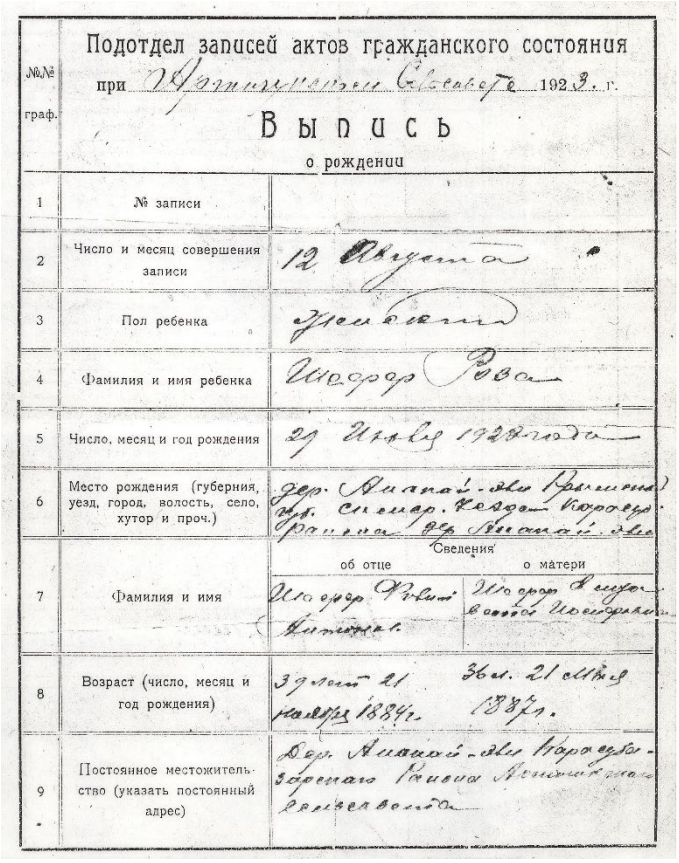
29 July 1923 Anakoi-Eli, Crimea.

"Geh, Philip, geh nach Hause". It was Magdalena telling him to go, to go home. It didn't quite break his reverie. He had been staring at the new-born baby lying quietly with her mother, whose youthful beauty had been prematurely claimed by the famine and bouts of malaria. His wife, Elisabeth, was physically drained, naturally, from the stresses of childbirth only an hour or so earlier. Both mother and father were already worried that the baby so far had shown little interest in nursing. Both were already worried, without saying so, that Elisabeth would not have enough milk for the baby. So it was Magdalena who quietly told Philip to go and look after the rest of his children.



Подотдел записей актов гражданского состояния

при ... 1923 г.

№№ граф.

Выпись

о рождении

1	№ записи	
2	Число и месяц совершения записи	12 Августа
3	Пол ребенка	Женский
4	Фамилия и имя ребенка	Шафер Ева
5	Число, месяц и год рождения	29 Июля 1923 года
6	Место рождения (губерния, уезд, город, волость, село, хутор и проч.)	дер. Анакай-Эли Ферапонтовской волости Симферопольского уезда Крымской АССР
7	Фамилия и имя	Сведения об отце: Шафер Филипп Антонович; о матери: Шафер Елизавета Иосифовна
8	Возраст (число, месяц и год рождения)	39 лет 21 ноября 1884 г. / 36 л. 21 ноября 1887 г.
9	Постоянное местожительство (указать постоянный адрес)	Дер. Анакай-Эли Ферапонтовской волости

1 - Page 1 of Mom's Russian civil birth registration

But Philip was still deep in thought, as his attention shifted to the ragged sheets on which his wife had had to give birth to their sixth child. Magdalena's beautiful feather ticks with crocheted fringes had long ago been claimed by one of the raiding parties that came through the village. In the early years of the Civil War, the anarchists who stormed through the villages were not driven by any ideology, but rather simply by the frenzy to steal whatever they could from the Germans who did not deserve what they had. People were powerless against these robber bands. Defending one's property meant instant death, of which there were innumerable reports. And now that the flocks of geese were gone as well, Magdalena could not make any new feather ticks even if she could obtain the necessary fabric. Philip had quietly observed Magdalena, once so proud of her household, using threadbare towels to handle the new baby. He marveled at her quiet strength and resolve, a trait her daughter had inherited. They had endured five years of violence and physical and emotional stress. They had survived, but many of their relatives and friends had not. The

violence had now been suppressed by the new regime, and the traumatic stresses of survival were easing by the summer of 1923. Still, he felt defeated, indifferent even, incapable of mustering any anger at the injustice of it all. "Geh, Philip!" -- a little louder this time. Philip nodded and quietly rose from the chair and left his mother-in-law's house.

2 - Photos of Philip and Elisabeth

The two villages lay less than one kilometer apart, Taku-Eli on the lower and west side of the Burulcha River, and Anakoi-Eli situated on an elevated plateau on the east side. This far from its source in the Crimean mountains, the so-called river was only a narrow and shallow stream, especially this late into the summer. Walking barefoot, Philip pulled up his pant legs a few inches and crossed the stream. The gravelly bottom hardly muddied his feet.

It was an early morning in late July and he could tell already it would be another scorching hot day on the Crimean steppes. Soon the shimmering heat waves would blur the outline of the Crimean mountain range to the south. Still lost in thought, Philip quietly walked the short distance back to their home. Elisabeth had gone to her mother's place last evening when she was sure that her sixth birthing was imminent. He was sure that their four children at home were still sleeping, so he was in no hurry. Little Anna had died less than a year ago, not yet two years old. The older four had survived, but they had been constantly hungry. Philip would never forget the sounds of his whimpering children wondering why there was no food to eat. None had suffered more than Philip who struggled with his helplessness at not being able to provide more for his family. How, he wondered, after all they had been through, had Elisabeth even been healthy enough to conceive, much less to carry full-term and to deliver, another baby?

Theirs was a small village, only about one hundred people of mixed ethnicities, some Tatars, a few Greeks, some Russians; about half were Germans. The Vollman house was still quiet and motionless as Philip walked by. The Vollmans had lost two, or was it three, children during the famine. Herr Ponomarkenko was already up, and getting ready for his daily walk to Argintschik, four kilometers to the east, and where he had been assigned as the volost secretary. Generally the

Russians lived on the west side of the Burulcha River which separated the two villages, and all the other nationalities claimed the higher east side. But the Ponomaraenkos had chosen to live on the east side. Ponomarenko was sympathetic to the plight of the German farmers, but he was a keen supporter of the Revolution.

Magdalena Dorn had been born in the village of Wasserau on the mainland. She had married Joseph Tichy in Kherson in 1881 while Joseph was employed as a farm manager in the Jewish colony of L'vove, east of Kherson. When Joseph died in 1899, Magdalena moved to Crimea, to Taku-Eli, to be closer to her family, the Dorns, who had moved to Anakoi-Eli from the Prischib region twenty years previously.

It was 1923 in Crimea, that beautiful peninsula which juts out into the Black Sea. The worst of the famine appeared to be over, but there was still no animal protein or even animal fats in their diet. It was only very recently that small amounts of milk were available for the children. It appeared that the Bolsheviks had restored some semblance of order and organization to the huge country they now governed. The anarchy and lawlessness had been ruthlessly suppressed. The Civil War in Russia had claimed millions of civilian lives, lives lost to bullets and bombs yes, but millions more to famine and disease.[1] Tens of thousands of the Russian nobility and wealthy classes left Russia soon after witnessing the brutality of the Bolsheviks. As the war moved into Crimea, thousands more, loyal to the monarchy and who had resisted the new regime, fled towards the ports in Sevastopol, Yalta, and Eupatoria in a panic to evacuate the peninsula. That was in November 1920. Philip heard later that nearly 150,000 soldiers, nobles, aristocratic ladies, intellectuals and liberal politicians had flooded the main coastal harbors, wherever there was room for ships to berth. Escape had been impossible for Philip, and so he now worked at the nearby collective called Stary Burulcha, in charge mainly of the potato crop. This gave him access to the gardens which allowed him now to bring home a few extras over and above their family allotment. This was in effect theft of state communal property, punishable by arrest and worse. Thieves were generally shot on the spot. All production over and above strictly controlled local needs was requisitioned by the state for export oversees. The new regime desperately needed foreign currency to pay for imports.

Prior to the Revolution, Stary Burulcha had been a large private agricultural holding owned by the Dick family. There were three two-storied houses which defined the place as a serious enterprise. There were other houses for the employees of the khutor or estate, as well as large grain storage facilities, a carpentry workshop, a blacksmith shop and even a canteen for the workers. High fences surrounded a large stockyard with barns and stables for the livestock. A small tobacco factory, orchards and a bee-honey operation contributed more income to the business. But when a Red Army unit arrived in 1920 and declared it all to be national property, and which now belonged to the workers, the wealthy Dick family fled for the safety of France.

It was 1923, six years after the revolution which overthrew and then destroyed the three-hundred year old Romanov monarchy. While the revolution was centered in St. Petersburg and in Moscow,

[1] Estimates range as high as 10 million people, mostly civilians, who lost their lives during the Russian Civil War, described by some as the greatest national catastrophe that Europe had yet witnessed.

the turmoil accompanying the introduction of an entirely new system of government had spread throughout Russia like wildfire. All the pent-up anger and the frustrations of the working class, of the peasants, and of a society for decades and generations repressed by an authoritarian state, exploded throughout Russia and rolled like seismic shockwaves from the epicenter of Moscow. Suddenly the names of Lenin and of Trotsky were on everyone's lips. But so too, were the names of Kerensky, Kornilov, Dennikin, Kolchak and Wrangel. A brutal and bloody Civil War erupted throughout Russia, but it was particularly harsh in the south of Russia.

The Revolution reached Crimea later than the rest of Russia. The Civil War arrived later as well. Partisan activity, both pro- and anti-revolutionary, was widespread, and it was brutal and bloody. Anarchy and lawlessness were everywhere, and it was a time of "self-preservation" by whatever means. Because Crimea had generally been pro-Monarchist, the Bolsheviks were particularly repressive when they finally pushed their way through the Isthmus of Perekop in early November of 1920. Crimea was the last hold-out of the anti-Revolution forces known as the White Army. While the milder climate and the more favorable growing season in Crimea might have ameliorated the widespread famine, the roving bands of soldiers and partisans from both sides raided the villages first for food and then for anything of value. The people were forced to forage like animals in the wild for anything edible to eat. Without the animals, the rhythmic cycle of planting and of harvesting crops disappeared.

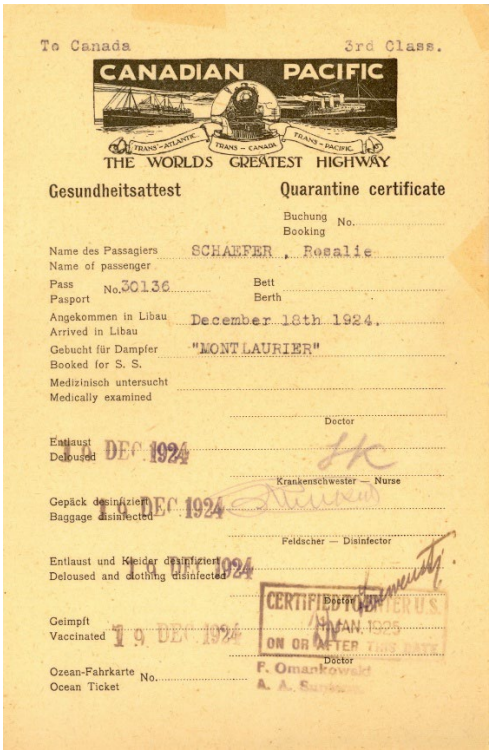
News of course was slow to arrive in remote Crimea, making it hard to remain abreast of the rapidly developing events throughout such a huge country. But it was Magdalena who always had some news to share. Even if Magdalena could read, there were few newspapers circulating in Crimea. The Bolsheviks had requisitioned all the paper supplies in the country and strictly controlled who had access to print paper. But Magdalena had good friends among the Mennonites living nearby, and it was through these contacts that she learned of some of the developments on the mainland. Indeed it was the friendship and the charitable culture of these same Mennonites which had helped Philip's family to survive the famine years of 1921 and 1922.

As he entered their home, Philip saw that their beautiful daughter Katharina was not only awake, but already busy. A small fire was just beginning to heat some water on the stove for carefully-rationed morning tea. One month shy of her eleventh birthday, she had been to the collective's milking barn with its two cows the previous evening and managed to bring home a cup of milk for young Jakob. It was already on the table and she would make sure Jakob drank it before Nikodemus or young Philip saw it. Although much improved, Jakob, not yet five, had barely survived the famine. His emaciated body of skin, bone and knobby knees lay on the bed for days. His bowel discharges had already turned grey, an indication that the body had begun to consume its own muscle mass. Elisabeth and Magdalena had chewed bark, grass and roots into a gruel which they fed back to him. Elisabeth's own body was severely malnourished and she had been unable to provide baby Anna with enough milk.

Philip slouched in his chair and began silently to sob. "My God", he thought, "my children cope with all this better than I do. Especially Katharina, who senses how much we need her. She always keeps herself busy and she never complains, just like her Grandmother Magdalena." Already nearly eleven, the twins Katharina and Nikodemus had yet to attend a school. The Civil

War had begun in 1918, just when they would have been ready to attend their first year. Teachers, considered by the Bolsheviks as part of the "inteligenzia", and thus to be anti-revolution, had fled, or had joined the underground partisan movement.

"Wie geht es mit Mutti?" Katharina quietly asked. "How is Mother?" Philip slowly nodded his head before he could find the words, "Fine, she's fine. You have a new baby sister." Katharina received this news much more joyfully than was the manner in which it was delivered. "When can I go to see her?" she asked excitedly. Philip could not force an answer. Having another mouth to feed was not so exciting for him. "My God," he thought again to himself, "how has it come to this? How has it happened that I find myself so powerless to help my family? My children were supposed to be born in America."[2]


To Canada 3rd Class.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TRANS-ATLANTIC TRANS-CANADA TRANS-PACIFIC

THE WORLDS GREATEST HIGHWAY

Gesundheitsattest — Quarantine certificate

Buchung / Booking No.

Name des Passagiers / Name of passenger: SCHAEFER, Rosalie

Pass / Pasport No. 30136 Bett / Berth

Angekommen in Libau / Arrived in Libau: December 18th 1924.

Gebucht für Dampfer / Booked for S. S.: "MONTLAURIER"

Medizinisch untersucht / Medically examined

Doctor

Entlaust / Deloused DEC 1924

Krankenschwester — Nurse

Gepäck desinfiziert / Baggage disinfected 19 DEC 1924

Feldscher — Disinfector

Entlaust und Kleider desinfiziert / Deloused and clothing disinfected 19 DEC 1924

CERTIFIED FOR ... ON OR AFTER ...

Geimpft / Vaccinated 19 DEC 1924

Doctor

Ozean-Fahrkarte / Ocean Ticket No.

F. Oman

A. A. S.

3 - 1924 Canadian Pacific boarding pass

4 - 1924 Passport photo

[2] Philipp's mother and eleven siblings, some with families of their own had immigrated to Canada in 1911. Phillip was not allowed to emigrate because he had been called up to serve in the Russian Army.