

# OUR LENIN



by  
Ruth Shaw and  
H.A. Potamkin  
Pictures by  
William Siegel

## **Notes on the two editions of "Our Lenin" (1934 illustrated children's book)**

I first became aware of this publication when my friend and fellow (and prolific!) digital archivist (also an historian of encyclopedic knowledge concerning much the history of the American left) called my attention to an offering of this book on eBay, with starting bid at \$350.

He knew I had a special fondness for socialist and communist political art AND for socialist and communist children's books from this period. I was intrigued, and recognized the artist (William Siegel), but \$350 seemed a bit much for me for something at this level of interest.

I checked, and found UC Berkeley's Doe Library could get for me a copy of it that I could borrow for a few weeks, and scan. The copy was not in their stacks, but in their long term storage "NRLF" facility, but it took only a day to get it to the circulation desk at Doe Library.

When I got UC Berkeley's Doe Library copy, I immediately realized there were at least two editions of this book. UC's copy was missing covers and dust jacket, but on page 3 it read: "Martin Lawrence, LTD, London" just under the text of title and author. And on page 4 it read: "All rights reserved. / Printed in USA / Composed and printed by union labor." Neither a date, nor the word "copyright" was in this or any other notice.

Interesting, on those two pages (page 4 is the back of page 3) there was, in a blank area, stamped in letters consisting of punched holes in the paper "Hoover War Library". A librarian at the Hoover Library I contacted speculates this was duplicate of the book that Hoover let go of, tho we have no specific explicit indication of this in the book.

The UC book appears to have been re-bound, and part of the rebinding materials have UC Santa Cruz's logo over over them.

The book being offered on eBay was accompanied by a number of scans of its pages. I took the scan of the dust jacket art and used that in this scan.

The scans of pages 3 and 4 showed the book for sale there was a different edition. Page 3 read, below the title and authors: "International Publishers / New York". And page 4 read: "Copyright 1934, By: / International Publishers Company Inc / Printed in the USA / Composed and printed by union labor."

Checking the Stanford copyright renewal data base, I see no indication copyright was renewed for that book, so it's relatively safe to assume this material is in the public domain, and can be shared freely.

Martin H. Goodman  
director Riazanov Library digital archive projects  
July 2019 San Pablo, CA

# OUR LENIN

**EDITED BY RUTH SHAW**

**AND HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN**

**PICTURES BY WILLIAM SIEGEL**



**MARTIN LAWRENCE, Ltd.**

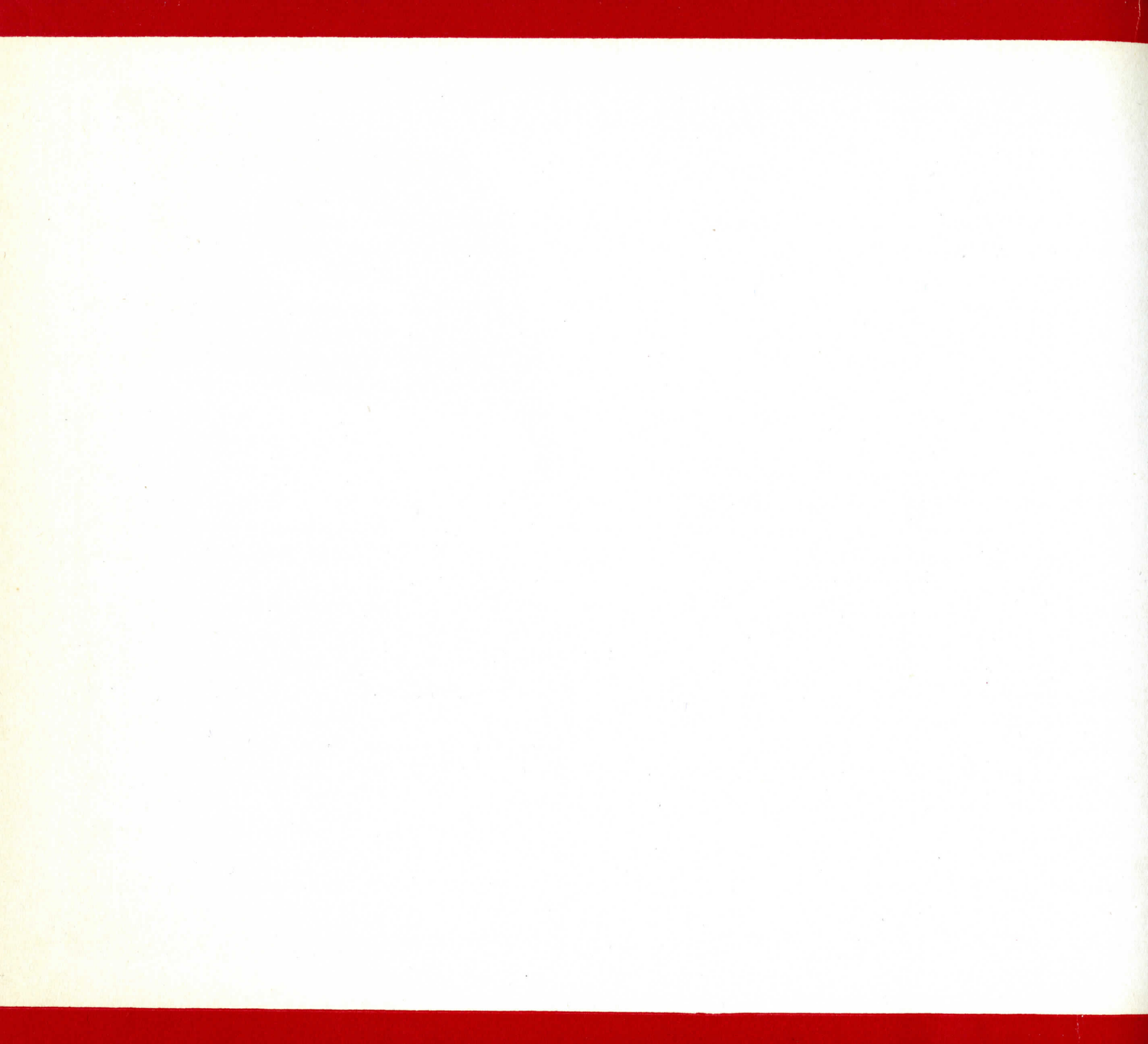
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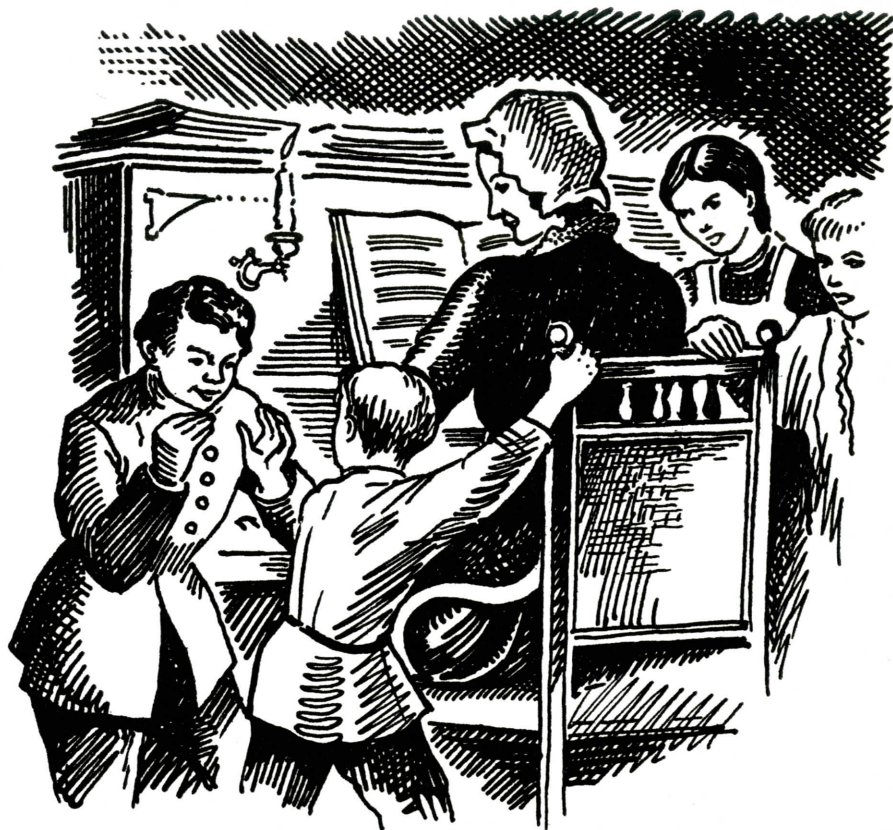
THIS book is based upon an illustrated story of Lenin's life published in the Soviet Union some years ago under the title of "Lenin for Children." A free translation was made and adapted for American children by Ruth Shaw and William Siegel. Harry Alan Potamkin, just before his death, revised the manuscript, incorporating material about Lenin's childhood which he gleaned from the reminiscences of Lenin's sister. While the story has been partly fictionalized, it adheres closely to the true events in the life of Lenin.

**I**T was twilight in Simbirsk on the Volga River. Lamps were gleaming in two rooms of the Ulyanov home. In one room sat Ilya, the father of the family. He was reading the papers from St. Petersburg where the Tsar reigned. The father was superintendent of schools, and had spent the day, as he had often spent his days, arguing with the governor for free education for the poorer children. Now he was reading of terrors in the cities and villages of Russia that year of 1880. He shook his head in sorrow. Nearby on the oak table, water was boiling and humming in the samovar.

In the next room Maria, the mother of the family, was playing the piano while the children sang. There were four children, Anna, Vladimir, Maria and Mitya. The mother played and the children sang the song of the little goat:

“Upon the kid the wild wolves fell—”

Little Mitya could not keep back the tears for the poor innocent goat. Vladimir, whom everyone called Volodya, thought his brother's tears very funny. Volodya was now ten years old and above crying at songs. But he wasn't above playing jokes. He sang in



a very sad voice that rose as he came nearer to little Mitya, and he stretched the words fearfully:

“They le-eft the go-oat just ho-orns and fe-eet!”

That was too much for Mitya. He burst into sobs. Mother stopped playing to console her youngest, and she scolded Volodya mildly. “Now see, you have made your brother cry.”

Volodya wrapped his little brother in his arms and whispered, “That's all right, Mitya, brother Sasha'll kill all the wolves!” Mitya brushed away his tears and smiled. Sure, brother Sasha, who was at the university in the capital, he would destroy all the wolves in Russia. And the goats and the lambs and the chickens would be free.

There was a knock at the outside door. Volodya, small and lively, ran to open it. "Hurray!" he shouted, "it's Vera." A girl of his age, poorly clad, entered. "Good-evening," she greeted the father, who had put his papers aside on hearing her name. "Good-evening, Vera," he said.

"I have come as you told me," said the girl.

The mother entered the room. "Good-evening, Vera. Have you heard from your father?"

"Yes, he is coming home soon."

"How's Ivan?" cried Volodya. Everyone laughed. Ivan was Volodya's favorite friend, Vera's cousin in the

country. Volodya played with Ivan in the summers when he visited his grandfather in Kokushkino. He played with Ivan when Ivan was not working on the little patch they called a farm. Volodya helped Ivan plow the field and milk the one cow, and his speech was full of "Well, Ivan says..." and "Ivan knows..." From Ivan he learned how much the poor peasants suffered. The rich peasants were wild wolves that fell upon the innocent goats.

**V**ERA didn't know how Ivan was. They hadn't heard from Ivan, who wrote the letters for his parents, but she knew that her uncle, aunt and cousin were worse off than ever.

"Come, Vera," said the father, "let's go over your lessons." He turned to his own children: "And you finish your lessons, too."

"I've done mine, dad!" Volodya jumped up.

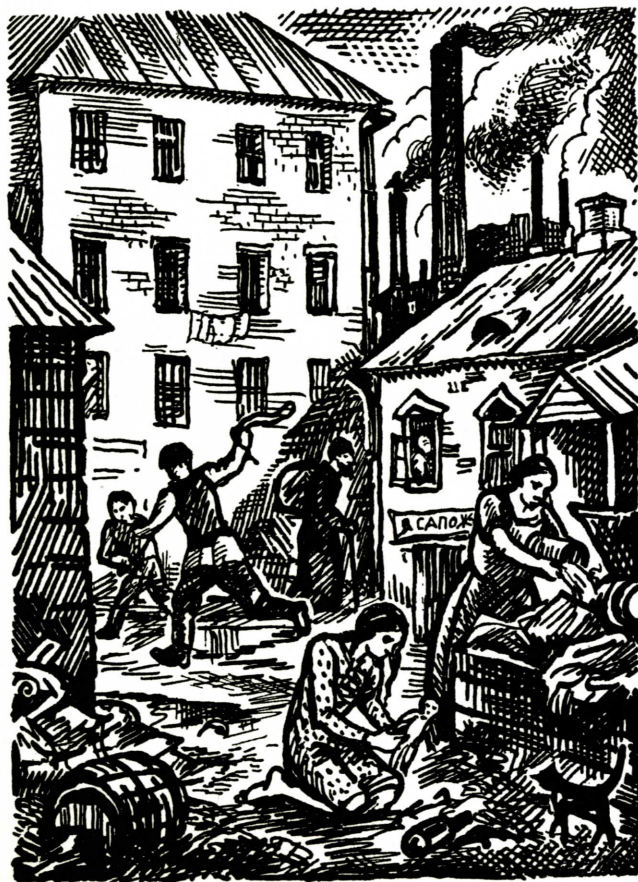
"Already?"

"Yes, in school," said the mother, smiling.

"Well then," said the father, "you stay and help Vera and me with hers."

The lesson was broken into with the story of Vera and her family. Volodya put the story together in his thoughtful mind and it made a picture he could never forget.

Vera's father was a weaver and he worked in a big textile mill with his wife. Vera kept house, a clean but bare home. Father and mother went to work in the early morning before the daughter was awake. In the summer Vera played in noisy narrow streets with other children whose mothers and fathers also worked in mills and factories. In the winter she stayed indoors. It was too cold to go out. She had no warm coat. Her shoes were torn.





Her parents did not earn enough together to buy the girl a coat and a pair of shoes.

In Simbirsk there were many fine streets. One day Vera and Volodya walked down the finest of the streets. "How wide and clean it is," said Vera.

A garden graced the largest house on the block. "See the flowers!" cried Vera. "Aren't they beautiful!"

"I wonder who lives in that house," said Volodya.

"My father's and mother's boss," said Vera.

Volodya was astonished. Such a difference between this house and Vera's. A girl about Vera's age, his age, came out on the porch. She was dressed in a lovely white dress and she carried a large doll. On the porch stood a handsome bicycle. Volodya looked at this girl and then at Vera. Vera was thin, and her clothes were faded and frayed. Vera would soon have to go to the rich man's mill to work for the rich man's daughter.

**ONE** summer it was burning hot. The sun beat down like a whipping-master. There was no rain. The workers in the cities could barely breathe. In the mill where Vera's parents worked it was hotter even than out-of-doors. But things were even worse for Vera's cousin and uncle and aunt in the country. Ivan and his father and his mother worked in the fields of a rich man. As soon as the winter snows were melted, they went every day to work in the fields, planting the seed and tilling the land with heavy, old-fashioned tools. Ivan worked with them, or was left at home to take care of their own rough plot and to milk the cow. They were fond of this cow. Even when they themselves had scarcely enough to eat, they fed the cow.

One day they sat in their little wooden hut. A man rapped at the door. The landlord had sent him for the rent. Ivan's father had no money. He begged the man to wait.

"If you don't pay," said the sheriff angrily, "I'll take your cow and sell it!"

"If you take our cow," said Ivan's father, "there will be no milk for our boy."

"You must either give me the cow or I shall put you in jail!" the sheriff answered. He led the cow away.

The mother wept and Ivan wept too. It made them very unhappy to lose their cow.

Other peasants who had no money had to part with their belongings too. From the peasants in that village and in all the other villages, the sheriffs took away things. From some a





sheep, from others a horse or a cow. The peasants were afraid to say anything, but they remembered for a long time how their cattle were taken from them, and in their hearts there was anger.

Near the village was the beautiful big house of the landowner. It was white and within it were soft carpets and many fine pictures. Around the house was a big garden and about the garden was a strong iron fence. In the summer the landowner lived here. He had a warm house for the winter; a cool house in the summer. Ivan and his parents lived in a single room with their cow. The beautiful garden and the big house belonged to the rich landowner for whom they worked. The fields and the meadows belonged to him. And the little wooden, grass-thatched hut where Ivan lived with his parents and the cow belonged to him. All the huts of all the peasants belonged to him. Everything belonged to him, even the cow. With him every summer came his wife and his son. The son was the same age as Ivan. But he had all sorts of things that Ivan dared not even dream of.

"I have toys and candy and books with pictures," the rich boy teased Ivan once from the other side of the big iron fence. "See!"

Ivan was too amazed to say anything at all but he looked and looked at the book with pictures.

"Yes," continued the rich boy, "I have my own pony and I'm going to have my own boat to sail on the river. What do you have?"

Before Ivan could tell him that he had nothing at all to play with, the rich boy's big fat mother called her son away and scolded him for talking to the peasant boy.

**I**N the city the boss wanted more profits. His wife had asked for a new fur coat for the fall, and another carriage for the spring. And, of course, there had to be new frocks for the daughter. Who would provide the coat, the carriage and the frocks? The workers. They would have to turn out more goods. The boss commanded the foreman: "Make them work faster!" He put out a notice that the hours of work would be increased. The pay was cut.



In the country the grain wouldn't grow in the peasants' poor earth. The rich landowner didn't worry, his land was kept moist by irrigation. When the peasants came to him to ask him for help, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Ask the priests." The priests were paid to bring rain. Ivan's father said, "Prayer won't bring rain. Prayer won't bring our cow back." The peasants carried their heavy holy images out to the fields, crossed themselves many times, touched their foreheads to the dry soil, but there was no rain. The skies remained clear. Not a drop of moisture fell.

There was no crop. The poor peasants were starving. Across the meadow, however, the barns of the landowner were packed with grain. The people began to point to the barns. They nodded their heads. "He could not give us rain, but he surely will give us some wheat for bread. He has so much." They crossed the meadow. They opened the iron gate and stood before the big white house. They took their hats off, the landowner was a very great man. Didn't he own everything!

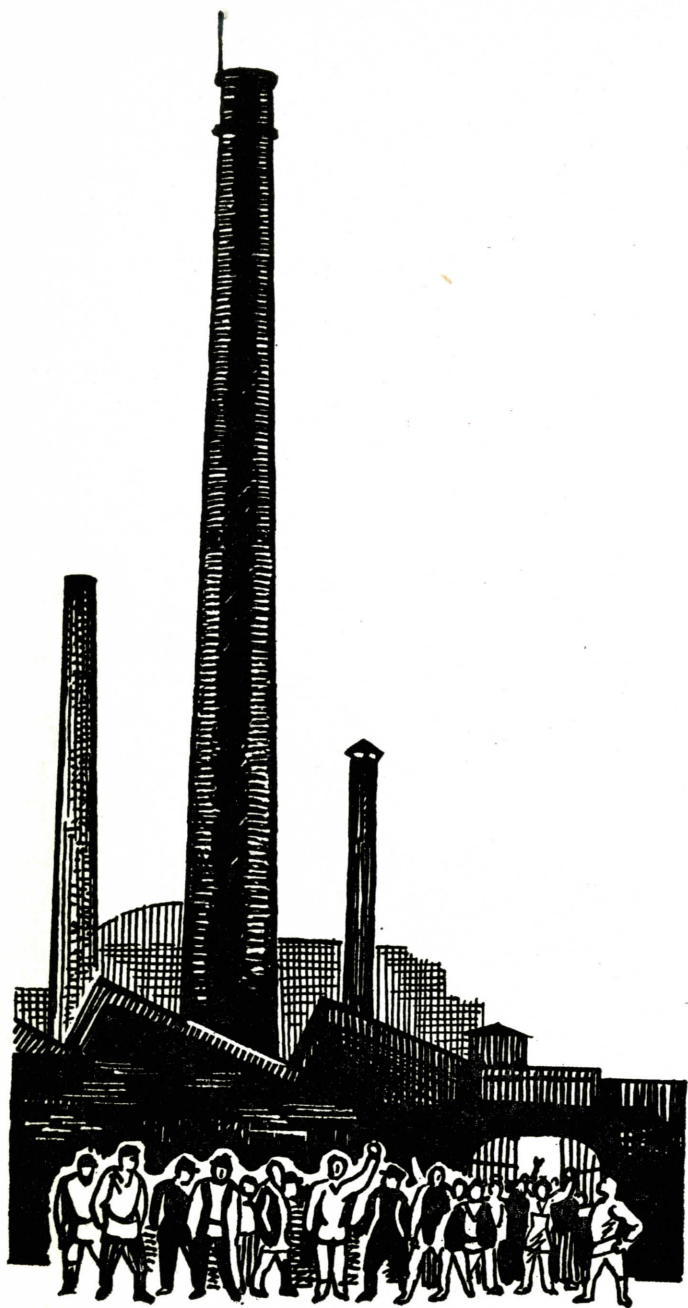
"I will give you nothing!" the landowner roared. "Beat it!"

Ivan's father stepped forward. His blood beat fast. "We are only asking for what belongs to us," he said. "You didn't plow the land. You didn't sow the grain. We did it with our hands."

The peasants cried, "Right! You're right!"

The landowner was furious: "I'll show you!" He had Ivan's father arrested and put into jail. The other peasants were flogged.





**I**N the city the workers felt they could not endure the drudgery. Vera said: "Mother, I am so hungry. Can't I have something to eat?" Vera's father spoke to the worker beside him: "We must not let this go on. Our children are starving. We must fight for our children, comrade. If we do not protest, we will be made even worse slaves at smaller wages. If we join together, we can be strong."

The workers stopped work. The wheels no longer went 'round. Tools were dropped. The workers went on strike for reasonable hours and a living wage. One day passed. "Oh they'll come back," laughed the boss. Two days passed. "Oh they'll come back," smiled the boss. Three days passed. "They'll come back," frowned the boss. A week passed. "Come back," the boss whined, "and everything will be all right."

But the workers were wise. They would not be fooled.

"I'll make you come back!" snarled the boss. The police raided the home of Vera. They flung the mother aside, and kicked the child. The father they took to jail. "You were the leader," the judge said. "You started this strike. You'll pay for it." Many others were arrested. The servants of the Tsar were the servants of the rich.

Volodya knew these stories well. They were true stories, deep in his heart. He remembered them better than the stories of the saints they taught at school, and better than the fairy-tales the nursemaid had told him. To him Vera was a greater person than any story-book heroine. Her father was a striker, and because he was a brave comrade, they had to put him in jail.

"And now he's coming home!" said Vera joyfully. "And he'll lead another strike!" she added proudly.

Ah yes, Vera's father was a great hero. But the greatest of heroes was brother Sasha.

**T**HE spring holidays came and with them brother Sasha. How Volodya awaited his older brother's return. He would play chess with Sasha as he had often played with his father. They would go into the woods where Sasha would make collections of plants and insects. He was a naturalist. And Sasha would tell him of the secret student meetings. Sasha was his ideal. "When I grow up," he thought, "I want to be like brother Sasha." When the cab finally drew up to the house, Volodya flung himself on Sasha's neck. "Oh," he cried, "I thought you were never coming!"

That evening they had a few family-friends over to see Sasha. He told of the political excitement in Petersburg. "More and more," he said, "the students are awakening to the plight of the people. We know that our freedom is tied up with theirs. But the Tsar has his spies. We found a stool-pigeon among us!" With tall ears and large eyes Volodya listened. He saw his mother's hand touch her mouth, but she said nothing. Volodya was proud of his mother.

"If only Russia were free of the Tsar!" said Sasha.

A guest, one of the first woman-doctors in Russia, said, "We must change the entire thing, get rid of the capitalists."

Vera's father, back from prison, joined in, "The more they have the more they want."

Tea and cookies were brought in. The conversation turned to pleasant jests. Volodya touched his doctor-friend's arm and said, "You know, doctor, I am a very sick person."

The doctor saw Volodya was joking, so she joined in. With a very serious expression, she felt his pulse, and asked: "What's the complaint?"

The patient answered, "I'm never satisfied. The more cookies I eat the more I want. I must be a capitalist."

Everyone laughed. Sasha jumped on Volodya. "Well, then there's only one cure, a revolutionary cure. The patient must be thrown out." And he rolled his brother into the next room, where they sat laughing together and calling each other friendly names.



They went to the March festival. It was the custom to buy birds and set them free. Volodya was very fond of this custom. His mother would give him some pennies to buy a bird. Volodya would put the creature into a cage, and then would set it free. This time he bought with the pennies a titmouse and put the wee creature into a cage. But he forgot to provide food and water for it and the little thing died. When Volodya came to free the bird, he saw that it was dead. A deep shame and sorrow stirred him. He cried: "Never again will I keep a bird in a cage!"

**I**N play and work Volodya learned about the world of men. In joy and sorrow he learned to know what men suffered. One day a very great sorrow drove the joy out of his heart. His father died—very suddenly. With Sasha in Petersburg, Volodya was now the man of the house. He smiled through his sorrow to lighten his mother's grief. Always he stayed near her to help her, with an errand, with a bit of news. His older sister Anna had come from the capital, where she was studying. Volodya was a very good student of Latin, and Anna had to prepare her Latin for the higher courses. Volodya, although younger, helped her with her studies.

"You are a very good teacher, Vladimir." Anna now called him by his given name.

"Am I?" said her brother laughing.

"Indeed you are. You are better than my teacher in the university."

"Well then, call me Professor Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov from now on."

"Ilyitch," the sister whispered. "You are the son of your father Ilya. He was a good teacher too."

"A man of brain and a man of heart."

Sister and brother talked often of St. Petersburg, of the workers there, of brother Sasha. "Your brother is a brave man, Vladimir. I fear for his safety."

"Oh," said Vladimir Ilyitch stoutly, "nothing will hurt Sasha."

Anna returned to Petersburg. She found Sasha very busy planning. She stayed near him. The students wanted to help the peasants and workers. "The Tsar is the richest landowner of all," they said, "and he helps the other landlords to rob the peasants. It is his police who put the strikers in jail. It is his Cossacks that murder the Jews. We must kill the Tsar!"





The students plotted secretly in cellars and attics. At night when other people were asleep, they met and planned what to do. Sasha was a leader. Every time he passed the Winter Palace of the Tsar with his sister Anna, he would say, "In there is the cause of slavery and hunger. We must shatter the cause of the people's misery. We must kill the Tsar!"

Alexander the Third was Tsar. Alexander the Second had been killed by one of these brave bands of terrorists, but things were just as bad under Alexander the Third. Wherever people met, the police were present. Anyone seen leaving a meeting was severely questioned and very often imprisoned. The Tsar wanted to put locks on the lips of the people, so that the word of freedom could not be spoken. Sasha and his friends faced torture and death if their plans were known. But the danger of torture and death could not stop them. They chose the day, the hour.

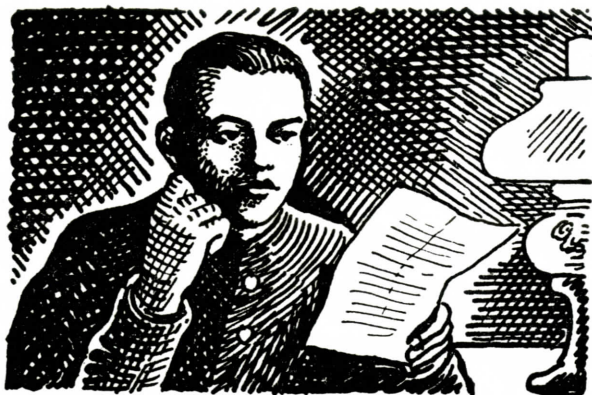
ONE day Volodya was called from his class in school. This was his last year in high school. He received a note from a friend of the family, a teacher. She had something to tell him. When Volodya came, she told him to be brave. A letter had come from relatives of his in Petersburg. His face tightened, his fingers cut into the palms of his hand, as he read: "Sasha has been arrested in the plot against the Tsar. Anna is held too." The friend watched the boy's face. "This is not little Volodya," she thought. "This is a man. This is Vladimir Ilyitch."

Vladimir Ilyitch lifted his eyes from the letter and said sternly:

"A serious affair. This may end badly for Sasha."

It was Vladimir's duty to tell his mother. He set his jaws for the task. "Mother," he said, "Sasha is in trouble." His mother folded her hands together tightly. "She's very brave," thought Vladimir proudly. "And Anna?" asked his mother. "She too," answered the son.





He helped his mother pack for the journey, drove with her to the station. As he walked back to the house he thought, "Sasha couldn't help it. He had to do it. He had to do it." He met Vera on the way, and told her what had happened.

"Your brother is a fine fighter," she said.

He did not answer but thought: "But is he a wise fighter?"

"Father says that Sasha is a herald of the revolution."

"Yes," he thought, "Sasha is the shining herald of the day of freedom."

When he told the woman-doctor of Sasha's arrest, she shook her head: "Very courageous. But to go single-handed with bomb and gun, that will not do. The Tsar and his rich people can kill the workers, and they are allowed to go free. But to get rid of the Tsar and the rich oppressors, the workers and peasants must join and fight. They must together tear out the roots and branches of the landowners' rule, the rule of Tsar and boss."

At home the younger children, Maria and Mitya, were weeping. To cheer them, Vladimir played games

with them, gave them riddles to solve, while he himself was solving the riddle of Sasha. He knew the answer: "The workers and the peasants, the students and the teachers, the writers and artists and scientists, all who want a free world, must join together to overthrow, not only the Tsar, but the bosses, the bankers and the landlords, those who burdened the Veras and the Ivans with cruel labor and little pay."

The mother returned with the bitter news. "Sasha is dead! Hanged!" Vladimir shuddered. "My poor brave brother who loved life so much!" That was a day Vladimir never forgot.

"And Anna is to go to your grandfather's at Kokushkino."





**V**LADIMIR saw that he must fight too in the great struggle for freedom. His brother had died in it, his sister was exiled. The judges would have sent her farther away, but the mother had fought for her daughter. "You have killed one child of mine. You shall not take away this one too." "Well," the judges finally agreed, "she must keep out of the city for some time. You are responsible for her conduct."

His brother's death hardened Vladimir. That same year he went to study at the University of Kazan. He became active in the students' struggles. Spies were everywhere. Students' clubs were forbidden, even the most harmless ones. The government was scared, and fright makes the cruel even crueler. The students would not be silenced. They gathered together, marched and demanded:

The Return of Students' Rights!

Free Speech—the End of Gag Rule!

The Right to Meet Together!

Vladimir was a leader in this struggle of youth. He was arrested as his brother had been. He was brought before the judge. The Tsar's agent sat on his high seat and said to Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov: "Why do you revolt, young man? Don't you see a stone wall before you?"

Vladimir answered quietly: "A rotten wall. One push and it will crumble!"

The judge wanted to send Vladimir to a dungeon but the mother came and said, "I will be responsible for my son." Vladimir was exiled to Kokushkino where his sister Anna was. There he met his old friend Ivan. "How are things, comrade?" he asked. "Wretched, Comrade Volodya," replied Ivan. "Some day they will be better," said Vladimir. "I know," said Ivan smiling.



For three years Vladimir remained in the home of his grandfather. In those three years he learned what the peasants thought. He saw how they lived, and how hard life was for them. He studied their speech and learned to speak as they did, so that he could tell them in words they understood what was the reason for their condition, and what they must do to improve their lot. After three years he was free to leave Kokushkino. He went to St. Petersburg, took and passed his examination for the Bar, became a lawyer, but did not practice law for very long. There was much to do. The workers were in great need. He must fight for them.



**A** YOUNG man of 23, Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov took up his life with the workers in the capital of tsardom, the growing center of factory life, St. Petersburg. In the dismal streets gray with factory smoke, Comrade Ilyitch, as his friends called him now, talked with the workers. He learned every detail of their lives, the weariness and the hunger. He kept in touch with Ivan at Kokushkino to learn what the peasants were doing and he wrote constantly to Vera in Simbirsk to learn how things were there. In a bare room in Petersburg nine people lived together, and these people began to weave, not a warm coat for the rich to wear, but the threads of a movement for freedom, when the warm coat would be worn by the worker who made it.

The revolutionists took brief names to be remembered easily by the workers and to hide their true names from the police. Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov called himself N. Lenin, and the workers called him sometimes Comrade Ilyitch, sometimes Comrade Lenin. One day Vera came from Simbirsk to St. Petersburg. She was taken by a comrade to a basement where a secret meeting was being held. A short stocky young fellow was talking as Vera entered. "Why, that's Volodya!" The young man was just finishing his address. "Comrades!" he said. "We must always keep before us the goal of the Revolution. It must direct everything we do. But we must fight also for the immediate. We must rally the workers together for the shorter working-day, a living wage, better living conditions, social insurance and protection of limb. We must bring the youth to us by going into the fight of youth. We must teach and urge the workers, unite them, break down the walls of hatred among them that together, organized in solid ranks, they may get rid of their common enemy."

"Comrade Lenin is right!" the workers said at this secret meeting. Vladimir Ilyitch had seen Vera enter. He ran to her and embraced her. "Ah Vera, I am happy to see you!" Vera returned the embrace. "And you are no longer the little Volodya, but Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin, a leader."

**L**ENIN led the workers in their daily struggles. He was their teacher and leader. The League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class was formed. The number of members increased. Vera and her father and mother joined. Ivan, who had come to the city to find work to keep his parents from starving, also joined.

The workers had to be very careful. Because the black shadow of the Tsar's police loomed everywhere, they had to work in greatest secrecy. The work they did was called "underground work." They had no printing-press. Books were written in pen or pencil and handed from one to another. Letters had to be written in code. Secret messages were sent in chemical inks. No one except those who knew how could read them.

Lenin had to be very careful as he went around from one workers' circle to another. He soon knew every alley and byway in the workers' section of the city. He managed to get about unnoticed and to give the police-spies the slip. In the outskirts of the city, behind the quiet front of a house that looked no different than its neighbor a secret printing press was set up. The press was in the cellar and could only be reached through a trap-door which was hidden in a closet. Under the cover of night, the workers who ran the press received the messages which a few days later appeared by thousands in printed leaflets. Dressed as if going to market, women would carry these leaflets hidden at the bottom of a basket full of food, to the workers who had been chosen to distribute them.

These first circles of workmen bore fruit. In November of 1895 began the first strike of the newly awakened city workers. One day the wheels turned, smoke poured from the chimneys. The next day a few wheels stopped, the following day a few more and the smoke cleared away. Soon thousands of workers had stopped work.

From the secret presses came leaflets from Lenin. They rained like hail about the factory gates. The strikers grabbed them before they might melt away and learned to know and trust the League of Struggle.





The factory owners were angry. They wouldn't give the workers one extra penny of pay if they could help it. They beat the leaders of the workers and jailed them. Some were held in the dreadful dungeons of St. Petersburg. Others were exiled to the icy plains of Siberia.

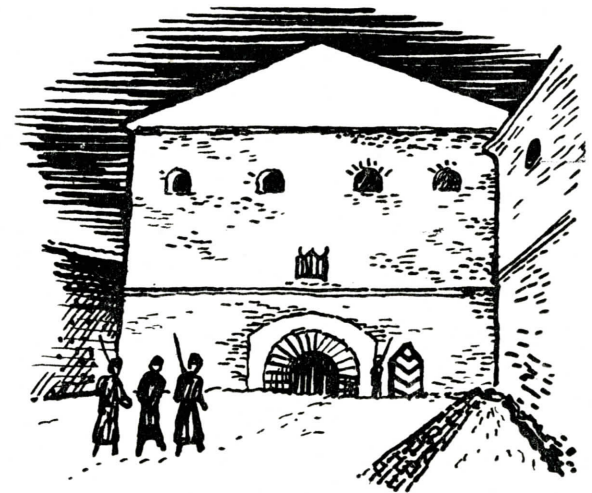
Lenin did not escape the mad wrath of the employers. He was put in jail too. There between the lines of a book he wrote leaflets in milk instead of ink. The books were passed to the workers outside of jail. They held the pages over a flame and the words appeared. The next day these very same words were scattered over the city in leaflets for the workers to read.

So that the jailers would not discover him, Lenin made ink-wells out of bread dipped in milk. These he would swallow if he heard a noise at the grating of his cell. In one of his letters he wrote, "Today I have swallowed six inkwells!"

For a year Lenin was held in the St. Petersburg jail. Then the order came: "Exile Lenin to Siberia!" Thousands of miles away he was sent, across the high Ural Mountains, into Siberia.

**F**ROM this wilderness of ice and snow men had sought to escape. Some had succeeded, but others had frozen to death. Although it irked Lenin to be away from the struggle of the workers, he began to study. Much had to be known before the working class could overthrow the master.

Soon a friend of his joined him. She was Nadezhda Krupskaya who became his wife. Lenin and Krupskaya and her mother all lived together. Sometimes a six-year-old boy named Minka visited them. Clad in a big fur cap and a warm jacket he would run into the house saying, "Here I am!" They always laughed and Krupskaya's mother often gave him a cookie and a hug.



Lenin lived in exile with other brave men and women. In the fall, before the snow came, but when the rivers were freezing, Lenin and his wife went far up the streams. Here Lenin thought of his brother Sasha, who had loved to study the things that grow and live out-of-doors. Every pebble, every little fish could be seen beneath the clear ice. In winter, when the rivers froze to the bottom, Lenin would go skating, with the upper layer of ice crunching beneath his feet. He was very fond of skating.

Or he went hunting the wild hare and the ducks that circled over the rivers in spring. He played chess. At one time he was so taken up with chess, that he even cried out in his sleep, "If he puts his knight here, I'll stick my rook there!"

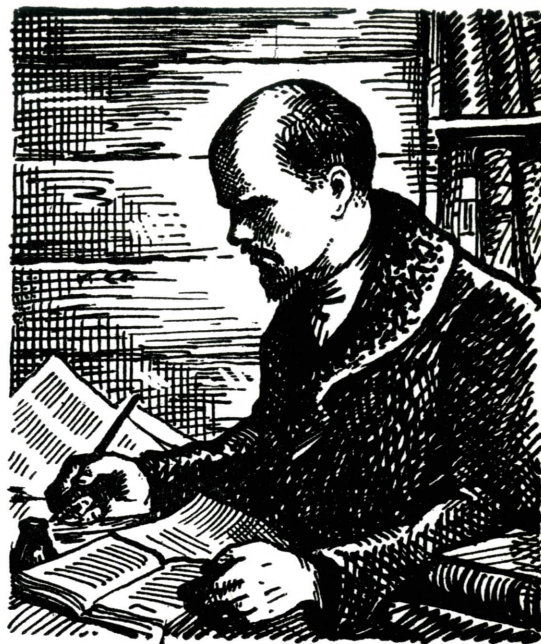
Even from this far away place Lenin watched events closely. He wrote many, many articles. The Russian workers read them carefully, eagerly—the words were food and drink to the workers. The words were true and wise, they were words of action, told how to organize, get together, to overthrow the despot Tsar and make life better for the workers and the peasants. The workers saw in Lenin their leader.

But Lenin wanted to get back into the struggle. The Tsar didn't want him in the struggle. He wanted to keep Lenin far away from the workers.

The Tsar couldn't keep Lenin away forever. After three years of Siberian exile Lenin got into a sleigh and crossed the Ural Mountains into Russia. In Russia he would have no time to play chess. "Chess," he said, "gets hold of you too much and hinders work."

**L**ENIN couldn't return to St. Petersburg. The Tsar's police would have imprisoned him again. He moved to a town nearby.

Things were happening in St. Petersburg. In the textile mill where Vera made cloth, and in all the other mills and factories the workers held secret meetings. And all over the country—in Moscow, in the Ural Mountains, in the mills and mines, in the great industrial cities on the Volga River—workers began to organize. They formed a party for workers. It was called the Social-Democratic Labor Party of Russia.



And because so many things were happening in such far distant parts of the country, the workers needed something that would tell them what was happening all over. They couldn't use the telegraph wires. The Tsar's spies read every message. And the mails were opened. They couldn't set up a printing press and issue a paper. In no corner would it be safe from the raids of the Tsar's police.

The workers had to go abroad to issue their paper. And so Lenin set out among strangers once again. He crossed Poland and went into Germany where the first issue of "Iskra"—the "Spark"—was published. In each issue of this paper appeared the words, "From the spark shall spring the flame." The flame of Revolution.

The workers read the paper and discovered the truth about their lives. "See, this is what Lenin writes," said Vera to a fellow worker, pointing to an article in the "Iskra." "He says we must no longer be content with small groups and little, separated clubs. We must enlarge our groups, join, become giant organizations to fight the tyranny of the bosses and the Tsar." To this worker and to that worker, Lenin wrote letters, asking them how they were getting along, what was happening and also

giving advice. Many, many workers wrote to him and came to see him from Russia. He taught the workers what to do, when and where and why. The workers returned to Russia and put into deeds the words of their teacher. The workers were awakening.

**I**T was now the beginning of the twentieth century. Ivan's father in the village was getting to be an old man. Ivan had returned to be near his parents. He did the work, tilled the soil and slaved for the landowner. Life was hard, just as it had been. And then suddenly war was declared.

Beyond the Siberian plain lay a country almost as big as Russia herself. Across it flowed great rivers. Beneath its soil lay mines of coal and metals where workers would slave to make rich men richer. The shores of this country were lapped by the gentle waters of the Pacific Ocean. The country was China.

Though Russia was a big country she had no harbor that ships could reach in winter. They were all surrounded by ice and snow. But China had a port that was ice-free—Port Arthur. What a prize! And China was weak.

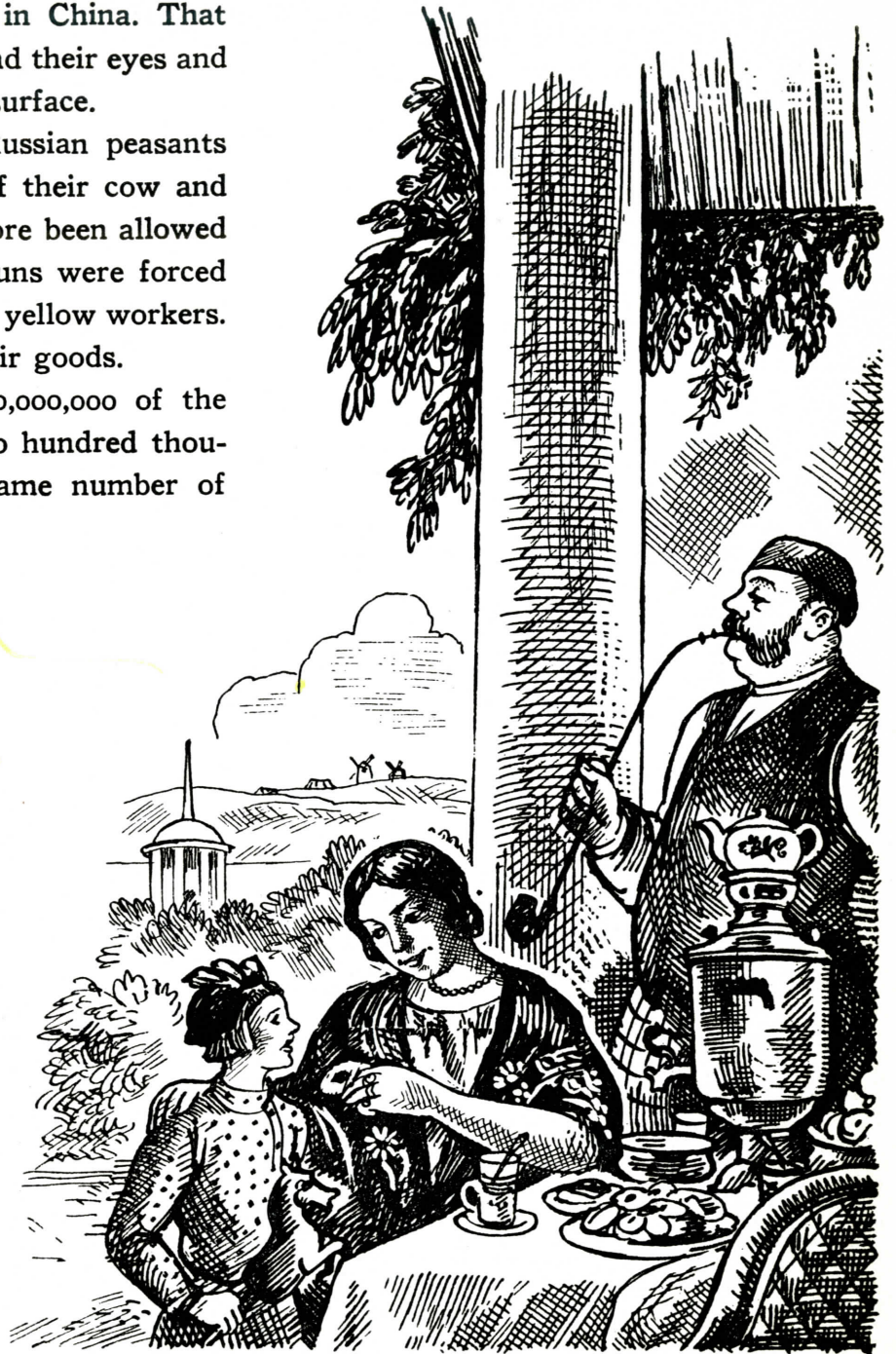


There was another country that wanted no rivals in China. That country was Japan. Her business men had their hearts and their eyes and their pocketbooks set on the riches beneath the Chinese surface.

War broke out between Russia and Japan. The Russian peasants were told that little yellow men wanted to rob them of their cow and their plow. From the villages which they had never before been allowed to leave they were taken to the shores of the Pacific. Guns were forced into their hands. They were told to shoot and to kill the yellow workers. Why? Because Russian merchants needed a port for their goods.

The Russian bosses and landowners spent \$1,000,000,000 of the money they had taken from workers and peasants. Two hundred thousand Russian workers were killed or wounded; the same number of Japanese workers died, or were maimed.

The rich landowners remained in their country mansions, dreaming over the samovar about the greater profits which would be theirs if Russia won the war. The peasants who were not taken off to war were forced to work harder and harder. The old men and women, and even the very young children, were driven out on the fields to work. Little did the landowner, the Tsar and the boss dream of what was soon to happen.



**T**HE soldiers were returning weary from their battles. They found at home that conditions had grown worse.

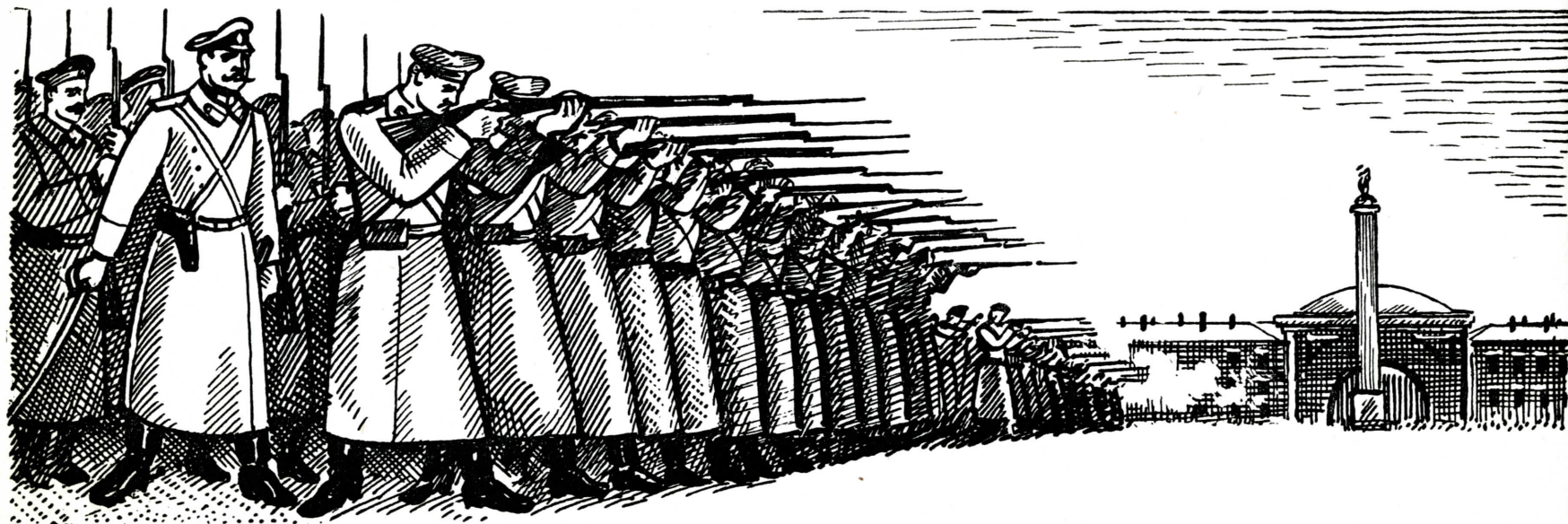
The workers in St. Petersburg couldn't stand it any longer. They decided to ask the Tsar for relief. They gathered up their crosses and their sacred banners. Singing hymns, they marched to the "little father" who was now Tsar Nicholas the Second.

They were met with bullets. Two hundred workers who had come to ask for bread were killed and more than a thousand were wounded on this day, January 22, 1905. Now, once and for all, the workers knew that the Tsar was their enemy. They would ask him, the friend of the landlords and bosses, for no more help. They would improve their lot by their own struggle.

From Europe, though he was away from Russia, Lenin told the workers what to do. He cleared their

doubts and he strengthened their wills, because his words were the words of understanding. He was one of them, their leader, and he spoke their thoughts aloud to them. They had thought like that but their thoughts needed sharpening into action, and Lenin sharpened them: "Organize! Strike! Demonstrate! Overthrow the Tsar!" These were the very thoughts of the workers. They heard their own thoughts spoken by their leader Lenin. They listened to their own hearts in the words of their leader Lenin. They understood. The entire land began to move against the oppressors.

In the cities workers came out of their wretched little houses and demonstrated on the main streets, carrying red flags. No more crosses. No more hymns. On the flags you could read the words, "Down with the Tsar," "Workers of the world, unite." Among the crowds you could hear the song of the International . . .





Arise ye prisoners of starvation  
Arise ye wretched of the earth  
For justice thunders condemnation  
A better world's in birth

**I**N the villages the peasants, too, could not bear their suffering any longer. Ivan said to his parents, "We must drive out the landowner. He owns more land than three whole villages together. Yet he never touches the plow. It is we who grow the food that makes him and his wife fat and rich. And our children are thin and hungry!"

Ivan and all the other peasants in the village took their scythes and hatchets and went to the landlord's big white house. This time they didn't knock at the door and remove their hats before the greatness of him who owned so much land. No. The peasants rode right up to the porch and went into the big white house. They demanded

that the land they had tilled for centuries and the wheat they had grown be given to them.

They remembered the long, long years of suffering they had endured at the hands of the landowner and the Tsar's police. They boiled with rage and hatred. This time they waved their scythes and pitchforks not in the regular and even motion of cutting and piling up grain. They were raised in rage and fury against the landlord who denied them the food they raised.

The landlord was frightened. He harnessed his horse and his carriage and with his wife and son he rode away.

Then the peasants took the land and their children played in the master's garden. Lenin's words had reached the village, too. The peasants were heeding his advice, just as the workers in the city were doing.

But in every village it didn't happen this way. In many villages the peasants were still afraid. Because the





villages were often far apart the peasants were not united. They didn't stand together.

The landlords asked the Tsar to help them. The Tsar ordered his generals to shoot the peasants. Cossacks galloped along the streets of the village, striking the peasants right and left with their whips and shooting them down with their guns.

The peasants had no guns. They couldn't defend themselves. It was not long before the landlords were flocking back to their rich estates.

But the peasants now knew that they, too, were strong. No longer would they submit so easily to the tyranny of the landowner. They would gather at night in Ivan's hut. Out of these meetings there grew a peasants' organization. They planned to continue the fight for the land they tilled.

**I**N the cities the fight grew fiercer. Strikes flared up over the length and breadth of the land. Lenin had told the workers to declare a general strike. It had come. It spread like an avalanche from one city to another. Soldiers refused to shoot down the workers. Instead they greeted them as brothers. The sailors were striking against their officers.

The Tsar and the big landowners and the bosses were scared. "Let us fool the workers with promises," they said. "Maybe then they will be quiet." The Tsar issued a manifesto to the people. He promised them the right to vote and to hold meetings and to say anything they wished in their papers and even to elect a Congress. This was the first victory of the Revolution.



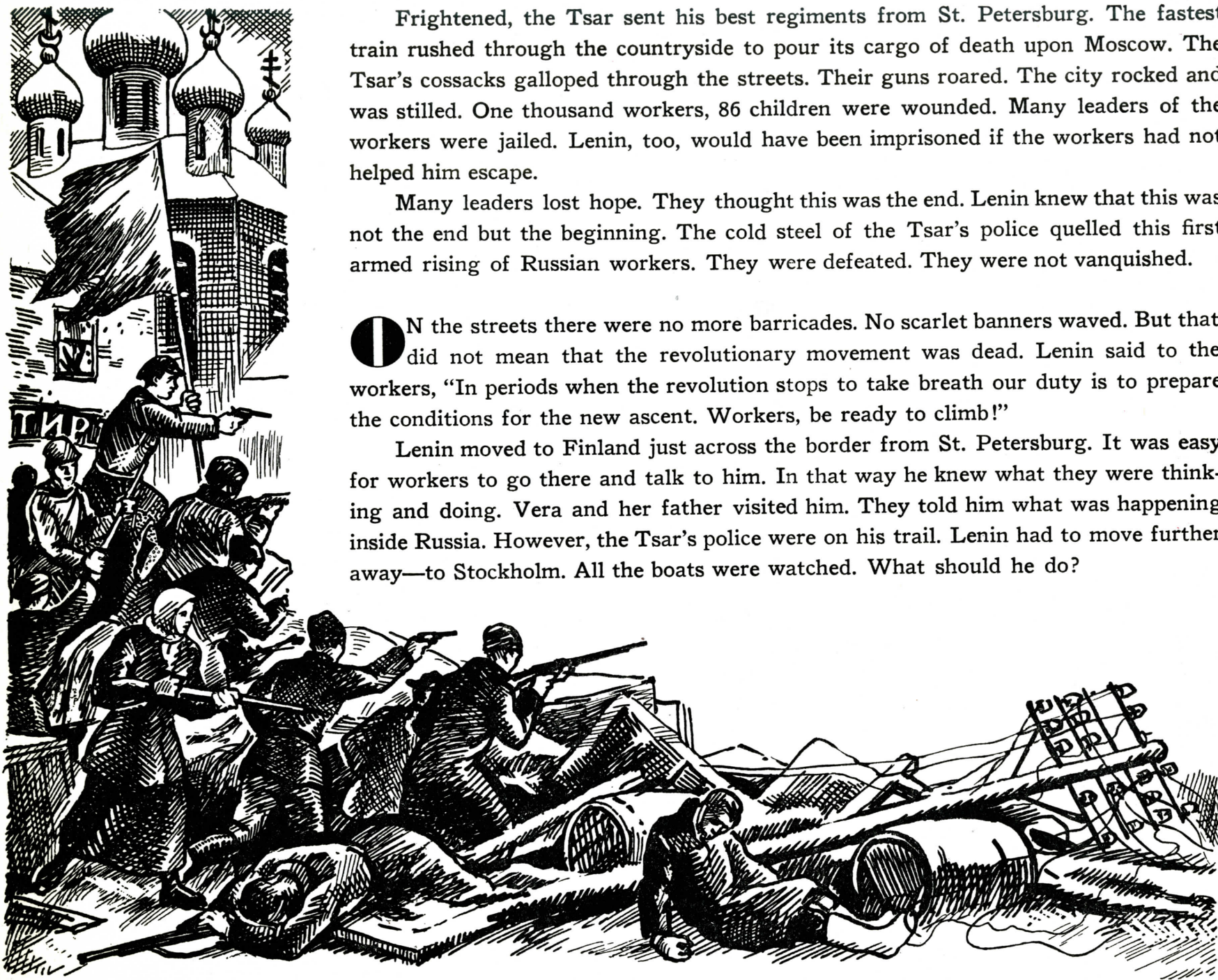
But Lenin was not fooled by the promises of the Tsar. His words rang out, true and clear: "Don't trust the Tsar's promises. You must still fight many battles. Arm yourselves. Win over the soldiers. Lead the peasants. Continue the general strike."

Lenin could no longer stay away from Russia. He returned to St. Petersburg to lead the workers. He spoke to them and told them to fight the bosses who were helping the Tsar by closing down the factories. "They are trying to starve you out," he said. "All the workers all over Russia must strike together." Together!

In Moscow where the domes of the Tsar's churches glittered in the sun, the strike was the fiercest. Every factory in the city closed down. The big city which had bustled with life was like a deserted village. There was no friendly talk across the court yard. The clatter of a wagon brought the people to their windows in sudden panic, wondering what would happen next. The steady tread of a regiment of soldiers passing by brought curses from behind the closed doors. But no door was unlatched; no window opened. The whole city was waiting, waiting.

Then the workers came out—men, women, boys and girls with their coats flying, a triumphant look in their eyes. "This city has been built by our hands," they cried. "It shall be ours." Hastily barricades were thrown up in the streets. The shots of the workmen rang out against the Tsar's police. But they were drowned in the deafening boom of the great guns of the Tsar's cossacks.





Frightened, the Tsar sent his best regiments from St. Petersburg. The fastest train rushed through the countryside to pour its cargo of death upon Moscow. The Tsar's cossacks galloped through the streets. Their guns roared. The city rocked and was stilled. One thousand workers, 86 children were wounded. Many leaders of the workers were jailed. Lenin, too, would have been imprisoned if the workers had not helped him escape.

Many leaders lost hope. They thought this was the end. Lenin knew that this was not the end but the beginning. The cold steel of the Tsar's police quelled this first armed rising of Russian workers. They were defeated. They were not vanquished.

ON the streets there were no more barricades. No scarlet banners waved. But that did not mean that the revolutionary movement was dead. Lenin said to the workers, "In periods when the revolution stops to take breath our duty is to prepare the conditions for the new ascent. Workers, be ready to climb!"

Lenin moved to Finland just across the border from St. Petersburg. It was easy for workers to go there and talk to him. In that way he knew what they were thinking and doing. Vera and her father visited him. They told him what was happening inside Russia. However, the Tsar's police were on his trail. Lenin had to move further away—to Stockholm. All the boats were watched. What should he do?



A Finnish comrade said to him, "You can get the boat at another island. Go there."

The island was only a few miles across the Baltic Sea. In summer any fisherman would have rowed Lenin across. But now the rippling surface of the water was frozen over. And although it was December the ice was not quite firm in some places. No one could be found who would risk his life to cross the sea. Yet every moment's delay meant for Lenin the greatest danger, perhaps death.

At last two Finnish peasants who had been brought up on the sea coast volunteered to go. One night the three set out. They walked fast. The snow crunched beneath their feet. Everything was all right when suddenly the ice began to move. In a moment they would be plunged into the icy waters. No cry for help would avail them there.

"Oh what a silly way to have to die," thought Lenin.

Somehow they managed to get to firm ice. It was just in time, too. They walked on again, more cautiously. Each step might be a fatal one. But nothing more happened. They reached land safely. Lenin took the boat to Stockholm and from there he went to Switzerland.

He did not like to be so far away from Russia. He wanted to be with the workers in the factories, the peasants in the fields. When he got to Switzerland Lenin said, "I feel just as if I'd come here to be buried." It was nine years before he went back to St. Petersburg.

In the meantime things were black in Russia. The Tsar's government was taking revenge. The most revolutionary workers and peasants were thrown into prisons or sent far away to Siberia. But Lenin worked day and night. He was preparing the workers for the next revolution. They came to the schools which Lenin organized for them and returned to Russia with the lessons that Lenin taught. It was the quiet before the storm. This time the workers were building a strong revolutionary party to lead the workers and peasants. It was called the Bolshevik Party and its leader was Lenin.



**I**T was not long before the quiet was broken. Something happened to stir the heart of every worker; to make his blood boil.

Far out in Siberia a shot rang out. Two, three, one hundred, two hundred shots cut the air. And for every shot a striker lay dead in his pool of blood. Two hundred men were never to rise again. It was in the spring of 1912. Although this dreadful thing happened in the Lena gold mines, far away from everybody, it echoed in the hearts of workers throughout the land. It was a clarion call to the working class. The workers rose and responded. For every worker who lost his life striking in the Lena gold mines, a thousand strikers came out of

the mills and the factories all over Russia. A mighty wave of protest swept the land.

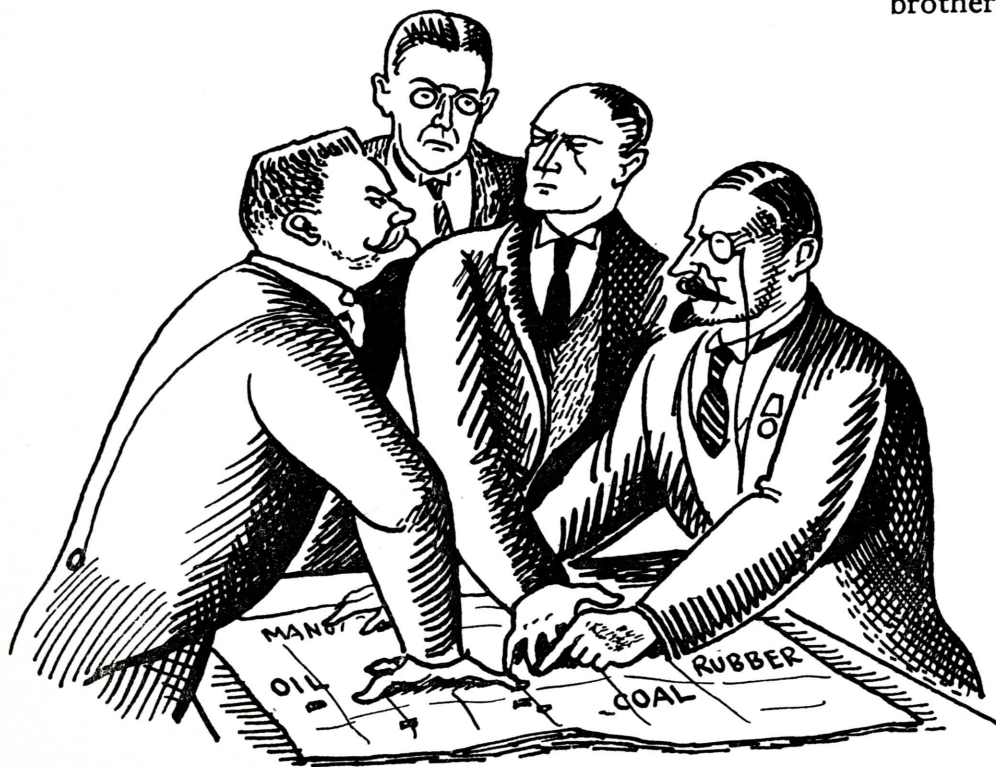
In all the factories the workers were enraged. In St. Petersburg Vera heard about the massacre and she told the workers in her mill about it. "Two hundred strikers in the Lena gold fields were shot," she said. Although her face was lined, her hair streaked with gray, Vera's eyes blazed fire.

"They wanted only bread," cried Vera. "Their children were hungry." "Just as ours are," said a worker.

Vera went on, "Two hundred men struck. They were hungry. They were met with bullets. We, too, are hungry. The bosses will try to kill us. But we shall meet bullet with bullet. We shall fight on and will win. Our brothers who struggled on the Lena gold fields shall not have died in vain."

The workers marched out of their factories. The bosses, the priests, the Tsar's cosacks ordered them back. But they refused. They set up barricades in the streets. "We had better die fighting than starving," they said.

Lenin saw that the revolution was coming to life again. The workers had recovered from their defeat in 1905. He encouraged them. "This is a new beginning," he said. "This time we must defeat the Tsar and the bosses at one stroke."





**W**HILE these workers' battles were occurring in St. Petersburg the world was on the verge of the most dreadful war. Herr Mark of Berlin, M. Franc of Paris, Lord Pound of England and Mr. Dollar of the United States all cried for cheap labor, markets, gold. Already great parts of Africa and Asia were carved up by their swords, but there was still land to be won, workers to be enslaved in far parts of the earth.

Certain parts of the world where black children played under the sun were rich in oil; others where yellow boys and girls worked in the fields had deep layers of coal beneath the fields. "The black workers shall dig the oil for us!" "We will put the yellow workers in the coal mines!" cried the big business men in their stiff white collars. But Herr Mark wanted the same coal and oil that M. Franc and Lord Pound and Mr. Dollar wanted. And so in the summer of 1914 they went to war.

Not they, exactly. They stayed in their offices with the fans going and counted their soldiers and their guns and put a pin in the map where they would dig their oil wells and their coal mines when the war was over. They

sent out workers to kill each other and wage the war for them. When it was all over nearly 38,000,000 workers were killed or wounded or never heard of again. More people than live in the states of New York, California, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, and Texas lost an arm or an eye or disappeared off the face of the earth. That is what the greed of the bosses did for the workers.



**I**LD and young, peasants and workers, they were all made soldiers. In his village Ivan had a son. His name was Ivan, too. He was tall and had fair hair. One day the Tsar's police came to the valley where he lived, and said to him, "You must kill the Germans."

So one day young Ivan marched off with other boys and young men and old men from his village. They gave young Ivan a uniform and a bayonet. Then he was put in a train with thousands of other soldiers. They were all packed together. Some slept on the floor. Ivan slept on his bench sitting up. They passed rivers and villages and fields. Ivan wondered if he would ever see them again.

It was cold and raining when they reached the trenches on the eastern front. The rain came through Ivan's coat and ran down his arms. He felt it seep through his boots. But he plodded on through the mud in the dark trenches. Finally his regiment came to some underground barracks. The men took off their knapsacks and lay down on the wooden boards that were their beds. They were brought tea and bread. The bread was moldy.

All the time they heard cannon fire. Sometimes the

rumbling of the guns came from far-off. Sometimes a bomb dropped quite close. The air was shattered with its noise. The tin cups rattled on the table. The men grew pale. Any moment they might die. And what for?

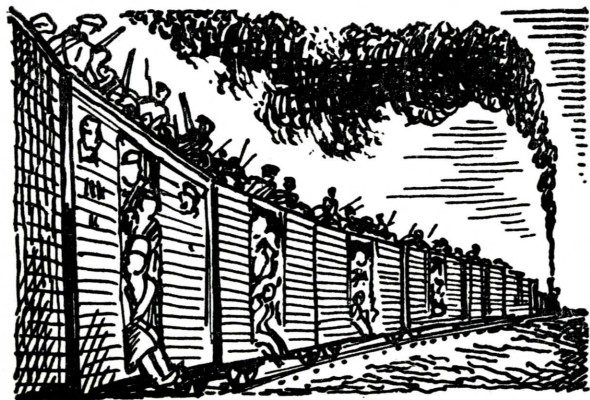
One morning young Ivan's regiment was commanded to "go over the top." Every man clutched his bayonet. The artillery fired steadily, covering the advancing soldiers with a smoke screen. Tanks bore across No-Man's Land like huge monsters breathing destruction. Ivan crawled on, sick at heart.

Suddenly guns began an answering fire from the other side where the German workers were. An airplane began to drop bombs. One fell close to young Ivan. He shuddered and ran on. They were getting closer to the German lines. Shots were falling thicker. Now the Germans were coming forward. Ivan could see them advancing. More bombs fell. The earth shook. Ivan crept into a shell hole. He felt a man's feet. They were cold. He lit a match and saw the dead man's body. A few feet away was his head, lying in the mud. Ivan shuddered and lay still. Minutes went by—perhaps a half hour. To young Ivan it seemed forever.

After a while the guns ceased firing. The smoke lifted. It was almost dawn. Ivan crawled out of his hole. He wormed his way along the entanglements. Finally he reached his own trenches, too weary to move.

When the sun rose nothing could be seen on No-Man's Land except the dead bodies of Russian and German soldiers and the torn-up earth. They had died. What for?

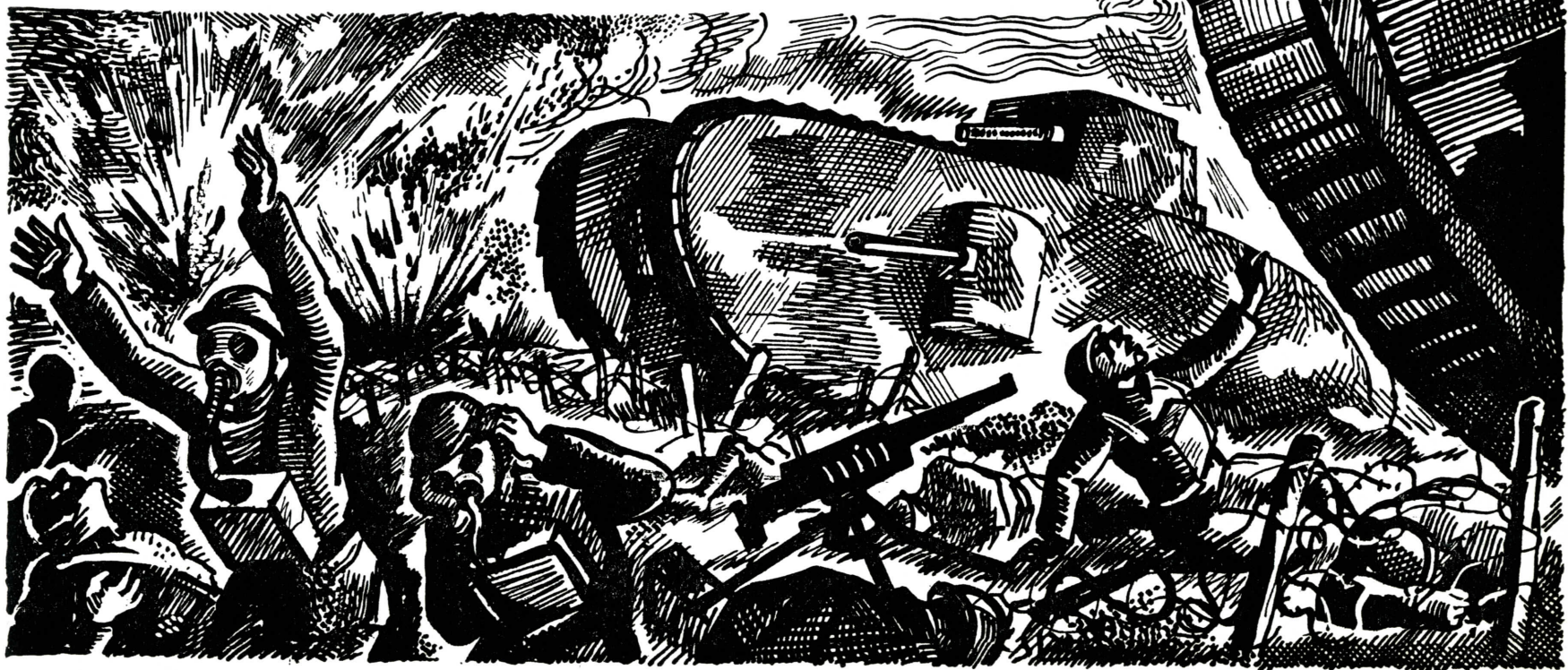
"You are dying for the profits of the rich," came the ringing answer from Lenin.





The German workers had been told they fought "to save the fatherland." British workers were told they fought for the "honor of bleeding Belgium." American workers were told to shoot "to save the world for democracy." But all the time Herr Mark and Lord Pound and M. Franc and Mr. Dollar grew rich. They sold bread and coats for the armies at high prices. They built huge munition factories and amassed great fortunes. Many of the big explosive firms sold weapons and ammunition not only to their own army but the army of the enemy as well!

In Europe and in Russia false leaders were telling the workers lies. They urged the workers to defend their own country. Whose country? The clear voice of Lenin and the Bolshevik Party he had built rang out above the din of war and gave answer: "This is not your country, it belongs to the bosses and the rich. These traitors are telling you to kill each other to protect the profits of the rich. You—the Russian workers and the German and the





French and the American and the British—must join together and stop the war. Turn the guns against the rulers and the bosses! Turn the war into a revolution!” Lenin saw the truth.

**S**INCE “burg” was German for city, St. Petersburg was now called Petrograd. In Petrograd there was no milk, no meat nor bread. Vera went at night to the bakery. There she stood in long lines waiting for it to open, because her baby at home was hungry. Finally they opened the bakery and sold half a pound to each person. The bread was bad and there never was enough.

The workers’ stomachs were empty. “We must stop this war that empties our pocketbooks and pinches our stomachs,” they cried. They refused to work.

Feeling ran high, and one night the smoldering anger against the Tsar and the rich bosses broke out in Petrograd. The streets were crowded with workers, all moving to the center of the city. Although police blocked the bridges, the workers crossed the river on the ice, risking their lives as they waded through the snow.

Vera grabbed her baby and ran out on the streets, too. She bumped into soldiers talking with excited faces. “Are you with us?” she cried.

“Yes, long live the workers’ revolution!” they answered her.

She hurried along. Heavy firing echoed in the distance. The soldiers and sailors were defending the workers’ city of Petrograd. Vera smiled and was

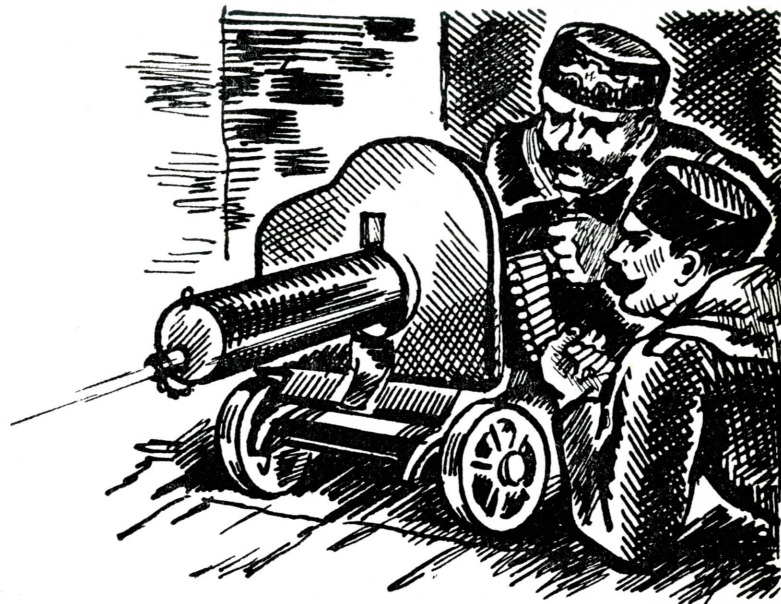
glad. Across a bridge Vera saw a building on fire. Huge tongues of flame licked the sky and cast a red glare over the city. The February Revolution of 1917 had begun.

The next day trolleys were overturned on the streets. Behind them workers defended themselves. All the workers shouted, "Down with war; down with the Tsar."

Days of work and excitement went by. The soldiers urged others who were still loyal to the Tsar not to fire upon the workers. The workers were busy organizing councils called Soviets. "Build the Soviets," they cried. "They will lead the workers to freedom." The Tsar was overthrown!

All the workers felt triumphant. Each one felt the power of the revolution surge within himself. Only the rich and the nobles shivered at home and hid their jewels in their beds. When the workers drove out the Tsar they knew that it spelled the end of the old order. But the workers were not yet in power. A Provisional Government was set up controlled by rich bosses and they tried to fool the workers and take power for themselves.

Lenin was in Switzerland. He was just finishing his dinner when someone rushed into his room. "Haven't you heard the news?" he cried. "There is a revolution in Russia!" Lenin jumped to his feet. With his wife he rushed to the lake, where on the shore all the newspapers were hung up as soon as they came out. Again and again he read the latest news. The revolution had really come! All these years he had been preparing for it. Now he burned with eagerness to return to Russia. Lenin wanted to throw himself into the struggle, to lead it on until a new day dawned for Russia.



He worked quickly, rapidly. He sent words burning with truth and wisdom to the workers of Russia. "Don't stop! Spread out! Rouse new sections! Peace for everybody, bread for the workers and land for the peasants can only come when the armed Soviets of the workers and peasants are in power. Prepare to take power into your own hands!"

He worked feverishly to return to Russia, to follow up his words with deeds. But he had to go through many countries at war, and the Russian bosses and rich farmers didn't want to let him in. However, it was soon arranged and Lenin prepared to leave. He wrote to the Russian soldiers languishing in the prison camps telling them about the revolution and giving them new hope. His farewell words to the Swiss workers were, "Long live the proletarian revolution that is beginning in Europe."



**I**N the meantime, the war continued to rage. The new government which had taken the place of the Tsar gave neither peace nor bread to the people. Instead it sent more soldiers to the front to be maimed and killed. Even better than the Tsar, the new rulers were defending the profits of the bosses and the speculators.

In front of the stock exchange every day men gathered, excited and burning with greed. From the manufacture and sale of the shells and guns, they were reaping great profits. They almost jumped at each other's throats in the wild scramble for the money that was dipped in blood.

But Lenin was already on the way to Russia.

The train moved forward. Its whistles screeched. Thirty men who were exiled because they had fought for the working class were going back to the country where the working class was rising, was struggling to take power. At each turn of the wheels that brought them closer to Russia, Lenin thought, "We are making straight for prison."

But he could not stay outside while the fate of the revolution was being decided.

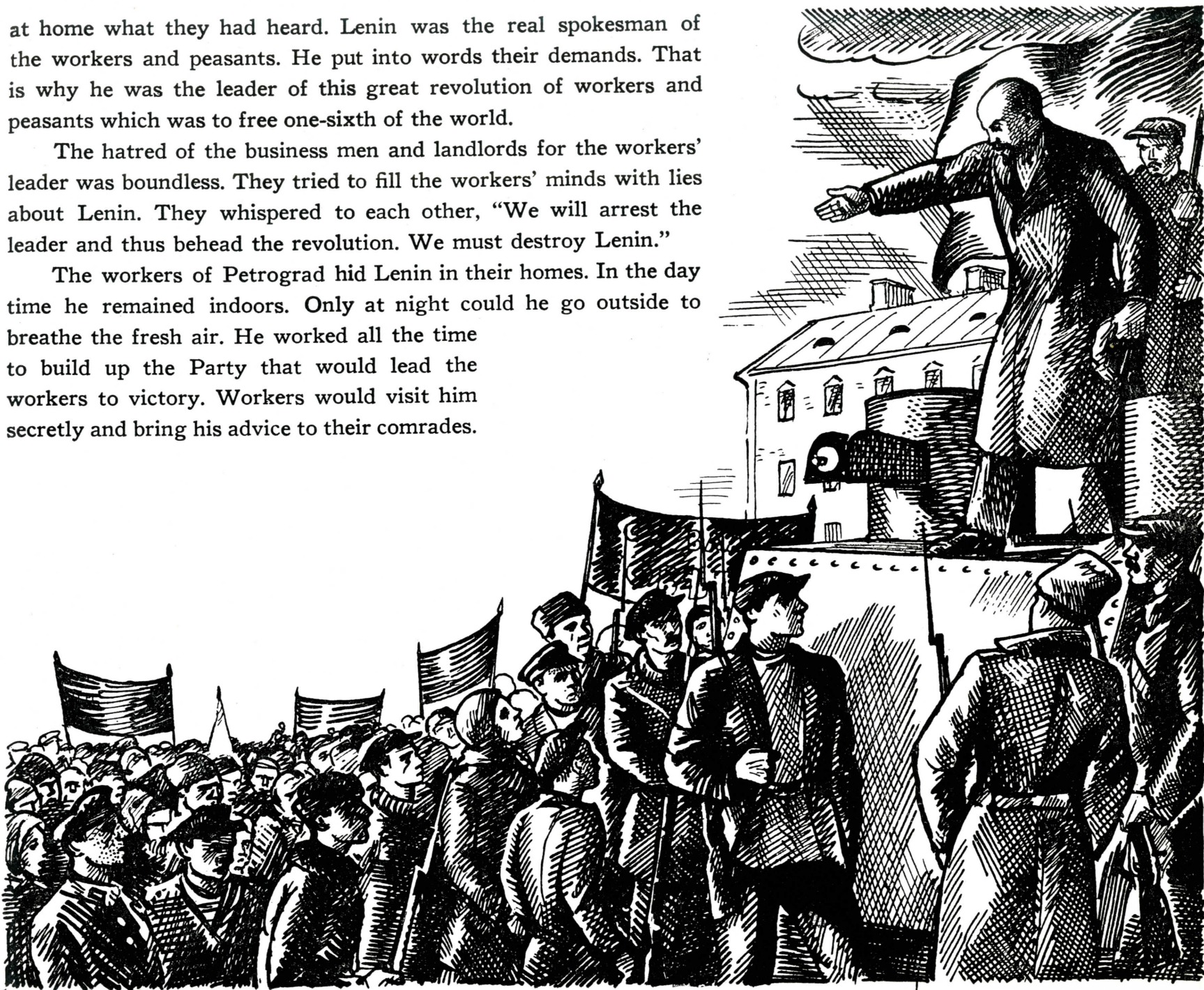
Even before the engine had snorted for the last time and the wheels had ceased to turn over, the beating of drums could be heard. And on top of the drums, the shouting of crowds of workers. The words of the International—"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation. . . . A better world's in birth"—echoed through the station. All the workers of Petrograd had come to greet their leader. Vera came with her child in her arms.

Every one wanted to hear Lenin. They gathered at street corners waiting for him. All day long he rode about the city and told them, "Comrades, workers and soldiers, do not drop the rifles out of your hands. Drive out the landlords and bosses. Take power into your own hands." Time and again he said this to the workers. And they threw their caps into the air and shouted and told those

at home what they had heard. Lenin was the real spokesman of the workers and peasants. He put into words their demands. That is why he was the leader of this great revolution of workers and peasants which was to free one-sixth of the world.

The hatred of the business men and landlords for the workers' leader was boundless. They tried to fill the workers' minds with lies about Lenin. They whispered to each other, "We will arrest the leader and thus behead the revolution. We must destroy Lenin."

The workers of Petrograd hid Lenin in their homes. In the day time he remained indoors. Only at night could he go outside to breathe the fresh air. He worked all the time to build up the Party that would lead the workers to victory. Workers would visit him secretly and bring his advice to their comrades.





But there were still many enemies of the workers in their midst. At any street corner such a one might recognize Lenin and tell the police about him. Lenin had to leave Petrograd entirely. He went to the country and lived with a worker. Lenin shaved off all his hair and removed his beard.

The worker with whom Lenin lived had a barn and that is where Lenin made his home. Still the bosses kept looking for the leader. They offered a large sum for his capture. Lenin had to go even farther away.

One day Lenin said good-bye to the worker with whom he was living. He and another comrade got into a little boat and rowed for about four miles. Then they left the boat on the shore and walked through the woods until they came to a broad meadow. It was on this low marshy meadow that they made their home. They lived in a small hut made out of branches and straw. Their meals they cooked over a bonfire outside the hut. Their only companions were the wild rabbits which ventured out of their holes, the birds that flew low over the marshes

and the stars which shone bright over them at night. If any one came by, Lenin made believe he was haymaking with some farm laborers not very far away. No one dreamed that it was the leader of the revolution who lived there.

The little hut was the commander's headquarters. He continued to guide the workers and peasants from the marshy fields just as he had guided them from prison, Siberia and all the years he had been an exile in distant countries.

From here as the sun rose and set and the days passed by Lenin urged the workers to rebel. "We have dallied long enough," he wrote. "We must take power into our own hands."



**T**HE leaves began to turn yellow and red and brown, and fall on the ground. It was autumn, 1917. Fast ships were ploughing their way across the Atlantic Ocean from America, bringing boys and men who were soon to be mowed down by the guns that made business men at home rich overnight.

On the eastern front where Russia and Poland border Germany the soldiers in the trenches were weary of all this fighting. "We lose our arms, our legs, our eyes," they thought, "to make rich men richer. There is no sense to it."

Soldiers began to understand what Lenin taught. They refused to fight. Instead of meeting each other with bullets the German and Russian soldiers began to meet each other with embraces. They left their guns in the trenches and met together on "No Man's Land." They found it hard to understand each other, but they found words which they all understood. "No more war," said a Russian soldier. "No more war," answered a German soldier. They cried with joy. They embraced and kissed each other. They gave each other food. They were refusing to carry on the war.



The young Ivan, too, had had enough of war. Every day he and the other soldiers asked each other when the bloody massacre would be ended. Finally, they decided to go to Petrograd to find out when the war would be stopped. Young Ivan and the other soldiers put their packs on their backs, and took the train over the brown fields to Petrograd. As they reached the outskirts of Petrograd they heard cannons. Past a station hurried workers, soldiers, sailors with machine guns. The soldiers

from the front jumped off the train and joined them. Down the streets they marched. Women and children marched with them. Workers poured out of the factories and the dirty narrow streets. Vera's father, his beard gray, hobbled out on his cane. Children ran ahead of him waving red banners and carrying signs saying, "Land to the peasants, peace to the people, bread to the hungry."

The soldiers stationed in Petrograd joined in. They brought with them their armored cars and machine guns. Truck after truck, filled with soldiers and armed workers, rushed to the scene of battle.

The cannons of the rich business men roared upon the workers. The Provisional Government wanted to wipe out the workers' revolution. But the workers knew that the only way to end the iron oppression of the bosses was through their own councils, their Soviets. "All power to the Soviets!" they cried. They came on strong and steady. Their own cannon answered the cannon of the bosses. From every doorway soldiers, sailors, workers, peasants were ready to defend with their lives the first revolution of workers and peasants.

At their head marched the Bolsheviks, the pupils and followers of Lenin. And Lenin himself was in charge with Stalin and other staunch Bolsheviks as his aides. He was the general of the Revolution. He had come in disguise the night before to the Smolny Institute in Petrograd. Before this was a school for rich men's daughters. Instead of their silly laughter, the tread of firm feet now echoed through the halls. The Smolny Institute was now the headquarters for the workers and soldiers and peasants.

Messengers would rush to Lenin bringing him reports and taking back his instructions. "Capture the Peter



and Paul Fortress," he told the brave sailors of the Aurora. "Are the revolutionary regiments and the workers ready for the attack on the Palace?" he asked a worker anxiously. "Seize the telephone exchange and the railroad stations," he told others.

The Tsar's palace was the main stronghold of the enemy. The workers surrounded it. The Aurora moved up the river and trained its guns on the ornated walls of the palace. The enemy could not resist the stormy attacks of the workers, soldiers and sailors. They surrendered. The palace of the Tsar was at last in the hands of the workers. In those rooms so lavishly furnished with expensive trinkets would a despot no longer rule.





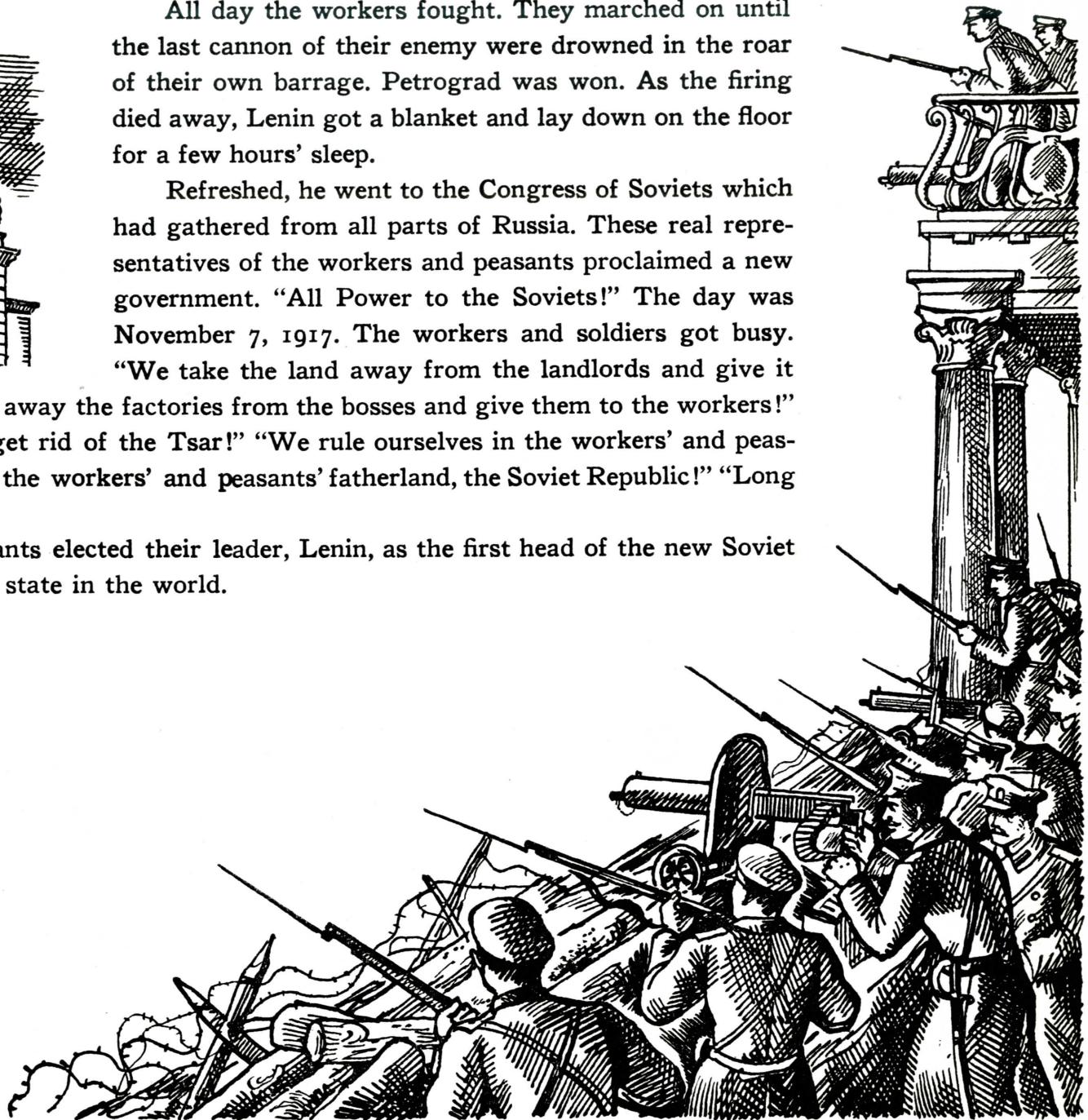


All day the workers fought. They marched on until the last cannon of their enemy were drowned in the roar of their own barrage. Petrograd was won. As the firing died away, Lenin got a blanket and lay down on the floor for a few hours' sleep.

Refreshed, he went to the Congress of Soviets which had gathered from all parts of Russia. These real representatives of the workers and peasants proclaimed a new government. "All Power to the Soviets!" The day was November 7, 1917. The workers and soldiers got busy. "We take the land away from the landlords and give it

to the peasants!" "We take away the factories from the bosses and give them to the workers!" "We stop the war!" "We get rid of the Tsar!" "We rule ourselves in the workers' and peasants' Soviets!" "We found the workers' and peasants' fatherland, the Soviet Republic!" "Long live the Soviet Republic!"

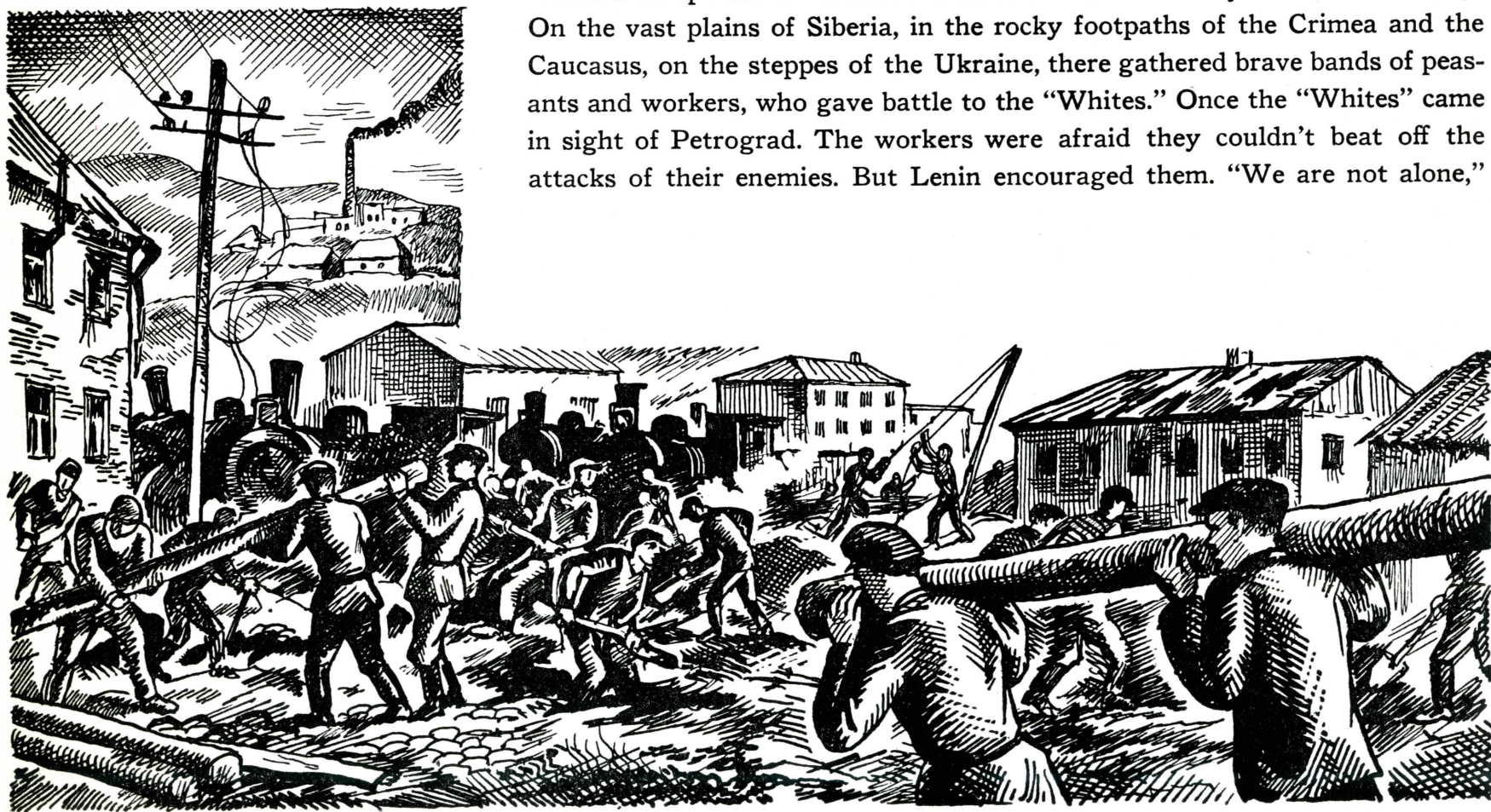
The workers and peasants elected their leader, Lenin, as the first head of the new Soviet Republic, the first workers' state in the world.



**A**LL was confusion for a while but the workers went heroically on. When office clerks who had done nothing all their lives except wear out their elbows at their desks refused to carry on their work, laborers in work shirts and blouses took their places. A few telephone girls showed sailors how to work hundreds of instruments. Railway line-men became station superintendents. Slowly the trains began to move again, the telephone bells to ring and food supplies to move from country to city. The workers were in power.

But the workers still had enemies. Rich factory owners outside the country united with former nobles and rich business men inside to overthrow the workers' councils. They were called the "Whites." They got together armies—one in the north, one in the south, and one in the Baltic region. Like a three-headed dragon these armies tried to wipe out the Soviets.

The armies of the "Whites" advanced steadily against the workers, the Reds, the Bolsheviks. Everywhere the workers and peasants rushed to arms to defend what they had won so dearly. On the vast plains of Siberia, in the rocky foothills of the Crimea and the Caucasus, on the steppes of the Ukraine, there gathered brave bands of peasants and workers, who gave battle to the "Whites." Once the "Whites" came in sight of Petrograd. The workers were afraid they couldn't beat off the attacks of their enemies. But Lenin encouraged them. "We are not alone,"



he said. "Soon the workers and peasants of other countries will come to help us. Meanwhile we must build up our own Red Army."

Many regiments of the Red Army were organized. Workers and peasants were proud to wear the Soviet star and shoulder arms in their own cause. They were victorious. By 1920 the Red Army had conquered the armies of its enemies.

The papers of Herr Mark and M. Franc, Lord Pound and Mr. Dollar breathed hatred of Lenin and the Revolution. They didn't want the Revolution to succeed, the Soviet Republic to last, because they wanted the wealth of Russia for themselves, and they were afraid also that the Revolution might spread to their own lands. They tried to crush the workers' and peasants' fatherland with armies, with blockades that kept food and medicine from reaching the workers and peasants, with famine, and they tried to fill the minds of the workers and farmers in their own lands with lies about the Soviet Republic. And as the Soviet Republic got stronger, the lies became bigger. From the first the bosses' papers kept on saying, "Lenin Has Been Killed!" What they meant was: "Kill Lenin!" Just as the Tsar thought that by exiling Lenin

he could stop the Revolution, just as the Provisional Government had searched for Lenin in the hope they could find him and stop the Revolution, so the rich of the world thought they could stop the Soviet Republic if Lenin were killed.

They tried to make Lenin out to be a monster. A Bolshevik was supposed to be a bewhiskered devil with a knife between his teeth. The revolution in Russia awoke great warmth and hope in the workers and farmers in all parts of the world. They saw the heroic deeds of the Russian workers and peasants and knew that the age-long suffering of the people was being done away with. "Why not here, also?" the workers were asking themselves in all parts of the world. "Long live the Russian workers who showed us the way!" That is why Mr. Dollar and his friends let loose their barrage of lies. They hoped in this way to hide the truth. But the truth which Lenin taught shone through the black clouds of falsehood.





**W**HILE the Red Army fought and defeated the invaders, Lenin went from factory to factory to tell the workers that the future was theirs if they held through the present. "Every one of you," he said, "must learn how to run this Republic of yours." In every factory Lenin was greeted with cheers.

At one factory, the workers could not restrain their enthusiasm. Even after he was through talking they followed him to the auto that was to drive him home. He walked slowly to the car so he could hear the workers' questions. How they plied him with questions! He tried to answer them amid the enthusiastic hub-bub of voices. A woman wedged her way through the adoring crowd. Right to the very curb the workers thronged about Lenin. The woman came closer. Lenin was about to step into the car. The woman was right upon him. She had been sent by the enemies of the workers and peasants. She whipped out a gun and shot—once—twice—at the beloved leader of the workers.

The throng was stunned. Then they began to surge toward their leader.

"They've killed him!"

"Killed him?"

"Who fired the shots?"

"Don't let him die!"

"He isn't dead!"

Lenin lay very still on the ground. He was severely wounded. The grief-stricken workers placed him in the auto and he was taken home. When he reached home, he refused to be carried, though every step was agony.

When the bosses of the world heard of Lenin's being shot, they were joyous. But their wish did not come true. Lenin did not die. The bullets remained in his body, but his body held up. Lenin had much work to do.

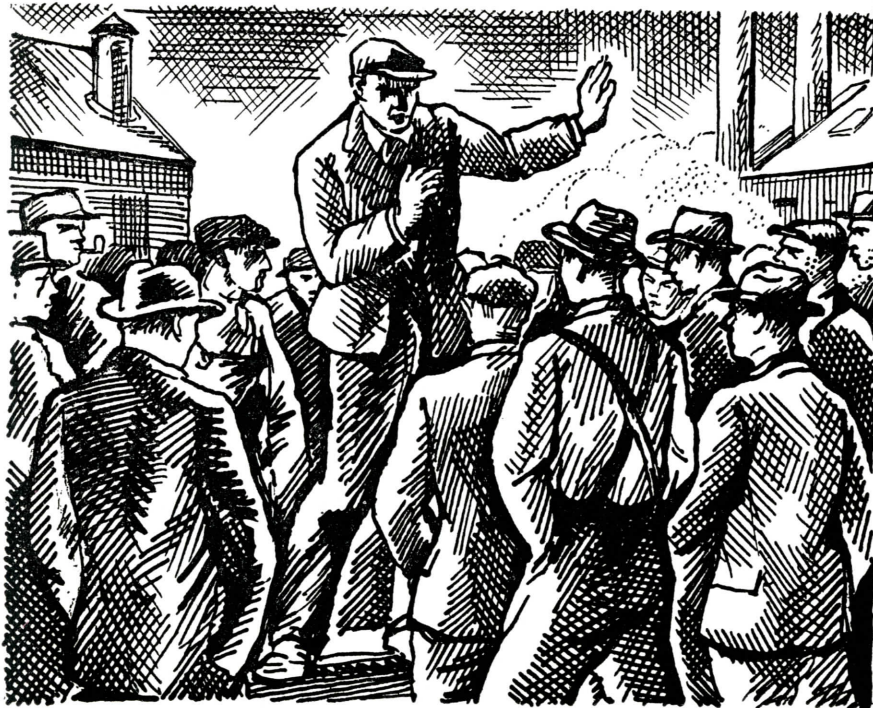
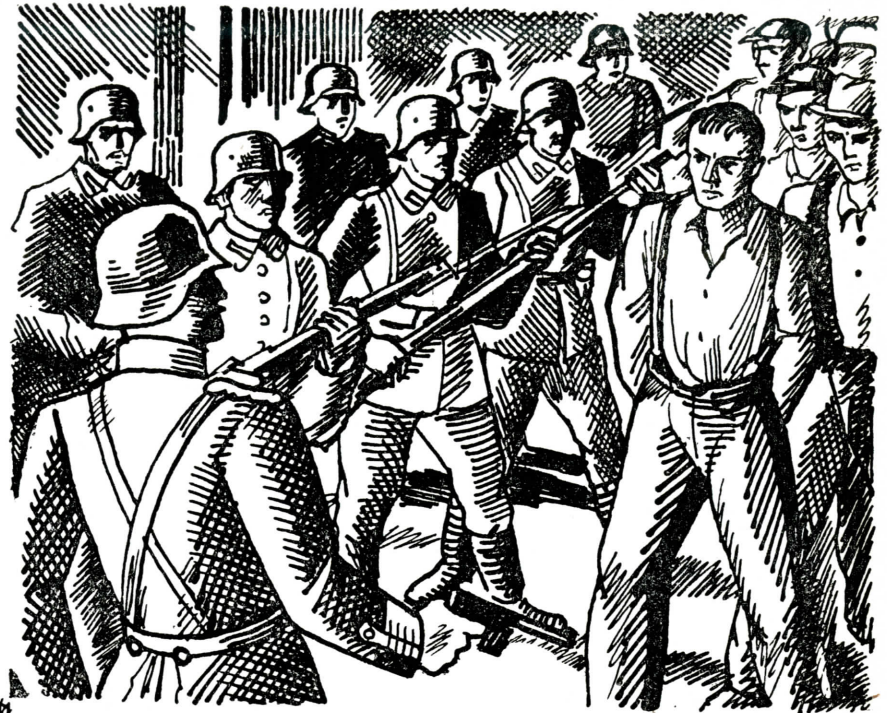
Lenin's dear friend, the great writer Maxim Gorky, visited him. Lenin could not use his hand, and could scarcely move his neck. One of the bullets had pierced his neck. Gorky expressed his deep anger. Lenin brushed the subject aside. "Every one acts according to his lights," he said.

**T**HE World War was over. The worker-soldiers returned to their countries from the battlefields. This one walked on two legs, but one of them was a crutch. That one felt his way with a stick, he'd been blinded in battle. "And what are we to do?" the soldiers asked. "My job's gone," this soldier said. "They promised to take care of us when we returned." "They've taken away my farm," said a farmer-soldier.

"Why did we fight?" "To make the rich richer."

"Whom did we fight?" "Workers and farmers like ourselves."

In Germany the returned soldiers tried to drive out the bosses as the Russian workers had done, but they were not strong enough. "Never mind," the German workers said. "We are conquered now, but



not forever. We will be the conquerors some day."

Strikes broke out throughout the world. The workers formed Communist Parties in every country, like the Communist Party that was leading the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union to greater victories.

The Communist Parties got together under the leadership of Lenin and formed the Communist International. "The workers and peasants of all the countries have to stand together," said Lenin. "That's how a better world is won."

**L**ENIN'S voice was heard throughout the world. In his own land the voice stirred the people to bring to themselves better homes, good free schools, food for all, clothing. His father had wanted the poor to be taught to read and write. But the Tsar had not wanted the people to read or write. Lenin knew that a workers' land could prosper only with workers who had knowledge. The people must know how to read and write and must understand their own problems. They must have light—the light of the sun, of the electric bulb of knowledge.

They must also have real electricity and steel and coal to build up the industries and railroads which had been destroyed by the invading armies. The "Whites" had laid waste everything they touched. Even the backward factories left over from tsarist days were now still. They had to be set going again, the trains to running, to supply food and clothing for the people. Lenin saw that it would be necessary not only to rebuild what had been destroyed but to build new factories, to make a vast industrial land out of the old peasant country. "Electricity plus the rule of the workers," he said, "will bring Socialism." And he drew up the first plan to draw electricity from the rivers with which to turn the wheels of many new and large factories. This was the forerunner of the great Five-Year Plan.

"You are working too hard, Comrade Ilyitch," his friends told him.

"You will make yourself ill, Comrade Lenin," workers who came to see him said.

"There's much to be done. Never mind me." But though he paid no attention to his own health, he worried about the condition of others. He told Maxim Gorky to go into some climate good for his lungs. Peasants sent him

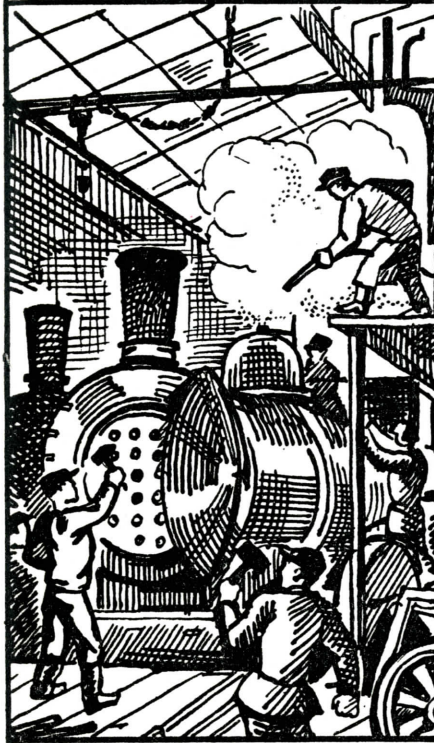
gifts of food. This made him angry. "How can I prevent them doing it? If you refuse and don't accept it, they are hurt." He gave the food to his sick comrades.

He slept very little. The effects of the days out in the wet open, when he was hiding from the Provisional Government, were telling. The bullets of his assassin had further weakened his body.

Lenin was failing rapidly. The people were greatly worried. Lenin was taken to the country for a rest. Vera brought her child to see him. The youngster cheered him. The fresh air revived him. The people were told Lenin was improving. They were relieved. But Lenin's improvement did not last. He began to fail more rapidly than ever.

As he caressed the child, he said, "You will have a happier life than we did." He turned to Vera, "And yet I do not envy the children. We achieved something amazing for history." He touched Vera's boy gently, "For you, little comrade."





**I**N January 21st, 1924, Lenin died. The news shocked all in the world who cherished greatness and the love of freedom. The Soviet Union was one huge funeral throng, coming in masses to see their dear leader, Comrade Ilyitch, Comrade Lenin.

“He was a man of little size, but he was a great man...”

“And a heart as large as the world.”

“I remember him in 1905. When everyone felt that all was lost, he revived our hopes.”

“How clearly he could see, and how deeply he could feel.”

Steamboats mourned their way up and down the rivers. Locomotives chugged their breaths of sorrow. All over the large workers' state people and







things halted for a moment to honor the dead comrade, our Lenin. Children, Young Pioneers, sang the funeral song of the hero, the song Lenin loved so much.

Everywhere in the world workers mourned the loss of Lenin.

“But,” said a worker in New York, “Lenin’s work lives on.”

A farmer in Plentywood, Montana, said: “What Lenin began we will continue.”

In Crosby, Minnesota, an ironworker said: “We will follow the red star of Lenin.”

A Negro sharecropper near Scottsboro, Alabama, said: “Lenin fought for all the oppressed people of the world.”

“Yes,” said a Jewish fur-worker in Newark, New Jersey, “did he not make an attack on the Jew an offense against the working-class?”

In a Georgia turpentine-camp, a Negro worker said: “When Lenin’s work wins through here, there will be no lynchings of Negroes.”

In an African gold-mine, a Kaffir Negro laid down his pick: “I will follow Lenin. I will be a slave no longer.”

A coolie in China flies the red flag, and says, pointing to it, “That’s the flag of Lenin, my flag.”

In the soft-coal mines of Pennsylvania, in the hard-coal mines of Kentucky, in the hot fruit-laden valleys of California, in the shoe and cotton-mills of New England, in the Florida tobacco factories, in the sweatshops of New York, in the auto factories of Detroit, in the hog-butcheries of Chicago, Lenin’s image becomes real in struggle. Workers

strike, picket shops. Workers are shot down, workers are murdered by police, as workers were murdered by the Tsar’s cossacks. “But as the workers in the Lena gold mines were avenged,” says the memory of Lenin, “so will these American workers be avenged.”

So will the British workers in the mines of Wales win out some day.

“And we too!” cry the weavers of Lancashire.

“And the dead will be avenged!” cry the workers of Ireland. “Remember Jim Connolly. Lenin loved him well. And Jim was killed by the English lords.”





**I**N the Soviet Union, Ivan had seen his old friend Volodya die. Ivan had been busy working for the welfare of the Russian peasants. After Lenin died, Ivan returned to the village where he had first met Volodya.

His son had gone back to Kokushkino after he had helped to drive out the enemies. Ivan the son took Ivan the father around the village. The father rubbed his eyes. "Am I dreaming? Is this my old village?"

The peasants of his boyhood and manhood laughed. "You do not see the little wooden and sod huts, eh, Comrade Ivan?"

"The cow doesn't live in the bedroom with his owner, eh, Comrade Ivan?"

"And there isn't a little patch with a fence around it for the poor peasant?"

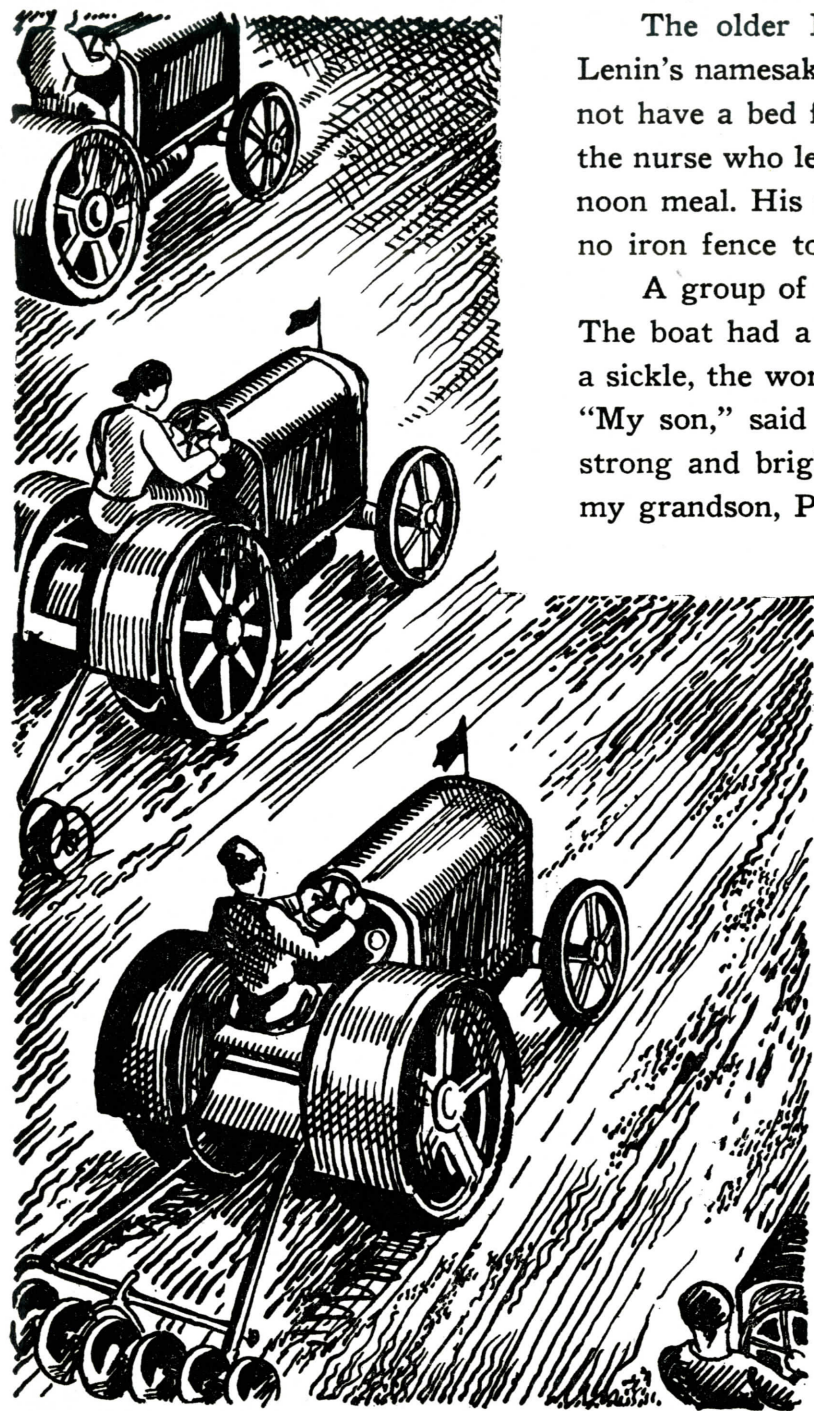
"But," said Ivan the son, "one thing still remains of the past."

He took his father to the landowner's home. But the landowner no longer lived in it. Workers talked and laughed on the lawn. The rooms inside were flooded with electric light. "Lenin lamps," said an old peasant. "We do not have the old kerosene lamps that smoked and brought tears to the eyes."

Ivan the son took Ivan the father into a room where workers read. There was a picture on the wall of Volodya, Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin, and a bust of Comrade Lenin too. "Our teacher, our great teacher and leader," said the old peasant. "This is our Lenin corner." Elsewhere workers listened to a radio. "The Tsar wouldn't let us listen to our own voices," said the old peasant, "but now we listen to the voices of truth and beauty."

There were shower-baths in the house, and a gymnasium. There was a clean nursery for the infants. Ivan the son took Ivan the father to the nursery. A blond, blue-eyed boy slept in a bed. The sunlight streamed upon the pink face of the child. The child awoke smiling. He put out his arms to the younger Ivan. "Daddy," he said.





The older Ivan took his grandson in his arms. "And this is Volodya, Lenin's namesake. I wish his grandmother were living to see him. Her son did not have a bed for himself and nurse to care for him." The boy was handed to the nurse who let him walk into the washroom and wash himself for the afternoon meal. His father and grandfather walked to the river's edge. They had no iron fence to pass beyond; this was their house and land, their world.

A group of boys played by the stream. They floated a boat on the river. The boat had a sail and on the sail was a drawing of a hammer crossed with a sickle, the worker joined with the farmer. One of the boys ran up to them. "My son," said the younger Ivan, "this is your grandfather." The boy was strong and bright-looking. The grandfather embraced him. "Well, so you are my grandson, Peter. This world is yours and your brother Volodya's."

"And when I am old enough," the boy said eagerly, "I'm going to be a Young Pioneer."

"What's the name of your boat?"

It's The Aurora, just like the boat that fired the first shot of the Revolution." He ran back to his play.

"I remember how much I wanted a boat," said the grandfather, "the rich boy who lived in the big house had a boat, but he wouldn't let me play with it."

**T**HEY went across the farmland where once the peasants slaved for the landowner. The younger Ivan showed his father the big tractor that cultivated more land than 20 peasants with 20 horses used to. "The peasants do not break their backs bending over the grain with scythes. A single machine does what hundreds of scythes used to do, and one peasant sits in the driver's seat and directs."

"Yes," said the father, "the peasant sits on top of the world."

"Yes," said the son, "because the land belongs to the peasant and the worker."

In America the farmer says, "I want to buy a tractor."

"O.K.," says Mr. Dollar, "I'll lend you the money."

The American farmer borrows the dough which his labors have created, but when the dough has been made into bread by his labors again, he finds he may not eat it.

"O.K.," says Mr. Dollar, "hand that tractor over."

Mr. Dollar owns a mortgage on the farmer's land. The market is bad. The farmer cannot sell his produce. He cannot meet the mortgage. He cannot pay on the money Mr. Dollar loaned him to buy the farm.

"O.K.," says Mr. Dollar, "hand that farm over."

The American farmer becomes a farmhand or goes to the city for work.

Mr. Dollar says, "O.K."

In the Soviet Union the workers take the land over, make the land over. They bring the mountains closer, they chain the wind, they stop the course of rivers and then let the rivers flow again.

"Once," says a worker, "we used to set out for the country with a cart or a horse on a bumpity-bump road. Now we build smooth highways for the autos we are building. That's how we bring the mountains nearer."

"Yes, and we have put up big windmills that catch the wind that turns the wheels that grind the grain. We who were slaves once have enslaved the wind, but the people are free."

"And on the Dnieper River we have finished a mighty dam. It stops the river to free the river. From roaring current, electricity turns the wheels in factories, lights thousands of workers' homes. That is the vision of Lenin come true. 18,000,000 tireless workers have been freed from the river's current."

In America a new machine is put into a factory. A slip appears in the pay-envelopes of thousands of workers: "Your services are no longer required." The other workers are told: "Wages will be cut 10%."

In the Soviet Union the machinery is the servant of the workers. The machinery produces more goods. The workers work fewer hours, have more time

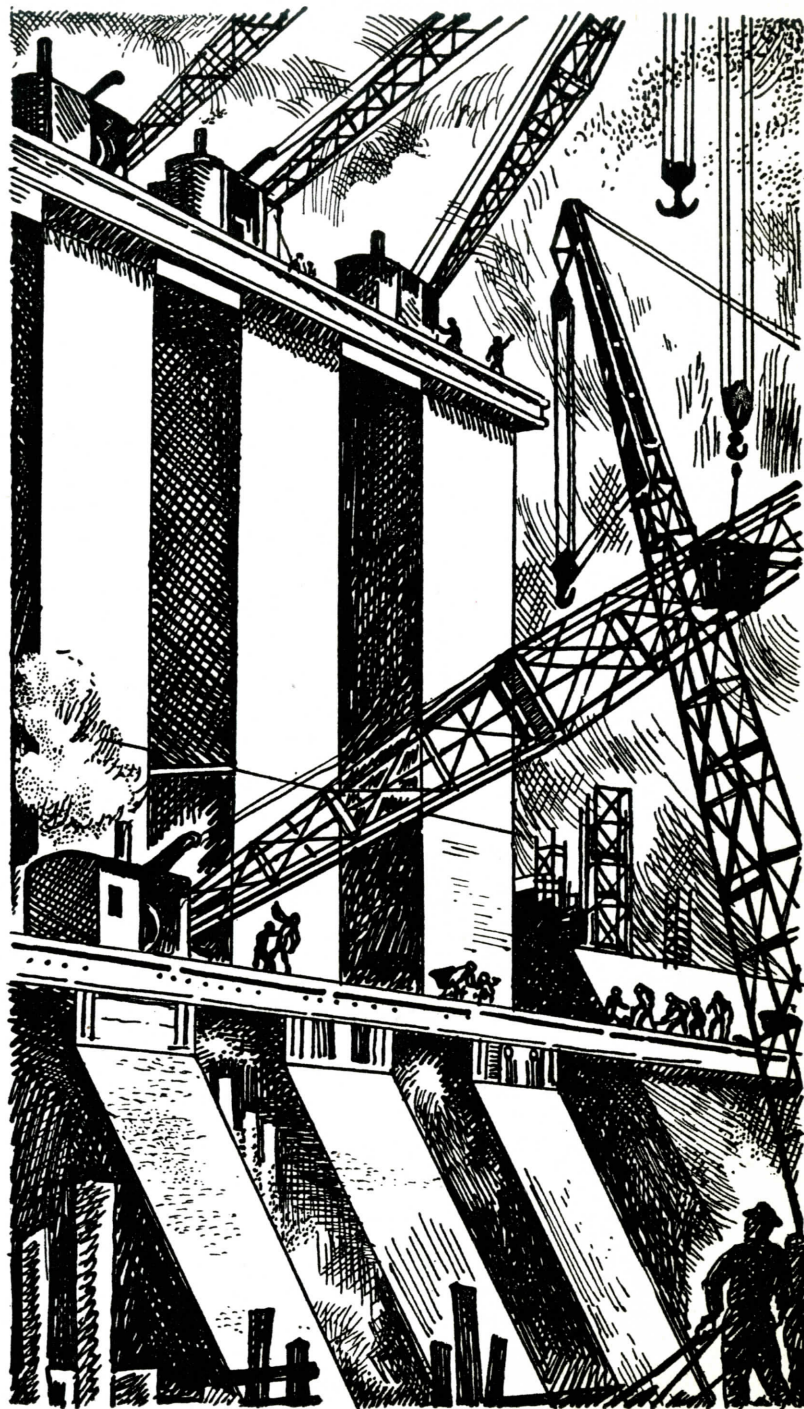


in which to read and study, to play and travel, to go to the theatre and the movies, and to be with friends and their family. The more goods go to the workers and not to a Mr. Dollar who does nothing but gets everything.

“And we shall not only overtake, but even surpass all other countries,” says Comrade Stalin. From Lenin’s first plan has grown the gigantic Five-Year Plan. At its helm stands Stalin, directing the new state in the building of huge industry and new agriculture. As a faithful pupil of Lenin, Stalin has become the leader of the workers of the world and of the first workers’ state.

**S**T. PETERSBURG had become Petrograd during the World War. The workers changed it to Leningrad. And Lenin’s birthplace and boyhood home, Simbirsk, honored the family from which Lenin came by changing its name to Ulyanovsk. Lenin’s boyhood friend, the worker Vera, had left Ulyanovsk to become a factory-head in Leningrad. Vera’s child doesn’t have to stay indoors in the winter because he has no warm coat or shoes. He goes tobogganing down the snow-clad hills that once were only the rich child’s playground.

And Vera’s son is a Young Pioneer. His motto is “Always Ready!” for the Soviet Republic and the oppressed of the world. He is old enough to know that the enemies of the workers are getting more worried every day about the progress the workers are making in their fatherland. These enemies used to say: “The Soviet Republic won’t last a year!” But it had lasted seven years when Lenin died. It has lasted twice that many years.





“It will last forever,” says an American worker, “and we here will follow its example.” The boss turns upon the worker, “So, you have notions like that? You’re canned!”

The worker answers: “You can can tomatoes, but you can’t can the Revolution!”

The boss gets mad. He wants to turn this worker into cannon-fodder that will be hurled at the fatherland of the workers.

But the workers suffer now more than ever before. “I will not fight for the boss,” says a worker who has just been evicted from his home. “Nor will I,” joins in a worker from the breadline. “Ditto,” say homeless boys roaming all over the country, and the workers beaten down by police clubs for demanding bread, and the German workers tortured by the Nazis. “Here every day life grows harder, there it gets easier and easier,” they all agree.





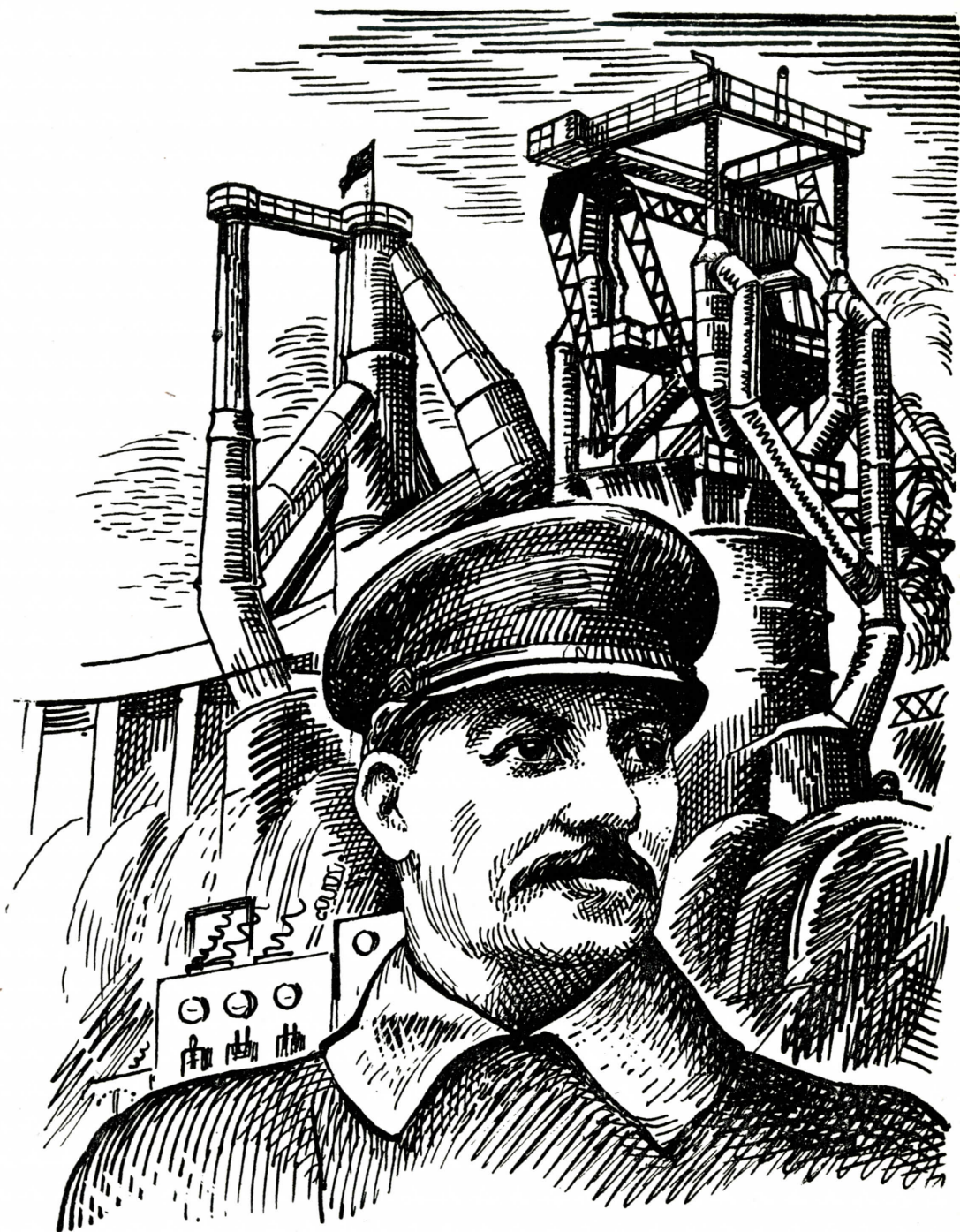
RULE OF THE WORKERS

+

ELECTRICITY

=

SOCIALISM





In the Soviet Union the workers say: "We must make ourselves even stronger. Look at the wonderful things we have done in the last five years, in our first Five-Year Plan. We must do even more in our second Five-Year Plan. We must become stronger than ever. M. Franc, Herr Mark, Lord Pound and Mr. Dollar will have a tough job on their hands if they try to attack us."

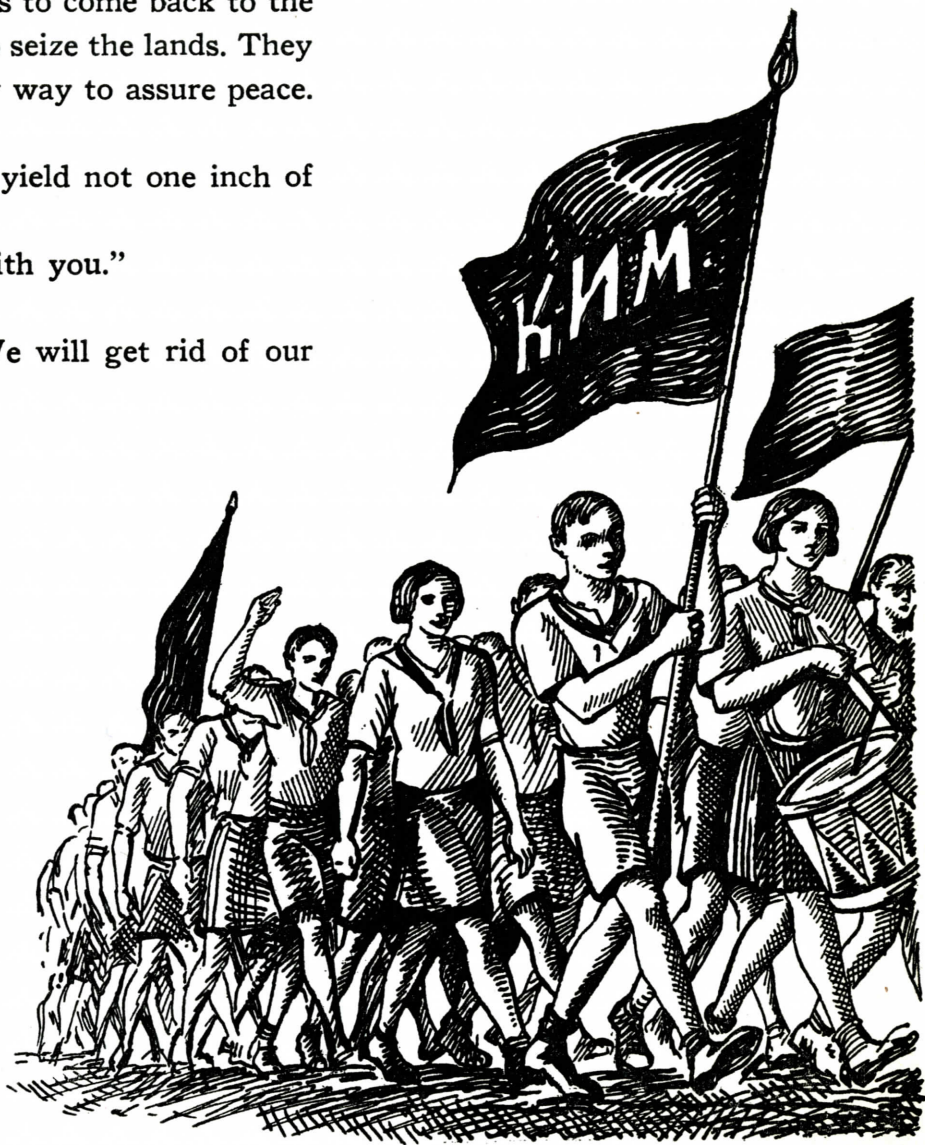
The Red Army of workers and peasants stands always ready to defend the Soviet Union. The workers will not allow the bosses to come back to the factories, nor will the peasants permit the landlords to seize the lands. They do not want war. The Soviet Government tries in every way to assure peace. But the Soviet people agree with Comrade Stalin:

"We covet not one foot of anyone's territory, we yield not one inch of our own."

"You bet!" says the American worker. "We're with you."

"Count us in!" cries the British worker.

In India, ruled by England, the millions cry: "We will get rid of our oppressors as you have of yours!"



In Indo-China, ruled by France, a peasant murmurs:  
"We will stand behind you, Russian worker. And we will stand up for ourselves!"

The workers who dig the coal and weave the cloth for the bosses are joining the Communist Party. "This is our Party," they say. "It leads the struggle for a new life. It is Lenin's Party."

The skinny hand of hunger and the claws of terror clutch at the workers in America, in Germany, in Japan, in Africa. "Don't be disheartened," said Comrade Lenin in the dark days of Russia in 1910. "Don't be disheartened," his voice echoes now. "This darkness will pass, the muddy wave will ebb away, a few years will go by and we shall be carried on the crest of the wave and the proletarian revolution will be born again."

The darkness passed. The muddy wave has yielded to the strong, clean waters of the Dnieper, now giving clear light to the people. The cruel years passed. The workers were borne on the crest of the wave. The proletarian, the workers', revolution was victorious. The spark had burst into flame! The flame is burning in the other lands. On January the 21st of every year, the flame kindles the workers' hearts in the memory of Comrade Lenin. Workers' children, Young Pioneers, sing of Comrade Ilyitch, Comrade Lenin.

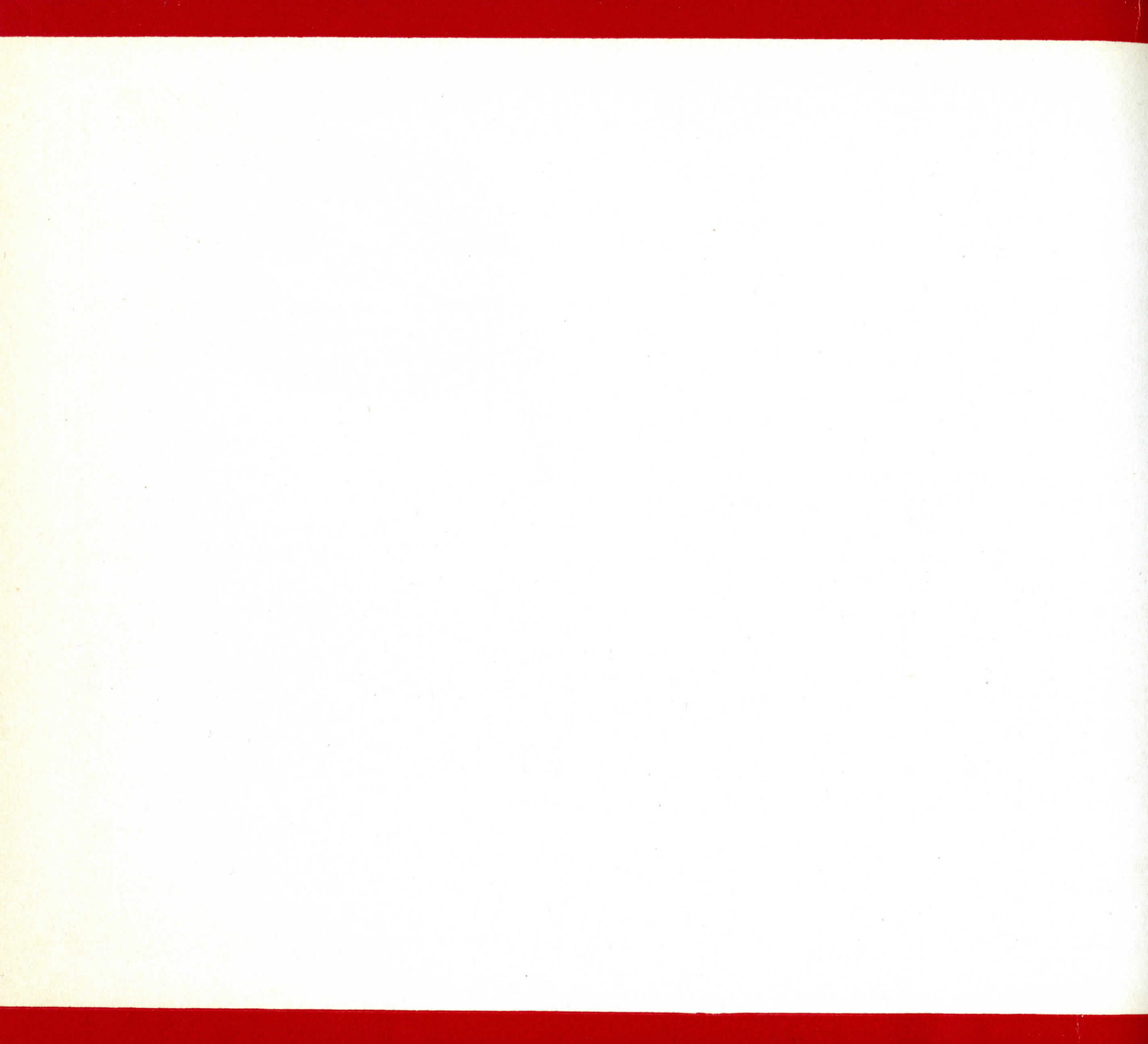
Comrade, comrade Ilyitch  
Loved the poor and not the rich.  
He led the Russian workers  
In November '17,  
He was a valiant leader,  
The bravest ever seen.

Raise the pennon of Lenin  
Up to the sky!  
We're men in the battle  
For the workers do or die!  
And when in that morning  
We'll shatter misery,  
Then in the heavens  
Our Lenin's flag flies free!





WILLIAM  
SIEGEL



## DATES TO REMEMBER IN THE LIFE OF LENIN

April 2, 1870—Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov (Lenin) was born in Simbirsk, now called Ulyanovsk.

August, 1879—Enters high school.

May 20, 1887—Execution of Alexander, Lenin's older brother, for taking part in the attempt on the life of Tsar Alexander III.

June 22, 1887—Graduates from high school.

August 25, 1887—Enters the Law School of Kazan University.

December 17, 1887—Arrested with 40 other students of Kazan University for taking part in an illegal meeting.

December 19, 1887—Expelled from the University and banished to his grandfather's estate in Kokushkino.

Autumn, 1888—Returns to Kazan but is not permitted to enter the University again. Joins a workers' circle and studies Marx's writings.

Autumn, 1889—Moves with his family to Samara, where he continues to study and begins to teach young workers.

November 27, 1891—Passes his examination with high honors at the St. Petersburg University and receives his degree as a lawyer.

1892—Returns to Samara where he practises law and continues to teach in workers' circles.

1893—Comes to live and work in St. Petersburg and writes his first book.

1894—Spends all his time organizing and teaching workers and writing. Leads in uniting all the workers' circles into a strong Party.

May-September, 1895—Goes to Switzerland to meet other Russian revolutionary leaders who lived in exile.

November, 1895—Returns to St. Petersburg where he is the leader of the local Social-Democratic organization.

December 20, 1895—Arrested in St. Petersburg.

1896—In prison.

February 10, 1897—Exiled to Siberia for three years.

May 20, 1897—Arrives at the village of Shushenskoye, in Yenisey Province, where he settles down to live and work.

1898—The First Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party elects Lenin as editor of the Party paper, Robotchaya Gazeta (Workers' Journal), although he is still in exile.

July 22, 1898—Marries Nadezhda K. Krupskaya who shares his exile.

February 11, 1900—Ends exile and returns to central Russia.

June 3, 1900—Arrested in St. Petersburg, but released after ten days in prison.

July 29, 1900—Leaves for Germany to begin publishing The Iskra (Spark), the first important Marxist paper in the Russian language.

December, 1900—Writes his great book, What is to be Done?

July-August, 1903—Participates in the Second Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party in Brussels and London. Here the Party splits into Mensheviks and Bolsheviks. Lenin is the leader of the Bolsheviks.

November 20, 1905—Returns to St. Petersburg during the first Russian Revolution.

May 9, 1907—Goes to London to attend the Fifth Congress of the Party and remains in Europe. During his life in exile he continues his work as leader of the Bolsheviks.

August, 1914—The World War breaks out. Lenin is immediately arrested in Austria and deported to Switzerland.

September 5-8, 1915—Takes leading part in a conference of internationalist and revolutionary Socialists in Zimmerwald, Switzerland, where he leads the fight against the war.

March 15, 1917—While in Zurich, Switzerland, Lenin receives news of the beginning of the Revolution in Russia and the overthrow of the Tsar.

April 16, 1917—Arrives in Petrograd (which is the new name for St. Petersburg) and is greeted at the station by large crowds of workers and soldiers.

April-May, 1917—Takes part in the conference of Bolsheviks where his policies for carrying the revolution on further are accepted.

July-November, 1917—Forced to live in hiding, but keeps constantly in touch with Bolshevik Party and directs its work.

November 6, 1917—Returns in disguise to Smolny Institute, headquarters of the Bolshevik Party, where he directs the preparations for the uprising.

November 7, 1917—The government of the capitalists is overthrown and the Soviet Government organized with Lenin at the head.

August 30, 1918—Lenin is wounded by a would-be assassin.

March 2, 1919—Opens First Congress of Communist International.

December, 1919—First illness.

May 26, 1922—Gets seriously ill.

November 13, 1922—Gets well enough to address the Fourth Congress of the Communist International.

November 20, 1922—Delivers his last speech before the Moscow Soviet.

January 21, 1924—Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, the founder of the first Soviet state and the great leader and teacher of the workers of the world, dies at the village of Gorki, near Moscow.

