

0955

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

ACC

10000/105/484

AC, SOVIE
MAY-SEP

0956

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

10000/105/484

AC, SOVIET PERSONNEL, ROUTINE
MAY-SEPT. 1945

0957

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016

*1. 5/10/45
w/20B/CA*

*7d
14A*

SCAO, 13 CORPS RECD AFTER

5286

13 SEPTEMBER 1945

PRIORITY

SECRET PD

13A

PARA ONE PD OUR SIGNAL FIVE TWO FIVE EIGHT OF ONE TWO SEPTEMBER NINETEEN PD
PARISH TO SCAG ON THREE CORPS RECD AFTER FOX HOW QUEEN FROM ALCON CITE ACAS PARISH
PARA TWO PD BASHLOV TRACKED ACTION TAKEN

CIVIL AFFAIRS SECTION

437

S.H. WHITE, Lt Col,

NICHOLAS RICHES **3780**
CSO, USA
Asst Adjutant

2584

0958

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016

13-A

SIAG 13 CORPS RPTD AMHQ

5258

12 SEPTEMBER 1945

PRIORITY

SECRET ID

PARA ONE ID UNDERSTAND BASILOV IN YOUR AREA ID PLEASE TAKE ACTION AS IN AMHQ SIGNED
SIGNED CITE PUBLIC SIGNAL DATED ONE TWO SEPTEMBER ID- 12B

PARA TWO SIAG ONE THREE CORPS RPTD AMHQ FOR NOW QUIN FROM ALCON CITE ACCAS PAREN

PARA TWO ID IF BASILOV NO LONGER YOUR AREA COULD YOU SAY HIS DESTINATION ID

PARA THREE ID IF YOU INFORM HIM PLEASE WIRE AMHQ DIRECT COPY THIS HQ

CIVIL AFFAIRS SECTION

437

S.H. WHITE Lt Col

NICHOLAS FLORENTO
CWO, USA
Asst Adjutant
8780

2547

0959

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016

SECRET

13 SEP. 1945

CG 1050

12 September 1945

13 SET. 1945

To The Soviet Representative
on the Allied Commission

Following is paraphrase of Cable [REDACTED] dated 12 September 1945, just received from AFHQ - [REDACTED], [REDACTED]:

"Have been informed that General Basilev, at his own discretion, has held up the movement of some 300 Russian refugees and displaced persons from Uline to 218 Special Area Camp at Riccione, travel by rail. Refugees on arrival at Riccione were to have been screened and processed through normal repatriation channels. Field Marshal Alexander believes that this action is most high-handed and considers it to be most flagrant interference with normal authorized procedure. The Field Marshal directs that General Basilev should immediately issue orders to his subordinates to guarantee that they will no longer block this move. Further, the Field Marshal is bringing this serious breach to the official attention of the London authorities. It is absolutely essential that this matter be brought to the immediate attention of General Basilev. It is considered of extreme urgency."

15/ L. W. STEARNS

L. W. STEARNS
Major, AGC

Staff Officer to Chief Commissioner

cc: Exec. Comm.
CA Section.

me 14/9

3659

3780

SECRET

785016

12 SEP 1945

13B

INCCMING MESSAGE

HEADQUARTERS ALLIED COMMISSION

Originator's Reference: FX 42806

Message Centre No: F/7400

Date/Time of Origin: SEPT 121435

Date Time Rec'd: SEPT 121710

Precedence: URGENT

FROM : ARHQ SIGNED SACMED CITE FHEIC

TO : ALCOM INFO 13 CORPS

SECRET

12 SEP 1945

SECRET.

Understand General BASILOV has arbitrarily stopped movement of 300 Russian refugees and DP'S from UDINE by rail to 218 Special Area RICCIONE where they were to have been screened and passed through the ordinary machinery for repatriation. Field Marshal ALEXANDER considers this high-handed action to be gross interference and demands that General BASILOV should issue immediate orders to his subordinates to ensure that they no longer obstruct this move. The Field Marshal is reporting the matter to LONDON immediately. Please ensure that above is passed to General BASILOV as a matter of urgency.

ACTION

DIST

ACTION
INFODISPER SC
CHIEF COMMISSIONER
EX COMMISSIONER 2
C A SEC
FILE

HEADQUARTERS

12 SEP 1945

SECRET

3780

3780

3656

0961

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016**SECRET**A 757
SEPT 8/1305BF/7058
SEPT 9/1430B

IMPORTANT

REAR 13 CORPS

ACTION AREA CITE HEAD INFO 201 SUB AREA G(OPS) CSI(Q)MOV) ALCON ROSE

SECRET.

Reference your EX 41193 of 06. Subject is Russians at UDINE.

1. General BASILOV arrived UDINE on 7. He protests strongly against proposed despatch of Russians to REIMI and states he did not agree with SAC that Russians would be despatched southward from UDINE. He further states no Russian camp at REIMI he wishes Russians from UDINE to be despatched earliest to NEURKIRCHEN.

2. General BASILOV states Major MOSOV is representative of Russian repatriation committees and not representatives of Russian military mission. MOSOV is not however in possession of permit.

3. In view of foregoing am withholding action to move Russian party to REIMI or Major MOSOV to REIMI. Grateful your earliest instructions in order to clarify present embarrassing position.

4. General BASILOV wishes Russian camp to remain UDINE to stage further parties of Russians stated to total several thousands to be moved from ITALY to NEURKIRCHEN

5. COMD is anxious to relieved of this commitment and would like present encumbrances cleared within 7 days and camp closed permanently thereafter as 13 CORPS Area is not politically desirable for this purpose

3780

over

3687

SECRET

0962

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

SECRET

Dist

INFO-ACTION : DISSEM

INFO : CHIEF COMINT DIV
EX COMINT DIV (2)
GASCO
LIAISON DIV
FILE

SECRET

378

79

378

378

SECRET

0963

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016**SECRET**

10 SET. 1945

10A
CAS

PX42043

SEP 082014 B

10 SET. 1945

F/7004

SEP 091030B

IMMEDIATE

AFHQ SIGNED SACHED CITE JHCAB

ACTION MAIN 13 CORPS (2) 218 SPECIAL AREA (3) INFO (4) ALCOM ROME

SECRET.

For GENHETT.

Subject is party of approximately 300 Russians held at UDINE believed mostly refugees and displaced persons. In confirmation conversation MACLEOD-GARRETT.

1. You should despatch above party of Russians to 218 Special Area as originally planned.
2. 218 Area will screen them on arrival earmarking for return to RUSSIA all who are willing to go and accommodating the latter pending despatch in the special camp for that purpose.
3. Those unwilling to go will be screened by 218 Special Area into Soviet citizens and non Soviet citizens and will be placed in apposite camps accordingly.
4. Am taking up question of subsequent disposal to those referred to in 3 above into displaced persons camps under control of ALCOM.

DIST

INFO-ACTION: Disper
 INFO: Chief Commissioner
 Ex Commissioner 2
 CA Sec
 Liaison Div
 File

SECRET

3780

3688

HEADQUARTERS
9-SEP-45
A. C.

785016

4/38 B/CA ✓

SP
1 SEP 1945

C.A. Section

7A

HEADQUARTERS ALLIED COMMISSION
APO 394
Establishment Section

Ref/68/49/EST

6 September 1945

- 7 SET. 1945

SUBJECT: Russians in Italy.

TO : G-5 Section, AFHQ

1. The following information is given in reply to your signal F 38757 dated 27 August 1945.

2. A. Numbers of Russian personnel with the ACI and AC.

(i) Soviet Delegation to the Advisory Council for Italy

<u>Officers</u>	<u>ORs.</u>	<u>Civilians</u>
8	-	33

(ii) Allied Commission

Office of Soviet Representative

<u>Officers</u>	<u>ORs.</u>	<u>Civilians</u>
11	2	2

Displaced Persons & Repatriation Sub-Commission

<u>Officers</u>	<u>ORs.</u>	<u>Civilians</u>
17	-	37

B. Other Groups in Italy under supervision of A.C.

NIL

C. Officers permanently stationed outside Rome.

None with official approval but it is known that from time to time offices are opened outside Rome without approval.

377

3291

Letter subj: Russians in Italy, 68/49/EST, 6 September 45, Contd

D. Control on movement of personnel

The personnel mentioned in A. are required to obtain travel orders from AC before leaving their home stations.

E. Conditions under which authority to travel is obtained from AFHQ

- (i) Soviet Delegation to ACI.- AFHQ authority is normally requested for travel to restricted areas, e.g., Venezia Giulia, or outside Italy.
- (ii) Office of Soviet Representative to A.C. - AFHQ authority is obtained before travel orders are issued.
- (iii) Soviet Mission to Displaced Persons & Repatriation Sub-Commission - AFHQ authority is obtained for travel to North of ITALY, but not for travel in territory under Italian Government administration.

3. With reference to 2. D. above, it will be appreciated that it is in fact possible for Russian personnel to travel without going through the formality of asking for travel orders. This HQ is not in a position to state to what extent this is done, although in a number of cases it is known to have occurred.

Copy to: Polad (A)
 Polad (B)
 CA Sec
 Econ Sec
 Liaison Div.
 Displaced Persons
 L.O. A.C.I.

C.M.P. 3776
 C. M. PARKIN,
 Colonel, Inf.,
 Actg Vice President

785016

SECRET

PX 41493

SEP 061958B

- 7 SET. 1945

P/6775

SEP 071030

IMPORTANT

AFHQ SIGNED SACRED SITE ENGAB
13 CORPS INFO ALCON

SECRET.

Ref (MOV) 383 of 5 September and conversation GERRETT - FERGUSON today concerning refusal by Russian Major NOSOV to permit movement therein ordered.

1. Unless commander 13 CORPS rules otherwise Russians will be despatched as soonest as directed to Russian Camp RIAMNI. This in accordance with YALTA agreement and policy affirmed at recent meeting between Supreme Allied Commander and Russian General HASILOV.
2. No permit has been issued to Major NOSOV either by AFHQ or ALCON.
3. NOSOV and any other Russian with him unless in possession such permit should be politely but firmly told to return immediately and a British officer detailed by you will join him at once as escort to provide assistance and ensure their immediate departure direct to their HOME Hq.
4. ALCON will report arrival.

DIST

INFO-ACTION
INFO

EX COMMISSIONER 2
CHIEF COMMISSIONER
CA SEC
DISPER
LIAISON DIV
FILE

M/C NOTE:

No trace of quoted ref.

SECRET

3398

0967

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

4138B/CA ✓

2A

AFHQ

4362

28 AUG 45

OPERATIONAL PRIORITY

27 AUG 1945

SECRET PD

PARA ONE PD REFERENCE IS FOX THREE EIGHT ^{EIGHT} SEVEN THREE PD SUBJECT IS
INTERVIEW GENERAL BASILOV WITH SACRED TWO NINE AUGUST PD
PAREN TO AFHQ FROM HQ ALCOM CITE ACEXC PAREN

PARA TWO PD POINTS PROPOSED FOR DISCUSSION OTHER THAN THE THREE POINTS CITED
IN REFERRED SIGNAL ARE AS FOLLOWS OIN PAREN ABLE PAREN PASSES TO AUSTRIA
FOR GROUP OF SOVIET OFFICERS WISHING TO ENTER ZONES OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS
SOIN PAREN BAKER PAREN THE POSSIBILITY OF ENTRANCE TO OTHER CAMPS WHERE THERE
ARE SOVIET NATIONALS

No action

Internal Distribution: Chief Commissioner
Executive Commissioner
Civil Affairs Section

Liaison Division

402

Officer-in-Charge

3274

0968

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

SECRET

F 38873

AUGUST 27/2004B

27 AUG 1945

CAS 7B
NB

7/5507

AUGUST 28/0840B

IMMEDIATE

AFTER SIGNED SACRED CITE YKAB

ALCOM

contacted Ex Com office
and said action should
be changed to Liaison Branch.
Düper do not handle Russians

WEATHERS
19 AUG 1945
4 C.

SECRET.

HUSH

28 Aug 45
1245 hrs

1. In response to General BASILOV's request he is being granted an interview with Supreme Allied Commander on Wednesday 29 August.

2. Reason for BASILOV requiring this interview is now stated to be discussion of :

- a. Personnel in cage 5c
- b. About the mutual administration (English and Soviet) of cage 5c
- c. Repatriation of the whole personnel of the Soviet citizens of cage 5c.

Camps concerned are in RMINT concentration area.

3. These subjects were fully discussed at his last meeting with Supreme Allied Commander on 18 August. Understand BASILOV now in RMINT. Please ascertain from him whether he wishes to raise any new points on these subjects and if so forward details urgently by return signal.

Change action to Liaison Branch

SECRET

HUSH
col

ACTION : DISPER
INFO : CHIEF COMMISSIONER
EX COMMISSIONER (2)
CA SEC. FILE

(2932)

4/3813/CA ✓

RESTRICTED

C. A. Sec. 64

492

F/1288

JUL 251730Z

JUL 260900B

PRIORITY

BRITISH EMBASSY BELGRADE

AFHQ INFO AICOM (AFHQ PASS)

RESTRICTED.

Your FX 27545 of 24 July.

Allied Forces permit issued to Soviet personnel as follows :

Permit number 17774 Lieut. Commander FEDOR PAVOLOVICH KOPETS
passport number 22972.

Number 17775 ANNA TROFIMOVNA KOPETS passport 22973.

Accompanied by 2 children 17776 Major IVAN OSIPOVICH POLIAROV passport
22691

17777 Captain VASIL VASILIEVICH BOIKOV passport 23055.

17779 Petty Officer NIKOLAI NIKOLAEVICH MALTABAROV passport 23039.

Will signal Eta BARI.

DIST

Info -Action : Ex Commissioner 3

Info : Chief Comm. 3772

File 2

Float

LIAISON Div

C. A. Sec.

RESTRICTED

1064

SECRET

EX 95628
JUNE 19/1610B

20 JUN 1945
W/5792
JUNE 20/0900B
ROUTINE

4/38 B/CA
AFIR SIGNED SACRED CITE FHGAB
DISTONE INFO: 15 ARMY GROUP EIGHTH ARMY ALCOM



SECRET.

1. All SOVIET citizens held by you determined as such in accordance with this HQ letter OR/3491/A2 of 6 March and who are willing to be repatriated may be transferred to SOVIET UNION in AUSTRIA. Conversation Major MAY- Staff Captain A(A) refers.

2. Essential that 48 hours notice be given in order that SOVIET mission be informed.

3. For ALCOM. Please pass to SOVIET mission

DIST

ACTION : DISPATCH & REP SC

INFO : CHIEF COMMISSIONER
CA SEC
FILE (2)
FLOAT

SECRET

377170

8249

0971

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

4/38B/CA✓

SECRET

19 JUN 1945

CPS.
4A

EX 95248
JUNE 18/1950B

EX 95694
JUNE 19/0950B
OPERATIONAL PRIORITY

AFTER SIGNED SIGNED CITE HEAD
ACTION: RAC INFO: ALCON



SECRET.

Subject involve of SOVIET citizens ex ROME. Move scheduled for 19 June
postponed pending policy decision this headquarters. Convergence (MAY-LOWEN)
refuse

DEL

INFO-ACTION : YESHIN

INFO : CHIEF COMMISSIONER
EX COMMISSIONER
CA SEE
FILE

(B)

3770

SECRET

8207

0972

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016

HEADQUARTERS

ALIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT,

OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER, AREZZO

File:

Subject:

To:

H/388/1A ✓

Date 21st April.

1-1 MAY 1945

Dear Brigadier,

The attached article strikes me as most interesting. You might like to read it. I have another copy so please dispose of it as you wish.

Yours ever,

R.S.

Brigadier General
Civil Affairs Section
M.G. Allied Commission
Rome.

Col Barker Carter

Very interesting. You should read
other press round to collect it for
all time. The Commission

Director of Suburbs.

29 April
Spare 1/4. All M.G.C.
1/5.

TO	Init	Date
VP CA Sec	seen	5/5
Public Safety	seen	5/5
Public Health	seen	5/5
Legal	seen	5/5
Local Govt	seen	5/5
Patrols	seen	5/5
Dispers	seen	5/5
Education	seen	5/5
MFA & A	seen	5/5
Ca Sec	seen	5/5

3769

QUICKLY

ALIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT,
OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER, AREZZO

File:
Subject:
To:

4/380/101

Date 30 April.
1-1-1943

Dear Brigadier,

The enclosed article strikes me as most interesting. You might like to read it. I have another copy so please dispose of it as you wish.

Yours ever,

R.S.

Brigadier G. John
Civil Affairs Section
A.C. Allied Commission
Rome.

Col Barclay Carter

Very interesting. You should read it.

When pass round to Col Barclay Carter

Col Barclay Carter

Director of Subvers.

29 April

Copy 3/4. All S.S.C. 1/5.

TO	Init	Date
VP CA Sec		5/5
Public Safety		5/5
Public Health		5/5
Legal		5/5
Local Govt		5/5
Patriots		5/5
Disper		5/5
Education		5/5
MFA & A		5/5
Ca Sec		5/5

PLEASE PASS QUICKLY

3769

1404

0974

REPORT ON THE MISSIONS.

Part. II

A consideration from a forthcoming book by
WILLIAM L. SHINN.

Noted war correspondent of the Emporia Gazette; author of *THEY WERE
EXPENDABLE*, *THEY DIE PROUDLY* and *Journey for Margaret*.

Russia has the most rigid political censorship in the civilized world. My first experience with the censor is when I submit a news story on my trip to Leningrad, which included the sentence: "The Flins were fighting hard to Vilpuri, which I can report to 1939 was Finland's second largest city." The censor struck out the italicized words. Yet they contain no military information - nothing which is not in every child's geography.

The foreign reporters explain to me why this cut in my copy was made. When the Soviet Union claims territory, no Moscow story may mention the fact that this territory once belonged to another nation. For example the Baltic States - Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia - are now parts of the Soviet Union and no hint can be cabled from Moscow that they were ever independent republics.

You cannot argue with the censors or give them your reason, nor will they give you theirs when they hand back a mutilated cable. Their reply is always, "We can't discuss this with you. It's been decided."

The censorship, of course, excludes everything which might give the outside world an unfavorable impression of conditions within Russia. A correspondent may not give the size of the monthly bread or meat ration allotted to each citizen, nor may he say that favored classes get special rations. He may not say that outside the meager scope of rationing, prices for the necessities of life bought on the free market have become widely inflationary, surpassing anything dreamed of in the American black market.

Likewise, authorities conceal exactly how many hundreds of thousands of Leningraders starved during the siege. The result is that the world has little knowledge of the sacrifices the Russian people are making.

A minor bureaucrat in the censor's office will occasionally strike out a whole paragraph from a story written by an experienced correspondent explaining that he found it "uninteresting", or considered it "unimportant".

Correspondents would not mind the bleak living conditions of wartime Russia if they were not treated as tolerated spies - cut off from any real human contact with a people they admire, herded into the institutionalized life of the Hotel Metropole, talking only with one another or with the small diplomatic colony, reading only the one led Russian press, and then having their daily work messed up by a rigid political censorship in the hands of men who are often mediocre.

While correspondents may never visit the front, they are occasionally taken en masse on visits to recently liberated cities or areas military headquarters. They are always escorted by an assistant censor, one of whose duties is to verify everything which happens. If the censor fails to see or hear something on the trip, the reporters are not allowed to report it. It is a hard day's work. Even in routine stories from Moscow, the censors usually blue-pencil anything which has not appeared in the Russian press, hence there is no such thing as a *straight* Russian news item.

3788

of heavy artillery which they use with skill. But let us consider statistics.

Soldiers must be young and the military strength of any nation is determined not by its total population but by the number of boys in their late teens and early 20's. Because of the enormous population and the high Slav birth rate, in the Soviet Union 2,000,000 boys each year attain the age of 18, compared to only 500,000 Germans - a four-to-one superiority.

Considering only military effectiveness, the miracle is that any German soldier was able to set foot on Russian soil. They were able to penetrate to the suburbs of Moscow and Leningrad and range as far as the Caucasus (1500 miles from Berlin) not only because of Russians technical poverty and the disorganized state of her industrial development but also largely because at the time the Red Army lacked experienced officers. Her initial air force, for instance, could not compare with that of the Germans, much of it was smashed in the first few weeks of fighting.

Russian pilots rank among the world's best, but Russia lacks the skill to turn out good planes. Longrange bombers such as the British Lancaster and American Fortress and Liberator require the highest degree of industrial skill for production and operation in large numbers. They are almost totally absent in the Red Air Force.

The men who plan the Red Air Force, facing shortages of key materials such as aluminum and of industrial skill, have concentrated on production of the Stormovik, a slow, low-altitude strafing plane. Since this efficient little tank buster usually operates at treetop level, the Soviet fighters which protect it have not need of high-altitude equipment.

Of the 10,000 planes which America has delivered to the Soviet Union the Russians like best the Bell Airacobra, which is a low-altitude, ground cooperation plane similar in function to the Stormovik.

Soviet targets within range of German bombers rely for defense on fire from anti-aircraft batteries. However, lacking radar to guide their fire, the gunners can shoot only at the sound, which is a rough indication not of where the bomber is but where it was several seconds ago. Therefore, to be effective, batteries must vomit continuous torrents of fire during a raid, an expensive procedure.

But by the middle of 1944, the German superiority in modern equipment had been reduced by three factors. Russian industry behind the Urals was getting into its stride in tank and artillery production; German factories were slowing down owing to Anglo-American air pounding, and Russia had by then received from America 5730 million dollars' worth of lend-lease aid, which included 18,000 planes, 40,000 jeeps, 225 million dollars' worth of machine tools and 210,000 trucks. Without those trucks it would have been impossible for the Russians to have followed up their major victory at Stalingrad in 1943. It does no good to turn the enemy unless you can pursue him. Without American trucks, the Red Army would still be stuck in the bottomless Ukrainian mud.

The top Russians do not underestimate the value of American aid. If the lesser ones seem unappreciative, it is only because, in spite of vigorous protests such as that of Admiral Standley, they have not told the extent of it.

For instance, the Moscow correspondents tell of a trip on which they were escorted through reconquered territory by a Red Army lieutenant. They saw a jeep in a ditch. Russia makes no comparable car, but quantities of jeeps have arrived through lend-lease, with instructions in

3787

German soldier was able to set foot on Russian soil. They were able to penetrate to the suburbs of Moscow and Leningrad and range as far as the Caucasus (1500 miles from Berlin) not only because of Russians' technical poverty and the disorganized state of her industrial development but also largely because at the time the Red Army lacked experienced officers. Her initial air force, for instance, could not compare with that of the Germans, much of it was smashed in the first few weeks of fighting.

Russian pilots rank among the world's best, but Russia lacks the skill to turn out good planes. Long-range bombers such as the British Lancaster and American Fortress and Liberator require the highest degree of industrial skill for production and operation in large numbers. They are almost totally absent in the Red Air Force.

The men who plan the Red Air Force, facing shortages of key materials such as aluminum and of industrial skill, have concentrated on production of the Stormovik, a slow, low-altitude strafing plane. Since this efficient little tank buster usually operates at treetop level, the Soviet fighters which protect it have not need of high-altitude equipment.

Of the 10,000 planes which America has delivered to the Soviet Union the Russians like best the Bell Airacobra, which is a low-altitude, ground cooperation plane similar in function to the Stormovik.

Soviet targets within range of German bombers rely for defense on fire from anti-aircraft batteries. However, lacking radar to guide their fire, the gunners can shoot only at the sound, which is a rough indication not of where the bomber is but where it was several seconds ago. Therefore, to be effective, batteries must wait continuous formations of fire during a raid, an expensive procedure.

But by the middle of 1944, the German superiority in modern equipment had been reduced by three factors. Russian industry behind the Urals was getting into its stride in tank and artillery production; German factories were slowing down owing to Anglo-American air pounding; and Russia had by then received from America 5750 million dollars' worth of lend-lease aid, which included 10,000 planes, 40,000 jeeps, 225 million dollars' worth of machine tools and 210,000 trucks. Without those trucks it would have been impossible for the Russians to have followed up their major victory at Stalingrad in 1943. It does no good to turn the enemy unless you can pursue him. Without American trucks, the Red Army would still be stuck in the bottomless Ukrainian mud.

The top Russians do not under-estimate the value of American aid. If the lesser ones seem unappreciative, it is only because, in spite of vigorous protests such as that of Admiral Standley, they have not ³⁷⁶ told the extent of it.

For instance, the Moscow correspondents tell of a trip on which they were escorted through reconquered territory by a Red Army lieutenant. They saw a jeep in a ditch. Russia makes no comparable car, but quantities of jeeps have arrived through lend-lease, with instructions in Russian that were stenciled on them in Detroit.

"Is that a German or an American jeep?" the correspondent asked. "Neither", said the lieutenant proudly. "It's Russian. Your American jeeps are too flimsy to use on roads at the front - 5000 kilometers and they fall to pieces. Here we use only Russian jeeps."

Russian losses have been heavy, and in the summer of 1944, practically every man between 16 and 45 was in uniform at the front except a few technicians and key executives. Nevertheless when the Anglo-American offensive opened in France, the Soviet Government loyally kept its Trench Agreement to start a drive from the east. In order to do this, the Russians drafted for front-line duty men who had been discharged with wounds or rejected for serious physical defects. But the Soviet

Government kept full.

Rationing and the "Free" Market.

I have just been pricing food in the Moscow government-run stores and in the uncontrolled free public markets, and at last I understand how and what these people eat.

In America, a worker who lost his food coupons could still live magnificently on unrationed goods - milk, eggs, fish, poultry, bread, fruits and vegetables. In the Soviet Union everything which has any food value is rigidly rationed or is unobtainable except at fantastic prices.

There are several categories of rationing corresponding to different strata of the Soviet caste system. The Red Army is extremely well fed, particularly in the front lines. Soviet officers are given a 50 percent discount at the "commercial" stores. The Kremlin is luxuriously fed through its own commissary. Foreigners are about as well fed as the top Bolsheviks. They get ample meat and bread rations, may buy four pints of vodka a month, and so on. Writers, actors, singers, musicians and other artists are also in a special luxury category, not only for food but for clothing and living quarters.

In Moscow, a first class war worker gets a bread ration, for example, of 600 grams a day - which is more than a pound. A second-class worker gets 500, an office employee (not an executive) gets 400, and dependents (old people, children, cripples) get 300 grams.

A war plant worker who exceeds her production quota makes about 1000 rubles a month; at the cheap diplomatic rate of exchange which I enjoy, this is \$ 80. But the quantities which she can buy on the ration are so meager that she can't spend more than about \$ 6.50 a month for rationed food.

The Soviet food ration, which she must buy at her assigned grocery store, gives the worker about nine tenths of what she must have to keep alive and working. For the other tenth, and for any food delicacies she wants, she must look elsewhere. The first place to look is in the free market, or Rynok, where farmers bring produce for sale. The farmer lives on a collective or State farm, where he does his share of the common work. Nine tenths of what the farm raises must be sold to the State at the low-pegged official price. The rest is distributed among the farmers, who are free to eat it or bring it to town and sell in the free market at any price they care to ask.

In America, commission men visit farms in trucks, buying surplus vegetables for resale in town. In the Soviet Union both the farmer and the commission man would get a five-year sentence, because that is "exploitation", since the commission man hopes, to sell what he buys at a profit, and is thus guilty of exploiting both farmer and buyer. To avoid this crime, the Soviet farmer must take time to hitch up and journey to market, where he sells personally what he raises, and the hungry housewife may go with him by subway clear across Moscow to find him.

The Moscow Central Rynok is a large pavillion resembling a farmer's market in any fair-sized American town. I translate its ruble-per-kilo prices into American dollars and cents, to see what our \$ 20-a-week Russian war worker gets here for her money.

She may buy all the eggs she wants at \$ 13.10 a dozen. She can't afford a whole loaf of bread but may buy what she wants at \$ 5.57 a pound. Here is some ration (or perhaps goat), a bargain at \$ 11.34 a pound - more than half her week's wages. Chunks of sugar beet are 30 cents a pound; honey is \$ 15.

\$ 10 for the collection, with meat on and the greedy eyes open, at least a few flies. Potatoes are \$ 1.05 a pound.

785016

prices. ... is unbelievable except at fantastic

There are several categories of rationing corresponding to different strata of the Soviet caste system. The Red Army is extremely well fed, particularly in the front lines. Soviet officers are given a 50 percent discount at the "commercial" stores. The Kremlin is luxurious - fed through its own commissary. Foreigners are about as well fed as the top Bolsheviks. They get ample meat and bread rations, may buy four pints of vodka a month, and so on. Writers, actors, singers, musicians and other artists are also in a special luxury category, not only for food but for clothing and living quarters.

In Moscow, a first class war worker gets a bread ration, for example, of 600 grams a day - which is more than a pound. A second-class worker gets 500, an office employee (not an executive) gets 400, and dependents (old people, children, cripples) get 300 grams. A war plant worker who exceeds her production quota makes about 1000 rubles a month; at the cheap diplomatic rate of exchange which I enjoy, this is \$ 80. But the quantities which she can buy on the ration are so meager that she can't spend more than about \$ 6.50 a month for rationed food.

The Soviet food ration, which she must buy at her assigned grocery store, gives the worker about nine tenths of what she must have to keep alive and working. For the other tenth, and for any food delicacies she wants, she must look elsewhere. The first place to look is in the free market, or Rynok, where farmers bring produce for sale. The farmer lives on a collective or State farm, where he does his share of the common work. Nine tenths of what the farm raises must be sold to the State at the low-peaked official price. The rest is distributed among the farmers, who are free to eat it or bring it to town and sell in the free market at any price they care to ask.

In America, commission men visit farms in trucks, buying surplus vegetables for resale in town. In the Soviet Union both the farmer and the commission man would get a five-year sentence, because that is "exploitation", since the commission man hopes, to sell what he buys at a profit, and is thus guilty of exploiting both farmer and buyer. To avoid this crime, the Soviet farmer must take time to hitch up and journey to market, where he sells personally what he raises, and the hungry housewife may go ~~xxx~~ by subway clear across Moscow to find him.

The Moscow Central Rynok is a large pavillion resembling a farmer's market in any fair-sized American town. I translate its ruble-per-kilo prices into American dollars and cents, to see what our \$ 20-a-week Russian war worker gets here for her money.

She may buy all the eggs she wants at \$ 17.10 a dozen. She ~~can't~~ afford a whole loaf of bread but may buy what she wants at \$ 5.67 a pound. Here is some ration (or perhaps goat), a bargain at \$ 11.74 a pound - more than half her week's wages. Chunks of sugar beet are 80 cents a pound; money is \$ 15.

It is for the collection, with hair on and the greedy eyes open, waiting a few flies. Potatoes are \$ 1.05 a pound.

A queue is waiting to buy milk at \$ 2.05 a quart. These people can't afford more than a glassful. Is it unexpected? Who knows? Most of the customers bring American-made tin cans to carry the milk home in.

However, remember that these food prices are exceptional, our \$ 80-a-month Soviet war worker has already bought with her ration book at the government-controlled store about nine tenths of the food she uses and has paid only \$ 6.50 per month for it at low-peaked state price.

In the yard outside a girl offers some stockings - used and carefully mended. She wants \$ 5.25 for the cotton ones and \$ 25 for the rayon pair. A man is offering his extra pair of shoes, somewhat

worn but fairly sturdy, for 1000 rubles - a man's salary for our war workers. If she wants a pair of new evening shoes they would cost her \$ 333.33 per pair.

Here a couple of big, strapping girls, who are obviously selling something else. They are all fixed up with lipstick, red shoes, red pocketbooks and red ribbons in their hats, their eyelashes are smeared with stove blacking, and they are giving the farmers the eye. Of course, prostitution has been abolished in the Soviet Union; woman's most precious gift is no longer to be had for money. But, friend, do you happen to have an extra quart of milk, a pound of pork or a pack of cigarettes?

Government-operated Black Market.

The Soviet Government's problem was basically that of the U.S. Government: its people were getting higher war wages, but there was nothing to spend the money on. The U.S. solved it by selling its people bonds, so that after the war when industry was retooled they might sell the bonds and buy merchandise at normal prices.

But in Russia, so long as a man is depending on state wages, he is on a hand-to-mouth basis and his purchasing power can be controlled. He may buy a radio, for example, only when they are ready for him to buy one, and the first released will go to those whom the government thinks should be first to get them. Of course, war bonds are sold in Russia, many of them bearing interest, but the Soviets are skeptical about bonds because the man who owns one has purchasing power which the State can't control.

To counteract hoarding of wages, the Soviet Government, in April 1944, reopened "Commercial Stores". In them the government will sell you almost any luxury item in food or clothing you want, at prices about equal with those in the free market from which I have just come, and without asking you for ration coupons.

In American terms, the Soviet Government is running its own black market as a state monopoly in order to skim from its workers the bulk of their war wages. When peace comes, they hope to have most of the worker's savings in the hands of the government (which will have no obligation to repay him, as our government must redeem its war bonds) and he will be back on a hand-to-mouth basis, dependent on his government-controlled salary.

Let us step into one of these government-owned Commercial Stores with our \$ 20-a-week Soviet war worker and look at the goods and the prices. The government will sell her the cheapest grade of bologna for \$ 24.57. A dressed chicken is \$ 13.20 per pound. Beef - about the grade used for soup meat in America - is \$ 13.62. Fresh eggs are \$ 1.25 per egg. A pint of thick cream is \$ 8. Swiss cheese is \$ 20 a pound.

Outside this store there stretches around the block a long line of shabby war workers eager to pay these prices. Inside there is another long line to the cashier's desk. It takes the better part of a day to get in, buy a few items and get out again. For there are only 20 Commercial Stores in Moscow.

A foreigner is amazed that the people do not protest when the government takes over the functions of the illegal black market. On the contrary, they seem glad to buy these things, and count the days among the other blessings of this society.

Savings Considered Evil.

"This government is afraid of money", said the American who was

Government-operated Black Market.

The Soviet Government's problem was basically that of the U.S. Government: its people were getting higher war wages, but there was nothing to spend the money on. The U.S. solved it by selling its people bonds, so that after the war when industry was retooled they might sell the bonds and buy merchandise at normal prices.

But in Russia, so long as a man is depending on state wages, he is on a hand-to-mouth basis and his purchasing power can be controlled. He may buy a radio, for example, only when they are ready for him to buy one, and the first released will go to those whom the government thinks should be first to get them. Of course, war bonds are sold in Russia, many of them bearing interest, but the Soviets are skeptical about bonds because the man who owns one has purchasing power which the State can't control.

To counteract hoarding of wages, the Soviet Government, in April 1944, reopened "Commercial Stores". In them the government will sell you almost any luxury item in food or clothing you want, at prices about equal with those in the free market from which I have just come, and without asking you for ration coupons.

In American terms, the Soviet Government is running its own black market as a state monopoly in order to skim from its workers the bulk of their war wages. When peace comes, they hope to have most of the worker's savings in the hands of the government (which will have no obligation to repay him, as our government must redeem its war bonds) and he will be back on a hand-to-mouth basis, dependent on his government-controlled salary.

Let us step into one of these government-owned Commercial Stores with our \$20-a-week Soviet war worker and look at the goods and the prices. The government will sell her the cheapest grade of bologna for \$13.20 a pound or bacon at \$24.57. A dressed chicken is \$13.20 per pound. Beef - about the grade used for soup meat in America - is \$13.62. Fresh eggs are \$1.25 per egg. A pint of thick cream is \$8. Swiss cheese is \$20 a pound.

Outside this store there stretches around the block a long line of shabby war workers eager to pay these prices. Inside there is another long line to the cashier's desk. It takes the better part of a day to get in, buy a few items and get out again. For there are only 20 Commercial Stores in Moscow.

A foreigner is amazed that the people do not protest when the government takes over the functions of the illegal black market. On the contrary, they seem glad to buy these things, and count the ~~3700~~ ³⁷⁰⁰ among the other blessings of this society.

Savings Considered Evil.

"This government is afraid of money", said the American who was showing me around. "The real rewards in this country aren't in terms of rubles. If you belong to a privileged class, you are permitted to trade at certain luxury stores from which others are barred. You get medals and decorations, some of which entitle you to ride free on the trains, or admit your children to universities without fees. In factories which exceed their production norms, you are rewarded with tickets for the opera, or given the privilege of buying luxury items at a greatly reduced rate. Money is always kept secondary. The authorities are suspicious of it and are afraid it will accumulate into great fortunes which will destroy their system."

"Because of the way Russians have been educated, they can't

785016

understand our system. If you try to tell them that we control great fortunes by breaking them up with inheritance taxes, they don't believe you, because such a thing could not exist under capitalism as they have learned about it in their textbooks."

The way to understand capitalism is not to memorize the long words economists use. It is to go some place where the people don't have it, and see what they do instead.

In America a man who saves money is regarded as a sound and valuable citizen. He performs a useful act, for out of such savings American industries are built and American farms improved. In Russia he is viewed with suspicion as a hoarder, a potential capitalist, someone to be watched for criminal tendencies toward exploiting his fellow workers by means of giving them jobs.

These Socialists argue that panicky saving can stop all business activity and throw millions out of work. They say that the greatest wastage of capitalism is the valuable man-hours of work which our nation loses when these millions are idle.

But are capitalist depressions any more wasteful of human energy than this bureaucratic society with its inefficient methods, where almost every activity is a State monopoly, and where there is no competition to force inefficient, true, these people don't stand in line at employment agencies. They work terribly hard and stand in line to pay \$1.25 for a fresh egg.

Although they work so hard, they produce so little that their living standard is less than was that of the jobless on U.S. Federal work relief. During the depression as many as 5,000,000 Americans were for a few years down to this low living standard. But in the Soviet Union about 180,000,000 people have been on even lower living standards for 25 years. And only a few privileged millions know anything better. During this quarter century the Soviets have controlled one seventh of the world's land surface, an area rich in natural resources.

They explain this low living standard by pointing out that the Russian people lack technical experience and that Russia's resources are largely undeveloped. But to correct these things they had a quarter century of peace - which is a long time.

The whole picture was nicely summed up by William Henry Chamberlain, the veteran Moscow correspondent, who has written several scholarly books on the Soviet Union. Chamberlain was caught in Bordeaux the week that France fell. People were sleeping five and six in a room, grocery stores were sold out, there were long lines waiting to get into restaurants. Chamberlain surveyed all this and remarked to a fellow correspondent (who quoted it to me in Moscow): "You know, it takes a catastrophic defeat in war and a national convulsion to reduce France to that state of affairs which is normal, everyday life in the Soviet Union!"

How About Trades Unions?

Eric Johnston has asked if our party may talk to the heads of the Soviet labor movement. He knows the top American labor leaders, gets along smoothly with the unions in his Washington plants, and, like me, is curious to see how free Russian labor is.

We talked to four of the leaders, but the head of the whole thing was a very smart man of 47 called Kuznetsov. He was really keen. He'd lived in America, graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology with a master's degree in metallurgy.

Their setup as he outlined it goes like this. All Soviet unions represent 22,000,000 workers - send delegates to the All-Union Trades Congress. This Congress corresponds to our AFL and CIO national conventions rolled into one.

3764

to be watched for criminal tendencies toward exploiting his fellow workers by means of giving them jobs.

These Socialists argue that paralyzing saving can stop all business activity and throw millions out of work. They say that the greatest waste of capitalism is the valuable man-hours of work which our nation loses when these millions are idle.

But are capitalist depressions any more wasteful of human energy than this bureaucratic society with its inefficient methods, where almost every activity is a state monopoly, and where there is no competition to force inefficient true, these people don't stand in line at employment agencies. They work terribly hard and stand in line at \$1.25 for a fresh egg.

Although they work so hard, they produce so little that their living standard is less than was that of the jobless on U.S. Federal work relief. During the depression as many as 5,000,000 Americans were for a few years down to this low living standard. But in the Soviet Union about 160,000,000 people have been on even lower living standards for 25 years. And only a few privileged millions know anything better. During this quarter century the Soviets have controlled one seventh of the world's land surface, an area rich in natural resources.

They explain this low living standard by pointing out that the Russian people lack technical experience and that Russia's resources are largely undeveloped. But to correct these things they had a quarter century of peace - which is a long time.

The whole picture was nicely summed up by William Henry Chamberlain, the veteran Moscow correspondent, who has written several scholarly books on the Soviet Union. Chamberlain was caught in Bordeaux the week that France fell. People were sleeping five and six in a room, grocery stores were sold out, there were long lines waiting to get into restaurants. Chamberlain surveyed all this and remarked to a fellow correspondent (who quoted it to me in Moscow): "You know, it takes a catastrophic defeat in war and a national convulsion to reduce France to that state of affairs which is normal, everyday life in the Soviet Union!"

How About Trades Unions?

Eric Johnston has asked if our party may talk to the heads of the Soviet labor movement. He knows the top American labor leaders, gets along smoothly with the unions in his Washington plants, and, like me, is curious to see how free Russian labor is.

We talked to four of the leaders, but the head of the whole thing was a very smart man of 43 called Kuznetsov. He was recalled to work. He'd lived in America, graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology with a master's degree in metallurgy.

Their setup as he outlined it goes like this. All Soviet unions represent 22,000,000 workers - send delegates to the All-Union Trades Congress. This Congress corresponds to our AFL and CIO national conventions rolled into one. It elects 53 of its members to something they call the Plenum. These 53 elect 15 to something called the Presidium. And these 15 have elected Kuznetsov its secretary, which makes him head of the workers.

We asked him if all the workers belonged to trade unions, and he said at least 90 or 95 percent. The dues are one percent of a worker's salary. There is no indication fee.

"Now is this a perfectly free union movement," we asked him, "or is it directed by your government?"

It was perfectly free, he assured us. Of course, he said, anyone they elect to their congress must be approved by the government, but could see he considered this a very minor detail. It occurred to that in America, if some carver's local couldn't send a

3764

delegate to their national labor convention unless the government approved him, our unions certainly wouldn't consider this a minor detail-but let that go.

We tried another tack. "Are you a member of the Communist Party?" We asked him. He said he was. "And all the members of your staff?" He added. Since the factory managers are all Communists too, and since the Communist Party controls both labor and management under very strict discipline, I felt that would leave very little for them to argue about. So I said, "What do the trade unions discuss?" "Working conditions, social insurance, vacations-things like that", he answered.

"Do they talk about wages?" "Yes", he said, "particularly the pay for piece work. The factory bargaining committees discuss rates with the management."

"If they can't agree, what then?" He insisted they practically always agreed. But if they didn't, they could appeal clear up to the Presidium, who could talk the dispute over with the Vice-Commissar who managed that particular trust. In that way, he said, amicable agreements always are arrived at.

"Always? Aren't there ever strikes?" "Yes", he said, "in 1919 a strike in one steel mill lasted two days. And in 1923 there was another little strike out in western Russia. There have been no strikes since, and in the future there won't be any because our workers understand they are all working for each other".

"If a worker gets discharged for any reason would it be difficult for him to get a job some place else?"

"Very, very difficult," said Kuznetsov.

"Well, isn't this what the workers in America call an employers' black list?" "No", said Kuznetsov. But he didn't say why it wasn't.

"Is joining the trade union in any plant voluntary or compulsory?" "Completely voluntary," Kuznetsov said. "How do you account, then, for the fact that practically everyone joins?" "It is to their advantage in any country," he said and particularly in the Soviet Union. Here a union member receives greater sick benefits than a nonunion member. There is a housing shortage and most factories own apartment houses which they rent to the workers. Union members receive first consideration. A nonunion member would have trouble finding a place to sleep at night. Also, he wouldn't have access to the factory recreation center, where they have dancing, games, movies and meetings."

"If a worker is dissatisfied with his job, can he quit and go somewhere else?" "He may put in a request," said Kuznetsov, "but the decision will be up to the plant management. The head of the plant is a far better judge of a worker's qualifications than he is himself." "Will this continue after the war?" "Why change?" he said. "We must all work where we are needed, to further the progress of the Soviet Union". That settled that.

We thanked him for giving us this information. As we got up to go he said to Eric, "You are the first American businessman who has ever taken the trouble to call on me, and I want you to know I appreciate it. We want you in America to understand our trade unions and realize

...conditions, social insurance, vacations-things like that", he answered.

"So they talk about wages?" "Yes", he said, "particularly the pay for piece work. The factory bargaining committees discuss rates with the management."

"If they can't agree, what then?" He insisted they practically always agreed. But if they didn't, they could appeal clear up to the Presidium, who could talk the dispute over with the Vice-Commissaris who managed that particular trust. In that way, he said, amicable agreements always are arrived at.

"Always? Aren't there ever strikes?" "Yes", he said, "in 1919 a strike in one steel mill lasted two days. And in 1923 there was another little strike out in western Russia. There have been no strikes since, and in the future there won't be any because our workers understand they are all working for each other".

"If a worker gets discharged for any reasons would it be difficult for him to get a job some place else?"

"Very, very difficult," said Kuznetsov.

"Well, isn't this what the workers in America call an employers' black list?" "No", said Kuznetsov. But he didn't say why it wasn't.

"Is joining the trade union in any plant voluntary or compulsory?" "Completely voluntary," Kuznetsov said. "How do you account, then, for the fact that practically everyone joins?" "It is to their advantage in any country," he said and particularly in the Soviet Union. Here a union member receives greater sick benefits than a nonunion member. There is a housing shortage and most factories own apartment houses which they rent to the workers. Union members receive first consideration. A nonunion member would have trouble finding a place to sleep at night. Also, he wouldn't have access to the factory recreation center, where they have dancing, games, movies and meetings."

"If a worker is dissatisfied with his job, can he quit and go somewhere else?" "He may put in a request," said Kuznetsov, "but the decision will be up to the plant management. The head of the plants is a far better judge of a worker's qualifications than he is himself." "Will this continue after the war?" "Why change?" he said. "We must all work where we are needed, to further the progress of the Soviet Union". That settled that.

We thanked him for giving us this information. As we got up to go he said to Eric, "You are the first American businessman who has ever taken the trouble to call on me, and I want you to know I appreciate it. We want you in America to understand our trade unions and realize that it is a free movement here." He seemed to mean every word of it. I don't know that I can agree with him, but I thought he was highly intelligent and completely sincere. From the Communist standpoint, I suppose their labor is free.

SLIMS AND MANSION

Johnston, Joyce O'Hara and I are flying to Siberia. With us is a request, go several reporters who have long tried in vain the country. Also with us are Zemenkov, the Foreign Office

representative; Kirilo our official guide; and a figure we had come to know as "Nick". Presumably Nick spoke no English. At least he spoke none to us. But he had always been a part of our group, eating obscurely at the ends of banquet tables, and traveling silently in the front seat of our car. The reporters identified him as the NKVD (secret police) man.

We cross the Urals, which in this area are not mountains in our Rocky Mountain sense, but rolling, wooded hills. In a valley not far beyond them is Magnitogorsk, the Pittsburgh of the Soviet Union, its huge blast furnaces vomiting smoke.

From the airport, we drive to the house of the plant director, where we spend the night. To reach it we pass through teeming, unpainted slums which are worse than those of Pittsburgh. Then the road goes up a hill upon which, overlooking the slums and the blast furnaces, are the spacious homes of the executives. Our cars turn into one of the cement driveways. The big house is new, and the bathroom is both clean and in repair—as are these things in Russia where the comfort of some reasonably important individual is at stake. This is the first time we have been in a Russian home. It has hardwood parquet floors, the furniture is of dark, heavily varnished wood, and on the big mantel are busts of Marx and Engels.

Now we get a closer look at the director, who runs these great steel mills. He is a tall, stocky Russian, very much the engineer type, and only 35. He tells us his father was a blacksmith. He also tells us about Magnitogorsk. The town was started in 1916. There are now 45,000 workers in his plant, of whom 25,000 are construction workers, for it is expanding. Twenty openhearth furnaces and six blast furnaces are operating. After lunch we drive back down the hill to the plant. There are many workers on the road as this is apparently a change of shifts. Suddenly our car turns out to one side as we overtake a long column marching four abreast, on its way to work at the plant. Two things are remarkable about it. The first thing is that, marching ahead of it, behind it and on both sides, are military guards carrying rifles with fixed bayonets. The second thing is that the column itself consists of ragged women in makeshift sandals, who glance furtively at our car.

In the armament factory we visit, where girls are lathing shells for the Red Army, there is again no assembly belt. At one point they have devised a substitute. When one operation is finished, a shell is placed on a long inclined rack, down which it rolls into the next room for the next operation. Only the rack is badly made and now and then a shell falls off. Instead of adjusting the rack, a girl is stationed by it to pick up the shells and put them back on straight.

Now we go through a brick plant, and here Eric is in his element, for he makes brick in his T across a plant. After inspecting the product and the production line, he asks them how many workers they employ and how many bricks they make per month. Then he figures on my reporters pad and finds that his plant, by using the continuous kiln system, turns out three times as many bricks per worker. They have nothing remotely like it here; we watch the women laboriously moving bricks by hand after each processing operation.

We wonder how much politics has to do with the scarcity of

From the airport, we drive to the house of the plant director, where we spend the night. To reach it we pass through teeming, unpainted slums which are worse than those of Pittsburgh. Then the road goes up a hill upon which, overlooking the slums and the blast furnaces, are the spacious homes of the executives. Our cars turn into one of the cement driveways. The big house is new, and the bathroom is both clean and in repair-as are these things in Russia where the comfort of some reasonably important individual is at stake. This is the first time we have been in a Russian home. It has hardwood parquet floors, the furniture is of dark, heavily varnished wood, and on the big mantel are busts of Marx and Engels.

Now we get a closer look at the director, who runs these great steel mills. He is a tall, stocky Russian, very much the engineer type, and only 35. He tells us his father was a blacksmith. He also tells us about Magnitogorsk. The town was started in 1916. There are now 45,000 workers in his plant, of whom 25,000 are construction workers, for it is expanding. Twenty openhearth furnaces and six blast furnaces are operating. After lunch we drive back down the hill to the plant. There are many workers on the road as this is apparently a change of shifts. Suddenly our car turns out to one side as we overtake a long column marching four abreast, on its way to work at the plant. Two things are remarkable about it. The first thing is that, marching ahead of it, behind it and on both sides, are military guards carrying rifles with fixed bayonets. The second thing is that the column itself consists of ragged women in makeshift sandals, who glance furtively at our car.

In the armament factory we visit, where girls are lathing shells for the Red Army, there is again no assembly belt. At one point they have devised a substitute. When one operation is finished, a shell is placed on a long inclined rack, down which it rolls into the next room for the next operation. Only the rack is badly made and now and then a shell falls off. Instead of adjusting the rack, a girl is stationed by it to pick up the shells and put them back on straight.

Now we go through a brick plant, and here Eric is in his element, for he makes brick in his T acoma plant. After inspecting the product and the production line, he asks them how many workers they employ and how many bricks they make per month. Then he figures on my reporters pad and finds that his plant, by using the continuous kiln system, turns out three times as many bricks per worker. They have nothing ~~more~~ like it here; we watch the women laboriously moving bricks by ~~hand~~ **3462** after each processing operation.

We wonder how much politics has to do with the scarcity of skilled brains here. Suppose the Democratic Party were limited to about 4,500,000 members, and that no man could hold a responsible job whose loyalty to the Secretary of its National Committee was in any way questioned? Many good men might have to be discarded because they were not political sound.

Our Red Army pilot has us terrified. Yesterday we thought it was an accident but to-day, en route to Omsk, he did the same thing. Before you board an American airliner, they warn the motors so there can be no faltering on the take-off which could send the plane crashing into a fence. When the plane makes its run and is airborne, the pilot continues in a straight line until he has 500 or 1000 feet

of altitude, before he makes a gentle turn which takes him on his course. Then he climbs to about 5000 or 6000 feet when gives him time to pick a safe landing spot in case anything happened.

Soviet air lines' procedure is as follows: You get aboard. The door ~~six~~ slams shut. The pilot starts the motors, which have been cold since the night before. If they run at all he releases the brakes, guns the plane on down the runway. You rather speed and clear the runway by maybe ten feet. At this instant the pilot makes his turn by the process of tilting one wing up toward the zenith and the other down until its tip is digging potatoes on the adjoining farm. Once pointed on his course he levels off and continues at an altitude of from 50 to 100 feet, scaring Kolhoz (Collective farm) crows, Sovhoz (State farm) chickens and the passengers.

How Free are elections?

We are talking with the Mayor of Omsk. He is 44, and this is his second year in office. Before that he was director of Automobile Highways, a title which is confusing to us, since the Soviet Union has few passenger cars and almost no highways.

We ask him how he got elected and he answers promptly that the people did it.

But how?

He goes into detail. There were in all five candidates, each representing one of the various trade unions. Everybody in Omsk could vote, he says, and of course the ballot was secret. He won easily.

Is he a member of the Party?

Oh, yes. One other candidate was, too, but our friend was its official candidate, endorsed by the Party organization.

Then we ask if, in any Russian city, any non-Party member has ever been elected mayor.

He thinks a minute. Then he says he doesn't know of any big city but he has heard that occasionally in the villages men who were not Party members have been chosen mayor.

How free can an election be when one party controls the press and the radio? I am sure they go through the forms of a secret ballot and an honest count. But if any candidate should attack his Communist opponent vigorously he runs the risk of being arrested by the NKVD as a political offender and hustled off to the salt mines in the middle of his campaign. Is the Party only letting the people play with the forms of democracy? Never having known anything else, they think they have the real thing.

We now inspect a factory where they are turning out eight tanks a day. It looks clean - well above the average of what we have so far seen in Russia.

But a curious thing happened to me. Omsk boasts a very attractive female Tass Correspondent who was covering our trip for the local press. She was about 25, pretty, lively and most intelligent, and since she spoke German we could converse. In the plant we were talking together, she translating for me ahead of the interpreter. It was all going well until I left her for a minute to speak to Eric. When I turned back, I saw that Zemenkov, our Foreign Office man, and Nick, the NKVD clothes man, had each grabbed her by an elbow and were hustling her along lecturing her angrily.

Now there are so many possible offenses in this country that it did not then occur to me to wonder which one she had committed. I regarded it as an intra-Party matter into which no tactful foreigner should intrude. Presently they dropped her elbows and after a discreet interval, I walked up beside her, picking up the conversation where we

is digging potatoes on the adjoining farm. Once pointed on his course he levels off and continues at an altitude of from 50 to 100 feet, soaring Kolhoz (Collective farm) crows, Sovhoz (State farm) chickens and the passengers.

How Free are Elections?

We are talking with the Mayor of Omsk. He is 44, and this is his second year in office. Before that he was director of Automobile Highways, a title which is confusing to us, since the Soviet Union has few passenger cars and almost no highways.

We ask him how he got elected and he answers promptly that the people did it.

But how?

He goes into detail. There were in all five candidates, each representing one of the various trade unions. Everybody in Omsk could vote, he says, and of course the ballot was secret. He won easily.

Is he a member of the Party?

Oh, yes. One other candidate was, too, but our friend was its official candidate, endorsed by the Party organization.

Then we ask if, in any Russian city, any non-Party member has ever been elected mayor.

He thinks a minute. Then he says he doesn't know of any big city but he has heard that occasionally in the villages men who were not Party members have been chosen mayor.

How Free can an election be when one party controls the press and the radio? I am sure they go through the forms of a secret ballot and an honest count. But if any candidate should attack his Communist opponent vigorously he runs the risk of being arrested by the NKVD as a political offender and hustled off to the salt mines in the middle of his campaign. Is the Party only letting the people play with the forms of democracy? Never having known anything else, they think they have the real thing.

We now inspect a factory where they are turning out eight tanks a day. It looks clean - well above the average of what we have so far seen in Russia.

But a curious thing happened to me. Omsk boasts a very attractive female Press Correspondent who was covering our trip for the local press. She was about 25, pretty, lively and most intelligent, and since she spoke German we could converse. In the plant we were talking together, she translating for me ahead of the interpreter. It was all going well until I left her for a minute to speak to Eric. When I turned back, I saw that Zemenkov, our Foreign Office man, and Nick, the NKVD clothes man, had each grabbed her by an elbow and were hustling her along lecturing her angrily.

Now there are so many possible offenses in this country that it did not then occur to me to wonder which one she had committed. I regarded it as an intra-Party matter into which no tactful foreigner should intrude. Presently they dropped her elbows and after a discreet interval, I walked up beside her, picking up the conversation where we had left it. But she would neither answer nor look at me. After a couple of trials I fell back, trying to think what I could have said that offended her. Then I discovered the correspondents laughing at me. They had seen the whole thing.

"Didn't you know? You didn't think they'd let you talk to the people, did you?"

Report from the Mines

We have comfortable rooms at the Omsk airport, but for some reason I can't sleep, and at about two I tiptoe quietly out and down the hall toward the empty waiting room for a cigarette. Only it isn't empty.

Sprawled on the benches are two kinked figures who sit up blinking sleepily. One of them asked me something in Russian. Before I could explain I didn't speak it, the other one said, "Hell, Tex, he's no Russian."

"No," I said, "I'm an American. You guys Americans too?"

"If should hope to kiss a horse we are," said Tex.

"No are you", said the other, "and what are you doing here? By the way, what's the name of this burg?"

I told him that I was doing here and that this was Omsk.

"Omsk", he repeated sourly. "Well, good place to wait for a plane as any. We've got another hour."

They told me they'd been assigned as technical advisers on a big war construction project.

"A mine up north", said Tex.

"How did you get along with the Russians?" I asked.

"Very friendly the first day. Said next week you must come over to dinner. But that was all we ever heard of it, although one or two apologized later. Seems word had passed out it was against government policy to have anything to do with us. On the job they were nice guys, though. We would help each other with Russian and English lessons, but that was as far as it could go."

"Had a Russian-English primer that was a money," said Tex. The first sentences were, 'Miners in America get very low wages', 'Great Britain is a Capitalist Plutocracy', and 'the Soviet Union is surrounded by enemies'. There was stuff like 'Ivanov invented electricity, or 'Petrov first harnessed steam,' names you never heard of. Certainly gives them a cockeyed picture of the rest of the world."

"How do they run their mines?"

"They sure do things different from what we do," said Tex. "Now you take any ten-year-old American child with a McCano set and he'll start at the bottom and build up. But these Russians always start at the top, build the roof first and then raise it."

"Oh, but first thing," said Tex, "they always put up a tribune to make speeches from, and hang big pictures of Stalin and Lenin."

"All those pictures and speeches, are because Russians are not steady workers," said Tex. "They putter around a long time, then all of a sudden they hop up on those platforms and make a lot of big speeches about Stalin, get themselves worked up under a big head of steam, pitch in and get it cleaned up. They call that Socialist competition."

"But we wouldn't know why," said Tex.

"The worst thing is they've got no respect for materials," said Tex. "Never owned anything themselves. It belongs to the state so what the hell do they care? I've seen them unload valuable pipe from a Kikz flatcar by just rolling it down an embankment - smashing hell out of it. And fire brick for smelters the same way. It's cut very accurately and you can't use clipped ones. The way they'd leave it off, about 25 percent would be damaged."

"When we'd try to stop it," said Tex, "they explained they had a law in Russia, because of the freightcar shortage, that they had to be unloaded within two hours after arrival. No one seemed to see it would take more cars to bring more material. Or maybe they didn't care."

"The top director and his en liner were capable," said Tex, "but their system does them down with detail and paper work. They have to sign warehouse receipts - thin s that in America we leave to an- derling. Definite instructions often don't get out to the men in the field, and the top men haven't time to get out of their offices. The trouble with the whole country is there aren't enough capable men to

...ask, he repeated sourly. "Well, good place to wait for a plane as any. We've got another hour."

They told me they'd been assigned as technical advisers on a big war construction project.

"A mine up north", said Tex.

"How did you get along with the Russians?" I asked.

"Very friendly the first day. Said next week you must come over to dinner. But that was all we ever heard of it, although one or two apologized later. Seems word had passed out it was against government policy to have anything to do with us. On the job they were nice guys, though. We would help each other with Russian and English lessons, but that was as far as it could go."

"Had a Russian-English primer that was a money," said Tex. The first sentences were, 'Miners in America get very low wages', 'Great Britain is a Capitalist Plutocracy', and 'The Soviet Union is surrounded by enemies.' There was stuff like 'Ivanov invented electricity,' or 'Petrov first harnessed steam,' names you never heard of. Certainly gives them a cockeyed picture of the rest of the world."

"How do they run their mines?"

"They sure do things different from what we do," said Tex. "Now you take any ten-year-old American child with a eccano set and he'll start at the bottom and build up. But these Russians always start at the top, build the roof first and then raise it."

"Oh, but first thing," said Tex, "they always put up a tribune to make speeches from, and hang big pictures of Stalin and Lenin."

"All those pictures and speeches, are because Russians are not steady workers," said Tex. "They putter around a long time, then all of a sudden they hop up on those platforms and make a lot of big speeches about Stalin. Get themselves worked up under a big head of steam, pitch in and get it cleaned up. They call that Socialist competition."

"But we wouldn't know way," said Ed.

"The worst thing is they've got no respect for materials," said Tex. "Never owned anything themselves. It belongs to the state so what the hell do they care? I've seen them unload valuable pipe from a flatcar by just rolling it down an embankment - smashing hell out of it. And fire brick for smelters the same way. It's out very accurately and you can't use chipped ones. The way they'd leave it off, about 25 percent would be damaged."

"When we'd try to stop it," said Ed, "they explained they had a law in Russia, because of the freightcar shortage, that they had to be unloaded within two hours after arrival. No one seemed to see it would take more cars to bring more material. Or maybe they didn't care."

"The top director and his engineer were capable," said Tex, "but their system goes them down with detail and paper work. The 3750 have to sign warehouse receipts - think that in America we leave things un-derling. Definite instructions often don't get out to the men in the field, and the top men haven't time to get out of their offices. The trouble with the whole country is there aren't enough capable men to carry out orders."

"I think it's their system," said Ed, "it doesn't give them the drive, the personal ambition, the incentive that our does. And it's so complex - they have to talk to so many people before anything gets done. The Communist Party has a setup which duplicates everything in the industry. In every organization the director is a Party member and the engineer sometimes is. Party members are the only ones who can ever get anything done. But even they are slow. In general, the Russians could never be a competitive threat to America. We can always build in a year and a half anything it takes them ten to do."

= 10 =

Convict Labor

"Are their engineers well trained?" I asked.

"Some," said Tex. "The best engineers were the NKVD."

"But isn't that their secret police organization?"

"Sure. You see there're always about ten or 15 million prisoners in Russia, only they don't have our penitentiary system. They herd them into convict labor gangs, and the NKVD, which has charge of them, has developed a fine engineering staff. They did on construction jobs supplying both the engineers and prison labor."

"On our particular project," said Ed, "there were about 70,000 workers and half of these were prisoners. Mostly women. On the job they worked under guards."

"Prisoners are a subject in itself," said Tex. "When they're arrested, they just drop out of sight. If your wife is really fond of you and works hard, maybe in three months she can find out where they've got you and what the charges are. Then, if she hires a lawyer, she may get the right of correspondence with you, which means, she can write you once a month, and you can write twice."

"Political prisoners get the roughest deal," said Ed. "They usually get ten years with no correspondence."

"If you miss getting typhus and live out your sentence," said Tex, "they turn you loose, but your passport has a red line through it. That means you can never get a house or a good job - you've got to keep moving."

"Tell him how the workers on our project were housed," said Ed. "Well, they dug a pit about ten feet deep, 20 feet wide and 100 mattresses lay on the cold dirt."

"How did they work?" I asked.

"They were supposed to work 12 hours a day. They'd work about 30 to 50 percent of the time. Didn't get enough to eat - any of them. We used to watch them being fed. Each prisoner was supposed to provide himself with two American tin cans that he fastened to his belt by a wire. They'd haul out one kettle of soup, and one of kasha. Some days the food truck would have dried fish on it, and they'd toss this out over the tailboard like you'd throw fish to a bunch of seals. We couldn't see that the food of the free labor was any better. Nobody gets enough to eat, and they hardly had the energy to walk around."

"How did you eat?" I asked.

"In order to keep eating decently, we had to raise hell," said Ed.

"You've got to be tough and realistic in your dealings with the Russians," said Tex. "They've got no sympathy whatever. Remember that red-headed girl?"

"She was in our organization," said Ed, "she got sick, and could hardly drag around. We mentioned it to the boss, trying to get him to lighten her work. He just looked blank. 'What does it matter?' he said. Couldn't understand why it was anybody's business but hers."

"The last month we were there," said Tex, "2600 out of the 70,000 workers on that job died of typhus."

"Hey, listen!" said Ed. "From outside came the roar of motors. They picked up their bags, said good-bye, and went on out to the plane."

Suspicion of Foreigners.

Russia does not yet trust the outside world. Diplomats are just as closely imprisoned in Moscow as are correspondents. At the time of our visit the current British Ambassador had been unable to secure permission to travel outside the capital.

3759

785016

workers and half of these were prisoners. Mostly women. On the job they worked under guards."

"Prisoners are a subject in itself," said Tex. "When they're arrested, they just drop out of sight. If your wife is really fond of you and works hard, maybe in three months she can find out where they've got you and what the charges are. Then, if she hires a lawyer, she may get the right of correspondence with you, which means, she can write you once a month, and you can write twice."

"Political prisoners get the roughest deal," said Ed. "They usually get ten years with no correspondence."

"If you miss getting typhus and live out your sentence," said Tex, "they turn you loose, but your passport has a red line through it. That means you can never get a house or a good job - you've got to keep moving."

"Tell him how the workers on our project were housed," said Ed. "Well, they dug a pit about ten feet deep, 20 feet wide and 100 mattresses lay on the cold dirt."

"How did they work?" I asked.

"They were supposed to work 12 hours a day. They'd work about 30 to 50 percent of the time. Didn't get enough to eat - any of them. We used to watch them being fed. Each prisoner was supposed to provide himself with two American tin cans that he fastened to his belt by a wire. They'd haul out one kettle of soup, and one of kasha. Some days the food truck would have dried fish on it, and they'd toss this out over the tailboard like you'd throw fish to a bunch of seals. We couldn't see that the food or the free labor was any better. Nobody gets enough to eat, and they hardly had the energy to walk around."

"How did you eat?" I asked.

"In order to keep eating decently, we had to raise hell," said Ed.

"You've got to be tough and realistic in your dealings with the Russians," said Tex. "They've got no sympathy whatever. Remember that red-headed girl?"

"She was in our organization," said Ed. "She got sick, and could hardly drag around. We mentioned it to the boss, trying to get him to lighten her work. He just looked blank. 'What does it matter?' he said. Couldn't understand why it was anybody's business but hers."

"The last month we were there," said Tex, "2500 out of the 70,000 workers on that job died of typhus."

"Hey, listen!" said Ed. "From outside came the roar of motors. They picked up their guns, said good-bye, and went on out to the plane."

Suspicion of Foreigners. 3759
Russia does not yet trust the outside world. Diplomats are just as closely imprisoned in Moscow as are correspondents. At the time of our visit the current British Ambassador had been unable to secure permission to travel outside the capital. One of the Allied countries which has in power a left-wing government adorned its diplomatic staff in Moscow with a special labor attaché, and appointed to this post an important union official. He came to extend the hand of fellowship from the toilers of the west to their fellow workers in Russia. He complains now that the Soviets gave him countless banquets but let him see nothing. This lack of freedom has so warped his viewpoint that he now insists that the Soviet System of unions is only a scheme to get the last ounce of work out of labor.

By contrast the 1500 members of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in America are free to get on any train at any time and go to any part of our country. As trusted allies they are welcome to inspect our war industries. No American should object to this, but Americans should un-

derstand that hitherto it has been a one-sided arrangement. On our trip we were taken to any factory we wished to visit and questions were freely answered, but foreigners as a rule are treated as spies. Soviet officials withheld from their allies even the location of their war industries back of the Urals, while permission to visit them was unobtainable.

Although Russian suspicion has decreased since the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin conference at Teneban, it is still strong. It has roots both in the Communist Party and in Soviet Russian history. After the Bolshevik revolution, a cordon sanitaire was built around Russia. France supported Poland in a war against the Bolsheviks in 1921, and Russia was for over a decade excluded from the League and denied diplomatic recognition. So Russia's suspicion of foreigners came to have some basis in fact.

The Bolsheviks originally held the view that it would be impossible to build socialism in one country alone - a world revolution was necessary to their success. But Stalin came to support the thesis that socialism in one country was possible and Russia could dare to devote her energies to building up her own economic structure. World revolution was desirable, and he pledged himself to bend all efforts to bring it about. But for the immediate future it was not indispensable to the Russian Bolsheviks.

In recent years, there has been a further change. The Kremlin has announced that world revolution is neither necessary nor desirable from the standpoint of the Soviet Union. And the ablest foreign observers in Moscow agree that these protestations are sincere. They point out that Russia has been terribly weakened by war and needs desperately a few decades of peace. They say she now realizes that Europe does not want to be "liberated" and that this could be accomplished only by a further bloody struggle involving the sacrifices which the Russians are both unwilling and unable to make. Russia wants they insist, only a stable and friendly Europe.

These observers do not pretend that Russia has any enthusiasm for either democracy or capitalism in Europe. She accepts them only because for the next few decades they promise to give Europe that peace and stability which Russia needs. However, if they do not bring stability, if there are disorders and unrest which create a power vacuum anywhere on the Continent, the Russians are not stupid, and they will move a Communist government in to fill this vacuum. But if America and England act firmly, both diplomatically and economically, to preserve real democratic order in Europe, these observers think Russia will be well satisfied to accept the decent compromises which we should insist on.

A Political Boss Entertains

At Novosibirsk, the capital of Siberia, we are taken to a dacha - a Russian word meaning country residence for someone who normally lives in the city. It gleams new and white against the great trees which surround it and overlooks the yellow waters of the Ob River, one of the biggest rivers in the world. The house would be indistinguishable from the great estates which line the banks of the Volga. It has an equally large staff of servants. The rooms are as large, as clean and as luxurious.

The next two days are dominated by one of the most vivid personalities I have ever met. He is an undersized man in his 40's with a shock of curly hair. He is quick as a fox terrier - and strikingly un-Russian. Some odd combination of circumstances has produced out here on the steppes a quick-minded, tough little Irishman. He could be Jimmy Garvey complete, with wiry hair and a

and Russia was for over a decade excluded from the League and denied diplomatic recognition. So Russia's suspicion of foreigners came to have some basis in fact.

The Bolsheviks originally held the view that it would be impossible to build socialism in one country alone - a world revolution was necessary to their success. But Stalin came to support the thesis that socialism in one country was possible and Russia could dare to devote her energies to building up her own economic structure. World revolution was desirable, and he pledged himself to bend all efforts to bring it about. But for the immediate future it was not indispensable to the Russian Bolsheviks.

In recent years, there has been a further change. The Kremlin has announced that world revolution is neither necessary nor desirable from the standpoint of the Soviet Union. And the ablest foreign observers in Moscow agree that these protestations are sincere. They point out that Russia has been terribly weakened by war and needs desperately a few decades of peace. They say she now realizes that Europe does not want to be "liberated" and that this could be accomplished only by a further bloody struggle involving the sacrifices which the Russians are both unwilling and unable to make. Russia wants they insist, only a stable and friendly Europe.

These observers do not pretend that Russia has any enthusiasm for either democracy or capitalism in Europe. She accepts them only because for the next few decades they promise to give Europe that peace and stability which Russia needs. However, if they do not bring stability, if there are disorders and unrest which create a power vacuum anywhere on the Continent, the Russians are not stupid, and they will move a Communist government in to fill this vacuum. But if America and England act firmly, both diplomatically and economically, to preserve real democratic order in Europe, these observers think Russia will be well satisfied to accept the decent compromises which we should insist on.

A Political Boss Entertains

At Novosibirsk, the capital of Siberia, we are taken to a dacha - a Russian word meaning country residence for someone who normally lives in the city. It gleams new and white against the great trees which surround it and overlooks the yellow waters of the Ob River, one of the biggest rivers in the world. The house would be indistinguishable from the great estates which line the banks of the Ob. It has an equally large staff of servants. The rooms are as large, as clean and as luxurious.

The next two days are dominated by one of the most vivid personalities I have ever met. He is an under-sized man in his 40's with a shock of curly hair. He is quick as a fox terrier - and strikingly un-Russian. Some odd combination of circumstances has produced out here on the steppes a quick-witted, tough little Irishman. He could be Jimmy Cagney - complete with wiry hair and jutting jaw. His name is Michael Kellin, and he is Secretary of the Communist Party for Siberia. We remark how curious it is that so perfect a German type as Mike Kellin could be repeated out here in the middle of Asia, running another party. Not only does Mike's Russian slide out of one corner of his mouth, but he looks at you hard and raises one eyebrow skeptically when he talks.

After a big dinner the first evening, Mike ushered us down to the river and aboard a gleaming white steamer. The sun was shining brightly and would not set until ten o'clock. Mike waved us expansively to a row of deck chairs just forward of the bridge. A military band, lined up on the bow facing us, struck up as the boat moved out into the current. The band was magnificent, and no wonder, it was the official band of

the Red Army - Musicians selected for their skill from all of Russia's millions. Their uniforms were spotless. Half of them played instruments the other half was a perfectly drilled male choir of perhaps 30 voices. The big river rang with Red Army marching songs and heart-breaking old Russian folk tunes.

Whenever they stopped for breath another band, out of sight on the stern of the boat, would play.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" a correspondent whispered to me. "What American millionaire could put us up in a summer house like this, give us such food and entertain us on a big yacht with not one band, but two? Do you know anybody who could?"

When dusk fell, Mike advanced with what appeared to be a clunder-buss pistol.

"He says", translated Kirilov, "that he ~~xxx~~ will now fire salute."

Mike pointed to the darkening sky and pulled the trigger. There was a soul-shaking bang, a shower of sparks, and a hissing rocket leaped from the gun's mouth and spiraled its way toward the zenith, where it burst in a beautiful pale-green star which slowly settled toward the river and then winked out.

Mike reloaded the gun from a large box of shells on the deck and handed it to Eric with a lordly gesture. Eric pointed the gun toward a small island out in midchannel and his star fell among the weeds on its shore, where we watched it burning out. Mike immediately took the gun and placed a second flaming star on top of Eric's. This was precision shooting in any army. It occurred to me that Siberia would not be a healthy place for any Party member who did not see eye to eye with Marshal Stalin.

The next morning we visited Lenin Optical Plant No. 59, which now makes range-finding equipment for artillery and tanks. The factory is clean, well lighted and apparently very well run, for no one is idle at the benches. Walking down the assembly line the director explains the process to Eric, but Mike lags behind, talking to the workers, a wave of the hand to this one, a pat on the back for that - a ward boss patrolling his precinct.

In the factory dining room each of us is presented with a fine pair of Red Army field glasses, with our names engraved in Russian characters and of course, there is another banquet. On the way back to the cars, a correspondent overtakes me.

"Had a little run-in with Mike," he says.

"What happened?"

"Guess I kind of blew up ~~xxx~~ at him. You know, all these banquets and everything. So I finally just told him: 'You haven't got Marx and Lenin here at all! You've got the damndest inequality I ever saw! I've read Marx and Lenin and they certainly weren't for this!'"

"What'd he say?"

"Said I was all wrong. That Lenin had never been for equality. Said equality was only a dream they hoped to realize in the far future. That now people were paid on the basis of what they produced."

Party Power and Privilege

And now, while we are on the plane, headed south out of Siberia and down into the country of the Tartars and the Mongols, whose nomadic emperors Tamerlane and Genghis Khan once ruled nearly all Asia and threatened Europe, let us consider this Communist Party whose rule here is no less absolute.

In 1917 when it seized power from the collapsing Romanoff dynasty the Bolshevik Party was a handful of Marxist theoreticians. Russians only

375

Mike said, "Give us such food and entertain us on a big yacht with not one band, but two? Do you know anybody who could?" When dusk fell, Mike advanced with what appeared to be a blunderbuss pistol.

"He says", translated Kirilov, "that he ~~xxx~~ will now fire salute." Mike pointed to the darkening sky and pulled the trigger. There was a soul-shaking bang, a shower of sparks, and a hissing rocket leaped from the gun's mouth and spiraled its way toward the zenith, where it burst in a beautiful pale-green star which slowly settled toward the river and then winked out.

Mike reloaded the gun from a large box of shells on the deck and handed it to Eric with a lordly gesture. Eric pointed the gun toward a small island out in midchannel and his star fell among the weeds on its shore, where we watched it burn out. Mike immediately took the gun and placed a second flaming star on top of Eric's. This was precision shooting in any army. It occurred to me that Siberia would not be a healthy place for any Party member who did not see eye to eye with Marshal Stalin.

The next morning we visited Lenin Optical Plant No. 69, which now makes range-finding equipment for artillery and tanks. The factory is clean, well lighted and apparently very well run, for no one is idle at the benches. Walking down the assembly line the director explains the process to Eric, but Mike lags behind, talking to the workers, a wave of the hand to this one, a pat on the back for that - a ward boss patrolling his precinct.

In the factory dining room each of us is presented with a fine pair of Red Army field glasses, with our names engraved in Russian characters and of course, there is another banquet. On the way back to the cars, a correspondent overtakes me.

"Had a little run-in with Mike," he says.

"What happened?"

"Guess I kind of blew up ~~xxx~~ at him. You know, all these banquets and everything. So I finally just told him: 'You haven't got Marx and Lenin here at all! You've got the damndest inequality I ever saw! I've read Marx and Lenin and they certainly weren't for this!'"

"What'd he say?"

"Said I was all wrong. That Lenin had never been for equality. Said equality was only a dream they hoped to realize in the far future. That now people were paid on the basis of what they produced."

Party Power and Privilege

And now, while we are on the plane, headed south out of Siberia and down into the country of the Tartars and the Mongols, whose nomadic emperors Tamerlane and Genghis Khan once ruled nearly all Asia and threatened Europe, let us consider this Communist Party whose rule here is no less absolute.

In 1917 when it seized power from the collapsing Romanoff dynasty the Bolshevik Party was a handful of Marxist theoreticians. Russians only fleetingly enjoyed freedom and the Party then assumed the autocracy handed down from Genghis Khan. The heritage of this party is in almost equal parts of Marx and of Genghis Khan.

The small hereditary ruling class from whom the Bolsheviks seized power had done little to justify their privileges. At the time of the Revolution, Russia was not ready for liberal democracy. The greatest indictment which can be brought against Stalin is that, because of his iron rule, which suppresses freedom of opinion, Russia is still less ready today, in spite of his paper constitutions.

In America, anyone can be a Republican. But becoming a member of the Communist Party is extremely difficult. The aspirant is watched carefully for a year. Everything about him is investigated - from his

work habits and political opinion to his sex life.

Once the coveted membership is gained, the man is less closely watched, but any slackening in zeal, any deviation from the Party's political line, or any signs of "personal ambition" are punished with expulsion. These admissions and expulsions are controlled by the Party's secretary, and in the early days this was put in the charge of a comparatively obscure Zolotarev, Joseph Stalin. Only after Lenin's death did the more prominent Communists like Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin and Trotsky come to realize that the man who controls the Party's membership controls not only the Party but all Russia.

The High Party members, who now wield the power of the Romanoffs, have moved into both the palaces and the privileges of the old aristocracy, and are drinking quite as much champagne. But no one can argue that they do not justify their existence by hard and useful work for the State, and by taking leadership and responsibility. Class distinctions are rapidly springing up in Russia, but, for the present at least, these distinctions are based on achievement and hard work.

The Communist Party had about five million members until Stalin's purges beginning in 1936 reduced it by about half. After the war began the base was broadened and membership raised to some four and a half million.

One of the Party's functions is to provide the Kremlin with accurate reports on the state of Russian public opinion. In the field of foreign affairs, the people have no facts other than those provided by the government-controlled press, which is, of course, only what their government wants them to know. Lacking any independent basis for judgement, they must accept allies and peace treaties as these are handed out from the Kremlin. But in domestic matters the people have definite ideas as to what they like and do not like. The Party is sometimes unable to check a trend in public opinion. If it is a real ground swell they do not fight it, but divest it into proper channels. They remember 1917, when they themselves rode into power on the crest of a tidal wave of unrest which the old autocracy failed to recognize in time, and was too stupid to handle. They expect similar unrest after this war, and are sure they will be quick enough to canalize it before it gets out of hand.

On one side of the picture this is a slave Empire. On the other side it is a vigorous, dynamic empire - moving on.

Communist "Social Engineering"

We fly south across the huge arid Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan. Below are bleak cooperative farms, to which were sent, in 1939 and 1940, hundreds of thousands of middle-class families from the Baltic States and Poland's eastern provinces at about the time Russia annexed their homelands. In order to understand why these regions voted by majorities as high as nine to one for union with the Soviet Government after they were occupied by the Red Army, it is necessary to understand the meaning of the term "social engineering" as first coined and later practiced by the Communist Party.

Communists recognize that in newly occupied areas many individuals cannot adapt themselves to the Soviet system. Least likely to adapt themselves are those individuals who have functioned successfully under the preceding regime. The Soviet black list includes all who have held positions of trust in the former state - public officials, government employees, local police and, of course, large landowners as well as conspicuously successful manufacturers, merchants and farmers. Prominent on the list are officials of trade unions. All these leaders are arrested for deportation immediately.

The High Party members, who now wield the power of the Romanoffs, have moved into both the palaces and the privileges of the old aristocracy, and are drinking quite as much champagne. But no one can argue that they do not justify their existence by hard and useful work for the State, and by taking leadership and responsibility. Class distinctions are rapidly springing up in Russia, but, for the present at least, these distinctions are based on achievement and hard work. The Communist Party had about five million members until Stalin's purges beginning in 1936 reduced it by about half. After the war began the base was broadened and membership raised to some four and a half million.

One of the Party's functions is to provide the Kremlin with accurate reports on the state of Russian public opinion. In the field of foreign affairs, the people have no facts other than those provided by the government-controlled press, which is, of course, only what their government wants them to know. Lacking any independent basis for judgment, they must accept allies and peace treaties as these are handed out from the Kremlin. But in domestic matters the people have definite ideas as to what they like and do not like. The Party is sometimes unable to check a trend in public opinion. If it is a real ground swell they do not fight it, but divert it into proper channels. They remember 1917, when they themselves rode into power on the crest of a tidal wave of unrest which the old autocracy failed to recognize in time, and was too stupid to handle. They expect similar unrest after this war, and are sure they will be quick enough to canalize it before it gets out of hand.

On one side of the picture this is a slave Empire. On the other side it is a vigorous, dynamic empire - moving on.

Communist "Social Engineering"

We fly south across the huge arid Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan. Below are bleak cooperative farms, to which were sent, in 1939 and 1940, hundreds of thousands of middle-class families from the Baltic States and Poland's eastern provinces at about the time Russia annexed their homelands. In order to understand why these regions voted by majorities as high as nine to one for union with the Soviet Government after they were occupied by the Red Army, it is necessary to understand the meaning of the term "social engineering" as first coined and later practiced by the Communist Party.

Communists recognize that in newly occupied areas many individuals cannot adapt themselves to the Soviet system. Least likely to adapt themselves are those individuals who have functioned successfully under the preceding regime. The Soviet black list includes all who have held positions of trust in the former state - public officials, government employees, local police and, of course, large landowners as well as conspicuously successful manufacturers, merchants and farmers. Prominent on the list are officials of trade unions. All these leaders are arrested for deportation immediately; the smaller fry are rounded up at a more leisurely rate during the ensuing months.

Rarely are they shot. Social engineering is a science with no place for the emotion of hate, and shooting can be wasteful. Therefore the members of the classes to be removed are customarily given ten years in a Soviet labor camp.

Meanwhile plans for elections proceed. With all such "enemies of the people" disposed of, the Soviet propaganda apparatus moves in, the Red Army taking a prominent part. Only one Communist-approved candidate runs for each office. A tremendous effort is made to get out the vote. Banners, parades and speeches imply that anyone who fails to get to the polls declares himself an enemy of the new state.

Most curious of all, from our Western standpoint, is the fact, that soldiers of the cupying Red Army are permitted to vote in these elections. Once at the polls, the voter is handed a ballot and told that he may either drop this in the ballot box or retire behind a screen and make changes in it. He does not need to be told that, if he does step behind the screen, this fact will be remembered. Few changes are made.

The assembly made up of delegates so elected meets a few days later. In occupied Poland such assemblies passed standardized resolutions taking over the authority of the old government, requesting admission to the Soviet Union, confiscating large estates, and praising our great leader, Stalin.

In addition to the 180,000 Polish war prisoners, an estimated million and a half civilians were removed from Poland in the early part of 1940, as a part of the social engineering program. These people were moved in "transports". A Soviet transport is an ordinary boxcar with two small, high, barred windows, a stove, and a hole chopped in the floor for a toilet. Between 30 and 40 deportees are locked in each car.

Most deportation roundups were conducted by the NKVD late at night, when the population is most docile. It is also an axiom of social engineering to separate families not as an act of needless cruelty but because men are suited for stronger, more rugged work than are their wives and daughters. It was the practice to send men to lumber and mining camps in northern Siberia, women and children to brick yards and cooperative farms in southern Kazakhstan.

There was much unavoidable confusion. Although the cars were supposed to be opened daily, sometimes, through neglect, they stood for days on sidings and when they finally were opened it was nearly always necessary to remove a number of bodies of those who had died from general weakness induced by thirst or cold. But none of this was deliberate, and in such large mass population movements, oversights are inevitable.

It should be said in defense of the Soviet Government that under similar circumstances it was treated its own people exactly as it did the Poles.

The Worker Lives Where He's Told.

We are now in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan, whose capital is the ancient Mohammedan city of Tashkent. The Uzbeks are a racial mixture. Some are Mongolian. Others resemble the nearby Afghans, and others might have Persian or Arab blood.

We chat with a handsome young Russian named Rodio Glukhov, who is Vice-Premier of Uzbekistan. He tells us that Uzbekistan had a total of two million evacuees from other parts of the U.R.S.S. early in the war. Many of these have now returned to their homes, but others came with their plants, and, of course, these will stay permanently. Where had the plants come from? Moscow, the Ukraine and the North Caucasus. And from Leningrad they have many skilled workers and engineers. He tells us with a smile that of course, Leningrad is anxious to have these engineers back, but Uzbekistan is anxious to keep such valuable men. It will be for Moscow to decide.

But, we ask, what about the people themselves? Where do they want to live? That seems to be of little importance. The workers would want to live wherever Moscow decides they are most useful.

Now we visit a textile plant, entering a huge clean, well-lighted building with endless rows of looms all turning out heavy sheeting. At first I assume this to be the entire plant, but it is only one small section. Other sections are making different weaves and weights for uniform linings or women's dresses.

3735

785016

ing our great leader, Stalin."

In addition to the 150,000 Polish war prisoners, an estimated million and a half civilians were removed from Poland in the early part of 1940, as a part of the social engineering program. These people were moved in "transports". A Soviet transport is an ordinary boxcar with two small, high, barred windows, a stove, and a hole chopped in the floor for a toilet. Between 30 and 40 deportees are locked in each car.

Most deportation roundups were conducted by the WVD late at night, when the population is most docile. It is also an axiom of social engineering to separate families not as an act of needless cruelty but because men are suited for stronger, more rugged work than are their wives and daughters. It was the practice to send men to lumber and mining camps in northern Siberia, women and children to brick yards and cooperative farms in southern Kazakhstan.

There was much unavoidable confusion. Although the cars were supposed to be opened daily, sometimes, through neglect, they stood for days on sidings and when they finally were opened it was nearly always necessary to remove a number of bodies of those who had died from general weakness induced by thirst or cold. But none of this was deliberate, and in such large mass population movements, oversights are inevitable.

It should be said in defense of the Soviet Government that under similar circumstances it was treated its own people exactly as it did the Poles.

The Worker Lives Where He's Told.

We are now in the Socialist Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan, whose capital is the ancient Mohammedan city of Tashkent. The Uzbeks are a racial mixture. Some are Mongolian. Others resemble the nearby Afghans, and others might have Persian or Arab blood.

We chat with a handsome young Russian named Rodio Glukhov, who is Vice-Premier of Uzbekistan. He tells us that Uzbekistan had a total of two million evacuees from other parts of the U.R.S.S. early in the war. Many of these have now returned to their homes, but others came with their plants, and, of course, these will stay permanently. There had the plants come from? Moscow, the Ukraine and the North Caucasus. And from Leningrad they have many skilled workers and engineers. He tells us with a smile that of course, Leningrad is anxious to have these engineers back, but Uzbekistan is anxious to keep such valuable men. It will be for Moscow to decide.

But, we ask, what about the people themselves? Where do they want to live? That seems to be of little importance. The workers would want to live wherever Moscow decides they are most useful.

Now we visit a textile plant, entering a huge clean, well-lighted building with endless rows of looms all turning out heavy sheeting. At first I assume this to be the entire plant, but it is only one small section. Other sections are making different weaves and weights for uniform linings or women's dresses.

They explain that the factory has only recently started making print goods for civilian consumption. For three years Russian women have been wearing their old clothes. And who will get this limited new supply? The shops maintained by these factories or farms which have overfulfilled their norms. Again we see how little money means in the Soviet Union. If you don't work in such a lucky factory, it is almost impossible to buy such a dress at any price.

That evening we go to the local opera house (new, and well done with Oriental decorations copied from ancient Uzbek designs) for a concert. They give, especially for us, one act of an opera based on an

opera based on an incident in Uzbek history. Watching the opera I begin to realize that the most admirable thing about the whole Soviet Union is what we might call its colonial policy - its relationships with the smaller and sometimes backwards ~~seemingly~~ races. This is partly accounted for by the fact that Russians historically have few race prejudices.

Instead of Jim-crowing the weaker peoples, the Russians lean over backward to give them titles and offices. At first I jumped to the conclusion that the native officeholders were stooges, dressed up and provided with fancy offices but with little real power. But we learn that the Premier of this Republic is an Uzbek and a smart one-no stooge but an old-time Bolshevik with a steel-trap mind, highly respected in the Party councils.

The next day they offer a brief tour in the Oriental quarter of Tashkent. We drive through the broad streets of the new Russian town to the old city, which is a labyrinth of winding alleys like those in the Arab Medinas in North Africa or the old quarter of Jerusalem. But just outside this old city are two beautiful new white buildings, both ornamented with Uzbek designs - the post office and a huge cinema. The Russians have put their two most beautiful modern buildings next to the native quarter instead of in the center of their own section of Tashkent.

Talk with an Intellectual.

At the opera that night we see something called Ulug-Beg, which is a story of Tamerlane and his times. Between the acts we are taken into the banquet room (yes, God helps us, the usual table is laid) to meet the composer, a slender young Russian intellectual who has arranged these primitive Oriental tunes for a beautiful ballet. His wife, a handsome but worn-looking girl, who has written the words - not in Russian mind you, but in Uzbek - is here to explain the plot.

Her English is fluent and beautiful. If she hadn't told us she learned it in America where she spent a few years as a child (undoubtedly during the Revolution) I would have guessed she had learned it at Oxford.

We were fascinated by them both. The opera is a lovely thing. Here are two young intellectuals, interested in the theater, who in any other country would gravitate to its metropolis. She tells us casually that once they lived in Leningrad.

What brought them down here to the ends of the earth?

"Do you like Tashkent?" we ask.

"Yes", she answers, a little wearily. There is much material for her husband's work in the old native songs, and, of course, she is busy. For she had to learn Uzbek in order to write the verses. They left Leningrad for Tashkent seven years ago.

I count back. That would make it 1937, the year of the purges. People were exiled for knowing foreigners. This girl, with her beautiful English and her cosmopolitan manners, surely must have known ~~37~~ if I asked if she had left for political reasons.

"No", she says, "We have our work. And in Russia one should go where one is most useful. Here there is much to be done."

So now I see that personal happiness counts for little. Loyalty to the party, to the leader, to the cause are all. You go where you are sent. If you should find yourself in Tashkent, you may then be most useful for the rest of your life in the baking heat, writing beautiful operas which only Uzbeks hear, in words, which only they understand, to

...that the native officeholders were stooges, dressed up and provided with fancy offices but with little real power. But we learn that the Premier of this Republic is an Uzbek and a smart one-no stooge but an old-time Bolshevik with a steel-trap mind, highly respected in the Party councils.

The next day they offer a brief tour in the Oriental quarter of Tashkent. We drive through the broad streets of the new Russian town to the old city, which is a labyrinth of winding alleys like those in the Arab Medinas in North Africa or the old quarter of Jerusalem. But just outside this old city are two beautiful new white buildings, both ornamented with Uzbek designs - the post office and a huge cinema. The Russians have put their two most beautiful modern buildings next to the native quarter instead of in the center of their own section of Tashkent.

Talk with an Intellectual.

At the opera that night we see something called *Ulug-Beg*, which is a story of Tamerlane and his times. Between the acts we are taken into the banquet room (yes, God helps us, the usual table is laid) to meet the composer, a slender young Russian intellectual who has arranged these primitive Oriental tunes for a beautiful ballet. His wife, a handsome but worn-looking girl, who has written the words - not in Russian mind you, but in Uzbek - is here to explain the plot.

Her English is fluent and beautiful. If she hadn't told us she learned it in America where she spent a few years as a child (undoubtedly during the Revolution) I would have guessed she had learned it at Oxford.

We were fascinated by them both. The opera is a lovely thing. Here are two young intellectuals, interested in the theater, who in any other country would gravitate to its metropolis. She tells us casually that once they lived in Leningrad.

What brought them down here to the ends of the earth?

"Do you like Tashkent?" we ask.

"Yes", she answers, a little wearily. There is much material for her husband's work in the old native songs, and, of course, she is busy, for she had to learn Uzbek in order to write the verses. They left Leningrad for Tashkent seven years ago.

I count back. That would make it 1937, the year of the purges. People were exiled for knowing foreigners. This girl, with her beautiful English and her cosmopolitan manners, surely must have known ³⁷ if I asked if she had left for political reasons.

"No", she says, "We have our work. And in Russia one should go where one is most useful. Here there is much to be done."

So now I see that personal happiness counts for little. Loyalty to the party, to the leader, to the cause are all. You go where you are sent. If you should find yourself in Tashkent, you may then be most useful for the rest of your life in the baking heat, writing beautiful operas which only Uzbeks hear, in words, which only they understand, to do your small and quickly forgotten part in giving self-respect to what was once a half-savage tribe.

The Contrast of Capitalism.

Arrived back in Tashkent, we spent the afternoon using ourselves as laboratory guinea pigs. We had just come from six rugged weeks of socialism, diluted only by Soviet Champagne. What were the things which would strike us most vividly on our return to capitalism?

First of all were the shops. As we had passed through Tashkent en route to Moscow and fresh from America, Tashkent had struck us as one of the world's slum areas, as in point of fact it is. Today our eyes feasted on the wonderful little shop windows, piled high with fruit.

plum meat hanging from corners' pews - windows of new drivers and says of new clothing. This disreputable sink-hole of the capitalist world was by contrast with the empty shops of the Soviet Union a Dickens description of Christmas plenty.

Now for the people; here in what we had called shabby Iran a majority of the people we saw on the sidewalks were much better dressed. About one in ten was in rags and tatters-worse than anything we had seen over the border. For Soviet rags are never quite that - they are always clean and neatly mended. And in Russia there had been no beggars - there had been a robust self-respect which we liked.

That night we had our final Soviet dinner as guests of the Soviet Ambassador. Here Eric made easily the best speech of our trip. He thanked the Russians for their great hospitality. He told them they had not only given us their best but they had in every respect fulfilled their promise that he might go where he liked and see what he wished. Some of the towns we had visited, he said, had not been open for foreigners since 1906. If he had a regret, it was only that in the past there had been so much suspicion of foreigners that outsiders had seen little of Russia. He hoped that in the future Americans could travel just as freely in Russia as Russians may travel in America.

The Ambassador hastily said that we would now proceed to discuss economic matters, because Mr. Johnston had been invited to Russia as a businessman. So we did.

This ends my report on the Russians and here are my conclusions. I should add that these as well as the general viewpoint of this book are entirely my own and not to be charged against my good friend Eric Johnston.

Any close relations with the Soviet Union are fraught with considerable danger until American reporters get the same freedom to travel about Russia, talk to the people unharassed by spies, and report to their homeland with that same freedom from political censorship that they enjoy in England and other free nations. This must also apply to European territory occupied by or affiliated with the Soviet Union. Correspondents abroad are the ears and eyes of U.S. Democracy. If we Americans are to help build up Russia, our people are entitled to complete reports from press representatives of our own choosing on what we are helping to build.

We should remember that Russia is entitled to a Europe which is not hostile to her. We should also remember that while America aid in building back her destroyed industries is highly desirable to Russia, it is not indispensable. She will not swap it for what she considers her security in the new world.

She is, however, in a mood to accept decent compromises. But if, as our armies are in Europe while this settlement is being worked out, we find that we can't get everything we want, we would be callously stupid to get mad, pick up our toys and go home.

If we decide it is wise to do business with the Russians, we can trust them to keep their end of any financial bargain. They are a proud people, and can be counted on to pay on the nose before the tenth of the month.

But any business deals should depend on their aims in Europe and Asia. We should extend no credit to Russia until it becomes much clearer than it is now that her ultimate intention are peaceable.

I think these intentions will turn out to be friendly. However,

3753

...the night we had our final Soviet dinner as guests of the Soviet Ambassador. Here Eric made easily the best speech of our trip. He thanked the Russians for their great hospitality. He told them they had not only given us their best but they had in every respect fulfilled their promise that he might go where he liked and see what he wished. Some of the towns we had visited, he said, had not been open for foreigners since 1926. If he had a regret, it was only that in the past there had been so much suspicion of foreigners that outsiders had seen little of Russia. He hoped that in the future Americans could travel just as freely in Russia as Russians may travel in America. The Ambassador hastily said that we would now proceed to discuss economic matters, because Mr. Johnston had been invited to Russia as a businessman. So we did.

This ends my report on the Russians and here are my conclusions. I should add that these as well as the general viewpoint of this book are entirely my own and not to be charged against my good friend Eric Johnston.

Any close relations with the Soviet Union are fraught with considerable danger until American reporters get the same freedom to travel about Russia, talk to the people unharassed by spies, and report to their homeland with that same freedom from political censorship that they enjoy in England and other free nations. This must also apply to European territory occupied by or affiliated with the Soviet Union. Correspondents abroad are the ears and eyes of U.S. Democracy. If we Americans are to help build up Russia, our people are entitled to complete reports from press representatives of our own choosing on what we are helping to build.

We should remember that Russia is entitled to a Europe which is not hostile to her. We should also remember that while America aid in building back her destroyed industries is highly desirable to Russia, it is not indispensable. She will not swap it for what she considers her security in the new world.

She is, however, in a mood to accept decent compromises. But if, as our armies are in Europe while this settlement is being worked out, we find that we can't get everything we want, we would be callously stupid to get mad, pick up our toys and go home.

If we decide it is wise to do business with the Russians, we can trust them to keep their end of any financial bargain. They are a proud people, and can be counted on to pay on the nose before the tenth of the month.

But any business deals should depend on their aims in Europe and Asia. We should extend no credit to Russia until it becomes much clearer than it is now that her ultimate intention are peaceable.

I think these intentions will turn out to be friendly. However, if we move our armies out of Europe before the Continent is stabilized, and if disorder, bloodshed and riots then ensue, the Russians will move into any such political vacuum. After all, they are not stupid. Russia for the present needs no more territory, but badly needs several decades of peace. She is, however, still lashed with suspicions of the capitalist world, and needs to be dealt with on a basis of delicately balanced firmness and friendliness. The Roosevelt administration has done an excellent job of this to date.

3753

4138B/CA

HEADQUARTERS ALLIED COMMISSION
Office of the Chief Commissioner
APO 394

(2a)

12 May 1945.

Ref: 799/39/EC.

SUBJECT: Channels of Communication.

TO : U.S.S.R. Representative, Allied Commission.

1. I have been instructed by the Chief of Staff, Allied Force Headquarters, to bring to your notice certain points which may be regarded as an elaboration of my letter, reference 799/14/EC dated 2 May 1945.
2. I am requested to emphasize that, except for matters connected with your status as Soviet Representative on the Allied Advisory Council for Italy, your channel of communication with superior Allied authority is through the Allied Commission, so that any communication you may wish to make to the Allied authorities should be forwarded through this Commission.
3. Will you please bring this direction to the notice of Colonel RUMIN who, I am informed, is communicating direct with Allied Force Headquarters on questions relating to the repatriation of Soviet citizens.

Ellery W. Stone

ELLERY W. STONE
Rear Admiral, USNR
Chief Commissioner

Copy to: External
US Ambassador
Br Ambassador
US Polad
Br Resamb
G-5, AFHQ (Your letter of 5 May refers)

Internal
✓President
Colonel Rumin, Delegate of the Representative, CPC, USSR.
Civil Affairs Section
War Material Disposal & IFW Sub-Comm
Public Safety Sub-Comm
P.R.O.
Liaison Division,

37.~

1007

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No.

785016

4/388/1A

SECRET

05/21/45 (14)

V.P. Civil Affairs Section.

I have learned from a certain source (who says that the information was in part confirmed from a second person) that an Italian Civilian, travelled to Milan on Saturday 12th. May; 1945 in a Russian (believed Embassy) car, with sixty million lire for the purpose of buying cinematograph apparatus, ostensibly for the purpose of shipping it to the South of Italy.

He has no details of names yet. The money is from Russian sources, believed from the AFA. This is of interest from the point of view of expenditures of the various Allied countries from AFA funds. My impression is that Russian withdrawals are in the neighbourhood of 100,000,000 lire for the last six months, while the British is something like 12,000,000.

Is this a matter you would like to take up with Economic Section please?

Sorry about this

Brig ~~Ed~~ Graftley Smith

S. J. Harvey
Major,
Security Division.

John W. Chapman
Colonel,
Public Safety S/C.

I believe you are fully aware of the activities of the Russians. Is there nothing we can do?

W. J. R.

37.11

Brig. Upjohn.

We spoke. In all, the Russians have drawn about 75 million, so that let 60 million would mean that they have only spent let 15 mn. I tend to believe all this story but that the money is from Russian sources. Can this be proved? app. 14/5

Declassified E.O. 12356 Section 3.3/NND No. 785016SECRET.V.P. Civil Affairs Section.

With further reference to the alleged journey to Milan to buy cinematograph apparatus for the benefit of the Russians:

A second check has been made by the informant, and his source of information reveals that the money did not come from an Allied source, but was contributed by private ^{Italian} individuals. He still maintains the figure at sixty million lire (although I doubt it) and insists the whole thing is organized by the Russians.

It begins to look like one of these shady commercial deals which an unsuccessful party wishes to counter by using the Russian bogey.

Enquiries are still going on.

J. Hawley
Major,
Security Division.

Reported to Brig Griffiths Smith.
W. H. G. G. G.

