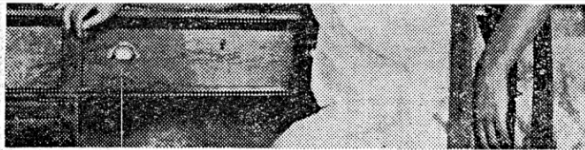


Arkady Weber . . . Musician all the way from Russia . . . Siberia . . . China . . . South America . . . to Pikeville, Kentucky, USA.



Dark-eyed, soft-voiced Marguerite was a refugee in Siberia when this photo was made . . . happy to be started on the road to Freedom.

Photographs From The Webers



Marguerite Weber more than four decades after flight from Russia and a refugee in Siberia in 1919, she fled to China where she met and married Arkady Weber, and together they traveled the long road to freedom which ended at Pikeville, Kentucky.

Screenshot

A young girl tied a light cloth around her head leaving only her face exposed, had her picture made and attached this to her passport. Thus she was able to make her way to Siberia, later to Mukden, China



The Kremlin on the Volga River. Notice the onion-shaped domes of the churches included in the Kremlin fortress.

where she and Arkady met, fell in love and married.

Still traveling the long road, they went to Peking and to Tientsin. Here she was a teacher in the British School, and he directed a band. Then they traveled to Tsingtao, Hong Kong, Chefoo in northern China, and to Shanghai where they stayed 10 years and found prosperity as teacher and orchestra director.

The prosperity was shortened with the advent of the Japanese

to occupy Shanghai; the couple lived then by selling their valuables, and by the time the Americans reached Shanghai in 1945, they were penniless.

The arrival of the Americans, recall the Webers, was sunshine after storm, and times were good again until Chiang Kai-shek's armies began to weaken before the Chinese Communists.

Many of the White Russians were persuaded to return to the Soviet Union, but not the Webers. Distrustful of the Communist regime, they decided to keep traveling the long road toward freedom and managed to get out of Shanghai on the last ship to leave before the city was dominated by the Reds.

They were tired. . . tired of traveling and running, but they had two more years of music and teaching in Rio de Janeiro before they started the trip that ended at Pikeville, Kentucky.

Today, Arkady teaches piano in Pikeville, Melvin and Allen, Ky. Marguerite teaches art—painting and lecture courses on the History of Art and Art Appreciation in Pikeville College. "I am also a housewife," she says. "I do my own cooking (this is her forte), washing, house-cleaning. We both love good music and have a large collection of records both classics and popular. Arkady also collects stamps."

The Webers have no children, but then there are all those students at the college; and they are not sure about any relatives yet in Russia because "since

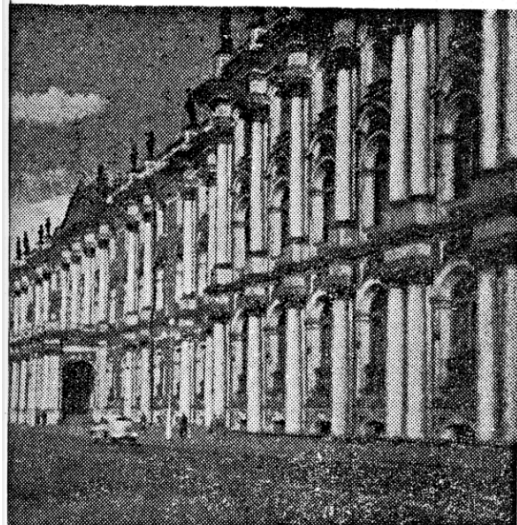
1925 we do not correspond with the USSR." Said Marguerite, "The last request I had from my brother was not to write. He, his wife and children as well as my sister were in St. Petersburg at the time."

Arkady and Marguerite became citizens of the U. S. in 1954, and since settling at Pikeville — and despite years of refugee travel — have been twice to Europe to visit relatives in Switzerland and Rome.

He calls her Margareta, and together they are much in demand as speakers.

They frequently are asked their view on Communism. She says, "Our view is exactly the same as it was nearly half a century ago when we fled Russia and found refuge in Mongolia, China, Hong Kong, Brazil, and finally in the United States. And our opinion on the new leaders of Russia is exactly the same as we had about Stalin, Malenkov and the others. We are pretty sure that the change of leadership will not bring any alteration in the policy of the Soviet government, but it may affect the peace of the entire world if the new leaders are of a belligerent nature. We do not know these new personalities and therefore it is difficult to predict what may happen."

And that is why Arkady and Marguerite Weber are happily at home at Pikeville, Kentucky — he, whose mother was a Tatar countess, and she whose mother was a governess in the palace of a cousin of Tsar Nicholas II.



Russian Emperors built by the Italian architect Rastrelli (Leningrad, but to Marguerite St. Petersburg). I remember well the strolls along the river banks, looking into the Winter Palace and peeping inside to admire the marble stairway."