

BEST 350 CHELYABINSK PLANT WORKERS MAY BUY AUTOMOBILES

THREE hundred and fifty automobiles have been assigned the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant to be sold to outstanding shock workers of the factory on an installment plan, according to a report in "Nash Tractor," the factory daily paper.

Fifty automobiles will be distributed before the end of this year. The remaining 300 will be received within the next three years, 100 yearly.

The price for an automobile is 1,850 rubles. Those desirous of receiving their machines this year, will pay in three installments, November, December and January. For next year payments will be in five installments of 300 rubles each and one of 350 rubles, by Oct. 1, 1935.

Payments for 1936 and 1937 will be made in 10 installments of 185 rubles each. Those wishing to receive machines earlier, may do so by paying the full sum in advance.

A commission has been appointed to work out plans for a garage, a parking space, and lessons in driving, upkeep and repair of machines.

There are four conditions necessary for any worker of the plant in order to be eligible to purchase an automobile. The first is that he be an outstanding udarnik who has worked at least one year either in the factory or on construction, at the time of receiving the machine. The second condition covers overfulfillment of norms with a minimum of spoilage. Active social work is the third, and finally, the purchaser of a machine must agree to remain at least two years at the factory.

WSR..JNH...2

November 2nd, 1934

Dear Hazard:

This letter is mainly to inform you that your letters, including No. 6, have been received, that the Taracouzio book has been ordered, and that \$200. was started on its way several days ago to the Bank of Foreign Trade via the American Express Company.

Having occasion several days ago to write Manley Hudson, I enclosed copies of the first two letters sent by you from Moscow. In reply he said: "Many thanks. I am delighted with Hazard's start."

A week or so ago I went to Princeton to arrange for Mr. Antonius' visit there next March. You may be interested in the enclosed letter which came along a few days after my incursion.

John Crane sails late next week for Rome where he expects to be until June or July. Should you wish to communicate with him directly for any purpose, his mail address is Via XXIV, Maggio 43, Rome and his cable address: JOCRANE ROME.

Best wishes and good luck.

WSR/FC
encls.

P.S. Ben just tells me that word has come that no actual date has as yet been fixed for the release of the Taracouzia opus.

November 4, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

For the first time the roofs are white and it really looks like winter. The house smells of moth balls as the winter coats are brought out. I am told that all of them are old ranging from ten to twenty winters, and I was shyly reminded that clothes never wear out really, but we only buy new ones because we are tired of the old. If we had to get along, we could. There is probably a great deal of truth in that. I dare not say how often we replenish our wardrobes at home.

During the past week I had a real treat in an excursion to the country around Moscow. The city is huge and populous, but it differs from London and New York in that in a short half hour you can ride on a bus beyond the limits and really be in the country where there are birds, and big trees, and quiet. A Princeton Boy, over here on one of Mr. Moe's fellowships to study the drama, and I took out a picnic lunch and spent the better part of the day. As it happened my lesson had been early so that no valuable time was sacrificed. The bus route leaves the town and passes through the splendidly equipped barrack district, on by the great project to connect Moscow by Canal with the Volga, to a summer colony on the edge of a yellow pine forest. After leaving the bus at the end of the line one walks through the settlement of typical summer frame homes on to a forest preserve. The trees are some hundred to a hundred and fifty feet tall and near one side is a meadow and a meandering river, across which little row-boats ply as ferries, to sanitarium on the other side. It looks for all the world like Montana, and never have I felt nearer America. We wandered along the banks of the river and through the countless little paths through the forest. Not a person was there except the patrols. I realized as never before that to see only Moscow is to miss a very real part of Russia, and next spring I look forward to a little trip out to the farms and the country to get a glimpse of that life. I have become so used to the street life that I no longer notice its ~~character~~ peculiar to this country. When we returned from the trees and the river, once again I noticed how very great the difference is between our people and those of this country. I once again saw things as a foreigner and not as one of the natives among whom I so constantly live. One quickly becomes accustomed to the environment, and it loses all foreign character and becomes home, or perhaps it is because I am such a chameleon and always take on the local colors.

The other night I had my first contact with the famous bezprizornyye or so called wild boys. I have often seen them in the streets and been warned that they could cause trouble and were great thieves. You may have seen the very fine movie about the rehabilitation of some of them. That work goes on, but on every side the difficulty is met that the boys really do not want to be "saved". They love the wandering life just as do the many wandering young men at home who ride the rails. Lack of facilities is not the main reason why we see them, and in many instances they run away from home deliberately, as is evidenced by the advertisements in the papers asking for information about sons who have run away. Of course the work of rehabilitation is hampered by the difficulty in getting trained persons to care for the boys, but a very great service has

already been performed. I hope next spring when I can speak the language better to visit one of the institutions near here, as rehabilitation of criminal elements is of course very closely associated to the work of any lawyer or jurist. Already at Harvard very extensive studies have been made in rehabilitation instead of the familiar jails, and Prof. Gluck, who has written a huge thesis giving the case histories of some hundreds of criminals, has long stressed the necessity for the lawyer's understanding of this new approach. To continue with my story--the other evening I was sleeping lightly as has been my custom ever since my trip around the world when not only your property but your life depended on it, I saw a beam of light sweep across the ceiling. My room happens to be on the ground floor, although I can assure you it was not chosen for that reason. The window is some six feet from the ground. I immediately woke, and reached for the flashlight I always keep by the bed for use in tracking down the bed comrades who on occasion appear. But by that time one of the boys was standing in the window, outlined by the light of the flashlight his comrade was projecting from behind him. It was a rare sight, and of some awe inspiring proportions, as I have been told that they all carry long knives which they are not loath to settle in your ribs. But one flash of my light right in his face was such a surprise that he jumped down and disappeared. Friends warn me that now we have made the acquaintance, it will probably be repeated, so if my vigilance perchance relaxes you may look for a coffin next spring. But I refuse to follow the usual custom of sleeping with windows closed, and hope to rig up some contrivance to let in the air and keep out the boys.

I had the second of my conferences with the Professor. He is a most scholarly man and well schooled in the Marxist attitude, and the reasons given by the authorities for various steps taken. I had read the material he had given me, which covered a wide variety of fields, and with that as a basis we went over a great deal of ground giving me a chance to pull out ideas and about every subject I could think of. He informs me that he is now giving a course in the history of the development of International Law. As it is the first time any such course has been given here, there are no case or text books, and he has been writing resumés of his lectures as he goes along. By February they hope to be up to the Middle Ages, and I sincerely hope that I can by that time attend, for it will fill a gap I have long felt. Mr. Hudson's approach placed most of the emphasis on what is the law, if anything, and not on the historical background. Of course that is the usual American approach and probably the only one possible in a law school course of one year. After the sessions his wife comes in and we have good old tea and cake and a very pleasant practice session in Russian. I was delighted to find that I could talk more fluently than on my last visit two weeks ago, but there is still a big gap to be filled. Joe Barnes was right in saying that this language cannot be taken in stride, but I think he was unduly pessimistic about it. It is truly very hard, but not impossible.

(3) 2

My statement of expenses must be delayed a week, for I have not been able to get from Intourist the statement of their charges against my account down there. When I have all the material, I will submit an account as you have requested. Will you please inform me whether you wish this practice to be continued monthly or whether you will thereafter merely remit expense money as I write for it. I am not quite certain of the plan you wish to follow inasmuch as your letter mentions the expense account only for the first month. Of course any account covering this month will not give any evidence of expenses when I do some travelling as I believe it is your wish that I do, nor what the expenses will be when work actually begins at the Institute. It will reflect only the charges or overhead of keeping the engine standing in the roundhouse in a running condition.

I remind you that the number of my account in the State Bank for Foreign Trade, U.S.S.R. is No. 3619. Herman Habicht who left this week has very kindly consented to drop in and tell you how I am, and while there, if you wish further information as to how to remit funds, I am sure that he will be glad to explain any details. Please send on some money starting in December.

I have received word that there are no more studio photographs of me at home. Should you still wish one, as you once did, I think you can get one by writing to Carson Robert Draucker, Photographer, Syracuse, N.Y. He can supply you with what you want, although as I recall my last picture was taken in those balmy days right after college when I looked pretty plump and collegiate.

Would you subscribe to the Nation for me (Address-American Consulate)? I feel the need of their approach, as the other sheets I get do seem to be so conservative.

Very sincerely yours,

JNH

November 8, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

This has been the week of the great "October" celebrations. It is far more than a patriotic holiday, for the festivities are spread over three days and families celebrate a holiday which seems to combine all the elements of July 4th, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The stores have been filled with special supplies of food for the past few days, and housewives have crowded in the buy delicacies such as smoked salmon, sausages, cheese, wine, herring, and specially fine butter. Guests were invited on the eve of the holidays for family parties and the general effect was that of our Thanksgiving Day.

I was awakened early on the morning of the seventh ~~by~~ the singing of squads of soldiers marching to their places in the parade which was later to pass through Red Square. Many a foreigner follows squads of soldiers about the streets in the hope that they may sing as they so often do. The songs surpass anything I have ever heard from concert choirs, usually being songs in which the male alto carries the verse and then the whole squad crash in on the chorus. The deep ~~bases~~ can be described only to those who have heard the Don Cossack choir in America. It was still dark while these soldiers passed by, and the chorus rising over the thud of their heavy boots on the cobbled streets set the stage for what was to be a most unusual day.

The family with which I live were sleeping a bit later than usual after their family party, but I knew that to get through the police lines I must go down to the center of town ~~before me~~, ~~early~~ so that I rose early, made a breakfast off of some apples, cheese, and black bread which I have come to like even more than white bread, and by quarter of nine I was out of the house. Great crowds of people were walking down the arterial streets as the trolleys were also given a holiday. The first police lines were soon reached. My request to be permitted to go to our Embassy to which I had been invited, was immediately attended to, and I was given an arm-banded guide to conduct me through the successive cordons which grew stronger as we approached the Center.

Tickets to the grandstand in the Red Square were out of the question. Our whole Embassy was only given six, and the German Embassy was given only four. Hundreds of tourists who had come here especially for the occasion could not get in. But that is as it should be, for this day is a family party, and citizens should not be kept out so that foreigners can have a seat. As it happened our Embassy is quite near the Red Square, and its roof, eight stories up gives a clear view of the whole scene, a view which can be made almost perfect with the help of field glasses. A crowd of us gathered up there in the rather cool wind to watch the start of the parade. Promptly at ten, the Commander in Chief of the Army and his staff charged out of the gates of the Kremlin on horses and galloped along in front of the ranks of men standing at attention along the far side of the square. Bands gathered from the corners of the square, and, massed before Lenin's Tomb, where the main reviewing stand was placed, they played the International. Then followed a fifteenminute speech, which was carried to the streets

outside the square by amplifiers. Immediately after that the parade started and the infantry marched by, followed by the frontier guards with their red caps, the Secret Police guards with their green caps, and the representatives from the navy. Heavy horse drawn artillery rumbled by, followed by motor trucks of gun crews, and more trucks pulling 75's and 3 inch guns. Baby tanks used to guard transport, amphibian tanks, heavy tanks, and finally three tanks which raced across at 60 km. p.h. went by. Cavalry pranced through, led by a couple of ranks of men on pure white horses. Guards on bicycles pedalled by, and finally dame trucks with the huge odd-looking aeroplane detectors, and others with immense searchlights. The planes themselves were by this time roaring over head. I thought I had seen large planes before, but I never saw anything like these bombers. Speedy pursuit planes swept past under the slow flying bombers, and finally came the great Maxim Gorky Plane playing the International over the din of its eight motors. One cannot believe that such a huge plane can fly. Its wing spread looks like the length of a dirigible. I can well believe that it carries a lecture hall and printing press.

After the Army came the people themselves. Masses from every factory, from every school, carrying banners of different colors, and so arranged that when they marched into the Square the colors did not look like one disorganized whole but were streaked out in long rows. This group kept coming and coming until nearly five o'clock. The organization necessary to get them to the right place and get them out again without a jam called forth the admiration of those of us who had tried to work on management problems which are never thought of until something goes wrong. Bands were placed at intervals in the marchers and a gay day it was.

Some of the boys in the Embassy had buffet lunches which looked pretty good to those of us who have been going native, and I choked down as many oranges as I could eat, and did the usual trick of taking two home to the children. At five the trolleys began running again, and the streets were open for us to walk among the gigantic exhibits which had been constructed around Theater Square. As darkness fell and the lights went on it looked like a paradise for me who love so much models of things. One seven story building was transformed into a giant sluiceway of one of the dams on the Moscow-Volga canal, which will provide an outlet from here to the Black Sea. The dam had been reconstructed in detail, with gate houses, balconies, and all, and the blue cloth, and lights were so arranged that it looked for all the world as though water were running over the dam and out through the escape doors. Another exhibit showed a slice through the new subway, through the tubes ran miniature subway trains all lighted up, stopping at station platforms. On the ends were half size models of the rolling staircases which will be used in the new stations, and also a half size model of a crew pushing along the shield while constructing the tunnel. Masses of red lights picked out the fluttering flags arranged in the center of Theater Square. The flags are cut wide and in a triangular form, one of whose legs is fastened to the pole. The result is a rapid fluttering even in the least breeze, making a much more interesting effect than the heavy flapping of ordinary flags.

A friend had invited me to the Club for Specialists, Russian and Foreign, where a concert was to be given. It was typical of Russian entertainments, being a sort of glorified vaudeville with a Master of Ceremonies. Those who saw The Chauve Souris will know how the acts are run off, and how the Master jokes in introducing each artist. The first act was the Red Army Chorus. This is a group of cavalry men who sing songs of the old and the present army. A running comment by an officer is interspersed explaining what each song is. These men had voices which one can hear only when listening to Russians, and if they ever toured the States, they would surpass the success of the Don Cossaks. They sang Chopin's Funeral March in memory of their Comrades who died in the revolution. I would not have thought that it could be arranged for a choir, but the result was more effective than a piano ever was. At the end two of the men did a saber dance with all of the leg work Americans enjoy (so much) watching. Other acts included solos by two "honored artists of the revolution," and some very unusual dances from Georgia. The audience had all the fire so usual over here. The response of audiences to the theater is so remarkable that a young American studying the drama here suggests that that feature alone makes this the Mecca for theater-goers as it definitely inspires the actors and performers.

I find myself being caught up in the spirit of the country. They have something to work for and it is their ideal. Every success no matter how trivial is cause for great rejoicing, and their dreams for the future lead them on to hopes which would seem fantastic if one has not seen equally fantastic dreams take shape in concrete and steel. An entire boulevard was laid in a week to be ready for the holidays. Two huge buildings were wrecked and the remaining ones finished off to fit in with an architectural plan for a Square. This all happened in two weeks, and the actual finishing off of the remaining buildings was done in a day. This spirit is carried over into the scientific works, ^{among} in which the study of law is classed. My work in the libraries of the Institute brings me in contact with young men and women reading long hours working not for themselves alone but for their country. Life in this family shows me children growing up in the spirit of the revolution. None could be happier with the simple surroundings they have. Of course there are lots of things which attract ones attention as ^{the} subject ~~of~~ improvements, but one has only to think of equally difficult problems in America. My Russian has progressed far enough so that I can sit in on conversations and get something out of them and occasionally throw in a few ideas. When the time comes and the language is no longer such a barrier my work will really go sailing along.

With the very best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving,

Very sincerely yours,

JNH

P.S. I have written this in a general way as I thought it would interest the people on my list of names and addresses which you have. Please send it out, if you can, with any comments you may wish to make. Advise them not to let reporters get it. Some might be indiscreet.

Charge to the account of INSTITUTE OF CURRENT WORLD AFFAIRS-522 Fifth Ave.

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Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

November 9, 1934

NLT

JOHN HAZARD
AMERICAN CONSULATE
MOSCOW (USSR)

YOUR EIGHT RECEIVED TODAY APPROVE YOUR ATTITUDE SECOND PARAGRAPH
GO YOU OWN WAY NEVER MIND CURBSTONE COMMENTS OR ADVICE GREETINGS
YOU HARPER

ROGERS

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

November 10, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

I enclose herewith the statement of expenses for the period September 21st- October 31st. My last statement covered the period from my departure from New York to my arrival in Moscow. This statement does not cover an exact month, but by deducting the expenses at the hotel on my arrival you can compute the approximate monthly cost.

A few comments may be in order. As to the food item which is the largest one on the statement, I have found it necessary to go down to the Hotel now and then and fill in with vegetables. They almost never appear at the house except in the soup, and I have feared that my supplementing of the meals with apples was not enough. The hotel prices in veluta are very high--in fact never can one sit down to a plate of vegetable soup, boiled cauliflower and tea without running up a bill of \$1.50 or more. The additional purchase from Torgsin for suppers have provided me with an evening meal about as simple as that I used to have when in rompers. The family has only tea at the late meal, but I found that one meal a day was not enough for me and I had to have something. Since they cook nothing in the late afternoon, I had to fall back on things which need no cooking. The result has been sandwiches made with honey, cheese or jam which I make up myself. These products are not cheap, and I am afraid that in my effort not to exceed the budget the first month I cut down a little too much. Now that I know where I stand I think I will try and get used to the raw smoked fish and perhaps get a can of fruit now and then to fill in. So I expect this item of supper food will be a little larger in future months.

As to plays--On Prof. Harper's advice I have attended three to improve my language. They are not an entertainment for I go alone and concentrate as fully as I can. When they are over, I am well washed up. He said he used this method when he started. The cost is high as the price runs around \$3.00 for seats near enough the front to hear. This price is the one asked by Intourist who alone sell for veluta, and I have had to go there. I should like to get to a theater at least once a week, and so the price of tickets will probably run about \$12.00 a month regularly.

As to amusement--I have not been to the opera or ballet this past month. I thought I could get along without relaxation, but I am afraid I cannot. I think I will start going now and then to the opera. I will of course not need such good seats as music is good from a distance, but there will be the added item of amusement in future statements if you are not opposed.

As to entertaining others--Being a bachelor and living in a family where I cannot bring guests there is virtually nothing I can do for all the people who invite me out except to take them to dinner at the Hotel or to the theater. Such costs

money, but I feel that it must be done, and it of course is reflected in the unusual chances I have to do things with them at other times. I have thought some time about this item and have done almost nothing this month. But if I am to remain on friendly terms with the community I must do my share, and the item looks about as legitimate an expense as most of the others. If you are opposed to this outlook, please notify me. Otherwise I will go ahead with some very conservative entertaining.

The other items are all self-explanatory. They do not come to as much as we had anticipated. But as I reminded you before they do not reflect the cost of moving about and travel, nor the cost of studying at the Institute once classes begin.

In No. 9 p.3 I asked about making expense statements in future months. I presume that you will inform me about that before December comes around. I shall keep accounts in any event in case you wish a report. I am only too glad to report expenditures if you wish me to continue it.

Your cable reassuring me arrived this morning. The Mail Clerk at the Consulate called me up to tell me of its arrival. Thank you for sending it. I will pass on the greetings to Prof. Harper. He is leaving here about the 25th of November to go to France or England, and from there he plans to sail home early in December, although his date is not yet decided. He hopes to make the Manhattan around Dec 14th, but may go by a German boat. I shall miss him a great deal as he gave me a contact with the upper circles which was very interesting.

Very sincerely yours,

JNH.

November 17, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

Professor Harper took me out to an evening get-together this week of the more liberal element in the American Colony, and an unusual treat it was. The occasion was the return to England of Pearl Binder, cartoonist for New Masses, and the host was an ex-Chicago carpenter who has turned artist and now sketches cartoons for Izvestia. Among the many people I met there I was particularly interested in the Managing Editor of the Moscow Daily News, the English language daily from which I have occasionally sent you clippings. As I have been through the plant of the Japan Advertiser, and the Bangkok Herald, I have some idea of the problems of running a foreign language newspaper. He tells me that this paper uses Russian printers who know no English and they have only one American linotypist. As a result the staff of a few American reporters and managers are presented with the nearly inhuman task of checking every item and ironing out proof mistakes. The largest department of the paper is one which does not exist at all on most news sheets. It is a department used to encourage the foreign worker to keep at and improve his work. Not only must reporters write articles about the work done by various foreign specialists, but the paper must conduct groups in the factories and generally be an organizer and contact agency between the government and the foreign workers. He has very kindly invited me to drop in and see the plant which I shall do in the near future. I, of course, read the paper and am delighted with the clear concise way in which the news is presented.

My connection as purchasing agent for the Harvard Law Library has opened some avenues, otherwise rather difficult to reach. Of course there is nothing official about this duty, but Professor James the Librarian has asked me to keep an eye out for good opportunities for the Library to get material for its now world-famous Russian collection, and I am going ahead picking up a few things, knowing that if the library cannot use them, they will be useful to me in forming the nucleus of my private library. I have had a pleasant visit with the Chief of the Export Department of the publishing section, and he has arranged to provide me with all catalogues of books, to provide me with copies of the laws as they appear, this latter privilege being a real one, as they appear in very limited editions, and to assist me in every way in getting any material that the Library or I personally may wish. As you know, the lawyer's one obsession is books, and it begins to look as if I had assured myself a constant and complete supply for years to come. Professor Harper is doing a similar piece of work for the Chicago Law Library, and is already a good friend of the Chief.

During the past week our family has had as a guest a most interesting woman, now of some sixty-odd years, who has throughout her whole life been a Doctor's assistant. She has been in every war in which Russia has taken part during that period, and before the Revolution she was an official of the International Red Cross, travelling around the world in their service. A modest, quiet, but immensely energetic woman, she wins your respect at the first moment, and we had many a pleasant reminiscence of Shanghai, Honk Kong, et. al. Decorations have come her way, as they do to those who really work, and even now she is actively assisting in one of the hospitals here. She provides an excellent example of the rather large group of people who have given their services to their new government and are helping the hitherto untrained workers to take over the new tasks.

I have met a young man here studying economics. He has been here a year, and has been enrolled in the School of Economics, living in the dormitory with the boys. I have been to his room, which he shares with three other students. I must say that the atmosphere is not conducive to work, for you know the Russian predilection to chat, but the experience is worth while. I am afraid that the refusal to open windows at night and the complete absence of any corner you can call your own might be difficult for most Americans, but he takes it cheerfully. I am, however, of the opinion that his work may suffer to some small degree by the bedlam. I was particularly interested in him because of your interest in an engineer. He is not that and makes no pretences of being such, but he does claim to be an economist, and as such I thought he might fit in with your schemes. I know that I personally am going to benefit by hashing over some economic theory which is puzzling me at the moment. Professor Harper can tell you more about him when he returns to the States. Opinions among the colony differ as to his seriousness, but one and a half months here has taught me that colony opinions are based on little more than whether the individual who comments feels that he has been slighted or not by the person about whom the comments are made. His case bears looking into, and if you are interested, I will be glad to do anything you may wish me to in the way of talking to him of our work, or arranging for you to see him or write to him.

I have been reading up on Marxian theory particularly that dealing with the State and Law. The very best book in English is oddly enough written by a Chinese at the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Harper knows the author and has approved the book as excellent. I have read it in the Institute Library, but would like to have a copy permanently in my library. Would you have Ben get two copies for me, as one of the boys at the Consulate has asked for it. The title is The Marxian Theory of the State, by S. Chang 230 pp. published by John Spencer, Inc., Chester, Penna, 1931. The title page carries the name, Philadelphia, by which I suppose it shows an interest in the University of Pennsylvania. I also would like Ben to get me. Lenin's Imperialism, State, and Revolution, published by

The Vanguard Press, New York, 1926 . I cannot get a translation of it over, here, and although I am tackling it in Russian, the task is so long that I would like to have a reference in English.

I received your Number two on November 13th. Thank you so much for sending on the money. I have already written Professor Hudson, so that I presume that I shall in due course hear from him. I am delighted that he knows of the start. I have written my sister about Mr. Antonius, so that when he thinks of going to Louisville you may write to her, knowing that she has an understanding of what you plan. Of course, I cannot say whether the children will then be well or whether the annual winter quarantine for measles or something will not make the dinner impossible.

With greeting to all the office staff, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

JNH.

November 24, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

Major Faymonville, the Military Attaché, was kind enough to invite me to dinner in his apartment followed by the opera during the past week. The company included Mr. Rubenstein, Chief of Amtorg, Consul Shantz, now acting Consul General, a young Russian playwright, author of one of the best plays now on the Moscow stage, his wife, and myself. Mr. Rubenstein spent several years in America in the New York office, and speaks quite a fluent English. A short stocky man with white hair but heavy black eyebrows, he makes a striking appearance, and his friendly kindly smile makes one feel completely at home. He has the rather difficult task of entertaining visiting American business men of importance. A good many have been coming here, but to date rumor has it that few have been successful in finding orders. Mr. Rubenstein sees the opportunity for a large trade when credits are at last arranged. Unofficial comments from foreign specialists^{as} to the effect that the new wave of national pride sweeping the country has created a desire to make everything at home, and that as a result the foreign trade is not going to be as large as Americans anticipate. One has only to read accounts of the new subway in which are featured reports that everything was made in the Union by Soviet workers to realize that there is a germ of truth in their statement. It cannot, however, be entirely true, for whereas the market may have been decreased for tools and machinery, there will be countless other products which can be imported to advantage. The acting Consul General comes from Rochester, and is our familiar solid up-state type which I know so well. Whereas some might not think him a candidate for the Embassy end of the building, he certainly fits in in the Consulate for he appears to be an able practical American with business-man's background. The young playwright and his American wife hope to make a lecture tour through the States this winter. He has learned his English since his marriage and really does very well. I have happened to see his play, and know it to be one of those most thoroughly imbued with the philosophy of the country. If he does lecture, he will be adequately qualified to present the case for the younger men who are pushing on with an unbelievable idealism, yet not without a clear understanding of the shortcomings of their group which grew up in the turmoil of the Revolution and missed so much of the fundamental background now being taught to the youngsters.

The opera gave me my first opportunity to see the Bolshoi Theater since my visit here in 1930. It seems to be quite the same as it was then, and I am told it has been unchanged since the pre-revolutionary days, except for the addition of the new national insignia, and a magnificent silk curtain memorializing the dates of the Paris Commune, "bloody Sunday" and the "October". The performance is excellent as it has always been, and the packed house responds with the enthusiasm so characteristic

of Moscow audiences.

Professor Korovin granted me the privilege of an evening with him during the past week. I had postponed it a few days to give him a chance to finish his new book on Japanese treaties as compared with their subsequent acts. The publishers had been clamoring for it. But the few extra days made it possible for me to read all available material in languages I can understand on the Marxian theory of the State. This I supplemented with the reading of a lecture by Lenin printed in Russian. I sincerely hope that there will come a time when I can get more out of a Russian text than I got out of that one, but at least I could get the idea and see that my guess as to what he would say was about right. I wrote up a short thesis covering my understanding of the theory, then translated it into French, and went prepared for anything. As a matter of fact he said that he felt that I had caught the general principles, and then he augmented my exposé with some further explanations. The theory itself is extremely interesting as you know, and presents some very real food for thought. We had a pleasant discussion of the terms which are reported by the New York Times of Oct 28th to be those determined upon at Washington. Moscow knows as little as the rest of us about the real terms, and we could only speculate. The most recent (October) issue of the American Journal of International Law contains an article by Prof. Brown of Princeton commenting on the Soviet attitude toward International Law. That article comes very near to presenting the accepted thesis, and although one may not agree with the writer's conclusions, his information apparently comes from an authentic source. A few days later I had occasion to chat with another Professor of Law about this same attitude. He was inclined to scout any such fine spun theory as is presented in that article and take the view that the reason the Union would accept no law which was not a part of a treaty or incorporated in a statute was because for practical purposes no one can rely on customary International Law, since every country has a different conception of which are the most binding precedents, and how many precedents it takes to make it customary law. Therefore the Union demands that the law be written down in a treaty, and they do not demand this, because application of customary law would be in reality application of bourgeois law, as is Professor Brown's explanation and the explanation I have heard elsewhere on this side.

Reading of the interview with the new police Commissioner of New York as published in the New York Times Magazine section some weeks ago reminded me of our conversations of the summer as to how a police force should be run. I recall that you pointed out that it was fatal to make of the police a military unit, and the interview put forth the same thesis, explaining the reasons for this. I have had occasion to watch the "militia" (police is apparently a term used before the "revolution and now discarded except when referring to the police of capitalist countries) here. These have an amazing degree of tolerance, and it is probably just as well, for the population does on occasion give them trouble. Vodka plays

tricks apparently even on those to whom it is not unfamiliar, as is evidenced by the jolly, and sometimes past jolly fellows on the trolleys and the street corners. The militia always quietly amble in and gently lead the celebrator off to some quiet place to think it over. Unless the offender strikes the militiaman, I understand that nothing comes of the event, not even a fine. This is only one instance of the quiet way in which the officers keep things moving. They play a similar part in street fights, and traffic arguments. Although the class of men is definitely not up to the extraordinarily high type found in the army I understand that their integrity is without question, due in some measure to a very alert group of checkers up, and when they march about to their posts they present a neat substantial appearance in their olive green great coats, and stub-spiked olive green helmets. They are not military in any sense, but they perform a duty at times difficult and exasperating in a friendly yet decisive way, and that is about all one wants from a police force.

Mr. Skvirsky left for America this week. I had heard that he was to leave ahead of his original schedule, and called one morning at 9.30 hoping to reach him at his house before he left for the office. Apparently the telephone woke him up, and in that event I am sure my apologies for what appeared to be an early telephone call were not adequate to make up for the damage done. He told me that the illness of his wife had postponed for several days his departure. A second call two days later brought forth the same news, and the next day he had suddenly left. Consequently I have not had the opportunity of personally saying good-bye, but I trust that my telephone call will convey to him my appreciation for his kindness, which I am sure you will second when you next see him. Russian over the telephone is harder than it is face to face and undoubtedly you will hear from him that my preliminary conversation before I realized that it was he who had answered was not up to Russian standards of speech, but I assure you that I will improve my telephone language before he next comes over. I do not claim to yet be fluent, but I can get around when I can actually see the person to whom I am talking.

All goes well with me, and the Russian lessons go on as usual. Progress seems slow, but still we keep on. A good day now and then rewards me, and I can only live and hope. Fortunately this is far from the first hard task I have run into, and recollections of ultimate achievement in the others encourages me in this one. I have been successful in entering subscriptions for the legal periodicals and weekly editions of laws, so that I am getting some practice in the technical terms of the law.

With all best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

JNH.

P.S. Could you have Ben send me "The World Court, 1921-34" by Manley O. Hudson, published by the World Peace Foundation, 1934 under the date line Boston. It is reported to be the best manual on the subject in existence, summarizing all decisions to date.

December 1, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

Thanksgiving was not forgotten, for Mr. and Mrs. Wylie, the Chargée d'Affaires and his wife very kindly invited me to a dance they were giving at the Residential Embassy. The guests included the staff, the American newspaper men, and a large part of the American colony. Tuxedos were decreed on the invitation. As my full dress equipment provided everything but a coat and tie, I was able to borrow the missing pieces and dress for the occasion. The entire affair, in spite of the tuxedos, was carried out in the delightfully informal manner the American Embassy group have introduced into the diplomatic life of this capital. Decorations were in keeping with the day, being large bunches of cauliflower, tomatoes, grapes, and autumn leaves, and in the middle of the evening, a so-called old Virginia custom was observed in which a baby pig is placed in the middle of the floor surrounded by a circle of ladies who try to attract its attention and make it come to them. I had never seen the "custom", but it provided entertainment, and certainly distinguished the party from anything the British Embassy might have had. Buffet supper consisted of turkey and the trimmings, and whereas this all might have gone unnoticed in any other place, you may be sure that many of the guests will for a long time be able to describe every dish served. Mr. Wylie is a quiet dignified career diplomat, very much of the same school as Mr. Grew in Japan. He sees that all goes well and the groups keep mixing without at any time giving the appearance of being concerned. His wife, of whom you have heard, is a very charming hostess. Her accent is just enough to make it interesting, as is so often the accent of Eastern Europeans talking English. I had the opportunity of talking with some of the newspaper men, and will drop around to see them when the opportunity arises. They are often criticized for being out of sympathy with all that goes on, and for that reason are not always in the public favor.

Thanksgiving day my teacher gave me a holiday and I used it to go to the Symphony. It was a student symphony of some seventy-five pieces, but if one did not know its history one would not have guessed that it was not a seasoned, trained group. The program was all Tschaikowsky, one of the numbers being a concerto, played by a young man who might easily storm the concert halls of Europe. The packed house of some two thousand students and their parents was wildly enthusiastic. The occasion gave me an unusual opportunity to see the young men and women in a body. Music is playing a very large part in the program for the country, and the production of it is much more general than at home. I have long wondered whether the advent of the radio and victrola had killed the desire in boys and girls to learn to play. In this country, neither radio nor victrola has become as generally popularized as at home, and nearly every family has instead its pianist, accordian, fiddle, or cornet player. Another element in the puzzle is the extent to which the coming

of mechanical music has cut down the opportunity to earn a livelihood through a musical career in orchestras, in theaters, music-halls, and cabarets. I am told that here there is still plenty of opportunity to earn a living playing an instrument, and it would seem that quite a large group of men and women take up music as a career, and not as a hobby. The next few years will see the extensive distribution of radio sets and viotrolas, and the improvement of movie-talkie machines. This will be a good laboratory for the student of music to watch for any lessening of interest in the playing of music, as opposed to the appreciation of music. After all I suppose that Russians, as well as all other European groups have more music in their system than we Anglo-Saxons seem to have. Perhaps our enthusiasm to create was never as great, and is consequently more easily subdued.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Williams invited me over to "breakfast" on the last free-day. He is the representative of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, to whom Mr. Schley had given me a letter. He has now been here some five years, and there are few people who know as much about how to get things accomplished here. They have a small apartment, eight flights up, overlooking the river and the roofs of Moscow. Breakfast reminded me of home, with fruit juices, corn flakes and cream, sausages, and pancakes and syrup. All of these can be obtained here, although I have contented myself with the same things the family here have, for otherwise I would become a person apart, which I most certainly should not wish to be. Mrs. Williams brought her six month's old daughter here two years ago, and the child has thrived in spite of the worries of most of the Americans. The little girl speaks only Russian, and is a reminder that life is not the impossible thing most Americans imagine it. They are a very pleasant young couple, who enjoy the life, and as far as I can make out would not give it up for anything. It is refreshing to meet people who do not find fault, as do many of the foreign colony.

The past week has given me the opportunity to do a little legal work for one of the vice-Consuls, and a lot of fun it has been. The laboratory of the foreign field is a wonderful place to study nationality laws. A student sitting behind a table in a library at home can hardly imagine the actual problems which do arise, and I count it one of my greatest privileges to become accustomed to this feature of the problem.

Professor Harper leaves tonight, and he has asked me to come down and ride out to assist him with his luggage etc. in getting on the train. I am going to miss him a great deal, for his friendly room at the Metropole has always seemed a source of new spirit and good sound advice. Of course, we have not agreed on everything, as you will undoubtedly hear when he gets back. Perhaps I flatter myself in thinking there is an argument of both sides. This applies particularly to my association with our Embassy. He does not favor it, but I have felt that I could quietly, informally get acquainted with the younger men, and that this was much in keeping with our plan, for there will come a time when these same men are conducting the affairs, and if I am to be of use, my value will be much greater if I act as a friend in whom they have confidence than as a strange specialist. I have not mixed this side of the life with my other

work. It is one thing to join a noisy party in a public café, and another to drop into their rooms for a quiet talk. Should the Professor mention to you that he thinks I am too opinionated or shall we say indiscreet in criticizing people, you may know that I have felt that his friendship for you and for the Institute made it possible to discuss things and people in a more intimate manner than I would ever have otherwise have thought possible. Long ago I made it a rule never to gossip, and I hope I have kept to it. My talks with the Professor should in no way be interpreted as indicative of my general conversation elsewhere. I know that you will understand that, and perhaps the Professor does. I write only so that you may understand the facts should he raise the issue. I am delighted to have had this opportunity to know him, and I count him as one of my most sincere friends.

December is here, and I realize once again how fast the year is going. Your first remittance came through in due time. I imagine that you will continue the same method each month in the future. Thank you very much. Snow is piling up outside the windows, and Mother Russia is taking on the appearance we read about in Tolstoy. My room is sufficiently warm to be comfortable so that life goes on without any crushing difficulties, and the little ones are just good jokes.

With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

JNH

*Prof. Hagen says he is in the Institute, & perhaps it is the Washington.
-you can see what sorts of things.*

December 6th, 1934

Dear Hazard:

I now have your letters up to and including No.12. They come along regularly and promptly. Except for the one about finances, copies have been sent to the members of your family. Numbers 10 and 12 have also been sent to the long list. The letters have proved to be very interesting. While their composition must take considerable time, the results from the practice of putting on paper your impressions while fresh will fully justify the effort.

There will be no need for keeping an itemized expense account. I wanted you to start at bed rock. Now by a process of carefully observed trial and error experiments - determine how much is worth spending on supplemental meals, recreation, and entertainment. The treasurer will send a check each month. If the amount is not adequate do not hesitate to say so. If there is an excess, let it go towards building up a reserve fund to be drawn on for emergencies and travel.

Please keep an eye on the young man in the School of Economics. Perhaps you will some day be moved to have your photograph taken in Moscow. The Nation subscription was promptly sent in - the books were ordered. Whether they are actually en route I cannot say and I cannot ask Ben for he is home with the gripe:

Habicht came in yesterday. He thinks you are getting on very well. You will probably see him soon as he plans to sail next week.

Moe calls attention to a book entitled Soviet Administration of Criminal Law, by Judah Zelitch and published by the University of Pennsylvania Press. Would you like a copy?

I spent most of last week in Cambridge where I worked out a program for Antonius. It turns out that Professor and Mrs. Hocking already know him. I lunched at their house one day, and they both insisted that Antonius should be their house guest while at Harvard. Manly Hudson, who has read some of your letters, expressed himself as being much pleased at the way you are going at your work. He sent his regards.

Best wishes for a Happy and Merry Christmas.

WSR/FC

December 9, 1934.

Dear Mr. Rogers;

Just as we were seeing Professor Harper off on the train last Saturday night the news broke of the assassination in Leningrad of Comrade Kirov, Secretary of the party in that City and a member of the Polit-Bureau. He held a position very similar to that of Balbo's in Italy being almost an assistant Chief, and at the same time having all the popularity among the people that Balbo has. The foreign correspondents caught the midnight train for Leningrad on which all the highest officials also had special cars, including the Chief himself. News was released very slowly. For a day, only the news of the death was let out; then came the name of the assassin, then the circumstances. Finally the body was brought down to Moscow in state and placed in the House of the Soviets for millions to view. Lines ran for two and a half days, and the center of the city was closed to all traffic, foot as well as automobiles. Only closed tramways were allowed to cross from one side of town to the other without stopping, and on the day of the funeral even these stopped. One can get some impression of the effect if one imagines everything below 33rd street shut off except for through trains for Brooklyn which could make no stops in the closed area. This ban applied to pedestrians as well as cars, so that the blockade was complete. I walked around among the crowds as much as I could. Everywhere were long lines, extending from the center to the B circle which is a good mile and a half. The weather was 20 degrees below zero centigrade, and hardly the kind of weather to make standing in lines a pleasure. Buildings were draped in black and red with huge photographs hung from balconies showing the assassinated leader. On the day of the funeral, after the cremation, the Chief himself carried the urn through the Red Square, which was roped off and admittance allowed only when you went with your organization or with a diplomatic pass. Being unable to get in, I saw as much as I could from the outside and listened to eyewitness accounts later. Bands played the International and Chopin's Funeral march as well as other suitable music. It was a true expression of grief on behalf of the entire country, who realized not only that a beloved leader had gone, but that the counter-revolutionary element which had been thought practically exterminated was still active. Your papers have undoubtedly carried the news of the emergency decrees, limiting accused persons to a single trial and of the sentencing of sixty-eight conspirators. Sentence has already been carried out. Life has now resumed its normal course although papers continue to be published with black borders and accounts of the reports in the foreign press.

Just before this event had come the announcement of the abolishment of the bread-card system. The country is to be divided into zones, and fixed prices are to be arranged for each zone. These prices will be lower than the present open-market price, but higher than the present price prevailing in the

cooperative stores in which purchases had previously been limited to amounts permitted by your bread card. As a result each district will have only one price, not the two existing at present. The announcement says that this will destroy the speculation now existing among people who had cards permitting them to buy more bread than they needed for daily use, thus giving them a surplus to trade off in the streets for milk or other commodities ^{with} people ~~had~~ who did not have bread cards. Of course the raising of the price of bread in the cooperatives will result in a hardship on the picked groups of people who formerly had bread cards because of their "superior efficiency and usefulness". To avoid this and to maintain the advantage these people have had, all salaries will be raised, not at a general rate but on a sliding scale so that the most valuable workers will get the biggest raise, thus preserving for them their relative position. The increased production of grain on the collective farms is announced as the cause of this new system. Production now makes possible doing away with rationing, and the announcement continues to point out that the card system will as soon as possible be done away with entirely. Americans often have the erroneous assumption that you can buy only if you have a card. That is not so. There are two types of stores--(1) the open store in which every one can buy at fixed prices which are somewhat higher than those abroad. (2) the cooperative store with very much lower prices in which only those with cards may buy. To avoid their buying out the store and selling to outsiders at a profit, the card system was invented, giving to each member of the cooperative what was thought to be sufficient for his needs, or what was in reality a pro-rata distribution of the stock on hand, thus sometimes giving him less, and in more recent years more than he needed. The prices will vary between zones only to such extent as is necessary to allow for the greater costs of transportation to remote regions. The economics of the change are interesting. Had they lowered the price of all bread to the present level of the price in the cooperatives, no readjustment of salaries would have been necessary, and it would seem to the casual observer that this would have been the simpler system--as there would be only one change. But now they raise the price from the old price in the cooperatives, and then they have to raise the wages of the whole country which would seem to be something of a task to the uninitiated. I have puzzled some time over the reason for the use of a method which would appear to entail more work. Is it because it has a good psychological effect in that every one likes to have his wages raised and thinks things are going better? Is it because in the raising of wages, under the announced system whereby all will not be raised proportionately, the "best workers" can retain their preferential position?

Once in a while weather makes the news, and it has for me this week. There came a sudden dropping of the temperature. I had fought against the puttying up of my windows, for I like air at night, and I thought the little peep-hole not enough of an opening. But when the mercury hit 10 degrees below zero centigrade, I felt the chill even through my double windows, and when it went lower I called for the putty and the landlady and I had a good hour doing the job. Now I am as

snug as a bug in a rug. The Consulate tells me that at one time the fahrenheit thermometer showed ten below zero, but I would not have realized it. Nevertheless a fur hat is a blessing, and long woolen underwear is indispensable.

Mr. and Mrs Spencer Williams invited me over to dinner one day this week. Steak and baked potatoes looked pretty good, and we had a great chat, giving me a picture of the hospital life which they have come into contact with during their years of residence. I was particularly interested because of your interest in a Doctor. From what I gathered, the doctor's profession suffers from lack of attractive wages, and consequently the best young men are not being drawn in, leaving only the old timers to hold the fort. Methods of operating and arrangement of routine would perhaps startle a trained medico from the States. Even allowing for inevitable exaggeration, the stories leave me with a sincere hope that I can stay on my own feet during my years here.

In my reading I have come across some more books, which I should like to have. Could you get them for me? If at any time the number gets too large, please put them down to my special charge with you and I will fix it up later.

1. Restatement of the Conflict of Laws(American Law Institute) 1934
2. The Law of Citizenship in the United States, Luella Gettys.
Chicago, Univ. of Chicago Press. 1934 \$3.00
3. Roman Law in the Modern World, vol.2-Charles P. Sherman
(publisher and date unknown, but not new.)

I have not received the Nation or the other books I have specified, but presume that they will arrive in due time.

This should reach you in time to wish you a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. The family have promised to get a goose, so I expect we will also have something like a celebration, and remember the day.

Very sincerely yours,

JNH.