

x

Li-Rite

PATENTS PENDING

Stenographic Notes

TEN CENTS

No. 101

LI-RITE LICENSE NO. 1

No. 3

From Leningrad Aug. 8 1936

To Moscow Sep. 19 1936

Bibliography of Gifts - Denmark to Russia.

- Leachnitsky, (1) Problems and Methods of applied Hydrology (Leningrad)
" (2) The Study of Oceans + Sea Straits. (Madrid)
" (3) Führer (1933).
" (4) Bulletin of the Sessions.
Arnold-Alsheff. (1) Russland: Eisbrechdienst and Winterschiffahrt.
(2) Über die Schiffahrtverhältnisse in Finnischem Meerbusen
im Dezember und Januar 1925/26
(2 articles)
- Prof. Weinberg. (1) On Snow (popular book in Russian).
- Prof. Maltchanoff, (1) On Aerology (Russian).
- Kalitin (Kah-lee-tin) (1) Actinometry of ice. (3 papers)
(5 papers French) (2) Radiation Peculiarities of Snow and Ice.
assist. papers English. (3) Institute of Actinometry, ^{at St. Petersburg} and Optics.

Papers being sent -

- 2 by Arnold to Paris (already gone)
- 1 by Weinberg

Kenänen, (1) Über die Temperatur des Bodens und der Schneedecke
im Sodankylä 1920.

(2) Wärme- und Temperaturverhältnisse der
obersten Bodenschichten

(3) Über den Bodenfrost in Finnland 1923

Karkonen, (1) Untersuchungen der Schneedecke und der
Schneeniederschläge in Finnland.

(2) Der mittlere Wassergehalt der Schneedecke
in Finnland am 15. März in den Jahren 1919-1934.

Olin, Suomen Vesistöjen alueet ja järvet, etc.
i.e. Die Wassergebiete Finnlands und ihre Seen 1936
with map.

Speerschnieder, The State of the Ice in Davis-Strait

Peter Starke, Die Eisverhältnisse der Ostsee ¹⁸²⁰⁻¹⁹³⁰ und ihre Erforschung 1936.

From Peter Starke, Latvia. Board of Trade bank.

Kalypaila, (1) Sur la longueur des fleuves et son
jaugeage. 1935.

(2) La Lithuanie pays de l'ambre et des croix.

* (3) Hidrologinė Bibliografija ¹⁹³⁵
or Bibliographie Hydrologique de l'année 1934
Lithuanie 1935

(4) Sur l'activité du bureau hydrométrique de
la Lithuanie 1930.

(5) Few pamphlets and reprints in Lithuanian
on floods and streams.

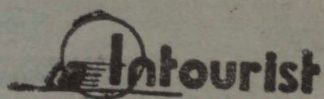
(6) Écoulement des Cours d'Eau pendant la
Période de Congélation 1931 Madrid.

Kirde, Rainfall in Tartu 1935.

INTOURIST, INC.
205 Monadnock Building
681 Market Street
San Francisco, California

For
Для г-на

Hotel
Гостиница



TRAVEL BUREAU
MOSCOW

Train №
Поезд №

From
От

to
до

Time of departure
Время отправления

Station
Вокзал

ИНТУРИСТ
ОТДЕЛ ПУТЕШЕСТВИИ
МОСКВА

August 8 - Leningrad. Am I here? In this
Third Class? Who is the joker?

"At the Hotel de Europe." Old style, I grant,
but with bronzes and marble statuary
on the landings, crystal chandeliers,
marble stairways, a room with one
bed, and table and desk and desk lamp
and a marble washbasin large enough
to bathe a baby in (only there is a tiny
hole that lets the water out) and a
bar of soap. Yes and a marble ashtray.
Also a soft-leather-bottomed armchair,
and two other nice chairs. Yes, an amber
water-jug. And a hardwood paneled
floor, ^{and a rug somewhat worn.} Also a calendar in Russian.

But there is a higher class hotel —
"the Astoria" — at which we dropped
a new friend from Hawaii. Her hotel
is up-to-date. Elsewhere I should have
fled from mine as being far above
my purse. It smacks much of the
Parker House Boston where I had dinner
with Mrs. Graham. Only, the employees
here are not so set up and seem
more like people of the working class

came to run the grand man's home in his absence.

Dinner in the roof-garden where we can peer above roofs equally high and gaze an immeasurable distance at domes and towers rising like scattered islands in a sea of roofs.

Neither tablecloths nor white duck suits of the waiters were spotless, yet were far in excess of our payments. For dinner we had giblet and mutton soup, bread, meat between boiled and roasted, and ice-cream and a wafer. Tea also if desired. The soup and icecream made for me a balanced dinner, and from the far and elaborate dining-room came music from an orchestra. I followed the music and stood while a young violinist in shirt sleeves played as would have delighted the heart of an American audience. And to me the sole visible auditor some some waiters he bowed cordially and I encored. Here were the makings of many Bens in the Philadelphia Symphony. And in the roofgarden as I entered

had been a Tableful of English Tourist
having a hearty time at dinner. So
I felt fully exonerated for starting Third
Class. I shall not change to Second.

The sole problem is to bridge the hunger-
distance from the boundary to the point
where Intourist begins.

However, to this delightful surprise is
added still another quite disappointing to some
of being denied the right to use cameras.

Entering the Soviet.

A chain of unexpected.

Stavka had paid for my dinner and
my portage in order to leave me with
Soviet money to buy things to eat for
the hunger area that would lie between
the frontier and Svingrad where Intourist
began to function. He made me keep my
Finn marks for ready exchange in the Soviet.

"My adventure would not be an easy one."

In the sleeping car, I found that our
compartment was to be used Siberian style
by two men and one woman. She confided
to me in German that the arrangement
was not "bequem" (comfortable) and I

suggested that we men give her a chance to go to bed first, for there were no curtains. But she preferred to retire later after visiting with a friend ahead.

at 4 in the morning we were up & he ready for entry and she asked me to give her just a moment in which to dress. The other member - an army man - had already left the train. So I told her to take the entire hour.

Thus began our day. She told me that she was a Russian girl who had lived long in Roumania and was now married in Latvia at Riga. She was returning to Russia to visit. There was no time to purchase food at Pitsope. So she fed me from her sandwiches and fruit thruout the day. Then came a man to exchange money, but would accept no coins except American or English. So when portorage was added to the customs, she loaned me money against our arrival in Leningrad. Because of her Russian she guided me at every step, and when we were finally transferred to the

Russian train, she asked me to share her compartment and her hospitality.

Customs - Kindly but thorough.

The money question was quickly over. Any gold? Any Express Cheques? I tried to give figures \$720 on hand. He signed two papers which I signed below, which my mentor said were to be delivered up when I left the Soviet. She had declared her gold rings, but they shook their heads at mine. It didn't count. It was too small.

Then he lifted up the cushions and felt around them and felt all pockets. He asked for no statement but went on his own search.

The papers interested most. An assistant turned every card, every paper, looked into every book as if looking for cartoons or opium. My mentor offered them a bit of candy from a candy box opened but they firmly refused. They were particularly interested in a Russian MS I had with the Athens. I asked this assistant if he understood English but he shook his head. Evidently he was performing his duty

thoroly without knowing what he was reading. Possibly he was relying on instinct,

meantime a woman official had called for our Intourist Certificates and kindly obtained the proper railway ticket in return for a receipt issued by the Finnish Tourist or Visa Bureau.

She was aiding in the customs examination and again thru my mentor brought me to speak English to a girl in a near compartment who was causing difficulty about her cameras. The girl was correct according to her "Intourist Directions" but the woman inspector said that she ^{herself} was helpless; that the law had been changed, and that our Directions were old. The girl was a teacher from Hawaii who was now returning from a trip round the world. "She had never had her suitcases so thoroly inspected before - books particularly." She had a collection of stamps. These were carefully turned one by one and as carefully returned.

Shades of Will Rogers!

I told her that we needed Will Rogers' humor again. In Finland, they were alarmed at my papers because they might be Communistic. Last night at Riga, a little woman's cheap trunk was diligently searched and her collection of books carefully opened one by one in a search for Communistic literature, said Stakle. And today, the Soviets are holding the train while they are looking thru picture cards and books of anti-Communistic literature. In America patriotic societies are trying to impose tests of orthodoxy on teachers and textbooks. Why don't they all look at each other and laugh the patent absurdity out of existence? It is no firing line. Rather it is a comedy.

Baggage. Our grandchildren may possibly be able to travel around the world by baggage car, but so far Europe still travels in its car shelves. Portenage has become a grave annoyance tho you can thereby keep your eye on your parcels and count them.

I had succeeded so well in Sweden and Finland that I determined to try to send my large suitcase by baggage from Tallinn (Reval) to Leningrad. It was refused except to Riga and even then at a charge of 6 Kroon, or more than a dollar. I tried again from Riga, but like a stray pup it returned to me again at the Soviet frontier. The authorities would not take it along under seal and came thru the train seeing the owners. Luckily it and I were on the same train. Again my mentor understood and explained, "The suitcase could be brought to me to be opened" and it was on the back of a porter who claimed 2.⁶⁰ Rubles 50⁺ cents. I offered him my Latvian money, but he said I could pay on my return, but I told him there would be no return. Thus the girl begged the chance to pay the bill for me. And I was invited by the inspector to keep the case with me and give him my check for it. He assured me that

Intourist would carry it at Leningrad without charge. I began to feel that men and women in the same compartment may have its rewards.

Our Train. "Hard seats" were our promise. A very soft tho dirty seat was our lot. One could ask nothing better for cushions. I had ridden "hard" ever since Denmark, except the Second Class to Kaunas. Most other cars on the train were Thirds and crowded. The dirt reminded me of my childhood travel.

On the Latvian train the toilet was so "safetied" that one must wedge himself between cover and seat, both of which were supported vertically by stiff springs. On our Second Class Russian car, the seat was locked upward and might even remain so as regards inclination to use it.

There was ^a tank full of water for washing but drip from a leak struck one's (no, my) ball head as I entered the door.

It is a long call from the Danish

railway official in palm beach, ^{suit} & the
Soviet official in dingy worn-a-day clothing.
In earnestness and solicitude, the latter
far surpassed the former. And such
perhaps was true of the countries between
which graded from the one to the other.
The train ran as fast and as
smoothly as any. But station buildings
and equipment were unkept and
rundown. But everyone was happy.
Children on the grass, a child buying
sweets from a station kiosk. If only
the yellow-brown stations could receive
a coat of paint.

The View Out. So little difference between
^{them} the Baltic States and Russia, ^{except that I can not read the signs.} Wide fields,
lands flat but rolling sufficiently for
drainage, forests frequently clear, some
trees - both birch and pine - tall and broad.
Many clearings for ^{new} plow lands. One
gang plow, one reaper, but the crops
seemed thin. Many houses dilapidated
but in one place some housing units
and new homes. The land is plainly
rising from a slump. Many abandoned

Red Clover, potatoes,
Cabbages.

milliyards but removing piles of logs
from cuttings. Roads are old
or new cuts over ungraded land.

Some repairs were being made and
one thru line was under construction.
Bus cars were seen.

But clothing, ^{quality} and alertness increased
toward Leningrad. Radio masts, factory
chimneys, a speeding freight train.

Snow fences and tree hedges were
frequent sights along the railway, showing
the effect of wind in drifting the snow into
the railway cuts. So there must be snow,
and cold and wind.

In midafternoon, we suddenly entered
a blinding depot where our mentor kept
us all together until a most capable
and attractive girl with partners guided
us to a bus and assorted us
^{3 and 3}
evenly, between the Second and Third
Class hotels, the lesser one extending a
city block.

Three photos were required. I had
almost forgotten that I had any extra ones.
The date of my certificate was advanced
from August 1 to August 8 and I was

given my room and instructions to eat. Simplicity itself. You sit and are eagerly served for your cuppa.

But you must give notice before noon previous to the day of your departure in order to obtain railway tickets.

Saundering. This service is extra and high. 1 1/2 roubles per piece, as a shirt, if you wait 5 days, or 3 roubles each if done in one day. That means 60¢ a shirt. I told the floor clerk that I might better purchase new ones, but she declared that shirts like mine would cost 80 roubles or \$16. "This was due in part to the lowered value of our dollar." But I declined the service. I have been spoiled even by America.

Towers. I made the circuit of our parapet this evening to see the towers. This afternoon from the bus the buildings seemed badly scaling and in need of paint. From above, the towers are fresh in their bright colors and gild and the roofs have warmth. Below, some stagings can be seen for restoring stucco. It is

And coming down the lift (elevator) from supper was a Hindu woman entirely European in haircut and dress speaking perfect English with English phrase. "Culture appears under any color and gable," said my Indian friend when I told my experience.

disk of hot fried salmon, tomatoes, hot milk and standard is plainly oppressed.

Supper. a dainty
peas, peppercorn,
ice cream. The
unusual in view

The redawn of the city and from above downward.
Parks and public buildings are about us.
Tomorrow is Sunday. I had no realization
of the day. Last Sunday in Helsingfors.
Should I hear a Russian service?

August 9.

A Tour of Leningrad. Not a bus tour
with megaphone, but two of us in an
auto with a Russian teacher of English
as our guide. History in abundance
since we were eager to listen.

The Neva, Peter the Great's "Window to the West"
and doorway to Western commerce. The
two columns with prows of ships to
signalize his naval victory over the Swedes.
The Fortress of Peter and Paul to guard the
new haven. The statue of Peter a-horseback
on a great monolithic mound of granite. ^{Julius Caesar on horseback.}
Palaces, government buildings, a triumphal
arch with chariot — all — are so
classical that no embryo of Russianism
shows as it does in Finland and
Sweden to the west.

Even canals in the city in imitation
of Venice. The streets too are broad.

and mainly of wooden blocks or asphaltum.

St. Isaac's Cathedral is a square church such as St. Peter's, Rome, was intended to be. Four porches of monolithic columns without and malachite and lapis lazuli columns within and mosaic pictures thruout the interior in panels looking like oil paintings of the Renaissance.

The only garish element were white i.e. transparent windows perforated by missiles probably during the revolution. Color glass would have enhanced the effect greatly.

Within was a display of anti-religious pictures showing the church as a taskmaster of humanity and caricaturing man's effort at worship. Of a positive nature were diagrams of astronomy and under the cupola a dizzy height above was a long pendulum, 300 feet long, swinging across the earth, withered on the floor to demonstrate the revolution of the earth. Opposite on the wall was a painting

of Galileo before the prelates with his model globe of the round earth broken.

Even as we passed, a woman was teaching a large group as she started the pendulum swinging. To judge from her masterfulness and voice and energy she should be one of the stronger teachers anywhere.

At the front door stood a great gear-wheel with the figure of the small Lennu behind it as a symbol of the age of mechanism.

All the doors - and they were massive - were of bronze and in panels in relief both inside and out. Another Ghiberti had worked in even more titanic form here.

Earlier I had sought an Orthodox service but found a Catholic one - crowded to the doors, not nearly attended as at Helsingfors. Here was the abiding answer to St Isaac's Museum. The people would still see the intangible, for they could thus reach farther.

and characteristic of the old Orthodox

faith, the audience was singing, one group after another, hymns without accompaniment as the spirit moved. It was pleasant to hear the unstudied cadences.*

At the lighting of the candles at the altar and the ringing of a small bell, the great pipe organ burst forth in mastery and the ritual of ceremony and formal music began.

Sunday. Is this workday or holiday? A visitor from Indiana, become my companion for the trips today, declares it a workday. "There is no seventh day. The Russians divide their days by six". But the crowds seem too great and work too merely occasional, ^{the stores were open.} They people are certainly contented and cheerful. Clean also and active. Footwear not bad and clothing substantial. Not rayon, however. We saw but one sylph in rayon hurrying along. I may see factory work day after tomorrow.

Tomanov is our guide and I have agreed

to go to the Hermitage Museum and Forties

* and in the street we heard soldiers singing as they marched.

of Peter and Paul. She wants my comments on the old masters. The Russian Museum is unfortunately closed, but I can see an exhibition of Repin's paintings at Moscow. Hotels ahead. As good as this, says my companion, but more crowded by more races intourist. In Kiev he even had a single room with toilet and shower bath. Shades of Surprises! I must sign for Fourth Class next time.

"Good Night", said the maid with a smiling bow as she left after opening my bed for the night. She had grinned understandingly too when I gathered up my hat and coat from the bed and hung them properly in the closet.

At the lift today, the young man said "When you go back to America, you will speak for us!"

Later the maid returned with an electrician. My ceiling light she had discovered to be out and felt that the room with the desk lamp and vestibule light was too gloomy. "She could speak German and French, but not English."

again "Good Night". And today a young man led us a block from his way to show us St. Isaac Cathedral which we were seeking.

August 10 - The Calendar,

Whistles about 7:30 this morning. Yesterday must have been holiday, tho the calendar on my wall has the first day of each month begin in position I and there are only six days in a line, the extra 31 of some months being extended out on the last line. This afternoon soon after 3, the streetcars were crowded with men and women evidently returning home after the day's work. All again looked contented and very cleanly dressed for workmen. Women as well as men were motormen and

conductors. Whiskers are relatively few. The national habit is the cap.

To the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Our excursion today took us to the cradle of Russian history and one of the shrines of Russian liberty. It is far more than the Bastille of France. Far here in an ornate but much worn cathedral are the tombs of the Russian emperors and

An Odd Request: On the street tonight a student striding in the fulness of health requested us for a hat and a watch. "We needed our own." I understood that excess clothing can be sold at a Government store. Was this student trying to turn a penny. We did not get entangled.

Later, - An American newspaper states that whiskers are not allowed in the new Moscow subway because they may be germ carriers. Recall Ant's Spitzing.

relatives in ^{box or sarcophagus-like} tombs of white marble with
recumbent crosses upon them. Only two were different - of grey and red Jasper.
Peter the Great at the far right in the chancel.

So powerless now. A Westminster Abbey
of violent deaths.

But in the crypts of the Fortress are
the many cells in which were imprisoned
the revolutionaries. Well-lighted but solitary,
except such as could be darkened when
the solitude should be made intense.

Some torture there was but its evidences
have been destroyed.

Each cell bears at the door the picture
of some victim with the number given
each. At one door Lenin's own brother.

And some cells have been restored to
their original with figures within. An
organized group with its tiny woman
leader was making the rounds as
were we. The Soviet should not soon
lose the lesson of its birth.

As a true fortress, this pile of buildings
had never functioned except the single time
it fired a shot against the Kerensky
government.

The Hermitage Museum. Overwhelming
is the only name one can use - in
richness of floor paneling, chandeliers,
and objects of art. Gold and silver in
intricate workmanship. Of Rubens,
seemingly as many as in the Louvre;
Rembrandts also large and numerous;
Paul Potters beyond my belief; Dutch, Flemish
lesser masters; Leonardos; and a
Raphael as an icon.

Originally a queen's private gallery. If a
people were taxed to poverty to amass
this, one can readily understand the
inevitable upheaval. But as a
monument of what artists can do if
they put their souls and patience into
the work, it stands among the highest.

At the entrance are giant monolithic
figures in porphyry upbearing the architrave.
The vices stand out on their feet but
their forms have the columnar power
of the Egyptians.

To "Vasily Ostrow 2 Line 23". To the
Hydrographic Institute but how could
I find the place since neither the

alphabet nor the spelling were the same and I had no map. The Intourist Secretary gave me the general location and the accompanying piece of paper. ^[in folder] Kindly hands beckoned me on.

Far over and along the Neva, I found the building and a young man who seemed to be handing out permits and keeping record. Finally he issued me the following passport and a bystander ^[in folder] eagerly advanced me to a room.

Officials seemed to be in consultation. Further upstairs was I taken until ushered into a drafting room - I was plainly unusual.

Soon came a man of possibly 30 to enquire my desire. He brought my pardon for his poor English pronunciation saying that he had obtained his training in English from Japanese and Chinese. In actuality the accent of only one unusual word was incorrect.

Professor Liaknitsky was on vacation but had told his secretary that he would be in today and he might still come

by 3 o'clock, if I could wait. Finally he prepared a telegram which he sent "at official courtesy" to Professor Lisovitsky to his place of vacation about 20 kilometers away asking him to call on me at my hotel (Hotel Europe) at 2 pm tomorrow.

He proposed that it would be far better for him to call on me at the hotel than I on him at the office. He also gave me his Leningrad home address: [in folder]

and also his phone number. I must now await the morrow, for I am eager to meet him.

Professor Arnold-Alabiev's office was in the next room, but he also was on vacation.

I tried vainly to explain that I was expecting mail sent in Prof. Lisovitsky's care, but the method seemed so foreign that he admitted that he could not understand I must be trying to send mail to him, not to be receiving mail → from him. I should plainly have had all mail addressed to Intourist, Leningrad.

Our mail may still have come and be
in his care.

Fortunately my host was acquainted with
the entire list of Personnel for the Soviet
→ Union. Markov was out of office,
(had died within the month)
Prof. Timonoff was deceased, Prof. Altheng
is ill at the present time, Samoilovitch
is in the Arctic on the icebreaker "Sadko",
Prof. Glushkov is at Moscow.

Prof. Fainstein was head of the entire
Meteorological-Hydrological work of the
Soviet Union at Moscow.

^{mentioned by Diener}
P. M. Ogijewski was at Kiev, evidently
the same as Prof. Anabel Ohievsky at Kiev
mentioned by Prof. Kalupaila.

He also recalled Prof. Kalupaila himself,
and spoke as if Prof. Liaknitsky was
Chairman of the Soviet Group at Edinburgh.
But he did not know whether Professor
was going or not, for these matters
were beyond his "competence". "He was
a marine biologist only."

He insisted upon seeing me to the door
graciously. Then single doors and double
doors and corridors quite beyond me

to Traversa.

Trams. I might have ridden out and I could easily have ridden back. But on the return I became interested in "stops" and missed them each time until I had reached the great bridge over the Nevada. However, I enjoyed the stroll along the embankment. A fleet of coal barges in single line drawn by a tug; a steersman lying outstretched upon his massive helm; fishermen with lines fastened to tall-tale willows stuck in crevices of the granite parapet.

The trams too were trains of two and three cars frequently driven by women motormen. The women motormen seemed to be more numerous than the men. Some women were conductors.

When I prepared to pay my fare, I found only Latvian coins in my pocket but a young man behind me immediately paid my fare and took an equivalent coin from my Latvian handful.

Department. The tendency to mistreat women mentioned in "Humanity Uprooted" seems

to have vanished. a western bit of courtship sets the bounds we noticed. Again my Crawfordville Teacher comrade suggested a stroll. all "Prospects" lead to the Nava.

There a young man to show his strength and his skill swung his girl by the elbows over the back of a granite seat to her place upon it and then walked around to sit by her. a few minutes later we saw them both nestled on the top of the granite parapet looking out over the illuminated basin at the crescent moon rising up the river.

An Alarm. The city clocks indicated 11 pm as we turned homeward from the Nava.

We chose to walk and suddenly became involved in the results of a siren.

For military suddenly rushed the pedestrians into the nearest ^{house} entrances and slammed the doors while street and house lights were all extinguished.

Some of our companions disappeared into the depths of the house. Others could be felt near by. attempts to open the door to peer out were resisted by some one on guard.

to retreat. Plainly a spacious residence
converted to crowded office use. I was
deeply grateful for this my first entry
into the scientific life of the Soviet.

I strolled home along the ^{marina} granite
parapet of the Nevsky watching a tug
with five large barges heavy-laden with
coal, with their rudders projecting backward
like a crane's legs when in flight.

Earlier in the day I had joined some workmen
trying to aid some cart horses draw each
six barrels of cement up the sloping bridge.
Now I watched the fishermen tend their
lines, each fastened to a tiny bell erected
on a stiff wire in a seam of the parapet.

Finally, I caught a tram. The change
I offered was Latvian, but a young man
quickly exchanged me a Russian coin
for it. A girl enquired if I could speak
English or German and explained my
destination to the conductress. Another
young man offered me his seat, which
I very appreciatively refused.

Tomorrow I shall get my guide
to phone for me. I feel now at home.

Over
Pay
to buy
clean etc

Evening Stroll. I was seeking pictorial guides and strolled with my Indiana teacher friend to the Hotel Astoria, where I obtained a \$2.⁵⁰ Indianist Guide Book D.S.S.P. for 3 Rubles. This was a reversal of prices. Collections of stamps also were on sale - both of the Imperial times and since the Revolution. The collection of the present Olympics was most expensive, \$4 Rubles. The others were about 6. The canvas stamps of old days reflected the art taste of the court.

Some little fellows walked and chatted with us in German and English words. They had a little notebook with a list they had written and proudly pointed out their school. England they knew off down the Neva. They were eager for stamps.

The Neva seemed active with passenger boats and barges. Pleasure boats also - and an entire rack of canoes. However, not yachts as at Copenhagen.

Search lights played occasionally on the clouds and fireworks sent down clusters of lights.

at 11, the moon rose up the broad

Neva. Ruddy, large, in its last quarter -
a setting for the great lagoon of the river
circled by lights. It seemed almost north,
to the sunset. I

Department. The tendency
to mistreat women mentioned
in "Humanity Uprooted" seems
to have vanished. A Western bit
of courtship, ^{swayed before us on the Neva} sets the probable
bounds. A young man to show
his strength and skill swung
his girl by the elbows over the
back of a granite seat to her
place upon it and then walked
around to sit by her. A few
minutes later we saw them
both nestled on the top of the
granite parapet looking out
over the illuminated basin
at the crescent moon rising
up the river.

venue homeward
and houselights
a soldier on
from the street.
pushed and the
official without.
heard and ^{door}
s. ^{who enquired thru the} Curian
there until 1 o'clock.
retired to the depths
and ourselves
to the door
the door was
slowly returned to
had seen earlier

in the evening seen appeared almost as
bystanders and the horsemen in groups
troiled up side streets. A student, who had
learned some English, said with small
interest that it was not police but military.

Nevada. Ruddy, large, in its last quarter -
a setting for the great lagoon of the river
circled by lights. It seemed almost north,
at least at right angles to the sunset. I
thought of the Arctic.

An Alarm. We turned up the avenue homeward
when suddenly the street- and houselights
went out, ^{a siren sounded.} There was a soldier on
horseback sending people from the street.

Into a vestibule we were pushed and the
door was shut by an official without.
Motor trucks could be heard and ^{door}
the footfalls of sentries. One ^{who enquired thru the} Currian
said we should be held there until 1 o'clock.

Most of our company had retired to the depths
of the house, two women and ourselves
stuck in the darkness to the door.
after possibly a halfhour the door was
opened and the street slowly returned to
normal. Soldiers we had seen earlier
in the evening still appeared almost as
bystanders and the horsemen in groups
troiled up side streets. A student, who had
learned some English, said with small
interest that it was not police but military.

This same student inquired for watches and hats. My companion had been told that there is a market where surplus clothing can be sold. Evidently the student was trying to collect surplus.

Don't
Dwell

It was now hand on 10'clock. My companion was afraid of complications. He said that a young fellow had been arrested in the outskirts of the city during the day as a suspicious character. He was taking notes.

Supper from 8 until 2. So we had tomato-cucumber salad, ice cream and tea.

At dinner I had had chicken soup with noodles, woodcock (tasted like duck), a cucumber, tea and ice cream. The meats have too much cabbage.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.

Exchange. I had 170 Marka (Finnish), at 2.2¢ per Marka this should represent \$3.74 (American).

At 5 Rubles (Russian) per \$1.00, I should receive 18.70 Rubles. I actually received

17.00 Rubles. Discount 35¢ or 10% of my \$3.74.

I should like Now to Know (Oct 16). My friend of the Godyear Tire Co., who lives out instinctively and saw the Hermitage with me is "a sick man" and is fleeing to Germany

My friend
I think
see and
discuss

to find a "vegetable menu". Did he
escape in time? He is spending
6 weeks each in Russia, Germany,
and Italy to discover the difference
between one dictatorship and another.
We may have enough raw material for
a long conversation.

Liakhutsky and Weinberg. At 2 p.m. my
day broke with a splash. For in burst
two youngsters in spirit with an
attendant breeze. Russia had become
human and schoolboy in a moment.

Liakhutsky was young. He had not
heard that I was coming. "Dangerous not
to write, for he had mail for me with
no instructions. My letter to him from Helsinki
had only just arrived.

Weinberg was older but vivacious. He too
wanted to go to Edinburgh but must cost double
for he could not travel without his wife. "His
head was alright but his heart ^{going upstairs} tricky." Another
advantage in his going was his ability to use
five languages. "He was glad I was here, for
only this morning he had decided to write for
my picture. They had argued about my age.

I must be a ^("ungeheurer energetischer") superman, to write so much.

^{No need now to} [Now he need not] write, "Americans look younger than they are."

I called him an Irish-American. "Why?"

Because of his reports. He did not know whence his ^{German} name, for his ancestry far back was Russian tho Jewish. He looks a bit like the standard premier of France. He is also a clarinetist.

→ Both rearranged the order of the Russian

Group on the Snow Commission. Markov was plainly out. "Dropped by the Government". So I asked Liachinsky to be Chairman permanently.

Weinberg drilled me long in pronouncing his name: "Lach (deep-down-in-your-throat) (German) vits-ry".

Timanoff recently died should be retained but with a †, after the European manner.

→ Regarding Stokle's proposal of Samoilovich for Vice President, they suggested Fairstein as being at the head of all meteorological-hydrological work in the Soviet Union. Furthermore, Wiese was superior to Samoilovich in the Arctic division.

Meeting Colleagues. "I must now see their Director ~~Moltchanoff~~" but there was no telephone except in the hall. "In the Astoria there was a telephone in every room" but it was II Klasse.

We were III Klasse. Connection was made.
He had just arrived from his home at the
Geophysical Observatory.

The word "line 2" was now explained.
Peter I apparently gave names like *Ossily Petrov*
to the office sections of his city and numbered
not the street as "first" but the separate
sides of the streets as "line 1", "line 2" etc.

Director Moltochanoff^{off} impressed me at once
as a political appointee. He was a big
fatty, arduable, red headed, with shirt open.
But I must see the Observatory. His auto
had been loaned to In Tourist but he
delegated Arnold-AlabiEFF to borrow it
back.

Meantime, we studied the charts
of weather types upon which are based
present Russian forecasts of weather
→ five months in advance.

Home of Repose. Russian designations
seem as poetic as Japanese. This was
the clubhouse or commons of the scientists
to which we all went to dinner before
making our trip.

It was the palace of the "Pretender to the

Russian Throne". "There were lots of them in Paris. It faced on the Neva and had unusual carvings, a ballroom, and a library of which our scientists were proud. The people have now entered in and blessed it with their new name.

Homespun and luxury - the first very tender of the second. A woman librarian was proud to show us a new book reproducing a medieval MS. a peasant was doorkeeper.

The dinner group suggested a fraternity in naturalness and simplicity. "Cold soup". I was warned not to attempt to eat it all. My host, Moltzchanoff, had called for a second helping before I had got well started on my first.

The Hero of the Stratosphere. But my dinner was secondary to the conversation. At the next table was pointed out the Hero of the Stratosphere. ^{He came eagerly to be introduced.} In 1935 he had gone to the stratosphere to study cosmic rays and been forced to "bail out", or the balloon had become its own parachute. His analysis of cosmic rays was fascinating - but even more so

his enthusiastic earnestness, for he was pudgy and his mouth protruded so that his words seemed to come from his throat. A compelling example of mind over body.

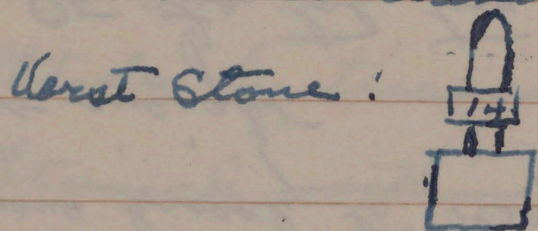
Another friend and colleague met at supper was Bydin, a counterpart of J. Cecil Allen, U.S. Meteorologist, Salt Lake City.

To the Geophysical Observatory. Bydin and Weinberg could not go. The trip would be 80 kilometers entire and the "road would be rough" — "possibly too rough even for me". So we parted, Weinberg swearing allegiance to a "man he could admire" and I filled with interest in him.

Our group now became our host Moltchanoff, Arnold-Alabieff, Sakhrutsky, and myself, with the driver — a ferdful but all merry as schoolboys.

Our route lies along the Meridian Road of Leningrad which leads ^{from a "Brandenburg" gate} due south to a hill on which is located the Leningrad Astronomical Observatory. The highway is now badly torn up because of repaving with asphalt. The highways of Russia during the past three years had been undergoing resurfacing with asphalt which

the country possesses in abundance - a delightful surprise after the stone blocks of other countries. Many of the old Verst Stones (mile-stones) were still in place and many of the old farmhouses were still standing, tho dilapidated. ^{hiproof.}



Midway was a large military aviation field at which we host lectured.

Lakhitsky stated that this entire region would be built up to city factories.

Detoxae Sselo was on the curve of Absentary Hill. The name sounded familiar. Only originally it had been Zaroxae Sselo under the Tsars when it was their summer palace home.

Nicholas and his family were carried from here, I believe, to their exile and death.

It is now called Detoxae Sselo (Children's Sselo) in honor of children. Here children were

playing on the grass and classes were studying art within. It is really a park, ^{a Russian Versailles.} Among the

trees were pointed out the Alexander Palace and Catharine's Palace.

The park is immense like the Danish

Deer Garden, with winding roads, and pleasure boats. Fine trees as in England's parks.

The Geophysical Observatory - at the far end was what might be called "Geophysical City" nestled among the trees, mostly the creation of the Tsars together with the Astronomical Observatory on the hill at the entrance. In the Geophysical section were four units, as I gradually realized: Aerological, Radiation, Meteorological, and Magnetic.

We turned into a spacious garden with flowers and grass and villa and were eagerly welcomed by our host's little boy who "could speak French only" of foreign languages. Near by was a tower. "Would I care to climb?" Of course, I would climb. But I had to move briskly to keep pace with my host despite his weight.

At the top two girls had just finished a sounding-balloon flight so high that the recorded tranquility overhead indicated fair → weather for western Russia. The record had been made by a radio-meteorograph that sent its impulses to a recording mechanism below. The girls determined the balloon's position

by theodolite - by two in fact, a widefield instrument to locate the balloon and a smallfield to increase accuracy of measurement. Some distance away thru a lane cut in the tree tops was a companion tower for following the same balloon and determining the exact altitude by triangulation. Accuracy was thus obtained within 40 feet. A humble lantern on a post was used as a beacon to the other tower in night observations.

Then enthusiastic Liakhutsky pointed out my host as the inventor of the radiometerograph and I clasped his hand in both of mine. Here was the man who had furnished the instrument for the "Graf Zeppelin" in its initial flight to study the sky over the Arctic Ocean ^{in preparation for the Polar year.} Here was the means of determining the weather elements of the atmosphere far above the altitude ever attainable in ascensions by man. The work room below showed in heavy outmoded instruments the plodding persistent effort toward success.

In the guest book I was privileged to write:

"As Peter the Great on the Neva opened a window to the Western world, so here has been opened a window to the heavens."

[Aug 11, 1936]

Foto
to attachment
This late in the evening, our group picture was taken while a bouquet was gathered for me from the garden. [To photo archives

→ At the Radiation Observatory we met Director Kalitin, a member of our Commission. He spoke only French but his assistant * could speak English. They were studying radiation thru ice.

→ The Meteorological Station across the way was ^{Here Arnold-Alabieff has some projects,} unusually well equipped.

* Here they had noticed that a precipitation gage, if carefully shielded by a forest screen, will accurately record either rain or snow-fall. Such had been our observation in connection with the U.S. Weather Bureau gage at Tahoe City.

* a project thought purely scientific was modestly brought out. The apparatus consisted of a box with black bottom divided by wires into squares and a chart of Bentley's snow crystals and an even better chart by the European [?] in which details of crystal structure were clearer. The plan was to study the types of crystals and number of each that fell in the various storms.

accompanying the catching of the crystals was the recording of the weather elements occurring at the same time. It is one of Arnold-Alabieff's interests. Thus far the various types of storms do not appear to have their individual crystals. Must the study be conducted in the laboratory under controlled conditions?

* The various types of snow surface

August 12, 1956 Leningrad -
- Slouzk.

Prof. P. A. Moltchanov Director of the
Central Geophysical Observatory
of the U. S. S. R.

N. N. Kalitin Chief of the Actino-
metric Observatory

S. J. Savinov Director of the
Meteorological Experimental Observatory
in Slouzk

Courtesy of Arnold - Alabieff
I think.

to brood over this spot.

Homeward. Homeward in the dawn after
lecturing with our host at his garden gate.

accompanying the catching of the crystals was the recording of the weather elements occurring at the same time. It is one of Arnold-Albiuffi's interests. Thus far the various types of storms do not appear to have their individual crystals. Must the study be conducted in the laboratory under controlled conditions?

* The various types of snow surface encountered in polar regions by sledging parties and the names given various types of snow by the natives give a practical bearing to the project and suggest regions where the project should be carried on supplementally. Polar and mountain expeditions might well include this project among their studies.

The Magnetic Observatory, one of the oldest of the four, was the master station for the Eurasian coast line of the Arctic during the Polar year and the center for auroral stations. A cloister-like quality seemed to brood over this spot.

Homeward. Homeward in the dark after luncheon with our host at his garden gate.

But happy groups of old and young were promeneading the new highway at Detskae Selo. Even a drunk was there, as indifferent to our fenders as a cow.

On the hills to the south in the ^{of counter revolution} bleak days, the white Russian army had been halted. Only a crust of bread was at times available. The scientists' families had been sent to the far south and were out of touch for months at a time. Yet during the fifty five years of the Selo's observatories' existence, "no observation had ever been omitted" an attempt had been made to centralize these observatories in Moscow, but they seem to belong to the spot. A strong hand had evidently prevented looting thruout the region.

Night shifts were seen at two schoolhouses under construction. The work was being hurried to allow the children to have an entire day's school session instead of a half day. Many of the towns had had no school at all. Illiteracy is now waning.*

a shift was found completing road paving at midnight. Women with broom and shovel.

* The Soviet is now appropriating nine times as much money for school purposes as was appropriated by the Tsars.

* Searchlights were following an aeroplane against the sky. Evidently defense maneuvers. This explains last evening's alarm in the city.

On the city streets bread vans were passing.

[Charts in The State maintains the bakeries and

Eng. & Russian
of Various Phases
of Interest of

distributes the bread.

Snow & Ice &
Their Relation

"People are shifted from job to job to keep

to other commissions
& organizations"

them busy and production balanced"

"all are paid. Some supplementary to their

earnings. Bootblacks have a union -
'Exile Home?'"

Wagons and droshkas with rubber tires, Horses and autos. Some bicycles. Moon in the northeast. The crescent moon

Supper at 1 a. m.

August 12. Catch-up Day on Journal.

[business card in folder]

[F.I.]
→

Bydin. Bydin came in to expand his visit of yesterday. He is learning English and can speak a little. He brought me a Beginner's Book in Russian-English as a present.

* also a translation ^{into Russian} of my graph regarding the Relationship of Snow and Ice to Hydrology and Allied Sciences. [in folder]

→ # as a project, he is comparing the mean annual temperature at Leningrad with the

annual rise of Lake Tahoe and an
a percentage relationship of each to its normal
finds the correlation very close. However,
I pointed out that the conditions affecting
the rise of Tahoe were so varied that the
correlation could have no basis. He desires

* earlier levels also and I have promised
to send him Boardman's series from 1901 -

→ He also raised the problem of "Publications" in
connection with the Commission's activity.
He has his membership in the Commission
printed on his calling cards

Dobrowolski. One of the letters brought
by Liakhutsky was from Dobrowolski.
He had been long confined to the hospital
unable either to read or write. He still

favors the plan of an Association of Cryology
but is quite willing for me to be its
→ president. I must send a copy of this to
Commander Speerschneider. He shall have
a chance at Edinburgh to make his plea.

** My Cold.. My cough worries me. But
aspirin clears my chest.

Liakhutsky. My evening was reserved for
Liakhutsky, the one man for whom I had

made the journey to Russia.

* I conveyed the message from Kolopaila and Starke. He felt that Kolopaila had fled from duty for he had been a teacher at Moscow. To Starke's enquiry of why the Russians failed to come to Helsinki, he could only shrug his shoulders. "The Russians were ready. . . . Then later they wined". The officials of the Conference also had wined. But neither side received the other's message. "The dues were paid and receipt for them was received." "The reason for adverse decision by the Soviet had not been given and was not known."

"This time to make more certain, I must ask Director Fairstein regarding → plans for Edinburgh." "already last May the Soviet had decided to become a constituent member of the International Union". So he framed and sent a telegram announcing my call on him at Moscow the 13th and gave me the following detailed sketch map even of his office floor. [In folder]

→ He declared also that I must join Semoilovich on one of his voyages by icebreaker into the Arctic.

Farewell. At 10 pm. our sole daily Moscow train pulled out long and loaded for its twelve hour run to the Soviet Capital, with diorhistry and Bydin waving high above the heads of the crowd until the curves carried us from their view. Moltchanoff's flowers I was carrying with me.

August 13. Who Ever Can Tell?

III Klasse. Our In Tourist Dritte Klasse had exactly what was promised this time — a hard bed — i.e., a hard (wooden) seat but with a thin mattress on top. There was a blanket with pillow and, I believe, sheets also. a second or double mattress was the only improvement essential. The car was filled with In Tourists. My compartment held "Smith-Petersens", gone home to Scandinavia and towing a bit farther east. The people resembled somewhat the Tourist Class on Atlantic liners.

The Volga and Canal. a relatively small river and the canal to Moscow only in its early stages. We are near the Volga headwaters but it and the Moscow River can be made

into a trunk line from Moscow southward.

Lost. The guides and porters at Moscow met us as usual but somehow despite my effort to keep in our group, I filtered into other streams that looked to me identical and finally entered the Red Square. Busses were far left of me, hastening lines before me, but nothing fitted. Two boys froze to me - partly to earn but largely thru interest. One was sure he could guide me to the In Tourist Hotel.

I was weary, but we hastened down into Moscow's new tube system, as bright with new tile and fresh finish as the Holland Tunnels in New York. There were even escalators for exits. We changed cars at least twice. Then at the end of a square our destination. That stretch was wearisome. Then more wearisome the information that this was the In Tourist I Klasse. But a free and quick transfer was given us. At In Tourist III Klasse I found my suit cases and sank down upon them asking for a Doctor. My next act in convalescence was my departure September 20 for Edinburgh.

Interlude

The weeks that follow are feverish with dull and sleepy hours but interspersed with snapshots of deep emotion, followed by contentment, replanning, hope-deferred, and final health. Courtauld, buried weeks in the Greenland snow, has been criticized for not recording his emotions. I was too weary and my thoughts too feverish for healthful reading. Such can perhaps be found in "Confessions of an Opium Eater". I have never cared to read it. Rather have I gathered my Russian impressions together in "The Soul of Soviet Russia" at the end of this Journal. This was the abiding vision the weeks brought to me in my hospital walls. The following pages will be restricted to snapshot impressions, memoranda and documents.

In Tourist.

First Days of Illness - The following log of temperature, that was found when I reached Rens, can belong only to these first days of August 13-17 and make a perfect frame for certain experiences that can be dated thereby.

№26 Солнечному
Температура

13/III	ber	-	-	-	38,7
14/III	уфр	38,4			39,3
15/III	"	36,	37	36,"	37,2.
16/III	"	38,	37	36,2.	38,
17/III	"	37,8.	"	"	37,3.-38,

39.3 = 102.7
or 4.5°F.
above normal
Normal 36.8°C
= 98.2°F.

Symptoms a chemical stench,
from poisonous perspiration.
Body cleared.

August 13 - A kindly gray haired doctor in explaining my absence the evening. Sent word to Fairstein.

August 14 - Under a canopy of ice, a madonna like nurse; also one dead weary in the night stretches. I urged her to go to bed. She smiled.

Three figures outside my canopy - from Fairstein's Office. "Had waited all the previous day for me. Their chief also was ill, and worried.

because his big boss was coming.
"Could I wait?" I sent word that
I would wait any length of time to
meet him. Thus was I made contented.

August 15 - a special doctor sent by
Fainstein. Explanation necessary to
old doctor, who at first protested.
Shaved. "Now you look pretty."

Food dainties necessary. So signed
\$10⁰⁰ check and had a stack of rubles
on my table to purchase as waiters
and nurses desired. To be sure of my
signature the cashier brought the check
back for me to sign a second time
in her presence. If I ate a substantial
meal, the waiters took one of my In Tourist
meal coupons, otherwise they took
from my pile of rubles.

August 16 - Intimations that the Government
does not approve of my remaining at
the hotel. Had earlier granted only reluctant
consent.

Body rubs. With my approval, Florence's
ring removed from my finger and
placed on the table.

August 17 - Evening. "Government has ordered

my transfer." I resisted, for the illness had merely been an enthusiastic struggle with the nurses and others as partners. I was fully contented and resisted interference.

But suddenly an officer passed before my bed. I was in the grip of the Soviet. My happiness was gone. Dread lay ahead.

August 18 - September 20. Batkin Hospital.

Readjustment
Aug. 18-25.

The story of the transfer is told in "The Soul of Soviet Russia". I was uprooted in the deepest sense.

No common language. My room-mate

physicians and the nurses drink of water was a loan my mouth.

Communication with world. Keranov was homefolks would worry. Warsaw, Prague, and not understand my delay of travel was a full one

girls from the tourist

Forwarding address
before following
dates

July 29
Bernese,
Dr. Sredrup

Aug. 1 -
Helsingfors or
Lianhnutse, Leningrad

Aug. 10 - Zurich,
Dr. Lutschig

Aug. 15. Paris
Prof. Dienert

Aug. 25 - Amer. Express Co
6 Haymarket
London.

J. Edinck

\$10 = 37.70/Res

16) 37.70) 10.000 (286
7540
24600
22820
19800

my transfer." I resisted, for the illness had merely been an enthusiastic struggle with the nurses and others as partners. I was fully contented and resented interference.

But suddenly an officer paced before my bed. I was in the grip of the Soviet. My happiness was gone. Dread lay ahead.

August 18 - September 20. Batkin Hospital.

Readjustment
Aug. 18-25.

The story of the transfer is told in "The Soul of Soviet Russia". I was uprooted in the deepest sense.

No common language. My room-mate seemingly suspicious and the nurses abrupt. Every drink of water was a disinfectant for my mouth.

I had no communication with the outside world. Keranov was waiting. The homefolks would worry. Colleagues in Warsaw, Prague, and south would not understand my delay. My program of travel was a full one at best.

Finally two girls from De Tourist

0000
840
1600
3640
7680
6520

Telegram to Scringham
in folder, dated
Aug 26]
Also 9 other
telegrams

looked me up. They were eager to
aid. The following telegram probably
resulted and brought ^{the} others in its
train. A similar one to Director ^{fortunately} Daten
contained my Hospital address.

The American Embassy sent by
Congressman Scringham thru Willis
and Bob and Marion Merriman sent
by Director Daten thru Si Ross
appeared at my bedside at practically
the same time. Secretary Schütz
also came from Director Fairstein.
My connections were once more
reestablished. The crisis was possibly
^{past} passed. My dread was over.

These ^{eight} five days from the 18th to
the 25th must have been wild for
the doctor as they were for me.
For he remarked that I was now
"bequem" tranquil, and I replied
"yes, for I have again connected up
with the world". I must get my
temperature chart for this period. The
initial line at least is high and vertical.

Waking
Cost of waking
Dew's letter
Waiting. Aug. 26 - Sep. 5.

To me this was the long wait for my temperature to fall below 37.0°C and my pulse below 80.

All were anxious but the older were wise. To our joint cablegram home my doctor had added that recovery should be accomplished late in September, but in deference to my obvious disappointment had removed it. It gave me a fighting chance. Our old chief(?) physician came in to visit at times. At sight of my chart hanging at the foot of my bed he remarked: "Slow, but better slow than not at all." Then Director Vater's fear that I might go too soon slowed down my eagerness as did Bob's ^{Emerriman} still warning that present speed might end all future articles.

On the other hand effort was maintained by the "Sisters" insistent refrain "Essen, Professor, Sie müssen essen" (Eat, Professor, you must eat) despite my weary answer "Später" (later).

However, I could sleep. Double pneumonia with partial pleurisy was no light load to throw off.

However, my experiences and realizations given here in compact form came only slowly and in some instances since my return home. Thus the double pneumonia. The waiting would have lost its novelty if I had known all at once.

Surroundings. A doorway, a corridor window beyond, a cornice, a water conduit, a busy bird lives trout in ripples gathering food that floats to him along the eaves. Like a drop curtain, ^{and a diving plank} the sky and clouds. Sometimes pattering rain. Behind me a window thru which came the early sun.

Sometimes with my bed clamped to wheels I went forth to tour the long corridors and ride on "lifts" to the remote X-ray laboratory - a sixteenth of a mile, it seemed, round trip - among mortals even more weary than myself. And everywhere the bust or picture of Lenin to inspire - not grandiose but small and earnest as in life. Ivy was being trained about one of the statues. My world was four walls, but live

a blind man's it was permeated
by the sounds from without brought
by my companion's tiny radio hanging
like a watch over his bed.

Thus the city was brought even closer
to me than the fifteen-hundred inmates
of our hospital.

Companions - all busy without
compulsion and happy, except one
who still was ill but persisted at
her work thru fear of being displaced.
Day and night they rotated - 12 hours
on and a day and night off.

The doctors come mid-daily except
for occasional days off. His office was
a simple table midway in the corridor
of our ward (Korpus II - Floor III),

The nurses were called "Krankenschwestern"
(Sickness Sisters) - not the convent type,
introspective, but normal women
with a towel, ^{or daintier cloth} about the brow and draped
behind. All including most citizens wore
a white ulster, made and from
laundry marks evidently washed by the State.
This was true both of men and women.

including the doctors.

The older group, resembling our practical nurses, cleaned and fed us. They were our "mothers".

The younger group, technical nurses, were our "sisters" and entered merrily into our life. "Unsere kleine Schwester" (Our little sister) Shurwan would pinch or shake my foot thru the bedclothes to express her approval of something I had said or done. Marusha the youngest yet largest was quietly solicitous for my comfort.

Naida, our curly haired, would saucily mock me when I meanly said "Später" (later) but warned me and my visitors when visits were too prolonged.

Specialists were numerous. The floor-scrubbers who cleaned the corridor at night or early dawn. The floor polisher who appeared like a boy on roller-skates one early morning with polishing blocks on his feet, and disappeared so quickly. Only a hornpipe was necessary to add to the comedy. He curvetted among

our beds as they were moved to and fro but we could find no trace of polish on our hardwood floor. He never returned. He was the comic touch in tragedy but too fleeting.

Two women and one man formed the transportation group for patients about the hospital.

Two girls - I thought them manicurists - made blood tests. My error was natural for they were extremely delicate and precise.

The doctors were always accompanied by an assistant who repeated his tests. One day our assistant came alone (the doctor was absent) and felt my pulse and pronounced it "gut" (good). I laughed and called for her watch. I wanted the count. She went away apparently nonplused, but soon returned with an "hour glass" - a sand glass good for a minute and triumphantly counted my pulse. Such "cultural goods" as watches belonged only to the doctor himself. She had as yet acquired only American slippers, stockings, and lip-stick.

Even extra specialists should be recorded.
1. The Barber, two women and one man in a lounge.
The woman shared the man cut hair. One half ruble a
shave, Cologne water one half ruble extra. But, I got a facelift.
2. The newspaper and magazine woman who sold her news.

My special nurse was merely chosen from the "Schwester" to doze in an armchair nights in my room. I did not realize that she had been placed there specially for me tho I noticed that she was alert to every unusual breath.

My Roommate: My Stahlin, my protector, my friend. Only slowly did I realize how fortunate I was. He and I could speak haltingly in German. He studied my every need and directed the nurses. If I tapped on the wall for attention, he pushed the call-button over his bed. He taught the Schwester a few German words and tried to teach me some Russian call-terms by writing them out in Latin script.

He too had been a teacher of Latin, then a student and writer in psychology. But he had turned from the latter because it was mechanical rather than human. Six years had he been an invalid, with a bone infection in an ankle and wrist, which forced him to lie on his back for the one possible chance of

Russian
"Compliments"

recovery. Once he had gone forth,
only to be forced back within two
days. "He had a young wife and two boys."
"And you are so 'froh' (happy)," said I;
and he "I am 'glücklich' (fortunate)."
I understood with a burst of emotion
when I stood at the window and
saw a peasant wheeling an outstretched
companion on a cart to our haven
of refuge; and I bore to him the news
that I had discovered the Soul of Russia
and should tell the world when I
recovered. ["The Soul of Russia" placed in folder]

Names matter not, but I have
preserved his address, for letters rather
than memories shall pass between us.

[Back of old envelope containing names and addresses in
folder]

There were other comrades afar: a Greek
priest with a grim smile of success pushing
his supporting chair in relearning to walk.
Two "convalescents" but undismitted. My roommate
said "dungs". One looked hungrily in.

The Merrimans - For once my power of identification was keen and I recognized Marion at once. She had been Assistant at the Station at the time of her marriage to Bob - a college romance with University Chapel wedding on the day of their graduation in 1932. I had forgotten that they had gone on fellowships to Russia and could not have dreamed that they were still there and most of all at Moscow. Human interest works wonderful combinations - and the mutual sympathy of Si Ross and Director Jeter at Rotary Club, ^{with resulting cable to the Merrimans} saved me from desperation and the meeting of the Commission of Snow from drab failure. For they became my sole link with the outside world. Furthermore their long experience fully confirmed my brief observations and general conclusions.

Washing. Marion undertook to get some essential washing done for me. At Leningrad I had been stilled at the charge of one ruble (20¢) a garment if you waited one week, but three rubles if you required your washing in twenty-four hours. I protested that I could

buy a new shirt in America for 10 rubles.

"But" protested the laundry maid, "the shirt you are wearing will cost 80 rubles in Russia."

Marion explained that conditions in Russia had improved to the point that the people were beginning to dress better.

Consequently, the cleaning works and laundries were being overloaded with work.

"It is now impossible to get a suit of clothes cleaned in less than one month." We concluded to leave Russia

in soiled clothes as we had entered.

So Marion took but little. The tag possibly represents my laundry account. I am uncertain.

In the meantime I over-revolved in clean hospital bedding and garments.

[Laundry tag in folder]

Fruit. Food is a difficult subject for a convalescent American in Russia.

I longed for custards, milk toast and apple sauce. But I gradually became accustomed to eggs (my room mate finally worked me up to three), hot milk, white bread, and butter with fruit for breakfast.

Soup was my main dish at noon, with meat and a salad of tomatoes, radishes,

and cucumbers. My nurses searched the pantry for any available fruit, particularly grapes and apples. Even the tiny gnarled apples were appetizing for they were cooked. "Hexochtes Appel" was my frequent cry. Supplementing our limited hospital supply were pears that Marion bought in quantity and oranges brought in by friends. Two pears or stewed apples at night afforded the greatest satisfaction. The double windows of our room provided good storage. Our supreme fruit which my mate made into a farewell feed ^{for me} was a honeydew melon ^{which} his wife had brought him as a delicacy. But most lasting was the beaming countenance of my mate as he urged me on to eat until he and I together had consumed more than half,

September 1. Russian Youth's Day.

August 28 was a sentiment day in my calendar and somehow I had looked forward to that day as the ideal close of my waiting, but the hours crept on to the deadline of September 1 when only

Two weeks remained before the Commission of Snow must meet. On this date I was even due at Paris and none of my colleagues had yet been informed regarding my whereabouts.

But my calendar date soon resolved itself into a festival made audible by the radio and visible by Bob's explanation. Youth's Day is not a Nuremberg Marches in pomp and boast but a gala day of marching and dancing in citizen's usual attire. Youth welfare and responsibility are the keywords with Lenin's three virtues: "Study, Study, and Study" as the slogan. Late into the evening the music continued, the refrain of song suggesting the quick evolutions of the dance.

About this time Mr. Schütz brought in Mr. Heidtman of the U.S. Weather Bureau to call. He was my first harbinger of the coming meetings. "He know me of old," he said, but I admitted that I did not realize who he was for "he looked too young for his job." "He was older than he looked," he replied.

His coming increased my eagerness to be up but he later told me that my progress had been too slow for any possible early recovery.

Working. September 6-20.

Working may take various forms. With the doctor it was an insistence upon complete ^{or safe} recovery, but with me a growing sense of desperation and impotence. "I could leave if I would sign full responsibility for my act and exoneration for the doctor." But I had no right to wreck his long efforts than I had to deface an artist's painting. So when next the doctor came after his decision to Bob, I held out my hand with the words: "Wir arbeiten zusammen, Sie und ich" (We are working together, you and I). Our handclasp bound the bargain. I demonstrated my ability to walk (this he called it "alcoholic drunken") and ended by a clog dance, when he seriously told me that my heart was "müde" (tired).

So I gave up daily exercise in favor of complete physical rest. I had shown that I could

My fever seemed gone and my pulse normal.
But the doctor wanted a further period of waiting and testing.

travel when permitted. So I was content.
Meantime I tried to reestablish connections
Schütz had taken telegrams from me
to send but found himself barred by
the fact that I had set an ultimate
date for my departure - and only my
doctor could do that. His department must
not become involved. However, he brought
me letterpaper and their department
letter-head. Appointment was made to have
Marion act as stenographer.

Russia Won for the Commission. Mr Schütz
tho on his vacation had made his trip to me
→ specially to bring me the group picture taken
at Sebo and sent on to me by Director
Moltschaeff when he heard of my illness.

But he also brought word that Director
Fauststein ^{did not seem} ~~was~~ adverse to accepting a
vice presidency on the Snow Commission and
would probably accept. Furthermore that
→ the Soviet Union was averse to calling an
International Congress of Cryology until they
had further consolidated their own projects
in snow and ice and had already joined
the International Union in May.

Professors Liakhovitsky and Maltsev

UNION DES REPUBLIQUES SOCIALISTES SOVIÉTIQUES
L'ADMINISTRATION CENTRALE DU SERVICE HYDRO-MÉTÉOROLOGIQUE DE L'URSS
Moscou, Orlikov, 1/11, Narkomzem

СОЮЗ СОВЕТСКИХ СОЦИАЛИСТИЧЕСКИХ РЕСПУБЛИК
ЦЕНТРАЛЬНОЕ УПРАВЛЕНИЕ
ЕДИНОЙ ГИДРО-МЕТЕОРОЛОГИЧЕСКОЙ СЛУЖБЫ СССР при НКЗ Союза ССР
Москва, Орликов пер., 1/11, 8-й эт., здание Наркомзема СССР

but he felt that it was too early yet.

The anxiety of possible failure to get a

Russian delegation worried me. Were

political problems still in the background-

Spain, Hitler's harangue, Trotsky? Could

first
I have accomplished anything if I had
been well? ^{different if I had seen well?} shift fact

First Messages. The following first messages

from Bob were plainly hopeful of arriving

in time at Edinburgh.

2 added
for 9:30 am
first 3/11
[List in folder; also telegram from Seligman]

Professors Liakhovitsky and Maltsev
had been appointed delegates to Edinburgh
for the Division of Meteorology and Hydrology.
Dr. Weinberg did not belong to their department
and must seek appointment from another
source. He did not know about Bydin.

I asked how soon they would start,
but he felt that it was too early yet.
The anxiety of possible failure to get a
Russian delegation worried me. Were
political problems still in the background—

Spain, Hitler's harangue, Treason? Could
I have accomplished anything if I had
been well?
reflect if I had been well?
later shift fast

First Messages. The following first messages
from Bob were plainly hopeful of arriving
in time at Edinburgh.

[List in folder; also Telegram from Seligman]

2 articles
for G. O. M.
first 2/28

Routes, But routes troubled much. The sea route by a Soviet steamer would be restful and one could land at Hull. The time, however, would be several days with a night trip to Leningrad. The sea air might be too raw. The train route frightened me. I was too weary to face the interminable inspections at boundary lines, by night and by day, with change of cars and carrying of baggage, and changing of money. The air route appealed. "Only one change - at Berlin" and the chance to lie down all day. I could stand the noise. The plane started practically from beneath my windows.

"The cabin was tight. I was a good seaman. I had a rug and could get more. I was accustomed to high altitudes but the plane would not go high. I could save much time, for in a day I could fly to London and in the night ride in my sleeping car bed to Edinburgh. ^{Friends would transfer me across London.} There would thus be more time to recuperate at the hospital and still arrive on time."

Such was my salesman talk to the doctor, who recoiled at first but finally took it under consideration with the understanding that the plane had a closed cabin.

Florence's Ring. During my early illness at the hotel, Florence's ring had been removed from my finger to facilitate rubbing and at my hurried departure had been left on the table with other small belongings. When finally I was permitted to handle my possessions again in preparation for the trip, the ring seemed to be missing and also my watch.

The ring had no money value and I believed it lost in the natural confusion. But the Cashier pointed out that the ring had been listed and charged the Assistant, who had received the packages, with thievery. There was immediate distress and sympathy among the nurses and I stoutly maintained the innocence of the girl. In this both the Superintendent and I agreed, for Bob himself had opened this package and poured the contents upon my bed.

The Superintendent was worried for fear that the reputation of the hospital might suffer and wanted to reimburse me in any case. But somehow my life had become entwined with the hospital and Florence and I would gladly have dedicated the ring to the Soul of Soviet Russia, which I had found there. But I would search further when I could handle my things in detail. The watch might be in my suitcase.

September 6 - Directing the Commission from Moscow.

Quick changes seemed now imperative. Word had been sent to Seligman regarding possible schedule and he set Saturday morning ^{September 12} for our meeting in Edinburgh. But plainly my chances of arriving in time were slipping away. My only hope lay in directing the Commission meeting from my bed.

Seligman, Carl, Diemer, Starke would gladly act as assistants. President Smetana should have the honor of presiding.

Manson was to take dictation but was ill, and I became desperate, Bob again became pinch long-hand secretary and entered

Plumms
in Sols was

upon a train of service so long and heavy and requiring initiative that I increased the original gift of \$25 I had planned to \$35 and Director Joten later increased it to \$50. It was not compensation but a token of gratitude. It should have been more.

My little diary released from custody — Daily Record Resumed. —

at this time my little ^{five year} diary ^{its} was reclaimed from its long custody and my hand had grown steady enough to pen brief notes. Consequently my Journal can take on again its daily character, tho merely in suggestive form.

September 8. A Busy Day. ^(my roommate says seven) Five hours dictating letters and reports for Edinburgh. ^{while my roommate fed us on his precious chocolates} Telegrams to Smetana, Lutschg, and Dienst. Letters home. Had grown desperate. But Bob has helped me start things. Can now lie back in patience, even if nerves do tingle.

A perfect and wonderful summer. Have discovered the soul of Russia.

I now understand better Marion's astonishment in her home letter regarding my energy

and organizing tendency when I see
spread out, as below, the copies of my
correspondence. But I am astonished
more at Bob's physical resistance to my
bombardment. Long waiting and high
compression must have caused me to
explode. My mind had always been alert
but fettered by my martyr lungs.

[2 Pieces of wrappers, one with lead of Egyptian woman,
in folder]

Copy of Church's Presidential Address; ^{of Sept. 19} letters, to
Prof. Gerald Seligman, Carl Elges, Prof. F. Dienert,
Prof. Lutschg, Peter Stakle (2), Prof. Boris Weinberg,
Prof. J. Keranen, Dr. Hans Ahlmann; and report
to Executive Committee placed in folder. These must
be the "dictations" to Merriman which Church mentioned]

September 9. Liakhovitsky here from Leningrad to see me! He had just learned of my illness, as dear as ever and eager to know if I had yet met Director Fairstein. This is my one failure. He planned to call. The time for departure for the Russians is getting desperately short.

He brought an old Geographer, rich in honors, who desired to join the Commission of Snow. His calling card was impressive, but it was the only one he had with him.

I was promised another, as I recall it, he had been President of the International Geographical Society and Honorary Member of the American Academy of Science. There must be something vital in the Commission. Both are planning

→ to go to Edinburgh. [Later: Jell Michael switch Schokalsky is his name as given by colleagues at Edinburgh.]

Resting after yesterday's long hours of dictating.
September 10. Florence's Ring. Discovered Florence's ring on my keyring. I told everybody and they are happy. All had worried. Sherwan pinched and shook my foot thru the bedclothes in her delight.

as I again protested the charge
of theft made against the Assistant
by the Cashier. The hospital holds
its reputation inviolable.

Telegrams from Smetana and
Dienert. So all is well at Edinburgh.

[Telegrams in folder 2]

Bob took last letters for my helpers at Edinburgh.
First passage cost \$22.⁰⁰ by airmail insured.
Return value of canceled stamps \$10.⁰⁰ thru stamp collectors.
One of longest letters ever sent airmail from Russia.
For additional protection sent by Bob under U.S. Embassy
seal.

of Sept. 10.

Letters, dictated to Merriman by Church and sent
to Dr. Dotten, Dr. Jan Smetana, Prof. F. Dienert,
Carl Elges, Gerald Seligman, A. M. Heron, Peter
Stakle, Prof. & Mrs. Steponas Kolupaila, and Ruth &
Willis placed in folder 2.]

September 11. Intourist. Temperature continues normal 36.4, 36.2°C.

Intourist called to "bring me something" but I am happy. ~~It was the Regular Doctor~~ ~~came possibly to report the earlier I had~~ ~~dropped from their notice and they~~ ~~had forgotten about me. He was delighted~~ ~~at my satisfaction. So was my hospital~~ ~~doctor when I told him what I had said.~~ ~~all are hungry for appreciation.~~

Glad I am not the English doctor (Lady) now interned at the hotel with scarlet fever. The case is light but complications can easily follow.

Read the Intourist newspaper brought by the doctor. Leaves me weary and ill. Prefer silence. However, I was interested in the success of a young Russian who tied for the world's chess championships in England. [Later: Now in October the press announces that Russia has called a chess tournament. Quite in line with their desire to compete and show their skill in all the arts of peace.]

September 12. ^{Professional} a Call. Temperature up slightly.

Almost ready to leave. The Superintendent will have a consultation of assistants and professors whether I can go by aeroplane.

Chief doctor of Intourist called to visit. He had been on vacation when I was taken ill. Delighted that I am so contented. All solicitude. Our doctor also delighted when I told what I had said to Intourist. All the Russians crave appreciation.

September 13. Package has reached Edinburgh.

Message brief but sufficient. Bob had requested it. More letters sent out. [Letter to Seligman and telegram from same in folder 2]

The doctor has set the fourth day, possibly the sixth for departure. This will rescue the second week of the session. But he wants to deliver me "in Ordnung" (in shape). I can go by plane.

Autumn is here. Needed my hot water bottle. But I always have had it.

Russian Ekiers from Los Angeles have arrived. Heard the welcome over the radio. They were laying out a commercial route via Bering Strait and the Siberian Arctic coast.

September 14. Meeting begins today. I also took my last ride (carried by two women and one man; the elevator was out of order) to the X-Ray Laboratory. The portrait of my lungs caused the doctor to burst out "You can go via Berlin" which is another phrase for flying. And we clasped hands. But I did not want to ask "when?" He did not deserve to be crowded in his decisions. Enough that I was in good shape.

What a coincidence, but how sadly out of joint. If only that X-ray could have been a week earlier. Then today I might probably have been present at Edinburgh.

A Long Talk - ^{No charge.} Bob has asked for me a statement of the charges for my long care at the hospital. I had planned to ask credit until I could reach home. But the Assistant Cashier replied that the hospital had no book-keeping system for its patients. There was no charge. Such is the Soviet Union's plan. Work if

you are able. Healing and care if you are not. Botkin Hospital is one of the oldest. There are two others like it - each with 1500 beds. I am in Karpus (ward) 11 - Third floor. There are also three smaller hospitals in Moscow.

Initiative is fostered. Lenin's three virtues for youth are "Study, Study and Study" An edition of 40000 whether of classics or science is usually bought out within two days. The factories spend two weeks in discussing new bills before final passage by the Soviet.

Wages are graded. I came to this conclusion from looking at the women's stockings - cotton is worn by the plain nurses and the American stocking and slipper by the head-nurses and doctors assistants. ^{My conclusion was confirmed by Col.}

This may explain the happy energy seen throughout the hospital. Secretary Schütz says that they all are expected to work hard but that the Soviet is very appreciative and offers bestow rewards, for example, 25000 roubles to the Flyer from Los Angeles and an auto to Matlachanoff.

6 ✓ Punishment. "Probably the best penal system in the world," said Bob. Death is inflicted only for crimes against the group, for example for destroying magazines of food and state property. This will include "grafters" in large amounts. The smaller grafter will escape with his life.

"The Soviet will not try to assassinate Trotsky in retaliation for his attempt to kill the present Russian leaders. It is futile in their minds to kill individuals for individuals represent movements, and you can not slay a movement."

Even in the case of murder, the act is considered as having been due to the present chaos. So the actor is placed in a factory for ten years to discover his better self. No bars, no solitude, employment along his aptitudes, study, even leave of absence in emergency.

✓ Collective Farming. Bob himself is studying collective farming and has traveled far. This year he travels in Turkestan where foreigners have not been permitted to go for eight years. Sometimes he diverges as far as one or two hundred kilometers from the railroads. No method is retained unless tested out

7
proved. Hence the fluctuations to new and frequently back to old. Bob is writing a book on the subject. He has a wonderful opportunity. Bob and Marion are raising a family of four orphans, brothers and sisters of Marion. He worked seven hours a day at Penney's in his Nevada college days. He still hopes to attend Columbia. There should be a promising future ahead for them.

Everyday now has its mail in or out.

[Unknown list; Letters to Pearl, Donald & Russell; Secretary ¹² Brown; and telegram from Braun in Folder 2.] Sept. 14

September 15. Appreciation. No "spaziergang" (walk) these days. Giving my heart a complete chance.

Dictated these letters of gratitude: To Intourist, Professor Feinstein, and my doctor, staff and Roommate. A sad-happy task. The hospital is the Soviet's free gift to its people — and I am included. Verily this is the inner soul of Russia. The letters are dated September 18 when typed and the letter to My Doctor, written by Bob in Russian was left on his desk the morning I left — as a last farewell.

[Letters in folder 2

Letters to Secretary Dienert and Secretary Brown of Sept 16, 1936 in folder #2. Also telegrams from Diernert & Brown

→ Visas at Eng. Embassy for Parisians
Bydunpleat

September 16. The Twentieth. Last day of the
Snow Commission. Telegrams of wishes
and regrets from Dierck. Things there
are moving

My doctor has set the 20th for departure.
Believes that delay is best for my "Organismus".
I must not hinder his finishing touches.
He is the artist and I want good lungs
and heart.

Bob very busy all day with details. I am
helpless without him.

September 17. Commission Launched. A (invaluable)
appreciative telegram from President Smetana
regarding "your big and scientific organization."
Our doctor much interested and eagerly shares all our news.
The program is of course an overload -
grown twice as large as planned. He has
always sided and approved.

Bob reports that the English consulate
is now providing visas for Russian
scientists for Edinburgh. However, none
belong to the Commission of Snow. Has the
Soviet finally lifted its apparent embargo?
One half of the program will be lost.

Later: Bydine flew ^{from Leningrad.} He was the only person
registered from Russia.

Telegram from President Smetana ^{Sept. 17} in folder 2]

Telegram to S.B. Doter from Marion Merriman
Aug 27, 1936 and two notes in German to
Folder #2

"a month illegally in the Soviet" reports Bob.
Now I must obtain permission to leave.
This will require time and there is
a Russian holiday ahead. I am here
illegally, tho against my will and by
act of the Soviet, Explain this, logicians.

Boris Weinberg. A dear letter from Boris
Weinberg. He too did not know of my illness.
Wants me to go to the Sanatorium for
Scientists in the Crimea. ^{Commission for} What an opportunity
to lose. He is going in October - November.

Constitutionals. Today took the first of
three walks of 20 minutes each programmed
by the doctor as preliminary to my discharge.

9-15-36
Letter from Boris Weinberg in folder 2

Prof. Alberg also is going to the Crimea
instead of Edinburgh. He is my companion
in pneumonia.

September 18. Details from Edinburgh. Letters from Starke and Carl - report of first day's sessions. Thirtyfive or more present. Mercator absent. Starke made acting Secretary! His non-member-country relationship was evidently no barrier. Just as I would have it. Voted to enlarge name of Commission to Commission of Snow and Ice. But four vicepresidents! Enlarged the number evidently to retain Dobrowolsky earlier nominated. "Carl's report on Snow Surveying held close interest." Larry and W. Laughlin there.

Second Constitutional. Cucumber soup. Really fair. Potato soup better. Left bathroom. But aaxed down three flights of stairs to garden and back. Pulse: originally 72; after return 90, after five minutes 82; in 30 minutes 76. Temp. 36.3°C. Ready to go. Flowers of farewell ^(a tiny bouquet of asters) from Marusha on my bedtable. She will not be here to see me go.

Visas. Because of my failure to use my Irish visa, I can not use it to return to Great Britain. So rules the British consul. But he issued a "transit visa" for \$1.00. It is holiday but at request of U.S. Embassy, the Soviet is working on my visa. Two more photos required! Thanks to Curtis, I had them. Now only two left. Precious property. Photo to photo archives.

Dismissed.

September 19 - yesterday a holiday but Doctor on hand today as promised. Sounding of my chest seemed satisfactory. With finality he pronounced me "Gesund" and gave me the following discharge

to which he appended a recommendation that I be sent to a sanitarium in the Crimea for six weeks in order to attain full recovery.

To fulfill my part of the authorized exercise I walked for 20 minutes down and return the flights of stairs to the street. I loaded the Russian completely in big overcoat and loose slippers. Beneath were the pajamas and striped (white and blue) hospital suit. On my return, I reached my pulse to the doctor. Results: pulse 96, in 5 minutes 84, in another 10 minutes probably 72. There was no further doubt. Only three times out of bed for exercise and tomorrow 26 hours ^{and train} on an aeroplane. The doctor was generous.

He worked at a table ~~in~~ the corridor near my door - in the humblest fashion, yet no charge for me, a stranger and the smiling offer of the six weeks convalescence. I had agreed to send him a telegram from Edinburgh that

[letters from Carl Elges (9-14-36) and K.P. Sauer?, 9-15, and N. Hanke to Solder 3]

The allowance on my Internist ticket toward the aeroplane ticket also was generous. I really wanted the mileage to go toward Bob's trip to Turkestan. But this couldn't be allowed.

He has brought back the unexpected news that Internist has no change for medical service. It usually charges. Was my case too severe? Was it combined with the hospital service? I am grateful.

all was in "Ordnung". When he had refused to let me go earlier, I had shaken his hand with the words "Danken, wie arbeiten zusammen, Sie und ich". Now the handshake was final, but backed with warmest wishes.

Final Details. Bob Merriman is a blessing. He has written letters of thanks and appreciation to Internist, my Doctor, the Superintendent for the boundless generosity of all and a letter to Director Dorem. I wanted him to know my great good fortune, ~~and~~ my full recovery, and my feeling of loneliness at being thrust out into the wide world again.

The aeroplane landing field almost beneath my windows was being closed for improvements and I must journey 40 kilometers from the city to a military field being used as a substitute. Bob did not waver until he had solved the problem. He persuaded the American Embassy to loan their Pontiac and chauffeur and the Embassy men sending the chauffeur on a preliminary trip to discover the route.

Mr. Johnson who called on me in the Embassy's search for my whereabouts called

again. Bob had been charging the Embassy with coolness in its duties and had threatened to write Key Pittman, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. In my behalf he had been amply successful.

Our Last Night. Our night, for we were all there. Marusha had unexpectedly returned. So we had her and her ^{flowers} until late evening. Naida, our "curly head" was back on special duty for the night. and Shubrovam, our little sister was in charge of the night shift.

"Aeroplane" of the older "sisters" had bequeathed me her two safety pins, the only ones she possessed, and asked in return merely a message that I had reached Edinburgh. Her older "sister", who had the night work, planned my early breakfast and a lunch to last thru tomorrow's trip, tho heat at night is low.

And my mate, my "Stalin", brought forth from our double-window cabinet a honeydew melon, which his wife had brought that day, and challenged me to

to a melon feed. Thus he teased
me on until we two had consumed
a full half and I fell asleep protesting.