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Special Feature

Odessa 1919
Ron French

The Khodinka beaker

This beaker, often called the blood cup because of the many deaths its distribution caused, was issued as a free souvenir at the coronation of Nicholas II in 1896. Huge crowds gathered at the Khodinscoe Fields outside St Petrograd to receive the enamelled beaker together with free food, a scarf and other gifts. In the excitement the crowds became unmanageable and many were pushed by others into the deep dykes that crossed the flat land. Over a thousand died. The tragedy was interpreted by many as a bad omen for the coming reign of the Tsar.

Prologue

In the 1914-18 War the Central Powers of Germany, Austro-Hungary and Turkey faced the Allies comprising Britain, France and Russia and from 1917 also America. At the start of the war Tsar Nicholas II of Russia announced the confiscation of the large German colonist owned farm estates, even those of families who had been in Russia for many generations and had Russian citizenship. Many estates dated back to the 18th century when Catherine the Great had encouraged German settlers to introduce sheep farming to the country. The confiscation process was never completed, being overtaken by the chaos of the Russian revolution in 1917 during which year the Red Bolsheviks conquered the White armies of the Tsar and took control of St Petersburg and Moscow, in the north. The situation in south, present day Ukraine, was further complicated as in 1918 the region was overrun by the German army following a peace agreement between Germany and the Bolsheviks. Lenin wished to concentrate his troops on eliminating the remnants of the White army. It took the Bolsheviks till spring 1919 to overrun Odessa on the Black Sea in the south. Even this occupation was not permanent, the Whites temporarily retaking the city in the summer of the same year. Life in Odessa had remained surprisingly normal with the Bourgeoisie hoping and assuming that the Whites would still win the conflict. When the Reds finally assumed control they brought with them the “Red Terror” in which Lenin’s commissars simply set about eliminating all with status, wealth or learning, as enemies of the state. This is the story of how, in 1919, one of the thousands of Russian-German families, the family of Paul Vaatz, became refugees fleeing for their lives from the Red Terror.
Chapter 1 – The Terror starts

Car lights swept the bedroom ceiling from below, a screech of tires, heavy boots on the marble apartment steps, orders shouted, a banging, two gun shots and the crashing-in of the door of the flat below, a desperate scream, again the sound of heavy boots in the hallway, getting fainter, the banging of car doors, again the screech of tires, then a horrid, frightening silence. Paul and Sophia lay silent. Were they safe for tonight at least? But might they be the next?

‘God, the CHEKA! They must have dragged out poor Dychenko.’

Sophia shuddered and Paul hugged her closer. Both realised, then, that they must desert their Odessa house and find refuge outside town. The Bolsheviks had overrun Odessa less than a month before, following the vacuum left in Spring 1919 by the departure of both German and Allied troops at the end of the Great War. Red activists were now ruthlessly scouring the city for the prominent and wealthy. These they dragged to the newly established CHEKA (secret police) headquarters in the Shadanov building in Katarina Place for interrogation, torture and incarceration or execution. The fate of the victims would be announced in the Bolshevik gazette, The Fight, and the reason for execution typically, simply and coldly given as counter revolutionary and informer. In their hunt for victims the CHEKA were hearing from informers and systematically working through the records in the city hall. So, while Paul was not an official of the city, he would be exposed as a rich landowner and business man as soon as the Red commissars uncovered the relevant files. The threat was real and imminent.

After their frightening night Paul and Sophia got up later than usual. Paul went to the bedroom balcony as he always did to take in the view. He used to think how lucky the family was to own this modern, luxury flat at Marazlevskaya, 14 overlooking Alexander Park and the Odessa harbour beyond. This morning his feelings were very mixed; still pleasure at the beautiful view but fear as to what was to become of his family.

He was surprised to see a small group of his neighbours gesticulating and talking animatedly below him at the edge of the park. He also noticed a large military rabble streaming from the city, through the park, towards the harbour and boarding the warships moored there. Sophia urged Paul to go and find out what the excitement was about while she called on Mrs. Dychenko to see how best she might help her and the children. As he crossed over to the park Paul noticed that his friends were no longer dressed as workers. Something must have changed if they were confident they could so without being arrested as counter revolutionaries.

‘Fantastic news Paul. The Bolshies are running scared. General Denikin and his army are marching into town. We’ll soon all be free again.’ This from his neighbour, Vadim, the Russian Lawyer.
The other three gave him enthusiastic two-handed shakes and hugged him close. Alexander pumped his silver topped stick in the air, holding it at the bottom like the leader of a marching band. All were equally excited and jumping and cheering. Their enthusiasm infected Paul, his spirits rose and he joined in with their celebrations. Grown men laughing and dancing around together, arm-in-arm, like happy school-boys in a playground.

Suddenly from behind came a sneering, threatening voice,

‘Cheer and jeer while you can, you Bourgeois scum! Our great Red Army is simply making a strategic retreat. It will be back and when it does we shall shoot the lot of you and hang you by your legs from these trees, like the dogs you are.’ A broad shouldered, tall young man with red hair emerged, wearing a scruffy, long army great-coat with the regimental and rank markings torn off - a sure sign to the friends of either a revolutionary or deserter. He carried a large, brass-bound telescope which he waved at them in a threatening way. All five stared at him in a stunned silence but then Paul, realising that the initiative was now on their side, turned to this intruder on their celebrations. He slowly took a clean white handkerchief from an inside pocket, shook it open, removed his glasses and while squinting sideways at the red-head, carefully polished them. As he replaced them he demanded,

'Where the devil did you manage to steal that expensive telescope?'

The Bolshevik took a step back, hugged the telescope close to his chest, patted it lovingly and replied in an offended but proud tone,

‘This is not stolen, but requisitioned for the use of the people.’ Paul’s short and portly friend the Russian lawyer, then had a go. He made the intruder jump, stabbing two stretched fingers into his stomach.

‘You take great care what you say young man. I can have you arrested, tried and almost certainly shot for words like that.’ The Bolshevik’s look showed he was shocked and frightened by the threat. But, that look did not last. It turned slowly into a cruel smile as he stared, at first questioningly then excitedly, beyond their little group. He barged suddenly through them, in the direction of the road that edged the park, towards a small troop carrier holding half a dozen Red militia that had just appeared. He yelled as he ran, pointing backwards towards the group.

‘Comrades, quick, come. Come shoot these blood sucking, bastard Bourgeoisie.’ The militia tumbled untidily out of the back of their open truck with their weapons awry, trying understand what it was the Bolshevik wanted. The friends, in a panic shouted to each other to run and hide.
Paul saw that Alexander Michaelovitch, was just standing there, walking stick in his right hand planted firmly on the ground, staring, rigid with fear. He grabbed him by the arm and dragged him into hiding. Vadim, instead of running further into the park with them, took the suicidal decision to run left at an angle towards his house, further along the same road from which the militia were shooting. All were terrified he would be killed as they watched the bullets hit the ground behind him.

Some how, perhaps because of the confused shelter caused by the park trees or the marksmen’s lack of training and skill, the bullets missed their target and the friends were relieved to see the lawyer’s small round figure, with his black red-lined cloak flying behind, dive through his front door to safety. The remaining four stayed crouched behind a large fallen log screened by bushes. The gun-fire, from at least four guns, urged on by the loud shouts of the Bolshevik, was then re-directed at them.

Chapter 2 - Easter

Many shots came frighteningly close, hitting the log behind which they were sheltering. However, the aim was somewhat random for in trying to murder the lawyer the militia had not seen exactly where the friends had concealed themselves. The lawyer, not on purpose, by risking his life, had probably saved theirs.

Quite unexpectedly there was silence. They peered out to see the militia hurriedly scrambling back into their transport, even as it started to move. Later they concluded that the gunmen had got frightened that the ships in the harbour would leave without them and that they would then be at the mercy of Denikin’s advancing White Army. Relieved but supporting each other and shaking from shock, they crept out from behind the bushes. Paul’s family came hurrying out of the house, his nine year old daughter Isa running ahead with arms held wide, Sophia and Isa’s twelve year old sister, Tamara, half walking, half running hand-in-hand and Mlle. Voutaz, the governess, following hands held together, uncertainly, behind.

‘Paul, Paul, we saw everything from the balcony. It was terrible, awful. Thank God you are all safe.’ They returned to the flat, relieved, happy and exhausted. Sophia then reminded them that with the Bolsheviks taking power at the start of April they had quite forgotten to celebrate Easter. This happy, important day in Russia had been entirely ignored amidst the terror and death of this terrible civil war. Easter was the biggest festival in Orthodox Russia. How could the Red Bolsheviks have achieved such a transformation among the strongly religious Russian people? Sophia did not have the ingredients to bake the traditional Paska. But she made some black tea and they shared two precious eggs between the four of them in celebration of Easter, the entry of the White troops into Odessa and of better times to come.
Only a year ago, Sophia reminded Paul, they had still managed to hold open house at Easter, following the Russian custom that the Vaatz family so enjoyed emulating. Russian neighbours and friends and German relatives all came. That last year, however, the atmosphere had been a little strange and strained, as the German army was in control of Odessa having edged out the Bolsheviks, following the peace agreement between Germany and the Bolshevik Reds. But the Vaatz’s friendship with their long-standing Russian friends was stronger than both the nationalistic rivalry between their two countries and the political rivalry within Russia. All guests had been happy that there was at least peace and order and hope for a better future.

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_{Isa - Easter 1915}_

Tamara and I loved Easter. In Russia it is even more important than Christmas. We would walk to Sobornaya Ploshad (Cathedral Square) and sneak into the Cathedral of the Holy Assumption for the Easter morning service. In the dark height gold sparkled everywhere reflecting the lighted candelabra above us. I wondered at the two candles by the altar, taller than I and thicker than my arm. Gold framed icons of the saints covered the altar screen, St Peter in red with his keys to heaven and Saint Mary in blue and white, praying with eyes looking to heaven. The larger than life paintings round the wall, telling the story of Jesus and the passion, were a bit frightening and made me sad. Little bells rang as the priest and servers, dressed in gold and white came chanting down the aisle with the server swinging his smoking censer to left and right. We tasted the strange sweet smell. The chanting was in an old Russian we could not understand and the singing of the male choir made my spine tingle. All stood. Only the very old leant on pull-down half-seats fitted to the walls. The rich ladies showed off their furs and the men held silk top hats to their front. (I naughtily thought it looked as if they wished to pee in them.) The peasants and workers stood heads bowed, women in head-scarves, men holding their cloth caps. Then there were other Russian-Germans and foreigners and we nodded and smiled to those we knew. Although we found it all fascinating we never managed to stay the length of the full service.

Two days before Easter, the Paskas were baked. The kitchen had to be kept super-warm with no drafts to spoil the rise of the sweet yeast-dough containing nuts and candied fruit. Oma, Mama’s mother, who lived with us was in charge of the kitchen. She would be shouting at the two maids and everyone else to keep the doors shut. She dressed all in black and when she went out she wore a black kerchief. Sometimes we were a little embarrassed, in front of our more snooty friends, that she looked like a village woman and it was true that she still owned her house in Großliebental. In the kitchen she covered herself with a large pure white frilly edged apron.
The Ukrainian Paska is tall like a top hat. It is covered with a soft lemon and sugar icing that runs down the sides like snow. This is decorated with a double barred Orthodox cross, or with the Chi-Ro symbol of Christ. We coloured hard-boiled eggs using onion-skin to get red and brown and got other colours using powder-packets from Germany. We would shrug off the anxious supervision trying to protect us from dirtying our dresses or scolding ourselves. We polished the painted eggs with fat to make them shine and argued how best to arrange them around the Paska on the large sideboard in the dining room.

After morning church, Papa and Mama welcomed visitors. Many came and they spread between the dining room and lounge and also the balconies if we were lucky with the spring weather. We served Paska and other small bites and tea from the large samovar steaming in the corner - although some guests preferred Vodka. Strong tea would be poured into glasses, held in embossed silver holders, from the blue and white teapot, kept on top of the samovar. These were topped-up with boiling water from the samovar itself. Guests helped themselves to lemon slices stacked in the bowl beside the samovar together with sugar, as most liked their tea very sweet. Papa cut the Paska horizontally, in to disc shaped pieces sliced into halves. The top was replaced to preserve the remaining cake and was the last piece to be shared out. Luckily this usually happened a day or two later as it was our favourite because of the icing.

Our visitors were Russian and German friends and neighbours including the occasional consular official who, would want to test our French. We were happy to oblige as we considered our French to be quite good. All were dressed in their best, including two army officers who arrived in full dress uniform. One even brought his sword that he stood in the hall umbrella stand. Although there was a maid in a white cap and apron, we also helped to serve the Paska. There was much shaking of hands and kissing. Three kisses, from one cheek to the other and back, and the greeting, 'Christ has risen.' responded to with, 'Indeed he has risen.' There were uncles and friends and young men (still much too old for us) but some that we little girls quite liked kissing and others that we preferred not to. But once we were in sight there was no saying, 'No.' The room quickly filled with smoke as cigarettes, cigars and pipes with long stems were all popular. I proudly offered cigars from a silver cigar box engraved to look like wood.

All took part in Chuck-chuck with the hard-boiled egg that each had picked from the colourful display. The first round was knocking the narrow ends of the eggs together, to see who had the strongest. Then our guests competed with their flat ends in the same way. Finally, the winning narrow-ender and flat-ender went in to battle to find the overall winner. There was much cheering and laughing, claims of cheating and some disappointment. No prize except yet another egg, or a drink.
Visitors would not stay long but move on to visit other friends. After all had left we used to whisper between ourselves who was the worst person we had to kiss. Tamara hated beards but I quite liked them. I thought they were manly. I particularly liked Uncle Volodia’s, whose was warm and smooth and not spiky like a brush.

Isa – School

When I was five I joined Tamara at the Ballen de Balon Russian school. It was only a 10 minutes walk away. We learnt more French, especially cursive writing. I made myself unpopular with our Russian French teacher by saying that her pronunciation was not as good as Mlle. Voutaz’s. When I started school, because I was young, I was allowed to draw pictures in my story writing classes. I loved this as I got high marks and was disappointed when this was no longer allowed in the higher class.

Sometimes on our way home we would peep in the window of the Mercedes show-room at 3 Jekaterininskaja, as it was on our way, to see if Papa was in. He was not always there as he was part owner of the agency and not an employee. If he was in and in a good mood he might treat us for tea and cake down the street. If not, Herr Etin the manager would greet us. He was very friendly and from Germany and although he spoke some Russian our German was better so we were happy to show off a little.

In 1917 when I was seven, Mama and Papa got the bad news of the revolution in St. Petersburg but we continued to go to school. In February 1918 the German Army took control of Odessa from both the Bolsheviks and the Tsar’s army and we had peace and again went to school. But because we were we Germans in a Russian school under German occupation the atmosphere was a bit uncomfortable. Neither we nor our Russian friends knew exactly how to behave. The German soldiers started to leave already in November and were replaced by a varying mixture of Allied troops including the French, Greeks and British. These left in Spring 1919 and soon after we could hear shooting but still went to school. One day, however, we had to dodge from door to door to avoid bullets on the way home and Mama decided it was no longer safe. Then we had lessons only from our governess. She always spoke in French and as she had done this for as long as we could remember and our French was good we were happy to reply. She read to us and had us read from Bibliotek Rose which was a popular series of children’s books in France. She also taught us French songs that we enjoyed. By April the Bolsheviks had overtaken Odessa and again there was no shooting but Mama said we still had to stay indoors and have lessons only from Mlle. Voutaz.

We could tell Mama and Papa were worried. Papa was stricter than usual and then he was sorry and was ever so nice. Mama sometimes looked as if she had been crying. When it got scary I used to get into bed with Tamara. We cheered ourselves up by saying Papa was clever and would know what to do.
We had heard him tell Mama that because we were German-Russians and the German army had made peace with the Bolsheviks, they would not dare to do anything nasty to us.

Chapter 3 - In the CHEKA

A few days after the nasty life-threatening altercation with the red-haired Bolshevik, Paul’s lawyer friend caught up with him in the street. He hooked his arm into Paul’s explaining he needed his help to track down the Bolshevik and expose him to the authorities, as he was very dangerous. Paul agreed that what he said was true but apologised and explained that his priority had to be to get his precious family out of Odessa and into safety.

The lawyer did not manage to hunt down the Boshevik before the Red Army was back, exactly as he had threatened. Only two months after the Alexander Park shooting incident Paul and Sophia had heard shooting and commotion in the night and next morning, from his favourite balcony viewpoint, he could see that Marazlievskaya and even some trees in their beautiful Alexander Park were already hung with red banners. He broke the terrible news to Sophia who gasped and clasped her hands to her face in horror.

Following that day the whole of the ‘good’ population, that is not the Reds, again lived in fear. They knew that the plundering, nightly arrests, and mass murder in the CHEKA headquarters would start again. The first action of the Bolsheviks when occupying a town was to free all the criminals and murderers who would storm in from the prison in the south of the city. These were recruited as allies in the robbing and assassination of the Bourgeoisie. When the Bolshevik victors of Moscow and Petrograd arrived in Odessa they declared the celebration of Paradise on Earth. For this a well-known thief and murderer was promoted as a hero in the Grand Odessa Opera House. His chains were severed on stage with large bolt croppers, as an allegory of the freeing of the people from the slavery of the Tsar, to the cheers the watching rabble. These then swarmed out the Opera and ransacked the richer areas of town stealing and destroying as they went.

Paul and Sophia were again awakened in the middle of the night, or rather, very early morning, by loud banging. This time on their own door. Their first thoughts and fears were that this was the CHEKA coming for Paul and they got up, stood behind the front door hesitating to open up. But they then realised it was a woman’s voice shouting and crying. Paul cautiously eased the door open to find a sobbing, almost hysterical Mathilde, Sophia’s older sister and wife of Paul’s oldest brother, Albert. He had been abducted and carted away without any explanation other than murmurings of ‘Bourgeois collaborator.’
Paul and Sophia tried to reassure Mathilde that it would be all right and that a way would be found to obtain Albert’s release. This in spite of the fact that neither had any idea of how. Brother Karl, older than Paul but younger that Albert, arrived having heard the awful news and they discussed intently and urgently what could be done. It was urgent because many had been abducted one day and simply shot the next. Others, they knew, could spend months and potentially years under interrogation and torture.

Karl, however did have a proposal. He had learned that Herr Finkel, one of the Jewish maklers, who had acted for many years as broker for the Vaatz brothers in the selling of wool, animals and corn from their estates to overseas customers, had reached a high position in the local Party. Karl had always found him to be honest and straight. In fact he could not understand why Finkel was supporting the Bolsheviks. It had to be worth trying to contact him and to find out whether he could help. Mathilde agreed they must try and that she, herself, must go and persuade Finkel to use his influence to release her husband. She set off as soon as it was agreed that this was the only option. She trembled as she approached the dreaded CHEKA building but she would do anything and everything she could to achieve Albert’s release. The black leather uniformed CHEKA guard was not at all welcoming or cooperative. She had to control herself to be as humble and polite as possible with, ‘Comrade this and comrade that,’ and ‘please and thank you.’ After examining the tattered bundle of sheets attached to his clip-board, the guard gruffly gave her a floor and a room number but did not offer to help or accompany her. She explored through the building, climbing stairs and searching the corridors and feeling very exposed and vulnerable. She clearly did not belong. Most gave her questioning, hostile stares but luckily no one stopped her with questions. She found the door with ‘Comrade Commissar Finkel’, handwritten on a piece of card roughly inserted in to a holder on the door. This obviously covered an earlier name and Mathilde pessimistically wondered whether the previous occupier was still alive. She knocked as resolutely as she could and entered when invited.

She recognised Herr Finkel immediately and he her. She had spoken to him quite often on the estate, not on business, that was Albert’s or the estate-manager’s role but informally and politely when meeting him on his way to his overnight lodgings or perhaps going to a meal that had been arranged for the many traders that visited in the season. He spoke both fluent German and Russian and in the discussion that followed each used both languages as seemed the most natural to emphasise their meaning. Mathilde had brought with her a small bag of a dozen solid silver desert spoons to use as barter as she assumed that Finkel would not want cash, as this was becoming more devalued each day.

He examined the spoons and agreed they were valuable but then asked her politely to remove the glove on her right hand. He was interested to see the large ring that it clearly covered. It had a big central aquamarine surrounded by small diamonds.
‘I will arrange to have your husband released in return for this ring.’

‘But it is a wedding anniversary ring from my husband.’

‘That makes it a particularly appropriate exchange.’

‘So why won’t you be shot if you are found with my ring?’

‘I will cut it and sell it in pieces. But you are right I will be arrested and shot if I am exposed for, as you know, it is illegal to trade. But I am careful and deal only with those I can trust. I will manage.’

‘But it does not come off in any case.’ Herr Finkel took her hand as politely as he could and checked whether this was true. She submitted without objecting to this rather embarrassing, intimate action.

‘Not a problem. We will cut it off. As I said, I will need to break up the ring in any case. I am doing you a kind of favour. If you yourself do not want to be arrested, like your husband, you must never wear a ring like this again. You should not even wear gloves, unless it is very cold and then wear practical gloves not fancy, fashionable ones like these. You need to take off that big expensive hat now. Throw it in the corner there. I’ll get rid of it for you. Best wear a head-scarf or simple cap. Please wait a minute’

‘Do I have a choice?’ She thought as he left the room. He returned with a pair of small but sturdy clippers, probably intended for cutting tough toe-nails. Removing the ring was a little tricky because of its tight fit but, although he nipped the skin, he managed without drawing any blood.

‘We have a counter revolutionary tribunal at three this afternoon. I am chairman and we do not have too many prisoners to consider,’ he said as he wrapped her precious ring in a wrinkled spotted red handkerchief and placed it in the centre drawer of his desk.

‘I think I can guarantee to arrange for your husband to be released. I will make the case that he treats his workers fairly and has shown an understanding and sympathy for the Party’s cause. He also has skills that can help the Party in its vital food production programme. Further, I will argue that we can keep an eye on him here in Odessa and that he should not be allowed to leave the city without permission.’ He looked out of the window with her.

‘Stand at that corner over there on the other side of the street, this afternoon, so you can see the entrance to this building, any time after 3:30. If he does not come out by 4:30, or 5:30 at the very latest, you will know that I have failed.'
I then guarantee to return your ring. You will know from the past that I am an honest makler.’ It was a perverse bargain but she believed him. She returned to their lodgings and had a miserable few hours both worrying and at the same time trying to be as positive and optimistic as possible. She made herself some soup but then could hardly swallow. Why bother? Time dragged and then, in the end, seemed to rush. She dressed down appropriately, as advised, and hurried to the allocated spot only just in time. Then again this terrible, terrible waiting. 3:30 went. It would have been a miracle had he emerged so soon. Then 4:00, then 4:30. Then 5:00! Tears started to come to her eyes. Had she really lost him – for ever?

Chapter 4 – Eviction

At five past five a bedraggled hunched figure emerged from the CHEKA, tentatively, as if lost. Mathilda rushed across the road, pulled him away from the entrance and round the nearby corner. They hugged and cried together. Paul and Sophie were so happy and relieved to hear of Albert’s release but the experience was strong evidence that things were getting very dangerous for them all. Somehow they needed to find a way to escape from Odessa.

Only two days later the timing of the Paul’s departure from the city was brutally decided for him. He returned home to Marazlevskaya 14 from a frustrating shopping trip in town, where there was in any case almost nothing to buy, to find the block, in which their flat was located, now guarded by the Red Army militia and all the flat owners milling around outside. Mr. Naum, the distraught Armenian block owner, rushed towards Paul and grabbed his elbows with two hands,

‘Awful, terrible news, Mr Vaatz, the Red Army has requisitioned my whole block and plan to use it as the Headquarters of Red Army Number 1. See the sign is already up. Owners are not allowed to remove anything, nothing at all. All the property is requisitioned by the Bolshevik state. What can we do?’ Paul was genuinely sorry that he could think of nothing helpful to suggest to the pleading man. Nevertheless, his own position was slightly different, and he was determined, if at all possible, to get his effects released. He decided to work on a theory he had shared with Sophia. He complained vehemently to the Red commissar that he had no right to confiscate his belongings.

‘As a good Bolshevik you will know that a peace treaty has been signed between the German and Red armies. It's therefore obvious you must allow me, as a German, to remove my effects.’ He could tell that the commissar was disconcerted by this logic, and could not risk disapproval from his senior Bolshevik officials by refusing. But it was also clear he was not at all keen to allow Paul to remove his belongings. Paul suspected the commissar had already set his mind on certain items that he could requisition for the state (and himself.)
So after thinking for a while, he set Paul the condition that must provide, firstly, a formal German Protest Certificate from the Swedish consulate (which was representing German interests) and, secondly, an official pass for his effects from the newly established Bolshevik Accommodation Authority. The commissar hoped he had set Paul an impossible task, particularly in the chaotic administrative state that Odessa was in. Paul, however, was reasonably optimistic as the Swedish Consul General was a personal friend and he calculated that Bolshevik officials at the Accommodation Authority were also likely to be sensitive to the peace treaty recently signed by their revered leader, Lenin.

He quickly borrowed some of the servants' clothes, dressed himself as a worker and hurried to the nearby Swedish consulate at 22 Kanata Street. His consular friend, Oscar Osberg, whom he knew through the Odessa Hunting Club, welcomed him warmly but at the same time lamented how terrible the situation was. It was peaceful and normal in his office compared to the chaos outside. Paul admired the pair of trophy antlers that he remembered his friend had bagged on a club-shoot together. They reminisced about other good shoots and toasted to a better future with a quick Swedish Akvavit. The necessary German Protest Certificate was prepared and the Consul wished Paul good luck as he handed it over. It was very tempting to stay and reminisce longer but there was urgent business to complete and he regretfully said ‘Good bye’ and directed himself towards his next challenge.

As he hurried through the once smart streets of his beloved city he despaired how it had been destroyed. All symbols of the Tsar had been pulled down or defaced. If any sign contained the two-headed eagle it was torn from the wall and smashed. If this was not possible it was simply daubed in red paint. Looted shops with broken windows were everywhere. He passed the corner of the prestigious Deribaskovskaya arcade where the Fabergé shop was located and where he had, on very special occasions bought small items. He recalled how his father had presented Sophie and him, for his marriage, with a fabulous, solid-silver fish-serving set with not only the obligatory famous hall-mark but also with 'Fabergé' written in large cursive letters along the blade of the serving knife.

Many of the 19th century buildings that he passed in the centre of town were adorned with naked, writhing, over-life-sized, male Herculean stone figures. These were apparently clinging to the walls and parapets and supporting the ornate balconies. They were escorted by stone maidens of almost equal proportions, also quite capable of supporting a balcony or architrave. Other maidens carried bountiful cornucopias of fruit and sheaves of ripened wheat and were often accompanied by chubby winged cherubs. These figures, being well above head level, had survived the looting, defacing and destruction and to Paul seemed to be viewing the chaos below with a stony sadness.
Paul arrived at Bolshevik Accommodations Authority in Prokhoroya Square, where the Reds had requisitioned an office block for their work and was appalled, again, to find a confused, milling crowd and a long disorganised queue of people fighting and shouting to get into the building. It was obvious that if he queued he would not be seen that day. He determined to find another way in. After some searching he located the back, or ‘black’ tradesmen's, entrance. Here, he was stopped, as he had expected, by a sturdy porter with the red band of a revolutionary on his left arm. He made it clear that Paul must enter by the main entrance. Paul was very polite and flattering. He explained that his business was very urgent and offered a silver Rouble. The porter allowed him through on the strict promise that he told no one.

‘Otherwise,’ he said in a frightened voice, ‘It will be me for the CHEKA rather than you. Go to the far side of the yard and through that little door down two steps on the left.’ Paul followed his instructions and, on easing the door open, found himself among a busy, heaving crowd of excited Bolshevik officials running around with papers and boxes in their hands and earnestly debating with one another. The room stank of wet leather, sweat and garlic. ‘Filthy, smelling, robbing, murdering Bolsheviks,’ he thought. Paul selected one who was walking the floor with an air of authority and explained his business. He was escorted to a bare kitchen table, in the centre of the room, at which was seated a self-important looking commissar.

Chapter 5 - Marazlievskaya

Paul was not intimidated by the stern look of the seated commissar and didn't wait to be questioned but angrily slammed his German army demob papers and recently acquired German Protest Certificate, down on the table and barked,

‘This is a disgrace, here am I a simple hard working demobbed soldier of the German Army and your ignorant Red Army official is threatening to steal my belongings. Are you so stupid that you forget that a peace has been signed between our two great armies? I demand that you immediately issue me with the necessary document authorising me to remove my effects to a place of safety.’ The two officials were clearly shocked and embarrassed by this outburst and, after only a short pause, the one standing behind Paul said meekly to the other,

‘I think we had better give this comrade soldier the property pass that he requires.’ Paul was quietly triumphant. ‘These stupid Bolsheviks,’ he thought, ‘They should have known that my address on Alexander Park was in one of the most expensive streets in Odessa, that I am well known by all town officials as a large land owner and business man. They’re probably peasants from the North who can hardly even read.’ On the way out Paul gave the worried porter another tip and hoped sincerely he would not suffer for letting him through.
Paul – Graudenz

I was very lucky to have those Deutsches Herr (German Army) demob papers, showing me as a simple soldier, to present to the commissars. I was issued these when the German Army overran Odessa and two of my cousins and I decided it would be a good move to enrol in the occupying army and offer our services as interpreters. We were accepted but only with the rank of musketeer or simple private soldier. In retrospect the low rank was a big advantage when presenting the papers to the Bolshevik commissars. Later, when it was clear that the German army had to leave Odessa, we requested our release to allow us to remain with our families in Russia in the hope that the Whites would still win the civil war. However to receive our official demob papers we had to travel west all the way to the regimental headquarters in Graudenz, Romania.

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Paul hurried back to his flat with the precious documents and presented them to the commissar who was still angrily fending off the pleas and questions of the other poor flat owners. He was not at all pleased to see Paul, even less his papers but he could tell they were authentic. He at once set another challenging hurdle.

'Alright, I see this authorises you to take your stuff but you must be out by mid-day tomorrow and what you have not removed by then will remain the property of the people.’ He smirked as he spoke for, this time he thought, he had set an impossible task. Paul had to empty his expensively furnished eight-room luxury flat on the third floor in under six hours.

However, Paul’s mood and energy were now high. He was determined to achieve this task within the time given and managed to get a promise of two low-loaders for the next morning at six. All through the night the family and the servants packed and prepared. Next morning, as the horse drawn low-loaders stationed themselves below the windows of his flat, he noticed the Red Guards giving them meaningful looks and muttering to each other. He suspected that this was because the Red Army had requisitioned almost all horses and wagons and guards were wondering from where and how he had managed to obtain them. Paul had only acquired them through heavy bribery. Yet more silver Rubles encouraged the removers to work quickly. Soft goods such as duvets, linen and clothes were simply thrown over the balconies directly on to the wagons. Even the heavy furniture was removed, including book cases, a large buffet and the mahogany grand piano. These had to be man-handled down the stairs. There were boxes and boxes of his beloved books. China and glass had been packed overnight and was brought down by the new, modern electric lift.
The removal of the family’s effects was complicated by pleas from fellow flat dwellers for Paul to smuggle precious items out for them. This was both difficult and dangerous for, if discovered, it would certainly have led to him being shot. The attitude of the commissar and his Red Guards was openly hostile and they would have welcomed any excuse to sabotage the evacuation. Nevertheless Paul did manage to perform a few, even if too few, favours for his suffering friends. The family incurred a further risk with a subterfuge devised to bring out the jewellery, silver and other small valuables, as they had noticed that the armed Red Guards were not beyond inspecting what was being removed and demanding for themselves any odd bits and pieces they fancied, even though there was official approval for their removal. It was not easy to argue with a menacing, heavily armed guard.

The jewellery and silver were therefore lowered, by a shopping basket attached to a washing-line, from the kitchen window into the back yard, where Paul kept a Mercedes demonstration car for his business. These valuables were then ferried from the back yard, past the guards to the wagons, by the children under the doll-covers of their pram and loaded together with the children's toys. This was an important ploy as Paul and Sophia were aware it was very likely that, in the following weeks and months, the sale of some of that jewellery might help to keep the family alive. The car, he knew wouldn't be his for much longer and, in any case, it would not be much use as petrol was now completely unavailable to the ordinary person. The massive evacuation was completed just in time, even though they had to leave behind some less essential items that included many of the children's toys. This was somewhat ironic as it was the doll’s pram that had enabled them to bring out their most valuable items. The pram itself was left behind, standing forlornly at the kerbside, to be only then curiously inspected by the Red guards. It would probably remain there unclaimed as no guard would wish to be found in possession of such an obviously bourgeois item.

Paul agreed to meet Sophia and the children at a Mrs. Van Dych’s, a Dutch lady, where they had managed to find a room in the Northern outskirts of Odessa. He then told the family to go ahead and that he would follow them once he had made sure all the goods were firmly stowed and nothing would fall off. So shortly after, his wife and two daughters had left they were followed by the two heavily laden wagons.

Paul was soon ready to follow Sophia and shouted for a droshky that was passing. The few droshkies that remained in Odessa, and had not been destroyed as images of the Bourgeoisie, were no longer being driven by their regular registered drivers. They had typically been requisitioned by enterprising revolutionaries. In other cases regular drivers would have stolen their droshkies from their former masters, more often than not after murdering them as Bourgeois collaborators. Other revolutionaries would be given free passage and they would then race around the city shouting slogans and firing their guns, mostly in the air but sometimes carelessly killing an innocent passer-by.
Real customers such as Paul would be charged at an exorbitant rate. He found it perverse that such so-called Communists were finding independent ways of earning and exhorting money from others. Just as Paul was about to step into such a droshky, having agreed a fare, he was tapped on the shoulder from behind and heard,

‘Do you remember who I am?’ As he slowly turned, he saw a strong young man of about 25, a Bolshevik in revolutionary uniform with red bands across his chest and around his left arm, with a five-pointed red (what he saw as a) Jewish star on his cap and holding a large pistol in his fist. He knew immediately who he was facing and shivered violently inside. It was the red-haired Bolshevik who had tried to have him and his friends shot like vermin only two months ago. His new uniform with its red flashes showed he had risen in the Red hierarchy and was anxious to show his power. Paul was shattered, after everything having gone so well. He decided to say nothing, he showed surprise and pretended not to recognise his questioner.

‘Then I will tell you,' the red-head continued, 'I am the one who told you that we Bolsheviks would return and hang you up like dogs. Now we have the power again and we will sweep you away. You were the one I saw run into this door and at whom my comrades shot but missed. We can remedy that error now. Stand against the wall! I will order the guards to shoot you as a Bourgeois collaborator!’ Paul saw that only three or four doors away there was a lorry carrying CHEKA militiamen who were preparing to enter a house to plunder and murder its owners. These could quickly be summoned to execute him. He stood as if in a dream. The shock overwhelmed him. For a moment he felt nothing, heard nothing and nothing was important anymore, as if in a trance. He felt that he was beyond rescue as, those who know the Bolsheviks are aware, these beasts in human form show no mercy, sympathy, fairness or conscience, in fact any human feeling. As Paul heard the Bolshevik’s words he silently waved good-bye to this world.

He thought of his dear, loyal wife, who had innocently just left and who would be waiting at Mrs. Van Dych’s, quietly but impatiently. He imagined her repeatedly looking at the small gold enamelled watch he had given her for her last birthday. He saw in his mind his two girls playing with their dolls or perhaps taking lessons with their governess, which they should have been doing at this time of day. Never again would he see them and hug them. He thought what a sorry world this was, how transitory, stupid, merciless and pointless everything was.

‘Will this wretched, sad mankind really continue with its endless mutual murdering and tearing limb from limb, even as the innocent heaven watches over it and the beautiful sun continues to shine for ever?’ He opened his eyes and looked at the blue sky. He recalled how happy the sun had made him as a little boy on the farm in Schastlivka where he had been born.
He remembered how he had lain on his back in the long grass, beside the field in which the peasants were working. He had plucked a blade of grass and sucked at the sweetness at its base. He had shaded his eyes and watched the skylarks rising and singing and tried to judge whether it was really true that the higher they flew, the higher their note. He heard the peasants singing and remembered how kind and friendly they always were.

‘How is it that these honest, kind, religious people have turned to barbarism?’ He thought as he waited to hear the voice of the Bolshevik calling the militia.

Chapter 6 - Deadly sailors

‘To hell with the Bolsheviks! They had turned these innocent people into savages.’ His anger gave him strength. He was a proud German and he had to save his family. He would not submit quietly to being shot. And then he had the thought that saved him. He would use his intelligence, and flatter this bullying, ignorant upstart peasant, to set him free.

‘There is plenty of time to die so just listen carefully to what this beast has to say. Perhaps the opportunity will present itself to use revolutionary arguments and to play on the beast’s wish to be seen as a hero. Perhaps I can engage him in a long political debate.’ What Paul feared most was that the Bolshevik would recognise him as the one who had asked where he had stolen the telescope, as nothing offended these revolutionary heroes more than accusing them of what they actually were, that is thieves and murderers. For in the name of the Revolution and of right and equality they stole property to share among the Russian people. He realised then that the Bolshevik had confused him with his dear friend, the lawyer, who had run away from the gunmen. This reassured him somewhat and gave him hope there might be a way out. He lowered his gaze from the sky, looked the Bolshevik straight in the eyes, placed a right hand firmly on the other’s shoulder, smiled, and said in a somewhat theatrical voice,

‘Comrade, I can see that you are a true leader of the Revolutionary Guard and I assume that you support justice. You would not wish the revolutionary principles of freedom, equality and brotherliness to be compromised by murdering an innocent foreigner. I must tell you I am not the man you think I am and that I am not involved in your internal war as I am a German citizen, and have papers to prove it. You will know of the peace that has been agreed between our two great governments and you would not wish it to be said that you had broken that agreement. Finally, I am definitely not the man who ran from you that day in March.’ The Bolshevik shuffled awkwardly and smiled at the flattery. He stood there, self-conscious, happily serious and good-natured. His angry frown vanished and his expression changed from that of the beast it had been seconds before, to that of a sturdy, friendly round faced Russian peasant from the country, which is what he would have been before this terrible civil war started.
‘We Bolsheviks are the people’s revolutionaries and no murderers. We are preparing the Russian people for a true paradise on Earth. Our dear, precious Mother Russia will soon be the happiest and freest land in the World. I fought in the Great War, I was a prisoner of war in Germany, I had to work deep underground and I have also seen wonderful things. But how can you prove that you were not the person at whom my comrades were shooting? I saw you jump into the house that is just behind you.’ While Paul was worrying and wondering how he could possibly answer this question he realised that Dymtrus, their Ukrainian house caretaker, was standing close by and must have heard the whole conversation. So, somewhat in desperation, he asked whether the caretaker had seen the shooting two months ago and whether he was the man who was running away. Without any prompting the caretaker answered convincingly,

‘Yes, yes I saw everything and no, it cannot possibly have been you. That man was much shorter and in any case it was not this door but a door a little further up the street that he ran into.’ At this the Bolshevik at once relaxed and somewhat grandly waved Paul away with a sweep of his arm,

‘All right, I believe you. I do not wish to burden my conscience with the murder of an innocent man. In addition you are a foreigner. You can go.’

Paul rushed off to get to his family in the outskirts of the city. Sophia kissed and hugged him tight as he told her of his near-death experience. She shuddered and did not dare to consider what she would have done had he not returned. When they recovered and checked their belongings that had been transported from Marazlievskaya, they were relieved to find that their furniture and boxes had all been safely stored in spite there being so much. Paul was sorry and somewhat angry that his prize Frankott hunting rifle had been stolen but it was a small sacrifice considering that the family was now at least safe for the present. Holland, like Sweden and Switzerland, was neutral and the Red revolutionaries were not yet seriously harassing its citizens. However, his latest experience had persuaded him that this indulgence probably would not last and that they should quickly escape further away to one of the many long established German villages located in the countryside surrounding Odessa. He and Sophia decided to aim for Großliebental where Oma, Sophia’s mother, owned a house.

It was here at the Dutch lady’s house that Mlle. Voutaz decided that she must leave the family and try to return to Switzerland and her home in Lausanne before it was too late. The story of Paul’s second life-threatening encounter with the Bolshevik made her realise that her own safety was no longer guaranteed. At present someone carrying the papers of a neutral country like Switzerland would probably be safe. But for how long would this last? All had noticed how the Reds were getting less and less bothered as to whom they harassed, arrested and even murdered. Paul and Sophia also realised it would not be fair to try and persuade Mlle. to come with them to the German villages, further away from Odessa.
So she dressed herself modestly and, of course, in a head-scarf rather than a hat and expected to be safe on the easy downhill walk back to the harbour. There she had good chance of getting passage to another Black Sea port that would allow her to go on to Switzerland. The Reds of course would monitor and question anyone trying to leave but her papers showing her as a teacher from Switzerland should create no difficulties. Paul gave her six months pay and Sophia and the girls wished her good luck. They were all very sorry to see her leave and there were held-back tears as kisses and polite but very genuine goodbyes were exchanged in French.

The family still needed to find a cart to get to the colony of Grossliebenthal almost 30km from Odessa and needed to stay on with Mrs. Van Dych until arrangements could be made. She kindly gave them a large bedroom. The Bolsheviks had requisitioned most horses and wagons both in the towns and the country and those they had not, had been stolen by the mobs. The normal means of hiring or buying these things were no longer available and they simply had to wait for the right opportunity.

One evening as Paul returned to their temporary lodgings he noticed two sailors in their blue uniforms sitting outside the house. Their flat sailor hats were lying beside them on the bench with their rifles casually stacked against the side of the house and they were sitting in the sun, eating sunflower seeds in the customary Russian peasant way. They would stuff a handful of whole seeds in their mouth, skillfully de-husk them using just tongue and teeth and then one by one spit out the husks in a little pile on the ground. Each sailor already had his own mound building up nicely beside the leg on his side of the bench. They looked relaxed and harmless. But Paul was immediately suspicious, as sailors were some of the most active and extreme revolutionaries and had committed atrocious crimes against their officers. In Odessa harbour, after they mutinied, they pushed their officers into the ship's boiler fires, tied their hands and feet and threw them in the water or locked them in animal cages and starved, teased and taunted them. More is almost too gruesome to tell. When a diver was sent down to work early in 1918 no sooner was he at the bottom than he was signalling to be taken up again. He surfaced frightened and shivering, acting like a mad man and stuttered that he had been encircled by standing dead men. It appears that these were officers who had had weights tied to their feet before being pushed overboard and that the gases in their bodies had made them stand upright and the current made them move eerily in the water. It was the sailors of in the famous gunship ‘Almaz,’ moored in Odessa harbour, who had perpetrated these gruesome atrocities. The sailors therefore made Paul very uncomfortable and he had to decide whether to enter the door or not.

However, he really had no option, as his family was inside. So he walked in as nonchalantly as he could giving them a short but polite greeting. The sailors did not look up, replied to his greeting with a grunt and did not try to stop him. Once in he asked their new Dutch friend why the sailors were stationed outside. She answered that they were caught as in a mousetrap.
The sailors were letting every one in but nobody out. Everyone in the house, that held several people, was worried. Many tenants had lived there for 15 to 20 years and not only knew but were friends with both other tenants and the owner. They came together and discussed what action was planned by the Bolsheviks. It was obvious that if no one was being let out that some sort of interrogation was planned, or that someone would be arrested and sent to the CHEKA. And no one comes out of the CHEKA again alive. Everyone got tired late into the night and tried to sleep but were restless and could not. At 1:00 am the house owner knocked gently on Paul’s room door and advised the family to get dressed quickly as a troop of armed CHEKA military had arrived and were interrogating one of the oldest tenants. As it was likely they would also carry out further interrogations it would be best to be dressed.

In the room next to the Vaatz family Mrs. Van Dych had also given room to a young officer of Denikin's White army. He was busy burning incriminating papers and evidence including his officer rank shoulder markings. He was in great danger as an active officer of the Denikin army. The Bolsheviks made a practice of literally taking the skin from the living body of their victims and cutting the Tsarist epaulette markings into the skin on their shoulders. Paul felt desperately sorry for the man, and knocked softly on his room door to try and help. He was very young, only about 23, a strong blond boy with bright blue eyes and with a snow-white serious face. It was obvious at first glance that he was a true Russian of noble blood. His movements were soft, his features were fine but most noticeable were his hands. They were more like that of a girl than that of a Russian officer.

'I wish I could help you.' Paul offered. 'Do you have many more things to destroy? You must be quick. The CHEKA can come any minute'

‘And then?’ He replied. ‘I will let them politely into my room and if they find anything incriminating I will shoot the beasts. I will not be taken to the CHEKA. One dies one way or another. Better this way.’ And he pulled a Browning pistol out of his pocket. Paul suggested that if the CHEKA came into the house that he should go out by the kitchen ‘black’ door into the dark yard and try and hide till the Reds had gone.

‘If you are discovered in the yard which is very unlikely then you can still have the pleasure of shooting down the Reds.’

‘It is not as simple as you suggest.’ He answered. ‘I know that when the Reds visit a building they guard the back door just like the front. I would rather stay in the comfort of my room and wait than to be lonely in the yard.’ Paul stayed a while longer, talking. Sophia also came and sat and they waited with fast beating hearts for the CHEKA announcement.
Chapter 7 - Guard post

Mrs. Van Dych knocked and came quietly into the room and informed them that it was now safe. The CHEKA had gone. But by her sad face they could tell that there was also bad news. This was that, after a long painful interview, her oldest resident had been hauled away to the CHEKA. The crime of this unlucky man was simply that he was an official of the government in Odessa and that was enough to class him as a counter-revolutionary. A consolation was that the young White Army officer was safe for now. Thus ended a miserable and upsetting night and the household went to bed for the second time at three in the morning.

The next day Paul and Sophia got news that there was a ‘big surprise’ back in Odessa. It was declared the ‘Day of the Poor.’ This authorised every proletarian, every beggar, every bounder and anyone who thought they had the right to go from the street into any rich or other house and take any items they wished that they considered indispensable to them. This was to Paul a new Bolshevik trick that he listed as:

- to legitimise the stealing from the rich and wealthy by the poorer and lower levels of society;
- to win the support of the proletariat to the Red cause;
- to set the two classes on a life and death war against each other;
- to arouse in the poorer masses (90% of the population) the vision of paradise on Earth and of Mother Russia.

The most gruesome and shameful acts occurred in the best and richest quarters of the city but the crazed mob did not limit themselves to these and many middle class homes were also looted. The houses were ransacked and the contents of chamber pots thrown out of the windows. It was hell, a lunatic asylum and the Vaatz family had no option but escape to the country, to the German colonies. They realised they had been very lucky that the Bolsheviks had allowed them to take their belongings from their beautiful flat in Marazlievskaya two days earlier. They could hardly have done them a greater favour.

After a long search Paul at last managed to find a small two-seater wagon with just sufficient room for Sophia and the two girls. There was no room for him. It was therefore arranged that, after arriving in Großliebenthal, Sophia would organise for a two-axle cart with its owner, one of Sophia’s cousins, to collect Paul and the most essential luggage and transport it, from the present lodging with Mrs. Van Dych over the 30 km distance to Großliebenthal. The streets leading in and out of the town were controlled by sentry posts and all those travelling out of the town had their papers checked.
Any bourgeois, that is any of the moneyed classes, were not allowed to leave. They would be arrested and sent to the CHEKA as undesirable refugees or counter-revolutionaries. The guards would not bother with women and children so Sophia and the children should get through without difficulty. Wilhelm arrived next day, as arranged, with the promised farmer’s cart. Wilhelm confirmed that he had seen several armed guard-posts at the city borders.

Paul was very worried as to what should he do. He had his German citizen pass but it contained damning words such as landowner and business-man. He was thus cursed three times as: bloodsucker, White sympathiser and counter-revolutionary. He still had his military papers, from when he was demobbed in Graudeniz, showing him as a simple soldier. This had served him well at the Accommodation Authority but he was not at all certain that this small piece of paper would be enough at the guard-posts as it had no photo. Wilhelm reassured him he would leave the city by a back road where there was unlikely to be a guard post. So the cart was loaded with the essential items needed for Großliebental. Paul thanked and said good bye to Mrs. Van Dych, and they set off. It was sensible that the wagon was not a smart Phaeton or Droshky, but a simple unsprung farmer’s cart, as this indicated that Paul and Wilhelm were not bourgeois but either simple farmers or small German colonists taking goods back to their village. They were also appropriately clothed. What should have given them away, though, were the two fine raven-black horses, that were straining forward like lions that Wilhelm had somehow managed to hang on to. The ride through the town's outskirts went without incident and they were soon in an area where they could expect a guard post to be located. And, as expected, as they reached the top of a rise they saw that the road plunged steeply down towards a guard-post. Paul was very nervous. Wilhelm, however, said not to worry. He had a plan but did not explain it. This made Paul worry even more.

Chapter 8 - Großliebental

Wilhelm halted the cart at the top of the slope in full sight of the guards, got down and Paul watched him busying himself with the horses as if he was adjusting the horse tackle. Having spent a few minutes at this, he shouted down to the guards,

'Have you got a leather strap or some rope? Our horse trappings are torn and I worry the cart might not be able to stop on this steep hill.' The guard shouted back that he was sorry but he could not help. Wilhelm then climbed back up and said to Paul,

‘Hold tight we’re going down as fast as we can, as if we had no brakes. You pretend to pull the break as hard.’ He then urged the horses downwards, faster and faster, while acting as if he was doing just the opposite. Horses and cart galloped down-hill, gathering speed, straight towards the post.
‘Sorry comrades, I can’t stop the horses,’ Wilhelm yelled as they charged passed the startled guards. It was not clear who was more surprised, the guards or Paul.

Paul, holding tight on to the brake lever but not actually pulling at all, just had time to think, ‘So long as they do not shoot’. But the two guards jumped back making room, watching open mouthed, wide eyed and with arms stretched sideways, holding their weapons out of the way. Wilhelm had managed that beautifully and Paul was impressed at how quickly he had found a solution to their dangerous situation. Still in sight of the guard-post but far enough away to feel safe Wilhelm stopped, acted as if to readjust the horses tackle and shouted apologies back at the guards. They waved back friendlily and wished the two a good journey.

‘Yes,’ thought Paul, ‘Our German colonists can also be clever and work out how to fool the Bolshevik rabble.’ With the latest danger behind them they trotted happily towards Grossliebenthal where they would be safe.

The tenants living in Sophia’s mother’s house in Steinbuckel Strasse were welcoming but apologised that because of their own big family they could only offer a bed for her and Paul. However only two doors along the road lived one of Sophia’s more distant relatives, Anya Naumov, who readily agreed to take in the two girls. Tamara and Isa were at first very unhappy with this proposal. However, Anya was warm and friendly and found some dolls from her now grown-up daughter and the girls were soon happily calling her ‘aunty.’

Next morning Sophia took the girls to the cemetery, just one Verst (1km) from the village. This was not so much to inspect the graves, although she did show them some early head-stones belonging to her family, the Kunderts, who were founder members of the colony in 1805. Her real reason for the diversion was to re-live a happy childhood memory, to pass through the avenue of mulberry trees that led to the cemetery and through the hedge of willows that surround it and then climb the small hillock at its centre to show the girls the view she used to enjoy when young.

The bays of the Black Sea stretched along the horizon. Close by was the small catholic village of Kleinliebental with its light house, situated on an estuary. Further along the coast in the distance they could see the church towers of the Odessa from which they were fleeing. With the Black Sea now behind, they could make out the Greek village of Alexandrovka and before turning full circle back to the Black Sea, the battlements of the old fort of Akkerman stood out on the horizon on the other side of the wide estuary of the River Dniester.
Sophia explained this had been built by the Turks when they ruled this Black Sea coast. She hugged her girls close as they stood on the little mound together. She did her best to smile and to present this journey as an adventure. The two were not really fooled. They knew that things were not as they should be, although they did not understand exactly why. Nevertheless they were brave, also played the game and tried to smile and be cheerful.

In early June 1919 there was not yet a commissar in the village. The Bolsheviks were still busy plundering the cities and rooting out the Bourgeoisie in the towns using *Paradise on Earth* and the *Day of the Poor* to encourage the people to participate. So far they had taken no interest in the villages where there was less to steal. No commissar had dared to enter the village without the support of canons and machine guns. The German colonies in the Ukraine were large, rich, numerous and politically strong and due to their concentrated numbers a significant force. Grossliebenthal had about 4,000 inhabitants and in the Kherson district alone there were some 20 colonies each with 2,000 – 5,000 inhabitants.

But soon, very soon, the German colonists, starting with Sophia’s own dear Grossliebenthal, would also be subjected to plundering and murder in their uneven fight against the Bolsheviks. Overwhelming Bolshevik force would soon result in unlimited sacrifices being extracted from the prosperous German farming community, together with many neighbouring Russian villages, resulting in blood, fire, murder and destruction. After less than four weeks the Bolsheviks started to visit and demand money, hay, grain and horses. As the demands grew so did the resentment and anger in Großliebental and the surrounding villages and they agreed, next time there was a demand, to take joint action. The crisis came soon. A requisitioning team of ten Bolsheviks arrived from Odessa, including the German Sailor, Schmitt and the Austrian soldier, Syrik, as translators. Both were *Spartakists*, that is German Communists. They demanded a huge contribution of 1 million paper Rubels, many horses and cattle plus, for the first time, 40 young men from the village to enrol in the Red Army.

In response, as agreed, the villagers rang the church bells to call in their neighbours. They surrounded and murdered the whole deputation. Two officers from the White army also assisted in the lynching. These had been hidden and looked after by the villagers. Paul and Sophie had ushered their daughters inside so they would not see the killings but out of curiosity they emerged in the street to see the blood and carnage and dead bodies lying in the street. It was a particularly gory sight as most of the killings were not undertaken with military weapons but with farming tools including shot guns, hayforks, butchers’ cleavers and axes.

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Tamara - Murder

Commotion. An open truck of men in black leather with lots of guns drove in to the village. Isa and I were quickly hustled inside. Other mothers were doing the same. The village men did the opposite. They came out. The women came out again and stood watching by their house doors whispering in little groups. We peeped between the shutters although we had been told to go to the back and hide. The church bells rang louder and faster. More men appeared from the fields and buildings with their farm tools. We could not understand. The bad men stood circling their truck, pointing guns out at the crowd. The commissar got angry and stood-up in the truck, shaking his sabre overhead with his right hand and slowly waving his pistol backwards and forwards in the faces of the surrounding farmers, with his other. The growing crowd too got angry and noisy and pressed on the men, thrusting their pitchforks and other sharp implements towards them. There was a shot. I think one of the black-leather men got frightened.

Then chaos. More shots. The crowd pushed in, hacking spades and axes, stabbing with hayforks, Shouts, oaths and cries. Two white officers, who the village had been hiding, appeared, slicing with their sabres. The village dogs, adding to the noise and commotion, were barking and running in circles round the melee.

It became quiet. The dogs barked only now and again. The crowd backed off, some shocked at what they had done, others triumphant. The dead militia lay huddled round their car, cut-up and bloodied, a pitchfork stuck deep into the chest of one facing us. The commissar was hanging out of the car backwards with blood flowing from a smashed face. One was moving slowly and moaning. A village girl knelt and lifted his head on her lap. A White officer edged her aside and shot him through the temple with his pistol.

Two dead villagers were gently carried away. Others were standing, talking excitedly but quietly. Most had blood on them and on their farm-yard weapons. Some were limping or holding wounds. A cockerel crowed and was answered from further away.

We crept out of the door to see better and got close to the dead men. I'd never seen anyone dead before. Why do dead people keep their eyes and mouths open and stare? We were noticed and pushed inside. The dead men were loaded on to their truck like sacks. We sneaked out again and hid between two houses. Everyone was too busy to notice. Then people started picking up the pieces left behind, hats, weapons and bits of clothing - also bits of people. Isa and I decided to help and together carried a big black bloody boot to the truck. I had to walk backwards to drag a big sabre with its point scratching a wavy line in the bloody dirt and could hardly lift it up to the truck.
I heard a squeak behind me, turned to see Isa looking with her hand to her mouth at a severed ear lying there. But she picked it up and held it in two open hands, palms up, just as she had done the toad in the Karlovka garden, and reached up to present it to the farmer in the truck. He took it with a finger and thumb, said,

'Bless you sweetheart.' But dropped it carelessly into a corner of the truck. After all scraps had been collected the truck drove off slowly. Six or seven men followed on foot carrying spades. The women did their best to clean the yard with buckets of water, rakes and stiff brooms. After their efforts the village square, with its parallel rake markings in the dust, was almost too clean and tidy to be real. Mama had been busy with the wounded villagers and was shocked to see the blood on our clothes. She led Isa by the hand and took us together to the village pump to wash them out. We were not the only ones washing out blood and all round the pump were pools of red stained water. We walked back bare foot in our knickers and vests, carrying our wet bundles, not at all embarrassed and with nobody giving us strange looks. I whispered to Isa,

‘Mlle. Voutaz would never let us walk like this in Alexander Park.’

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Chapter 9 - Franzfeld

Paul and Sophie realised it would not be safe to stay in Großliebtental as there would be reprisals. There were no horses so a group of about 20, pushing one large and three smaller carts set off on foot towards Kleinliebtental. There were other family members in the group: Paul’s oldest brother Albert and his wife Mathilda (Tilla), Paul’s sister Nelly and her husband, another Albert (Buba) Linke, with their two boys and a girl, with whom Paul’s daughters used to play when they were all together on brother Albert’s estate in the summer. This was a journey of around ten kilometres. The fleeing refugees could hear guns and the louder cannon fire and a stray shell would sometimes fall too close and explode. At times they felt the battle was getting closer so they marched faster. The children, dressed like the adults as peasants, were bare-footed and soon they were crying as the stubble bit into the soles of their feet. They were given turns on the carts but this only made it more difficult for those already tired from pushing or pulling. When the party arrived at Kleinliebtental late in the evening they were relieved and happy to be so warmly welcomed even though their hosts were risking their lives. The following morning the body of one of the villager’s son was brought in from Großliebtental. The Bolsheviks had been quick to take early revenge.

Inevitably, very soon after, a properly organised, heavily armed, punitive Bolshevik expedition was sent from Odessa. The villagers resisted and fought a bloody battle in which Grossliebtental allied itself with Kleinliebtental, Alexanderhilf, Lustdorf on the coast and other farming villages, both German and Ukranian.
In response a whole Bolshevik army appeared with cannons and tanks. The villagers contributed to a front established by the White Army stretching from the Black Sea sixty kilometres inland. Paul fought hard in a mixed troop of farmers and White army soldiers and together they managed to overrun two cannon positions. But they could not build on their success because of a shortage of munitions created, it was said, because Romania refused to sell them any. When they could no longer hold out they were ordered by the White commander to scatter. Before doing so Paul helped to bury the canons and various machine guns to keep them from the Bolsheviks.

Paul returned to his family and to his role as a fleeing refugee. In Kleinliebental they could still hear sounds of battle and the girls were now crying with fear. Paul and Sophia decided they must flee further west and decided to aim for the Catholic village of Franzfeld on the River Dniester that formed the boundary with Romania. The aim would be to cross the river to Romania and then travel by whatever means was available to Germany. Paul retrieved his knapsack, holding their important papers and valuables, from its hiding place and they joined another party of twenty, or so, and worried how their daughters would survive the hardships of the much longer thirty kilometre journey. The party included the same family members as before and also other friends such as, Aksel the Swiss Vice-consul in Odessa. Although his was a German name he also spoke perfect French and reasonable Russian. It was a sign of the hardening of the Bolshevik attitude that a Swiss foreigner could no longer feel sure that his neutrality would keep him safe. The cruel strategy of the Reds of shooting whole communities if they found that bourgeois refugees were being sheltered meant they could never be certain how they would be welcomed in their westward trek. It was not an easy journey, always within the sounds of fighting. If they saw anyone in the distance they would lie down or hide behind hay-ricks. Under these desperate conditions and with uncertainty in their minds the little group arrived late one evening at Franzfeld. It was much smaller than Grossliebenthal with less than 700 inhabitants. Despite the threat that their party posed, and the fact that the visitors were Lutheran rather than Catholics, the villagers still made them welcome. Tamara made a face at the hot potato soup without salt that they were given but knew not to complain.

Paul’s family was housed with the village cobbler. Paul agreed that they would tell the Bolsheviks that he was a hostler (stableman), so as to be as certain as possible not to be recognised as a refugee from both Odessa and Grossliebenthal, and thus a double sinner. So every time any Reds entered the village he had to dash and grab a broom and start mucking out the stables. Brother Albert, who was staying with a farmer, also became a flat-cap-headed hostler.

Paul quickly made enquires where and how they might find a boat to take them over the river but soon discovered that even with the offer of large sums of money no one was able to help.
Apparently it was not a lack of willingness but because the Bolsheviks had destroyed all the boats they could find and that anyone they saw on the river they simply shot. A nasty side-effect of this policy was that the villagers could no longer fish properly and thus lost an important source of both food and income.

Paul’s family members each adjusted differently to a village life that they had formerly only experienced as employers and patrons. Paul himself became morose and moody, worrying and planning for a way out of their nightmare but getting nowhere. Sophia did her best to be positive and cheerful and not to let the girls feel the danger they were in and was quite successful in making an adventure of their hardships. The girls understood the Bolsheviks were bad and that they had to run away. However, provided they got some food, they adapted surprisingly well. Their bare feet became hardened and they played cheerfully with the village children. Tamara being older sensed the danger more. She found it difficult to forget that she was of land-owning stock and tended to use her authority to organise the children’s games. She usually got away with this as, at nearly thirteen, she was one of the older children in the village. Isa in many ways adjusted better and when there was no immediate danger played happily with the village children as equals.

Things became quieter for a while but the Reds were always around and, although the Red militia were not as extreme and vicious as the CHEKA, they were dangerous enough. Mathilda, had managed to obtain a small bag of flour and was walking alone back to their lodgings, dressed as a farmer’s wife, when she was stopped and questioned by a suspicious and somewhat drunken Bolshevik sailor. He discovered her bag of flour and loudly accused her of *speculating*. Speculation being a crime in Bolshevik eyes, punishable by death. She explained it was not for sale but for her husband. As soon as she said this, she realised she had put Albert's life at risk as well as her own, for around her neck was a small bag of jewellery. This included Albert’s ruby and diamond Farberge cufflinks he had received for his 21st birthday. Although she had bartered her own earrings she had managed to avoid bartering the cufflinks for food during their trek through the German colonies. If her accuser found the bag, both would be shot. The sailor ordered her to follow him to the Red guard-post for interrogation. When he was not looking she somehow managed to get the little bag out and throw it into the hedge. The sailor noticed the movement and angrily demanded to know what she was doing. She apologised that she had tripped. He was not convinced and inspected her hands, patted her down and examined the sleeves of her coat, gave a suspicious grunt and then placed her in front, pushing her roughly on the shoulders, every now and again, towards the guard post. Albert was hauled in and both were aggressively questioned and searched.
Chapter 10 - Red visitation

Tilla started when they found Albert's identity pass. Any entry indicating he was a land owner or that he had any status at all would be his death warrant. But when she saw Albert’s relaxed face she remembered that he had told her that at the last renewal his occupation was entered as farm-worker rather than farm-owner. This had been done on the advice of a friendly Tsarist police officer when things had started to become difficult. At the time Albert had tried to reject this friendly advice, proud to keep his status, but luckily he had been persuaded as this false-genuine pass, with all its proper stamps and signatures, saved both their lives. With many tovarich this and tovarich that, they left the guard post locked arm in arm and still with the precious little bag of flour.

Having got over the shock, Mathilda was desperate to get her jewellery back but too frightened to return to the same place. However, two days later, when the Red pressure seemed to be less, the host's fifteen year old son volunteered to search for her precious bag. He returned triumphant having found it stuck in the low branches of a bush exactly where she had said. He was somewhat embarrassed to be so warmly hugged and kissed by Paul’s grateful sister-in-law.

Just as Paul was resting in the teacher’s house, trying to relax after their life-threatening experiences, and thinking ‘Are the Reds getting closer? How long will our luck last?’ The owner rushed in urging him to leave.

'Now!' Paul was too much of a risk. A band of Reds was coming and would be staying in the house. He did not know for how long. Paul’s wife and children could stay. If the Reds found Paul, the teacher was frightened that both he and Paul would be shot. Paul quickly changed into old, warn trousers and flat hat and grabbed a hoe. He had only just finished when the visitors drove noisily into the yard at the front. He sneaked out the back and started to hoe near the house. To add to his disguise he took off his glasses and rolled and smoked a cheap Peoples’ cigarette. Gradually he hoed closer to the edge of the garden and closer to the rushes by the river. When he thought no one was looking he jumped in to the reeds and hid. After a while he raised his head and peeped out and other heads popped up and hid quickly again too. So he was not alone. All were very nervous because close-by Red soldiers were watering their horses in the river and singing their threatening revolutionary songs. After squatting uncomfortably on the damp ground for well over an hour Paul noticed a fat grey snake sliding silently through the reeds towards his feet. He had a strong phobia against snakes and could not stop himself from giving a loud yelp and jumping out of the reed-bed without thinking of Bolsheviks or anything else. Shocked, both by his experience with the snake and the risk of being discovered by the Reds he stood still, crouched down and listening. Lucky for him there was no one near and the horse-watering duties had finished.
He assumed it was not yet safe to return to the house and decided to wander cautiously along the river-bank to the edge of the colony that they had recently left, as he knew his way to the house where his friend, Aksel, the Swiss vice-consul was hiding. He found him sitting dejectedly on a straw bale. Both were pleased to see each other and prepared to overnight together. Paul thought it safer as he did not know when the Reds would be leaving the teacher’s house. He could not let Sophia know as Reds were everywhere - in nearly every house. As the pair tried to sleep the mice and the rats ran over and around them but Paul did not care so long as there were no snakes.

The next morning Paul checked that the Reds had now gone and returned quickly to Sophia. But he found her seriously ill. She had worried because he had not returned as soon as the Reds left and spent all night walking backwards and forwards along the river bank shouting his name. She was convinced he had been discovered and shot. She caught a serious chill and suffered Angina from which she almost died. Paul begged a cart and took some ten kilometres up river some to the small Russian town of Majoki to find a doctor. This was very risky as it was full of Revolutionaries and Paul worried the doctor might himself be a Red. He discovered later that he was Jewish, although not obviously so, and Paul didn't realise it at the time, or he would have been more nervous. The fact was that he took great care of Mathilda and she quickly recovered. Paul had to concede to himself that there were also good Jews.

In this way the little party of refugees spent their time dressed as poor farmers and always at risk of being discovered and shot. Paul had hidden all his incriminating and precious items under straw bales in the farmer’s house and they stayed there during the whole of their stay in Franzfeld. ‘The Bolshevik swine must not discover them,’ he thought. He had no concern about being exposed by the Franzfeld villagers even though his family were strangers to them and they were at great risk. All the Germans held together and as for the rest he trusted on ‘the will and bounty of the Almighty.’ At the cobblers all four slept on the straw-covered lime floor. Beetles and other insects crawled everywhere but luckily there were no fleas or lice to torment them. They lived for several weeks in this way among the villagers, hiding from the Reds, between life and death.

Chapter 11 - The Wood pile

Frightening news arrived that a CHEKA search party was scouring the surrounding villages searching for, among others, the Vaatz family who they had been informed were in the area. So now Paul knew the CHEKA were hunting specifically for him not just any Bourgeois. This came as a chilling shock. It must also have worried the villagers as their risk was also increased. There were murmurs,

‘Why should we get ourselves shot for hiding rich strangers who we hardly know?’ But the head of the village was firm.
'We have a duty to save our countrymen,' he said and created a hiding place in his own house. It was a small store-room. He had two men help him move a large heavy cupboard so it could be quickly be pushed into place to hide the door. He asked others increase the height the fire-wood pile stacked against the outside wall so as to conceal the small window of the room. This was done very quickly. Food and water and rugs to sleep on and keep them warm were put inside. There was also a bucket. Look-outs were sent out to warn of the approach of the CHEKA search party. That warning came disturbingly soon, in the middle of the day, and the refugees were hustled into the cramped hiding place. It became totally dark as the door was shut. They heard the cupboard being dragged in to place. There was Paul’s own family, his brother and wife and the Linke family. Tamara and Isa were not at all happy. The young boy cousins made a good show of being brave. Each family settled in a corner. The grown ups sitting with their backs to the wall their feet touching in the centre. The smaller children sat on laps. Brother Albert lit a candle to help them see and organise. Sophia started to tell a story to cheer the children but they were hardly listening. They realised they were living a story - a nightmare. They waited a long, long time and as their eyes got accustomed to the dark they could see small splashes of daylight that filtered through the woodpile onto the high little widow. All they could hear were the normal sounds of a village, dogs barking, cockerels crowing, wood being chopped, children playing but then it became ominously silent. Then orders were barked.

A party of ten heavily armed CHEKA militia arrived in a small open truck and drew up in the village square right outside the village headman's house. They jumped out in their evil looking black leather uniforms, brandishing rifles, pistols and sabres. The commissar in charge ordered the headman to summon all villagers into the square. He then asked,

‘Have you seen the Vaatz brothers and their families? Those in hiding were horrified to hear the Headman say,

‘Yes.’ There was a shocked drawing in of breath from the hiding adults as it seemed that the headman was about to expose them. They breathed again when he went on to explain that the villagers would not let the refugees stay as they knew they were not allowed to harbour refugees. He said they gone off down river saying they would look for a way to get across and escape to Romania. The commissar refused to believe this story and ordered his men to ransack the village and make a thorough search. Those in hiding heard the militia stomping noisily through the village and through the house itself, knocking over furniture, crashing open doors, breaking china and windows and shooting into the air. All to frighten the villagers. When the searchers slammed open the door of the cupboard that hid their room all jumped and hugged closer as it felt as if the searchers were entering their hiding place. Sophia held her hand softly over Isa's mouth to make sure she did not cry out. But Isa could not breathe and pulled the hand slowly away, stretched up to her mother’s ear and promised in a whisper that she would
not cry. When nothing was found the commissar became angry and desperate. He still held everyone in the square and then threatened,

'I will order my men to shoot you all one by one, starting with the children and then the women and then the rest until you tell me where you have hidden those filthy Bourgeoisie.' Those inside heard this clearly and were sure they would be exposed. The commissar went further. He ordered three of his men to raise their guns and to aim them at a little girl standing at the front of the group of villagers. The girl shrunk in fear and clasped her arms round her mother’s legs. The mother let out a muffled scream and bent down to protect her. There was a frightened silence both inside the little store-room and outside. Who could stand up to such an awful threat? The silence was only broken by the scrape of the commissar’s boot as he impatiently tapped it against the ground, deciding when to give the order.

Chapter 12 – Odessa

A young farmer, not the headman, moved out of the group of villagers and nudging his little girl in front of him with his hands on her shoulders and ignoring the commissar, took a step directly towards the three gun-men

'Go on then, shoot us if you must,’ His little girl looked back and up at him in fear and disbelief, as he went on,’ but do not call yourselves our comrade revolutionaries and the makers of a new Russia. You are no comrades of ours if you do this terrible thing. You are no revolutionaries if you murder your own kind. Our masters may have underpaid and overworked us, or worse, but even they would never have shot us.'

The three men became confused and looked questioningly at each other and at their comrades. They slowly lowered their weapons and looked sheepishly to the commissar for guidance. He was raging inside but dared not give an order that would very probably be disobeyed. After a pause said to the headman, while pointedly ignoring the brave young farmer,

'Alright, we will go and search in the direction you have indicated but if we don’t find them and come back to discover you are sheltering these enemies of the state we will burn the whole village and shoot the lot of you.' The CHEKA search party clambered into their vehicle and drove off, the commissioner in a very angry temper. The little group of refugees had come through once again.

But sitting on the floor in that small dark store-room with his family around him Paul had really lost heart. He felt the noose closing. Till now, in their flight, the danger had seemed general. They were just one among many sad, frightened members of the bourgeoisie that the Reds were hunting.
But now the CHEKA was directly searching for the Vaatzs and they knew they were somewhere close. How long before someone, either by mistake, or intentionally and naturally to save their own skin, revealed where they were?

While the CHEKA remained close in the area, over the next five days, the men were made to stay in hiding during the day and only to come out when it was dark. The women and children posed less of a risk and were allowed out. This further depressed Paul’s mood.

One night they heard shooting and a lot of shouting. Next morning they were told that a family of four had somehow managed to get hold of a crude raft and had tried to cross. They were discovered by the Bolshevik guards and shot at and then also targeted by the Romanians who had a policy of not accepting refugees. It appeared that more than one of the family were hit. They were last seen drifting down the river toward the sea in the dark. This resigned Paul and Sophia to the fact that an attempt of escape via Romania was too dangerous to be feasible. The CHEKA party did not return to the village and Paul wondered whether they had assumed that it was the Vaatz family, they were hunting, who had perished on the river that night. Nevertheless all the routes for escape had vanished. North and east were the Reds, west was the impassable River Dniester and south the empty sea. They were trapped and in the awful position of having no plan of escape.

When Paul was worrying and planning at home he would sit at his desk and thread his fingers backwards through his hair. He would emerge from his study with hair standing on end as if blown by the wind. Sophia had learned that if she tried to smooth it down in a fussy motherly fashion he would get annoyed and brush her aside. However, if she approached him lovingly from the side and put her arm round him she could get away with smoothing down his hair in the same movement. She did this to him now as he emerged from the cobbler’s house having sat, thinking, not at a desk but on a farm chair in front of an unlit fire with elbows on knees and head in hands.

Chapter 13 - Escape

Amidst this total despair, rumours started, good positive rumours but Paul’s experience had convinced him that they were silly and unbelievable, the result of wishful thinking. He discounted them and got angry with frustration when they were circulated. But then came confirmation from someone he could believe and even this he did not believe until he had spoken to the witness directly. He was a farmer who had been allowed by the Reds to farm the land towards Odessa. The Bolsheviks were bright enough to realise that if they wanted to eat they had to allow the farmers to continue farming.
He told Paul how he had wondered further south than usual to gather-in two cows that had strayed. He unexpectedly came across a new White guard post only a few kilometres away. He had confirmation from that guard that Denikin had definitely again driven the Reds out of Odessa and that the villages between Odessa and Franzfeld had also been freed. This fantastic news simply served to heighten Paul’s frustration as the Reds still held strong in Franzfeld itself, close to the Romanian border and it appeared there was no way to get out past the Red guard posts.

However, a surprisingly simple - if frighteningly dangerous - way was proposed. Paul’s host told him that he had noticed that the Red guards were so confident of their hold on Franzfeld that they routinely left their guard-posts at lunchtime, came back to the village to eat and then drank heavily. Most were asleep by early afternoon. Paul had a long discussion with Sophia, Albert and Mathilde and also the Linkes and they agreed they had to take the risk as the risk of remaining was even greater. They could be exposed at any time.

Their host offered to hire them a horse and wagon. Next day, at three in the afternoon, one of the cobbler’s older sons drove the family slowly out of the village as quietly as he could. He kept to the grass where possible, to lessen the sound of the horses hooves and iron-clad cart wheels. Albert and Mathilde joined Paul’s family. The Linkes planned to follow next day provided all went well. The village was, indeed, as if dead. While the hard working German farmers were out in the fields the Reds were sleeping and snoring like the pigs Paul thought them to be. Three of the feared sailors were lounging on a bench under a window. One, smoking a long pipe watched them with half open eyes, presumably assuming they were farmers returning to their fields. Paul nervously returned the stare out of the corner of his own eyes and worried that their party had not planned their disguise more carefully and at least carried rake or two and other farm tools. He would suggest this to the son for the next planned journey by the Linke family. But no effort was made to stop them.

Once outside the village they breathed more easily. However, they remained nervous as they approached the Red guard-box, for until reaching it they could not be sure whether there was anyone inside. There was not. Just an empty stool with the Bolshevik newspaper The Fight, held down by a stone. They relaxed further but saved their celebrations until they were a mile further on and out of sight of the post. Sophia and Mathilde hugged and sobbed and the girls cried with them. The cobbler's son dropped the party off soon after to return to Franzfeld. They still had to walk for almost an hour before reaching a Denikin Army guard post. They were greeted with suspicion at first but this soon turned to astonishment at their story and a warm welcome. They were treated to tea from a small samovar that was bubbling gently away at the back of the room. One soldier even managed to find some sweets for the girls. The Linkes also escaped Franzfeld next day, exactly as planned.
Franzfeld had been spared by the Bolsheviks as it had not resisted their advance. The Bolsheviks just requisitioned anything they fancied and drank the villagers' wine and spirits. The bedraggled and tired party passed from Franzfeld through Alexanderhilf to Grossliebenthal where they had a terrible shock, for it and, as they discovered soon after, the other villages like Kleinliebental and the seaside village of Lustdorf, that had all resisted the Bolsheviks, were totally destroyed. As they travelled towards Odessa they saw the results of the plunder, destruction and murder of innocent German colonists who were simply trying to save their property and lives. In Grossliebenthal the Reds had murdered 40 villagers out of revenge. These had been hurriedly buried in a shallow grave. Before moving on Paul and Sophie attended their re-burial by Pastor Koch with a proper Christian service. He, poor man, simply because he was a pastor, was later sent to Siberia with his family. The father of William, who had helped Paul earlier, was shot with those 40 men of Grossliebenthal but William himself and his wife managed to survive. Paul and Sophia stayed on a few days to be with her mother (Oma). She had decided to remain in Grossliebenthal and not to try and get to Germany with them. She said she was too old to travel and that, in any case, the Reds would not bother with an old village woman. This was tragically the last they ever saw of her and was dreadful moment, especially for Sophia.

On their way back, through the outskirts of Odessa, they visited Mrs. Van Dych. She told how the CHEKA had terrorised the town and taken thousands to the CHEKA and routinely executed them with a shot in the back of the neck. This included all military officers, the whole of the church, property owners, bankers, factory and business owners and anyone who was considered to be an enemy of Communism. Paul only learned from her then that his second oldest brother, Karl, who, in spite of the warning of friends, had stayed in his Odessa house. He had been dragged out in the night to the CHEKA and executed by shot in the neck. Mrs. Van Dych handed Paul the 17 July 1919 issue of the Bolshevik newspaper *Borjba (The Fight)*, printed on yellow packing paper, in which he was listed as *property owner and counter revolutionary*. His death had been less than a month earlier! Did Paul grieve then? He cursed the Bolsheviks, the Allied Powers and even God for letting all this happen. He then prayed to him, also, for protecting his own family – at least so far. He felt a desperate guilt because he had not managed to persuade his brother to flee the city as he and Albert had done. And anger. Why had Karl been so pig-headed? His suggestion, earlier, had saved his brother-in-law’s life yet he had lost his own.

Mrs. Van Dych also gave Paul a folded copy of the wanted notice that the Bolsheviks had put up for his capture. He read that a reward of 50,000 Rubles for information leading to his arrest, as *property owner and representative of Mercedes in Odessa*, was offered. So, in spite of all the dangers and real hardships they had suffered, it proved to Paul and Sophia that it had been a wise decision to flee to the German villages.
During their absence from Odessa the Reds had proclaimed the *Glorious Acquisition of the Russian Proletarian Revolution* – This decreed the socialisation of women. All the Red newspapers announced - and Paul was sorry that he had not kept a copy of the notice - that females between 18 and 40 had been *socialised*. That is that anyone was allowed to have sex with any woman, including those who were married, to live with them as long as they wished and to discard them at will. Paul saw this as a Bolshevik conspiracy to destroy the Russian Christian nation. And he was frustrated and angry that the world stood by and watched, said nothing and did nothing.

**Chapter 14 - August**

They arrived at their house at Marazlevskaya 14 together with all their goods and chattels, retrieved from storage at Mrs. Van Dych, in mid-August. They found their beautiful modern apartment was now a rubbish tip. Worse, slogans were written all over the walls: *Bugger off white bourgeois riffraff. See you soon then you will hang.* Piles of waste and rubbish were everywhere on the floors, in the fireplaces, in the bath and faeces on the walls. The telephone had been pulled out and was gone. Their feet crunched on broken glass and china. Almost worse was what one couldn’t see. The ammoniac smell of urine and faeces mixed with yet further unsavoury aromas made Sophia want to retch. It was clear they could not stay there and definitely not with their children who, as Paul remarked, should again be going to school. They agreed they must restore everything to its former condition as quickly as possible, replace all the fittings and furniture and then sell the flat complete with its contents. They would then find a way to emigrate to Germany. In the mean time Albert and Tilla agreed to squeeze them into their Odessa accommodation. They managed to achieve the challenging task of restoration in less than a fortnight by a combination of strong persuasion and generous payments.

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**Tamara – August**

*It was August 1919 and it was hot. We were back in lovely, beautiful Odessa and at home but it was no longer to be our home. We had to run away again. Papa said so. To Germany where everyone spoke German. Isa and I had never been very keen on speaking German. Only Oma, Mama’s mother, used to insist that we must. I cried when I learnt that she had decided not to come to Germany with us. Just last August we had gone again to Uncle Albert’s estate at Karlovka.*
August 1918. Isa and I were excited. We were on our way to Karlovka. First we travelled from Odessa by train to the station at Kameni-Most (Stone Bridge.) The train was fun as we very rarely travelled that way. The rattle of the rails, the steam, smoke and sometimes soot blowing past the windows. Mlle. stopped us leaning out of the window as she said the soot would dirty our dresses and also it was dangerous, we could get our heads knocked off. We couldn’t see how and what damage could air rushing through our hair do? We waved at anyone we saw and laughed happily when they waved back. Mlle. tut-tutted and said she thought it all most unladylike. From Kameni-Most we went by carriage that Uncle Albert had sent to meet us. Very soon, although we were still almost an hour’s drive away, the conical tower of Uncle’s farmhouse stood out on the horizon above the flat fields. Onkel Albert and Tante Tilla were expecting us for our annual summer visit. The journey from Odessa to the Karlovka estate was a day’s adventure. We trotted past fields of corn and meadows with grazing sheep and cows. Peasants were working in the fields. We passed other estates. We could easily guess which were owned by other German colonists as their main buildings were built of stone whereas those of the Russians were in their traditional wooden style. Where we did not see farm buildings there were signs leading along tracks both right and left with names such as Wanner, Esslinger, Selinger. Once we slowed the carriage to watch a mother bear and cub playing in the water on the edge of the River Bug.

Mlle. Voutaz came with us as Papa insisted that our lessons continue while we were away. Apart from French, Mlle. Voutaz taught us other subjects, including history, geography, maths and some English. She was also supposed to teach us manners. We both quite liked Mlle. Voutaz. She was fair and tried to be strict but we soon realised that her job depended upon her getting on well with us and I am ashamed that we were sometimes more cheeky than we should have been.

She sat opposite, holding a lacy umbrella and attempting to read in spite of the jolting carriage. Two small discarded sun umbrellas lay on the seat beside us. She had tried to persuade us to use them. But we quickly became bored and, in spite of her protests, laid them aside as our skin didn’t need protecting. We surreptitiously loosened our summer shoes and pushed down our white ankle socks with the opposite foot, so our governess could not see.

As we trotted on to the estate and nearer main building Mlle. started to worry at what time we were expected and whether they would be ready to welcome us. Isa and I had made a plan. As the coach entered the house yard she was too busy looking whether anyone was waiting and we slipped off our shoes and socks. Our coachman, in green livery, called out loudly that we had arrived. Mlle. put her hands to her ears. A servant came out immediately and hurried to open the carriage door to help Mlle. down.
But we jumped out first, under Mlle.’s arms, in our bare feet, and ran screaming into the garden, hobbling quickly over the sharp gravel stones of the drive and then on to the soft grass, enjoying its feel between our toes and hid in the surrounding bushes. Mlle. held up her hands in confusion but then, stepped down, walked quietly towards the house, turned, looked towards our hiding place, tapped her knuckles on the garden table and shouted, but genteelly, in French.

'Girls, Tamara, Isa, come out at once. Change and get ready for your lessons.'

We remained hidden, giggled silently, and peeped at her through the leaves. Our saviour, Tante Tilla, emerged, came down the stone steps, patted Mlle. kindly on the arm and, also in French, suggested that the girls could catch up with their lessons later and that she should rest and join her in the garden, with cake and a glass of tea.

This before we two had even said hello to our aunt and uncle. So much for our manners. We crept among the fruit bushes picking and swallowing raspberries, red currants and other fruit. We were a little too late for the strawberries but we did discover a few hidden under the leaves. Then Aunty called,

‘All right girls you can come out now and have a piece of cake but be sure you apologise properly to Mlle., first.’ The promise of cake was an effective bribe. We emerged from hiding, apologised in our best French and were then allowed to feast greedily on the treat of fresh Apfelstrudel and cream. We also remembered to say ‘Hello’ properly to Tante Tilla and to thank her for the tea treat. Then we had to change but very soon we were exploring the garden again.

Chapter 15 - Karlovka

Tamara - Karlovka

One day, after we had asked too many questions, Aunty Tilla sat us down and explained how the farm worked. Buyers came from both east and west including England, Loz, and Moscow. The main bargaining was done by Jewish maklers (brokers.) Their strange looks fascinated us with their long black caftans, scull caps and payos (curls) hanging down both sides of their face. Muslim buyers came from the Caucuses mainly to buy rams. Like other buyers they often spent the night. They brought their prayer mats and were given rooms facing east.
The women did the sheep shearing but we never saw that as it was done in spring before we arrived. The wool was then packed into big sacks and loaded on to carts for transport to the station and from there to Odessa harbour. Maize, wheat, rye and barley were all grown and sold to buyers who stayed over night. The grain was taken by cart to Vosnessensk on the River Bug and from there by ship to Nikolaev on the Bug-Black Sea estuary.

Summer, when we visited, was a very busy time. A herd of 3,000 Marino sheep was kept on an estate of 7,550 Morgen (4,718 acres). Over 100 working and Anglo-Arabian riding horses were bred. The riding horses were mainly sold to the Tsar's army. The 300 pigs were for the meat and sausages needed to help feed the 400 workers. There were also chickens, ducks and geese. Nine dogs and twice as many cats, it seemed, added to the list of farm animals. As it started to get dark all were given a saucer of milk.

The workers lived in whitewashed wood and adobe houses. There were many low wooden barns and other farm buildings for housing the animals, storing corn and hay and the farm machinery. This was mostly driven by steam. However, horses were still important. A dam had been built in the river to ensure a secure supply of water. But there was no running water and hand- and horse-drawn water carts of all sizes were scattered around the various yards to ensure it was available for both animals and people. The estate even had its own church and graveyard. We would go and look at the headstones of earlier Vaatzs and ask Tante Tilla and later - when we got back to Odessa - Oma, questions as to what they remembered about them.

Isa – Karlovka

We loved visiting the cook-house and tasting the delicious Borsht made for the workers and the dark black rye bread, baked fresh every day. After dark the workmen sang their traditional Russian songs. By then we had usually been made to go to bed but their harmonious singing still made me happy.

Like other German owned estates my uncle's house was built of stone. The settlers wanted to be sure their houses did not burn down. It was a solid square, just a single living story but standing on a pedestal with 20 steps up to the front door that gave it grandeur and provided a semi-basement for storage. The house had a square courtyard in the middle where one could sit in the sun and out of the wind in winter. But usually in summer we would sit and have our meals by one of the outer walls so we had a view. Deciding which side depended upon whether we were seeking sun or shade. In front of the main door was a large garden with flower-beds, mature trees for shade and shelter from the wind and fruit trees and berry bushes.
A pair of poplar trees guarded the front door. The house had a pretty steeple-pointed tower at one corner with a weather vane on top. Just a simple arrow pointing the direction of the wind. The tower had no proper room upstairs but a stone circular stairway led to a landing where one could look out over the farm. This vantage point was the centre for a number of our imagined adventures.

We had so much to do on the estate, from playing with our dolls and other toys, of which we had a second set waiting for us in our Karlovka nursery, to exploring the estate, the river, the fields and woods and its barns and buildings. While we did play with our dolls outside and took them for walks in their prams carefully sheltering them from the sun, they were usually reserved for when the storms came. We then liked to bring them on to the veranda to listen with us to the rain drumming on the glass roof and splashing heavily on to the drive. We put our hands out under the eves and felt it hard on our palms. It made a special smell as it hit the dry summer dust.

'One, two, three... '. We counted when the lightening flashed until the thunder rumbled, to work out how far away it was. This was something Uncle had taught us and we got rather frightened as the count got shorter and shorter. And it was true when both did come together the lightening was really close. Making Gogl-Mogl had become a custom with us whenever we sat on the veranda watching the rain with our dolls and telling them not to be frightened. We went to the kitchen and begged a large egg each and a jar of sugar. The egg yolk was cracked into a mug and a few teaspoons of sugar added. We then stirred the mix as hard as we could. The challenge was to see who could produce the whitest mixture. The more vigorous and the longer we stirred, the whiter our mixture got. Aunty or Mlle. usually had to act as judge - a judgement that was invariably disputed. It was also a challenge to see who would give up first and just eat up the sweet mix.

Out in the open we climbed trees, ate all the fruit we wished and dug little holes to store it in. One day Tamara squealed as she found a fat toad sitting on her precious store. I showed off by picking it up, stroking and pretending to kiss it, wishing it to turn into a handsome prince. I set it down and it crawled away under the leaves. The workers were all polite and welcoming and would worry and caution us if we climbed too high in the barn or got close to working machinery. But they let us sit on a horse or ride on the top of the hay cart when it was being brought in. I remember the noise of the steam-driven threshing machine and the smell of the dust it made. A favourite game was to slide down the chute of the machine. One day I ended up in a wet smelly cow-pat and made the mess worse trying to clean it up. In desperation we went to a workman's house and his wife washed and ironed my things while Tamara and I sat, me half naked, swinging our legs in the sun on the bench.
Another day we went to play with Dancia, the cook’s daughter, while her mother was busy in the big house. Like others in the estate village her house had white washed mud-brick walls and a thatched roof. The best room had a large bed with many pillows with pretty cross stitch embroidery in red and blue. In the other room the stove took up half the space. It was slept on in winter. While we were playing Tamara noticed our coloured pencils, that had been missing, lying there. Without a word, when Dancia wasn’t looking, we just picked them up and took them home. When I got older I realised what a mean thing that was to have done. For, if our cook had known, she would have been frightened of losing her job, accused of stealing. Fortunately nothing happened.

By the evening we were invariably tired and dirty and getting chided for not having changed into older clothes. Getting the water to the right temperature for the bath was always a procedure with alternate cries of 'too cold' and 'you're scalding me!' Evenings were also atmospheric. In town we had got used to our bright electric lights but here in the country, although the house was as modern as it could be, there was no electricity and we experienced the light and shadows, and smell, of oil lamps and flickering candles as we went to bed.

Sometimes Mama and Papa would come and visit and also other aunts, uncles and cousins. Uncle Fred Linke had two boys more or less our age and a girl, somewhat older. They were first cousins. There would be a special meal, probably prepared in the summer kitchen and served outside on the terrace. Much grown-up talking would take place with Papa asking silly questions as to whether we had behaved and been studious in our lessons. These were always answered in the affirmative by Tante Tilla. We would go off with our cousins and show them the farm.

Tamara - Beach

We had long school holidays in summer and when we were not in Karlovka we often went to the beach at Lustdorf on the Black Sea. It was only 10 km away and if we went in one of Papa's Mercedes cars it was really quick. He seemed to have a different car every time we went. We were told this was because he was testing them or demonstrating different models to customers. Sometimes a complete stranger came with us to the beach so he could experience the car. As most customers were inexperienced they drove too slowly or too fast or stopped suddenly so we fell around screaming and laughing in the back. Often they could not start the car. If we didn't take a chauffer with us Papa had to do the hard work of turning the engine with a big handle. Papa got told off by Mama when she got to hear of our escapades saying it was dangerous and stupid but we enjoyed it. This was strange because usually it was Papa who was the careful one and Mama who liked adventure. Luckily Papa ignored her but made us promise not to tell next time we went.

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Chapter 16 - Revenge

Now the Whites were again in control of Odessa it was possible to wear normal clothing and not to be frightened or ashamed to be bourgeois. Both men and women who could afford it, and those who had not destroyed their clothes, for fear that their discovery would label them as bourgeois, dressed themselves up with enthusiasm and paraded the streets to convince themselves and others that everything would now be alright. The cafes in and around Deribaskovskaya Street somehow managed to find something to serve, even if it was ersatz coffee made of dried Dandelion root. Just sitting in the sun and chatting, as if things were normal, made it feel normal. Paul was not convinced by this optimism. Having just escaped from Franzfeld only thirty kilometres away and seeing how the Bolsheviks managed to manipulate the population and the force and hatred with which they punished both those who were against them and also the doubters, strengthened his determination to leave the country.

One morning he was walking the sunny, early autumn Odessa streets that were bubbling with - what Paul was convinced was - false optimism. He turned the corner from his house in Marazlevskaya to Bariatinsky Street towards town and he noticed a farmer’s cart loaded with water-melons. There was a soldier with his back to him in the dishevelled uniform of Denikin’s White cavalry unloading melons and carrying them into the greengrocers. A soldier on short leave earning a little on the side. Good luck to him, he thought.

Paul then noticed the red hair. Could it be? No, impossible! Then as the soldier passed the melons into the shop he caught a profile view. Yes it definitely was! It was the Bolshevik who had twice tried to have him shot and was probably instrumental in having the CHEKA search for him in the German villages. He could hardly believe his eyes. Was he fooling himself? A Red Bolshevik, even an extreme and dedicated Bolshevik, dressed in the uniform of the White army? He looked again and convinced himself he was right.

Paul determined he would make this Bolshevik suffer the same experience that he had suffered: the freezing of the blood in his veins, the inner feeling of departing from this world, that of total despair. Two White Army soldiers, standing guard at an official building a little further up the street, were well within earshot and he included them in his plan of revenge. However, as he owed the Bolshevik his life, he would give like-for-like and on no account denounce him. Paul approached the Bolshevik, tapped him on the shoulder and when he turned, made a stern face and asked, exactly as the Bolshevik had done only two months before.

‘Do you remember who I am?’ The Bolshevik’s face went white and Paul could see in his eyes that the red-head knew exactly who he was and he relished the fear that he could almost feel spreading down his victim’s spine.
'No, no,' he stammered.

‘Then I will tell you. I am the one who stood close to here, just like you in this same street, only three months ago and who you ordered to have shot by your Bolshevik thugs. Be so good as to stand against this same wall and I will request the soldiers there to shoot you and you will not even live to see today’s sunset!’

This once threatening bully slumped and seemed to shrink in size. In a shaking and offended voice he complained,

‘Then you lied to me. You said you were a foreigner, a German citizen and were not interested - or involved - in our Russian revolution and did not want to be mixed up in it. If that were true you would not wish to denounce me to the militiaman. That is not fair.’ This cheeky reply annoyed Paul and he answered,

‘I did not say I would denounce you but that I could and I confirm that I am a German citizen and that I want to go to Germany and leave your bloody, dirty and stupid revolution for ever. What you call Red power is no longer a revolution.’

‘What is it then?’

‘It is a dog-eat-dog plundering of the whole people, of murder and death without reason and without end. How did you get hold of that uniform? A convinced Bolshevik and in the uniform of the cavalry of Denikin’s army. You must be a spy otherwise you would not wear that uniform. Explain yourself!’

If the Bolshevik went white when he first saw Paul he now he went bright red and his face returned to that of the beast Paul had seen before and in an angry but quiet voice said,

‘I refuse to answer that question. You are a foreigner and are not allowed to meddle in our revolution. You said yourself you did not wish to be involved so why do you ask me these questions?’ He added sarcastically, ‘If you really want to know then denounce me to the militiaman but I will tell you nothing.’ This sly, casual reply came because the red-head had obviously sensed that Paul would not reveal him to the Whites, although Paul had now begun to weaken and wonder whether to not to do so after all. He thought the whole, military, political, moral situation a mess, a dog’s breakfast. But he answered,
‘All right then, you do not have to tell me. I am just curious about your unusual uniform. I will not denounce you. I am a foreigner and will keep my word. However, young man, I am sorry for you. You are wrong. Improve yourself. Give up the Reds, go over to the Whites and when they win be part of the new, free beautiful Russia.’ The redhead replied,

‘I will stick with the Reds, I will not serve the Whites and what I am wearing is just a masquerade. This stitched together uniform is my insurance. I believe in my Reds. What your White generals offer is a return of the Tsar and to all the old suffering of the poor. I will not betray the Reds.’

So then Paul saw him less as a traitor but more as an unfortunate misguided young man. The Bolshevik smiled and took Paul by the arm.

‘Let’s get closer to the cart and inspect the melons so that passers-by and the soldiers will assume that you want to buy.’

‘What he had said about the White generals and the Tsar stank of the propaganda that filled the Bolshevik papers’, thought Paul, ‘That one could not trust the White generals as they sought the return of an unlimited autocratic monarchy. He was a young man who had clearly been brainwashed by this propaganda,’ so Paul said,

‘Have you not noticed how Jews hold most of the senior positions in the Revolution? Trotzky, Bronstein, Sinoweff, Apfelbaum, Teklow, Nachamkes, Kamenew, Rosenfeld, Radek, Sobelsohn? The Jews lead the people’s tribunals. I have seen it in Odessa. The Jews and Jewesses are also prominent in the CHEKA. Have you not heard of the “beautiful Rosa”? How the Whites were taken to the Shadanov building in Katarina Place imprisoned and then murdered with a shot in the neck? Will you still not believe me that this bloody revolution is led by the Jews?’

‘And what about Lenin, Bucharin and the other Russians?’

‘Those are just a few. Think, do you really want to help the Bolsheviks drag poor Mother Russia to Hell?’

‘I will think about it.’

‘Good and I will repay what you did for me. I will not expose you. We are now equal. You are free. But do not serve the Bolsheviks!’ They separated, Paul in the hope that the Bolshevik would reconsider carefully and leave the Reds. However, on the day of their departure from Odessa fate caught up with him. He had apparently made the wrong decision. But more of that later.
Chapter 17- The Arta

Early one morning, soon after this last meeting with the Bolshevik, Paul got up and went alone to a remote corner of Alexander Park, sheltered by thick bushes. He started to yell and shout and curse, he spat out the most extreme profanities he could drag from his memory. He cursed the whole shitty situation. He blamed everyone and anyone, the Bolsheviks and all the many self-serving factions participating in the revolution, the provisional governments, the separatists such as Poles, Ukrainians and Romanians, the Tsar, the Allies and the German-Austrian Alliance, the gods in general and God himself. Why were they all so ignorant and stupid? Why so cruel? Why, why this awful terrible hell? Why, especially poor Karl, who had never harmed anybody? He drummed with the side of his fists against the smooth grey bark of the large beech tree that he stood under. He held the trunk between his hands and banged his head against it, slowly and softly in despair. He paused, stood up straight, took a few deep breaths, wiped his eyes and mouth, first with the back of his hands and then with a clean white handkerchief pulled from his inside jacket pocket and walked determinedly back to his brother’s Odessa house. He and his family would survive!

Paul and Sophia put their restored property up for sale with all its fittings and furnishings. Surprisingly there was quite an interest from those who had escaped from the Bolshevik occupied parts of the country. The best offer was from a Count Brobinski, who had fled from St Petersburg. He had arrived with his family and two large carts of possessions. How he had managed to get these through the war-ravaged Ukrainian countryside was a mystery. He still seemed to have faith in the White army and the deal was concluded within a day. The means of payment presented a challenge as the Rouble had crashed in value and the Kerenk, introduced by the short-lived Kerensky government, had almost no value. So payment was made in a mix of jewellery, gold and silver coins, war bonds and Tsarist -so called Romanov - Rubles. Paul was relieved to have received anything and to be rid of what he considered to have become an encumbrance.

Almost four months had passed since Paul’s last meeting with his Russian Bolshevik and he was getting more and more impatient waiting for the opportunity to leave and emigrate to Germany. The general situation in town was getting worse by the day and he was convinced that the Reds would again achieve the upper hand and retake Odessa. Denikin’s White army was far too weak and the allied forces, the French and Greek troops who came in August with their small tanks were useless. They just sat around and did not bother themselves with the revolution. The French spent their time offering passers-by Cognac, although there were times when the bottle contained nothing more than tea. Paul took a chance in buying a sample and was lucky that it was genuine. So they had a little toast that an early means of escape would appear.
The Greek troops soon left. The French stayed longer, in fact to a time after the family managed to leave Odessa, but they only brought bad luck to the city. It would have been better had they never arrived as, because of the French presence in Odessa, the White army gained confidence and advanced but then, when the French suddenly left by sea, the Odessa end of the White front was blown wide open and the Reds quickly retook the town together with many Whites and all their wealthy possessions. It was rumoured that the French General D’Anselm had accepted a several million Rubles bribe in gold from the Reds to leave. The official reason given by the French for the departure was the outbreak of revolutions in France, led by extreme socialists and even communists.

At last came the fantastic news that the German steam freighter Arta was in harbour and was leaving for Hamburg, early on the 6th December, only two days away. It would transport any remaining Germans free of charge back to Germany. This was to be the last ship to sail! The family rushed to pack everything they could and had it transported to the ship. Loading their effects was not a trivial exercise as they had four large wooden crates containing, as Paul insisted, many books including the complete works of the Russian classics such as Tolstoy, Pushkin, Dostoyevsky, but also Shakespeare and Byron in Russian and Mark Twain in German, all illustrated and with gold edging. Not only Paul’s and Sophie's but also those of the children. Paul remembered packing their tattered Pinocchio that he had also had read to him as a child. He also packed the large samovar that had been the centre piece of the dining room since before his time. So, although they lost most of their toys, the girls’ books went with them to Germany. Then there were the two small but rather heavy boxes of valuables, mostly silver and jewellery that were kept close by, one with Sophie and one with Paul.

A late addition was a box of smoked meat and sausages that Uncle Albert managed to obtain for Paul by rushing to and from his estate in a friendly White Army officer’s car. He had found his estate in ruin, ransacked and destroyed. The old employees that remained were polite but totally disillusioned and confused by events and many were begging him to return. He pushed trashed belongings and damaged furniture aside and at the back of his old cellar store room he still found some hidden preserved meats and sausages. These as well as providing Paul and family with a welcome addition to the limited diet available on board, would, during the sea journey, be exchanged for favours such as a better sleeping bunk or alternative food.

They spent the final day waiting to board the Arta with Albert and Mathilde. The two families sat together in the afternoon over Russian lemon tea and in front of a decent fire that they were lucky to have, considering the general circumstances. They reminisced and started their long goodbyes, Paul arguing they should come with him and they still persuading him to stay.
As they were talking the maid came in saying there was a young lady in the kitchen crying and urgently wanting to speak to Mr Paul Vaatz. He found a Russian peasant girl simply dressed with a covered head sitting crying. She explained that her husband had been arrested and was waiting to be tried by the military tribunal to be shot as a Bolshevik. Paul was the only one who could save him and she begged him to go to the court and swear that her husband was not a Bolshevik but a White. Further, her husband was suspicious that Paul had denounced him to the Whites. Her story made Paul realise just how efficiently the Red spy system had been working. They obviously knew where he and family had been living with Mrs. Van Dych and later in Grossliebenthal and the other German villages. They also knew that, after selling his property, he had moved in with his in-laws. However, he stressed to the girl that he had kept his promise and had definitely not exposed her husband and that someone else must have done so. He explained that, even if he wanted to help, he could not because he was leaving very early next morning on the last ship. He added that they were now even. Her husband had saved Paul from being shot and he had returned the favour.

She left and that was the end of Paul’s episode with the Bolshevik. He was not surprised that the Bolshevik had been discovered for, as they had experienced in Alexander Park, he did not hide his strong communist views. It could also have been that Vadim, Paul’s lawyer friend, had finally tracked him down and exposed him to the authorities. Paul was truly sorry for the girl and had a slight feeling of guilt that he had not offered to help. She was clearly innocent and he realised that if it had been one of his own family who was in danger that he would, somehow, have managed to make contact with the head of the military court, even though it was evening and the offices were closed. The head of the court could easily have been a major whom Paul knew socially and, if not, would almost certainly be a White officer who knew one of Paul’s several senior military friends stationed in Odessa. Unlike for the young wife, however, he could feel no sympathy for the Bolshevik, as he thought it more than likely that, with his obvious knowledge of the Vaatz family, he was instrumental both in arranging for the murder of his dear brother Karl in Odessa and the CHEKA being guided where to look for his family in the German villages. Paul never knew what happened in the end but had to admit to himself it was probable the Bolshevik was shot.

The family left for the harbour just after five o’clock the following morning, on the 6th December (by the new calendar as introduced by the Bolsheviks, which Paul considered was the only good decision they had ever made.) Albert and Mathilde came on board, as did three cousins, to say final goodbyes. When they saw the rough conditions the family would have to endure, they again tried to persuade them to change their minds, as they were confident that the Whites would win. Paul was not even close to agreeing. The experiences that he had suffered during the last year convinced him that his family and he would be far safer and happier in Germany. However, he reassured his relatives by promising to return if conditions really did improve.
So after hugs, tears and kisses, on a cold dull morning, Paul, Sophia, Tamara and Isa were waving goodbye from the ship's rail. They had very mixed feelings. On the one hand they were happy to be leaving this dangerous, disintegrating country; on the other hand they were devastated to be leaving their loved ones and the place where they had all grown up. Paul doubted whether they would ever see family or country again. Sophia thought of her mother and cried inside herself, without tears, not to upset the children.

They were very lucky to depart in good order on that last ship for, less than a year later, Odessa was again overwhelmed by the Reds in what was effectively the end of the civil war and the start of the Soviet Union of Joseph Stalin. The Whites including the military and the bourgeoisie had to flee in panic from the Bolshevik machineguns to the harbour and leave on any ship that would take them, to the Crimea, to the Caucus and to Constantinople. Paul’s brother and his wife and other close relatives, who had assumed that the Whites would conquer in the end, had to flee under such chaotic conditions. Albert managed to get passage on a Russian steamer to Varna in Bulgaria and from there to Germany. They were packed like sardines in a tin, under far worse conditions than Paul’s family had suffered, and were able to take almost nothing with them apart from small items of jewellery. Others who were even more stubborn (and Paul had such unfortunate relatives too) suffered misery, starvation and illness or died in the CHEKA. Later Paul wondered how Count Brobinski had fared, as he had found him to be a fine and likeable gentleman. He hoped sincerely that he had been able to save his life, at least, and flee Odessa as Albert and Mathilde had done.

Paul’s family, although not sitting on soft couches and in luxury, but on wooden soldier’s benches, were happy to be steaming peacefully half-way round Europe to their German Fatherland. The bulk of the passengers were ex prisoners of war. They were clearly as happy as Paul and family to be going home and kept everyone cheerful with their accordion playing and the singing of traditional songs. They also liked to spoil Tamara and Isa with their attention, many of them no doubt thinking of their own children at home. When the sea was not too rough the two girls explored all over the ship and made friends with both crew and other passengers. As they were the only youngsters on board everyone took an interest in them and they were somewhat spoilt. The cook took a particular liking to them and gave them a treat from time to time such as an apple or something sweet and they realised how lucky they were as the standard food was basic and boring – dried beans or lentils in which they found small worms. The novelty of corned beef was a little more acceptable but they soon had enough of that also.
Paul and Sophie were happy to play their part on board, to collect in groups to peel potatoes and share other chores. Sophia managed to charm the captain and he showed Paul and her the control deck and occasionally invited them to his cabin for a drink. In return Paul was able to present him with a farm-made sausage or two. The family was separated for sleeping, Paul with the soldiers and Sophia and the girls with the seven only other ladies on the Arta. Nevertheless the wooden bunks and hammocks were cosy enough and comfortable, as they had brought their own warm bedding with them.

The Allies allowed no one to disembark at any of the ports on the way. All through the journey the Arta was escorted by either English or French war ships and passed from one to the other. They were happy when English, rather than French, officers were their escorts as the French were rough and restrained whereas the English were welcoming and friendly - like gentlemen! They noticed how, in Constantinople and Solonika, the French tried to assume control of the Arta and to elbow out the English. At these two ports the ship took on additional German refugees fleeing the red terror in Russia. The freighter anchored in Constantinople bay at four in the morning. Paul came on deck to a dreamlike vision. It was mild and warm, as they were used to in Odessa in May. There was a soft stillness in the air and the water lapped gently against the sides of the ship. The city lay sleeping in a faint morning mist. This, the city of fairy tales and of a Thousand and One Nights. This, an oriental city with twinkling lights and candle-like minarets soaring in to the sky. It was like a metamorphosis comparing this weather with the day before. However, the French gave them little time to enjoy the scene and made them steam-on on the same day.

In the Dardanelles they passed two sunken steamers with their masts sticking out of the water. In the Aegean they experienced a terrible storm. But in the Mediterranean, in the classic south, on the way to Gibraltar they experienced the most enjoyable part of their journey, the most beautiful, the clearest and sunniest, calm weather. It was wonderful to see the friendly green coast-line with the pretty little white Italian and Spanish houses. Near the Spanish border they could see the snow capped mountains. For part of the journey they were close to the African coast and saw several small whirlwinds spiralling away over the coast and out of sight into the distance. It was so warm that they were on deck every day and taking saltwater showers in the middle of December.

**Chapter 18 – Christmas**

The Arta arrived in Gibraltar on the 24th December. The ship was surrounded by small boats with Spaniards selling souvenirs and, more interestingly, oranges, lemons, dates, peaches and sweet Mediterranean cakes. There was also the tender, manned by English sailors, bringing the officer in control on board to check with our captain.
Once again the girls were noticed and presented with chocolate and sweets. The German tradition is to celebrate on Christmas Eve and all were looking forward to doing this peacefully in Gibraltar harbour.

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Isa - Christmas

In Russia the second festival, after Easter is, of course, Christmas. However it is not such big feast in Orthodox Russia. The normal Christmas greeting being Snovom Godom or Happy New Year. So in Odessa we celebrated the German way on Christmas Eve. We children were not allowed to see the decorated Christmas tree until after dark. Mama and Papa would disappear to the lounge. We would be confined to the nursery and listen to the bustling toing and froing in the hall. And from four o’clock onwards we would be pestering Mlle. that surely it was now dark enough. We were ready and impatient in our best dresses. These had arrived just in time all the way from Wien. They were white with Broderie Anglais edging, mine with a pink silk sash and Tamara’s with pale blue. At last Papa rung the little silver bell (which I still have.) We went with the story that this was the sound of Father Christmas (or Father Frost, in Russian) departing with his reindeer, after leaving our presents. We dashed, our party shoes clicking on the polished wooden floors, to the living room to see the lighted tree. The magic and surprise was never less. The little lighted candles swayed gently on the tree that reached high to the ceiling. Their flickering lights reflected in the various shaped and different coloured glass baubles. The pine smell. There were two wooden painted Nussknacker soldiers, one in red the other in blue, guarding the presents under the tree.

It was a small family gathering, nothing like the bustle of Easter, including Oma and Mlle. Voutaz. However, Uncle Albert and Tante Tilla were usually also with us. They stayed two or three days and slept in the room to the right of the entrance that was always kept ready for their visits.

After the presents were all opened we played with our new toys. Papa was then pressed to do Bleigießen. For this he first melted a scrap of lead in a large kitchen spoon over a candle. The lead sometimes came from the car workshop or it could be a farm animal with a missing leg or two from our toy farm. There was sometimes a debate as to whether the animal was sufficiently injured to be sacrificed but in our impatience we two tended to be rather brutal in offering up our wounded lead animals. The melted lead was then poured into cold water. It entered with a hiss and cooled into a distorted shape of silver-bright metal that glinted in the light of the tree candles as it was fished out. We then begged Mama to tell the fortunes. These depended on the shapes that the lead formed and the creative imagination of the fortune teller. We didn’t want Papa doing the telling as he liked to tease us with scary futures.
We were allowed to stay up and go to midnight service. This time to our own Lutheran church, which was quite near to the Orthodox Cathedral. However there was nothing like the gold decoration, the tinkling bells, icons and incense of the Orthodox but with its traditionally dressed Christmas tree and German carols, it had a special atmosphere of its own. On more than one occasion, by the time it was time to leave for church, one or both of us would have fallen asleep. If so, either Oma or Mlle. Voutaz stayed behind to look after us. Next morning we would be teased.

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The English showed no pity on the refugee ship and forced the Arta out of Gibraltar harbour and into the wild Atlantic for Christmas Eve. Many thought they had done this to spite the Germans. So the Arta and its passengers, with their improvised little Christmas tree, were thrown around like a small walnut shell. Obviously they had no real tree so they copied the sailors and searched for the largest broom they could find. The end of the broomstick was attached to a bayonet and the bayonet stuck into the table that hung on four chains from the ceiling. The bristles were decorated with apples, mandarins, oranges and hazelnuts. The foil from chocolate blocks served as tinsel. These luxuries they had bought from the Spaniards whose boats had surrounded the Arta in Gibraltar. Finally from somewhere small candles appeared. All surrounded the tree, as it and we swung to and fro in the gale, and sang carols. There were many moist eyes, even amongst the men.

The Bay of Biscay lived up to its reputation. Huge waves, such as can only occur in big oceans, battered the little Arta. They followed one after another like an unending chain of high mountains. These waves were almost the end of Paul. Together with his cache of preserved meats, bacon and sausages he had brought a small frying pan and was going to the little galley on deck to cook when he realised that an especially large wave was descending upon the Arta and him. He just managed to grab the safety line that surrounded the deck with his left hand but held onto the frying pan with his right in the hope that the wave would simply pass over him. But as the wave broke he realised that one hand was not going to be enough and, although it hurt, he let go his pan with its precious contents and quickly grabbed the line with two hands. As the wave broke over him he saw the pan contents disappear into the waves and ruefully hoped that the fish would enjoy their extra treat. Luckily the pan somehow got caught among some ship’s chains and he was able to retrieve it. So he rinsed and refilled it and this time managed to finish his chef’s task. Poor Sophia suffered severe sea-sickness in this terrible weather while the rest of the family was much less affected. Luckily the captain took pity and allowed her to rest in his cabin when she was so unwell.
Chapter 19 - Hamburg

Already in the River Elbe, but before Hamburg proper, the Arta eventually tied-up at Brunnsbütel where the tired refugees were greeted with music, speeches of welcome and the wonderful smell and taste of real, fresh coffee. They sailed on to the centre of Hamburg and tied-up at Dock number 5. Here they were surprised to be welcomed yet again by good-will speeches. Although Paul realised that this warm welcome was intended mainly for the brave soldiers returning home, it still made the family feel wanted and happy to be “home.” Before leaving the dock they managed to buy a small doll for the Captain who had been so kind, as he had mentioned that he too had a daughter, two years younger than Isa. He was clearly touched when Isa and Tamara presented him with this little gift.

The Vaatz family had finally arrived at their new home. On the 6th December they had fled Odessa and on the 5th January they arrived safely in Hamburg. Exactly one month. They had passed: Constantinople, Salonika, Gibraltar, Plymouth and then Hamburg. It was said on board that theirs was the last journey of the 5,000 Ton steamer that the English would allow to sail. It had rescued Paul’s family from the Red-Bolshevik hell-hole and brought them safely to their Fatherland. Paul gave the ship a final look and thanked her silently for the peaceful, safe asylum they had all received from her for a whole month. From now she would serve their most bitter enemies!

Paul pondered the fact that his great grandfather with his wife and two sons had gone from Merseburg near Halle, in Germany, to the Ukraine in Russia. They went as poor shepherds from a little village trekking in a simple cart over a thousand kilometres into the unknown to try and build a stable future for their families in a huge new land. They and their descendants worked hard, prospered and built up large fortunes and big estates. But after almost 100 years their great great grandchildren had returned and were now as poor as their forebears had been when they had arrived in Russia. But in the end, Paul thought, it is not riches and the temptation of uncertain money that bring happiness but health, loyalty, mutual love within the family and the opportunity to do useful work. So he determined to start afresh with the same family from the same country that his forbearers did those many years ago.

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Epilogue

Before the Revolution Paul and Sophia used to visit Hamburg every few years and Tamara herself was born there in 1906. These visits may have been partly to retain their German citizenship. They had good friends in the city so when they arrived as refugees they were invited to stay until they could decide what to do. In fact they remained just two days as Paul was offered a post with Mercedes in Stuttgart on the basis of his work for the company in Odessa.
The German authorities were well organised to receive their fellow ethnic refugees and the family was issued a Red Cross voucher giving them free rail passage to Stuttgart. However, the Mercedes job lasted less than a year because of the depression that was affecting all of Europe.

They settled in south Germany and eventually received compensation from the German government from funds that the Bolsheviks had agreed to pay for the properties left behind by the German emigrants. Although the sum received was only a small percentage of the value of what they had lost they were still able to buy a small farm near Berlin. Later they sold this and bought a largish house in Stuttgart with spare rooms to let. The five young sons of a London hotel owner came to learn German. Two of those sons courted and married Tamara and Isa, respectively. Thus in the second world war the family again suffered; this time by being split in two, on opposite sides of the conflict. During the war Mlle. Voutaz, in Switzerland, stayed in contact with both sides of the family. However, for five years, parents and children were unable to correspond directly.
Bibliography

This story is based mainly on the typewritten account by Paul Vaatz of his family’s traumatic last year in Russia fleeing arrest and execution by the Odessa Bolshevik CHEKA. The handwritten and verbal evidence of his two daughters supplement his story. They have also passed on handwritten descriptions of events as told to them by their mother and grandmother. Annotated photographs and ephemera helped to construct a picture. The literature and history of the post World War I / revolutionary period has been researched to confirm event dates and pre-revolutionary place names.

A short list of sources is given below.

Eisfeld, A., 200 Jahre Ansiedlung der Deutschen im Schwarzmeergebiet [200 years of settlement by the Germans in the Black Sea region] Lecture presented in Neuenschloss, Stuttgart (Sept 2003). Includes a table (p. 11) showing which forces held power in Odessa during the period 1917 to 1920. Some of the dates in Paul’s account are rather vague and this listing was very helpful.

French, Isolde, (nee Vaatz) I. Handwritten manuscripts in German and English of life in Odessa before and during the Revolution as experienced herself and as told to her by her mother, her mother’s sister and maternal grandmother.

Hamburger Korrespondenz 7 January 1920. Evidence that the steamship Arta docked in Hamburg on 5 January 1920 – interestingly, Paul’s account says the 6th. (Last date in dock is recorded as 29 January.) Paul says that the ship was handed over to the British as war reparations. I could find no supporting evidence for this.

Linke, Bubi. Episodes from the country of my ancestors, Speech by Bubi Linke, Eichstätt, Germany (1994)

The Linkes were Vaatz descendants on the female side and the two families were close. This is a short account of the traumas the Linkes experienced during 1919. Bubi’s story broadly supports and supplements Paul’s but in detail sometimes contradicts it. I have had to choose which ‘truth’ to present. After the second world war the Linke family migrated still further west, to San Francisco, to be as far away from Communism as possible.

Mercedes–Benz, Classic Archive, Stuttgart. Photos of the Odessa showroom giving name of the manager in 1914 and showroom address.

Mercedes–Benz Copy of terminating job reference showing Paul found work with Mercedes in Germany but only from 1 February to 30 September 1920. Signed by Hoenemer, no date.


Stumpp, Karl, Die Geschichte der Familie Vaatz, Schwarzmeergebiet, Kreis Ananiew [History of the Vaatz family, Black Sea region, Ananiev county] Copy of a newspaper or journal article presenting the growth in ownership of land by the Vaatz family and
its increase in value. His figures mirror the handwritten notes of Albert Vaatz (below.)


A guide to the dates on which the various powers held Odessa. However Paul’s account says that the Whites had two months in Odessa during spring 1919 that are not indicated by either Tucker or Eisfeld.

**South Russia 1919** Wikipedia suggests that “by mid-June the Reds were chased from the Odessa area,” which fits better with Paul’s timeline. However, no primary reference is given. So Paul’s evidence is the best I have.

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Russian_Civil_War)

**Vaatz, Albert F., (Paul’s oldest brother) Inventory of estates in Karlovka and elsewhere. On both sides of lined paper in blue and purple ink and pencil. (Undated.)** Provides evidence of the land ownership and wealth of the Vaatz family. When the family fled Russia there were at least 8 large Vaatz estates in the region and this ignores the estates owned by female descendants of the line. Albert’s notes were perhaps drafted when he was claiming his share of the compensation that German state was paying the Russlanddeutschen from funds received from the Bolsheviks to compensate those who had lost property.

**Vaatz, Alexander, Deutsche Bauernarbeit im Schwarzmeergebiet [German Farm Management in the Black Sea Region], Verlag C.V. Engelhard (December 1942.)** Alexander is recorded by the family as having been killed in the 2nd World War. While his document provides interesting evidence of the living style, methods and successes of German farmers in the region, it also serves to seek the support of the German state and its occupying forces for the Russlanddeutschen. The year of publication is that following the occupation of Odessa by German forces near the end of WW2.


**Vaatz, Paul A., Die Schilderung der Einwanderung unserer Familie Vaatz im Jahre 1834, aus Deutschland nach Russland [An account of the immigration of the family Vaatz from Germany to Russia in 1834] (August 1938)** Typewritten document. It is interesting to note that the above two pieces were written in the same year that the Kristalnacht took place, one before and one after the event. It is not clear why Paul chose to write at this time, some 19 years after his arrival in Germany.

**Vaatz, Paul A.** Annotated photo of Paul and two Vaatz cousins evidencing that they were demobbed from the German army in Graudenz (present day Romania) in November 1918. My assumption is that they enrolled, not long before, during the German occupation of Odessa in March 1918 and probably offered themselves as interpreters. It could be they joined earlier, soon after the Bolshevik and the German governments made peace in December1917. This Photograph is annotated with the
names of eight Vaatzs who died “fighting at the front.” It is not clear whether fighting for the White (Tsarist) - or the German – army.

**Vaatz, Paul A.** Red Cross Travel document granting the Vaatz family free rail travel to Stuttgart, the location of the Mercedes-Benz HQ (6 January 1920.)

**Vaatz, Sophia.** Post card from Sophia at home in Odessa to daughter Tamara on holiday at the farm estate of her Uncle Albert, giving news of meetings between local landowners, farmers and peasants in Odessa following the 1917 uprisings in the north. She also tells Tamara to be more respectful to the governess. (21 July 1917)

**General reading on the early period of the Russian Revolution.**


**Hodgson, John Ernest** ("War Correspondent with the Anti-Bolshevik Forces"), "*With Denikin's Armies: Being a Description of the Cossack Counter-Revolution in South Russia, 1918-1920*", Temple Bar Publishing Co., London, 1932, pp. 54-56.

“I had not been with Denikin more than a month before I was forced to the conclusion that the Jew represented a very big element in the Russian upheaval. The officers and men of the Army laid practically all the blame for their country's troubles on the Hebrew. They held that the whole cataclysm had been engineered by some great and mysterious secret society of international Jews, who, in the pay and at the orders of Germany, had seized the psychological moment and snatched the reins of government. All the figures and facts that were then available appeared to lend colour to this contention. No less than 82 per cent of the Bolshevik Commissars were known to be Jews, the fierce and implacable 'Trotsky,' who shared office with Lenin, being a Yiddisher whose real name was Bronstein. Among Denikin's officers this idea was an obsession of such terrible bitterness and insistency as to lead them into making statements of the wildest and most fantastic character.”

This evidence of the intense anti-Semitism of the Russian bourgeoisie is re-quoted in many references relating to the Russian revolution.

**Popoff, Georg.** *Tscheka* (in German), Frankfurter Societäts – Druckerei, (1925)

**Rappaport, Helen.** *Caught in the Revolution*, Hutchison (2016)
