

the bourgeoisie folds its arms and awaits destruction in sheep-like inaction."

He saw but one hope—the Cossacks and officers who were rallying, through incredible hardships, to Denikin's army in the Caucasus; and Denikin could make no important move unless the Allies backed him with arms and munitions. Until this happened his small army would be but an oasis in the desert of hopelessness.

We were present at several gatherings of officers, in Vladimir Franzovitch's room. Over bread and salted fish, washed down by tea, they discussed the black past and the blacker future. From them we heard awful tales of massacres and looting during the Bolshevik domination over the Black Sea regions. Of these the most dreadful was that of the cruiser *Almaz*. There have been published many imaginative reports of Bolshevik massacres; but for horror these are equalled by many true stories that have never been fully told, and never will be until the veil of isolation is lifted and the seeker after truth is free to gather his information at first-hand.

I have every reason to believe the story of the *Almaz*. It was vouched for not only by Vladimir Franzovitch and other Russians whom we met in Odessa, but by Englishmen who were living in the city at the time, and are now back in England. Moreover, it is perpetuated in a local song similar to those of the French Revolution.

The Bolsheviks who first occupied Odessa, in the early spring of 1918, made their headquarters on the cruiser *Almaz*. Their first batch of arrests comprised about two hundred officers, with a few officials and other civilians. These were taken to the *Almaz*, and lined up on