

SEEKS BASHFUL SUITOR OF GIRLHOOD DAYS TO AID IN FIGHT TO REGAIN ART TREASURE

**Russian Woman
Wants to Find
Man Who Loved
Her in Silence for
Years**

**LOVE GIFT
WAS SOLD
BY MISTAKE**

**Strange Romance
May Have Cul-
mination Here if
Couple Are Re-
united**

BERTHA ETTINZON, out of Rus-
sia, is searching America for
the man who loved her years ago.

Such a brief statement may sug-
gest its romance, but it can never
picture the heartaches, the trials,
the disillusion, the undying dreams
of this picturesque woman.

Nor does it suggest the amazing
"plot" of her life, which reads
something like a novel, which cen-
ters about a painting done in oils so
far back as the eighteenth century
by one of the masters.

Connoisseurs call it "The Port of
Messina," but Bertha Ettinzon calls
it the "port of love, of justice, of
my youth."

This picture looms up not as an
inanimate object in her story, but as
a personality. It has drawn out of
persons greed for riches. Its power
is idyllic, at the same time it is
satanic.

It is the symbol of Bertha's happi-
ness in turbulent Russia; it is a
symbol of her childhood.

And now, today, she says, there
are those who are trying to gain
possession of this picture. A three-
cornered legal battle is being waged
in Los Angeles for the right to own
it. It was bought without Bertha
Ettinzon's knowledge for \$100. She
has been offered \$10,000 for it. The
art enthusiast who got it so cheaply
has insured it, according to Bertha,
at Lloyd's for \$500,000.

She declares that to her its value
cannot be measured in dollars and
cents.

Simeon Raschaofsky
Was Hero of Her Dreams

It was given her by the sweet-
heart of her youth, whose love she
never realized. It was given her,
unknown to her. She learned of the
gift, after a great grief had come to
her life. It was sold, she says,
under a misunderstanding, and she
wants to find the donor, in order
that she may establish her right to
the painting.

She wants to find this man to tell
him how much she honors his love,
and how much she regrets that she
never knew he loved her.

Bertha Ettinzon says she has



Bertha Ettinzon, as she is today, fighting to regain valuable
painting which her girlhood sweetheart gave her

in Kiev, my home," and she smiled
and then raised both her hands in
mock horror, "Oh, many years ago.
You'd be surprised!

"When I was only six or seven I
came to know Simeon Raschaofsky,
a young painter. He was a won-
derful man and he loved children.
I used to sit on a little stool, and
watch him work. It was such great
happiness to do that.

**Still Bears the Scars
of Revolutionists' Shots**

"I often wanted him to give me
one of his pictures. And I won-
dered why he didn't, but I was
afraid to ask him. Perhaps—who
knows—maybe he sensed that I
wanted one of them. I never real-
ized that till later—so much later."

As the friendship between the
artist and the little girl developed,
she grew to love him. But she
dared not tell him.

And it so happened, although she
never found it out until years later
in America, that he loved her, too.
He asked her father for her hand.

"If he had only asked me, it might
have been different," said Miss Et-
tinzon, with a sad smile.

And the father refused. Not be-
cause he disliked Simeon, but be-
cause his wife did. She could not
bear to have her daughter, a Jewess,
marry a Gentile.

"In 1905, you know, there was the
revolution. I was sympathetic with
the international movement, but
not violently so. One day, we
gathered a lot of women and chil-

and unconscious for a long time.
And when I awoke, there I saw
Simeon standing beside my bed. He
seemed so sad as he looked at me.
If he had only told me he loved
me!"

Miss Ettinzon, when she got well,
studied nursing, and graduated from
a professional school. In 1907 she
came to America alone.

And she hasn't seen Simeon since,
although she loved him, and he, she
knows now, loved her. It was a
peculiar twist of fate that would
not permit them to know how much
they loved each other.

The young Russian girl came to
live with her sister in Philadelphia,
and began practicing as a graduate
nurse. And she was unusually suc-
cessful in her work.

In 1908, she met the man who be-
came her husband. He was a Philadel-
phian.

"He wasn't a talented man, but I
felt that with my work I could bring
money, he might go to college and
become a doctor. And I paid his way
so long he went to college. We were
married in 1910."

In 1910 she had a baby girl, whom
she called Eleanor, and her married life
was for a time happy.

In 1910, her father came to Phila-
delphia from Russia. He lived close to
her, and was pleased, I thought, to find
me so contented and so busy. But my
married life did not turn out to be as
happy as I expected it to be. My work
kept me away from my home many
hours, and I couldn't give my husband
all he expected from a wife. I couldn't
quit work, because he was not work-

**Left Her Husband Here
and Went to Los Angeles**

"You know, it was my only my hus-
band. I worked for this way. But I
helped our poor neighbors. One day
young lady I especially helped. She was

She said her husband gave her per-
mission. But her father had long sus-
pected her unhappiness, she discovered.
"He took me in his arms and said:
"Bertha, I feel guilty. I have done you
a great wrong."

"I couldn't understand what he was
saying, and I asked him to explain.
He told me then for the first time that
Simeon had come to America in 1913,
sitting for me. He said that he even
came to my father's house in
Philadelphia and asked for me."

"And my father replied to him that
he had married me. He said I was
happy married."

"One day, my father took Simeon
where he could see me. He did see me,
but I did not see him. Before he sadly
left my father, he said he wanted my
father to give me something for him.
And he brought my father a painting."

"Then Simeon left my father's house,
and never came back again."

The father gave her the picture. It
was a three feet by five feet canvas,
rather dirty. It represented a sea-
port. On one side rose the facade of
a building, on the other the masts
of ships. On the back was written,
"The Port of Messina."

**Had Only Thirty Cents
Upon Arrival in West**

Stunned, Bertha took the picture and
left for Los Angeles. When she ar-
rived there, she had 30 cents in her
pocket.

"I lived on water most of the time.
And, one day, the Salvation Army
poked me up and sent me to a hospital.
I forgot to tell you that most of the
money I had saved from my successful
practice in Philadelphia I had spent
on my husband and on his brothers,
who were poor. I had to sell my hair
in Philadelphia to get \$125 for the
trip."

"When they discharged me from the
hospital in Los Angeles I got work
in a hotel as dish washer. I earned
30 cents and two meals a day. And
a strange coincidence happened there.
The captain of the waiters saw me
one day and recognized me as the nurse
who had taken care of his wife in
Philadelphia. He was shocked to find
me doing kitchen work. He appealed
to the manager of the hotel and they
gave me a better position."

"Some time later, Dr. R. B. Grif-
fith sent for me. He questioned me
about my work in Philadelphia with
prominent physicians and with Mount
Sinai Hospital, and he opened up a
private hospital, persuading me to take
charge of the nursing."

Meantime, strife broke out in Europe
and her husband went to London in
war service.

"He wrote me letters when he re-
turned to Philadelphia again and ask-
ed me to help him. I invited him to
live with me in Los Angeles, and he
came. And we were happy for five
months in Los Angeles and then
America entered the war and he re-
turned to Philadelphia and enlisted."

Shortly after, Bertha met with an-
other reverse. A French hit her
and she was badly hurt. For two and



Bertha Ettinzon, as she appeared just before leaving Philadelphia for the West and
before she sold her luxuriant hair for \$125

**Man Never Spoke
His Love Until
Too Late and
After She Wed
Another**

**GAVE CANVAS
FEARING SUIT
WAS USELESS**

**Masterpiece Sold
for \$100 Is Valued
at Half Million
by Experts**

a half years she was an invalid, suf-
fering from an acute nervous disorder.
"And soon my money gave out
again. And an old man whom I had
nursed came to my aid. Somehow in
the end, God is always just. Do you
know when this man was one of my
patients I thought he was very poor.
He would come for treatment and I
used to give him \$2 or \$3 every time
he came.

**Former Patient Paid
When Adversity Came**

"When he heard I was sick and out
of funds he came to me and paid me
back all of the \$36 I had given him at
various times. He told me that he
was a wealthy man and felt that he
owed it to me, who had helped him
so much, to help me now. And he
did help me. He paid bills that total-
ed some thousands of dollars. That
was a year and a half ago.

"But while I was sick I heard from
my husband who had returned again.
"I opened the telegram. It told me
that my husband would never see me
again, that I must get a divorce from
him."

"It was such a surprise—believe it
or not—I got up from my bed right
away, as well as I ever was! I found
out later that he loved that girl I
helped and mentioned a while ago. I
wasn't resentful. If he loves her, I said
to myself, I am glad he is happy, and
what is most strange, I have just
dreamed the night before about this
woman."

Fourteen months ago, after the tele-
gram proved such unusually effective
medicine, Miss Ettinzon went back to
her nursing and began making money
again. She moved to 4332 Hollywood
boulevard, taking an apartment above
the art and curio studio of Mr. Stack.

"All this time, you must remem-
ber, my painting remained in the crate.
I had not taken it out. When I went
to my place at Hollywood boulevard I
carried the picture with me. It was
put under the stairs in the building."

"Mr. Stack saw the crate and asked
me what was in it. I said it held some-
thing very dear to me. He wanted to
see it. And I showed the picture to
him. He warned me that the crate
was no place for it. He said the pic-
ture might be punctured or spoiled in
some other way there, and he invited
me to hang it up in his store. I im-
pressed him with the fact the picture
was not for sale.

"Mr. Stack hung the picture in a
prominent place on the wall of his
shop. Some time later Mr. Stack went
East, and his son took charge of the
store. E. F. Squadrilli, local art critic
and a man of wealth, saw the picture
on the wall one day weeks later. He
immediately offered to buy it. And he
soon sold it to him for \$100.

"Two weeks following that was the
first time I noticed the painting had
vanished. I was too busy with my
work to notice it before. I asked Ar-
mand Stack where the picture was.
He was evasive. I said: 'Armand,
whether you take my life or that pic-
ture, it's just the same.' I said it
was my youth, my happiness. He said
I was too romantic."

**Buyer Insures Painting
for Round Half Million**

Meanwhile, following months of pain-
staking work, Squadrilli removed the
varnish and dust covering the paint-
ing and discovered the signature of
Claude Lorraine in one of the corners.
Claude Lorraine was a seventeenth-
century French artist, sometimes known
under the name of Claude Gellee.
Authentic, a painting by this master, is
worth a great sum.

Stack immediately insured the work
at Lloyd's for \$500,000.

"I tried to get the picture back,"
Miss Ettinzon resumed. "I went to
lawyers, but they said they could do
nothing until Mr. Stack returned.
When he did return he agreed that
the sale was not valid because it was
made without his knowledge by his
son, who was a minor. I say the sale
was not valid because I never autho-
rized it."

"It is mystifying, too, that Mr.
Stack said he would agree to get the
picture back for me. If he had not
not understood yet that the money
isn't what I want at all! It is the
picture. And I mean to fight for it
until I get it."

"My lawyers have had the picture
attached pending the trial, which I
pray will bring it back to me."

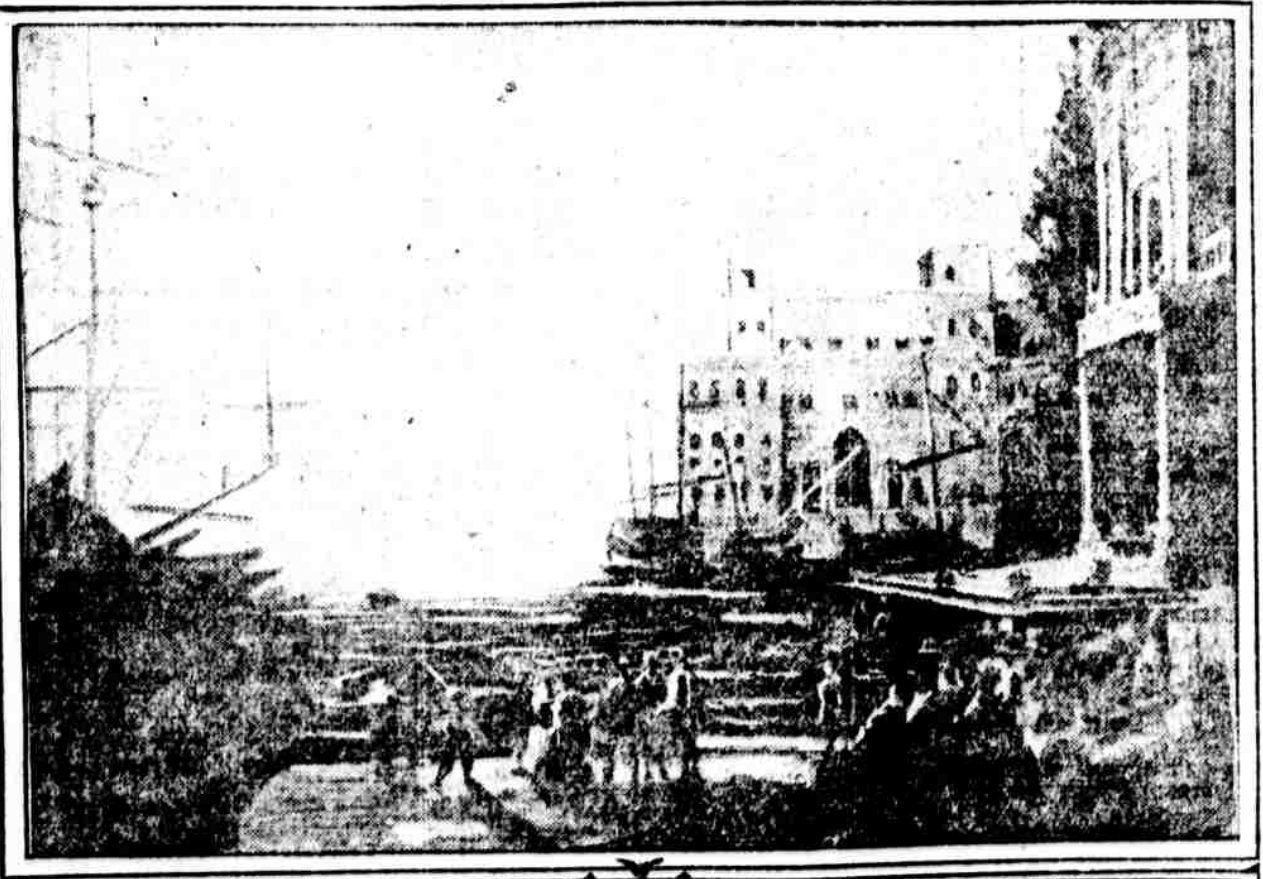
Miss Ettinzon smiled.

"Do you see why I must find Sime-
on? He can help me plead for it, and
I want to find him, too, because I
still love him. If he is poor, if he is
sick, I will nurse him better again.
Only if he is now married will I leave
away from him, but I will wish him
happiness from the very bottom of my
heart even then."

"I have suffered a great deal in my
life. I have lived quickly, and I have
learned to love my people. Money no
longer counts; there are spiritual
needs, which are only found
and answered when the hearts of peo-
ple are happy. And I want my heart
to be happy a little bit, too."

"And much of the happiness of my
youth, of my young love which I in
my youthfulness dared not even men-
tion to the man I loved, lives in that
gift which was given to me beautifully,
nobly by one of the best men I have
ever known."

"My father is dead now, and my
daughter, Eleanor, is an accomplished
musician in Germany. And I am
alone, without my passionately loved
gift."



"The Port of Messina," painting by Claude Lorraine, a seventeenth-century work, bought through
mistake by a Los Angeles collector and insured for \$500,000. This is the painting that Miss
Ettinzon is seeking to recover

traveled East, stopping at all the
large cities, in an endeavor to find
this man. She is now in Philadel-
phia. From here she will go to New
York.

She is a Russian Jewess. She
wore a blood-red gown, with a black
scarf wrapped piquantly about her
bobbed brown hair.

Her English requires some care in
the beginning to understand, but it
grows quite clear and graphic once
one is accustomed to it.

Her story begins back in Russia,

children in the back yard of Simeon's
house. There was shooting on the
streets and we were afraid for them.

"The Revolutionists broke down
the gates and fired into us. I was
shot three times. Once in the side,
once in the wrist and here on my
head."

Miss Ettinzon removed the black
scarf from her head. Under her
brown hair could be seen a white
scar.

"I can never understand how it
was I lived after that. I was ill

making very little. I shall tell you later
how she repaid me."

"It was about 1915 when I left my
husband. I didn't exactly sever our re-
lationship. I told him I couldn't support
him and be to him all a wife should be.
I told him I would go to Los Angeles.
You see, some time before I had let a
woman friend of mine take care of my
Eleanor. This family moved to Los
Angeles and took Eleanor with them."

"I told my husband I would go to
California. I told him that if he went
to work, and earned something, he
could come to me if he wanted me."

"Then I went over to bid good-by to
my father."

When she reached her father's house,
she dissembled a little. She said she
wanted to go to the California Fair,