

WM. BRACE DIES, FUNERAL TODAY

Old Southfield Resident Lived 50 Years in Redford

William Brace, 84 years old, for more than 20 years a resident of Southfield township is to be buried today with services at 2 p. m. at the residence of his son, George Brace, Seven Mile road, Redford. Mr. Brace died Tuesday in Redford where he has made his home for nearly 50 years.

He is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. Theodore Brown, of Pontiac, and a brother Leonard Brace, of Grand Blanc.

OPENS NEW OFFICE

Frank Campbell, formerly of the Robert R. Allen Co., east Maple avenue, announces the opening of a general insurance business under his own name. Mr. Campbell will continue to occupy his present office with Mr. Allen.

A PEACEFUL WORKER LOOKS BACK AT WAR

Editor's Note: The following paper, entitled, "Rambling Recollections of a Russian Emigre" was read at a recent meeting of the International Relations Class of Mrs. Charles J. Shain in the Community House. Mrs. Olga Benning, the author of the article, is the former Baroness Von Roemmer, and is now the Public Health Nurse of Birmingham.

Rambling Recollections of a Russian Emigre

For eight months I lived in the Capitol of Revolutionary Russia. I saw a revolution which closely paralleled that of the French revolution both as to cause and effect—

The cause, an oppressed and trodden down majority—the effect, a destruction of an overbearing and arrogant minority. I saw a Country delivered from the autocracy of the classes to the rule of the masses. I saw the masses disregard for the rights of the majority. Fortunately, however, my father was a man far in

advance of his times for Russia and implicated in the ideals of democracy and a tolerance for the viewpoints of persons socially inferior.

I might state that it was due to my tolerant attitude to an inferior class that they were able to escape from a Bolshevik prison.

Owing to my father's influence I had undergone training as a soldier prior to the outbreak of war. It was natural then that when war was declared that I should be drafted into the army to aid my country. When the revolution started it found me in charge of a hospital and it might be of interest to you to know that my train was one of the last to be in operation before the termination of hostilities.

During the course of the war I saw a proud and overbearing nation slowly go to pieces, destroyed not by the enemy without, but by the enemy within. Men fighting without guns or ammunition, men grasping the rifles from the hands of their comrades falling grip. Men even clapping their hands to simulate a battle cry—A brave people.

On the other hand, bureaucratic officials accepting German bribes to lead orders—the forwarding of ammunition to the front by old outworn artillery bought at exorbitant prices—a dry rot of graft—almost unbelievable.

Perhaps a personal glimpse of my own life might throw some light on the Russian Revolution as I saw it.

In 1913 after completing my training as a red cross nurse I was married to Baron Von Roemmer, a young officer in a crack Russian regiment.

Everything looked rosy—the Czar was firmly seated on the throne of his forefathers—the general mass of the people seemed to be content. However under the apparently smooth surface the great fires of revolution were slowly burning.

In July 1914 came the call to arms to aid little Belgium and protect the far flung borders of Russia against the menace of a mightier foe. Everyone, a true patriot, was optimistic of a short decisive war, in which the peace of Europe would be crushed.

Little did the intelligentsia of our Country realize that we were to store for their beloved Russia and themselves.

The joy of victory. The dark despair of defeat. The uncertainty of the future. The crumbling of a mighty empire.

The death and even worse than the death of thousands of the best people. The inevitable result of struggle and oppression. Revolution—stark, brutal—almost beyond the description of any pen.

Think of the French revolution, the crimes and atrocities that were committed. Think of the French revolution as being mirrored in this Country—unbelievable?

Well—it happened in Russia immediately on the outbreak of hostilities I offered my services to the Government as a nurse.

For four months I worked as a nurse in a hospital in Petrograd. Of course the women of my class received no remuneration for their services. We expected none, demanded none, we were proud to do what we could to aid our Country in time of need.

After working in the Petrograd hospital from four to six months I was put in charge of a hospital train bringing wounded back from the front to the base hospitals.

A few months after I started this work a Zeppelin bombed the hospital train in which I was killing numerous of the wounded soldiers and their attendants. I myself received several partial paralysis which caused a permanent injury of my face and fracture of the upper jaw. For six months I was incapacitated but on my recovery I again returned to my beloved train. You know the final outcome of Russia.

The sudden crumbling of its mighty army. The biggest army ever put in the field during this devastating war. The gradual usurpation of power by plausible demagogues. The masses of uneducated and freedom, drunk soldiers and workers slowly getting out of hand.

Finally chaos—murder of the innocent and guilty.

When the revolution broke out I was at the front in charge of my hospital train but continued to bring in the wounded until the treaty between Russia and Germany was signed.

I returned to Petrograd to wait with others of my class the outcome.

First of all there was Kerensky, a lawyer—a most convincing speaker but alas, most indecisive in action. Kerensky's intentions were honest, he tried to form a stable democratic government out of the seething mass of extreme radicals on the one hand and ardent Czarists on the other.

You have all heard of Nicolai Lenin the man of destiny. The man who might be called the Spirit of Bolshevism. This man who led Russia to Anarchy, who was and is still idolized by the Bolshevik element of Russia. Was he mad? Was he a benefactor for power? An exceptionally well educated man of extremely plain appearance. An idealist perhaps, with a mind running on a single track. Destruction of Capital and Capitalists—the elevation of the working man and ignorance.

You have seen what has befallen my beloved Russia. The very best minds murdered, driven out or left to starve, the peasants and farmers duped to supply food and clothing for a few. Today a far more dreadful autocracy than the Czar ever dreamed of.

Let me digress again on the personal side. The revolution is in progress—we are hopeful that order will be restored. A strange paralysis of action and thoughts seems to have befallen the upper

classes. Apathy is wide spread. I along with my friends wander around helplessly. Everyday we hear of the arrest of one or more of our number. Their fate, a merciful shot, often slow torture. Can you imagine sitting in your drawing room with a few of your friends, then to have men and women suddenly enter without knocking and take away articles that please them. The women notice your dress, demand it—start to remove it by force. This is an actual occurrence and happened to me.

Finally my husband was arrested and thrown in prison. All I could do was bring him what scraps of food I could get. At last, I too, was arrested and thrown into a bolshevik prison.

Not one of the little cozy places of retreat found in this country. A room with no sanitary arrangements, no blankets—a bare concrete floor to lie on. Forty men and women herded together like cattle. No privacy—that was a Russian prison during the revolution.

My escape was miraculous. A Bolshevick guard with a badly infected hand—my knowledge of nursing—a little common sense—dressed that man's hand with improvised bandages and plain water; the hand got better—a spasm of thankfulness—an order for the release of my husband and self.

A hasty gathering—we set out by different routes to meet at Riga. We never met again. He, my husband, was recaptured and died of typhus fever. The priest who buried him sent me a few of his papers and his ring.

In Riga I met my father who had also escaped from Petrograd; we decided to go to Sweden hoping to see order restored. A futile hope. From Stockholm we fled to Denmark. Generala Petrovsky, who I met myself practically penniless, offered to obtain a position for me

with the International Commission for the repatriation of war prisoners.

I seemed to have had a knack of organizing, so I was placed in charge of several camps. I was able to bring about a greatly improved sanitary condition in these camps with the aid of the American Red Cross. I obtained food and clothing for the unfortunates.

I worked with the International Commission for several months then was engaged by the British Military Commission to aid in repatriation of prisoners of war from France, Switzerland, Austria, England during this time.

In passing I might state that the British Prisoners of war camps were the best and cleanest. About this time I obtained news that my younger sister with her husband, Colonel Khamotoff Hamilton, were somewhere in Constantinople, Turkey. Colonel Khamotoff had been Governor of Rigar under the Czar.

I felt I must go and help them get away as I knew they were practically starving. How I obtained money to go to Turkey sounds like a fairy tale but nevertheless true. When I fled from Riga on the approach of the Bolshevick I had buried some eighteen diamonds in the garden of my father's house there. These diamonds were part of the property I took out of Petro-

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