

NOTES:

1. Page 7.

The position of the Brodsky's (Clara's maiden name) in Kiev was analogous to that of Horace Gunzburg in Petersburg.

2. Page 14.

Since the writing of my reminiscences we have learned that the Russian had sold the collection of incunables to Israel - they needed the hard currency. The last information I have through the Halperins, is that this collection is being put on microfilm.

3. Page 19.

Tobichack was not only a castle but also a large domain - Mouks stayed there once and had a great time. Willy visited while she was there and went deerstalking with a Czech woodsman and Mouks. As this man spoke only Czech and Willy only German, Mouks acted as interpreter. She understood or at least guessed the Czechs meaning and he understood her Russian.

4. March 27, 1994.

Yesterday at the Seder the word afikomen reminded me of the following: at a Seder before the first World War at my grandmother's house when the time came to distribute the afikomen at the end of the meal my father reached for it (it had been put, as usual, between two cushions on a chair beside his chair) and didn't find it. He called for it and my sister Mouks (Marcie) got up and said "I have it, but what will you give me for it. I want a complete set of Shakespeare's plays." My father promised to get her one and kept his promise. In a few days he produced a lovely edition: a set of 5 or 6 little volumes on rice paper in soft black morocco bindings in a case also of black morocco. When Mouks died this set became mine. When my eyes began aging the print became too small for me. When Lucy's 17th birthday was approaching and I wondered what could I give her really special, it occurred to me that Shakespere's plays might be just right. Of course my set had stood up to a lot of thumbing and the case needed repairing. I found - with difficulty - a book binder to make the repairs and he did a very nice job. Lucy still has the set.

Dear Elisabeth:

At the end of July 1914, when war was imminent and Austria had already mobilized (after the assassination of the heir to the throne in Sarajevo), my father, fearing pogroms in Russia, packed my mother and us four children off to Switzerland. As we could not go through Austria we had to go via Warsaw and Berlin. After some anxious moments in Mulhouse we got a train to Basel where Paul and Georges Dreyfus, already in uniform, met us. After lunch at their parents, they put us on a train for Lausanne where we spent a year. On arriving in August, we found one of my mother's greatest friends with her two daughters staying in the same hotel as we. They were in a terrible state of perplexity, together with most of the other guests, over how to get back to Paris without passports or visas. Before the war of 1914-18, the only countries in Europe besides Russia who required passports and visas were Turkey and Romania. That was worked out fairly quickly and nearly all the guests at the hotel left for their various homes.

We went to school for the first time in our lives. The school had special French classes for foreigners and that is where Mouks and I got our grounding in French which up till then had been pretty skimpy.

By the summer of 1915 we were eager to get home and as things were calm as far as the Jewish situation was concerned, it was decided that we would take a boat from Marseilles to Salonika where my father would send a man from the bank to escort us back to Odessa through the Balkans.

On the same boat (I can't remember the name) was a French general (I think his name was d'Amade) and his entourage on a mission to the Russian army and the wife of the British Minister to Romania with her

entourage on her way to join her husband (I think her name was Kennard). When the boat docked at Salonika we found not a man from the bank but my father himself.

The situation by that time had soured and Bulgaria was expected to enter the war as Germany's ally any day. After a night at a rather primitive hotel in Salonika, we took a train to Nish which was the temporary capital of Serbia. Serbia had lost Belgrade to the Germans earlier. In Nish, my father and mother went to the Russian Embassy to find out more about the situation and the possibilities of getting through. It was decided we'd take a train to Negotin, from there to Prahovo on the Danube and then take a boat across to Turnu Severin (upstream from Prahovo on the Romanian side) and a train from there to Bucharest which seemed at peace for the time being and well disposed to the allies. From there we'd have no more difficulty in getting to Odessa. I think I'd better specify that when I say "we" I mean my parents, we four children, our new English governess and two maids - Mama's and ours. The train from Nish to Negotin ran along a little river that marked the frontier between Serbia and Bulgaria and Bulgaria was expected to enter the war at any moment on the side of the axis. So we had our hearts in our mouths all the way.

My father bought a huge hamper of food and kept saying eat, eat, you don't know where or when we'll have more to eat. This was in August and the only thing we had to eat till we got to Negotin. There were however grapes at various stops along the way. They were delicious.

When we got to Prahovo we found that the last boat for Turnu Severin had left. There was a reserve boat but the captain said it was too late for him - he could not navigate in the dark. The only thing he could suggest was that he could take 30 people, he could give us dinner and we could sleep on deck. At dawn he could take us down stream to the next

Romanian town which would give him time to get back to his port in Prahovo in the morning.

Well - we were 9 strong and there was the wife of the British Minister in Bucharest and entourage. 2 French businessmen. 2 Rumanian dress makers who were having difficulties with customs, some other Russians, among them a professor of history at the Odessa University with his bitch of a wife. I must interject here that General d'Amade had left the rest of us in Nish and taken military facilities to the Danube but had lost his luggage and couldn't enter Romania, a neutral country, in uniform. A young lieutenant was searching for the luggage and appeared in Prahovo.

All the rest of us embarked, had an excellent dinner and spent the night on deck. We children slept - I can't vouch for the others. When we disembarked in Romania (I can't remember the name of the little town) the mayor and the chief of police came on board. The mayor told us that there were no hotels in town, that he could offer us one or two rooms and the chief of police, one. This for 30 people! and the possibility for arranging for a special train to Bucharest - minimum 3 carriages. My father undertook the bargaining using the British Minister's name for extra pressure and so we left for Bucharest in the evening and were safely in Bucharest by the next morning. My father got in touch with his greatest friend who was connected with the Russian railroads and obtained a special carriage that would be attached to the train from Iasi (Iasi or Yassi was at the Russo-Romanian frontier) to Odessa. After about 3 days in Bucharest, we went to Iasi and waited there for the train. For the first time in our lives we had our shoes cleaned by shoe-shine boys, and we got home.

Epilogue: for there was an epilogue - when we had been in Paris a few

years after the end of the war and my father was negotiating to take over the Banque Hoskier (Mr. Hoskier had died and left 7 daughters none of whom had married a financier or anybody even remotely interested in taking over the bank) and was trying to conclude an important arrangement when a friend of his said he had the very man for this but warned that this very man was very gruff and unpleasant. My father said "of course," he didn't mind that a bit. So an appointment was made and my father and his friend were shown into this man's office. The man looked at them and jumped out of his chair and rushed across the room and embraced my father. "I've been looking for you desperately, you saved my life." My father was bewildered, he didn't make a habit of saving people's lives. The man said "Do you remember Prohovo in 1915? Do you remember 2 French business men for whom you made room on the boat and the special train? Well, I was one of these pseudo-businessmen. We were actually on a secret mission to Russia and 24 hours made the difference between life and death." After this, needless to say, the transaction was concluded.

BERZA

Dimitry: (Berza was the deformation of Brazin, in Breton meaning baby which Berza's Breton wet-nurse called him) was the eldest of the youngest group of 3 boys of the larger family - Berza, Pierre and Volo (my uncles, your great uncles). They were very close together in age. Three years separated them from my mother named Anna (Anouita), after her mother who died when Mama was 3 weeks old.

Berza was very handsome, the same type as your uncle Fedia only more so. He was also very gifted artistically for drawing. Very much a woman chaser - he was married very briefly - I think it was a matter of weeks

- to Getia, (Margaret), later Goldschmidt. She was Aunt Clara's sister. (Aunt Clara was married to Volo - one of the three of the group.) This marriage and divorce caused grave disruption in the family relationships.

Berza joined with Diaghileff to form the Ballet Russe. He was very active as regards set and costume designs. It was thanks to him that both the prima ballerinas Anna Pavlova and Karsavina continued to dance with the ballet regardless of their rivalry. Berza kept them there by sleeping with them both.

I think you know that Mama was very ill in the summer and autumn of 1908 with puerperial fever after the birth of our youngest sister Irene (after whom your aunt was named.) My mother was so ill that various members of the family came for the anticipated funeral and our dacha was overcrowded. Mimi and Sonia with Mamzelle stayed on till Mama was really recovering. We (Mouks, I and Mamzelle) had recently learned writing and spent wet autumn days writing to all the members of the family we could think of.

When Mama was really better my parents decided to go to Egypt to complete her recovery. Berza went with them just for the fun of it. There he made sketches of various frescoes to use later for set and costume designs for the Ballet Russe production of "Cleopatra."

To skip back in time: in 1902 Berza, who had been traveling all over Europe to visit various branches of the family, ended up by a visit to Odessa. On the day of his arrival (the train from abroad arrived in the morning about in time for a late breakfast) my father came home for lunch as he always did and suggested going to the ball at the Douma (the equivalent to Hotel de Ville) that same night - THE social event of the season. Berza was all for this but suddenly remembered that he had been staying only 2 or 3 days at his various stops and so had not had time to

have his things laundered. So Frantz, our butler, who had unpacked was called. "Was there a clean evening shirt? No." He had given everything to the wash. "Wasn't there one he could wear?" - he'd ask the washerwoman. -

"No," she had already dumped everything into boiling water. "Could she wash one shirt for this evening?" "Yes," she could wash and iron it but impossible to starch it. "That's alright says Berza, I'll wear it unstarched" and so he did. The golden youth of Odessa saw the famous dandy, Baron de Gunzburg in an unstarched shirt and decided that this must be the new fashion and all began wearing their evening shirts unstarched for a year or two - until they learned better.

Berza was a profligate and always in debt. My grandmother, his aunt, paid up his debts more than once I think. Then he suddenly made an unexpected inheritance. My father talked to him and told him he must pay off some of his debts. For instance he should pay his tailor (he and Papa had the same London tailor - Cooling and Lawrence). Berza thought for a moment and said "no - if I pay him my whole inheritance will be gone." "Then pay him at least something." "No, that would be recognizing my debt and he could sue me."

During the war of 1914-18 Berza enrolled in the *Дикая Дивизия* a military division recruited from the wildest tribes of Daghestan in the Transcaucasus. During the Revolution he was with that division south of the Caucasus and we never heard from him again. Several years after the end of the war this is what we learned from a friend of his who survived and managed to emigrate to Paris where we were living. The commander of the division asked for a volunteer to try and cross the Caucasus and get in touch with elements that were to the north, warning that the chances of succeeding were slim. Berza volunteered and set out but was never heard from again.

MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER

My great grandmother lived in Kiev the later part of her life. She was Eleanor (I think) Rosenberg and the sister of our great grandfather Joseph Gunzburg. I've heard about her both from the Gunzburg side of the family and from Aunt Clara, nee Brodsky (Bibka, Vera and Serge's mother). Clara was slightly daft but a really worth while person. Also she was always very nice to me and I liked her.

But to return to Eleanor Rosenberg. She was the head of the Kiev Jewish community and very authoritarian. She was very active in various Jewish charities. She called meetings of the various institutions in her house, for her convenience. The agenda was drawn up and opposite each item was listed the resolution to be sure that the results would be what she wanted. She also ruled the social life of the community with an iron hand. Here is an example: two women were quarreling and nobody could bring them together. My great-grandmother went for a drive every afternoon and often invited somebody to go with her. One day she directed the coachman to the house of one of the warring ladies and directed the footman to ask whether she would join my great-grandmother. The lady put on her best bonnet and went and got into the carriage. Whereupon my great grandmother gave the coachman the address of the other warring woman who also accepted with alacrity the invitation to drive with my great grandmother. When both warring ladies were thrown together in the carriage with my great grandmother, they were forced to make up.

My great grandfather Joseph who was living in Paris was very flighty. He made life hard for his wife, a very pretty and kind woman, and from

time to time there were flare ups. A telegram would be sent to his sister in Kiev and she would take the train immediately for Paris. Crises were such an expected occurrence that my great grandmother always had a trunk ready packed. Nobody would conceive of going away for more than a day or so without a trunk in those days. The quarrel was patched up till the next time.

An Aside: Joseph Gunzburg bought a lot of real estate in Paris which was expanding rapidly at that time under Haussman. One of the plots - what is now Place des Etats Unis and surroundings - was where Pierre and Volo, the Goldets and other acquaintances had properties. He gave this land to one of his mistresses (I forgot her name). Think how rich we would have been if he had kept it.

Our grandfather, Horace, built a house for the family at 7 rue de Tilsit (a circular street round the Arc de Triomphe) - there was a floor for each of his brothers and one for his sons. Jacques (Gabriel-Jacques) was the eldest brother. He had served in the Russian army and was the first Jew to be promoted officer. Later both your grandfather Alexander and Mimi (Alfred) were promoted. In the Russian army reserve officers were called up in case of mobilization up to the age of 50. In 1914, when war broke out Alexander was just over 50 and Mimi just under so Mimi was called and rose to the rank of Pro-tem Captain. He retired only when the Communists took power in October 1917. During that time his wife, my Aunt Sonia, and their daughter Mamselle stayed with him if he was stationed in a town far enough from the front, or else in Odessa with my grandmother. All 3 and Granny left for Switzerland via Vienna about a month or two before we (Mama and we 4 children) did the same. This was in the Spring of 1918. At that time the Germans and Austrians had occupied the Ukraine. They were desperate for food and wanted the wheat harvest. The Ukraine was the bread basket of Russia and also the

greatest exporter of grain.

As a matter of fact, the Germans and Austrians (in the case of Odessa it was the Austrians) saved our lives. Just before the invasion the situation was very dangerous. My father and his great friend were very active in the resistance against the Bolshoviks and we all went into hiding. Granny and the Mimis took refuge in the apartment of a "fonde de pouvoir" of the bank and we (Mama and we children) with the inspector of Ginks' gymnasium. He was single and had no servants so no one who could report us. He had a large apartment attached to the school building. (My father slept in a different house every night.) There were actually two bedrooms, a dining room and a sitting room. The inspector had his bedroom. Mama had the other and we four camped in the sitting room. There was a narrow sofa on which I as the eldest slept and two mattresses - one for Mouks and Yvok who slept head to toe sucking each others toes, and one for Ginks. This however was only for the first night. The next day the family of Gink's best friend invited him to share Bob's bed. Bob on the mattress on the floor and Ginks on the boxsprings.

We used to telephone (telephone tapping had not yet been invented). Bob had a much younger sister - 3 years younger than Yvok - who had a very nice English governess with whom we were very friendly, Miss Scott called Scottie. She made Bob and his sister sing with her whenever we called so as not to overhear anything that might indicate where we were. During the Austrian occupation my father obtained the Communist list of the people to be done away with by them. My father and his friend were at the head of it.

Returning to Jacques de Gunzburg, Horace de Gunzburg's eldest brother: He married a very beautiful woman, Getia (Margaret) and they had one son, Nicky who was gay - very nice and kind. When he was living in New

Jersey. After the war he used to come regularly to see Yvonne who appreciated it. By the time we arrived in Paris, Jacques and Getia were already divorced. In the late twenties or early thirties there was a play in Paris called "Fleur des Pois", which was the current euphemism for gays. All the well known gays in society appeared in it including Nicky. The actor who represented him made him very recognizable both physically and in his mannerisms. After the Second World War, Nicky played in important role at Vogue. I don't remember when he died, in any case it was a long time ago.

My mother's eldest sister Louise was married to Joe Sassoon. They lived at Walton-on-Thames, at Ashley - a Woolsey (Henry VIII's one-time prime minister) house. A lovely huge house with beautiful grounds. Mouks and I stayed there with our parents in 1910. One of the things I remember was a beautiful collection of Bohemian dark red cut glass. Joe died before the end of the 1914-18 war and left nothing but debts. They had to sell Ashley which became a girls boarding school. The family, 5 sons and 2 daughters and Aunt Louise, had to struggle. There was a Sassoon aunt - very rich and mad. According to English law her guardians were obligated to spend as much as they could on her which still left a large inheritance when she died. This meant a lot to the Sassoons and allowed the children and grandchildren to get good educations. Among the grandchildren was Jackie.

SCHOOLING AND LANGUAGES

At home in Odessa, we girls did not go to school but had teachers for the various subjects. At first we had an elementary school teacher -

the same one had already taught my father and his sisters and brother. She was a wonderful pedagogue and I remember everything that I learned with her. She was also a wonderful woman. In Russia this class of teacher entered the profession as a vocation - not just a job.

Later when we had outgrown her curriculum we had mostly teachers from the Russian equivalent of high school who came in the afternoon. The schools closed at 2 o'clock, but were open 6 days a week. Later when I was 15-16 I had a marvelous Russian literature teacher who taught me a lot, including how to read critically. He was also secretary of the municipal government. When the Revolution broke out in the spring of 1917, my father used to come into my schoolroom at home when he returned from the bank and talk politics with him. This was very instructive for me.

English literature was taken care of by our English governesses. We had 3 of them as they did not like staying in the wilds of Russia more than 3 years. The first one, Miss James, whom we loved and called Jim, came when I was 10 years old. Her family, as a going away present, had given her a subscription to the London Sunday Times. She was very astonished when my father started bringing back the London Times from the office every afternoon. My father subscribed to the best paper of several countries for their business sections.

I want to spell out more details about the languages used in the family. Russian was of course the basic language and we (Mouks and I) used it for everyday use and to talk with my father and the little ones - Ginks and Yvok. We, Mouks and I, were supposed to be learning English but not making any progress until Mama "forgot" all her Russian and spoke only English to us. In about 6 months we were speaking English just as fluently as Russian and that stayed with us for life. We always spoke and corresponded in English with Mama and between Mouks and me.

My father and mother always spoke and corresponded in French. We children of course picked up a few words. Later our greatest friend had a French governess and we spoke French with her - a very garbled version I suspect.

My father always spoke German to his mother - our Granny who lived in the same house - she upstairs and we downstairs. Each had their own households. We children split up for lunch: 2 downstairs and 2 upstairs with a sophisticated system to make for variety.

I think that I already mentioned that Mouks and I went to a Swiss school (1914-15 school year). Mathematics were always well taught in Russia. In my class, except me there was another Russian girl, Tamara, who was in the same position arithmetically as I and also the daughter of a Professor of Mathematics at the University. We 3 always solved the arithmetic problems and the rest of the class copied from us. The days of arithmetic classes, there were 3 clusters of girls (we were 43 in our class) busy copying.

I want to talk about all Horace de Gunzburg's children, starting with the eldest son.

GABRIEL

Gabriel was 21 years older than my mother who was the youngest. He was a classical "mauvais sujet" and when my mother was not much more than a toddler, he was sent off to South America for 2 years. On board ship there were crowds of Italians, mostly from the south of the country (it was the period of heavy Italian emigration to Argentina where now about half the population is of Italian descent). There was a Catholic priest on board but no one who knew enough Latin to serve mass. So Gabriel, who had been brought up in France where Latin was the basis of

education, went to the priest and told him that he was Jewish but could give the responses and so make it possible to celebrate mass every day - and this is what happened.

When Gabriel returned to Europe he again began misbehaving and this time was sent to the Far East - China and Japan. This must have been about 1887 and he stayed there for 17 years. I believe he spied for the Russian government. He picked up a few words of Chinese of course, but never really learned the language. He was sure that the language was too difficult for a European to really learn.

I remember his return in 1904 when I was 4 years old. His first stop was in Odessa to see his little sister who was 6 when he left. We had a photograph of my mother taken from the back which she sent to Gabriel to show her chignon to prove to him that her hair was up and that she was no more a child.

He kept up his Chinese and Japanese contacts and we always had Chinese tea in large wooden boxes and white Japanese "toile de soie" of which our best party dresses were always made.

He lived in Paris and died there in the early 50s: I don't remember the exact year.

One more amusing detail: when he returned from China by train, he presented his passport which he had never bothered to renew during his 17 years absence. At the Russian frontier everybody's passports were collected and examined while travelers were consigned in the train. When the passports were distributed Gabriel got his without any commentary. Gabriel told the functionary that he was very glad to have it but asked why they had returned it routinely though it was outdated. The functionary said they never questioned an outdated or incorrectly made out passport. It was only when a passport was made out according to all the rules and regulations that they got suspicious. If a man

bought a false

passport he wanted it to be absolutely correct.

DAVID

David was the second son. He was a semitic scholar, knew 30 semitic languages and had a unique collection of "incunables" - very early prints from a time before the movable print was invented. He died of cancer in 1910 in his early 50s and left his wife Mathilde nee Merport who was a cousin and 4 children: Anna, Ossip (the Russian form of Joseph, his grandfather), Sophie, called Sonia and Eugene, called Gino and very little money.

Mathilde tried to sell the collection of incunables. She was negotiating with a Chicago university, I don't know which one. At the time we knew nothing about American universities and assumed that there was only one - the university of Chicago. They were interested but the negotiations dragged till the 1914-18 war broke out and communications were broken off. Mathilde was very frustrated and I believe finished by giving the collection to a Russian university - Petersburg where she lived, or Moscow. I don't know which. She died in Geneva during the 2nd World War. She was a very kind and nice woman, but not very exciting and with lesbian tendencies. She had a Dame de Companie who my mother insisted had a bad influence on Mathilde.

The eldest daughter, Anna, was also a lesbian and had a lifelong affair with the wife of the Ambassador of Persia (now Iran.) Anna spent long years in Persia and helped bring up this woman's children. She was no beauty, had something the matter with her eyes. She could barely open them which did not prevent her from painting. I never saw any of her paintings and don't know whether they had any artistic value.

Ossip was like his father, a scholar. His specialty was Japanese. He and his wife (I knew her only fleetingly) were in Tokyo when the terrible earthquake of 1923 struck. The wife reacted so terribly to this that she insisted that they return to Europe. We never saw much of them.

Mathilde's 3rd child was Sonia who escaped from Russia with her mother in the early 20s. At first Mathilde lived in St.Germain-en-Laye in the house that had been bought or built by Ury, a brother of Horace/s and had by then been inherited by Robert Levy who later took the name of Gunzburg.

Sonia lived with Volo, the youngest of my uncles and our favorite and looked after Serge who was then a little boy. Later, I don't remember in what year, she married the son of a famous Kiev crook. Sonia divorced him but not before producing 2 children. A son David who was on the Riviera during the war and stayed with us for a while. We all heartily disliked him. At 15 he was doing black market transactions with dollars, for instance. He moved to Nice when he entered the lycee there. When he grew up he went to Los Angeles and worked for Fox Films. He very seldom saw his mother who lived in Israel the last part of her life. He was the father of the girl who wrote the books about our family. She said quite frankly that she was inspired by Sonia's (her grandmother) diary but put in a lot of her own invention. I have completely lost touch with that part of the family. Sonia also had a daughter Miriam who was a nymphomaniac and a liar. She stayed with us in Antibes for a while and told us fantastic stories about how she had married a Scottish lord and described his castle. She also described how she took part in the resistance and how she dived into a river with a machine gun (the machine gun would have been enough to drown her.) She married an Israeli, lived in Israel. It is with her that Sonia

lived. She had 2 sons - I believe the eldest was a very worthwhile person. That I know from Robert Levi who helped him get an education in France and with whom he stayed in St. Germain.

Gino, Mathilde's youngest son joined the White Army after the Russian Revolution. Eventually he was evacuated from the south of Russia with his regiment to Constantinople and from there to an island in the sea of Marmara when he died of typhus.

MARC

Marc was the third son of Horace who died of tuberculosis when he was 19. He was a gifted painter, mostly landscapes. We had lots of his drawings. A couple, framed and hung in our (Mouks and my) room.

In those days one sent TB patients to warm climates. As my grandfather had business connections with wine merchants on the Isle of Madeira that is where Marc was sent. That proved an unfortunate choice for him.

But the family did profit as Horace was able to buy quite extraordinary quality Madeira. My uncle Mimi (Alfred) inherited 200 bottles of it. I'll talk more on this subject when I get to Mimi.

LOUISE

Horace's 4th child was Louise of whom I've already spoken. She married Joe Sassoon. The Sassoons were originally from Syria then India which explains the close contacts with India of all the Sassoons.

ALEXANDRE (Sacha)

Sacha was the 5th - your grandfather. You know more about him than I do.

ALFRED (Mimi)

After Sacha came Mimi (Alfred). He must have been about 18 when the family moved from Paris to Petersburg. He had been designated to take over the management of the family's gold panning mines along the Lena, one of the large Siberian rivers that flowed into the Arctic Ocean. The part of the river along which our mines were located was in a sort of hollow where the cold air accumulated and which was (before the Antarctic was discovered) the pole of cold on earth. Life in Siberia was geared to this. When you traveled in Siberia in winter it was, of course, by sled and you took your provisions with you strapped to the back of the sled. The post houses in the inns provided only lodging and heat. When you arrived you brought in a block of whatever you wanted to eat or drink and an axe - for example, a block of milk from which you chopped off a portion and thawed it on the fire. Mimi used to go there for several months at a time.

He married my father's sister - or rather the other way round. He married a couple of years before his sister Anna (my mother married his wife's (Sonia-Sophie) brother. They had one daughter Ann but called Mamzelle. She had beautiful eyes, but no brains whatever. Her mother was a very intelligent and witty woman. Mamselle tried to copy her sayings but always misconstrued them and if you hadn't the original from Aunt Sonia, you could see no sense in them.

They (the Mimis) moved to Paris in 1912 and had a huge, beautiful apartment on what was then the Avenue des Bois (now Avenue Foch). She married a very rich Mr. Weil who turned out to be violent, to say the

least, and whom she divorced after 5 months. Aunt Sonia was so desperate about this divorce (it was she who was instrumental in arranging the marriage) that she committed suicide. Several years later Mamselle married another Weil, a U.S. citizen and had one daughter, Sonia, whom I've spoken to you about. She married an ear and throat specialist. Michel Perier and had 4 children, 3 boys and a girl. I believe you've met the brilliant eldest son Francois and the daughter, Marie Christine, a trained nurse. She is very nice but not a patch intellectually like her brother.

To come back to Mimi. He had a thorough education in the classics and of course in mathematics. The Ecole des Mines was one of the French "grandes ecoles" second only to Polytechnique and Normal which were equal and both first. I remember that much later when Mimi stayed with us in Antibes and I was unpacking for him, that as I was putting out his books I came across one in Greek. Mimi said "don't be impressed by this - it's just an entertaining light novel."

Mimi died of cancer of the lungs which was, at that time, extremely rare and its connection to smoking not even suspected. He was a very heavy cigarette smoker.

MATHILDA (Babita)

After Mimi and Sacha came Babita. Gutmann of Vienna who owned coal mines in Czeckloslovakia and a controlling interest in one of the Austrian railroads. He died (also of cancer) before the last child was born - the 8th, exactly Mouk's age and a great friend of hers. She was the mother of Jean Pierre, the Trappist monk.

Babita was the kindest woman on earth. She never could say no and therefore spoiled her children dreadfully. It also indirectly caused

her death. This was during the 1914-18 war and to explain i must digress.

One of my grandmother's sisters had married a Hungarian and lived in Budapest. One of her sons - Arnold - married my father's youngest sister, Isa (Isabella). Unfortunately he became a drug addict and died of a cancer operation (I think it was 1916). and my aunt Isa in despair committed suicide, leaving 3 small children - 2 boys and a girl.

We learned of those deaths in a round about way but because of the war there was no possibility of going to help the children. So Babita without anyone asking her, took a train to Budapest to take care of the children and brought them back to Vienna again by train, slow and unheated. She caught pneumonia and as she was very stout, this was fatal. Incidentally, she is the one who had beautiful black hair down to her ankles.

Babita had 8 children, 2 sons and 6 daughters. The last one born after her husband's death from cancer. The eldest son Willy was slightly crazy or at least unconventional, with a brilliant mind. After the 1914 war he wrote a treatise on land reform - how to give each little farmer a plot big enough to make a living without dispossessing the landowners. This treatise was applied by Czeckloslovakia when it was created out of the break up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

He went one better on Henry VIII and had 8 wives, each one on divorcing received such a settlement that the worst marriage seemed worth while. his first wife was a brilliant and witty woman and we remained in close touch with her till she died in the late 60s if I remember rightly.

When she and Willy divorced she got Tobichau, a castle parts of which dated to the XIth century and was quite close to the Gutmann coal mines in Slovakia. The Gutmann fortune was based on coal and railroads.

Willy had no children by any of his wives. The second wife was a widow

of a very famous Austrian portrait painter by whom she had two daughters. The third wife was a friend of these daughters. I don't know anything about the subsequent ones except the last one (the 8th) to whom he was married when Hitler came to power and with whom he emigrated to Switzerland with his fortune and where he lived all through the war. He settled in one of the Swiss-German cantons - I can't think of its name - after bargaining with the various cantons about taxes. You could do that in Switzerland if your fortune was big enough. We saw quite a bit of him when we also took refuge in Switzerland. He was fun and quite unconventional and democratic in his relationships. For example he liked playing billiards with his chauffeur. I don't remember when he died.

Nanny (Anna) was very good looking and a great flirt, she married Peter Habig who had a men's haberdashery shop. He was a Catholic (like the husbands of all the sisters). She had the most beautiful thick hair, down to below her waist and almost auburn in color. Her chignon was so big that she had to have her hats made to order. Her husband decided to add a ladies' haberdashery to his business so when Nanny came to stay with us in Paris, as she did several times, she would order her dresses from the "grands couturiers." When she returned to Vienna, her husband used them as models for his shop.

Nanny had 2 daughters, Lutz, short for Ludwiga in memory of her grandfather and Maria. During the Second World War they played a suspicious role politically. Lutz married a very rich old man and when he died, she married a Roman lawyer and lived in Rome. I believe she had 2 sons but we lost contact so I am not sure. Maria married an Austrian of Italian ancestry - there were many of them in Vienna. He was small and no beauty but an excellent dancer. I danced with him when I went to Vienna in the early 20s, several times. he was also very

gifted musically and could improvise on the piano by the hour.

After Nanny came Hans, very handsome, very nice, a playboy. He married a "demi-mondaine" much older than he. She admitted to being 10 years older than Hans, but people who knew her from before said that she was really much older than that. The family ostricised them for a long time but eventually reconciliation came. After the end of the First World War, when both Hans and his wife and my grandmother were in Nice, Granny decided to seal the reconciliation by inviting them to dinner at the Negresco (the poshest hotel in Nice.) The Maitre d'Hotel decided that Granny surely didn't know who Zita, the wife, really was and warned her that she could not sit down to table with her. She was really a good sort and behaved perfectly after she married Hans. Later, when we were living in Geneva, we became quite friendly with her. There were no children.

An aside that explains all the unfortunate marriages of the Gutmann sisters: When Babita Gutmann's husband died, he left the bulk of his tremendous fortune to the 2 boys, Willy and Hans and a pittance to the 6 girls. It was so skimpy that Willy, out of his lion share, rounded out the girls' share which was still not much. But the young men couldn't believe this and were eager to marry the girls. It was only once they were married that they came to and realised the mistake they had made.

After Hans came Grethe. She was very kind but scatter brained. She had 4 children who later emmigrated to America. Grethe died young and we lost contact with her family.

Then came Leni, the nicest and kindest person you could imagine. She married a Dr. Reyer and had 3 sons who I believe are now in Canada. Leni died very young, at 22, from kidney trouble after a long and painful illness.

Then came Lilly, very nice but not exciting. We lost contact.

I interrupt to add an amusing experience that Mimi and Sonia had in Paris as a consequence of the inheritance of the wonderful Madeira which I spoke of when describing Marc's death. When they moved to Paris in 1912 they gave a series of dinners as an introduction to Paris society. They brought the marvelous Madeira as well as 4 or 5 hundred bottles that Mimi had bought in Europe. When they were planninge their first dinner, they hesitated which Madeira to serve and decided that there were no real wine connoisseurs so they could serve a commercially available one - an excellent wine in its own right. All the guests raved over the Madeira. So they served it again and again at subsequent dinners and always got the same rapturous reaction. After a while Mimi asked the butler to bring more of the same Madeira for a dinner, the butler told him "you know there is very little left - 20 or so bottles." Mimi's reaction was "This is impossible - there must be over 300 bottles left according to the cellar book." So Mimi himself went to the cellar with the butler and discovered that they had been drinking the best Madeira all along and that there were indeed only 20 bottles left. Of course it was irreplaceable but they decided that they did not regret it since it had been really appreciated.

Then came Clara - really somebody. She was about 5 months older than I and I was very close with her. She married very young, a r riding master who also hid his riding school. They had 2 daughters, Babita (Mathilde). One daughter who lives in Nice, has married and has, I think, 2 children. One daughter married a man who had a soap factory and who emigrated to America. I believe they are doing well and have 2 children who are not children any more, but with whom I have lost contact.

I return to Babita - I made a mistake: she was the granddaughter of Clara - Clara's eldest daughter, Babita's mother, died here, very young.

Clara and her husband emigrated to Cairo where they divorced. I don't know what happened to him, but Clara stayed in Cairo and had a longstanding affair with the brother of King Farouk. When Farouk lost his throne, Clara and her Pasha came to Geneva where we saw quite a lot of them. He was a very nice man, totally un-pretentious - spoke of course beautiful French. he died when I was already in America. I used to see her when I was in Geneva which was every summer until Mama died. Clara died in the 60's.

That leaves only the youngest of the Gutmann sisters - Lutti, (Ludwiga, after her father who had died before she was born) who was exactly Mourka's age. They were great friends. Mama used to say of her "Lutti is a gentleman." She married young and had 2 children. Ruth who now lives in Nice. She married the widower of Clara's older daughter. His name is Harrari, also from Cairo. There are 2 children - 2 boys - the eldest is very gifted for mathematics. He worked for IBM in Nice and now has a very good position in one of the big Paris banks. The second son is married and lives in Nice with wife and 2 children. Poor Lutti died of a rare disease - calcification of the lungs. Her son (who is now a Trappist monk) looked after Lutti with absolute devotion.

I interrupt with a note on the name Gunzburg. When Jews began getting surnames they often took the name of the city from which they stemmed. For instance Brodsky comes from Brody, a town in Little Russia now Ukraine. I don't know much about the peregrinations of the Gunzburgs. They appeared in SW Russia in the first half of the 19th century. But I can tell an amusing anecdote linked with the name. Michel de Gunzburg, a brother of Horace, my grandfather, grew up in Paris. When he was in school he had a lot of snobbish co-pupils who always boasted: one that his father was a general, another's was a Minister of Justice, another's was the nephew of a Bishop or Archbishop, so Michel piped up with "My

father's name is on the Arc de Triomphe" and he took all his friends and showed them the name inscribed on the inside of the arch. It was one of the numerous, minor victories of Napoleon, not far from Iena, I believe. Now back to the family. After Babita Gutmann came a group of 3 brothers - Berza (Dimitri) about whom I've already written, Pierre and Vladimir (Volo or Volodia) who was our favorite uncle.

PIERRE

Pierre had wanted to enroll in the Russian navy but was rejected because he was too narrow in the shoulders. He was a volunteer in the Warburg bank in Hamburg. Warburg's wife Theophilia, was a sister of Anna, Horace's wife, my grandmother, your great-grandmother. Theophilia Warburg was the mother of Rosa, your grandmother. Anna and Theophilia were the two eldest of the Rosenberg sisters and very close. They spent many summers in the same spots. An amusing episode: one summer when my uncle Volo was about 8 and one of Theophilia's daughter, Elsa, about the same age - I'll tell it from our side as Elsa, the daughter I've just mentioned speaks of the same episode in her memoirs. From our side: Volo comes home to lunch one day and announces that he is engaged to Elsa - beaming. the next day he comes to lunch with a long face - the engagement is broken off. Did you quarrel? No but we've discovered that we both like the same part of the chicken, so it would never do. By the way, I always maintained that Mouks and I got on so well because she liked the white meat of the chicken and I the dark - we could always enjoy sharing a chicken.

To return to Anna and Theophilia; When Anna, my grandmother, died, Theophilia Warburg kept an eye on her children.

Back to Pierre - as a young man he had an affair with a divorced woman.

They was beyond the pale - a married woman was perfectly all right but divorced! So Pierre was packed off to China to join Gabriel for two years: When he returned his father (Horace) gave him a talking to and told him he had better get married and see that she be rich. That was what made him marry Yvonne Deutsh, the daughter of Emil Deutsh who had made a pile in oil just as motor cars and aviation were growing.

I don't think you need telling about Pierre's children but I shall do so not withstanding.

When Philippe was doing his military service he was posted at the Ministry of Defense. A military mission to the Uniter States was being planned but the general who was to lead it found that no budgetary provision was made for his "aide de camp". Since Philippe could pay his own way and as the mission was to the U.S. where he was longing to go and his parents were willing, he volunteered. The term of his military service ran out whilst the mission was still in America. Pierre and Yvonne, with Beatrice were planning to join him and see a bit of the country.

One of Yvonne's sisters, Valentine Esmond, had a soothsayer whom she regularly consulted. She came to Yvonne and told her she had just been to see this woman who said that Valentine had a niece who would run a fatal risk on a journey. Everything that this woman has ever told me was later realized - please do not go to America with Beatrice". After much talking and crying the reservations were canceled and the profoundly disappointed Beatrice was sent, instead, to stay with the headmistress of the English school that Beatrice had attended and whom she liked very much. Beatrice went - she had been hunting all winter and while in England went riding and had a fatal accident. She was galloping, crossed a road on the slant with the horse galloping with the wrong foot forward, who slipped and fell. Beatrice came down on her

temple and died instantly. She was barely 18.

Next was Cyril - extremely good looking and dare devil. When his military service was approaching he volunteered for the "Corps Alpin". In France at that time if you volunteered to do your military service early you could choose your arm. He chose the Corps Alpin. That winter he was in Barcelonnette, in the French Alps. He caught a cold which turned into pleurisy. He was poorly treated by army doctors and had a series of abscesses on the lungs. Finally one on the heart killed him. Yvonne and Pierre were there and Yvonne caught pneumonia at the hotel. And there was Pierre not daring to tell her that Cyrille had died till she was better. Earlier they had had their Paris surgeon, a family friend, come to Barcelonnette.

I don't think there is anything I can tell you about the youngest, Aline.

VOLO (Vladimir)

Volo was the youngest of the group of 3 (Berza, Pierre and he), our favorite uncle, and same age exactly as my father (they were cousins) and 3 1/2 years older than my mothers.

When they were 18 or 19 they took a cruise together off the coast of Norway and on round Mourmansk whose coast was free of ice owing to the Gulf Stream - the only arctic harbor of Russia to be open all year and on into the White Sea and Archangelsk. From Archangelsk they went by horse and cart to Petersburg - these carts had no springs and were very hard on the people in them. The first night they spent at a post house they tried to sleep and were devoured by bed bugs. So the following nights they spread their own blanket on the floor and sat on it, slippers in hand and beat off the bugs. But the whole tour was a great

success. There were plenty of pretty girls on board the boat and everything else was new to them.

Volo married Clara Brodsky (the name comes from Brody, a small town in the Ukraine). The Brodsky's were sugar traders and growers of sugar beets. Clara's father, Lazar, was a very intelligent man. He had 4 daughters: Marousia (Marie), the wife of Jules Dreyfus of Basle, the grandfather of Peter, Katia, Tania and Volo - about whom you know more than I do; Maroussia Dreyfus was very nice. Clara I've already spoken of - Bibka, Vera and Serge's mother. Between Vera and Serge there was another sister - Natasha (Nathalie) who died during the 1914-18 war at 15 and whom I didn't know. Bibka (Anna) married Andre Prevost who was much older than she. He was a friend of Pierre's. She had two sons by him - the elder was a most beautiful baby I have ever seen. She was killed in an automobile accident when he was 18. The second, Allain enrolled in the free French and was killed in their campaign in France, after landing on the south coast in 1944.

By that time she had already divorced Prevost. She then married the famous surgeon Merle d'Aubigne by whom she had a daughter Catherine and 2 or 3 sons. I never know them well.

I needn't tell you anything about Vera, Georges and their daughters.

Serge was married twice: the first time at 19, which I consider much too young for a boy to marry, to a Russian Orthodox girl, Xenia, and had two children, Sylvie who married an Italian. I knew her when she was 8 years old and they were living at the Tholonnet in a house belonging to a relative and who let them have it during the war. It was built, literally, over a stream, so there was no water problem. This was quite close to Marseilles when I worked for a time for ORT where I had moved then to escape the Germans.

I spent several weekends with them. On Saturdays I began my day by

going to the public baths to have a hot bath. My hotel, a 3rd class one, had only cold water. Then I took a bus to Aix en Provence and got off where it crossed the road from Aix to Thelonnet and bicycled to the house where Serge and Xenia, their 2 children (Sylvie and Demi who was still quite small), another friend of Serge's and her daughter, and Pasha (their Mania) were congregated. The children were well off because there were more adults than children and the adults, naturally gave up their rations of sugar and butter to the children.

By the way, we had Russian friends in Antibes, 2 brothers who married 2 sisters. We used to play bridge with one of the couples and I gave English lessons to their son. When she became pregnant again she complained to me, with tears in her eyes, that her husband insisted that she eat her won ration of sugar and butter.

Serge and Xenia divorced when the children were still small. Later Serge married Penelope, the daughter of Tots Sassoon, Aunt Louisa's eldest son who died of his wounds suffered in the war in Mesopotamia. Their son Cyrille deals in modern pictures and has turned into a very responsible man, very devoted to his parents. He married a Pakistani girl who works in business relations and seems quite brilliant at it. I don't know what will become of Penelope now that Serge is dead. She has multiple sclerosis and in his last letter Serge told me that she had deteriorated mentally.

Now I come to us ASHKENASYS.

As you know Mama's mother died when she was 3 weeks old. Mama was brought up by an English governess which accounts for the fact that her English was her language just as much as Russian. I think you know that my two grandmothers were sisters and that my father and mother were

first cousins. They first met when my father came to Petersburg to study one year in the Petersburg University. It was an old Russian custom for a student to spend one year in a different university. Remember Lensky - Pushkin tells of his returning from Germany with a thoroughly Goettingen soul. At that time, early 19th century, Goetenberg and Heidelberg were the two favorite German universities chosen by Russian students. I am sure that the choice of Petersburg University for my father was encouraged by Granny. After all there was plenty of family there who could be helpful and keep an eye on him.

This first meeting between my parents did not strike fire. Mama wrote to her great friend Alice Howard calling him "a muff" which was not very complementary. Their next opportunity to get to know each other better was in Kiev in 1897 or '98 where the whole family was assembled for Volo's wedding to Clara Brodsky. There they got on with a vengeance. One day, as they were visiting one of the old churches, Uncle Jacques, the youngest brother of my grandmother, interrupted them, saying to my mother: "Your father wouldn't like you to get engaged in a church." They did get engaged.

Jacques and my father stayed on to buy precious stones for Mama's "corbeille" - an ensemble of presents that the bridegroom gave his bride and which contained a prayer book (in this case one beautifully bound by Gruel, the top Paris binder), jewelry, lace, etc. Kiev was a good place to buy stones which my father then had mounted by Cartier. Jacques knew the ropes for the purchase of the stones. He later described the proceedings to me. First you ask to see diamonds. Each one is brought in a velvet box. You select carefully the ones you want. Then come emeralds. They are brought lined up in velvet lined boxes. Then come rubies, show in boxes containing half a dozen or so each. Then come sapphires. My mother liked sapphires very much. Then the

jeweler gets up and marches out of the room calling "Boy, bring the sapphires." The boy trundles in a trunk and scales and asks "How many pounds?"

The bride gives her future husband a woolen tallis(prayer shawl). At his barmitzva at the age of 13, the boy now considered a man, gets a cotton or silk tallis and only gets a real woolen one when he marries. In the olden days the bride wove the tallis but in modern times she usually just embroiders a case for it which is what my mother did.

My grandmother undertook a thorough genealogical research of the Ashkenasy ascendance through professional genealogists. They traced the Ashkenasys back to 1492 in Spain. In that year of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, the Ashkenasys took refuge in Holland. The Netherlands belonged to the kings of Spain at that time. My grandmother kept up the contact with our Dutch relatives and visited them when she was in the vicinity.

One of our ancestors, Zwie Ashkenasy, a very famous rabbi, was living in Hamburg at the end of the XVIth and the beginning of the XVIIth centuries and attracting disciples from all over Europe. He was called Hacham Zwie, the wise Zwie. He was the most famous of our ancestors. I personally exploited his reputation. When Mouks and I were in a Swiss camp on the outskirts of Geneva at the end of 1943 (after scrambling through the barbed wire on the Swiss frontier opposite the Haute Savoie) there was in the same camp a Jewish family (one of many), father, mother, daughter and grand-daughter. The father was very learned, but an enemy of soap. It was so bad that none of the men would let him sleep in their room. He had to sleep in one of the so-called "public rooms." His family was assigned to our room. After fighting with them to have a window open, they learned to wash themselves and their

underclothes and even were horrified that the women in the neighboring room did not open a window at night.

One day, when my chore was peeling potatoes, the father sat down beside me. I said to myself "if this is so, we'll at least have respect" and I told him I was a direct descendent of Hacham Zwie. The effect was instantaneous. He spread the news among the other Jews in the camp. As a result Mouks and I decided we couldn't refuse to participate in Jewish ceremonies - it happened to be Hannuka time.

Much later, when I was already living in New York and had retired from ORT, I stayed once with Anna in Geneva. She had on the wall of the room where I slept a Hebrew calendar with a list of famous Jews from the time of Jesus Christ to the present. To make conversation I asked Anna whether my ancestor, Hacham Zwie was listed among the notables and lo and behold, he was. You should have seen how my rating went up.

Later my ancestors moved to Lemberg (now Lvov) then in Austria, now Russia. Granny kept in touch with these cousins when we went abroad (before the Revolution). The train to Vienna which was usually our first stop, stopped in Lemberg for one half hour and Granny had the local cousin call on her in her wagon-lit compartment, whilst we children were sent to walk briskly up and down the platform for exercise. The train journey from Odessa to Vienna took 36 hours.

I don't know exactly know when the family moved to Odessa. It must have been about the middle of the XIXth century or a little earlier.

My great-grandfather, Moses, started the bank, (called a banking house), then my grandfather, Eugene inherited it. He died when my father was 16 and my grandmother managed the bank till my father finished the university.

My father wanted to be a historian, particularly a historian of

Byzantium. His professor in that branch at the university in Odessa was a man called, I think, Uspensky. He was promoted to the Russian Academy in Constantinople - somewhat on the same lines as the Ecole de France in Rome. Uspensky promised my father that as soon as he, my father, got his degree he would request that he be transferred to Constantinople as his assistant. Meanwhile my father switched to a professor who specialized in the study of various sects which sprang up in Central Europe in the wake of Luther's reformation. We still had 2 or 3 shoe boxes of research cards that my father was accumulating for his thesis on the "anabaptists."

In the meanwhile my grandmother insisted that he try leading the bank for a year when he graduated from the university before liquidating. At the same time Uspensky wrote to my father that his request for my father's appointment as his assistant had been refused by Petersburg because my father was a Jew. And that was how my father came to lead the bank. He became immersed in the business and never turned back. So he became a banker without going through the preliminary stages of training in another bank, or actually learning the procedures. This goes to show that a thorough general education can lead to anything.

My parents married in December 1898 and I was born in December 1907. I remember only little snatches that occurred before I was 5. Mostly happenings that made me think or that puzzled me such as when my brother was born. I was 3 years and 2 months old. I remember my father lifting me to see my new brother in his white lace trimmed cradle. I thought that the green trimmed bassinet which stood on top of the low cupboard was much prettier. I wondered why he was not put into it and decided that it was because he was a boy. Had he been a girl, altogether superior to boys, then and only then would he have been put in the green

trimmed bassinet.

I also remember learning to do somersaults and coming to the library where the grown-ups were assembled to demonstrate my new skills. I misjudged the distance and banged my head against the runner of the rocking chair in which Uncle Gabriel was sitting. He was upset but Mamma reassured him that no harm had been done. That was in 1904, the year Gabriel returned from the Far East. It was the only time he came to Odessa to see his little sister whom he had last seen as a child 17 years earlier. I was 4 years old.

I also remember an incident that confirmed in my eyes that Mama was a genius - not as all like other people. I must have been very young because Mouks, who was only 13 months younger than me was too small to play with me - later we were inseparable.

I was playing with paper and pencil on the floor. Suddenly I decided that I wanted my piece of paper torn in half and brought it to Mama who obliged. After a little while I decided I wanted the paper whole again. I knew that this was impossible, but why not try? So I brought the 2 halves to Mama again and asked for the two halves to be put together again. Mama didn't hesitate and directed me to climb onto the chair in front of the writing table and said:

"Do you see a gold box with a roll of paper in front of you to the left - yes - well bring me that roll of paper." This was half transparent glued paper that you wetted and that was the predecessor of scotch tape. I brought it to Mama and lo and behold she glued the two halves neatly together and I was delighted.

A few days later I was again playing with a sheet of paper and pencil as before, but this time in my grandmother's room. Grandmother was busy with her maid - incidentally, a great friend of ours. I again asked to have my paper torn in half which was done and again in a little while I

asked that it be made whole again. This time I was told that this was impossible and my reply was "it is possible, Mama did it" My conclusion was that Mama was a genius - not like the rest of the world.

After I was 5 I have a pretty continuous memory or where we went and what we did.

When I was 5 we left Odessa because my father feared Pogroms due to the first Russian Revolution. The train for abroad left in the evening about 9 or half past.

I, for the first time in my life had my supper - a plate of hot cereal - at table while my parents had dinner. After dinner we went down to the end of the garden to the edge of a cliff where we could see the sea right in front of the town, though not the town itself which was in the end of the bay. But you could see a Man of War. Suddenly I saw a flash. I do not remember hearing any noise. Papa said to me: "Look and remember you saw the Potemkin bombard Odessa." And you see I have remembered.

I do not remember driving to the station nor getting into the train which Mama later told me was quite difficult. The next thing I remember is we 4 children - my little sister was only 6 months old and had had to be weaned in 24 hours because her wet nurse was afraid of going abroad - were lying head to toe on the two seats and Mama and Nania, our nurse, were sitting in the middle of the compartment on the suitcases.

We spent the summer of 1905 in Igles in the Tyrol. I remember my puzzlement at Mama's swimming where she was out of her depth. At that time I was sure that boats didn't, couldn't, float but reached the bottom with their keels. While we were in Igles, Mouks came down with the measles. As she and I were inseparable, it seemed probable that I would also have caught it but the little ones, (my brother Ginks- Eugene - aged 3 1/2 and my little sister aged 7 or 8 months) might have escaped

it. They, with our nurse Nania, were packed off to Aunt Babita in her summer house in Baden, a suburb of Vienna. They were spared, but I - predictably, came down with the measles 5 or 10 days later.

Mama and we 2 with our nursery governess, Fraulien Fiedler, could not stay in the hotel and Mama took an apartment in Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. We both got over the measles without any complications and the whole family was reunited in Ouchy, really a port of Lausanne on the lake of Geneva where we stayed till the winter.

The whole family, my grandmother, uncles, aunts and cousins assembled in Wiesbaden (in the Rhineland) for my grandfather's 75th birthday which by chance coincided with Mourka's 5th birthday. One birthday cake was surrounded by 5 candles and the other was surrounded and covered by 75 candles.

That is where I learned to dress myself. I couldn't get how grownups could tell the right shoe from the left one. It was beyond me.

The summer of 1906 we spent in Schevenig, near the Hague. There I saw my first fireworks.

From there we moved to Puteau, a suburb of Paris, where Mama had rented a house and where my father came to stay for the first time since we left Odessa in 1905.

We stayed there from the autumn of 1906 till the autumn of 1907 when we returned to Odessa as conditions had improved sufficiently for it to be safe for us.

Whilst we were in Puteau my Mother tried to teach me to read and write Russian but she was no pedagogue and nothing came out of it. But our English governess, Miss James, whom we ofcourse called Jim, taught Mouks and me to read and write English.

My real education began when we got back to Odessa where the teacher who had taught my father and his brother and sisters and who was a marvelous

pedagogue and a wonderful woman also taught us. My mother was worried that I was only beginning at 7 1/2 to learn, but our teacher, Evgenia Petrovna, reassured my mother that it didn't matter at what age a child began learning as all were at the same level at 8 years old.

My youngest little sister, Irene, after whom your Aunt Irene was named, was born on July 12, 1908 and lived only 7 months.

An amusing detail! Mouks and I were in the garden as usual, having a Russian lesson when a stork alighted on the roof of our house. Storks didn't usually stop there but went on to what is now the Ukraine. Half an hour later my father came out to tell us that we had a new little sister. Now wasn't that proof that storks brought babies? It was for us.

In those days women always gave birth at home. But this time my mother came down with puerperial fever. She was so bad that the family assembled for the funeral and the dacha was overcrowded. One room was given over to the baby and her wetnurse; my mother and her nurses (a day and a night nurse) had Mama's room and dressing room. My father and brother slept in the dining room. We three girls and Granny had our room. That left only 2 bedrooms and the sitting room and what we called the hall which went right through the house and separated it in half for the "family." (see the last page). When Mama was at her worst stage the gynecologist spent several nights in the sitting room and once ? a specialist from Vienna spent a few nights in the hall.

You can imagine how crowded the house was.

When Mama at last began recovering against all expectations, one began trying to coax her to eat and Mama would think of something she thought she would like. Our chef, who was a marvelous cook and a lovely man, would make what Mama had chosen himself beginning with giving an extra wash to the saucepans. But when the tray was brought to Mama she found

that after all she couldn't eat and the tray went back to the kitchen untouched. Poor Pietr, our cook, cried. He hadn't made the thing well enough. Someone had the gumption to tell Mama this and sure enough it helped. She made an effort the next time and did eat.

It was autumn before she really began recovering.

When Yom Kippur came around we had a miniin (10 men, which is the quorum for a religious service). At that time only Berza and the Mimis of the outsiders remained in the house. During a break in the services we and the men of the miniin were walking at the bottom of the garden which ended on the edge of a cliff with a view of the sea below with a low vine covered wall. I, aged 8 1/2, absent mindedly picked a leaf of the vine. One of the miniin men turned to me and said ever so gently: "Little girl, you mustn't do that - you have harmed the plant. Today is a holy day and you mustn't harm anybody or anything." That stayed with me all my life.

When Mama began to really get better in the late autumn, my parents decided to complete her recovery by taking a journey to Egypt because of its climate and its historical interest.

The way from Odessa was via Vienna and Brindisi on the Adriatic and from there, by boat to Alexandria. During their stop in Vienna my mother decided to see the gynecologist who had been to see her in Odessa during her illness. When she was shown into his office he jumped up in astonishment. "I thought it was your mother-in-law who wanted to see me. I was certain that you were dead."

My Uncle Berza went to Egypt with my parents. I have already written about that.

When they were already on their way back they got a telegram saying that the baby Irene had got pneumonia. They rushed home but the baby died at the end of January 1909. It was my first brush with death.

My mother and father went to the cemetery in the horse drawn carriage with the little coffin at their feet while we stayed at home with Granny. I have always thought that a funeral should be a private ceremony, only for the next of kin.

From then till the beginning of the World War I our life went smoothly. Our education went as planned, at home. Of course this was not good for our social development. All our friends were children of our parents' friends. Not all these children became our friends, but certainly no outsiders were added. But it was excellent from an instructional point of view. For each subject you had the individual attention of a man or woman for an hour twice a week. You could not cheat on the required reading and had nobody to copy from. And you weren't allowed to forget what you had learned 6 months previously.

Ginks fell ill just a year before he was supposed to begin school. He had pneumonia and was diagnosed as pre-tubercular. There were also complications with his kidneys. He spent two winters in the mountains in Switzerland. Even when the thaw began it was considered too early in the year for him to return to Odessa so he spent another month in Switzerland. He was in a place with a mild climate and sheltered from the Mistral. One year it was Montreux, on the lake of Geneva. When he at last came home it was with a the Swiss equivalent of a registered nurse. He recovered completely. Much later when he was at the Ecole d'Ingenieurs in Lausanne he wanted to take an air pilots course. The official doctor of the Canton de Vaud happened to be Paschoud, our doctor and friend. He examined Ginks and found him okay. He told Mama that if he hadn't known what Ginks had had he wouldn't have believed that he ever had anything the matter with his lungs.

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We spent the winters in town in the same house as my grandmother. She lived upstairs and we downstairs though we did overflow into part of her floor. We had lessons 6 days a week though on Saturdays we did not write which explains why I know so much poetry by heart.

On Wednesday afternoons we were taken to see various factories, a steel mill, a tannery, etc. On Saturday afternoons we had dancing lessons with a secondpair dancer of the opera. On Sunday mornings we had drawing lessons from a reputed (in Odessa) painter which continued through the summer.

On Sunday afternoon we had physics and chemistry lessons. These as well as the dancing lessons and drawing lessons were also attended by a number of our friends and included tea.

An aside: a friend who was then a student at the university was making a catalog of our library - a catalogue resonance - which allowed us to find books and articles not by author but by subject matter. This was quite a job considering there were 30,000 books and reviews to analyze. On Sunday afternoons, the only day our cataloger Genka Rosen was free, Granny had a bridge so there were two teas: one at Granny's where coffee, not tea, was served and one downstairs where we served tea to our friends and Genka Rosen. He wanted to go to both teas so he was always worried if tea was late downstairs.

The summer from about the middle of May till September we spent at the dacha in the country. It was only a 10 or 12 minute car drive away from the town house to the dacha. Our days were well filled. Gymnastic lessons and riding went on all year. In summer bathing, swimming and rowing were added. These sports were done from our bathing house which was built on stilts in the water just below our house at the bottom of the 45 or 50 meter cliff. We also had a tennis court. By the way: the town of Odessa was built on a plain above the sea. There were the

sea. There were the famous steps built by Richelieu (a refugee from the French Revolution and the first governor of Odessa) a series of steep streets which joined the sea level with the actual town. The harbor, a natural one, was the busiest in Russia particularly for the export of grain from what is now the Ukraine and which was Russia's bread basket. This explains why marble was cheap and plentiful in Odessa - the Italian boats brought it as ballast when they came for the grain, in winter they brought oranges for Siberia - where there was a dearth of vegetables and fruit and where oranges were the defense against scurvy.

Our summer days were very busy with riding and gymnastics (which we did all year) before breakfast; a break after breakfast until about 11:00 o'clock when we went down to bathe - swim and row. We had a pony cart which took our bathing suits and towels etc., Mama and generally one of the little ones - Ginks or Yvok - the rest walked down and up again.

Then we had lunch and after lunch we kept in the shade on the terrace (all meals were served on the terrace that was in the shade at the time) embroidering or knitting while Mama or our governess read aloud to us. When the sun began cooling off we played tennis and had tea - various home made fruit juices, cakes and fruit - brought out to the tennis court. We always had friends over for tennis and tea. Later, when we were old enough to stay up for dinner, we were allowed to keep a few friends for dinner. The girls brought their dresses and changed in our room - a row of girls fastening each other's dresses (in those days dresses had long rows of buttons in the back). The boys changed in my brother's room.

In the summer of 1912 (I think) your Aunts Olia and Vera - a little older than us, came to stay. Vera had been visiting with friends not far from Moscow who brought her to Moscow when she left them and we sent Niania to Moscow to escort her to Odessa. Traveling alone was unheard

of for a young girl at that time.

Olia had been visiting with friends along the Dniepr. I don't know how far up. They brought her down along the Dniepr to Kherson, practically to its mouth into the Black Sea. Mama and I, and our friend Genka Rosen went by car to meet her there. At that time we had an open Mercedes with a German chauffeur. On the way we stopped for lunch in Nikolaieff, a naval base built about 1820-30 in the Restoration style. That is the only Russian town except Odessa that I ever saw. From Kherson we took an overnight boat back to Odessa. We arrived in the morning and that's when I got my only view from the sea. It was a lovely sight with the cliffs covered in lilac bushes and Odessa on the plain at the top.

Olia and Vera stayed about a month with us at the dacha and we had a great time. One incident that I remember vividly: as you know Mouks and I used to quarrel a lot (but couldn't live one without the other). After a particular bout Papa took things in hand and gave us a sermon. He ended by saying: "Look at Olia and Vera - there are two nice friendly girls - take example from them." So we made things up and went into their room holding hands. And what do we see? Olia and Vera pulling each other's hair out!!

The following year Olia came again to stay with us in the autumn. She was 2 1/2 years older than I - 15 or 16 at that time - practically grown up. I don't remember much about her stay except that she told us how she had started having coffee after lunch and dinner before it was officially allowed: when there were guests she just helped herself to a cup, knowing that her mother wouldn't say anything before strangers.

Our life until the beginning of the first World War was uneventful. About 1914-1915, I've already written. When we returned to Odessa in September 1915 we spent the winter on 1915-16 at the dacha so as to leave more room in the town house (our rooms) to Sonia and Mamselle and

Mimi when he could get away from the army. But the dacha was really built for summer and the only heating was open fireplaces. So in the autumn of 1916 we moved back to town and Aunt Sonia and Mamselle moved into a couple of Granny's rooms.

And there we were in February 1917 when the Revolution broke out.

In the spring of 1918 the Germans and Austrians (Austrians as far as Odessa was concerned) arrived just in time to save my father who had been very active in the anti-communist movement. About the last fortnight before their arrival we went into hiding. I've already written about that.

My father bought first visas for Granny and the Mimis by promising Granny's apartment to the Austrian Commander in Chief and so as Granny and the Mimis could leave for Switzerland via Vienna. When they were safely in Switzerland Papa at last obtained visas for Mama and us 4 and we did the same. We didn't stay long at the hotel in Lausanne. Mama rented a villa a little beyond the end of the tram line.

My father stayed on for business reasons. We had a few very anxious days in the spring of 1919: at the end of the war (November 1918) the French replaced the Germans and Austrians. But there was a mutiny in the French Navy (which we didn't know at the time) which made the French evacuate Odessa in a hurry. The French General was living in my grandmother's apartment and one night he sent an Aide de Camp down to Papa to tell him that they were leaving the next day and that Papa had 24 hours to liquidate the bank. The only thing my father could do was collect all the foreign stocks etc. and take those with him.

In the meanwhile your Aunt Anna with Sioma and Gorik (who was about 2 or 3), had fled Kiev and were living with Papa. Sioma's parents were also in Odessa and they all left Odessa on the same boat as my father. This boat had 40 double cabins and was equipped for 80 passengers, not a

thousand - that's how many people crowded on. The cabins were given to women with small children so Anna and Gorik had one. But the child in the neighboring cabin came down with measles so Anna wrapped Gorik in a blanket and fled to the deck where she remained for the remainder of the crossing to Constantinople - a matter, normally, of 48 hours.

When the boat arrived at Constantinople it anchored at a small island - Khalki - just off the coast of the Bosphorus. The Turkish authorities at first refused permission to disembark and wanted to send the boat with everybody on it back to Odessa. This was just before Passover so Papa together with all the other Jews on board protested for religious reasons. They had to get ashore in order to celebrate Passover properly. That is how the whole boat load obtained permission to land. After all the Turks recognized that they couldn't let the Jews disembark and send the Christians back into the arms of the Communists.

In the meanwhile we were living in Lausanne, in a villa as I have already mentioned. The Sachas had also managed to get to Lausanne and were living in a Pension de Famille not very far from us. You can imagine our state of anxiety - no news and knowing only the danger of the situation.

We had planned a seder and of course invited the Sashas. But at the last minute Mama felt she couldn't face it and instead we gave the Sasha's the large fish which was to be the mainstay of dinner. They could share it with some of the other people in their "pension de famille."

After a few days of wild telephoning we heard from Papa. A little while later he joined us and quite soon we all moved to Paris. We took a furnished apartment very close to where Uncle Gabriel was living.

Then we moved to another furnished apartment just off the Champs Elysees. From there at last we moved to our own apartment on the West

Bank opposite the Luxembourg Gardens where we lived until 1925. Then we bought the house on the Cap d'Antibes where we stayed until November 1943 - that is, until Italy signed an armistice and the Germans controlled all of France. The roundup of Jews became more and more frequent. We even spent some weeks in the apartment of an ex-maid of ours. Then a cousin or more exactly, former cousin - the divorced first wife of Willy Gutmann with whom we had remained on very good terms and who was living at that time in Geneva arranged for a professional "passeur" to smuggle us across the border to Switzerland. All refugees who managed to cross into Switzerland were placed in temporary camps and later sorted: people over 65 were liberated, small children without family were very quickly placed in Swiss families. The rest were transferred to a camp near the French frontier very close to where Voltaire had lived. We remained there till February '44. The parents were liberated because both were over 65 but were advised to live at a hotel (a very good 2nd class one) which belonged to a member of the Geneva municipality - a very important post. Mouks and I remained in Camp till February. A lawyer of the Dreyfusses obtained our liberation on the pretext that ORT needed me with my prior experience at the organization. I really worked there until I found a better paying job, first with a Swiss organization that was preparing the refugees for reemigration as soon as the war would be over. In the meanwhile Mouks had made friends with the secretary of the President of the World Jewish Congress, Riegnor, and got me a job with them and where I worked until I left for America. In the meanwhile Pierre wrote me offering me an affidavit that would allow me to immigrate to the United States saying that he considered I had a 95% chance of landing a good job. If Pierre said 95%, it really meant 99.5%.

I checked with Phillip about the possibility of my getting a job in

Paris. He said that one could find jobs but if one was lucky the salary would just cover the price of food. This was confirmed by an employee of the Bank Hoskier who came to Geneva to see my father. I remember their conversation: my father asked how much he was making and he explained how he managed rent, a nominal amount because of the rent control laws, so much; food, so much; soap, etc. so much; transportation, so much. "Stop" said my father, "you have already used up all your salary." In those days someone who worked in Paris needed an aunt in the provinces who could send a pate and other food from time to time and an uncle in America who could supply clothes. So I accepted Pierre's offer gratefully and applied for a visa with the American Consulate in Zurich which was in charge of all immigration matters for all of Switzerland. When my visa came through I applied for an exit visa from France. This dragged on for a long time and just as I thought I'd got it, all exit visas were cancelled. I even tried for a means to cross into Spain illegally. I went as far as to send a trunk of my things to Olia in Madrid but nothing came of all this.

It was not till February 1946 that I got a passage on a Victory Ship sailing from Antwerp. The Victory Ship had cabins for the marines during the war which now were free. The officers' cabins were given to women and the non commissioned men's dormitories to the men. I was in a cabin for 4 which had been the infirmary: an elderly woman with whom I had been travelling, a French girl, engaged to an American young man whom she was going to marry and a Czeck woman who was seasick all the way. The crossing was rough. The boat had brought 10,000 tons of coal to Europe but was returning with just 1500 tons of sand as balast because at that time there was nothing in Europe to export. It was pretty rough all the way but the night before we were due to land in Boston (the dockers in New York were on strike) a real storm blew up and

when we came to breakfast the next morning the officers told us "we are further from Boston now than we were last night. We are running before the storm." Eventually we did get to Boston on Washington's birthday, three weeks after leaving Antwerp. We had to wait on board until the next day because the immigration people didn't work on holidays. We took a train to New York the next day and I was glued to the window taking in the unfamiliar landscape and buildings, etc.

A footnote for the Jews of Petersburg: Antakolsky was a sculptor who had made a statue of Ivan the Terrible. He had done meticulous research on Ivan the Terrible's aspect. An opera was written on the period (I do not remember the composer) and Chaliapin was given the title role. He asked Antakolsky to come to his dressing room and check his make up. Antakolsky was invited to the after performance party. When all were assembled someone said "Let's sit down to supper. Antakolsky protested: "Surely we aren't going to sit down without Chaliapin!" - but someone answered "But that is Chaliapin". Antakolsky's reaction: "But that is a young man. Chaliapin is old, I saw him in his dressing room."

Our life after the end of the war was pretty uneventful. We moved from Lausanne to Paris. I in 1919, the rest of the family in 1920. In 1925 we bought the house in Antibes. An amusing political aside. My parents were in Antibes where they signed the "acte de vente" or rather my father had Mama sign it for it to be in her name. The "notaire" objected that a wife needed her husband's authorization. My father explained that they were married under Russian law and a wife was free to take such an act without any authorization. The notaire said he needed an official statement that such was the case. Now France had already recognized the Soviet Union though the embassy of the temporary government was still functioning. "What statement do you need?" "The only statement we will accept is that of the Temporary Government."

There was another case where the Temporary Government proved useful. When your Aunt Olia got engaged in 1921 Uncle Sacha discovered that he needed her birth certificate. He certainly would not write to Petersburg and have anything to do with the Soviets. The French authorities declared that the only certificate they would recognize was one from the Temporary Government which Sacha obtained without any difficulty and told my father about it. He advised my father to get birth certificates for us children as this situation would not be permanent. This was done. The birth certificates and passports stated "sur le vu de documents authentiques." Those so-called documents were my father's word.

We lived in Antibes from 1925 to 1943 when the Italians had signed an armistice with the Allies. The south of France was under their occupation and now came under German occupation. We crossed illegally, scrambling through the barbed wire into Switzerland with a "passeur."

The only thing worth relating about our life is, on your request, the making of tomato purees. Summer on the Riviera begins when tomatoes are ripe and their price drops to 1 franc per kilo - 2.2 lbs. Madeleine, our cook, inspected our and nearby tomato plantings and when she found what she considered a satisfactory quality and amount we needed (we needed about 200 kilos in all) a date was set and everybody recruited, family, servants, cleaning woman. Our tomatoes were picked, those ordered by Madeleine delivered, all washed and cut up each into 4 or 5 pieces; placed in the largest pot or pots with salt, pepper and herbs and boiled to a pulp. Then the hard part began. This pulp had to be forced through a sieve till nothing but seeds and skin remained on the sieve. We all took turns and after a while would ask Madeleine, "Was it all right now?" "No there is still plenty you can get out." When she was satisfied that only the white skin and seeds remained and all said

"Ouf" the pulp was put in a large pot and simmered till it was reduced to the right consistency, more or less like Heinz's tomato ketchup, and stirred every quarter of an hour. This went on till late in the evening. When the servants went to bed, Mouks and I were instructed to keep on stirring and not go to bed early. The next morning the tomato puree was bottled. We used to keep all sizes of Perier bottles for this purpose so that we could always open a bottle the right size for what was needed for the dish being prepared. The bottles were corked and the corks tied down with wire and placed in various pots with water and straw up to the bottle necks and boiled for 30 minutes for sterilizing. A few corks always popped and these were set aside for immediate use and rest stored for the winter.