to a group of large, modern appartment buildings. We were surprosed to see good parquet floors in some of the schoolrooms; in one room the floor showed devidence of recent repair and we were told that some of the older boys had done the repair work during the summer when school was not in session. The school library was about the size of an ordinary classroom. Because it was school vacation time some of the books were stacked on tables to permit refinishing of ahelves, but other books were still in place on the shelves labeled 10th grade, 9th grade, etc. I leefed through a physics and chemistry book for the upper grades. The price of Soviet books is usually stamped on the back cover; on these books the prices stamped were 19 kopecks and 21 kopecks. Apperently because of the tremendous number of copies printed and because the schoolbooks need not oridyce a profit, a 9th or 10th grade science textbook can be produced for less than twenty-five cents! [3]

One room in the school was set aside for meetings of the Young Pioneers. The furishings were of good quality, on the walls were pictures of national heroes. The long, polished table held a big bowl of hard candy; the Pioneers like to have something to nibble on during their meetings, we were told.

Now Yuri said it was time to go to the City Hall where the Mayor would be available for an interview and a newspaper reporter would be waiting for us. We found the Mayor to be a pleasant, knowledgeable man who was interested in our country and in our imptessions of the U.S.S.R. He was pleased when Cliff mentioned two previous visits to the Soviet Union in 1937 and 1969 and spoke of the tremendous progress made in the interval in spite of the setback caused by World War II.

Our wide-ranging discussions were cut short when Yuri said that he had accepted and invitation for us to have dinner with a Novgorod worker and his family. The worker, it turned out, was a tool-and-die maker in a machine-bulding factory. As we drove up to the apartment building where he lived, a few older men were sitting at small tables in the courtyard visiting together,

[3]Textbooks are provided to school children free of charge now.

some were playing chess. Our host turned off the television set as we arrived. Following the introductions his wife proceeded to set the table with some help from their young school-age daughter. The apartment was comfortable and attractive; there was a good carpet on the floor, straight chairs around the farthest wall; a cupboard for dishes stood near the television set. Through the open door I had a glimpse of the kitchen with refrigerator, sink and gas or electric stove. A closed door in the wall, opposite the kitchen, presumably led to the bedrooms and bathroom.

The main differece between apartments in Russia and those at home is not in their appearance but in their cost for rent; rents in the Soviet Uniion are the lowest in the world. We did not ask our host how much rent he pays, but no one pays more than three or four per cent of his income. A reasonable guess would be that this apartment rents for under $10.00 per month, including utilities. The food was delicious and the wide variety intrigued me. Our host, with Yuri as interpreter, asked some good questions about socioeconomic conditions in the U.S.A. and about the attitudes of the working people there toward various proposals for the solution of auch problems as protracted war, high taxes, continuing inflation and unemployment. (None of these are problems any more in the U.S.S.R.)

Novgorod is a thriving city with machine-building, food-processing and other industries, yet the Volkhov River that flows past it is not polluted—we saw large numbers of people swimming in it.

Volgograd. The Battle that Changed the Course of World War II

Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad) is almost two hours flying south of Moscow. Situated on the west bank of the Volga River from which it gets its name. Volgograd is a beutiful city of about three quarters of a million people. Its attractive apartment buildings, wide main streets and thoroughfares extend for about fifty miles north to south along the river bank, while the width of the city from the Volga shore to the western suburbs is perhaps two miles. The grade elevation from the river to the business area of the city is not steep; the incline is gradual except at the northern edge of the city. We were impressed with the many trees and much other greenery along the main streets, epecially Lenin Prospekt. The Intourist Hotel where we stayed is in the downtown area, next to the Square of Fallen Heroes. On the square an

obelisk marks the common grave of many revolutionaries who died during the civil war of 1918–1919.

Our Intourist guide was a very likable, sincere young man, Paul Matayev. Both his parents, we learned, had received special citations for their contributions toward the victory over the Nazis. One morning Paul walked with me (Cliff) to the river bank. Here was a train donated to the Young Pioneers by the Czechoslovakian workers, it is used for instructing young engineers and other railway workers. I took a few pictures of this train with young people at the controls under the guidance of their instructors, as it went back and forth along its four-or-five-mile route with the station at each end.

We discussed the historical importance of the city. Paul explained that during the summer of 1942 the Nazi army made a determined effort to capture Stalingrad because of its strategic importance as a shipping lane between the northern and southern areas of the Soviet Union. Because of the importance the Soviet people stood firm in defense of their city which was 85 per cent destroyed before the war was over.

On November 19th, 1942 the Red Army began a decisive offensive against the Nazi forces. This led to the encirclement of 330,000 Nazis and their surrender on January 31,1943. The battle of Stalingrad was over. On that day began the expulsion of Hitlerite occupants from the Soviet territory.

The department store in which Field Marshal Paulus and his headquarters were captured stood next to our hotel. The fiercely defended Pavlov House a short distance away has been restored but the ruined flour mill nearby will remain as it was when the fighting stopped. And on Mamayev Hill has been erected a maginificent monument honoring the the victory of Stalingrad.

Tashkent — Capital of the Uzbek Republic. A City That Was Born Anew

Tashkent is in central Asia. It is a half-day's flight southwest from Moscow by fast plane; this trip increased our awareness of the immense size of the Soviet Union. The climate and culture here are different that in the European part of the U.S.S.R.—in Soviet Uzbekistan there is so little rainfall that all crops need to be irrigated, yet there is extensive cotton farming and a wide variety of fruits and vegetables. At a collective farm near Samarkand we met with farm managers who were enthusiastic about their economic and cultural progress in recent years. Since their country became socialist the standard

of living has increased twenty times, and is still improving at a rapid rate.

In Tashkent we toured a huge cotton mill. Powerful floor-to-ceiling vacuum fans drew out much of thre dust. Of course the spinning machines were very noisy, but we were told that, in order tro cut down on the noise, plasic shuttles wold be used in new installations and also to replace metal ones as they wore out. The workers in this plant almost all belong to labor unions which hve a strong voice in management of the mill.

We toured some of the modern housing areas in Tashkent and they are very attractive. After the devastation of the earthquake in 1966 the other Soviet Republics contibuted manpower and materials to provied to3w and a half times as much housing as was destroyed. Within half a year housing wes provided for all those made homeless by the quake. Now new houses are built to withstand earthquakes. Each year about half the amount of housing space destroyed in 1966 is breing built, along with new schools, kindergartens, shopping centers, etc.

Swimming pools and fountains are scattered throughout the city of Tashkent. One spectacular fountain is like a curtain of water spraying upward from a thousand nozzles arrangeded in a straight line— one nozzle, we were told, for each year of Tashkent's existence as a city. But other reports say that the city is twice that age. In any case, it is now a thriving, modern metropolis of one and a half million people.

One evening my 17-year-old granddaughter and I took a walk along a Tashkent street and were greeted occasionally by friendly strangers. When I tired of walking a grandmother who was wheeling a in a stroller directed me back to the hotel. My granddaughter went on alone and told me later that she had spent the rest of the evening with some young Uzbeks who knew a little English. One need have no concern here about violence in the streets!

2.6 After Forty Years, Cliff's Epilogue

In 1977 forty years after my first visit, we went to the Soviet Union again/ How I wish that I could talk again with that far-sighted train conductor who told me in 1937, "We read in our newspapers that you have cars and fountain pens and cameras in your country. We don't have all those things yet, we are working to get the basic essentials for everyone rather than luxuries for the few. But the luxuries will come—for everybody!" And I wish I could listen again to the Philosophy Professor in Moscow, Dr. Julius Hecker, who said in

1937, "Russia is like a frontier town. It has the roof over the place. Now we will make the trimmings and get the furnishings in the house. We are going forward with an increasing rate of progress as our country's economic system gets underway." How accurate those predictions were, how clearly those men saw the future development of their clountry is now obvious to anyone who takes an honest look at the growth of industry and technology in the Soviet Union, with resulting improvements in the standarde of living literally "for everybody".

Of course not all the gains made since 1937 are immediately visible to every tourist. But in 1977 one or both of us visited Moscow Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Volgograd, Vilnius and Kaunas; everywhere we saw new construction on a large scale; expanding facilities of all kinds; people better dressed, better fed, better housed and with more confidence in the future. My Moscow friends confirmed what I had been reading—that all over the vast U.S.S.R. people were reading and discussing the drqaft of the new Constitution which would make the right to work, to paid annual vacation, to good quality free health care, adequate housing and other benefits a part of the basic law of the land. And to ensure those rights every citizen has the opportunity to vote and to take part in public discussion of the issues. Public officials are elected without regard to their financial standing; no one can buy his way into public office. In foreign affairs, the new Constitution will reaffirm the commitment to work for universal and complete disarmament—a principle for which the Soviet Union has stood ever since the Revolution although our news media in the U.S.A. seem never to have heard of it.

In Moscow I went with friends to visit the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts which I had missed seeing on my earlier visits to the city. It was well worth seeing, and well attebded by visitors from near and far, the Soviet people know how to honor their past while building their future.

In Leningrad we attended the opera "Ivan Susanin" at the theater which belongs to the worker of the Kirov Plant. On leaving the theater afterward an American tourist commented to his companion, a businessman, "In our country we could never afford to put on a spectical like thst! Imagine having to pay union wages to a cast that size!" Actually, the auditorium was well filled for this evening's performance, but I assume that the Kirov workers who own this theater are not too worried about whether or not the receipts will yield a profiit over and above the cost of production.

In generalm Soviet people are less anxious about monet matters than Americans are. Instead of the inflation that we have in the U.S.A. the Soviet

Union has stable prices. There have been increases in prices of a few luxury items including certain rare furs, jewelry and vodka, and decreases in prices of some other items including common household electric objects; but for the past fifty years there have been no substantial increases in the cost of basic necessities such as food, clothing, public transportation, recreation, housing or fuel. The friends whose homes I visited were quite willing to show me their rent and heating bills, etc. Typical is that of a professor and his family in Kaunas, Lithuania. His rent bill las January for a three-bedroom apartment, including all utilities (heat, water, telephone, electricity and garbage removal) was 15 rubles, 84 kopecks (about $21.00). Of this the cost for heating was 3 rubles (about $4.00, in the middle of winter!). Apartment rent is approximately three per cent of a familiy's income.

At home we hear much about the plight of the elderly. Since Chris retired she has been working part time at a congregate dining site for St. Pauls's "senior citizens". She decided to mention this to an elderly retired woman in Leningrad. The woman at first looked puzzled but interested so Chris explained that in the U.s. there are retired people who live alone and stay home too much, some can no longer cook adequate meals for thmselves, many are afraid to be on the streets at night; they need to be encouraged to come together during the day, to eat and socialize. Chris asked her if she still does her own cooking. Yes, she replied, she cooks when she feels like it, and the rest of the time she eats at a restaurant. Chris asked if she can afford to eat at a restaurant as often as she likes. At this she stiffened up and asked in shocked surprise, "Why not?" Later we learned that in practically every neighborhood in Leningrad and other Soviet cities there are restaurants where anyone can get a nutritious meal for no more that fifty cents. As for fear of being on the street after dark, this is something that just does not occur to Leningraders, the go and come as they please.

While I eas in Moscow I was interviewed by newspaper reporters who asked about the Minnesota Council of American-Soviet Friendship, and arrangements were also made for me to speak over the radio. I spoke about the need for further strengthening the friendship between our countries and the importance of increasing trade between the U.S.A. snfd the U.S.S.R. When I arrived in Kiev the next day, I was surprised to find a deligation there to meet me and present me with flowers. Again reporters interviewd me. These and other experiences on this and on previous trips have convinced me of the sincere desire of the Soviet people for friendship with Americans. They emphasized the importance of friendship and trade for the mutal good of

both our countries.

In Kiev I was a guest in the comfortable home of another dear friend. I also had the opportunity to visit a hospital; the Director gave me three hours of his valuable time to tour the facilities and to answer my questions. He assured me that all of the elaborate equipment and facilities really are available at no cost to the patients; there are no "deductables" or charges for "extras" of any kind. I am sure that patients recover more quickly because they are free from worry about the financial cost of hospital care.

Such a large, modern, elaborately equipped hospital was of course not in existence in 1937; medical care at that time was relatively primitive. But the foundations were there—the socialist principle of making the country's wealth available fo all the people has made it possible for the people to build according to their needs.

Fortunately increasing numbers of workers from the U.S.A. are visiting socialist countries to see for themselves. It must be admitted of course that not everyone who goes to a socialist country learns anything of importance from his journey. But for people with open minds and hearts it is exhilarating to realize that there are countries where no one is unemployed, where standards of living are constantly rising, where rents snd taxes are not burdensome, where the causes of crime have been largly eliminated and where education and medical care are free.

Basic, human, personal problems exist of course in every country, socialist or not. But the ways of dealing with these and other problems in socialist countries are people-oriented, not profit-oriented. Surely we should take a good look at how they do it. This book is written in the hope that it will encourage some concerned Americans to do that.

Chapter 3

To Illuminate The Darkness

The Life of Cliff Herness (1901-1984)
Founder of Minnesota Council of American-Soviet Friendship
by Chris Herness

Author's Preface

A Soviet leader traveling in our country in the late winter of 1984, shortly after Cliff's death, said thoughtfully and quietly to those of us us who were in the bus with him, "Cliff was a great man." Those who knew him best will agree.

During the last few years of his life Cliff occasionally expressed a wish that he could tell the story of his most significant experiences to more people than he could reach by word of mouth—and especially to young people who need to know the lessons of the past as they deal with new but similar problems in the struggle for lasting peace.

I believe that if Cliff had lived for a few more years we would have written this little book together, as we did an earlier one about our travels in the USSR. Without his help the task is more difficult but no less urgent in the view of the need for honest information about the vital issues of war and peace, to counter in some small measure the barrage of official "disinformation."

I first met Cliff at a Democratic-Farmer-Labor meeting in downtown St. Paul in the fall of 1946. He was one of the last to speak at the meeting, and the most effective; he spoke directly, forcefully and with conviction. Clearly here was a man who saw what was needed and how to go about getting it.

When the meeting was over both of us joined a small group of those who lived near enough to walk home. We stopped at a conveniently located cafe for coffee and conversation. In response to a question Cliff told us something of his memorable trip to the Soviet Union nine years before; it was obvious that the trip was as fresh in his mind as if it had been just nine days instead of nine years. He had been more than a casual traveler, he had exerted himself to learn all he could about the countries he visited—and his early life experiences had prepared him to understand the significance of what he saw. —C.H.

Acknowledgement

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My special thanks to Meridel LeSuer for writing the introduction[1].

Without the much-apperciated help of various kinds from Cornelius Smith, William Otterness, and others, the writing of this little book would have been much more difficult than it was.

Any errors are, of course, my own responsibility. —C.H.

3.1 Early Life Experiences

Cliff Herness (Lyman Clifford Herness) was born on a farm near Fergus Falls, Minnesota, on June 3, 1901. His parents were of Norwegian ancestry and spoke Norwegian at home. Cliff had four younger brothers: Irwin born in 1903, Harter in 1906, Raymond in 1908 and Kermit in 1910.

Neither of the parents—Helge and Julia—had more than three years of schooling—barely enough, Helga said, to learn to read—but he understood the value of education and did what he could to educate himself. He subscribed to the progressive publication "Appeal to Reason"; he set aside one

[1]This introduction has been moved to an appendix.

upstairs room in the family home for his experiments in elementary chemistry; he took an active part in political affairs; and he argued so much against Lutheran Church doctrine that after his death the local preacher came to the farm to ask the devout grandmother,"Was he saved?"—to which she could only mumble anxiously, "I hope so!"

Until the boys reached school age they were quite isolated on the farm, but as the oldest son, Cliff did have more opportunities than his brothers did to go with his father on errands away from the farm. Once when his father took him on a wagon ride into town they stopped at a general store and his father asked him, "What flavor pop would you like?" Young Cliff, not more than five years old, had no answer. What was pop? What flavors were there? He couldn't even put his questions into words. If only he could be worldly-wise like his father! He stood there, embarrassed and speechless, until his father made the momentous decision for him.

Coming from a Norwegian-speaking home, English sounded strange to Cliff when he started school in a little one-room schoolhouse, built on a plot of land that his father had donated for the purpose. At first Cliff was acutely unhappy in class, but he had absorbed his father's determination to learn. He persevered.

Tragically, before Cliff had quite reached the age of ten years his father died of acute heart failure. His mother now faced a future filled with anxiety. The farm had to be worked, taxes had to be paid, interest and debt payments had to be kept up on a mortgage. At the same time five little boys, of whom Cliff was the oldest, had to be fed, clothed and cared for. It was a hard struggle. She rented out part of the farm. She herself tended milk cows, chickens and a vegetable garden, besides caring for the children. The local bank became trustee of the property—a woman could not own real estate in Minnesota at that time. Young Cliff stood watching and listening one day when the banker came to the home and unctuously told his mother that he would be glad to help her out by taking the farm off her hands. Cliff never forgot the expression of pain on his mother's face as she listened, and he understood her problem—with five small sons, the youngest a babe in arms, where could she go? What could she do?

She kept the farm, and tried to keep the family together. But over her weak, ineffective protests the paternal grandparents took the toddler, Ray, to live with them for a while. To be sure, he had a more varied diet and closer supervision in his grandparents' home, but Julia wanted to keep her family together on the farm.

To make the payments on the mortgage she turned everything she could into cash. Needed repairs were postponed. When the big clock in the living room stopped running she did nothing about it and refused Cliff's offer to repair it, for fear he would damage it further—what did an eleven-year-old boy know about clock repair? But Cliff was sure he could fix it. Usually he obeyed his mother but one day when she had gone on an errand into town he took the clock apart and repaired it so that from then on it ran perfectly. Of course his mother was pleased, especially since there was no other reliable time-piece in the house.

One year she tried to raise a few turkeys. They had to be kept in a dry place but in good weather the little ones were allowed to run loose. Cliff watched on chilly, wet mornings as his mother sloshed around in soggy fields to gather up the baby turkeys to put them in a dry place, and he thought, "She shouldn't have to do that." He would have made life easier for her if he could.

But boys will be boys, as the saying goes. Cliff and Irv both wanted a bicycle. They realized that of course there were no funds for anything of the sort. So Cliff used his ingenuity and resourcefulness; with Irv's help he built a wooden bicycle, using a couple of mismatched wheels and other materials that they found in the farm buildings, etc. Even fifty years later the two brothers enjoyed reminiscing about it. Cliff told me, "It ran best down hill, on a gentle slope."

No story of Cliff's childhood would be complete without a few words about his fondness for animals. He tamed a squirrel to the point that it would take nuts out of his pockets. He pitied the neighbor's horse that had a sore neck from a poorly-fitting collar, and was angry at the owner for allowing that to happen. He made pets of the rabbits. He was not easily reconciled to the fact that chickens and other farm animals had to be killed to provide food for humans.

Within a year or two after Cliff's father died a new disaster struck; the solidly built home caught fire and burned to the ground. The fire probably started spontaneously in some oily rags and partially used cans of paint that had been left upstairs under the over-heated eaves on a hot summer night. Julia took the children and walked with them the few miles to her parents' home, where they lived until a small cheaply constructed house was built to replace the original one. The new house was not insulated; the tiny bedrooms were unheated; water froze over night in the wash basin. The boys were inadequately clothed. Meals became even more skimpy.

One tragedy followed another. On a family buggy-ride into town to buy a few necessities Irv felt chilly so he jumped off, intending to run for a short distance to get warm: in scrambling to get back in the buggy while it was moving he caught his leg in the spokes of a wheel. The leg was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated. An acquaintance who was driving by in his car at the time of the accident protested against taking Irv to the hospital because he did not want blood splattered all over the upholstery of his new car! (It is no longer clear whether this driver or another one actually drove Irv and his mother to the hospital. Understandably, neither Irv nor Cliff ever wanted to discuss the details of that terrible accident). Irv's first prosthesis was of course a crude wooden leg.

In spite of everything the boys were growing up. When Cliff was about 14 years old he and Irv were sent to live with an uncle's family where they were expected to help with the farm work. They made the trip by train to the station near Veblen, South Dakota, where their uncle was to meet them. Neither of them had ever been on a train before; they felt strange and apprehensive. They ate the one sandwich their mother had provided for each of them. They had no money to buy anything more. When they reached the station they waited, not knowing how soon their uncle would come to pick them up. Hours passed. They wondered from time to time if something could have happened to prevent their uncle from coming. Finally, just as it was beginning to get dark they saw his wagon in the distance. It turned out—although he never explained—that he had simply decided to finish his day's work before going to meet them.

The uncle worked hard and expected everyone else to do the same. The boys did chores before and after school, and worked full days when school was not in session. Occasionally the uncle sent Cliff to neighboring farms where extra help was needed. At such times Cliff did a man's work but because of his youth he was paid only a fraction of a man's wages. The two boys got no encouragement from their uncle to stay in school, but they had absorbed enough of their father's attitudes to want to do so. Both of them eventually achieved a higher education.

In college Cliff supported himself by, among other things, shoveling coal until late at night so that he was often too tired to study. At times he did manage to have some breaks in the drudgery of his routine; he learned to play a saxophone and on more than one occasion he took part in a dramatic performance. During summer vacations he worked in the harvest fields of Minnesota and the Dakotas, sometimes going north into Canada—to Mani-

toba and the area around Regina in Saskatchewan Province—"following the harvest" as it moved northward, and then working in threshing crews.

He received the Bachelor of Science degree from the State Normal and Industrial College in Ellendale, North Dakota with a major in Industrial Training which covered a wide range of subjects from machine designing to the organization of shop courses. Minors were in chemistry and social sciences.

Following graduation from college Cliff taught high school shop work and other subjects at first in Lidgerwood, North Dakota and (after two years) in Red Wing, Minnesota.

At Red Wing Cliff broadened the school's vocational guidance activities. He also organized a Glider club. The club purchased a badly damaged glider, repaired it under Cliff's direction and used it for flight training. But then the curtailment of funds for school programs in the depression years forced a narrowing of the curriculum, and the entire industrial arts program was discontinued. For the next two years Cliff had only a part-time job in the cut-back program of the Duluth, Minnesota schools.

Eventually an appropriate position opened up in the Bloomington, Minnesota, school program. For the next three years Cliff's work brought high praise from administrators and from the public. The school principal said he could be teaching at college level. The work of his students was exhibited with pride.

In 1936 Cliff fulfilled the requirements for and was granted the degree of Master of Science from the University of North Dakota—he had spent several summers working toward this degree at the Universities of Michigan and of North Dakota. His thesis was a study of Cooperative Part-time Vocational Training programs in Public High Schools of the United States.

The depression years had intensified Cliff's interest in economics and politics; he wanted to know more about the cooperative movement; and he wondered how accurate our news reports were about the socio-economic system in the Soviet Union. When he heard about a tour planned for the summer of 1937 under the leadership of Dr. Mecklenburg he borrowed some money and joined the tour group.

Chapter Two[2] tells the story of that trip in Cliff's own words[3].

[2]Chapters 3 and 4 are also by Cliff. See preface for explanation of the brackets.—KW

[3]A somewhat condensed report of the tour appears in the booklet *To the Soviet Union in 1937 and Now* published in 1981 by Novosti Press, but for the sake of continuity we include it here, especially since the earlier version may not be readily available today.

3.2 By Boat in 1937 (by Cliff)

In early 1937 when I was teaching in the Bloomington, Minnesota high school, I heard weekly announcements over the radio of a planned group tour to the Soviet Union and other European countries. The trip would take from June until August. Countries to be visited included Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, the USSR, Poland, Germany, Belgium, France, England and Ireland. Total cost including hotels, meals, boat travel from Montreal and back to New York would be $550.00, I was especially interested in visiting the Soviet Union. I found it hard to believe that the Soviet people and their government were as they were depicted in our newspaper cartoons and other propaganda. I wanted to see for myself. [[The radio announcement requested interested persons to contact Dr. Mecklenburg's office in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. There I was given information about procedures for obtaining a passport, visas, etc.]]

When I mentioned my plans to Roman Becker who was on the staff of the *Minnesota Leader* (a Farmer-Labor publication) he suggested that in view of the scarcity of valid information here about the USSR I should contact our Farmer-Labor Governor, Elmer Benson, to get his ideas of what questions I should ask the Russians in order to learn as much as possible about their country while I was there. The Governor wrote a letter of introduction for me so that I might have the opportunity to talk with officials in the different countries that I would visit. [[The Governor's secretary, Vince Day, discussed with me the question of]] ((We discussed)) what information I should try to get from officials and private citizens.

I drove to Chicago to meet the travel group for the train trip to Montreal, Canada. There were about seventy people in the group including teachers, school administrators, physicians, Methodist clergymen, a mortician, a banker, other active and retired businessmen with their wives, and a few college students.

[[We arrived in Montreal in the evening. After some sightseeing and an overnight stay at the Queen's Hotel we had breakfast on our ship, the Andania, and were assigned staterooms. I was to share a room with Clark Newman, a businessman from near Chicago. Soon the ship was loosened from its moorings, propellers began to churn the water, the voyage to Europe had started. A pleasant afternoon's sailing brought us to the picturesque city of Quebec, with its interesting French architecture. We stopped here briefly to load and unload passengers from a smaller boat that came alongside our

ship. After a few more hours of sailing darkness settled over the St. Lawrence. Passengers relaxed a while before retiring. Clark Newman and I began our acquaintance with a general discussion of world conditions. Some comments were made about American capitalism versus Russian socialism. He implied that the basic difference had to do with religion or the lack of it. I mentioned that a depression such as we had earlier in that decade could not occur in an socialist country; it occurred in our capitalist country because wealth was being concentrated in the hands of fewer and fewer people, the masses had less and less buying power so goods were piling up and production had to stop. When production stopped, more people of course became unemployed and lost buying power; this is how a depression comes about. Clark made some neutral comment, and we retired for the night.]]

[[Suddenly my sleep was interrupted by a loud grinding, rasping, screeching sound—then dead silence. The ship was listing badly to one side. I hurried out to see what was wrong. In the low tide we had run onto a sand bar. After about an hour and a half the engines managed to free the ship and we were on our way again. The whistle blew at regular intervals in the early morning fog. Later, when I was writing postcards in our stateroom, Clark came in to relax, and he re-opened our discussion of the evening before. He had apparently been thinking about my explanation of the underlying reason for the Great Depression. He now stated his conviction that the basic reason for the depression with its resulting poverty was that people had turned away from God and Christ. I told him that God and Christ had nothing to do with it, that the depression was man-made; the ordinary working people were helpless victims of the greed of those who own and control industry which provides the jobs. He became indignant as I quoted Christ, "You who have two coats, give one to him who has none." I explained that Christ said this to a rich man because the rich man's greed had deprived others of what they needed. Christ implied that the extra coat belonged to the needy person in the first place. Clark's manner softened as he said that he could understand my explanation, now he had enough to think about for the time being and wanted to go for a stroll.]]

[[In the evening when we met again in our stateroom he posed more questions about socialism and capitalism. I pointed out that everything man needs, everything of value, whether goods or services, is produced by labor, by people working. Money does not produce anything, it is only a measure of value for different goods and services. I reminded him that Christ said that usury (interest on money loaned) is wrong because the usurer exploits the

labor of others and produces nothing of value himself. Clark was a wealthy man, successful in business and active in support of his church. He told me that from time to time he had heard these quotations of Christ from the pulpit but he had never heard a minister explain their underlying meaning or relate it to everyday life as I did. "This opens up a new perspective for me in my thinking," he said, so we continued our discussions each evening until we reached Europe.]]

[[By the third day we had passed the broad Gulf of St. Lawrence and were going through the narrow straits with Labrador on our left and Newfoundland on our right. By that evening we were leaving the picturesque Belle Isle behind and looking ahead at the wide open Atlantic Ocean. Because of the cold wind a wide strip of canvas was put up along the windward side of the boat as a protection. The waves were getting higher, the sea was moderately rough.]]

[[Dr. Mecklenburg held a church service in the large dining room and after that most of the people retired. Clark and I strolled along the deck on the south side with the canvas protecting us from the chilly wind. We were at the stern end when suddenly about 11 P.M. there was a violent vibration of the boat under our feet, loud blowing of whistles and at the same time the loud clanging of some bell up front. Clark shouted to me above the noise, "Something is happening! There is something wrong! We must be in trouble!" Now we heard the noise of reversed propellers churning the water under the stern below us. We both dashed around the stern end of the ship to the north side walkway and were met by a blast of cold air from a large object like a glittering gray mountain passing by only a few feet from the boat. A few seconds later it was about a hundred feet behind our stern and a little to one side.The ship was coming to a stop and the iceberg gradually disappeared into the darkness behind us. We hurried to the front of the boat for more information. The man who had been on look-out duty was still very frightened; he told us that when the iceberg out there first appeared it looked as though it was dead ahead, he at once sounded the bell for an emergency stop. The pilot managed to turn the ship to the right at the same time that the engines were reversed, so the iceberg was just barely cleared as it slid by on the north side of our ship. All the members of the crew on duty at that time were very agitated and so were we. The boat was now stopped, its lights scanning all directions for drifting icebergs. We were in an ice field. One officer told me that he had been a sea-going man for thirty years and this was his closest brush with tragedy. The ship did not move again until

daybreak. After daylight one passenger counted twenty-three icebergs in the surrounding area. In mid-forenoon I saw two more, too far away for me to get a good picture of them. That day the main topic of conversation all over the ship was the near collision with the iceberg during the night. The air continued to be very cold because of all the ice in the area.]]

[[That afternoon a public meeting was held as scheduled; I had been asked to give a lecture on the fundamentals of consumer and producer cooperatives. There seemed to be considerable interest, after the lecture there were good questions from the audience. Later Dr. Mecklenburg asked me to head a group for the study of cooperatives and of education while we were in Europe. I had a conference with him to make plans for such a study group.]]

[[After several days of fog and intermittent loud sounds of fog warnings we welcomed a clear, sunny day. A whale passed by not far from our ship. Porpoises darted playfully a little distance away from us.]]

[[I had the interesting experience of exploring the engine room and watching the drive shafts that transferred power from the engines to the propeller. I spent an enjoyable hour in this area at the very bottom of the ship.]]

[[Each afternoon during our trans-Atlantic crossing the members of our group and other interested passengers gathered for lectures, usually by Dr. Mecklenburg, and discussions about the countries we planned to visit. The Soviet Union was discussed the most. Dr. Mecklenburg emphasized its vast size by pointing out that the distance from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to Moscow is less than the distance from Moscow to the extreme eastern boundary of the Soviet Union. He explained that the USSR is composed of many republics of which the largest is the Russian Federative Socialist Republic, next largest is the Ukraine, then Byelorussia. By way of historical background, he told us that the first authentic records date from the year 862 when a marauding Norseman named Rurik established a government at Kiev. In the 13th century there was a flood of Mongol invasions into Russia. Genghis Khan and his line ruled Russia for about one hundred years. Ivan IV (Ivan the Terrible) brought the Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Siberia into line and formed Greater Russia. Among the better known monarchs was Catherine the Great who, among other things, first introduced state banks, taxation of church property, inoculation against smallpox and the building of hospitals. She also extended the Russian food supply by introducing the potato, he told us.]]

[[When the weather was pleasant we spent much time on deck. One afternoon I spotted six black whales about a quarter of a mile off from the

side of our ship. They were lined up in single file, traveling in the same direction we were, swimming for about a hundred yards on the surface of the water, then all of them simultaneously diving beneath the surface and swimming under water for about the same distance, surfacing again, and then again submerging all together as though by a unified command. When they came to the surface each one sent up a stream that looked like water and steam under pressure blowing straight up from a point about ten or twelve feet from the head of the animal. As they dove and reappeared they maintained the same relative distance between them, in perfect formation. Each one was about thirty feet long. It was an impressive display.]]

[[Each day the clock was turned ahead one hour so that by Thursday we were seven hours ahead of Minnesota time. We began to notice that the nights were lighter, more like daytime. On Friday we had our first glimpse of land, an island off the northwest coast of Ireland. That evening the captain gave a party; prizes were awarded to winners in sports and other competitions. At about 11 p.m. we could see Scotland in the distance, straight ahead. It was still daylight at that hour. We were given landing cards to fill out for customs officials, passengers began packing their bags to be ready to disembark early the next morning. We had been on the ocean for eight days.]]

[[When we awoke the next morning the engines were quiet so we knew we had arrived. From the upper deck I saw the beautiful city of Greenock, Scotland, spread out on the green slopes down to the sea where we were anchored. Soon our group went down the gangplank, into the customs building, and from there to the nearby railway station . A train took us to Glasgow, about twenty-five miles to the east. There our travel group was housed in three different hotels, presumably because no one hotel had room for seventy people. Clark and I were assigned a large, high-ceilinged room in the Bellhaven Hotel. When I first turned on the water faucet I discovered what is meant by "sea legs"—the sound of splashing water produced a swaying sensation for the first few minutes, as though the floor beneath my feet was moving.]]

((**Beautiful Castles and Slums in Scotland**))

((The tour leader was Dr. Mecklenburg, a methodist clergyman who had been to the Soviet Union before. In Montreal we boarded our ship, the Andania, which was to be our home for the next eight days until we arrived on Scotland.))

Our stay in Glasgow was not long enough for me to find out much about labor strife but I did see slogans chalked on the sidewalk, "Down with Bank

Combines!" [[and poverty-stricken people were too numerous to be overlooked. We saw them step back into alleys when our bus drove by. When a woman in our party asked the driver, "Who are those people?" his callous answer was, "We call them alley rats."]]

Later, when most of our group went to see cathedrals and art galleries, I went alone to a crooked, winding alley where poor people lived. Those I met seemed gentle, almost timid. I struck up a conversation with a young man [[who was apparently coming home from some errand; he had a small paper sack in his hand.]]

I walked along with him as we talked, and when we reached the shack in which he lived he invited me to go in with him. There was only one room, with a dirt floor, a bed, a smaller cot, a bare wooden table and a couple of straight chairs. Some of the windows were covered with newspapers; one window opening was stuffed with a ragged blanket. The young man's parents and younger brothers were sitting on the chairs and on the cot, wrapped in old bedcovers. The father, talking rapidly and rolling his R's, conversed with me at first about neutral topics and then about the depression which had deprived him of work for two years. He and his family were now "on the dole." "It's very little," he said, "and there are lots of people in the same boat." Then he added, "You've got a good President, Roosevelt. He's for the working people, isn't he?" I agreed. Very soon the boy who had invited me in said that he would have to take off his clothes and get into bed so that his brother could wear the clothes to go somewhere. I left, feeling depressed.

Later, when our travel group got together to compare our impressions of Scotland the other reports were about beautiful castles, cathedrals and art galleries—a rosy picture. When my turn came to speak I said that I was sorry to be the one to present the other side but I was interested in how working people live and what the economic conditions are. I told what I had seen. The group became quiet. Dr. Mecklenburg cleared his throat a couple of times and said, "I'm afraid we do tend to look only at the good side but it is important also to see the other side," and with that the meeting adjourned.

[[On a Sunday morning we left Glasgow for the Trossachs area of Scotland noted for its great variety of scenery with a relatively small area. In only a few hours of travel we saw lakes, rugged hills, wastelands covered with heather and low mountains. Here and there were frugal looking farm homes with sheep grazing on nearby slopes.]]

[[The train that took us northward was so small, its steam locomotive so very little compared to those in the USA, and its tin whistle so high-pitched

that to me it appeared as a mere toy. The passengers sat facing each other in compartments with a seat for five passengers on each side. There were no handles on the inside of the compartment doors; when passengers were seated and the doors closed they were locked in by the conductor. The little train traveled at a surprisingly fast speed.]]

[[Along the road to Loch Lomond we saw no advertising signs to mar the natural beauty, nor, for that matter, did we see any sign of the monster that is reputed to inhabit its waters. Our boat ride across the lake was most pleasant. Our Scottish guide intrigued us with his comments; he characterized Mussolini as "cracked and suffering from big-head." Regarding Hitler, he said, "That's for the German people to worry about. They put him in power, they have the right to do what they want to about him. But if he starts to interfere with other countries, then it will be time to take care of him." (This was of course 1937, before Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia).]]

[[At Edinburgh our large group was again housed in two hotels. I went to the Cooperative Central Office and talked with one of the officers who took me on a tour of the city. There were few cars on the streets, most people walked or rode bicycles. Our travel group apparently attracted more local attention than I had realized. On our last day in Edinburgh we were shown a three-column article in the Scottish Daily Express, telling about our visit there.]]

[[From Edinburgh we went south by train along the coast of the North Sea to Newcastle, England. Along the way we saw many pasture lands with thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep. The farms looked well-kept. As we neared Newcastle the countryside became more rough and hilly. Derricks, industrial equipment, black dust and other evidences of coal mining appeared and soon dominated the landscape to the very edge of the city. When we reached the station the train backed up to the pier for some distance through the city slums—not a pleasant sight. The shacks were absolutely not fit for human habitation but families lived there, as evidenced by the little children playing around them.]]

[[At the pier we went through customs and boarded the beautiful ten-thousand ton Norwegian ship, Venus. We moved over the smooth waters of the Tyne River but about an hour later as we reached the open sea huge swells began to form. I discovered that the middle of the ship was the best place to be; the heaving of the foremost tip of the bow was terrible. After a while the few of us still remaining on deck set up a competitive challenge to find out who could walk all the way to the front and back without becoming

sick. About six or seven started; only two of us made it there and back but this was the limit of my endurance. Only one young woman went again to the tip of the bow and back. All night it was possible to see out over the ocean because of the midnight sun.]]

[[By morning the sea had become calm. The rocky coast of Norway was visible in the distance. By late afternoon we came into the harbor of Bergen. Our hotel accommodations and meals there were good. Daylight continued until near midnight. There were large numbers of people on the streets but no street lights were on and none were needed.]]

[[At Bergen I learned that the next leg of our trip would take us through the town of Voss. My paternal grandparents had come from the Voss area to the USA more than seventy years earlier, and relatives still lived in the "Hernes guard" (farm or estate) near there so I inquired about the possibility of stopping over for a day. The station master to whom I directed my inquiry told me that his name also was Hernes, he came from Voss; and his brother was the locomotive engineer on the train that we would be taking that day! With great joy I stepped off the train after an hour's ride from Bergen, visited the old homestead of my grandparents, took many pictures of the town with its surrounding snow-capped mountains and met many more members of the extended Hernes family. The locomotive engineer showed me places of interest, including the cooperative store where he was one of the directors. He took me to the old Voss church where I was given access to my grandparents' family records up until the date of their departure for the USA in 1866. When the time came for me to resume my journey by train from Voss to Oslo where I would rejoin the travel group, a large number of new friends came to the station to say goodbye.]]

[[I did not suspect then, as I left this beautiful city, that less than three years later this community of about two thousand population would be to a large extent destroyed by the bombs and fire of the Nazi Air Force, in the spring of 1940. The entire business area, including the Cooperative Central Store, was completely destroyed. The city was then under Nazi control until almost the end of the war.]]

[[On boarding the train in the early evening I found myself in a coach without seats but crowded with standing men on their way home from work. When the conductor checked my ticket he told me that it was first-class, and he led me to the car farther back. This turned out to be air-conditioned, with plush accommodations. He motioned me to a vacant seat next to a man wearing golf Knickers and looking like the businessman he was. I intro-

duced myself and learned that he was an Oslo banker returning from Bergen where he also had an interest in a bank. He became especially sociable when I said that I was from Minnesota. He commented that Minnesota has a large number of Scandinavians; he mentioned the similarity in climate. For a while our conversation continued on a friendly if superficial basis. But when I asked, "What opinion do you people in Norway have of Hitler?", he replied, "Hitler is the greatest man in the world today." He went on to say, "It is time that the laboring class of people here in Norway be put in their place. In our country the workers have too much to say about government. Government should be managed by the owners of business and industry, because they have been endowed with the abilities necessary to make decisions for the entire nation. When God created the working classes He equipped them for producing the many commodities and services needed by all of us, but the Supreme Creator did not intend that workers should participate in decision-making. Accordingly, He did not give them the abilities necessary for participation in affairs of government. One reason the working class has become so demanding is that our government has provided too much schooling for the children of workers. But Hitler's program will change that and will take care of these problems in Norway."]]

[[By this time I had heard enough. I told him that capitalists and aristocrats are nothing but parasites on the working people, that we in the USA look upon Hitler as a gangster hired and paid for by the parasites who seek to perpetuate their special privileges. I added, "Now that I have heard your antithesis to everything decent and civilized, I feel ashamed of you as a Norwegian." Naturally, this ended our conversation. We rode in silence for the few more hours that it took us to reach Oslo. I am sure that later this man became a Quisling supporter.]]

[[The three hundred mile trip from Bergen to Oslo passes through some of the most dramatic scenery one can imagine. On leaving Voss the train took us up the mountains until we were above the tree line. The view from the train windows was of waste lands covered with snow; this was on July 3rd. For a long distance we saw no signs of human habitation, no buildings or farm animals, nothing except many lakes, sage grass, rocks and more rocks. At Myrdal we rose to the highest point, 4228 feet higher than at Voss. As the early morning sun was beginning to warm the countryside we gradually dropped down to lower altitudes. We were coming into a beautiful area of farms with cattle, sheep and goats. Red painted farm buildings were scattered here and there, often on terraced slopes. The small villages seemed

very peaceful as our train stopped briefly for passengers to get on or off, while at the same time milk cans were loaded or unloaded.]]

[[I reached Oslo in the early morning of July 4th and spent the day sightseeing. In a city park I came across a large gathering of people listening to a man who was speaking about July 4th as Independence Day in the United States. He spoke of the inspiration it provided for people in different parts of the world, and stressed the accomplishments stemming from this venture in the founding of a new government based on democratic principles. With conviction and eloquence he pointed up the need for all working people to take an interest in and participate in the affairs of their government. He appealed to his audience to expand the meaning and spirit of the American Independence Day. I was pleased with what I heard here, in such contrast to what I had heard from the pretentious banker during the previous night on the train, Now my spirits were lifted again as I joined the travel group for dinner.]]

[[The next morning was bright and sunny as we left Oslo for Stockholm. For about an hour the train took us through a farming area with no fjords and few lakes; herds of milk cows and beef cattle were everywhere.]]

[[Near the border between Norway and Sweden there was a short delay and then a little jolt—our steam locomotive was being replaced by an electric one. Now we traveled at a faster speed. In Sweden the electrification of the rail service was much more advanced than in Norway, and the Swedish countryside looked more prosperous. Farm buildings were in good repair and painted, adding a colorful contrast to the green of the pasture areas and field crops.]]

[[As we rode along I took the opportunity to talk with Dr. Mecklenburg about Stockholm as a leading center of the cooperative movement. As head of the group for the study of cooperatives I offered to arrange a tour of Stockholm cooperatives for our entire travel group. He liked the idea but thought we should clear it first with the guide who was assigned to our party by the Norwegian travel agency in Oslo and was to be with us until the end of our stay in Stockholm. So we went together to where the guide was seated and told him our proposal. To our surprise he protested that the schedule he had set up for us left no time for visiting any cooperatives. When I insisted that a study of Scandinavian cooperatives was one of our important travel purposes he objected even more strenuously, adding that cooperatives are communistic. So I countered by saying, "Then let's visit them to see how bad they are." "No," he answered, "they interfere with free

enterprise and should not be encouraged to flaunt their communist ideas." "But the cooperatives save the people substantial amounts on the cost of basic commodities. What's wrong with that?", I asked. His irrelevant reply was, "You must be a communist. You sound like one." As it turned out, there was no resolution of the issue. Dr. Mecklenburg agreed that we ought to take the opportunity to visit the cooperatives but he was unwilling to take a stand in opposition to the guide who remained adamant.]]

[[On our arrival in Stockholm I went alone to the cooperative headquarters and explained that I wanted the sixty-eight Americans in our party to see what the cooperatives were accomplishing, and I told of my problem with the Norwegian guide who was bitterly hostile toward cooperatives. The upshot was that an official from the cooperative went with me to talk with Dr. Mecklenburg. We found him in the company of the guide and most members of our travel group. Another argument ensued. The guide loudly and angrily insisted that busses would be available only for pre-arranged tours. The cooperative representative offered to supply busses for a tour of cooperatives. This made the Oslo guide furious, he repeated his "communist" accusations. Many of the tourists in the group looked confused and uncertain. At this point Dr. Mecklenburg decided to ask for a show of hands by those interested in a tour of cooperatives. Only about a third now indicated such an interest. How many may have refrained because of the loud invective by the guide is a matter of speculation. I was of course angry at him for his arrogant assumption that he knew what was best for all of us, but in addition I felt an irrational anger because his name was Helge which happened also to be my late father's name. No two men could possibly have been more different.]]

[[As it turned out, about twenty or twenty-five of us made the tour of wholesale and retail cooperatives and of a housing area of cooperative apartments for workers. The rest of the tour group went instead to an old restaurant where, they reported later, they were able to buy coffee, ice-cream and sour milk.]]

[[A general sightseeing tour took us to the architecturally outstanding Stockholm Town Hall and to "Skansen," a museum-like park with old furnishings dating back many centuries. At the entrance to an old church we saw stocks where centuries ago men's legs were locked in place in a most uncomfortable and undignified position because the men had failed to attend church services regularly as required by church authorities. These men were humiliated and degraded in the presence of church-going neighbors who perhaps stared at them or perhaps glanced quickly at them while passing

in or out of the church. Such was one of the punishments inflicted by an institution that supposedly taught brotherhood and kindness.]]

[[In 1937 Sweden and especially Stockholm gave the impression of social progress. We were told that unemployment was only one per cent. People were relatively secure in their jobs and health care. Taxes were high because they supported a high level of government activity in the areas of welfare and social security. Sweden impressed me as more progressive than any of the countries visited so far.]]

[[Clark and I compared our experiences and observations as we traveled from one country to another. In Sweden he agreed when I pointed out the obviously better economic and social condition of the average people and related this to the greater participation by workers in affairs of government and in socio-economic programs such as cooperatives. He could see, too, that the cooperatives would be even more successful in bettering the living conditions for workers if they could operate in the friendly supportive environment of socialism instead of in the hostile environment of the private profit system which continued to be in control in Sweden. I brought to his attention the partial loss of benefits to people because cooperatives in Sweden were still dependent on privately owned industry for most of their supplies. Only ten or eleven per cent of the business of Sweden was run by cooperatives. Private business interests controlled the other ninety per cent and this reduced the workers' benefits which instead went to the few who owned the resources and the industries.]]

[[Our hotel accommodations were good and the meals were excellent. Some members of our party made comments to the effect that if we gained weight here in Sweden we need not be concerned because we would surely lose it in the Soviet Union where the food would be poor. As it turned out, the food in the Soviet Union compared favorably with that in the Scandinavian countries and everywhere else—but more about that later.]]

[[Our steamship ride from Stockholm to Turku, Finland was smooth and pleasant. At Turku after going through customs we took a train for Helsinki, but about half way, in an open country area, our train stopped, the steam locomotive had broken down. While waiting for repairs most of us got off the train and walked around, looking at the fields with sweet clover piled up to dry. I took pictures of five farm boys who came across the fields to look at our stalled train with all the people walking around it. The boys gladly wrote their names and addresses in my travel diary. In about an hour and a half another engine came to take us the rest of the way to Helsinki.]]

((**To Go or Not to Go**))

((We went from Finland to Leningrad by train, but a few hours before our evening departure from Helsinki we were guests at a banquet.))

[[We were scheduled to leave for Russia the next evening. At noon on the day of our scheduled departure we received invitations to a banquet in our honor, courtesy of the Finnish government. It was to be at six o'clock that evening so we were asked to have our bags packed, ready for departure at eight. The banquet was served in an attractive, large dining hall and was hosted by two government officials. The one who acted as master of ceremonies began by telling us that he was pleased to have so many Americans as guests in his country, that relations between our two countries have been and continue to be on a very friendly basis, that Finland was the only country that had paid back its loan obligations to the USA completely and on schedule, a very different record from that of other European countries which had also borrowed money from the USA but had fallen behind in their repayments. Finland appreciated the help provided by the USA, he said, and has paid back every dollar.]]

[[At this point he introduced the other official, an older woman whom he referred to as an old patriot who continued to serve her country with devotion and loyalty. She began by repeating in different words much of what he had said, reminding us again that only Finland has repaid each installment when due on the loan from the USA, etc. Then she]] ((One of the speakers at the banquet, an elderly woman, after saying a few words of welcome,)) raised her voice and proceeded, 'Now I am told that you are about to leave us this evening for that uncivilized, unchristian, barbaric neighboring country to the east. I feel it my duty to warn you that you are risking your lives to go there. People just like you have gone on from here to Bolshevik Russia and have then disappeared, not to be heard from again. Very likely they were shot. [[When you arrive at the Russian customs tomorrow morning your troubles will begin.]] The Russian customs people are very uncivilized and inefficient in their work habits. [[It will take them two days to check your baggage.]] They have no appreciation for nice things. They will tear things apart, pull everything out of your bags, scatter your things on the floor and step on them. They have no manners. If they see something they like they will just take it and you had better not object or you will be in trouble. When you get to the hotels you will find them filthy and full of bedbugs. The food will be poor, mostly just black bread and cabbage soup. There will be many a mealtime when you will have to go without anything to eat. There is very

little food in Russia. This is because there is no order or system there—only chaos. If you are caught going somewhere without permission you will be picked up by the police and put in jail. That may be the last anyone will ever hear of you, you may vanish for all time as others have who went on from here to that uncivilized land." Then she suggested, "If I were you, I would cancel the trip to Russia and instead spend more time here in Finland, then take a boat across the Baltic to Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania," (then capitalist), "three very nice little countries. There you can pick up your planned itinerary again to go on into Germany. In that way you will always be with civilized, Christian people and always be sure of your safety."

The banquet ended very shortly before the time scheduled for us to leave for Leningrad; there was little time for decisions. But now there was much fear and apprehension in our party. People gathered around Dr. Mecklenburg with proposals to cancel our scheduled departure for the Soviet Union. The busses would be here in a few minutes to take us to the train station.

Dr. Mecklenburg had been to the Soviet Union before; he suggested that even if there would be some hardship the educational experience would be worth it, and besides it would only be for about two weeks. As tactfully as he could he explained that he thought there had been some exaggeration by the banquet speaker. However, three people did cancel; they, along with two others who had been informed before leaving their homes that they would be denied visas for the Soviet Union, stayed behind as we left for the railroad station. [[On arrival at the station we learned that there would be a delay of one hour before we could board our train. The members of our party were escorted to a separate waiting room; most of them sat in glum silence. Their characteristically gay, relaxed spirit had vanished.]]

[[I decided to go outside to look around, of course being careful to watch the time. I stood where I could observe the locomotives switching cars, and noticed another man also leisurely watching the trains. I spoke to him in Swedish which he, like most Finns, readily understood, so I engaged him in conversation.]] ((With some anxiety I went outside, where I happened to see a man in work clothes who at the moment was leisurely watching the trains. We struck up a conversation in Swedish.)) He was a truck driver living in Helsinki. Once or twice a week he hauled Portland cement to Leningrad. He readily answered my questions. Yes, the hotels in Leningrad were real good, the food was fine, the people were very friendly and nice to be with. So I told him what I had just heard from one of his government officials at the banquet. He assured me that it was only propaganda, that I had nothing to worry

about in going to the Soviet Union. "It's a working people's government," he told me, "and is doing a lot of good things!" [[I thanked him and started back toward the station. At the entrance I met another man who seemed to be in no hurry. Again we spoke Swedish. I told him that I was waiting for the train to Leningrad and wondered what that city would be like. I told him about the speech we had heard at the banquet earlier that evening and mentioned the speaker's name. (I do not find her name in my notes and cannot now recall it). "Oh, her," he said, "Pay no attention to her. She's a Mannerheim supporter. We don't listen to her propaganda."]]

((Back at the station enterance another man who also spoke Swedish said much the same thing.))

So as I returned to the travel group I felt relieved. Five minutes later we all silently boarded the train. Dr. Rice, a clergyman from Rochester, Minnesota, and I were assigned to the same sleeping compartment. As we retired I said, "Tomorrow will be a big day!" to which he responded in awed tones, "I fear for what is in store for us tomorrow!" [[I decided to drop the subject.]]

[[Toward morning our train stopped at Viborg long enough for breakfasts in individual lunch baskets to be brought aboard, then proceeded for about an hour to the Russian border, stopping only once more very briefly at a little place called Teryoki, apparently to allow two Russian customs officers to get on. Since most members of our travel group had not talked with men on the street in Helsinki as I had they were still very tense and apprehensive.]]

((**It's Just Like Back Home**))

((I slept well, and woke up as we came to a stop at Viborg the next morning. Here breakfast was served in individual lunch baskets, then the train proceeded for about an hour to the Russian border stopping at a little place called Terijoski, apparently to allow two Russian customs officers to come aboard.))

((Most of the members of our travel group, not having talked with the men on the street in Helsinki as I had, were still very tense and apprehensive;)) So much so that when one of the Russians announced in good, clear English, "We are Soviet customs officers, please have your passports ready," the women closest to them looked terrified and fumbled in their purses with trembling hands for passports which they failed to see at first even though they were right there in their proper places. They turned their faces away as they held up the passports, evidently too frightened to look directly at the officers who thanked them and moved on through the car. When the officers had picked up all the passports and were gone, I heard such whispered comments as,

"I'm scared!" and "Those Russians sure were big!"

Now as I looked through the window I saw many low, dome-shaped, white objects among the trees and the large boulders. Suddenly I realized what I was looking at. We were crossing the Mannerheim Line. The sturdy fortifications had gun barrels projecting all in the same direction—toward Leningrad in the Soviet Union. Before long the train stopped briefly; We were at a bridge over a small river that marked the Finnish-Russian border. Barbed-wire barricades on the Finnish side extended as far as the eye could see. Military sentries stood, relaxed, on each side of our train. We moved across the bridge with its wooden railing painted white on the Finnish half and red on the Russian half. Soon we came to a little village with the customs house where our baggage was unloaded for inspection. There was a horseshoe-shaped counter long enough for all sixty-three people in our party to place their baggage on it at the same time. Most of the bags were opened but the checking of their contents was perfunctory. Regarding my baggage the only question was about my exposed film. When I explained what it was a seal was put around it and I was told not to break the seal until after I had left the Soviet Union. In twenty-five minutes the customs had finished with us all. They could not have been more courteous and considerate. We now had forty-five minutes to wait for our train to Leningrad. Some of us followed the suggestion of a customs officer and went for a walk in the little village. Everyone was more reassured now; I heard such comments as, "This wasn't anything like what we were told at that banquet in Helsinki! The customs took less than a half hour and last evening she said it would take two days!"

I asked an official if there were restricted areas in Leningrad or Moscow where tourists cannot go. He looked at me in a puzzled way and said that of course I could go where I wanted to and take pictures of everything except certain bridges, railroad stations and military fortifications. He asked what gave me the impression that there were restricted areas in Soviet cities. When I told him what we had heard in Helsinki the previous evening and what we hear in the USA he said, "Such reports are just propaganda. You will find that you can go wherever you like when you visit my country." Then he called another customs officer standing nearby to come and listen; he asked me to repeat what I had been telling him. When I did so they grinned at each other and shook their heads. They both assured me that I would not find conditions in the Soviet Union to be like that.

[[We reached Leningrad in half an hour and were taken by bus directly

to the Astoria Hotel. Clark and I were again assigned to the same room. His first comment when he saw it was, "Look, isn't this wonderful? It's like the very best hotels in Chicago!" I answered that there had been gross misrepresentation the previous evening and he agreed.]]

((We reached Leningrad in half an hour. Intourist guides took us in busses directly to the Astoria Hotel. I was assigned to the same room as Clark Newman, a businessman from near Chicago. His first comment when he saw it was, "Look, isn't this wonderful? It's like the very best hotels in Chicago!" I commented that there had been gross misrepresentation the previous evening and Clark agreed.))

Very soon dinner was served; a long table had been set for all sixty-three of us, a string orchestra provided really beautiful music. There were exclamations of surprise from some of the women in our party when they saw the attractive decor. The food was plentiful and so good that Dr. Mecklenburg called a waiter over and expressed what was intended to be very high praise, "This is a wonderful dinner. It is just like back home in Minneapolis!" [[The waiter thanked him and smiled.]]

((**A Leningrader from San Francisco**))

After dinner we went sightseeing; there was daylight until about 10 P.M. We rode along a wide street with fine new apartment buildings on each side. The balconies were colorful with flowers; young trees lined the curbs. I asked the driver to stop so I could take some pictures, and others also stepped out of the bus when I did. One woman who had told me in Norway that in Russia we would see only rubble and slums, now looked at the miles of multi-storied modern apartment buildings and said, "Well, anyhow, I just don't like Russia!" ((To which I replied as I re-set my camera, "The Russians are not too worried about whether you or I like it or not. They are doing what they can to meet their own needs. But you must admit that they are doing a good job here! If these apartments were in Minnesota you would be happy to live in one of them!" Angerily she retorted, "So you are for Communism! Well, I want you to know that I'm not!" and with that she stormed back into the bus.))

((It was routine on this tour for our group leader, Dr. Mecklenburg, to call the group together for a background lecture about the countries we visited. His lecture at the Astoria Hotel was an elementary explanation of the Soviet economic system, in which all industry and business is owned by the government. He did not explain that in a workers' government this means ownership by all the people collectively; that there is no such thing as a stock market, no buying or selling of stocks or bonds, no way for anyone to make his living without doing useful work; that people are paid according to their work and according to the skill and

training required for the job; that there is no unemployment. He did say that he had been in Leningrad four years earlier and had then seen lines of people waiting to buy bread and other basic food items. Many of them were without shoes. Now no bread lines could be seen, clothing was better. He was impressed with the progress made since his earlier visit.))

((All of us were impressed with the massive buildings, the huge apartment houses and the immensity of Leningrad. In the center of the city were public address systems with loudspeakers located high up on tall buildings. They broadcast news, music, and announcements.))

((Some members of our party talked with the man in charge of our baggage and learned that he had lived for ten years in the United States, five of them in the San Francisco area. He was asked where he prefered to live, in the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. He answered that he feels more secure where he is now. In San Francisco he was unemployed for one whole year, here he can always find work. The wages are not highbut they are supplemented by free medical care, paid vacations, low rent, and other benefits. His childeren are getting a good education at no cost to hem. He is getting along all right and is able to provide for his family with no worry about money, so he likes this system better.))

((The next morning after a good hearty, American-style breakfast our party separated into three groups; one to visit children's group homes or orphanages, another to observe a court in session, and a third to view the priceless pictures in the Hermitage[4]. I elected to join the group interested in the administration of justice. But first we went to the marriage office. An attractive young woman was seated at the desk. A young couple approached her and declared their wish to be married. She invied them to be seated and gave them short questionaires to fill out, including such items as (1) Is marriage their mutual wish? (2) Was there a previous marriage for either or both of them? (3) Their ages—eighteen was the legal age. (4) Their health—failure to report known venereal disease was punishable by law. When completed the forms were returned to the woman at the desk, she asked a few more questions for clarification, asked them to sign some legal documents, and added her signature. Then she congratulated them, shook their hands cordially, and wished them happiness. They smilingly thanked her and left. Another couple came in.))

((In an adjoining office was a small staff of marital councelors. A counselor told us that in most cases marital differences were resolved in a series of interviews; most

[4]((The Hermitage is an art, cultural and historical museum, one of the world's richest.))

couples returned home together and lived happily together thereafter. Only when it was clearly impossible to reconcile basic differences would the court proceed to grant a divorce.))

((Next on our schedule was a visit to a court. This was the district court of which there were fifteen in Leningrad—one in each district of the city. When we arrived the court was in session. About seventy people were seated in a room large enough to hold twice that number. On a slightly raised platform in the front of the room were three judges sitting behind their deskesand a court secretary. Two of the judges were women. The one in the center, we were told, was trained as a lawyer and was called a people's judge. She presided. The other two were called people's assessors. They need not have legal training; they are elected by co-workers from farms, offices, industries, and elsewhere. They have equal rights with the main judge to put questions to the defendants or others; their vote for a decision carries equal weight with that of the judge. If the two assessors should arrive at a different decision that that of the main judge, their decision becomes the verdict.))

((After the court was dismissed in a brief discussion with us a judge emphasized that the basic concern of all Soviet courts is the rehabilitation of all offenders. Beyond punishment for breaking the law is the more important purpose of helping law breakers to become good constructive citizens. (When we returned to the Soviet Union in 1969 and repeatedly since then, we found a country of law-abinding people, without the street violence and the graft in high places that so characterize3s our own country at this time. We are convinced that the Soviet system of justice—and full employment—are two important reasons for this.)))

Later in the day we visited the Petrodvorets summer palace, about twenty-five miles from Leningrad by bus along the shore of the [[Baltic Sea.]] ((Gulf of Finland.)) The palace and its surroundings with many fountains were the most beautiful I had ever seen. It was like stepping into a different world. It was said to be a copy of Versailles, planned by a French architect employed by Peter the Great, and completed in 1715. At each end of the palace was a chapel with a covered walk-way leading to it.

In the palace [[was an]] ((we were amazed at the)) elaborate collection of [[priceless art objects,]] oil paintings and sculptures ((and other art objects)) by the world's most famous artists. The unbelievably beautiful inlaid floors were made of special woods from all parts of the world, placed together to form beautiful, artistic designs. We were permitted to walk on them only with soft felt soles tied on under our shoes, in order to preserve their beauty. This was the palace where the Tsars and their families lived while the people who paid

for it, who built and maintained it, were starving and freezing. Then, when the people petitioned the Tsar for relief, as they did on that cold winter day of January 9,1905, they were shot down in front of the winter palace[5].

Leningrad was so very interesting that I was sorry to leave. We went by bus from our hotel to the railway station where we were assigned sleeping accommodations on the train for Moscow. According to Dr. Mecklenburg the trains and sleeping cars were much improved over those of four years before.

After all night on the train we arrived in Moscow Sunday morning and went directly to the old but very comfortable National Hotel. Rooms were assigned, a fine breakfast was promptly served, then we were taken to a Russian Orthodox church. The service was already in progress. The church was quite filled with worshippers who stood during the entire service. Music was provided by an *a cappella* choir.

[[Later, on a sightseeing tour of the city, we drove along very wide streets that converged at open places called squares. Red Square, next to the Kremlin, is the major one; on it are located Lenin's Mausoleum and also St. Basil's Cathedral which was built more than four centuries ago. Our tour took us also to Lenin Hills, a steep forested bank of the Moskva River with a magnificent view over the city; our guide said that here the future campus of Moscow University would be located[6].]]

((We also visited the Lenin Hills—the steep forested bank of the Moskva River which affords a magnificent view over the city. Our guide said that here the future campus of Moscow University would be located.[7]))

((After visiting the church we had a bus tour of the city, driving along very wide streets that converged at open places called squares. Red Square is justifiably considered to be the capital's major square. Indeed, in the Soviet Union people regard it as the most important one in the whole country. Occupying over two acres next to the Kremlin, it is part of the distant past. The dark red polished granite building of the Lenin Mausoleum is situated in front of the Kremlin wall

[5]((The Winter Palace was the main residence of the Russian Tsars till 1905. Its architecture dates from the 18th century. In 1922 it was turned over to the Hermitage and now it is a museum. During the night of October 25, 1917 (November 7 on the new calendar), the palace was stormed by the revolutionary Red Guards, who arrested the bourgeois Provisional Government.))

[6][[Construction of Moscow University was completed on Lenin Hills in 1953. C.H.]]

[7]((The Lomonosov Moscow State University was completed on Lenin Hills in 1953. Covering an area of approximately 160 acres, it includes twenty-seven central and ten service blocks, sports facilities, botanical gardens and parkland.))

between the Spassky clock tower and the Nikolsky tower and houses the sarcophagus containing the body of the great revolutionary and founder of the Soviet state. The State History Museum is opposite the Nikolsky tower and, at the other end of the square, is St. Basil's Cathedral, built in 1556 on the order of Ivan the Terrible to commemorate his victory at Kazan and the defeat of the Kazan Khanate. It is a colourful[8] and truly amazing sight, with its nine cupolas of quite different shapes and sizes grouped around an extravagant bell tower.))

The Moscow subway stations made a particularly powerful impression on our group. I know of nothing in any capitalist country that can be compared to the subway of Moscow. Other countries simply could not afford such a tremendous outlay. Moreover, the Moscow subway is not intended to make a great profit((; to travel any distance with as many changes as you like costs only about five cents)).

Yet everyone in our party agreed that it was a masterpiece of engineering and of art. Each of the nine[9] stations had a different architectural design [[and all were impressively beautiful]]. [[Pillars and benches were of marble. Murals, oil paintings, statues and decorative lighting contributed distinctive features to each station.]] ((Marble, granite and cast iron were used in their construction.)) They were clean and free of litter. No advertising cluttered the walls. Long escalators brought people down from street level to the trains some two hundred feet below, and up again. An automatic ventilating system kept the air fresh. The subway trains were swift and almost noiseless. Every precaution for safety had been built into them. [[The fares were low: about five cents to travel any distance with as many changes as you like.]] Our guide told us something about the problems of construction in the beginning—wet soil due to seepage from the Moskva River; not enough qualified Soviet engineers so that foreign engineers had to be called in; a manpower shortage that was alleviated by the large numbers of Moscow residents who volunteered to help after working hours in order to complete the project, which belonged to all of them and would provide better transportation for all at low cost.

We toured residential districts. The streets were wide and clean, the apartment buildings were attractive and contemporary in design. [[Most of them had balconies that were colorful in design.]] We were told that no one

[8]The British spelling here is as in the Novosti Press book and differs from the spelling of the same word elsewhere. — KW

[9]((Today, the Moscow subway covers a total distance of 164.5 kilometers and includes 107 stations. New lines to newly-built outlying areas are planned for the near future.))

in Moscow paid more than 8 per cent[10] of his wages in rent for an apartment. [[Again Dr. Mecklenburg expressed surprise at the general improvement in the clothing of the Russians as compared with what he saw four years earlier, and in the fact that there were no longer any long lines of people waiting to buy food; the only lines we saw were people waiting to buy newspapers!]]

We all enjoyed our visit to Gorky Park of Culture and Rest, a recreation place on the shore of the Moskva River. We saw hundreds of boats and canoes; and for those who wanted more active recreation there were folk dancing,wrestling and a variety of group games. Educational activities were conducted here also—group and individual lessons in music both instrumental and vocal were going on in different studios of one building. In another area there was a parachute tower, with a continuous stream of young people coming down in their parachutes. In yet another section of the park were lecture halls, films and operatic performances. Along the landscaped walks people seated at tables were holding free outdoor classes in various subjects including history, government, medicine, aviation and other subjects. And in still another area there were roller-coasters and other popular fun fair attractions. The price of admission to this park was about two cents, with no further charges for any of the different activities.

We were in Moscow on the day of its annual Athletic Parade. Early that morning I took my letter of introduction from Governor Benson to the clerk at the main desk in the hotel lobby and asked how I could arrange an interview with Prime Minister Joseph Stalin. He suggested that I leave the letter with him and stop by again the next morning to see what he had been able to do.

Meantime I looked for a good spot from which to watch the parade. Fifty thousand athletes from all over the Soviet Union would be taking part in it. It would move across Revolutionary Square in front of the National Hotel on its way to Red Square. My room was on the seventh floor of the National, overlooking Revolutionary Square, facing Red Square and the Kremlin. So I watched part of the time from there and part of the time from in front of the hotel entrance. It was the most brilliant and colorful parade imaginable. It even included small stages on huge decorated trucks, with performing ballet dancers and whole orchestras. There were floats depicting various industrial

[10]((The cost of rented accomodations in the USSR has not changed since 1928. However, thanks to increases in wages, it now accounts for a smaller percentage of the family budget. At present, rent including hot water, heating, and a telephone is no more than 4–5 per cent of the family income.))

occupations, factory and farm labor-saving innovations, health exhibits, and much more. Athletes performed extremely difficult acrobatic feats which were fascinating to watch. The different Republics were represented by people wearing their colorful traditional costumes. The parade was continuous from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. I had to agree with those in our party who commented that they had never seen anything like it and probably never would again.

By evening the streets were open again to normal traffic. We visited the Polytechnic Museum. Here we saw scaled models of buildings, power plants and industrial complexes that had been built during the then current five-year period and other scaled models of projects the Soviets expected to accomplish during the next five years. A museum worker told us that experts conduct careful studies of the needs of the people, and allocations are made to meet these needs on the basis of recognized priorities. I was much interested in the scaled models he showed us of the proposed buildings for the new University of Moscow on Lenin Hills.

We returned to our hotel about 10 P.M., then three of us walked over to Red Square. The upper parts of the buildings were flood-lighted, red stars glowed above the towers of the Kremlin, the Soviet flag shimmered and sparkled in the slow breeze. Lenin's mausoleum next to the Kremlin wall was also partially flood-lighted. Two guards stood stiffly at attention, one on each side of the main entrance. Near by, the multi-colored and multi-spired St. Basil Cathedral stood as a silent testimonial to the past. No one but the three of us and the two sentry guards were at this moment on Red Square. It was very quiet. Suddenly the silence was broken by the clock on Spassky Tower as it began to strike the hour of eleven. Now my thoughts were on all the past events that had occurred here, because here one could feel history.

My last day in Moscow was a crowded one. First I went for a scheduled interview to the People's Commissar of Education. I learned that there was a continual expansion of the educational system, the number of schools was constantly increasing. [11] All education was free. ((Four years of schooling were required by law in the small villages, seven years were complusory in the industrial centers.[12])) Literacy had risen in the twenty years since the Revolution from about eight or nine per cent to about ninety per cent; progress in raising

[11] ((The number of schools in Moscow is more than 1000 now.))

[12] ((Compulsory 8-year schooling was intoduced in 1958 and from 1975—compulsory secondary education.))

the educational level of the people was continuing at a rapid rate. After kindergarten—of which there were two types, one that looked after children for only a few hours and another that cared for them all day and even all night if the parents wanted that—children entered public school at the age of eight years.[13] [[(Later changed to seven years. C.H.)]]

For those who would go on into the University, ten years of schooling was standard. ((There were twenty schools of higher education[14] in Russia.)) [[Some courses]] ((Courses)) were taught right in the factories. When young people completed their education they promptly found work in line with their abilities, training and preferences; there was no unemployment. Evening schools were available for employed adults, and everyone was encouraged to improve his qualifications so that he could advance to more responsible work with higher pay.

After this interview in the Education Office I returned to the hotel in time for a luncheon meeting at which Dr. Julius Hecker spoke to us. He was born in Russia of a Russian mother and a German father. He had lived in the USA, had graduated from Drew Theological Seminary and had been a Methodist minister in New York City. Before the Revolution he returned to his native Russia as a missionary. After the Revolution he left the ministry and became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Moscow. He spoke very strongly in favor of the Soviet system; he was convinced that it was more just than any other system in the world. "Socialism means doing together what under capitalism is done individually; we can accomplish more by working together." He spoke of the current five-year plan that emphasized housing for the people: the previous plans were of necessity devoted to creating the instruments and machines for production. When, after the Revolution, Russia began the task of building factories, homes, schools, railroads, canals, etc. spokesmen in other countries said it could not be done without the help of capital. They offered to supply capital if the Soviets would abandon socialism. Instead the Soviet people "tightened their belts" and got along with less of the non-essentials, thus creating the necessary capital. Now every Soviet citizen is a share-holder. "Russia is like a frontier town. It has the roof over the place. Now we will make the trimmings and get the furniture in the house", he said, "We are going forward with an

[13] ((Now children enter public school at the age of seven years.))

[14] ((Now the number of higher education schools is 866, including 65 universities.))

increasing rate of progress as our country's economic system gets under way."

Someone asked him why we see so many women working. He answered that women are not required to work outside the home but many do because of a desire for greater independence or to supplement the family income, or because they realize that they can contribute to the progress of their country. They know that there is much to be done to make a good life possible for everyone. There is work for everybody but if anyone is unable to work the government provides for him, and no one here looks upon government assistance as [[a benevolence]] ((charity)) but rather as a right. One question was about the court system—how people get legal advice or assistance and how the cost is determined. He answered that anyone may consult a lawyer for a fee of two rubles;[15] if it is decided to go to court the fee is stipulated before the court proceedings begin.

At about this point Dr. Mecklenburg asked whether or not it was true that young people are encouraged to turn away from the church. Dr. Hecker responded, "I'll answer your question by comparing some conditions in the past and in the present. There are now thirty thousand clergymen in this country. Before the Revolution there were one hundred thousand. [[Yet monopoly by one church is now gone; instead, we have churches of all faiths and denominations.]] Twenty-five per cent of the churches that were here in Moscow under the old regime continue to be open now. Under the old system we were overchurched. ((The monopoly by one church is now gone; instead, we have churches of all faiths and denominations.)) In the past in Russia the church as an institution took the stand that it was entirely in a different world. It was concerned only with saving souls and had nothing to do with this life. It had no program for alleviating poverty, improving health conditions and general welfare, combating ignorance or protecting individual rights. It had no understanding of the meaning of progress. It was a mystic cult which objected to learning and thinking. But since the Bolsheviks with Lenin as their leader took over here in Russia in 1917 the mass poverty, the illiteracy, the slums, the ignorance, the diseases and poor health of the people, etc.—all these conditions are fast vanishing. We 'bad Bolsheviks' have done more in twenty years to bring hope and the good life to people than the Christian church did in a period of nearly two thousand years! Does that answer your question?" Dr. Mecklenburg made no reply. The meeting was adjourned.

[15] ((Legal advice and assistance from lawyers employed by trade unions is free to all union members.))

By this time I had learned that in response to my letter from Gov. Benson and my accompanying request, Prime Minister Stalin would have granted me an interview if I could have stayed in Moscow until the next week; but since that was not practical I asked to talk instead with one of his assistants. On returning now to the hotel desk I learned that it had been arranged. A car was waiting for me, it took me across Red Square and into the Kremlin where it stopped in an open courtyard, with office buildings on every side. On the steps of one building was a woman who walked over to meet us, asked if my name was Clifford Herness and invited me to come with her for the interview with Mr. Ginzburg. In the few minutes that we waited in his office before he arrived she asked me if Minneapolis and St. Paul were very close together and if that was the reason they were called the Twin Cities. When Mr. Ginzburg came in she introduced us and then withdrew as he pulled up a chair and offered me some tea. He asked a few questions about other countries that I had been visiting, and if the unemployment situation was improving in the USA. Soon we were served a lunch of sandwiches, cakes, fruit and chocolates in fancy wrappers. As we sampled these tasty refreshments I told him that I had a list of questions, the answers to which might help my countrymen to better understand the Soviet people. "Well," he said, "We will see what we can do about them."

I asked about cooperatives; he explained that in small towns and rural areas they handle practically all trade which in the large cities is handled by the state. The only competition between the cooperatives and the state is the competition to provide the best service. He told me that cooperatives in the Soviet Union are in a different position than those in other countries because within a socialist system they are supported by the state. They are organized on a local, district, regional and nation-wide basis. The membership of the cooperatives for the entire Soviet Union, he said, was thirty-nine million.[16] The leading organization, Tsentrosoyuz, is engaged in the development of trade for the rural population, sells agricultural products from collective farms((and farmers)), and makes goods from local raw materials. The only advertising is the announcement of the availability of new products. Soviet cooperatives were members of the International Cooperative Alliance.

My next question was about the status of the church. He answered that before the Revolution the Orthodox Church was the official state religion;

[16]((The membership of the cooperatives has now reached 63 million.))

after the Revolution religion was declared to be a private matter. No religion was given any preference. Before 1917 it was compulsory for all to belong to the church and pay dues to it. Now there is freedom to speak in behalf of religion or to speak in favor of atheism. But churches are not closed arbitrarily; the law requires that a church remain open unless 75% of its members vote to close it. Many churches have closed, however, because the membership was so small that overhead costs became too burdensome. Often the smaller churches combine to reduce overhead costs.

To my question as to whether or not strikes ever occur in the Soviet Union Mr. Ginzburg replied that there are no strikes because there is no conflict of interest between the workers and the owners, since the workers collectively are also the owners. "We have no special interest groups," he said, "and the only possible situation in which I could imagine a strike occurring would be if and when wages were not paid on the day they were due."

I asked if he thought there was danger of war coming. It was his opinion that both in Europe and in the Far East there was danger that war might break out. He believed that in the next war the opposing forces would be the dictatorships against the democracies. The Soviets are building democracy, he said; the people have the right to select candidates for public offices. They send delegates from their unions, professional organizations, farm groups, etc.to sit on the nominating committees for selection of candidates up to the highest officials of the Soviet Union. He explained that it had been practical to incorporate this right into the Constitution because of the great progress in education. "A good, established public school system is the foundation for a successful democracy," he said, "and the higher the level of education the better are the chances that the people will understand the issues in an election. Our objective is complete democracy." He then asked his secretary to bring the latest Soviet Constitution. She brought five or six copies, he handed them to me saying that if I had room in my bags I might take the extra copies with me.

One of my questions dealt with the reasons for the Soviet Union's large military force. I told Mr. Ginsburg that in the USA many people believe that Russia has ambitions against other countries. He answered that his people have all the territory they need to expand into for many generations to come. "No, our large military force is maintained as a protection against would-be invaders. Also, we must be prepared against a possible combined attack. It is a very big waste of our industrial production, to maintain a large military force. We wish that it were not necessary to maintain any military force at

all so that our country would be freed from producing military products and could instead devote itself entirely to production of things that would help people to live better."

My final question was about the Soviet people's feelings toward the USA. His quick reply was that it was most friendly. One reason for this, he said was President Roosevelt's peace policy. "We like his good neighbor policy."

[[The interview had lasted about one and one-half hours. It had been interesting, informative and friendly. After thanking him for his consideration and his time, I said that I'd like to take with me as souvenirs a couple of the fancy paper wrappers from the candy I had been eating. Laughingly, he scooped out from the bowl a handful of the candy and stuffed it into my pockets, saying "take some along!"]] ((The one and a half hour interview had been interesting, informative and friendly.)) As we said goodbye he cordially invited me to visit with him again if I ever come back to Moscow. Then he told me that a car would be waiting to take me back to the hotel.

[[As we drove through Red Square]] ((From the car window)) I noticed long lines of people by Lenin's mausoleum which had been closed for repairs since our arrival in Moscow. [[At the hotel I emptied my bulging pockets and quickly returned to Red Square. When I presented my passport to a policeman near the entrance to the Mausoleum he made a place for me in the line. After]] ((So I stopped only briefly in my hotel room, and returned to Red Square where I showed my pssport to a policeman near the Mausoleum enterance. He made a place for me in the line up; after)) a few minutes I passed by the remains of Lenin, the leader most revered by Soviet people and by millions of other people in all parts of the world.

Later that evening we left Moscow by train during a heavy thunderstorm. I regretted leaving. As we were moving out through the suburbs many of us shifted about in order to get a last glimpse of the city.

Soon we were traveling across open country and most of the passengers began to retire for the night. But I was not concerned about sleep; I wanted to see the towns and the countryside along our route. About midnight a conductor came through on his rounds. In fairly good English he asked if I was not getting tired and ready for some sleep. I told him that I was not too tired; that I had been so interested in seeing the country as we passed through that I had not yet made arrangements for a place to sleep. At this he began to shake his head slowly from side to side, saying, "What shall we do now? What shall we do now? You should have made arrangements when you first came on board. I am afraid every sleeping place is now taken." Then he

remembered, "Maybe there is a vacant bed in a compartment where there is a young lady, an American, in the other bed. A Russian man was assigned to that vacant bed but she objected strenuously so we found him another place. But you are a countryman of hers, maybe she would not object to you having the other bed." I realized that in some European countries it is the custom for men and women travelers to share compartments; but I told him that if she objected to the Russian then I would not go there either. I would rather sit up; missing one night's sleep would be no great hardship for me. However, he was unwilling to let it go at that. Suddenly he said that I could have his own bed. When I hesitated he misunderstood my reason and quickly assured me that it was clean, as of course it was. He suggested that I now go to bed and get some rest, then he left. As I was dropping off to sleep in the lower bunk I heard the conductor return and quietly wake the man in the bunk above me. When that man had gotten up and presumably gone to his job, my conductor friend took his place and went to bed in the upper bunk. As I dozed off I wondered how many American conductors would do for a Russian tourist under similar circumstances what this one had done for me. I thought of how different Russia was from the way it was pictured in American anti-Soviet propaganda!

The next morning I had an opportunity to thank the conductor again for his hospitality. I found him in a talkative mood. After assuring himself that I had slept well, he went on to tell me that conditions in the Soviet Union are improving so much that each year people can see a big change for the better. "We read in our newspapers that in your country you have cars and fountain-pens and cameras. We don't have all those things yet; we are working to get the basic essentials for everyone rather than luxuries for a few. But the luxuries will come later, we don't have them yet but we will get them too, for everybody!"

It was already noon when we arrived at the Polish border, and by evening we reached the city of Warsaw. On a sightseeing tour of that city we drove through the Jewish section where more than a third of the total population of Warsaw were living in a small, crowded ghetto with very narrow streets. As we continued our westward train ride through Poland, the general impression was of relatively primitive farming methods as compared to those in the Soviet Union where we had seen large, mechanized farm machinery working in huge fields. Here in Poland the fields were laid out in narrow strips, horse-drawn wagons were common, scythes and sickles were much in use.

At the Polish-German border some Nazi customs officers came on board

to check our passports. Their manner was cocky, their whole demeanor suggested that they considered themselves to be members of a master race.

Our arrival in Berlin was uneventful. After our late evening dinner I took a walk in the nearby area. The streets were crowded with bicycle riders. I was repeatedly accosted by prostitutes who approached me with "Zehn Mark!" which seemed to be their standard rate. I noticed at once that when people met on the street the typical greeting was not the expected "Guten Abend!" or "Wie geht's?" but "Heil Hitler!"

[[Before our tour of the city the next morning we had a meager breakfast. Our guide identified various landmarks and interspersed a comment to the effect that Germany is a most peaceful place to live, there are no strikes or violence. Some members of our party seemed favorably impressed by his statement. But I thought, "So people here have no way to resist exploitation by the monopolistic corporate interests."]]

Before leaving home it had been my intention that when I reached Germany I would try to contact a Dr. Kirchensteiner whose writings had been very useful to me in teaching vocational subjects. He presumably lived in Berlin but I did not have his exact address. At the hotel desk I asked how I could contact him in order, if possible, to arrange for a discussion with him of certain aspects of vocational education. The desk clerk gave me an address where he thought I could get assistance. While I was talking with the clerk I noticed a fairly large portrait of Henry Ford on the wall behind him. I wondered why Ford's picture was there but I did not ask. Later I heard that Ford had made substantial contributions to the Nazis.

The address given me was on the second floor of a nearby office building. When I introduced myself and explained my purpose in coming I was ushered into an inner office. I repeated my request to the three men who were there. No, none of them had heard of Dr. Kirchensteiner. Instead of offering to help me locate and use a city directory as I had hoped they might, they quickly changed the subject and asked if I had just come to Berlin. They appeared gracious and polite as they inquired about my occupation. When I said that I taught in a public high school they quickly suggested that now while I was in Germany I must learn about the Nazis and Hitler. At this point a fourth man entered the room with the words, "Heil Hitler!" and the others responded, "Heil Hitler!" Now all four of them intensified their efforts to convince me of the tremendous worth of the program that Hitler and the Nazis were carrying out in Germany. [[One asked, had I seen the Hitler houses yet? I mentioned the sightseeing tour when we drove past them a few

hours before.]] They urged me to make a good study of their program and when you get back to your own country, they said, "get busy to organize the same thing there." [[One of them asked if I had seen the morning newspaper reports of a strike in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. These reports, they said, told of much destruction. Such things didn't happen in Germany under National Socialism.]] I asked them to explain [[the implication of the word "socialism" as it relates to the full name, National Socialism.]] ((the implications of the words "National Socialism" as it relates to the Nazis.)) They answered that it refers to the social programs such as youth camps, housing projects, etc. but with preservation of private ownership of industry and all other property as its basic principle. They added that National Socialism with Hitler as its leader supports the will of God that business and industry should be owned and controlled by those whom God has endowed with the abilities necessary for their proper management and use. These are also the men who should be the rulers, the government officials. They are the aristocracy of industrialists and businessmen. In the USA men like Henry Ford should run the government. Working class people were put on this earth to do the work but God did not intend that they should take part in government. The USA, they said, makes a serious mistake in permitting working class children to have access to higher education including social and political sciences because when they get to know too much about their society they become dissatisfied. They want to participate in decision making and this leads to chaos and violence. [[The reason for the strike in Pittsburgh was that the workers had more education than was good for them.]] Education for workers should be limited to training for the specific occupations that they would be expected to enter. Then the workers would not be troublemakers and there would be a peaceful society.

These Nazi propagandists went on to predict that their system would spread all over the world. "Hitler knows what is best for everybody," they asserted. I decided to ask them if a man like Abraham Lincoln, who came from the most humble working-class parents and became an outstanding President, would have had the opportunity under their system to provide the leadership that he did. They agreed that Lincoln would have been destined to remain in the station in life to which he was born, but they said that somebody from the aristocratic class would no doubt have appeared to provide that same outstanding leadership!

They asked me to go with them into the next office to meet someone else who had just arrived in Berlin. The traveler and a Nazi official were

talking together when we walked in. When my name was mentioned in the introductions he commented that I also must be Scandinavian. He had just come from Copenhagen, he owned the largest newspaper in that city. He went on to say that he was "sold on Nazism. We in Denmark expect to set up this system in our country within two years. It is a system that is going to be established soon all over the world. You must get busy when you get back to America and help to organize for a take-over by National Socialism in your country!" His almost jovial, self-assured and vociferous praise of Hitler and Nazism made me feel deeply concerned. After a while I said something about having an appointment and I again mentioned that I had hoped to contact Dr. Kirchensteiner during my short stay in Berlin. They suggested that I leave my name and address so that if they located him they could let me know. I left feeling more strongly than ever before how terrible it would be for the whole human race if men like these should succeed in taking over the world as they were so arrogantly planning and preparing to do.

On one of my walks in the business area of Berlin I stopped one evening on Friedrichstrasse to listen to an orchestra across the street. To avoid blocking pedestrian traffic I stepped back into the recessed entrance of a retail store and was leaning against the side of the entrance listening to the music when a policeman came by making his rounds. He checked doors, including the one where I stood, to be sure they were locked. As I stepped aside he noticed some dust on my jacket where it had touched the wall and he brushed it off with his hand. When I said, "Thank you!" he responded in English, "That's all right. You're welcome." Then he asked if I was from London. I told him I was from the U.S.A. "From what state?" "Minnesota". "From what part of Minnesota?" "St. Paul". Now he looked surprised and told me that he had a sister living in St. Paul, he had visited her for three months during the summer, two years earlier, i.e. in 1935. "Well", I replied, "Here I am many thousands of miles from home and I meet someone who is familiar with my home town!" He asked if I was on a general tour of Europe, and which countries I had visited. When I named them he singled out the Soviet Union, asking about conditions in that country. I replied that I could see that the people there had made much progress, a tremendous construction program was going on and living conditions were improving rapidly. He made a noncommittal response to the effect that it was interesting to hear that. Then I asked about conditions in Germany. Instead of answering he said abruptly, "I have work to do", and hurried away.

About half an hour later I ran into him again on a different street. As

we met I remarked, "Well, here I meet you again!" He explained that he has a large area to cover in this, that and that direction (gesturing with his hands). I asked him why he left so suddenly when I inquired about conditions in Germany. Instead of answering directly he asked me the name of the office block across the street from the State Capitol in St. Paul. I answered after a moment's hesitation that the only building of that description that I could think of was the State Office Building. "Yes, that's right", he said quickly, and what is the name of the large building that is owned by the "Federal Government? It's near the river." I answered that he must be thinking of the Post Office building. Again he commented quickly, "That's right". I then asked him if he remembered the First National Bank building with the large, lighted "1st" sign that flashes on and off at night. "Yes," he replied, "I remember that very well. So that is still up there on top of that building!" I assured him that it was. Now he took my arm and drew me aside to the door of a business place; the door was recessed a couple of feet so we could be out of the line of pedestrian traffic. In a lowered voice he went on to say, "Now that I know you are not a spy and that you really are from Minnesota as you say, I want to tell you that this country has become a terrible place to live. You never know who is a spy, they are in every block. Your next-door neighbor may be one, or the man across the street. And there are higher spies to check on the lower ones to make sure they are doing their jobs. Then there are still higher spies who check on the overall spy organization. When the top leaders are speaking on the radio—usually during evening hours when most people are at home—it is required that everyone listen. The speeches are announced and publicized beforehand so there can be no excuse for not listening. And it is required that shades on windows must not be drawn. This is so that spies can check on you during the speeches. If you forget to leave the shades open during a speech there will be a Nazi official call on you with a warning, 'Don't let that happen again! Apparently you were not listening!' The children are so completely propagandized that they report any critical remarks by their elders to their Nazi youth leaders. We have to be very careful of what we say in the presence of our children. And regardless of the impossibly bad living conditions for workers because of rising prices on everything while wages remain the same, we dare not protest. Many people from all over Germany are now in concentration camps."

After a bit I asked him what he and other Germans thought of the war in Spain. He answered that it was a terrible thing to have to help set up the same kind of government in Spain as they had in Germany. "But it is not for

me to say. We are compelled to go along with it. I am fifty-two years old. If I were younger and did not have a family I would find some way to get out of this country. But I have a wife and three children. I have to stay and make the best of it. We have to live in one room. I earn 125 marks per month. Each month the government takes out 30 marks for taxes. I pay 3 marks for gas to cook with. A loaf of bread costs 1 mark, a pair of shoes costs 35 to 48 marks. You can see that we don't have much to live on. You are an American, you are free, but I am not free. Once something awful like what we have here has taken over, we become chained and lose our chance to ever try to get our freedom again." I told him not to lose faith, that something will happen to set him free again. "No," he answered, "If you were in my place you would understand how hopeless it is. But now I must get on with my work. I have a large area to cover before my shift is over." We shook hands as I thought about what he had said and wondered how I could help him.

[[One morning sixteen of the youngest members of our group were taken by Nazi party members to a youth camp about fifty miles from Berlin. On their return they reported having seen facilities for sports activities, boat excursions, glamorous social events, etc., and they naively concluded that "Hitler is doing a lot for the young people." Neither these young Americans nor the elder tour leaders of our group could see what i made some effort to point out, that the youth programs were gimmicks to capture the loyalty of the German youth for future military adventures.]]

[[So much of what I saw and heard confirmed my fears that here in Germany a terrible threat was being constructed against humanity not only in Germany but all over the world. During my walks around the city of Berlin I saw over and over in window displays a self-operating movie on a screen showing Hitler, Goering, or some other prominent Nazi speaking and gesticulating; or showing military machines in action. When the picture had run its course it automatically started over again, repeating on and on. One could see how the entire population was being conditioned to subserve the military-oriented Nazi machine. It was obvious to me what the objective was, and what was being prepared for humanity the world over.]]

[[We left Berlin by train, it was evening when we arrived at Heidelberg. We were housed there in two hotels; I was with those who stayed at a hotel within walking distance of the railroad station. We were comfortable enough but here as in Berlin some people complained because we were unable to get coffee which most of us would have enjoyed at meal times. Several people

made comments with which I agreed, that meals in Germany did not come up to the standard of those in the Soviet Union.]]

[[During our one-day stay in Heidelberg I asked the baggage-man what was going on at a table in the lobby where two men were selling tickets. He answered that all working people in Germany were required to buy their quota of tickets, the proceeds went to the Nazi party treasury to pay for the luxurious homes and other expenses of Hitler and his staff. To make the people feel that they were getting something for their money, each ticket was one chance for a prize but it was one chance in many millions. The baggage man said he thought he could talk to me because I was an American, but to complain to other Germans was very risky. There were spies everywhere; in the schools, the churches, the factories, the business places and the neighborhoods where working people lived. He confirmed what I had been told in Berlin about a hierarchy of spies, with those higher up checking on the others to be sure they carried out their assigned spying activities; children were encouraged to inform against their parents. The government's methods of control were brutal—two farmers near Heidelberg had sold produce for slightly more than the official government buyers' organization was paying. For this they were thrown into a deep pool of water at a concentration camp and whenever they managed to swim to the edge of the pool they were pushed back to the center of it until they became exhausted and drowned. He told me that whenever a Nazi military parade took place, which was quite often, he tried to be as far away from it as possible because anyone near enough to see it was required to salute and say "Heil Hitler", which he disliked doing. I asked what would happen if he did not salute. He explained that scattered among the crowds were Nazi agents who watched everybody along the parade route. Anyone failing to salute and say "Heil Hitler" would simply be knocked down; if he got up he would be knocked down again. I asked, "How do they knock people down?" He made a fist and said,"With this!"]]

[[When we left Heidelberg the next day he offered to help me carry my bags to the train station. He suggested that I board the train at once and try to get a seat on the platform side so that we could converse through the open window for a few minutes before the train started. He was very discouraged; he confided that he wished he were free as I was. I tried to urge him not to give up hope; I said that some unexpected development might end the Nazi tyranny within a few years. "No," he answered, 'I don't think there's much chance for that,' As the train was about to start I reached down and we held each other's hands as we said goodbye. There were tears in his eyes, and as

for myself, I was unaware of the scenery for the next hour or so. My sadness was not only for the friend I had just left behind but for all the German people.]]

((**Paris and London: Who Backed Hitler?**))

When we reached Paris the World Exhibition was at its height. [[The main entrance was impressive with beautiful lighting effects accomplished through the use of fountains with colored lights. The Eiffel Tower, almost a thousand feet high, stood in the center of the Exposition. But the outstanding]] ((But the most popular)) pavilion on the Exhibition grounds was the Soviet building. [[It contained the most impressive and the most meaningful exhibits.]] Over its front entrance was a tremendous statue of a young man and a young woman holding high the hammer and sickle as they looked ahead, rushing forward. Everyone in our party agreed that this was the finest work of realistic statuary that any of us had ever seen.

Political conditions in France appeared to be unstable; there was strife between labor and industrial management. We heard that many were unemployed. The franc was dropping in value on the international market. The people were so dissatisfied with their rulers that each new government lasted only a few months, but the Popular Front was not quite strong enough to take control.

From the French seaport of Le Havre we crossed the English Channel and continued on by train to London. There in addition to the usual sightseeing—and an excursion on my own into [[an unbelievably squalid area where poor people lived in tumbledown shacks with broken windows and children wore rags—I visited the House of Commons, taking with me my letter of introduction from Governor Benson. I had an opportunity to]] ((a squalid area where poor people lived in shacks with dirt floors and cardboard-covered broken windows—I had an opportunity to visit the House of Commons to)) talk with a member of the Labor Party, Mr. Frank Banfield. He told me that his Party was apprehensive about the lack of any firm policy against the German Nazis. He stressed the importance of no more concessions to Hitler. He spoke of the fact that industrial monopoly interests were backing Hitler because his program was one of freedom for the monopolies to use terror in exploiting the working classes. He expressed concern about the possibility of Hitler plunging Europe into another war.

[[On our bus ride to Liverpool through the pleasant English countryside Clark told me that he appreciated my companionship during this tour. He said that my observations and interpretations along the way had been very

useful to him in clarifying his understanding of what we saw and experienced. He added that he may not always have agreed with me completely but I had certainly helped him to gain a better perspective and he was continuing to think about views that I had expressed. He wanted to see me often after we returned home and he hoped that we would become even closer friends. I replied that I hoped so too, and of course I thanked him for his expression of regard. I especially appreciated his comments because I had so often found myself in disagreement with the majority of our tour members who commonly drew confused and at times even contradictory conclusions from our travel experiences. They professed a basic belief in democracy yet admired much of Hitler's program. When some members of our party met other travelers who said that Germany was "tottering to a fall", that the German people were unhappy and full of fear, that report was labelled by influential leaders of our group as "based on propaganda" and "farthest from the truth." Most of our tour members agreed.]]

((**The Virus of Nazism in the U.S.A.**))

In Liverpool we boarded the ship Scythia for the voyage home. The entire trip had taken two months, in the course of which we had taken a quick look at a dozen countries. For me the most exciting and significant experiences were in the Soviet Union where the masses of people, after centuries of oppression, were taking things into their own hands and forming a classless society. Working people were improving their living conditions at a speed never before thought possible. I became convinced that in the Soviet Union we had the most powerful force for peace. There was full employment, an excellent health program, and housing construction more extensive than in any other country. Education was for everyone and women had the same opportunities as men. The emphasis was on the participation of all the people in decisions affecting their lives.

A sad contrast was Nazi Germany where a brutal, militaristic clique, with the backing of monopoly capital, had managed to take power. The surprising fact to me was that not everyone in our travel group saw the German situation for what it was.

On returning home I was convinced that war clouds were gathering over Europe because of the Nazis' ambition to expand their system "all over the world" as they so bluntly told me in Berlin. I was more aware now of the powerful monopoly interests in other countries preparing the people through newspaper and other media propaganda campaigns for a Nazi takeover when the time came. My chance meeting with a pro-Hitler Copenhagen newspaper

owner who said that he intended to help establish Hitler's program in his own country caused me great concern. Also the general attitudes of American news media which played up the favorable accomplishments of Hitler but were silent about the basic Nazi aims, made me apprehensive that already the Nazis had acquired a substantial influence in the U.S.A.

When we went through the American customs I was singled out for brief detention and more careful search than the others. After looking through my bags the only question the customs agent had was, "Why do you have half a dozen copies of the Soviet Constitution?" I explained that I thought some of my friends would like them as souvenirs of my trip. An official then apologetically admitted that I was checked because a member of our travel group (whom of course he did not identify) had telegraphed from the boat to give him my name as a possibly subversive person. He added that I must have been "talking politics with someone." The incident was a minor one, but I resented even this much harassment by some pro-Nazi in our travel group, especially since we were now back in the U.S.A.[17]

[[Not long after our return home I had a message from Clark, asking me to call him so we could set a time to get together for a visit. My schedule was very crowded at the time, and before I got around to it to call him back a report appeared in the daily newspaper saying that Clark had committed suicide by jumping out the window of the top floor in the hotel where he had been attending a business meeting. Needless to say, the news came as a profound shock to me[18].]]

3.3 Back in the U.S.A.

The 1937 Mecklenburg travel party disbanded as a tour group when the ship docked in New York, and the members were now on their own. After two days of sightseeing in New York I went by bus to Washington, D.C. for my first visit to our nation's capital. Meantime I kept recalling the many experiences I had overseas, experiences that were so often the opposite from what I would have expected from the reports and discussions in the daily news media here in the USA. I was now as never before aware that the news media were not reporting the truth, especially about the Soviet Union. The tremendous

[17]This is the end of Chapter I of the Novosti Press book.

[18]Author's note: Was it really suicide? The newspaper report made no mention of the circumstantial evidence that suggested otherwise. Apparently there was no investigation.

housing construction program that provided surprisingly low-cost housing for increasing numbers of workers and their families; the public education program that really was free from kindergarten through the universities and professional schools; the free health care including hospitalization, surgery and all the rest; guaranteed full employment for everyone; a pension for every retired worker—yes, and enforced laws against race or sex discrimination—on all of these accomplishments in the Soviet Union our daily news media were failing to report honestly to the American people. Instead they reported distortions, fabrications and misrepresentations that could only have been designed to confuse our people and to increase their distrust of the Soviet Union.

The most common anti-Soviet report in our media was to the effect that there was no freedom in that country. But I became convinced that the only freedom we had that they lacked was the freedom of some to exploit others through our arrangement of profit-taking. According to information I gathered while I was in the Soviet Union, all income is based on wages or salaries for work done whether mental or physical work; and the amount of income depends on the level of training, skill and responsibility involved in the job. But our news media consistently avoided objectively reporting this Soviet way of progress toward equality of economic opportunity.

On the other hand, the reporting about the Nazi government in Germany was such as to lead the average American to assume that social progress was being made there. A frequent report was that the Nazis had successfully brought order out of chaos, that they emphasized efficiency, that everything was now being done on schedule so that even the trains ran precisely on time. It was common;y stated that Germany had become a peaceful place to live because there were no workers' strikes and no labor-management clashes with their accompanying destruction of life and property. Some of the Americans with whom I traveled were impressed by such reports and spoke to the effect that such a system should be adopted in the USA. But these reports failed to make clear that in Germany under Nazism the working people had lost the basic right of self-defense, of protest against living and working conditions regardless of how unjust such conditions were. Most of our media reporting showed no concern about the absence of freedom in Germany, nor did it expose the basic tenet of the Nazi program that only the wealthy owners of business and industry, militarists, monopolists and aristocrats should engage in politics or have a hand in government or management. Our news sources failed to tell the public that under Nazism the working people would not only

be excluded from any right to participate in government but would also be denied the right to advanced education because, as the Nazi propagandists in Berlin told me bluntly, workers with higher education would know too much and would be more difficult for the ruling class to manage.

I had to go to Berlin for this information about the Nazi's basic doctrine. Too many wealthy owners of industry in America shared the Nazis. views and they controlled the media through direct ownership as well as through advertising subsidies. This helps to explain why our media were reticent about reporting on basic Nazi doctrines during Hitler's rise to power. Evidently the big monopolists wanted to adopt all or at least part of the Nazi program for the USA. Keeping the public in the dark about Nazism as much as possible would make it easier to get it established in our country. As I talked with people in New York and Washington I became more and more conscious of a general lack of awareness regarding the real danger of Hitler and his Nazis to America—yes and to the whole world.

After I returned to my teaching job in Bloomington I was asked to give talks on my travels to various clubs and groups in the area. People expressed the most interest in hearing about my experiences in the Soviet Union and in Germany. More often than not my reports differed from those in the mass media here. A frequent question from the audience was, "Why haven't the newspapers or radio told us about that?"

The school term was well underway when a man came to my classroom just as the students were leaving for the day. He said that he was a magazine representative, he heard that I had recently visited Russia and he wondered if I would like to write a magazine article about that country. I told him that I would be very glad to do that, and I started to tell him something of what I would say about the program of full employment, free education and health care, low-cost housing, etc. He interrupted, saying they couldn't use that kind of a story. He was sure there were a lot of things wrong with the Russian dictatorship and he wanted me to write about them. I would be well-paid—probably more than I was earning as a teacher. I answered to the effect that I would not write picayune criticisms of a country that was so rapidly improving the living conditions for the common people. After a moment's hesitation he tentatively offered the suggestion that maybe someone else could write the article and I could sign it as someone who had recently been there; I would still be well-paid. At this I walked to the door and opened it for him, with the comment that he was wasting my time and his: I would write an honest report or none at all. He mumbled something about it being

a matter not of honesty but of emphasis; and as he walked out he handed me his card saying, "In case you change your mind after thinking it over, here's my phone number." I promptly dropped the card in the wastebasket.

One day about a month after my return home from Europe I was waiting for a friend in the lobby of the Minneapolis Y.M.C.A. building. My eye caught the headlines in the daily paper, "Hitler Makes New Demands on Czechoslovakia." The article reported that he was insisting on annexing the Sudetenland to Germany. I remarked to a stranger standing nearby that it appeared that the more concessions made to Hitler the more he demanded, and that he seemed bent on having war. The stranger's surprising answer was that the Soviet communists would be responsible if war came, Hitler had to go into Czechoslovakia to prevent the communists from taking over that country; and the Soviet Union was responsible for the turmoil in Europe, not Hitler. He went on to identify himself as a minister of the Gospel, living in New York City. He had a friend, a theological student, who had just returned from a visit to Russia where he saw bodies of people piled up like cordwood along all the main streets. They were the bodies of people who had been shot by the police, he said, because they had persisted in attending church against the orders of the government. When I said I was surprised to hear such nonsense from a minister he replied that it was true, that he had seen the pictures taken by his student friend. I then informed him that I also had been in Moscow in July, that I rode the busses and walked for hours in all directions and I never saw anything of the kind. The streets were much like those of Minneapolis, the people were as carefree as they are here. He looked at me with a hostile stare and exploded, "Are you a communist? You must be!" I merely repeated forcefully, "I was in Moscow less than two months ago and I did not see anything like what you describe!" He turned and strode off into an adjoining room. The incident is one example of slander about the Soviet Union, fabricated without any basis in truth.

People with Nazi attitudes quite commonly held positions of esteem, in Minnesota as elsewhere. Sometimes they even turned up as administrators in our schools. About two weeks after I had joined the teaching staff at Bloomington in 1935, I happened to meet the Superintendent in the corridor as I was leaving at the end of the day, and we stopped to chat a bit. Some mention was made of two or three students who were having problems. He then named several students whose parents, he said, were business people of good standing and influential in the community. He told me that if those students got a little out of line that I should ignore it. But if certain oth-

ers whom he named got out of line I should go after them and make them "toe the mark" because their parents were shiftless, unskilled workers, often unemployed; some were even on relief or government work programs. Such people were "just trash and their kids are like the parents—out to chisel on others." This from a Superintendent of schools! I concluded that there would be much to be desired so far as professional help was concerned, in developing an appropriate setting for educational accomplishments by our students. Fortunately the school Principal completely rejected the Superintendent's attitude and did what she could to mitigate the effects of wrong policies.

After my return from Europe I felt the responsibility as the unanimously elected president of our union (which I had taken the initiative in founding)to try to improve some of our difficult working conditions. But our recently formed union, even with 80% of the teachers as charter members, was still relatively weak. It could not withstand the pressure from the School Board and the Superintendent. The Board ordered me to give up the office I held in the Farmer-Labor Party and to resign from the presidency of the union. When I refused to do so I was dismissed from my teaching position, and with no other job prospects at the time I felt the injustice keenly. A public meeting was held to protest my dismissal and it was well attended but the decision stood. For two years I was unemployed.

Meantime I heard reports from time to time that another teacher who had been a member of our travel group was making speeches that were highly critical of the Soviet Union and filled with distortions; she was winning promotions and professional recognition.

One wintry afternoon in January 1941 I had occasion to stop at the Minneapolis Central Library. At the entrance I noticed a placard announcing a talk that evening by a prominent local businessman on the topic, "As I Knew Hitler." When the time came the auditorium was filled almost to capacity. The talk by Mr. S. was most depressing. He said that he had developed a friendship during the First World War with a German Count who happened to be in the USA when hostilities broke out and had been detained in New York for the duration of the war. After the Count's return to Munich he and Mr. S. kept in touch with each other. One day about a decade later Mr. S. received a telegram from the excited Count, saying in effect, "Come to Munich on the first available boat! I have met an interesting, magnetic man with a promising program to put Germany back in the position of greatness it deserves among the nations of the world. When you arrive I will take you

to him. You will discover as you hear him tell about his organization which is already well established and his proposals for the future that you will be drawn to him. But to build his organization further he needs your help." So in about a week Mr. S. was on his way. The Count took him to meet Adolph Hitler in a downtown office. Mr. S. was well impressed with Hitler's explanation of the policies and objectives of National Socialism. He liked Hitler's plan to "stop the Communists and all other radical elements" as a first step before the reconstruction of Germany could begin. With enough help Hitler promised to eliminate all the radical and left-wing organizations. Mr. S. gave some details about how this was done: Hitler's organization dispersed storm troopers among audiences at union meetings, communist gatherings, etc. The troopers were dressed like workers but carried concealed weapons including blackjacks and hand guns. Many of them were convicts released from prison on the condition that they serve in these storm troop groups. With no apparent compunction Mr. S. described their tactics in breaking up meetings by all of them suddenly jumping up at once in the middle of a speech or program, slugging everybody near by, physically attacking the speaker and shooting wildly until the meeting was dispersed and workers were too terrified to plan any more meetings. In this way Hitler promised to eliminate labor unions, communists and all radical organizations. When the time came—in the near future—he would deal with the Bolshevik menace in Russia also, and put an end to it for all time. But he needed money.

Mr. S. said that he himself had made a substantial contribution and persuaded his friends to do the same. But now he has turned against Hitler, he said, because of the non-aggression pact that Hitler signed with the Soviets in 1939. This, he said, amounted to a double-cross and he wanted to inform the American people about it. He was incensed to find that after Hitler's industrial and military might had been built into a formidable power with substantial help from private industrialists and government officials in the USA and other Western countries, Hitler then offered the Soviets a non-aggression pact which, in brief, promised not to attack the Soviet Union if the Soviet Union would not attack Nazi Germany. (It is of course common knowledge now that Hitler broke this pact by attacking the Soviet Union. It is also well known that for some time the Soviet Union had been unsuccessfully seeking a military alliance with the Western European nations against Hitler, and only after having been repeatedly thwarted in this effort did the Soviets accept Hitler's offer of a non-aggression pact as the best available means of postponing the outbreak of war).

What angered Mr. S. was the fact that instead of attacking the Soviet Union Hitler had turned against the west European countries while signing a non-aggression pact with the Soviets. This was unforgivable and Mr. S. wanted his audience to know it.

After the speech one or two innocuous questions from the audience were answered briefly. Then a woman asked about the morality of hiring thugs to beat up workers who met to discuss and protest against their grievances. Abruptly the chairman announced that there was no time left to answer questions; the meeting was adjourned. I left with a heavy heart.

3.4 In the Airforce—A Close Look at Wartime Sabotage

In September 1942 I was inducted into the Air Force. I declined deferment which was available to me as Principal of the high school in Hancock, Minnesota, where, incidentally, I was offered a substantial increase in salary. I felt strongly that I wanted to do whatever I could toward the destruction of the Nazi power in Europe. At about this time the Nazis were making a supreme effort to capture Stalingrad. Our press and radio were daily reporting that the Red Army was unable to stop the Nazis and that Soviet resistance would soon collapse.

A University of Minnesota professor, sponsored by the First National Bank of Minneapolis, was each day "backgrounding the news" as he called it, and predicting that the Red Army would last only "three more weeks", and the war would then be over (with a Hitler victory, of course). A week later he was predicting that in two more weeks it would all be over except "mopping up the remnants" of the Red Army. He implied that a Nazi victory over the Soviet Union and its consequences in terms of what Hitler might do after that caused him no concern. But to me the prospect was unthinkable. The Red Army was defending not only the Soviet Union but also the USA and all humanity everywhere in the world. If Hitler were to succeed against the Soviets, big business and industrial circles in America would put pressure on our government to make peace with Hitler, and these same circles would then work for the adoption of Nazi programs and policies in the USA. However, as the weeks went by the Red Army was able to hold fast and to increase its destruction of the Hitler forces.

I was sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, for basic training. Then with about forty other men I was transferred to the aeronautics school in Kansas City, Missouri, for special training over the next three months[19].

The reports we heard about Stalingrad continued to indicate improvement for the Red Army even though the situation remained serious. Then soon after the beginning of the new year 1943 the Red Army encircled hundreds of thousands of Hitler's troops. Among the hordes of Nazis taken prisoner were Field Marshall General Paulus and his staff. Obviously the professor who had been "backgrounding the news" was not as accurate a predictor as he would have wanted his listeners to believe. It was now the Red Army who were doing the "mopping up." There were of course still many tough battles such as the one at Kursk, but the victory at Stalingrad seemed to be a turning point in the war. Now in our press there appeared an occasional proposal for a negotiated peace instead of unconditional surrender by the Germans.

From time to time instances of sabotage came to light. In early 1943 I came across a short article in the Kansas City Star newspaper reporting that Anaconda Copper Company had sold to our government several million dollars' worth of copper wire to be sent to the Soviet Union under the lend-lease arrangement. The wire, intended fro communication purposes, was to be used in military operations against the Nazi aggressors. The report stated that when the Red Army men installed the wire between communication points the circuits suddenly failed so that communications were halted. Investigation revealed that the entire shipment of wire was defective and had to be junked.

Not long after that report the same newspaper reported that some sixty or seventy thousand trucks made by the Chrysler Corporation and sold to the US government were shipped, again under the lend-lease plan, to the Soviet Union. When these trucks were on their way to the front lines with their loads of war supplies, the gears of so many of them broke down that the Red Army found them useless for hauling critically important materials and, according to the newspaper report, had to abandon them.

It was not only from newspaper reports that I learned of sabotage in the USA of war supplies for our allies. After completing our training program in

[19]Author's note: Cliff earned the rating of "Qualified Machinist" and was put in charge of the machine shop. Later in his spare time, he carefully constructed a precise, small-scale model of a steam threshing engine. After leaving military service, on rare occasions he enjoyed amusing his family and friends by starting up the engine, using straw as fuel.

Kansas City several of us were transferred to Robins Field, an Air Force base in Georgia. We were assigned the job of inventorying the acres of machines, tools and accessories for the 40th Repair Squadron in preparation for overseas transfer. We were to check the machines for any flaws or damage, to make sure they were in good condition before shipment. Then we were to crate the machines in airtight boxes for protection against salt from the sea during shipment. Some of them were valued at forty or fifty thousand dollars each, and were so heavy that large dollies were needed to move them. Each of the boxes in which they were to be shipped was large enough to enclose an automobile.

Another repair squadron—the 33rd—was working in the space next to us, under the same vast roof that protected the acres of machines and equipment. Those men were scheduled to go overseas at least a month before we were. They were much further along in their work of readying the machines for shipment. Working side by side, the personnel of the two squadrons learned to know each other and many of them became friends. So when their machines were loaded on a mile-long train of flat cars, the crates covered with canvas and the personnel coaches at the end of the train were in place many of our squadron were on hand to see them off, and we felt a little sad to see them go.

Our own departure was to be in about a month. Meantime we would be busy crating the machines, making sure all accessories for each machine were packed with it, etc. My commanding officer warned me to be on guard against such sabotage as removal of essential parts or damage to them before crating.

We were working on this task about two weeks after the departure of the 33rd when suddenly a train came back on the track next to our warehouse. On the flat cars were large crates covered with tarpaulins. At first we assumed that they contained equipment for the next repair squadron that would work here after our departure. But now the men from the rear coaches appeared—they were our friends from the 33rd! Some one called to them, "What the hell, we thought you would be on the boat by now!" But the men were dejected, they answered our greetings without spirit and without explanation. They began to remove the canvas covers and unload the crates. With the noisy dollies moving the large boxes they gradually filled the huge space that had been empty for two weeks. Then they began the task of breaking open the boxes with sledge hammers. Inside were rocks! A few overcoats, a few pairs of boots, and more rocks! The next crate contained nothing but rocks and

a sack of coffee beans. In the next box were more rocks, many of them too heavy for several men to lift. This routine went on for several days before the entire trainload of rocks was removed. The men explained that after this trainload of machinery had arrived at the dock and was being loaded onto the boat one box happened to fall from the dolly and break open so the handlers could see what was inside. They discovered that instead of the machine that the identification label indicated, it contained only rocks. So they opened the next box; it contained only rocks. More boxes revealed more of the same. So the entire shipment was returned to Robins Field to be opened there. A whole trainload of rocks hauled back to Robins Field from the east coast! Had it not been for the accidental breakage of one box these rocks could and doubtless would have been carried to England. We never learned what happened to the machines. Obviously Hitler had influential friends in high places somewhere along the line who had accomplished substantial sabotage on behalf of the Nazis. It may be assumed also that American taxpayers had to pay a second time for the replacement of the machines and tools that were sidetracked. Some industrialists no doubt thus increased their profits. And at best there was a long delay in getting machinery to the places where it was badly needed by our fighting allies.

At the suggestion of the Colonel who headed the Air Corps staff school I was transferred to the school as instructor in shop mathematics, machine design and shop work. I had very mixed feelings about the transfer and felt left behind when I watched the men of the 46th say goodbye to their wives and children on the evening before their departure for Europe.

On the morning of June 23, 1944, I was surprised to receive a request to report to Room 106 at the Base Intelligence Office by 10 A.M. The lieutenant there began by saying that I had been called in because I was talking too much about Nazism; he wanted me to stop talking as I did about Hitler and the Nazis. When I got past my initial shock and surprise I asked what was wrong in talking as I did against Nazis? I told him that of course I often referred to them as beasts: in 1937 I visited Germany as a tourist and had conversations with Nazis who told me about the program and aims of National Socialism (Nazism). They said they were determined that only the children of the wealthy upper classes should have access to higher education and participate in government or politics. They said that was the will of God. They claimed to know that it was God's will that the people of the working class should not participate in public affairs or have any part in decisions regarding social or economic problems. They told me that a broad education

should not be available to the working masses because it would enable them to know too much, they would then become dissatisfied and troublesome to the rulers. I went on to say that having learned first-hand from the Nazis what their hideous program was, I knew what I was talking about. And now they were killing not only thousands of American soldiers in the battles on the Normandy beach-head and in France itself, but in the countries they occupied they were also killing defenseless women and children. I reminded the lieutenant of the many extermination camps, the gas chambers, the slave camps where wealthy German industrialists were getting factory laborers free by turning train loads of Jews and other captured people into slaves so the industrialists could swell their profits. "Now," I added, "You are telling me that I should stop talking against this. Really, why did you call me in to ask this of me?" He answered that there was a complaint. "So," I said, "Instead of calling me in, you should investigate the complainer. He must be pro-Nazi. Who is he?" Of course the lieutenant did not tell me his name. He suggested that I just stop talking about the war. I should relax, have fun, go out and make new friends; there were some nice women working in the nearby industrial plants, I could have a good time. "But please," he said, "stop talking the way you do about Nazism. You undoubtedly know what you are talking about. But don't take the war so seriously." He patted me on the shoulder as he walked with me to the door and said in a lowered voice, "Please, stop talking about Nazism and when you join the other men don't say anything about this interview or why you were called in here." Without answering I walked out and returned to my area just as the men were lining up for the noon meal. When someone asked where I had been I answered, "At the Base Intelligence Office." "Did you get the Commission the Colonel recommended you for?" "No," I said, "guess again." I then explained that I had been told to stop talking against our Nazi enemies. They were astounded. "You're kidding!" was the response of several of them. I told them that I wasn't kidding, and that I intended to find out if I was in an American army or not. So after lunch I discussed the incident with our commanding officer. He kept repeating that he could not understand it. I suggested an investigation and told him that I was willing to sign an affidavit but he said, "No, there must be something that you and I don't understand." I disagreed, stating that I considered it evidence of subversion in our ranks. He refused to take any action so nothing more was done about it. I continued to speak out against the Nazi beasts at every opportunity as I had done before I was called in on the matter.

Of course I recognized that the Nazis had simply carried to an extreme some of the practices that were prevalent also in other capitalist countries including our own. The Nazi's main targets of racial discrimination were the Jewish people; here in the USA the Black people have been the main victims. In our southern states the discrimination was more open and obvious, more institutionalized than in the north. Three incidents illustrate the climate of opinion in Georgia at that time (1944).

One Sunday afternoon I boarded a bus for Macon, about twenty miles from Robins Field. The rear seat extended the width of the bus and accommodated five passengers; it was reserved for Blacks and was the only seating available to them, the rest was reserved for Whites. When all the passengers had boarded the bus the rear seat was filled and one Black serviceman was standing. I sat just in front of the wide rear seat and there was an empty seat beside me, so I gestured for him to take the empty seat. When the driver spotted this through his rear-view mirror he pulled to the side of the highway, stopped the bus, walked back to my Black companion and said, "You Nigger get up!" I protested, "Let him sit. I don't object. He is wearing the same kind of uniform as I am. He is expected to give his life for freedom if necessary just as I am, and to protect all Americans. Let him be." But the driver raised his voice and repeated, "You Nigger get up!" By now the bus full of White people, men and women, got out of their seats and began verbally abusing me, calling me filthy names and mumbling that I should be lynched. Of course the Black serviceman had jumped up hurriedly. The driver returned to his place and drove on, but White passengers continued to turn around in their seats to look at me, repeating threats and profanity. The drive continued for another fifteen miles or so, and gradually their wrath cooled so that when we reached Macon they went their separate ways. When most of them had gone I quickly got off the bus and tried to lose myself in the crowds. I can never forget that frightening experience.

Another incident that pointed up the racist attitudes in American society occurred one evening during that summer of 1944. I was reading in the lounge at the servicemen's center in Macon when a minister from a local Methodist church was making his casual rounds visiting with servicemen. He introduced himself, asked about my native state of Minnesota, etc. We entered into a discussion about the progress of the war. I mentioned my earlier visit to Germany and what it revealed about the nature and tactics of the Nazi enemy. He appeared very interested and asked many questions; we talked until almost closing time. Then he expressed warm appreciation

for an interesting discussion and invited me to come to his church on Sunday mornings. I thanked him and added that if I did come I would bring my brother from Brooklyn who was also at Robins Field. The minister asked in surprise, "You have a brother at Robins Field?" "Not in the sense you mean," I replied, "but there is a black man at Robins Field who has become a very good friend, a brother in the service." The minister's face dropped. "Well," he said, "as you know, we in Macon we have separate churches for Negro people. I am afraid it would not be well to bring him to our church." I responded that if my friend would not be welcome at his church then I also would not want to come, adding, "As a minister you must know that Christ taught universal brotherhood. As a professed Christian you should welcome any and all people." I asked if he had read the Dean of Canterbury's book, "Soviet Power". He had not read it but had heard of it. I offered to mail him a copy and told him that in it he would learn that in the Soviet Union people of all races live together as brother and sister, according to Christ's teachings. After that the embarrassed minister and I parted company.

Still another incident demonstrated how heartless people accustomed to the standards of racial discrimination can become: I had just stepped off the bus at Macon one morning when I noticed a Black woman with five children ranging from about two to ten or twelve years. They can from the waiting room marked "Colored" and went to a bus that was taking on passengers for Savannah. But the bus driver directed her and her children to stand aside so that White people could board the bus first. As more and more White people got on, she and he children waited. Then the driver told her that the bus was full, there was no more room for her. She silently went with her children back to the "Colored" waiting room. I asked the dispatcher when the next Savannah bus would come; one-half hour I was told. I decided to wait and see what would happen to this woman then. The very same thing happened again. She was pushed aside with the children; again there was no room after the White people had been accommodated. She and her children had to go back again to the "Colored" waiting room. I stayed to watch two more buses and still she failed to get on one to Savannah with her children. I then left until about 8 P.M. when I came back to catch my bus to Robins Field, and there was the mother with her children again making a try for the Savannah bus. When my bus came I boarded it without seeing the outcome. For some time I was preoccupied with thoughts of how ruthless human beings can be toward fellow human beings because of traditions and propaganda.

It is not possible to imagine incidents like the above occurring in the Soviet

Union. There the economic distinctions that set one class above another have been removed and racial discrimination no longer exists. This is one basic reason why the Soviet people with all their diversified languages and cultures were united, as we were not, in the war against the Nazis. They carried the major burden in the task of destroying the Nazi forces. President Roosevelt, I recall, said not long before his death that the Red Army had destroyed more Nazis than all the other allies together. In retrospect I'm convinced that had it not been for the Soviet forces, Hitler and the Nazis would have won the war. If that had happened the whole world would have become subject to Nazi domination, and civilization would have gone back to the dark ages. Here in the U.S. the Constitution with its Bill of Rights would have become just a scrap of paper. Labor unions would have been outlawed. Public schools would have been closed down. Throughout the world the Jewish people first and then other minority peoples would have been hunted down and destroyed. The industrial monopolists would have been the absolute masters of all the resources, human and material—this was the keystone of Nazidoctrine.

The Soviet Union lost twenty million people repelling the Nazi invaders from their land, and thereby saved the lives of many Americans, including perhaps my own. Since my return from almost three years in war service I have been and will continue to be grateful to the Soviet people for their major contributions to the Allied victory.

3.5 House Construction—and Wild Pets (by Chris)

After his honorable discharge from military service in 1945 Cliff joined the Veteran's Administration as a training officer. His work included locating jobs for veterans who were having difficulty finding jobs on their own, and helping them if necessary to adjust to the requirements of their employment after they were hired. He was a frequent intermediary between the employer and the veteran. With his background in vocational training and guidance he was well suited to this work and he enjoyed it.

But he very much wanted to build a home of his own. He knew what architectural style he wanted; he had seen houses in Europe that appealed to him aesthetically. And he knew he could do it. He had never built a complete house but he had done some building for his brothers—remodeling Ray's

home, and completing Irvs' when it became apparent that the contractor was doing sub-standard work.

When we were married in the fall of 1947 Cliff started to build our house, on a lot next to Irv's. He worked on the construction in the evenings and on week-ends while continuing with his VA job, so of course the work went very slowly—especially when he was transferred to St. Cloud for some months and came home only on week-ends. My 20-year-old son lent him a hand to close in the basement before winter would set in.

As soon as we could, on a snowy December 1st, we moved in. Our temporary basement home was comfortable enough. The ceiling was a little higher than most—in order, Cliff said, to accommodate "Highpockets" (the nickname of his very tall friend who loved to dance). We lived in three rooms; the fourth became Cliff's workshop. A fireplace that took up most of the north wall of the living room added a note of cheerfulness. On one occasion that fireplace was put to important practical use—a heavy summer storm hit our area, knocking out power lines, uprooting trees that blocked the streets and driveways, etc. No one could go anywhere, except on foot. Our electrically operated water pump was temporarily useless; we brought wash water in buckets from the nearby pond. I cooked our meals in the fireplace. We felt very much like pioneers for the three days that the emergency lasted.

The frame of the house was up and Cliff was putting on the roof when in 1948 he was nominated to run for Congress in the primary of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party election. He was very reluctant to accept the nomination because of being busily occupied with house construction, but he felt that it was his duty to accept; he worked hard in the campaign while being well aware that the odds of being elected were against him. Still, he saw the campaign as an opportunity to inform people about the aims of the DFL Party. His program was:

1. Repeal the Taft-Hartley Law.
2. Bring Down the Cost of Living.
3. No Draft or Military Training in Peace Time.
4. Create a Fair Employment Practices Commission and end all Racial and Religious Discrimination.
5. Federal Aid for Public Housing, for Schools, for a Health Program and for expanded Security, including $100 a month for Old-Age Pensions.

6. Full Aid to Our Veterans.

In the election Cliff ended up with about 3000 votes; the winner, Eugene McCarthy, received about 11,000.

It was no surprise to Cliff that soon after the election his job with the VA was terminated, ostensibly because of staff reduction but he felt sure that his political activity was the unstated reason.

However, he was soon offered an opportunity for re-instatement, so he wrote to the Secretary of the Progressive Party of Ramsey County on November 24, 1948, "As I have been recalled to the active service of the Veteran's Administration of the United States, it is necessary for me to resign absolutely and unconditionally as of this day from my office as Chairman of the Progressive Party of Ramsey County, Minnesota, and because of these circumstances, I must consider my connection completely severed. Respectfully yours, Clifford Herness."

But as it turned out, the new VA assignment was to be in Worthington, Minnesota, about 180 miles from our half-built home in the St. Paul suburb of Lauderdale. Cliff was eager to finish building the house. He had already spent some time working in St. Cloud while building, and Worthington was much farther away; too much time would be spent in commuting. So he let the VA job go and spent full time on house construction.

While he was building he was surrounded by the little wild animals that lived in the area. He made friends of some of them; he tamed a wild rabbit so that it ate graham crackers from his hand. He "talked" with a squirrel while he was working on the roof, so that when he was at one end of the ridge-pole and the squirrel at the other end, it kept coming closer and closer at the sound of his voice. Once when I turned on a small motor to spray an apple tree I inadvertently startled a mourning dove that was nesting in a pine tree near by; she flew across the road to the edge of the pond with frightened cries. Cliff kept repeating her call and in this way gradually lured her, in a series of short flights a few yards at a time, back to her nest.

He had an unusual ability to imitate sounds, not only of birds. Sometimes, to the amusement of a very few close friends—but never in public—he ridiculed pompous politicians by imitating their speech. And one had to be really an intimate friend to hear—and only if he happened to be in the mood for it—his amusingly accurate imitation of "a steam engine with a leaky piston".

He continued to build with painstaking care. Of course there was fre-

quent and recurring need for supplies; our modest pooled savings and my current earnings hardly sufficed to cover the costs. But even when money was "tight" we subscribed to a number of progressive periodicals, and Cliff used the information he got from them to start conversations with people he met. When he went to builders' supply houses, etc., he usually found some way to strike up a conversation about what he had learned regarding the Soviet Union and the importance of building friendly relationships with that country. When, as often happened, he and I went shopping together I saw how readily he turned the conversation to favorable comments about the USSR by, for example, comparing prices or quality or working conditions. An interested clerk who could spare the time might get a practical lesson in economics—and perhaps a book or a magazine with an article about the Soviet Union the next time Cliff stopped in there.

His painstaking care in building is illustrated by the plastering, a kind of work he had not done before. So he started by extensive reading of library books on the subject. Then he went to nearby houses under construction and watched the plasterers at work. Next he plastered one wall in an out-of-the-way closet. Only then did he proceed to plaster all the rooms, even adding decorative moldings in the dining and living rooms.

Eventually the house was finished—with brick exterior, steep roof, and round entrance. Inside there was hand-carving on the fireplace mantel and on the built-in bookcase, etc. Years later Cliff added a garage, a breezeway and decorative stone outlining the terraces in front. But meantime he needed an income. He considered returning to teaching but having been away from the field for so long made it difficult.

There happened to be a lot for sale across the alley, facing the next street. We bought the lot and Cliff promptly built another house, this time with standard construction, similar to other houses on the block. It was rented before it was quite finished, and has never stood empty.

In time he built one more house, with red cedar and brick exterior, and with a separate apartment on a lower level.

While laying brick one time Cliff heard chirping in the grass behind him, and by imitating the sound he coaxed a baby duckling to come to him. It was so tiny and helpless that he put it in a cardboard box and gave it crackers and milk. It had apparently been abandoned by its mother. So each night Cliff put it in the box, and each morning he set it free but it stayed close to him. It was amusing to watch it huddle close to Cliff, and scramble wildly to get close again when he moved a few steps away to get more bricks or mortar.

My grandchildren called the duck "Daddles", and the name stuck. It tried to follow Cliff everywhere, but of course it had to stay home when he went shopping for supplies. One spring day when he was gone longer than usual Daddles disappeared. That evening the T.V. news reported that a duck had stopped traffic on a nearby street (Broadway) during the evening rush hour, by slowly waddling across, ignoring the cars. Cliff put an ad in the "lost-and-found" column of the daily paper. Very early the next Sunday morning a phone call came from a woman who lived on the other side of Broadway;she reported that she had a duck in her back yard that did not want to swim but liked to run after her son's ball. With an excited, "That's Daddles!" Cliff hurried over to her home in his car. The moment the duck saw him it rushed at him with a great flapping of wings and noisy commotion; the woman said laughingly, "He's yours, all right!"

The story of Cliff's life would be incomplete without some reference to his profound love of music. He especially enjoyed listening to the great classics and lively dance music. Over the years he accumulated a collection of records with which he sometimes entertained his friends. Quite often he listened in solitude to his favorites.

He combined his hobbies of woodcarving and music by making a hand-carved base for his turntable which was unfortunately stolen in 1971 when our home was burglarized. (Among the other things taken at that time were a slide projector and the carrousel with 100 cherished slides from our 1969 trip to the USSR).

Because for several years he could not spare much time to practice playing his saxophone, Cliff's playing was not up to his own exacting standards so he gradually abandoned it.

While in the process of making the first of a pair of built-in, hand-carved stereophonic speakers Cliff happened to find elsewhere a set that he liked at a price he could afford. The unfinished carving still hangs on the living room wall.

While Cliff was building houses, the brother next door and his wife were supplementing their income by running a small orthopedic sewing business from their home. At their suggestion, when Cliff stopped building houses he started making orthopedic furniture but that business never prospered and was discontinued after about a year.

In the spring of 1969 I retired after 23 years of work at a child guidance clinic, but with a commitment to start work in a public school system the following September. As soon as I told Cliff that I would have the summer

free he suggested a trip to the Soviet Union. He wanted to see what progress had been made since his 1937 tour, and he also wanted me to see for myself some of the things that he had been telling me about. It was clear from the enthusiastic way in which he made the suggestion that this was something he had been wanting for a long time.

It turned out to be a highlight in both our lives.

3.6 More Travel; Founding the MCASF.

In 1969 anti-Soviet feeling was so strong in our country that the travel agency nearest to our home refused to handle arrangements for a trip to the USSR, giving as the reason, "We don't want any American money to go to Russia". But we soon learned that there were travel agencies in New York that would handle the arrangements. We flew to Luxembourg and went from there to Osnabrück in the Federal Republic of Germany where we picked up our pre-purchased Karmann Ghia Volkswagen.

In West Germany our bus driver complained about his difficult working conditions; he had been driving continuously for eight hours and yet, after dropping us off at Köln he would have to drive all the way back to Spain, a distance of roughly 800 miles, before he could stop to get some sleep. And at Osnabrück the man who sold us our car complained of lengthened working hours and reduced pay; he was at the point of taking another job the next day but worried that the company to which he was transferring might not be able to remain solvent. So we concluded that working conditions in the FRG were far from satisfactory.

We drove north into Denmark and from there to Sweden. In these countries we stayed in tourist rooms rather than hotels, mainly to keep our expenses low; but this also gave us a better opportunity to visit with people in their homes. From Stockholm we took the ferry to Turku, Finland, where the scenery ranged from pleasant to spectacularly beautiful. But as it happened, it was also in Finland that we made the acquaintance of an anti-Soviet bigot, a man who tried to give us merchandise to sell on the black market after we would arrive in the Soviet Union—for no purpose that we could perceive except to make trouble.

The border crossing to the Soviet Union was uneventful. Our baggage was cursorily examined, we were asked a few simple questions about our health histories, we exchanged some traveler's checks for rubles, and we were on our

way. We drove through long stretches of wooded country that reminded us very much of northern Minnesota, the trees looked much the same. There were no billboards, and very few signs of any kind.

As we approached Leningrad we watched for signs directing us to an "Intourist" office, since our travel agent had told us that we would find them everywhere and they could tell us where our hotel reservations were. But we saw no such sign. We drove on, into the business section of the city. We saw a few street signs which we could not read on buildings near the intersections; and two or three times we had to detour because of street repairs but the detours made no real difference to us because we had no idea where in the city we were or which direction to go.

Several times we tried to ask pedestrians for directions but we could not understand their responses which were, of course, in Russian. Finally a young man asked in English, "Can I help you?" His name was Vadim, he told us that he was a student at the University of Leningrad, he had learned English in school, starting in about the fourth grade. He went with us to the nearest Intourist office and from there to the Vyborgskaya Hotel where our reservations were. As he helped us to register, etc. he told us that he had a few days free before taking a summer job and would like to show us his city. Cliff offered to hire him as our guide but he remonstrated, "No, I don't mean that. I don't need the money. As a student I get my stipend each month, and I'll earn money working this summer too. But Leningrad is my city and I want you to have a good visit here!" It was agreed that we would meet in the lobby at nine the next morning.

After he had gone we went to the restaurant next door to the hotel. We were probably the only non-Russians there. The menus were printed in Russian and at that time we did not realize that we could ask for an English one. So I hesitantly pronounced the Russian words for meat and vegetables, and was pleased when the waiter brought us a stew. While we were eating a man who spoke some English joined us at our table. He was a young engineer from Odessa; we enjoyed a good, friendly conversation with him.

The Vyborgskaya Hotel was very busy. Big busloads of travelers were leaving or arriving at frequent intervals. The lobby was piled with luggage being brought in or taken out. We judged most of the guests to be either Soviets or Finns. It was a surprise to us to meet a couple from California, they were checking out after what they described as a wonderful vacation in the Soviet Union. They called our attention to the Beryozka souvenir shop off the lobby where only foreign (i.e. non-Soviet) money is accepted and

some items are surprisingly low priced.

The next morning Vadim came with a bouquet of flowers. He took us first, at Cliff's request, to the historic Peter and Paul Fortress. He refused to let Cliff pay our bus fare, saying that it wasn't much. (Later we learned that a bus fare is less than a nickel). The Fortress was built in 1703 by Peter the Great. Later we went to the Hermitage with its gorgeously beautiful, spacious rooms and ornate furniture, unlike anything I had ever seen before, or even imagined. As we walked from one luxurious room to another Vadim said, "Keep in mind that the Tzars were accumulating all this wealth while the ordinary working people had to wrap their feet in rags because they could not afford shoes". His words reminded me of the old geography book that I studied in elementary school—about 1915—in which Russia was described as a country of illiterates; an accompanying picture showed a grim, shabby peasant with his feet wrapped in rags. What remarkable progress has come about in our lifetime!

The next day we had our first ride on a hydrofoil. In a very short time we arrived at Petrodvorets, about twenty miles from Leningrad, and spent most of the day there. More than one hundred fountains, each more beautiful than the others, were scattered about over many acres of park-like grounds. There were sunny walks with flower borders, and shady walks with birds singing everywhere.(And plenty of park benches to rest for a while). We were told that in Tzarist times the people were not allowed to come within three miles of the palace grounds but now we saw people all over the place, enjoying the beauty and in a few instances eating picnic lunches but without creating any litter. On the palace grounds were a few ice-cream stands; for about fifteen cents apiece we each had a cone and they were so tasty that from then on we regularly had ice-cream for lunch while traveling in the Soviet Union. The palace itself was lighter in coloring and in atmosphere than the Winter Palace but just as luxurious. It had been largely destroyed by the Nazis during the long siege of Leningrad. After the war, as their resources permitted the Soviets began the Herculean task of restoring the palace to its original grandeur.

Vadim who had an exaggerated idea of American well-being asked us if we were rich; he thought we were because we could travel to his country. Of course we explained that we were far from rich, we were working people who had to do without other things in order to make this trip. He told us that he had been getting his information about our country from listening to the "Voice of America" broadcasts. Cliff responded at some length, explaining

that the "Voice of America" is a propaganda agency whose broadcasts are not to be taken at face value. This seemed to be a new idea to Vadim. He listened intently and replied soberly, "I will not forget".

We were sorry to leave Leningrad on the morning scheduled. Vadim rode with us to the outskirts of the city ; he assured us that the road to Moscow went straight ahead, we would have no trouble following it. But eventually we came to a fork in the road and after some hesitation we took the road to the right. We drove perhaps a dozen miles or so when a large billboard (the first we had seen in Russia) announced that this was the new Leningrad-Kiev highway! So we had taken the wrong fork way back there. What to do? It seemed logical to drive on until we came to a good crossroad and go left on it until we reached the road we should have taken in the first place.

It was then that we had our first meeting with Russian policemen. The well-paved road we turned onto may have been the entrance to a military facility. In any case, we were stopped by two guards who asked for our passports. Since we did not understand much of what they said in Russian, and they did not understand what we said in English, I explained as best I could in my very inadequate German which, luckily, one of them understood. They were very courteous and as helpful as they could be; they said that if we got lost that easily they would advise us to go back to where we made the wrong turn; we would not be able to find any short-cut to Moscow. So we turned back, took the other fork of the road and proceeded as fast as the heavy truck traffic would permit. We passed the city of Novgorod without stopping, stayed overnight at a comfortable "Motel" at Kallinin, and continued south the next morning toward Moscow.

Again in Moscow a friendly stranger offered to show us around the city, actually taking a day off from work to do so. With him we rode on the world-famous subway and on city busses. We shopped in stores and toured museums. Cliff was very well impressed with the progress in living standards since his earlier visit 32 years before; in spite of the intervening horribly destructive war people were now better dressed, better fed, better housed—and better educated.

We spent one evening at the home of a good friend who confirmed our impression that walking on the streets was safe at any time of the day or night; he (a physician) told us that he had never heard of any traveler being assaulted on a Moscow street. So we walked about freely late into the evenings, trusting Cliff's unfailing sense of direction to get us back to our hotel.

On leaving Moscow we drove south to Kiev, then to Odessa and Kishinev, stopping briefly at smaller towns along our route—altogether about 3000 miles in the USSR. Along the way we had talked (often through interpreters) with educators, physicians, students, athletes, a mayor, clerks and people in the streets. Without exception they were better informed about our country than most U.S. citizens are about theirs. They all yearn for a peaceful world and support their government's initiatives in promoting it. These initiatives are not widely reported in our U.S. media; instead the Soviet Union is usually portrayed as aggressively militaristic. Cliff became convinced that such anti-soviet reports in our news media are, basically, deliberately misleading propaganda aimed at advancing the interests of the military-industrial complex against which President Eisenhower and others have repeatedly warned us. Having clearly understood this, Cliff saw no alternative but to do all that he could to report the truth; it was simply inconceivable to him to do otherwise.

We crossed the border near Kishinev and soon arrived at Birlad, Romania; a small town with very narrow streets. The woman in charge at the hotel spoke German fluently. When I asked her where we should park our car since it was blocking the street where it stood, she answered, "*Gerade da! Nichts passiert!*" ("Right there! Nothing will happen!") So we left it right there and went into the dining room. While we were eating a young man who was alone at a nearby table came over to us and introduced himself as Gabriel "Gabby, for short". He had heard us talking English. He learned English in school and liked to keep in practice. But there were no English-speaking tourists in Birlad recently. Until last year, he told us, there had been large numbers of single young American men arriving constantly, telling Gabby and his friends how wonderful everything is in the USA. But abruptly last year they stopped coming. (That would be 1968, the year of the Czechoslovakian government crisis which set off a propaganda furor in the United States.) We asked for specifics about what the young American travelers had told him and his friends. Gabby replied that for one thing, they talked about the easy life of college students in the USA. As a college student himself, he was interested in that. In the USA, they told him, all the students drive around in fine cars, they have lots of money, and if there is something else they want, they riot so they get it. "But we are not allowed to riot!" he pouted with amazing naivete. "What do you want to riot about?" Cliff asked. "About the small stipend we get from our government!", he answered. "We don't get very much." He found it hard to believe Cliff's assertion that students in

the United States get no automatic stipend from the government and have to pay tuition besides. He had never heard about tuition, he had difficulty understanding the concept. "A public college is for the public, isn't it?" he asked, "and supported by public funds? How then can they charge for it? Young people need and have a right to education. The country needs educated people!" The young men from America had told him so many interesting things he could not remember all of them but he had been so impressed that he very much wanted to visit America himself. He had saved up enough money to live on for a month in Romania, and then asked a visiting young American how long that amount of money would last in the USA. "About a day and a half," the man had told him. So Gabby reluctantly gave up the idea of traveling to see the USA for himself.

When we asked him why such young men had abruptly stopped coming to Romania in 1968 he had no answer. He had probably never heard of the C.I.A. and if he had it would never occur to him that, having failed to wipe out socialism in Czechoslovakia, the U.S. secret agency may have concluded that subversive efforts were no more likely to succeed in Romania. What other explanation can there be for the large influx of unattached young American men in even the small towns of Romania, and the sudden cessation of all this travel after Czechoslovakia got rid of the anti-socialist element in its leadership?

When we finished eating Gabby invited us and a hotel guest from Switzerland to walk with him to his home to meet his family. His father taught in a higher school and would get home very late this evening but his mother and younger sister were there. The home was a substantial, frame house with attractive, comfortable furniture, good quality carpets and tapestries. For the rest of the evening Gabby was a busy interpreter and his mother a gracious hostess.

The next day along the road to Bucharest we saw many houses with paintings or other decorations on the porch walls and sometimes designs made of bits of glass embedded in the stucco, setting off the gables. We reached Bucharest during the hottest part of a hot day, July 4th. Almost the first thing we saw was an ice-cream stand on the corner, near a large office building. Our hotel was large and luxurious; the cost was moderate.

Driving in Romania was easy, the highways were well marked with numbered routes, arrows indicated the direction to major cities. The scenery was beautiful; the mountains reminded us of Norway. The city of Sibiu was a pleasant surprise. We had read in a travel brochure about the old town, the

ancient churches, the museum and other historical places. But what we saw were avenues of fine new apartment buildings with neat lawns, and young trees bordering the wide streets. In the picture Cliff took of one such street a few people were strolling along the sidewalk, some of them with small children. These people are definitely not living in the past!

Our hotel was beautiful, and beautifully landscaped. In addition to the usual amenities there was an outdoor dining area with the kind of atmosphere that in our own country would be accurately described as "exclusive". Practically all the tables were taken. Obviously, in socialist Romania many people can afford to eat at delightful, "exclusive" places like this. We drove on the next day through mountainous country. We watched the trains with steam locomotives disappear into tunnels in the mountainsides and reappear some distance farther on. When we stopped for gas or lunch our conversations with the Romanians were usually brief because of the language problem, but we were able to learn that Oradea would be the last town on the Romanian side of the Hungarian border where we would be able to find lodging.

We arrived at Oradea in the early evening. Young people in tremendously large numbers were in the streets talking, laughing, singing, casually socializing. The hotel was easily located but the rooms were all taken (we had made no reservation). The clerk suggested that we stay in an approved private home. We phoned the home owner who came to the hotel to direct us to her home a few blocks away. She was a pleasant, middle-aged woman who spoke German readily, while I translated as best I could for Cliff. After a while I asked her, at Cliff's suggestion, if she was better off under the present regime than she had been before Romania became socialist. She answered that she herself was not as well off as before because now she was alone, her husband was no longer living and her grown children were in Bucharest where they were doing well but she missed them, and of course she missed her husband. She has enough income, she said, and she can supplement it by taking in tourists like ourselves. Still, she was better off before. But if we were asking about the great majority of the people, "They are so much better off now that there is no comparison," she said. In the old days, very few could afford a higher education. Now education is completely free and "all of them who have any ability or aptitude can become anything they want to be."

When we drove on into Hungary the formalities at the border were brief and simple. A room was reserved for us in the dormitory of the University of Budapest, part of which was being used as a tourist hotel during the summer when most students were on vacation. We went sightseeing on foot, by bus

and by streetcar. With the help of a city map obtained in a bookstore near the campus we explored the surroundings and visited the old fort high on a hill overlooking the city.

After a few days we drove northwest toward Vienna, Austria. Our car was scheduled for servicing after 5000 miles and the nearest Volkswagen service station was at Brück, not far from Vienna. When we arrived there we saw a "Tourists—Room for Rent" sign by a private home. A woman was cutting roses in the front yard. She showed us the room, it was clean and convenient so we took it. Her husband came home in a little while; he was interested in where we had been and where we were going. When Russia was mentioned his hostility was obvious. He had been in Hitler's army, he said, and had been taken prisoner at Stalingrad. The prisoners had very little to eat; once they even dug up some potatoes that the Russians had just planted, "and we ate them without even washing them!" adding in a burst of feeling, "It's a wonder I'm still alive, no one understands what I've been through!" Getting more excited as he spoke, he went on, "There's nothing can stop those Russians! Nothing! They are in Hungary to the south of us and in Czechoslovakia to the north. I own this house but if the Russians ever come here, I leave it and I go!" He pointed dramatically toward the west. "If it's in the middle of the night, I go!" He was so dramatic that Cliff could hardly keep from laughing. As we listened to this Nazi veteran's report of the battle of Stalingrad it was clear that he considered the Russians to be the intruders in their own land. He thought they should have at least treated the Nazi prisoners like the superior men they considered themselves to be.

When our car was ready we drove on into Czechoslovakia. Since we were not required here to make advance hotel reservations and did not know how far we could comfortably travel in one day, we decided to take a chance on finding a room in whatever town we happened to be at the end of the day. Near the town of Znojmo we pulled off the road to check our map in order to determine if we were on the most direct road to Prague. A truck driver pulled up alongside and asked if we were having any problems. He explained that we were on the right road to Prague but it would take us through the town of Jihlava where we could easily lose our way. He was going in that direction. If we would follow him through the town he would be glad to lead the way. So we followed at first on open road and then through a complicated maze of narrow city streets with unmarked sharp turns, a route so intricate that we could never have found it by ourselves. When we again reached the open road, he pointed in the direction of our route and turned off onto a side

road. We went straight ahead until we reached the outskirts of Prague; at the approach to the city the street was blocked for repairs and no detour was marked. Again a friendly stranger led the way through the city.

By this time we were beginning to think about lodging for the night. After several stops for directions, etc. we found a small hotel in the town of Kralupy with one room still vacant.

In the morning we resumed our drive northward. At the border of the German Democratic Republic we were delayed for a couple of hours by the necessity of getting confirmation of our hotel reservations. We arranged to stay at Meissen the first night and at Potsdam for the other two nights that we would be in the GDR.

It is hard to describe our first impressions of Dresden. The bombed ruins of castles and other huge buildings, the ruins especially of the Frauenkirche with flowers and shrubs growing around them, the many new and attractive apartment buildings—all these things contributed to a mood that was a mixture of sadness over all the useless, mindless destruction of the past, and admiration for the courage of these people who were building for their future. With some conspicuous exceptions they have removed the war ruins and replaced them with attractive, modern structures. But they are leaving the once indescribably beautiful Frauenkirche as it is, to show the indiscriminate destructiveness of war. And they are determined that never again will a war start on their soil.

The town of Meissen is in a beautiful setting on the Elbe River, with an old castle high on a hill overlooking a picturesque bridge that was hazy with fog when we first saw it. The hotel was on the upper floors of a clean, modern looking railway station. We wondered if the noise and vibration of the trains might disturb our sleep but there was no such problem. After a good dinner in the restaurant on the first floor we were asked to take our passports to the police station, across the bridge and down the road to the right. We had a moment of apprehension, wondering what, if anything, could be wrong. In the USSR we had usually been asked to leave our passports at the hotel desk until our departure, but never to take them to the police. Later we learned that the reason was very simply that ours were the only passports to be checked that night, and so rather than ask the police to make a special trip to the hotel, it seemed reasonable to have us take the passports to the station instead. And besides, our walk to the station took us through a picturesque part of the city that the hotel people may have wanted us to see; the narrow winding road was bordered by little shops with all sorts of

interesting art objects and antiques.

At the police station we showed our passports to the first uniformed person we saw. He handed them to a companion who looked at Cliff, then at the passport, then back at Cliff wearing his gold-embroidered velvet skull-cap (bought in a Beryoska shop in Moscow) and joked, "It says here that you are an American. To me you look like an Uzbek farmer!" to which Cliff responded laughingly, "Thanks!" and, the ice broken, we had an hour-long, friendly discussion. They were sincerely interested in knowing our opinion of their country and they asked good questions about ours. They wondered why most U.S. citizens supported their government's aggression in Vietnam. To our question about their attitude toward re-unification of Germany they replied that they were not against it in principle but could not accept it as long as former Nazis were in positions of power and influence in the Federal Republic. Nor would they under any circumstances ever return to an economy run for the profit of a few rather than for the well-being of all.

The porcelain factory at Meissen has a constant stream of visitors. A guide explained the entire process of porcelain manufacture. We watched master craftsmen at work and admired the finished product.

The scenery was pleasant along the one hundred miles of good road from Meissen to Potsdam. The fine new "Interhotel" at Potsdam could be seen for some distance, it was so tall that it dominated the landscape. We were now within a few miles of Berlin, the capitol of the GDR. We telephoned Paul, a Berliner, whom we had met at the Bucharest Hotel in Moscow. He took us by train to Berlin, showed us some of the harmonious, massive new construction in the center of the city, and the shrapnel damage in some places not yet repaired. He took us to see the impressive Treptow war memorial to the Soviet fighters who died freeing Berlin from the Nazis, and he told us a little about his own experiences in Nazi concentration camps. He did not want to talk about those experiences every day, he said, but it is important that Americans understand. "We had ways of sending messages out from the camp", he told us, "and once we sent word to our Bulgarian trade union brothers, telling them of the terrible things going on in the camp. Word came back that they did not believe us. They said that Germany is a civilized country and things like that just can't happen there." Paul had been speaking English but he paused and then with strong emotion he said to me in his mother tongue, "Tell your husband that the reason those horrible things could happen was that the ordinary, decent German people did not know and did not believe it possible. The reason for the horrible war in

Vietnam now is that ordinary, decent Americans do not know what goes on, and if they are told, they don't believe it's possible! Tell your husband!" I translated.

On our way back to the hotel after Paul had left us at the transfer point a stranger who sat in front of us on the train turned around to ask how much we had seen of his country. He spoke enthusiastically of the progress in housing, health care, public education, recreational opportunities, and art by and for the people. He eagerly volunteered to take us around the city for the next couple of days and show us his country's accomplishments in some of these areas. When we said that we had to leave the next day he was sincerely disappointed. We had to get off the train at about this point; we regretted later that we did not get his name and address. Basically, his attitude was typical of the great majority of people we met in the GDR.

The next day was a crowded one. Our GDR visas were due to expire at midnight. Eisenach, where we would cross the border, was only about 200 miles of good highway from where we were, so we thought we could include some side excursions. We visited "Luther's Wittenberg" which Cliff had seen thirty-two years earlier; he wanted to take pictures of it to show to some church groups who might be interested because of its historical significance. While he was taking pictures I explored the neighborhood a little on foot and came across a cemetery with Russian names on the markers.

Back on the main highway we passed groves of pine trees with the bark cut in converging diagonal lines so the turpentine would run out into small buckets. Once we passed a field of hops, something which neither of us had ever seen before. As we skirted the edge of the city of Leipzig, we saw new construction—probably apartment buildings—extending for a tremendously long distance.

On one of our side excursions we happened to reach the town of Bad Bibra. At the hotel which stood close to the street, we stopped for supper. Our English speech attracted the attention of two young men at a nearby table; they asked us to join them for a glass of beer. We had a friendly conversation; they told us that peace in Vietnam is so important to them that they are giving a percentage of their wages each month to help the Vietnamese people. They were surprised and pleased when Cliff commended them for doing so; they had assumed that, as Americans, we supported our governments aggressions. They urged us to stay until the next day so they could show us the city park with lots of flowers now in bloom. Unfortunately we had to decline. We had already stayed in Bad Bibra longer than we had

planned, and now had to get back on the main highway and follow it straight to the border crossing at Eisenach. We arrived at the border before midnight with only a few minutes to spare. By the time we arrived I was too tired to function well; I fumbled in my purse for papers that normally I would have found promptly. And the customs officials seemed to take quite a while to check our car. I worried that if we did not proceed promptly we would not be able to find a hotel in time to get a good night's sleep. We didn't—not because of the time it took for customs clearance but because of such a heavy fog that we could not see to drive into "West Germany". When we came within inches of hitting a white painted wooden fence, we gave up the attempt to drive farther and pulled off the road to wait until the fog lifted at daybreak.

In the Federal Republic ("West Germany") after visiting relatives in Fulda, Kreis Lauterbach we went on to Heidelberg. The castle is not just one building as I had imagined, but many buildings constructed as a unit around a large, open courtyard. It is as large as a small village and stands high above the surrounding area. The walls are very thick, with openings through which a gun could be pointed at an enemy coming up the path toward the gate. In olden times the people who lived in the valley below had no choice but to fight and work for the prince for whom they built the castle and whom they enriched by their labor. Then as now, the methods by which the rich get richer and the poor get poorer were built into the system.

We stopped for one night in a small village on the Rhine River where Cliff took pictures and simultaneously recorded the sounds of the barges hauling coal and gravel. As we walked in the cool evening along the river bank we were surprised to see a woman's handbag tossed under a grating—the kind of evidence of recent robbery that we sometimes see in the United States. And, just as at home, when we went to a Post Office to buy stamps we saw a placard with the photograph of a man wanted for murder and robbery. Crimes of that kind are extremely rare in the socialist countries that we visited; we saw no such placards in the Soviet Union. When I mentioned this to a co-worker after my return home she answered, "Well, of course! Russia is a police state, the police won't permit it!" I am sure that she did not mean to imply that our own police do permit it.

We followed the Rhine northward to Bonn, with Cliff taking pictures of the castles we saw along the way. Our first impression of Bonn was of a lot of advertising signs plastered on billboards, walls and every other available space. No doubt because of having been for a while in the Soviet Union

where there are almost no such signs we noticed them more than we would have otherwise.

Farther north, near the border of Denmark, we stopped in the very old, pleasant little town of Itzehoe. The clock on the ancient city hall struck every hour, day and night; we heard it clearly even in a hotel room across the square. A very short distance from the square was a beautiful little park overlooking a stream bordered with flowers.

In Denmark we stopped in late evening at a hotel that was full. At Cliff's request the clerk recommended another place but then charged about seventy-five cents for the favor, which surprised and irritated Cliff. (In the socialist countries that we had been visiting such favors were always free). From Denmark we crossed over to Sweden on the ferries, and then followed the west coast of Sweden into Norway, past Oslo, and from there northwestward about one hundred miles to Fagerness in the Waldres area where we stopped to visit with Cliff's relatives. Lars was cutting hay and hanging it over wire fences to dry. His wife, Kari, was up on the mountain at the *seter*, a cattle grazing area. Lars rode with us to guide us up the steep, winding, narrow mountain road. After about an hour he left us with Kari and walked back down to the farm. All summer he tends the farm and cuts hay with a scythe while Kari tends the cows up on the high plateau. Once every couple of weeks or so he walks up the long mountain road to be with her for a while, but he must keep everlastingly at his job of cutting hay with a scythe and drying it for winter use, otherwise there would not be enough to feed the cows through the winter. In the off season he had built a guest cabin on the *seter*; we stayed there visiting with Kari for a couple of days. Kari said that she gets terribly lonesome up there in the mountains. We had noticed other scattered cabins where other lonely women were doing the same thing she was. I asked her why she did not offer to milk the neighbor's cows for one week and ask the neighbor to milk hers the next week; then each of them could be at home with their respective husbands at least on alternate weeks. Her only answer was simply, "We never did it that way."

The highways in Norway are surprisingly good considering the mountainous terrain, and they are kept in excellent repair. They are often of necessity quite narrow but drivers courteously make allowances for that, and where necessary they pull over when they can to allow other cars coming in the opposite direction to pass.

At Laerdal the road ran right up to the edge of the fjord and stopped, with no way to proceed except by water. So we took the ferry from there to

Gudvangen, a distance of roughly ten miles which we covered in about two hours. Norway is no place for people who are in a rush to get somewhere, but it is a great place to enjoy spectacular scenery. One stretch of the road from Gudvangen to Voss was almost impossibly steep and narrow, with sharp hairpin turns.

Voss was the town where Cliff had met some of his Hernes relatives when he visited there thirty-two years before (in 1937). The one whom he knew as an anti-Nazi underground fighter (Sjur) was no longer living, but his daughter and her family now lived in an attractive mountainside home where we spent an evening in good conversation with them and other relatives. In the course of the evening it became apparent that some of the relatives were deeply concerned about the rise of neo-Nazism but a few others "had no interest in politics."

Before leaving the U.S. we had advised our families to address our mail to the Voss Post Office. When we stopped there to pick up our mail we learned that my sister Dorothy, who was sick before I left home, had taken a turn for the worse and was failing fast. So we drove promptly to Oslo where I took a plane, and arrived home in time to talk with Dorothy briefly. She was pleased that I was back from the trip and showed interest in the few comments that I made to her about it. She died three days later.

Meantime, Cliff had the task of arranging for our car to be shipped home. From here on, the story is in Cliff's words:

After seeing Chris off on the plane for home, I drove around in Oslo for a bit and then headed south. I regretted leaving Norway, the home of my ancestors. But we had seen much of its beauty and had renewed acquaintance with the relatives there. It was time to think about shipping the car and returning home. I drove until early evening before asking a gas station attendant about lodging in the area. He recommended a motel about six miles farther ahead. The man from whom I rented the room was a very cordial university professor of agriculture who managed the motel as a sideline. He showed interest in my travels. When I mentioned Voss his interest heightened; he had grown up there, from time to time he returned to visit relatives. I commented that I also had relatives there. This led him to ask if we might be related; to our mutual surprise and pleasure it turned out that we were. So before I left the next morning we exchanged addresses and agreed to keep in touch.

I went on into Sweden, the day's drive was uneventful. That night I took

a tourist room in the private home of a Swedish couple who were interested in my account of travel in the Soviet Union. They asked a number of questions and I had the feeling of being among friends.

Another day's driving brought me to the port city of Halsingborg. Here I shipped home the box full of items that Chris and I had packed in Voss—a painting reproduction bought in the Beryoska store in Moscow, some clothing, several books from the USSR and the Czechoslovakian drinking glasses which were a gift from the manager of the Praha Hotel in Kralupy. Then I revisited the Halsingborg shopping mall, including the store where Chris had bought a coat when we were on our way to the Soviet Union. I joined a guided tour of a one-thousand-year-old castle, the former residence of Swedish kings. I walked through the old city hall; and I watched a couple of small children carrying their beloved little dog that attracted the attention of passersby; one middle-aged woman patted the dog and said, *Han er sa sot* (He is so sweet) and the children were delighted.

In the late afternoon I took the ferry to Helsinger, Denmark. While driving through customs as we came off the boat I asked the customs officer if he could recommend a hotel nearby. He thought he could but asked if I would first park my car—he pointed to a parking area—and then come back to talk with him. Our talk turned out to be more than just a matter of advice about lodging for the night. He wanted to talk about Denmark's inflated economy and its dependence on that of the USA. He was in Hrested in hearing that we did not find prices inflated in the Soviet Union. He asked what proportion of people in my country were in favor of the U.S. aggression in Vietnam and he pressured me to tell him why we were there. I answered that in my opinion we were there because it was profitable for the owners of industry including especially the munitions makers, but that the reasons usually given and accepted by most Americans had to do with the containment of communism. He sadly shook his head and commented that even aside from the presumptuous immorality of such an attitude, the U.S. should have learned something from the French experience there. I agreed.

In driving to the hotel address he gave me I somehow missed a turn and decided to check again. A pharmacist who was just closing up shop suggested that I follow him to the Municipal Tourist Center, as he would be driving past there. As it turned out the Tourist Center was filled but the clerk reserved a room by telephone in a hotel about four blocks away; he suggested that I park my car about two blocks away as the hotel had no parking facilities. While walking from the parking lot to the hotel I saw more drunks than I

had seen in my whole life. As I passed a tavern I stepped inside intending to get a sandwich but a fight was going on inside so I backed out and went to the hotel where I felt safer. I decided that the streets in downtown Helsinger were no place for me at this hour. I went to bed but it was a hot evening and through the open window I heard yelling and shouting and drunken conversation. This was clearly not like the USSR where the streets were orderly even when filled with people; if there was an occasional drunk he was in the hands of his friends. There was never any fighting, yelling, screaming or drunken commotion on the streets anywhere. How very different here in Denmark, a capitalist country like our own. From time to time I thought of my car and woke up worrying about it. In the morning the first thing I did was to check it; I was relieved to find that it had not been tampered with in any way. The streets were quiet now; I enjoyed a quiet breakfast.

The castle made famous by Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is not far from downtown Helsinger; it is now a museum with many famous paintings and other art objects. I toured the castle from the basement dungeons where prisoners used to be kept in total darkness to the top floors where one can get a good view of the harbor and the city of Helsinger. Then I strolled along a street with houses dating back to Shakespeare's time; I stopped in the drug store where he used to buy his medicines. Some of the nine-hundred-year-old buildings were still structurally sound.

On the way to the German border I drove past fields of ripened wheat. Once I stopped by a large stone monument and read the inscription: it gave the names, ages and date of death of seven Danes who had been captured there and shot by the Nazis.

The sun was still high in the western sky when I reached the German border. The Danish and about a half mile farther on the German customs officials glanced at my passport and waved me on. After driving another ten or fifteen miles I came to a motel and decided to stay. In the dining room I ordered what I thought was hamburger but it was almost inedible. I shared a table with eight or ten others who were talking German. The room was decorated with pictures and statues of Prussian Generals—Ludendorf, Von Hindenburg, Bismark, Frederick the Great. Weapons were fastened to the wall as decorations, plaques with German inscriptions commemorated incidents in World Wars I and II. The overall feeling was decidedly militaristic. An employee who spoke English told me that this had been a military hospital in both wars; there had been bitter fighting here. At one time the Danes had conquered this area. He invited me to walk around the grounds

where I would see more memorials. I went outside and found inscriptions stating that here the Danes committed aggression; here the Danes executed so-and-so many Germans, etc. The impression I had was that militarism was still held in high esteem here, the old Prussian ideas were still flourishing. The changed attitudes that the times require in order to eliminate the causes of war were not in evidence. "We were the victims" seemed to be the sentiment expressed. I suggested to the employee that what is needed in order for the future to be better than the past is less militarism, and he agreed but apparently only because he considered it proper to be agreeable and polite to a guest. He obviously failed to grasp the meaning of what I was trying to say.

The next morning I continued driving south, got lost for a while in the city of Neumünster, passed Hamburg and reached Bremen at dusk. A gas station attendant directed me to the docks from which the car would presumably be shipped; he said there were tourist rooms available near by. But when I arrived all the hotels and tourist rooms were filled, I could find no "*Zimmer frei*" (vacant room). None. So I kept on driving until I came right up to the water by the dock. A guard there spoke a little English, he was very friendly and kind. When I told him of my predicament he said, "Sometimes men sleep in their cars. I will be on duty here all night. Just pull in here and sleep in your car if you like." So I did. By daylight the next morning I found that I was right next to the submarine pens where about eight or ten submarines were kept. I thought to myself, so this is where the dreaded German submarines were launched during the war. It gave me an eerie feeling.

At the main building where I went to arrange for shipping my car I was told that all places were filled for a long time to come; the quickest way to ship the car would be to take it to Emden, a boat would soon be leaving from there. So I went on to Emden, but to reach the highway to that city I had to drive through the business section of Bremen; I was relieved when that part of the trip was behind me. I still had to drive through the cities of Oldenburg and Westerstede.

In the latter city I made two stops, one to buy an electronic flasher for my camera. I talked English, the salesman talked German, and we understood each other quite well. The other stop was by a very, very ancient-looking church. The unusual architecture attracted my attention as I was driving by; it was a sturdy, solid brick structure. I went in. Just inside the main vestibule was an honor roll, a long list of perhaps a thousand names of church members

who had lost their lives in the two world wars. I was impressed again with the terrible loss of life in war, and the futility of it.

As I approached Emden in the late afternoon, storm clouds were gathering quickly. At the loading docks people were rushing to get their cars turned in and papers made out for shipment before the storm; shipping arrangements were made out-of-doors in an area where the cars were then parked. Attendants were busily checking the condition of each car, making note of any scratches or body damage already there so the transportation company would be responsible only for damage during shipment. When the cars were checked in the owners had to catch a bus at the street corner to go to the business district of town where hotels and restaurants could be found. I turned in my car and caught a bus just as the hard rain started. I was carrying not only my suitcase but also a large camera and a tape recorder, I did not want them to get wet. So on getting off the bus I dashed into the nearest place, a tavern, to wait for the rain to stop. But it did not stop. A man whose car was parked close by offered to take me and my luggage to the nearest hotel. There I took a room and tried to dry my clothes while I listened to the crashing thunder and watched the flashes of lightning as the rain came down even harder than before. The storm lasted until past midnight; I appreciated being in a dry, comfortable room. In the morning the desk clerk gave me directions to the railway station. She spoke only German but I understood well enough.

While waiting for the train to Luxembourg I noticed a six or seven story building with only a door on one side and no windows; I was told that this was a bomb shelter from World War II.

In Luxembourg I learned that there was no possibility of a flight for five days so I made a reservation for the earliest possible flight and decided that the next morning I would go to London: the cost of the trip—about $35.00—would be no more than the cost of staying here in a hotel. The train left in late afternoon and arrived about 3 A.M. at the Belgian port city of Oostende where we boarded the boat for England.

On the boat were a large number of "Hippies" (mostly Americans) lying on the floor and behaving with an embarrassing disregard for good taste. I talked with a few of them and found them to be as antagonistic toward the Soviet Union and as completely misinformed about it as are most of their more conventional countrymen. They knew nothing of the measures being so effectively taken in the socialist countries to continuously improve the quality of life. But perhaps the few with whom I spoke were not typical of

the group. I had assumed that their style of living was a protest against the American way of life, and I should like to believe that they were more aware of alternatives than they seemed to be.

At Dover, England, we boarded a train for London. It took us through beautiful countryside. In London the Victoria station was chock-full of packed humanity like sardines in a can. The commotion and shoving was in marked contrast to the orderliness of the crowds in Moscow, and the clutter contrasted with the neatness and cleanliness of the railway stations there.

I checked my belongings except my camera, and went sightseeing. I watched the colorful changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, with the beautiful horses and the music. At Westminster Cathedral I went inside and took pictures. I stepped into shops and talked with people about their views of economic conditions. I asked one shopkeeper how he felt about his country being a colony of the USA. He smiled and agreed that England is not the world power that it once was; then he criticized the USA, saying that it should get out of Vietnam and he was surprised when I agreed. He nodded when I commented that the U.S. is trying to be the dominant colonial power like England used to be before World War II.

At the Parliament Building I talked with the guards in the House of Lords and with other tourists. In the House of Commons I joined a group of American tourists with a British guide. He referred to Churchill as a powerful leader during and after the war. He spoke of "an important famous speech" that Churchill made after the war while he was in the United States, a speech in which he called for the Western powers to unite against the Soviet Union; from that time on the Soviet Union was no longer to be considered an ally as it had been during the war. He asked if any of his listeners could identify the speech. Nobody else spoke up so I said that it was at Fulton, Missouri. A little later in his talk the guide mentioned a "famous labor leader who became Prime Minister," he again paused to ask if any of the tourists could name the man, and again when no one else responded I mentioned Clement Atlee. At the end of the tour the guide came over to ask me what other countries I had visited. When I mentioned the Soviet Union he wanted to know what I thought of that country. Of course I told him that I had been very favorably impressed with its social progress, its health programs, free education, full employment, etc. and that now I knew that the people there completely support their government's actions because the government is theirs, they control it. He disagreed and called it a dictatorship. I said, not so; the people in their local, regional and national soviets make the decisions.

He disputed this and we finally parted in disagreement, his positive response to me having cooled considerably.

In the ancient Towers of London I saw the cells and torture chambers where in past centuries opponents of those in power were imprisoned and sometimes executed. I took a picture of the balcony where Sir Walter Raleigh had his daily walk while he was imprisoned here. I photographed the Tower Bridge and the St. Paul's Cathedral. Near the downtown area I added one more picture to my collection, that of the tall column memorializing the Great London Fire of 1666.

One morning I discussed my travels with the couple from whom I rented a room. They were better informed about the Soviet Union than were most U.S. citizens; what I was telling them was not new to them but it confirmed and supplemented what they already knew. They asked a few good questions and I think they enjoyed our little talk as much as I did.

Of course I went to Hyde Park, the site of many out-door meetings. Soap-boxing was going on while I was there, people were gathered in groups to listen. One speaker was protesting U.S. aggression in Vietnam and accusing the U.S. of trying to become the major colonial power. Another was castigating royalty—"Down With The Queen!" (In 1937 at this same place I heard "Down With The King!") In England there is apparently more tolerance for extreme speech than there is at home—the attitude of those in power in England seems to be "it's good for them to blow off steam"—but things don't change much. Soap-boxing was also going on at Piccadilly Circus which is a conglomeration of packed-in business places, busses, cars and crowds of people. Of course all traffic was in the left lane, which was a bit confusing for an American like myself.

At Trafalgar Square I gazed briefly at the statue of Lord Nelson, another military man honored because he was outstandingly successful in expanding British imperialism through aggressive acts of war.

On the return trip we arrived late at Brussels where we had to change trains. Because of the language problem and the tight connection—something like four minutes and some distance to go—I almost missed the train to Luxembourg. I ran along calling out to every uniformed person I saw, "Luxembourg?" Finally a uniformed man ran and called to the conductor; the train lurched forward but the conductor got the message and halted it long enough for me to clamber aboard.

At Luxembourg after waiting for two more days I was able to board a crowded plane for the flight to Iceland, where we spent an hour or so in

the middle of the night before proceeding to New York. As we approached Kennedy Airport in the early morning the sky was lighting up in the east.

Because I would have some hours to wait before I could go on to Minneapolis I went to downtown New York for a visit with the travel agent who had arranged our tour. He was pleased to hear and discuss my report of the evidences of great progress that we had seen in every socialist country we visited. He was interested in my urgent recommendation that he put more emphasis on encouraging travel to the German Democratic Republic which has been making impressive gains in many areas.

I had barely time left for a brief visit to the United Nations Building with its ultra-modern architecture before returning to Kennedy Airport. The round trip fare from Kennedy to downtown New York and back was not approximately ten cents, as it would be in Moscow, but instead it was about fifty times as much (about $5.00).

Soon I boarded Northwest Airline's plane for Minneapolis. By early evening I was back home with my baggage, including tape recordings and the exposed film of more than eight hundred slides that I hoped would help to tell the story of our trip.

This is the end of Cliff's written report—but of course not the end of his work for peace. After our return from Europe he took every opportunity to show his slides. He showed them to groups of people at our home and at the homes of friends; at schools; at public gatherings; at any place where people could be brought together to see pictures taken in the Soviet Union by one who had recently traveled in that country. Even when we drove to the Dakotas or Ohio to visit relatives he showed his slides not only to them but also to people in hotels where we stopped along the way. His interest, of course, was not so much in the slides themselves (although most of them were of excellent quality) but in helping people to get an honest view of the Soviet Union.

In 1975, after having made five trips to the USSR, Cliff led a group of 15 travelers to the Soviet Union, Poland and the GDR. Shortly after our return from that trip a friend came to our home bringing John Baker who at that time was Chairman of the Washington Council of American-Soviet Friendship in Seattle. John told us about his work and explained the organizational arrangement including the affiliation with the National Council. He suggested that we form a Council here and join the national network. The advantages of joining with others over working alone were

obvious.

So Cliff invited the fifteen participants in the recent tour to meet at our home, and thus the Minnesota Council of American-Soviet Friendship was founded in the late fall of 1975. Originally all meetings, including monthly public meetings that soon became routine, were held in our living room. We chose officers and drew up a set of by-laws that were based largely on those of a local Cooperative society of which some of our group were members.

As our membership grew the meetings became too large for our living room which can accommodate only about fifteen people. So Cliff remodeled our basement rooms; he lined the walls with knotty pine, put in parquet floors and built shelves for books in a small adjacent room. Folding chairs that the Cooperative was discarding were made available. Our meeting space was now doubled but eventually we outgrew that too. With mixed feelings Cliff participated in the decision to hold our meetings in a rented Community Center hall. Our home continued to function as general headquarters for the Council and a meeting place for Russian language classes, small committee meetings, etc.

Cliff continued to visit the Soviet Union as often as he could. Altogether he made eight trips to that country and visited just over half of its republics: Russia, the Ukraine, Moldavia, Byelorussia, Latvia, Lithuania, Armenia and Uzbekistan; and of course every trip was different. He often visited Soviet friends in their homes. Twice he accepted invitations to speak over Soviet radio; on one of those occasions after speaking on the radio from Moscow he went on to Kiev where he was surprised to be met by a delegation of people who welcomed him with flowers. On every visit he learned more about the vast country of the Soviets and became more convinced that it is doing more than any other country in the world to improve the quality of life for its people, and is consistently working for a peaceful world because only in conditions of peace can the people prosper.

The Council continued its modest growth; its newsletter improved and its mailing list expanded. It hosted Soviet delegations and promoted tours to their country. It sponsored marches, rallies and demonstrations for peace and friendship with the Soviet Union. It joined the Twin Cities Peace and Justice Coalition.

In his quiet way, Cliff was justifiably proud of the organization that, with the help of other dedicated people, was started on his initiative to promote peace and friendship with the first socialist country in the world.

3.7 Later Years

In addition to the periodicals to which we personally subscribed, several Soviet journals and other literature came to the Council at our address from various sources. Besides making it available to our membership etc, Cliff regularly distributed "Soviet Life" and other literature to public libraries in our area. At first librarians were often reluctant to accept it. If he persuaded them to put it on their shelves, sometimes when he checked back he found it tucked away in some inaccessible place. But after looking over a few issues and in some instances getting favorable comments from readers most librarians began to look forward to each new issue.

When friends in Ames, Iowa, asked Cliff to help them organize a Friendship Council there he made two or three trips to that area and was deeply gratified when the Central Iowa Council of American-Soviet Friendship was established.

He went to Duluth, Minnesota for a similar purpose but the few people there who took the initiative were unable at that time to gather a group in order to form a Council. (Since then Duluth has become linked in a Sister City relationship with Petrozavodsk).

In 1981 the little book about our travels was published by Novosti Press[20]. We were happy with the reception it received. We hoped that in a small way it might help to counteract anti-sovietism in our country and so contribute to peace.

A highlight in Cliff's life came on Oct. 15, 1983, when, on the occasion of a Tribute Dinner by the Minnesota Council, he received a medal from the Union of Soviet Friendship Societies "For Contributions to the Cause of Friendship." The light in Cliff's eyes as he walked from the podium with the medal pinned to his lapel told me more than any words could have said about how much this recognition meant to him.

A few months before this his health had begun to fail noticeably, but even after cancer was diagnosed he continued to carry on much as before. He distributed Soviet literature to libraries even when he who had always been exceptionally energetic and strong now tired easily and sometimes had to walk so very, very slowly that it was painful to watch. He continued to speak at public meetings and also to maintain the three houses he had built; he even moved heavy stones to improve the landscaping around our

[20] *To the Soviet Union in 1937 and Now* by Cris and Cliff Herness

home. It was only when the roof needed some minor repair that he called in outside help, being aware of the risk in working at such a height. He was of course pleased when the head of the company doing the repairs expressed admiration for the quality of Cliff's construction work and offered to hire him as consultant—but Cliff knew it was too late for that.

His illness became more and more disabling. On January 9, 1984 he entered the hospital. He hoped to welcome the Soviet guests who were scheduled to arrive the next week; he wrote a short welcoming message which he hoped to deliver when they came. But he did not live long enough to meet them. He died on January 19, just ten days after entering the hospital.

> The man who loved peace
> No longer sees the white bird
> Circling dimly above.
> The wise patriarch of coexistence,
> The quiet-talking one
> Emanating warmth and comradeship,
> Has gone from our midst,
> And the night is cold and dark.
> Yet what he so tenaciously sought,
> The all-consuming passion of his life,
> Shines like a brilliant beacon
> To illuminate that darkness,
>
> by William Lamppa, 1984

Chapter 4

Eighty Years, by John Stepler

As Lived and Told by John Henry Stepler, VDM
November 20, 1921
Leaves of my Life's Book over Fourscore Years

I have had my place among men as a tree stands among trees—in no way exceptional, just the ordinary kind. Leaves have their time to fall. In the autumn of my life the following leaves are dropped, to fall where they may. A few friends may care to keep them for a time, pressed within this simple cover[1].

4.1 Childhood

I was born in central Germany, in *Maar*, *kreis Lauterbach*, in *Oberhessen* on October 15, 1841.

My childhood scenes were thus in pleasing surroundings. To the south are the gradual elevations of the Vogelsburg. Eastward, the western slope of the Rhongeberge. My wanderings in my childhood were quite limited. Only three times was I permitted to share in brief trips—once in a walk with Father well up in the Vogelsberg, and on another occasion with my brothers to Fulda. I was the youngest of the family. We were three brothers and three sisters. My ancestors were of the farmer class and my father a man of staunch character though limited education, but with some ideal aspirations. Well do I remember him reading with stress the morning prayers and occasionally

[1]See post script

a sermon by Scriver or Arndt. My mother was one of those quiet woman who live for their families. To me, the youngest, she was quite indulgent and affectionate while my father was rather austere.

In my *Erinnerungen* printed in the *Kirchenzietung* in some twelve numbers of February, March, and April of 1902 I have given some facts about my childhood which I will not repeat here to avoid repetition. Suffice to say that as a child I knew neither wealth nor poverty. This I regard as good fortune. As for school facilities they were fair, such as the village afforded.

Upon the whole my childhood was happy, sheltered, provided for and taken care of. I have reason to be thankful for such privileges as I had. Ours was indeed the simple life. We knew nothing of the pleasures and the luxuries of the pampered sons of wealth, or of their temptations. Thank God we were deprived of many things now deemed needful.

As for the political and social conditions in my early surroundings, there was quiet in the land—at least as far as the rural population was concerned. As to the cities and the more educated classes this could hardly be affirmed. Among these there was fermentation which broke out violently in 1848. This reached even the discontented portion of the country. A slight eruption in Maar and a more serious effort at material destruction in Lauterbach was all that left an impression on me, a boy of seven. Some fragments of household goods and kitchenware were picked up by some boys and girls after an attack on the old Riediselburg in Lauterbach.

Aside from that politically restless year of storm and stress, there was moral and spiritual quiet. It seemed as if a general spiritual death was prevalent. The church itself seemed dead in formalism. True a child so young can hardly be a competent witness in such weighty matters and I am only stating the impression on my own mind. Still there lingers in my memory a strong contrast as to religion and morals. Of actual crime there was next to none. Aside from too much use of whiskey and drunkenness and some infractions of the law of chastity, especially of the unmarried, there was a fair moral attitude. Theft, highway robbery, burglary, perjury, murder, suicide, etc.—there was none. As for divorce I have no recollection of a single case. Would a boy up to 14 years old remember such an occurrence? Very probably, for in such a quiet, monotonous community any such unusual event would be the subject of gossip and talk for an indefinite time.

I can account for this contrast in the dead state of religion and a healthy state of morals only when I remember what others have said about it. The ethical condition was an inheritance of better generations when there was

no such contrast. Rationalities had undermined faith yet still boasted of building up good morals.

In thus looking back on my early years I find much to be thankful for. I am glad that the land of Luther was my fatherland and that the language on which he left his impressions was my mother tongue.

4.2 In Early Youth

On Whitsunday 1855 I was confirmed. The religious instruction preceding that had prepared me for admission to the Holy Communion, and I well remember the impression all this made on my mind and heart. This ended also my period of eight years in the common school and so I entered on a more serious period of my life, as a boy is then expected to hoe his own row.

My oldest brother having married, according to the old custom he inherited the home and "*Bauerei*" and thus became "*der neue Herr*." It is true that by prenuptial contract he paid an agreed price for it and also engaged to provide for the parents who were growing old. The sum paid by him was to be divided among the remaining brothers and two sisters then living. But home was then no longer what it had been. We were not driven out, but felt that we were tolerated. As for me, the youngest, I was to learn a trade by being apprenticed to a cabinetmaker. The brother eight years older than myself had in 1853 emigrated to America. He felt lonely in the strange land and longed for someone of the family to follow him across the ocean. While neither of the sisters (married by that time) cared to leave the fatherland, I desired to seek my fortune over the sea.

Accordingly after obtaining the consent of the parents, reluctantly given and after the needful preparations and preliminaries, I, with a few newly found acquaintances, left home on the 11th of June 1856 and on the 19th sailed from Bremen for New York. The voyage on a medium-sized sailboat was more tedious than eventful. We arrived in New York on the fifth of August. In addition to the expenses in New York, my father had provided me with cash so that I could reach Kenton, Ohio, where I expected to find my brother. But being so young and inexperienced and consequently defrauded, I had some trouble in reaching my destination. In fact I got no further than Cleveland where my brother came to meet me ten days later. At this time and later he was to me more than a brother, almost like a father.

I found my first employment by his side with some twelve Irishmen and

Germans engaged in ballasting the Pittsburgh-Fort Wayne-Chicago Railroad in Upper Sandusky, Ohio. I was waterboy for these men, earning five shillings per day. So I had a useful occupation and pay that to me was satisfactory. This lasted until October when we took a job cutting corn near Little Sanduskey. The following winter we cut cord wood at Forest, Ohio. This place of a half dozen houses was well named, a railway crossing in the primeval forest. At that time Northwestern Ohio was still well wooded. It was an easy matter to lose oneself in the vast woods. Fine timber of oak, beach, hickory, maple, ash, elm was doomed to be felled and burned on the spot.

The following spring and summer I was also engaged in manual labor, in a brickyard and again on a railroad. I had now made a slight beginning in acquiring the English language. I am unable to surmise what my future might have been had it not been for an unexpected turn.

4.3 A New Turn

Near Forest there lived a few German people, mostly railroad mon, who longed for public worship. In the log cabin of one Nicholas Hartman we would meet on a Sunday evening to sing some hymns, read a sermon, and try to satisfy the soul's sincere desire for communion with God. This seemed better than nothing, but oh we felt happy when Rev. Henry Bentz came to preach and pray with us. Then he succeeded in securing Peter Joerris to come to us. We organized a Reformed Church and now enjoyed the use of the means of grace.

It was in a Sunday evening I had read in a Lutheran church paper an appeal to young men to devote their lives to the ministry. This appeal challenged me. I had from boyhood an undefined feeling that I should become a minister. Thus far I had suppressed it, there being no prospect of attaining anything so high. On the Sunday just mentioned the Rev. Mr. Joerris, who could know nothing of my inner feelings, asked me straight out whether I did not feel called to prepare myself for the gospel ministry. I did not have the courage to own up at the time, but from that day on the inarticulate call within me became more definite and I felt that my pastor would not let me go, even in his prayers. For weeks, for months, I had no power to dismiss that feeling.

Then I corresponded with the Rev. Mr. Anstead of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania with the result that the day was set when I should start for the Lutheran

institution in Gettysburg. As the day approached money and courage failed me and the feeling cooled in me. So some months passed.

Late in the autumn of 1857 while in the employ of Dr. Stanley at Patterson (near Forest) I felt an impulse to take a trip to Tiffin, thirty miles away. I went. Called on Rev. H. J. Ruetnick, hardly knowing why. Then in my embarrassment I asked him the way to Heidelberg College. He told me curtly, and I went there. Prof. J. Kecher whom I had met once before asked me whether I had come to remain. In a brief interview it was decided that I should enter on my studies there within week. And so I started in a new direction.

4.4 At Heidelburg College

At this time Heidelberg College was only a few years old. It was then the Western Institution of the Reformed Church, at that time prevailingly English in language. Although there were a number of German students, the English language was used in the classroom. The professors all had some knowledge of German. This could be said of the President, Dr. Moses Keifer, as also of the rector, Reuben Good, while the Rev. Jeremiah Good served the German congregation with a very fair command of their language.

The College was being put on a good financial basis by its agent, Henry Leonard, a rare man for that work. These were the years of laying the foundation. The institution had mad a good start, was fairly well redeemed and promised well for the future. Among the students there at the time there were not a few who later had a good share in the world's work.

On entering the preparatory school, my knowledge of English was very slim. Still, English was the language of the classroom and the textbooks. So it was quite natural that my associations were mostly with the German students, as some of these were situated like myself in more than one way. I recall the names of J. B. Kniest, Martin Miller, Carl Schaaf, O. Accola, F. Hillhost, I. Katzinger, Nathaniel Ruetenick, William Renter, P. Greding, John Biery, John Gebring, Fred Schaad, J. A. Keller, and James Liebert. Others with whom I was intimate were Prof. J. B. Kieffer, Charles Knepper, S. Boss, J. B. Schoemaker, and T. Barkley. Almost all those named have been called to their reward. A few, quite old at the present time, still linger waiting for their summons.

I am not quite certain whether I am owing more to the books, my fellow

students or to the professors. I can hardly say that I made the best use of my five years there, but with all the shortcomings I ought to be grateful for the advantages and benefits received during those years. As I began my studies at Heidelberg College I had less than twenty dollars at my command. With all my economy such an amount would not last long. I received $80 per annum from the Board of Beneficiary Education and often a kind loan, or even a gift, from my brother John who earned meager wages as a common laborer.

Then in April 1860 I accepted employment as a colporteur of the American Tract Society for Hardin County, Ohio, for six months of canvassing. This work was useful to me and to others in more than one way. It enabled me to earn a little money. For a similar reason I was engaged to teach school twelve miles northeast of Lima where my friend Rev. F. Greding was now located as pastor. Just nineteen years old, I was poorly qualified for a teacher and certainly learned more than some of my pupils.

Then the Presidential Election was held in November 1860, resulting in the choice of Abraham Lincoln, and my schoolhouse was used as a town hall for voting. It narrowly escaped being burned to the ground. It was a cold day and some of the voters, perhaps intoxicated, lingered in the schoolhouse that night, keeping a roaring fire in the stove. After they left in the early morning the building started to burn, but was discovered just in the nick of time. So Lincoln's first election was even to me a memorable event.

The political questions of the day, just prior to the Civil War, mainly about slavery, might have occupied much of my attention if I had understood more fully what those questions involved. But this was not the case, and the exceeding excitement in politics of the day had little attraction for me. Decades later I fully realized what momentous issues were before the country in those days. Years after the children kept singing "John Brown's body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave, but his Soul Goes Marching On!"

After April 1861 the War had broken out and indeed during those terrible four years of its duration, I continued to largely ignore what was taking place. I heard, of course, the appeals of the recruiting officers and was aware of the excitement in the country, but was not carried away with the noise around me. That was largely the feeling of the mass of people in the North. All the while, tho, the party spirit rose high and often there was bitter enmity in the churches and in the neighborhoods with one part blaming another. In April '61 I had returned to Tiffin and resumed my studies. Still for the most part in the preparatory course.

During my student years I was at a disadvantage in more ways than one. My knowledge of the English language was far from perfect, and where could I go when vacation came? Others went to their homes, but I had none. True, I always found a place; during the summer of 1858 I taught a little branch of the parochial school in the country (of the Reformed Church in Fort Wayne, Indiana); in 1859 as a harvest hand with Mr. Hoffmeister near Fostoria, Ohio; in 1860 as colporteur of the Tract Society; in 1861 as harvest hand with August Doty near Mt. Eaton, to practice talking French; in 1862 a harvest hand with John Klee near Horton, Ohio. I went to this place with a friend, Imanuel Schultz, to his house as I could not be idle, needing money. I found employment with the neighboring farmer mentioned.

And what happened? The old pastor there, the Rev. J. C. Ruhl, had been obliged to resign so his charges became vacant. I had been urged to enter the ministry before the completion of my studies as there was urgent need of pastors. So it happened that I was called to the pastorate of the Second Marion Charge, which consisted of St. Jacob's Church (one mile east of Horton), St. Joseph's Church (six miles north of Horton), Prospect (seven miles west of same) and Burwick (eight miles north of Prospect).

4.5 My First Charge

Each of these little congregations had its own marked peculiarities. In point of spiritual interest, St. Joseph's seemed ahead of these others. Among these good people I had my home. The names of Hauk, Rap, Schaf, Schultz, and Leoen I have cherished ever since. St. Jacob's congregation had no church of their own. A "*block-kirche*" was held and used in common by the Reformed and Lutherans. There had been a lack of harmony but later there was some improvement. Very different were the flock and Prospect, with the members being Pennsylvania Germans. They had no church of their own, but we held services in a Presbyterian church in the evening. Three officers, brother, were main pillars of this church named Jacob, Levi, and Phillip Woodring. The oldest (Jacob) though an elder was rarely seen in church. He claimed that there were too many churches in that village and that the preachers were to blame for the war. In a sense he was right, for too many churches was proof that the people were not united and especially Methodist ministers (being agitate against slavery) were a cause of the war. Years later it was this elder who did the most to build the Reformed Church and subsequently

too, a parsonage. To me there was little encouragement there—even Levi and Phillip Woodring fell out with each other.

I had a little more satisfaction at Burwick, later called Green Camp. These people were poor, having settled in the primeval woods. They were trying to hew out farms where they were destroying mighty timber. They lived in cabins—log cabins. The old dilapidated schoolhouse, in which we worshiped, at first scarcely furnished shelter when it rained for the table, the Bible, or the Preacher. Later we held services in the private homes while they vainly tried to build a log chapel. Ere two years had passed, I was discouraged and resigned. The main reason for this was the bitter political animosity between the two big parties in the country, which in many sections of the country was extreme. At the time I was as yet no citizen of the US and the bitter party spirit appeared to me foolish and wrong. I felt like taking a middle course, not going too fast in the direction of abolition nor the opposite. It seemed to me then, and it seemed to me since, that the slaves should have been prepared gradually for freedom. It is true when emancipation came, it was abrupt and called a war measure.

4.6 Newville, Indiana

When it became known in our ministerial circles that I was inclined to resign, there was no lack of invitations to other fields. My old friend Rev. P. Joerris was anxious that I should go to Watertown, Wisconsin, but the Rev. P. Vitts prevailed on me to go to Newville, Indiana. I preached there one Sunday in August 1864, was elected and accepted the call.

In this charge I had the Swiss Church at Newville and two Rock Creek churches west of Blufton. These two consisted mainly of Pennsylvania Germans and also a few good families from Crawford County, Ohio. My new parishioners were also mostly Democrats but less violent. Here, as at my first charge, I officiated in both languages. Here as in Marion County, Ohio there were many miles between my different churches and the roads were often in terrible condition. But I took these hardships as matters of course. I did not think that I was too good for such a country charge, with the salary of only three hundred dollars. However the members kept my horse in feed and remembered the pastor besides in many ways, also the pastor's wife.

I should have mentioned before that I had married in 1863 a daughter of Dr. Sagabiel of Kenton, Ohio . . . (Regina). . . A good wife, a helpmate who in

her quiet way enabled me to live in and for my work. In this I seemed fairly successful and the indications were that I could continue there for years, had it not been for the ill health of my wife. Rather weak before, she took sick in the autumn of 1866 and died on November 9 of the same year.

Aside from this I have no misgivings about those two years on the upper Wabash, notorious at the time for much malaria. There were large tracts of primeval forests that contained much moisture, breeding mosquitoes in great abundances, this in turn aggravating the prevalent malaria. It was very bad in a wet, hot summer. Indiana was at the time still new in many respects—drainage, good roads, and such things came later.

As my Newville congregation consisted almost entirely of Swiss, I came to understand them and love them. They were good citizens, churchly and upright as a class. Up the Wabash River the settlers were nearly all Swiss for ten miles, mostly on the east side of the river. Aside from my own members, the Evangelical Association was represented. More numerous were the Mennonites, very estimable as good, peace-loving citizens. An off-shoot from them were the Amish people, still more ossified in their religious views and ways. They were noticeable at once for the cut of their clothing and beards. These externals seemed to be a big part of their religion. Perhaps in part because of their spiritual formalism, a new sect had sprung up among them, called the *Neue Teufer*. They too were *wehrlos* like those mentioned, also rural and extremely fanatical. Only they were real Christians: the "little flock". They hated an educated ministry . . . also me.

It was during the Civil War in 1864 that the government needed more soldiers and so there was conscription. The Mennonites and even the Amish proved by their religion and history that their beliefs forbade war or the bearing of arms. The *Neue Teufer* had neither creed nor history to prove that they were to be exempt from the draft. They had to write a creed. They did try it and then came to me to translate it into English. I undertook to do them this service, but found it very difficult, as their so-called "creed" was merely a confused string of words with little connection or sense.

It was now the last year of the Civil War. As yet, however, the end was not in sight. Extreme and narrow-minded members of the Democratic Party, bitter against the war and the Lincoln Administration, suspected that the war spirit was kept up with intent, and that peace was as far off as ever. Some secretly joined a society known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. They were Southern sympathizers and plotted secretly against the government of the United States. Some were discovered and arrested, and brought

themselves into serious trouble. One of my own church officers lost his farm and all his property in consequence. The war was nearing its end. Only ignorant people blinded by party prejudice and led by disloyal newspapers failed to see this.

As for myself, for various reasons I kept aloof as much as I could from the malignant party strife. It was impossible for me to go with either party. It was not until about 1880 that I came into fuller agreement with the Republican Party of Garfield, Sherman, and Blaine. In earlier years I took no interest in politics and for years abstained from voting.

In view of my wife's ill health, I resigned the Bluffton charge and accepted a call to Sharon, Pennsylvania to which my friend Rev. M. Mueller had recommended me. But she died before we could move, leaving me with Meta and Calvin, less than 2 and 3 years old. Their aunt, Mrs. Vogler, in Kenton took them and kept them until I again had a house of my own in Sharon. The change from Indiana to Pennsylvania meant much to me in every way.

4.7 Sharon, Pennsylvania

My new members were nearly all coal miners. In those days no pastor could remain indifferent to the church questions involved. I too had my views and they were as in my former surroundings—opposed to the High Church contentions. True, the laity around me were not affected by the theological controversies then raging in church publications, but the ministers were as a rule partisans. The liturgical conflict reached its climax and then the asperities began to subside. At least they became less violent, so that my intercourse with the High Church ministers was not seriously marred. In fact, I have only kind recollections of those good brethren. They have all now passed away, but I cherish their memories.

My pastoral work in the Sharon charge had some peculiarities. The men were largely occupied as coal-miners. They had hard work and fairly good pay but were measurably poor, though some owned their modest homes. They were mostly be extraction people of the old Palatinate and moral rather than religious. Indeed some were like the Pharisees of old, *tugenstultz*, which is dangerously near to being self-righteous. In those cases even the good qualities of heart and conduct became impediments to conversion and spiritual life. Otherwise they were good citizens and estimable people. I had three small churches; one near Sharon, one six miles east of Sharon, and one little

preaching point across the state line in Ohio. At Hickory, six miles east of Sharon, we had at first a union log chapel with the Lutherans. The building was old and not worth repairing. The Lutheran people were too few and dispirited to maintain their organization, so we undertook to build a Reformed Church. There as elsewhere the language question gave us much trouble. To me and others the English language seemed necessary to use. Some Pennsylvania Germans were stubbornly opposed to this.

While at Sharon I found and married Dorthea B. Reimold, oldest daughter of J. G. Reimold, near Orangeville, Ohio. This little town, like Sharon itself, is on the Ohio-Pennsylvania line. Rev. Cyrus Diffenbacher and Rev. Fred Pilgrim officiated at our wedding on August 13, 1867. At Sharon there was born to us Rosa, who died there (twenty months old) of scarlet fever, prevalent at the time. Our Emma (1896), Lousa (1871) and Phillip (1872) were also born there.

There also, with the help of my Father-in-Law, I bought nineteen acres of land and built a cottage. So we had our own home. Later when away from it for many years, it was not a good investment—rather a loss. During my pastorate at Sharon I was present at the organization of Pittsburgh Synod, voted in favor of founding the St. Paul Orphans' Home, and attended the meeting of Pittsburgh Synod at Buffalo. I took part in the laying of a cornerstone at Titusville, a dedication at Brady's Bend, and the installation of D D. Lebbermann at Meadville. My pastorate at Sharon lasted from November 1866 to October 1875. After seven years at Sharon I felt that a change was desirable. Resigning again, I came back to my dear Ohio near Tiffin.

4.8 Again in Ohio

My new field, the Caroline charge, consisted of three congregations: the Baseline Church, located on the Seneca-Crawford County Line; the Windfall Church, on the "pike" so-called, a road from Sandusky to Columbus; and the Caroline congregation which had no church of its own. Of the three the Baseline congregation was in my time the best. The services were well attended and I had the respect and goodwill of the people.

In 1876 we built the parsonage one mile south of Carrothers. In this our youngest daughter Clara was born on April 23, 1877[2].

[2]Clara's grave stone reads 1880–1945

Had it not been for an ill-natured quarrel in the Windfall Church congregation about the burial of the dead, I might have remained there for an indefinite time. I loved the people and was prepared with horse and buggy, sulky, sleigh, and saddle. In the Classis and Synod I felt at home. In 1874 I was elected Stated Clerk, in which capacity I served Heidelberg Classis for 14 years. In 1875 I was elected as a member of the Board of Directors of the *Buch-an-anstalt* or Central Publishing House. After this I was re-elected as such a member many times. So I came to have a part in the management under Dr. Rutenick as well as Rev. Becker.

4.9 In Lima, Ohio

Early in 1878 I received a call from the Reformed Church in Lima. The salary named and fully paid during my $10\frac{1}{2}$ was $600 (annually) and parsonage. Lima at that time had about 7,000 people and was a railroad center with some other industries. The German population was less than 10 percent. My membership in 1878 was about 150 and after ten years—375. We arrived in Lima in 8th of May 1878. A few days later I went as a delegate to General Synod at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This was an event in the Church, and also an event in my life. My horizons enlarged and my name became known—I may say I was growing.

I missed my full church in Lima, as I had had on the Baseline. But there was some growth and improvement in various ways. In the town I myself and the church came to be known. So I came to enjoy the good will of the community—quite an advantage later.

The Reformed Church in Lima had, prior to my time, quite a checkered career—a struggling mission. The very plain brick church had ben built in 1868. No pastor remained there long. When a few good Swiss people came there an improvement took place, but the growth of the congregation, like that of the town, was slow. This was true also in my time and the years passed quietly. I endeavored to do my duty in the pulpit and as pastor. The good seed was sown and some no doubt fell on good soil. There were no phenomenal conversions but there was improvement in the church life, in morals and good will.

In regard to the General Synod of 1878 it might be worthwhile to say a few words, but it is a matter of our church history so I will omit it here. While pastor of the Reformed Church in Lima I enjoyed the much valued

assistance of H. S. Prophet, a prominent attorney and vice-president of my Sunday School, English though he was. Similarly an old Presbyterian minister attended my church quite regularly. Like Mr. Prophet, Mr. Johnston loved the German language, though he had but a limited knowledge of it.

Our plain brick church was in need of some repair. Some of my men opposed spending much money on the old building. They rather favored waiting and in time building a new church. A very shabby fence enclosing our church property also called for repairs. Mr. J. Schlosser favored a new fence. As treasurer he had money for it—a fund surplus of the pastors salary. In 1886 when the matter was up, the question took the form of a fence—or a new church.

I used all my influence to get permission to see what money we could raise for the new church. In three days I had over $3000 on the subscription list. Everybody was surprised at this. It was not all smooth sailing but I secured over $11,000 and in time we started to build in 1887.

When the new church was dedicated in January 1888 it was nearly paid for, costing about $14,000. It was a bit of work on my part for we had no rich members in those years. Oil and gas had not as yet been found or brought money to members. On the part of many of my members I received credit for my work and success in those ten years. Still I felt that there were those few who quietly seemed to desire a new pastor for the new church. As yet there was no real opposition, but I did not care to remain until an opposition made itself felt.

When in 1872 the Second Reformed Church in Cleveland was apparently unable to survive, the Mission Board desired to take the poor little mission but nothing came of that. It was well for the only chance for survival at that time occurred when Rev. Mr. Young, a neighborly pastor, came to the rescue with a goodly number of his members. So the second Church was saved at that time. The Rev. Mr. Young fitted in well and was fairly successful 'till he died in 1886. Then again vacant, they wrote to me but as the movement for the new church in Lima had just begun, I declined. They then applied to the Rev. C. H. Shoepfle who accepted their call, but in less than two years he was forced to resign. They then again turned to me. I resigned in Lima as I felt my work their was done. I have no regrets for having gone there in 1878 nor for leaving in 1888.

4.10 In Cleveland

Looking back now over that and previous turns and changes in my life, it does seem to me that there was a higher hand that led me to each ministry. I had now been twenty-six years in the ministry. Could I anticipate then that I would be another twenty-six year in the harness in this one little Cleveland congregation? I have not regretted coming to Cleveland when God led the way. Here my life and that of my family was cast in this fine big city—located favorably, growing steadily, with a large variety of commercial and industrial enterprises. We have here enjoyed good street car service, public libraries, parks, the Lake, river, and public lectures, etc.

True, in Lima we left a fine new church and a good parsonage. In Cleveland I had an old parsonage and a cheap old frame church. But here we found good friends who received us kindly and remained faithful and true. Among these good friends were primarily Mrs. Rev. J. C. Young, widow of a predecessor who had died two or three years before. Yes, she was a dear old lady, godly, wise, and ever acting in doing good. She taught the infant class in the school 'till her death when 80 years old.

For a few years Calvin College students used to come frequently to assist in our Young Peoples' Society. So it came to pass that eventually Paul H. Land was to marry my daughter Louisa, and Jacob S. Kosover (persisting) took our Emma away from us. In 1892 Owen W. Ohl from Bloomville, Ohio had taken the oldest daughter, Meta, as his farmer wife.

Living in Cleveland was also decisive for the youngest son—Phillip. His preference was for farm work, or rather gardening. He, Phillip Melanchton, learned his life work with Martin Luther Ruetnick while they were raising cabbages, etc.

We had in my church a *Frauenverein*, *Jungendverein*, and Sunday School Teachers'-*verein*, and in 1890 organized the *Bauverein*, the object of which was to gather fund for the building of a new church. This organization bought the corner lot E. 38th and Woodland Ave. This location at the time proved best for our purpose, being fairly central. Our members lived east, west, north, and south of this location. At the time there were as yet no Russian Jews there. In 15 years they were all around us in complete possession there.

Early in 1893 we had an offer of $6,000 for our church property from a Catholic-Slovak congregation. They bought it, much to the chagrin of Bishop Horstman, who (in my presence) gave them a memorable tongue lashing for wanting a church of their own. It became necessary for us to think of building.

Our lot was only 50×120 on which to build church and parsonage. There was no thought of building a wooden church. While figuring on brick, a stone company made us a very tempting offer, so it came to pass that we built the stone church. When we were through building in 1893, we had an investment of about $20,000 with a debt of $3500. A fine property, though the location later on not so good for our purpose, was nevertheless valuable, on a great street although Jewish increasingly. The debt mentioned, while not large, was nevertheless heavy when the financial condition of the members was considered. This and the removal of members owing to the surroundings prevented the church from growing.

When in this manner laboring under increasing depression, a brighter prospect opened. The First Evangelical Protestant Church, located for many years in the northeast corner of Erie and Central Ave., could no longer maintain itself in the downtown location. Being independent of any denomination or supervision, they were free to dispose of their property as they pleased. They sold it, paid their debt, and agreed to divide the balance. The majority, up to seventy voting members, receiving 2/3 of $7,000 were led by President John Rock. They desired to unite with us but took, however, thirty months to decide. Meanwhile they worshipped with us to see if they would feel at home with us.

On Easter Sunday 1890 in connection with the Holy Communion they, to the number of 75 members, by rising were received into the Second Reformed Church. True, among the 75 there were many mere nominal members, still quite a number of good members came to us in that way. My congregation was increased and strengthened financially and otherwise with the $5,000 which they brought to us. We paid our debts, bought the adjoining lot, and remodeled the church to gain room for a pipe-organ. This again caused us to incur a new indebtedness which, however, was not a great burden.

My people now appreciated what I had done and voted me a vacation to go to Europe if I wished. In this way I had my only real vacation in fifty years. With my youngest daughter I made a flying trip—three days in England, three weeks in Germany, and one week in Switzerland[3].

On the third day of May 1903 when the church had just been renovated and remodeled, a torpedo factory near us exploded, doing immense damage

[3]They sailed from New York on July 6, 1899 on the *Friedrich der Große* and returned in mid-August on the *Königin Luise*. According to the diary kept by Clara, round trip ticket was $86

all around us and completely wrecking our windows. They were repaired but were not what they had been. This increased our debt again by $300.

A degree of discouragement came over me some months later and I was disposed to become Rev. Kosover's successor in Glenville. However I was not elected. Later wishing to rest or retire, I bought a lot in the west end of Lakeweed to build for my last trek. However it was not to be, not even when I received a call from the Euclid congregation when by unanimous vote my people refused to accept my resignation. This was gratifying to me at the time. I took courage again and although the surroundings changed for the worse and some members left us by removal, in a measure we "held our own." Church work continued as well as could be expected.

In June 1912 we had sold the church property but the purchaser, unable to pay, lost his *angeld*. On October 15, 1912 my Sunday School teachers surprised me and lit 71 candles. November 12, 1912—my Jubilee—50 years in the ministry. In the evening the ministerial conference came to congratulate me and Revs. Belser, Roengten, and Ruetnick spoke. At 7:30 p.m. in the church basement a banquet by the Ladies' Society—full house, with music, speeches by Revs. Becker and Bumberger, Professor Woltman and 18 other ministers present. Even Father Lindensmith, Roman Catholic, and aged 90 had come. Near the close, Prof. Woltman handed me ten times $10 in gold... with a fine speech.

Mrs. Stepler had suffered a stroke of paralysis at the end of October 1911. Her entire left side was paralyzed—dead, excepting for the pain. It became necessary to employ a nurse and a housekeeper 'till Sister Margaret, the nurse, offered to take care of the patient and the household. This continued 'till Mama's death on September 12, 1915.

Nov. 16, 1913: Now I've been pastor here for 25 years. Mr. Woltman spoke of this in a public meeting very feelingly. At the end of the meeting it was also decided to accept the offer of Mr. Shanmann for the church property—it was $19,000. Later the trustees bought the building back, to take it down stone by stone, cart it away, and build it up again as before. In church papers, as well as the Cleveland German Daily, there were lengthy reports of my Jubilee.

Feb. 15, 1914: Today my congregation voted unanimously to buy three lots at Olivat and East 99th St. Total cost: $10,000. To me not quite agreeable, but it seemed the best that could be done. It was necessary to come to a decision to avoid fractional spirit.

In December 1913 I had bought the lot on the east bank of Rocky River

and contracted with H. V. Christmann to build a two-family house. In June of 1914 we moved into the new house. The dear invalid wife enjoyed the pretty house for 15 months. On August 2, 1914 we laid the cornerstone at East 99th St. This day the war began in Europe. We held services in the hall on Ceder Avenue. I continued to serve my church from my home in Lakewood, even after I had resigned in August.

November 15, 1914: My resignation became effective. Farewell sermon; full house. Mr. Woltman also John Rock and other elders spoke feelingly at the close. Their eyes and many others were wet. To me it was bittersweet. After this I supplied the Monroeville church for one year. Then I surrendered it to Rev. Mr. Belser.

In July Mrs. Stepler having become worse, the end was approaching, she was in great pain except when under the influence of sedatives. We had Dr. Waltz and Dr. Otto Miller and earlier Dr. Hastings. The end was peaceful. The day named, a Sunday evening. It was a mild autumn day. Funeral was on the 15th with sermon in church on East 99th. Many friends showed sympathy. I remained in my home on Sloan Ave. Herb Land was with me and Sister Margaret remained with us as house-keeper another four years. I disposed of my real estate no longer confined so closely to my home. We had company off and on.

August 1916: I suffered of extreme heat, reduced in weight, voice was affected and my strength decreased. I recovered very gradually and later on was myself again.

June 1917: Erie Classis asked me to write a biography of Dr. Ruetnick. I enjoyed it and wrote as requested, also in English. It being wartime, Rev. Dr. Roentgen came to be in ill-favor in Washington and was no longer allowed to write the Kalendar. I then became his successor in that work. So I am the author of the same in 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, and 1923. Congenial work, but I earned my fifty dollars per annum.

Went east again in January 1920—I was two weeks in Baltimore, two at Lake Worth, Florida, and three weeks at Rock Ledge. In returning was another two weeks in Baltimore. Later in 1920 Herbert, myself and "Dupes" kept house in my home on Sloan Ave. At times I stayed at my son's in Rocky River. When the Sommerlottes came, October 25, 1920, during the year preached off and on at various places, also officiated at the installations of Rev. Wm. Klein, Rev. Sommerlotte, Rev. Belser and Rev. Kielsmeir.

On April 19, 1921 my left shoulder was dislocated while riding in the automobile of Brother Sommerlotte. It was a severe ordeal and after adjusting,

it again became dislocated—the second adjusting, a horrible experience.

Nov. 1, 1921: The last four months have been full. In July went in an auto with Rev. Holtkamp to Helvetis, West Virginia. Was there six to seven weeks and enjoyed the mountain scenery. Just home again by the end of August was called to Sharon, to be a guest at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sholz whom I had married 50 years before. As the older people had all passed away, the congregation seemed strange to me. After that I was again called to West Virginia to preach three weeks in Wheeling.

October 15, 1921 was a great day, as I had now completed my fourscore years. I recorded over 70 birthday cards and letters of congratulations. Same evening, the surprise at Rev. Sommerlotte's, all members of the family that could be here were present. The last Sunday in October I preached in First Church, the first Sunday in November in Second Church, and on November 13 at Mitiwanga, Birmingham, South Carolina.

> **Postscript:** *This meager life story, typed originally by 13-year old Waldo Sommerlotte, is in no sense worth printing. It is of no interest to anyone except, perhaps to someone of my descendents fifty or one hundred years hence, who may wish to know something of the first American progenitor of the family.*
>
> *John Henry Stepler*[4]

His gravestone reads:

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Rev. J. H. Stepler     Befiehl du deine Wege.
        1928                 Ps. 28.7
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[4]postscript and signature originally handwritten by J. H. Stepler