



Cold War Times®

The Internet Newsletter Produced for the
Cold War Museum and Cold War Veterans Association



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About the Cold War Museum

Founded in 1996 by Francis Gary Powers, Jr. and John C. Welch, the Cold War Museum is dedicated to preserving Cold War history and honoring Cold War Veterans. For more information, call 703-273-2381, go online to www.coldwar.org, or write Cold War Museum, P.O. Box 178, Fairfax, VA 22038.

To contact the Editor of The Cold War Times or to submit articles for future issues, email the editor at museum@coldwar.org or visit www.coldwar.org.

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A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

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THE COLD WAR MUSEUM – SUMMER UPDATE 2007

By Francis Gary Powers, Jr.

On October 2, 2007, Cold War Conversations-II will take place as an evening lecture to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the 1957 launch of Sputnik. Dr. Sergei Khrushchev, the son of Nikita Khrushchev and author of *Memoirs of Nikita Khrushchev 1953-1964* (2007) and Paul Dickson, author of *Sputnik—Shock of the Century* (2nd edition 2007) will discuss this important Cold War historical event. Dialog between the two and Q&A from the audience will

follow their presentations. At the conclusion of the program, there will be a book signing for both authors, arranged by Barnes and Noble. Marriott Washington Dulles Airport Hotel, Northern Virginia Community College – Loudoun Campus, and the Cold War Museum are event sponsors.

There are varieties of sponsorship opportunities available in conjunction with Cold War Museum events and activities. Please email museum@coldwar.org for additional information.

The mobile exhibit on the U-2 Incident, the “Spies of Washington Tour,” and related educational activities continue to generate interest and support. On September 16, 2007, the mobile exhibit will be unveiled at the March Airfield Museum (www.marchairmuseum.com) in California. It will travel to the ITOW Veterans Museum (www.itowmuseum.org) in Perham, Minnesota on May 1, 2008. If you would like to reserve the exhibit between January and April 2008 or after October 31, 2008, please let me know. The educational Spy Tour of Washington (www.spytour.com) is now booking group tours online.

The Berlin Chapter had a successful exhibit opening ceremony at the Harnepkop Atomic Shelter on June 30, 2007. I am delighted that I was able to provide some brief remarks about the importance of former adversaries working together to preserve Cold War history. A special guest was retired U.S. Air Force Col. Gail Halvorsen, a patron of the Berlin chapter who earned the nickname “Candy Bomber” for the candy he dropped to children while flying in supplies to the besieged city during the Berlin Blockade by the Communists in 1948 and 1949. The first exhibits will deal with the beginnings of the Cold War and with the U-2 Incident. In 2008 an exhibit will be added to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the Berlin Airlift.

During my visit to Berlin, I again had the pleasure of meeting with Vaclav Vitovec, Founder of the Iron Curtain Foundation (www.ironcurtain.org). Vaclav drove from the Czech Republic with Rainer, one of his associates from www.visualhistory.tv. Talks are ongoing with both organizations on how to work together in our mutual efforts to preserve Cold War history.

Our Midwest Chapter just returned from representing the museum at the EAA (www.eaa.org) AirVenture in Oshkosh, WI. Thanks to the hard work of Chris Sturdevant, he and his volunteers will be staffing our booth at the event.

IRA Distribution to charity - Until the end of 2007, individuals age 70 1/2 and older can donate up to \$100,000 to charity directly from their IRA, avoiding taxes on the distribution. This may be worthwhile strategy to review for anyone who is looking to maximize their charitable impact in the short term. Please keep The Cold War Museum in mind should this be of interest.

CFC #12524 --- Effective with the Fall 2007 CFC and thereafter Federal employees and Military personnel (CFC donors) will use this number to identify The Cold War Museum for their gifts. This code number is only valid for the CFC for Federal employees. It is not valid for other workplace fund drives.

We count on your financial help to assist with the care, display, and storage of our Cold War artifacts and to help with our day to day operations. Tax deductible donations to The Cold War Museum can be made through a secure online website a www.guidestar.org/partners/networkforgood/donate.jsp?ein=54-1819817 or www.justgive.org/giving/donate.jsp?charityId=18894.

Please consider making a tax deductible donation to the Cold War Museum. Your gift will help us plan for the new physical location. Tax-deductible contributions and artifact donations to the Museum will ensure that future generations will remember Cold War events and personalities that forever altered our understanding of national security, international relations, and personal sacrifice for one's country.

Thank you for your continued support.

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MIDWEST CHAPTER UPDATE

By Chris Sturdevant, Chairman, CWM Midwest Chapter

The EAA AirVenture took place the week of July 23-29. The Midwest Chapter set up a tent and volunteered their time to help out all week. We were able to generate a lot of publicity for our local, national, and international efforts. The event garners 600,000 people throughout the week and we met many Cold War veterans from around the world. I was glad to see Gail Halvorsen on the tarmac with the "Spirit of Freedom".

Werner Juretzko discussed his espionage efforts with the Waukesha Public Library on July 12. The event was part of the Summer Reading Club's "Get a Clue@Your Library" 2007 theme. About 40 kids and parents came to meet a real Cold War spy. He is currently on assignment in Eastern Europe for the Cold War Museum.

We are taking estimates on work to be done at the Hillcrest Nike Radar facility. Specifically the blast building will need roofing and updated interior work (yet to be determined). A consultant walked through with us in June and indicated the building was largely in good shape structurally. The City of Waukesha has already painted the existing radar towers but will need to work on infrastructure and new pavement around the site.

On Saturday August 18 a regional meeting of the Cold War Veterans Association will take place at the Truman Presidential Library in Independence, MO. Frank Tims will give an update on national efforts regarding the Cold War Victory Medal in addition to local chapter startups. Any current or prospective CWVA members are welcome to attend, as are non Cold War Veterans (considered Eagles Club members).

The chapter offers tours of the Hillcrest Nike Radar facility on a requested basis. School groups, community groups, and other private gatherings are welcome to contact Chris Sturdevant at csturdev@hotmail.com for more information.

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BERLIN CHAPTER UPDATE

By Baerbel E. Simon – The Cold War Museum – Berlin Chapter
English Translation: Janaki Krishna / Baerbel E. Simon
Photos: Edith Anna Haase and Horst Simon

After a year and a half of intensive work the Berlin Chapter's first exhibit has finally opened. Many thanks to the Mayor of Proetzel, Maerkisch Oderland, Mr. Schlothauer, for all his support. A big thank you to all the volunteers of the Berlin Chapter, who helped so much on this event and other activities and who we look forward to working with in the future.

Although we had an open air event planned, the weather in the form of intense rain unfortunately forced us inside. I must once again thank all the guests for making the long journey to Harnekop. More than 100 guests from Poland, Czech Republic, Austria and USA took part in the celebration.

The director and founder of the Cold War Museum, Francis Gary Powers Jr, traveled from the USA. It was a great pleasure to also welcome patron and advisor to the Berlin Chapter, Gail Halvorsen, Col. USAF Retired and his wife Lorraine. As guests of the Federal Republic of Germany, the opening ceremony was one part of the official schedule for the couple.

Gail S. Halvorsen was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, USA. During the time of the Berlin Airlift, 1948/49, he served as a pilot in the US Air Force.

Each time he flew over Tempelhof, Colonel Halvorsen saw how the children waved at the pilots, and he had the idea to throw down little parachutes with candy. His colleagues loved this idea, and his buddies also dropped the goodies. They dropped over 20 tons in 14 months. Schools in the states were sending over 850 pounds every other day. All the US candy makers were giving the schools the candy; the pupils tied it on to parachutes for the air crews.



The German children waited at the end of the runway every day. Above them the airlift planes landed every three to five minutes. The children naturally couldn't distinguish Colonel Halvorsen's plane from the others. However, he promised to wiggle the wings to identify himself, which led to his nickname "Uncle Wiggly Wings".

Colonel Halvorsen and his colleagues, through these actions, laid a solid foundation for the German-American friendship after the war. As he has returned time and again to Berlin, both in good times and bad, we can truly say that Col. Halverson is a "Berliner".

In 1970 to 1974 Col. Halverson was the Airport Commander of Airfield Tempelhof. When the 2002 Olympic Winter games came to his hometown of Salt Lake City, Gail Halverson was invited by the German National Team to carry the sign reading "Germany" that led the team into the stadium for the opening ceremonies.

(I would like to thank USAF Col. Ret. Gail Halvorsen for assisting me with this article - Baerbel E. Simon)

(Photo: Volunteer helps put the finishing touches on the or 'devoirs)

Representatives from the media were also present to report on the occasion. The following are the links to the press reports:

http://www.lr-online.de/_tools/picview.html?_CMELEM=729836

<http://www.tagesspiegel.de/berlin/Brandenburg;art128,2331680>

<http://www.moz.de/index.php/Moz/Article/id/160153>

<http://www.lr-online.de/regionen/brandenburg/art25,1697595>

http://www.rbb-online.de/_includes/multimediakonsole/mmkonsole.jsp?key=multimedia_6086622.html



The Berlin Chapter has been busy as we move towards the establishment of an official German organization. On May 12 the 58th anniversary of the end of the Berlin Blockade in 1949, we attended the official celebration. Below is a short overview of those years.

Take a look back to 1948-49

One of the most dangerous moments of the Cold War was the Berlin Blockade in 1948-49. A few days after the currency reform in Western Germany, the new currency was also introduced in the western sectors of Berlin. On June 24, 1948 in response, the Soviets blocked the street-, water, and railways to West Berlin.

(PHOTO: Berlin Airlift Memorial)



Only the skies were open, and thus began an almost unbelievable logistic and humanitarian mission, as the allies delivered supplies through the air. The population of West Berlin gave its trust to the three Western occupation powers. The noise of airplane motors in all weather and at all hours was music to the ears of the West Berliners, as they knew they were not forgotten. This mission was dangerous. A total of seventy eight people were killed during the operation, of which thirty-one were American, eight were German civilians and thirty-nine were British, Commonwealth and Civilian air and ground crews.

At the beginning they started to deliver supplies of 750 tons of air freight per day. After the new organization under US General William H. Tunner, who took over the command some weeks after the beginning of the Airlift, at the end of July, 1948 the delivered supplies were already more than 2,000 tons of air freight per day.

On the 15th/16th of April, 1949 the record was set with 12.849 short tons of air freight and 1.398 flights in 24 hours, the only day that planes were landing every 96 seconds. The average over time was three to five minutes between landings.

Primarily food like dry milk, dry potatoes and flour was delivered to the city. Also coal as a fuel and to the production of electricity, gasoline, medicine and all equipment in Berlin came in that way to the city.

The aircraft were supplied and flown by the United States, United Kingdom, but pilots and crew also came from Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand in order to assist the supply of Berlin. The US Air Force was the major carrier.

We are very grateful and thank all the Airmen of Great Britain. The Germans destroyed their country with bombs. It had many civilian victims, and after a short time, the Royal Air Force flew, to "Save the City".

Later Canadian-, Australian-, New Zealand- and South African - Aircrews still arrived to support the operation.



I hope that next year, the 60-th anniversary, will get the attention it deserves. The Cold War Museum Berlin Chapter is preparing for a 2008 exhibit about the Berlin Airlift. If you have suggestions, ideas, or items for a display, please let me know.

The Chapter is also conducting educational tours in conjunction with the Atomic Bunker Harnekop. On May 29 the first student conference took place in Harnekop. Hosted by the "Foerdereverein Atombunker Harnekop" (Historic Atomic Shelter Harnekop) and the Cold War Museum - Berlin Chapter.

The guests came from Rockford College, Illinois, in the USA and from of a secondary school in Mieszkowice, Poland. After a bunker tour given by Mr. Kirchner contemporary witnesses were available for a discussion with the students. It was a tremendously interesting meeting and I look forward to more educational programs of this kind in the future.

On May 31 a cooperative contract was agreed upon between the Cold War Museum Berlin Chapter and the Foerdereverein Luftwaffenmuseums der Bundeswehr. This is yet another important step forward for the Berlin Chapter.

Please help spread the word about the Berlin Chapter. Together we can make this vision a reality. If you should have any questions or want additional information, please visit the German Homepage: www.coldwar.org/BerlinChapter or give me a call: 030.745.1980

Thank you for your support

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COLD WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

CWVA CHAIRMAN'S CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

By Vince Milum - Chairman - CWVA

The CWVA is considering changing the organization's logo. As part of this reconsideration, we are having a contest and EVERYONE is invited to participate.

We invite all members -- as well as their friends and family members -- to submit CWVA logo suggestions in the form of a graphic (e.g., as either an attached graphic to an email or as a drawing on a sheet of paper mailed to the address below).

The top three candidates will win a prize from the CWVA catalogue!

The following limitations apply to a submitted logo:

- It must reflect the global nature of the Cold War conflict (i.e., it cannot be theater-specific nor can it ignore the service of all allied countries whose contribution is recognized by our global membership).
- It must reflect the service of all branches of the military.

Please submit your suggested logos by mail or email to the following:

Cold War Veterans Association
 P.O. Box 13042
 Overland Park, KS 66282-3042
logo@coldwarveterans.com

COLD WAR REMEMBRANCE - WASHINGTON, DC MAY 1, 2007

By Frank M. Tims, Ph.D. - National Legislative Director - CWVA

We held a ceremony at the Cosmos Club, Washington, DC, and at Arlington National Cemetery on May 1 honoring the memory of those killed, captured, or lost on missions during the Cold War. It is not generally known that many men and women died protecting the United States from 1946-91 at remote outposts and during missions at sea and in the air. Often, these missions were carried out in secret at the time, and only years later were the facts disclosed – and their memory forgotten except by close friends and family. So far, 14 states have proclaimed May 1 Cold War Victory Day, and the State of Virginia has declared May 1 Cold War Victory Day in perpetuity.



(PHOTO: Francis Gary Powers, Jr. meets with members from the Miami Chapter of the CWVA, Julio De Castro, Former, PVT (E-2) (P), UC, USA; Jose A. Vila, Former, PVT (E-2) (P), UC, USA; and Antonio Álvarez, Former, PVT (E-2) (P), UC, USA, at the Cosmos Club in Washington DC prior to visiting Arlington National Cemetery)

(PHOTO: CWVA officers present Cold War Victory Commemorative Medal at grave of General James A. Van Fleet, who led the American Advisory and Assistance Mission to Greece during the Communist insurgency there, and later commanded the Eighth US Army in the Korean War. Shown from left are Frank M. Tums, William Boyle, and David Clevenger)



We were determined to honor the memory of these brave men and women, and selected May 1 (Cold War Victory Day) as the date to formally visit Arlington Cemetery. There are significant numbers of Cold War casualties buried at Arlington.

We placed cut flowers at graves of Forgotten Heroes of the Cold War, and rendered proper honors, and presented the Cold War Victory Medal at the grave of General James A. Van Fleet, who commanded the US Military Assistance and Advisory Mission to Greece (1948-1950), and led the Eighth US Army in Korea 1951-53. Because many bodies of Cold War casualties were not recovered, we placed a rose and a flag at suitable memorials in the Cemetery. Many of our national officers attended and participated. Among the graves honored were several U-2 pilots and Major Nicholson, shot and killed by a Soviet soldier in East Germany, 1986.

We had a commitment from the press to cover this event, and had high visibility. We invited Members of Congress and officials from the White House and Defense Department, as well as the press.

On May 1, 2008, we plan to hold a similar observance at Arlington Cemetery, at the memorial to the USS Thresher, and USS Scorpion at Seal Beach, California. Thus, next year's observance will be national in scope.

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CWVA PRESENTS WREATH ON MEMORIAL DAY 2007

On May 28, 2007, the Cold War Veterans Association was honored to have members Nils Parr and Richard Isaac represent the CWVA as part of the National Ceremonies commemorating Memorial Day in Washington D.C., at the Tomb of the Unknowns.

(PHOTO: Richard Isaac presents the CWVA wreath to the honor guard representative)



LEGISLATIVE UPDATE

By Frank Tims, Legislative Director, CWVA

In the FY 2008 National Defense Authorization Act (NDAA) passed by the House is a provision, SEC 556 COLD WAR VICTORY MEDAL. The Senate version does not include a Cold War Medal, but S.16__ "The Cold War Medal Act of 2007" is very much alive, and our greatest need is for enough cosponsors to show that it is the will of the Senate. The bill has also been introduced in the Senate as an amendment (S.AMDT.2163) to H.R. 1585, the NDAA of 2008.

The best insurance we can get is co-sponsorship and pledges of strong support from our senators. Each of you has to try and get your two senators to cosponsor S.A.2163 to H.R.1585, as well as S.1763. We have to take all options seriously at this time, and the imperative for each of you is to get your two US Senators to cosponsor both the amendment to H.R.1585 and the Cold War Medal Act of 2007. I am asking all of you to work on your senators NOW.

On a parallel track, I am in contact with the Office of the Secretary of Defense, asking them to include the Cold War Medal among the provisions they support in the NDAA.

With H.R.1585 still unresolved, it is likely that debate will resume after Labor Day. We should all work on getting cosponsors, especially for the amendment. E-mail, fax, and call YOUR senators and ask them to COSPONSOR the Cold War Medal Amendment (S.AMDT.2163) to the NDAA. Call them in Washington, call them in their district office, and if you should see them, ask them (politely) to sign on as cosponsors.

If we can show solid support in the Senate, we can win this time. The only way to get 2 senators per state is for those who live in those states to e-mail, telephone, fax, and ask, ask, ask, urge, point out how important this is, that it has been repeatedly introduced in Congress since 1997 and now is the time to show support.

Tell them the certificate is inadequate, and about to be discontinued anyway (sunssets 2008). Point out that a single day of civilian service during the Cold War earns the certificate, and the men and women who protected America in uniform deserve more than a piece of paper.

Now, many will say "I support," but we need hard strong support -- co sponsorship. Let's Get Solid Support In The Senate!!! YOU can make the difference!

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CWVA PUBLIC AFFAIRS COLD WAR SONG IN DEVELOPMENT STAGES

Wendell Austin of Winn, Maine, Peace and Freedom Music, is in the process of writing a Cold War Song. A copy of the lyrics to the song can be downloaded at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Cold-War-Veterans-Association_Public_Affairs/files/. Mr. Austin, hopes to begin recording the song in September.

For more information, questions, concerns or input, please contact CWVA Public Affairs Director, Sean Eagan at sean.eagan@gmail.com.

For more information on the Cold War Veterans Association, please visit them online at www.coldwarveterans.com.

FEATURED ARTICLES

(Editor's note: The following two papers on the Prague Spring and Velvet Revolution are two of eight student papers about various aspects of the Cold War that were recently presented at an international student conference in Chemnitz. Topics included US foreign policy, life in Eastern Europe during the Cold War, and elements of American and British popular culture. These papers were sent to us by Professor Dave Jervis from Rockford College and all eight student papers will soon be added to our website under the appropriate decade sections. I selected these two papers because of my recent trip to Prague in February 2007 – FGPjr)

THE PRAGUE SPRING: A DREAM DEFERRED

By Emily Miller

Beginning in 1967, Czechoslovakia attempted to turn a new corner in the history of socialism, attempting a nation wide experiment to fuse a strong belief in the communist system with concern for individual human rights. The people of Czechoslovakia were believers in equality, justice, and democracy. The political liberalizations of 1968, known as the Prague Spring, were incredibly enlightened and progressive. They attempted to create a national embrace of socialism through full guarantees of civil and political freedoms. The people of Czechoslovakia believed they could build a strong culture and society that rivaled those of Western European nations while proving the superiority of the Communist System. Those ambitions were quickly put to an end with the Soviet invasion in August.

The first rumbling of change in Czechoslovakia grew out of the country's miserable economic condition. The centrally planned economy was incapable of meeting the nation's production needs and providing for the needs of its people.

A complicated system of bureaucracy made improvements nearly impossible. The centrally planned economy based in Prague created a gap between the workings of party politics and the real life of its constituency. The workers in various districts had no say in policy decisions and bureaucrats, ever true to continuation and conformity, maintained ineffective policies safe from criticism. Throughout the 1960's the Communist party was quietly aware of the growing crisis but carried on with business as usual fearing the unemployment and high prices they knew economic reform would create. Party members also refrained from addressing economic issues because to do so would be to challenge Soviet authority and risk their job and position.

The rigid authoritarian government of the period was held together by Novotny, an uncharismatic and heavy-handed party official. His administration was becoming increasingly unpopular due to the obvious economic strains at a time of increasing political tensions within the country's elite.

The political faults of a centrally planned system were made evident in the problem of growing Slovak nationalism. Although in theory the union of Czechoslovakia was supposed to create a land of equality and brotherhood between the two peoples, the imposed Soviet system

marginalized Slovakia leaving the region to become an underdeveloped backwater with no specific representation.

Influential members of the Czech intelligentsia had also been organizing quietly throughout the 1960's against the stifling censorship of creative works. Anything that did not directly support communist party ideology was banned. It was this bloc within the central leadership who most adamantly pushed for the reforms of the Prague Spring.

Novotny resigned in January of 1968 amid heavy pressure from within the government. After much hesitation the KSC decided to address the economic standstill and began implementing a limited number of reforms, including freedom for companies to set their own prices and share in managerial decisions.¹ The measures were unsuccessful in addressing deep problems and dissatisfaction with Novotny's regime. He resigned amid heavy pressure in January of 1968 and was replaced with Alexander Dubcek, a moderate Slovak reformist. With the national economy facing continual stagnation and the central party no longer held together under Novotny's strict dogmatism, members of the Central Communist Party looking for reform took advantage of the fragile situation to push through reforms that would have been impossible under a strong, united government. By the spring of 1968, Czechoslovakia was ripe for change.

The reformers saw the importance of allowing people to direct the course of changes from below instead of having every development dictated by the uninspired central party. Zdenek Mlynar, a progressive KSC member and the most outspoken advocate of the need for pluralistic governance, attacked the basis of the existing communist system for assuming that every need could be satisfied through party control.

“Every citizen, as an individual, is also a political agent and not merely an ‘object of government’ or of political care. This status must be guaranteed by the legal order, which must specifically safeguard all political rights as the rights and liberties of every citizen (and not reduce them, as frequently occurs, to the rights of institutions and of ‘workers organizations’)...”²

Dubcek was sympathetic to the cries for change and reformists were free to pursue a wide range of political, economic, and cultural freedoms. The new Action Program unveiled in April proposed radical changes in policy. The Action Program was the Communist Party's new plan for “socialism with a human face”. While being careful to reaffirm their commitment to the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact, the document demanded that the time for change had come. The party proposed the tolerance of non-communist opinions and political clubs, a direct challenge to Lenin's theory of the necessity of Communist party monopoly on power and democratic centralism.³ It called for an end to censorship and freedom of the press. It asserted Czechoslovakia's right to conduct a more independent foreign policy.

People suffering in silence for years turned their pens on the system, denouncing their oppression. It appeared as though the flood gates had been opened and now that the public was free and even encouraged to express dissenting views there was no way to slow the peaceful revolution of words. The government was caught off guard and simply did not expect such an explosion of dissent from the populace. A distant bureaucracy relied on the fact that there had

been no major uprising in the country as there had been in Poland, Hungary, and the GDR to assume the public would passively accept these changes. Ordinary citizens were now taking the lead into a new future ahead of government actions.

At first the Soviet response was limited to hostile rhetoric and attempting to rally East Bloc allies to condemn the reforms. The fact that it took them eight months to respond with force to the changes in Czechoslovakia is surprising given the Soviet's history of maintaining order and obedience by any means necessary. The similar Hungarian Revolution of 1956 lasted no more than two weeks before Soviet troops crushed Hungary's ambitions. Surely that event was well alive in the minds of the Czechoslovakian Public. But as William Griffith points out in his essay about the events, the country thought it was safe because it did not commit the same provocative mistakes such as legally recognizing non-communist parties and withdrawing from the Warsaw Pact.⁴ However circumstances developed, the Action Program had been announced and no matter where the current of change went, the government was too sympathetic to crush the peaceful revolt swelling under its feet. And the party's decision to continue with reforms went beyond enlightened concern. Liberal or not, everyone understood that the Soviet path would surely lead the nation to ruin.

The other Satellite nations grew nervous over the situation. They feared that the desire for freedoms taking hold in Czechoslovakia would spark cries for similar reforms in their own countries setting off a wave of popular uprisings throughout the East Bloc. Other countries feared a backlash of repression in their own nations as the Soviets attempted to stamp out the spreading rebellion.

Brezhnev invoked the "Brezhnev Doctrine" to justify intervention in Czechoslovakia on August 20, 1968. His claim was that Czechoslovakia sovereignty was limited by its obligation to protect the brotherhood of Socialist nations and the invaders were doing their comradely duty to protect the entire communist camp from Western Capitalist subversion. The invasion heightened tensions between Moscow and other communist nations by highlighting growing divisions over Soviet concept of national sovereignty and the rights of partner nations to act independently. The invasion "injected empirical substance into the previously somewhat nebulous concept of 'comradely mutual assistance'"⁵ and proved that the Soviets were more interested in protecting their hegemony over the region than respecting national sovereignty. Many denounced the move as unacceptable and grew distrustful of the Soviet's intentions. In many ways, Soviet actions in Czechoslovakia contributed to the decline of the nation's status in Europe.

Although military intervention was obviously a successful solution to the challenge from Prague, the decision created as many problems as it solved. To justify the relationship with its satellite nations, the Soviets had always relied on the assertion that their ideology provided for an "organic harmony"⁶ between socialist nations and was thus the only valid model for Socialism. By resorting to military aggression, Moscow itself exposed the gaps between party theory and reality. The glaring weakness of Soviet Communism discredited their claims of ideological superiority and alternative models could be debated as rational alternatives.⁷ This created tension between communist nations that were increasingly questioning Soviet leadership and looking west to Europe or east to China for a different direction. Instead of cementing their reputation as the supreme communist power, the intervention was counter-productive to Soviet goals.

If Czechoslovakia would have been allowed to continue it surely would have been the beginning of the end for Stalinism in Eastern Europe. Dissidents in other countries inevitably would have taken advantage of Soviet inaction against Prague to challenge government censorship and propaganda. Satellite Governments themselves, although slower to embrace change than the masses, would welcome the opportunity to correct their own economic failings. The Russians, fully aware of the massive shortcomings of their Stalinist centralized system, would have been allowed to gracefully bow out of the Cold War and create a positive national image as the gracious liberators of Eastern Europe. Instead, Moscow chose the path of increased international isolation by stubbornly maintaining their irrelevant system. However, despite any amount of optimism or faith in the righteousness of the Prague Spring, the Soviet invasion was simply in the nature of the beast. A system which bases its entire existence on the principle of cooperation through fear cannot know any response but force.

FOOTNOTES:

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<<http://econpapers.repec.org/paper/wpawuwpc/0510002.htm>>. (para. 12)
- 2.) Mlynar, "Our Political System and the Division of Power." *Winter in Prague*. Ed. Robin Alison Remington. Cambridge, MA: M.I.T. Press, 1969. (pg 44)
- 3.) Littell, "Editor's Introduction." *The Czech Black Book*. Ed. Robert Littell. New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1969. (pg. vii)
- 4.) Griffith, "The Prague Spring and the Soviet Intervention in Czechoslovakia." *The Anatomy of Communist Takeover*. Ed. Thomas T. Hammond. Forge Village, MA: Murry Printing Co., 1971. (pg. 108)
- 5, 6, 7) Jones, Robert A. *The Soviet Concept of Limited Sovereignty from Lenin to Gorbachev: The Brezhnev Doctrine*. London: The Macmillan Press LTD, 1990. (pg. 141, 172, 173)

THE VELVET REVOLUTION: AN EXHIBITION OF HUMAN WILL

By Matt Riddle

When one conjures an image of revolution the accompanying thoughts are often of violence, anarchy, and destruction of objects and ideals. A mob of disenfranchised citizens demanding change and taking it with force is not an uncommon scenario when it comes to revolutions. The French Revolution ended with nearly fourteen hundred bloody thumps of the guillotine.¹ The American Revolution spurred a war that lasted for six years. The citizens of Czechoslovakia saw their revolution and freedom from communist rule come to pass in less than a month with zero deaths and a very small number of casualties. The pinnacle of political prowess and statecraft is displayed through swift and non-violent change, and although these occurrences are few and far between such diplomacy and tact were exhibited by the citizens of Czechoslovakia in one November in 1989. This is why the events that occurred in the humble Eastern European country during those few autumn weeks are known as the Velvet Revolution. A political miracle, the Velvet Revolution stands as an inspiration to human rights vanguards across the globe, but what made this revolution so unique? Perhaps a closer look will reveal the extraordinary resolve required to complete one of the most peaceful concessions of power to ever occur.

Communism had been the status quo in the East Bloc throughout the period of Soviet dominance that lasted roughly from the end of World War II through the mid to late 1980s. However, as the Cold War began to draw to a close, the influence of the Soviets began to slowly collapse under the economic stress and political pressure. The Polish group, Independent Self-governing Trade Union "Solidarity" had been formed to oppose communism in Poland and despite repeated attempts to quash the group it outlasted the Soviets. Shortly after the Berlin Wall fell in Germany it would become apparent that Russia's grip on Eastern Europe would falter and the Communist Party would be stripped of its iron handed rule over the East Bloc. Germany and Poland had displayed their fervent dissatisfaction with communist rule and Russian influence and as the Wall came tumbling down it seemed that a domino effect would lose Europe for the Soviets.

Soviet influence on Alexander Dubcek in the late 1960s had given way to what was effectively a legal Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. By allowing the Soviets to house troops within the country there could be little resistance to the Kremlin in the future.² The Velvet Revolution was the delayed response and culmination of Charter 77's efforts to instill a respect for human rights in the Czechoslovak governing documents.³ Charter 77 had been formed in 1977 and was a petition of sorts that included testimony from Czechoslovakian citizens from all walks of life and two hundred and thirty signatories affirmed this commitment to human rights.⁴

On the heels of Poland and Germany, Czechoslovakia began its journey to democratization on November 17th, 1989. It began as an innocuous and peaceful march to honor Jan Opletal, a student who had been killed for opposing the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia during World War II fifty years prior to the day.⁵ The rally was to be held on the spot of Opletal's funeral procession and as a crowd of fifteen thousand plus gathered together to listen to a speech by a former acquaintance of Opletal the crowd formed a bond by lighting candles and singing the national anthem.⁶ As the events that the organizers had prearranged with the police concluded the crowd decided that it did not want to disperse as had been agreed. Instead they sought to march to Opletal's monument so that they might make a political statement for human rights and democracy. What the crowd did not know was that the police were waiting for them and as the mass of people moved toward the monument, police clubs fell against the heads of the protestors and thus the Velvet Revolution had begun with a less than velvet demonstration of force.⁷

As the crowd came into contact with the riot police, their ranks had swelled to over 50,000 protestors as they had been joined by many passersby.⁸ The authorities at this point were overwhelmed and as the crowd resisted violent reactions and many held their empty hands and proclaimed their commitment to non-violence.⁹ However, as the crowd got more and more out of police control, the authorities became irritated and surrounded a group of around five thousand protestors and began savagely beating them indiscriminately. Even children and the elderly were not spared as unprejudiced clubs hailed upon anything that came into their path.¹⁰ All told the authorities along with an elite military unit known as the Red Berets inflicted injury on 593 persons.¹¹ Throughout this event Western media had been present, taping the violence against the Czech citizens that could not be dismissed as authorities putting down an unnecessarily rowdy crowd as had been the practice in the past.¹² Information about the protest made its way past the communist safeguards that normally filtered information coming into the country. As the Czech citizens learned that their demonstration had been successful in gaining global attention, they began to realize their own strength. Reports had been made that a Czech

man had been killed by riot officers, and although this later proved false, it greatly helped information of the demonstration to spread much more rapidly than it might have otherwise.

The people of Czechoslovakia responded to the violence of their government by forming a group known as the Citizens Forum, which united the varied dissidents under one banner. The membership in the Citizens Forum grew rapidly and strikes and information campaigns were launched to combat the overbearing Communist government. It became apparent to the party officials that Prague was lost to the dissidents, but they still had hope to contain the rural areas of the country. The Citizens Forum mobilized to spread the word to these areas to counteract the government's actions with mixed results. The combined efforts of the citizens of Czechoslovakia grew to the point where their demands were impossible to ignore and in the face of insurmountable opposition, Communist Party Leader Miloš Jakeš, along with the entire presidium of the party resigned on November 24th, 1989.¹³ These resignations marked the beginning of the end for the CPC and its absolute control of Czechoslovakia. The people had risen from their apathetic oppression and begun to cast off the shackles of four decades of Communist rule. It was a momentous day for the Civic Forum and the people of Czechoslovakia; however, the Velvet Revolution was not yet complete.

Some members of the CF believed that a general strike was needed to make the government take notice. The Czechoslovakian government hoped that reliance on the socialist system and conformity would quell any insurrection that the CF could plan.¹⁴ As the Civic Forum continued to garner support for the general strike the clock was ticking closer and closer to November 26th, the day of the Letná Demonstration. The aim of the demonstration was foremost to strike Article 4 from the Constitution. Article 4 guaranteed the Communist Party's leading role in the government.¹⁵ Additionally, they asked for free elections and a shake up in government personnel.¹⁶ By asking for a rotation of government officials they may have sought to ensure that what they fought for would not simply be overturned if the Communists kept a majority. The general strike and the demonstration leading up to it was planned and took place on November 25th through November 27th and included more than 700,000 protestors and although much of the strike was organized there was still an improvised feel to some aspects.¹⁷ Despite the piecemeal approach to the strike, Prime Minister, Ladislav Adamec, assured the crowds at Letná that the government would do what it could to address their concerns.¹⁸ These concerns were so addressed during the following week as Communist Party control was formally eradicated from the Constitution.²⁰ The increasing demands of Havel and the CF finally took hold and under pressure, Prime Minister Adamec resigned followed by roughly 25,000 party members over the next few days.²¹ This was the death rattle of the CPC and it would not be long until a new government would be needed in Czechoslovakia.

In hindsight, the fall of communism in Czechoslovakia is easy to deduce. But as the first protestors stood against the wall of police clubs and shields they knew nothing of the so called Velvet Revolution. To them, the Communist party stood as a monolith to which they could only hope to pacify. It was their courage, ingenuity, and solidarity that brought them into a force that they could never have conceived of before November of 1989. Their commitment to peace and democracy prevailed over a broken system wrought with injustices. It is in this way that the revolution in Czechoslovakia could be called velvet. Even though right from the beginning the police fought insurrection with violence, the citizens did not respond in kind. Instead they

clenched the flowers of peace and resolved that this would be a different kind of revolution than those of massive bloodshed and turmoil. The Velvet Revolution stands as a testament to champions of nonviolence and showed the world that a flower can subdue a gun.

FOOTNOTES:

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3, 4] "Manifesto of Charter 77." CNN Cold War - Historical Documents. CNN. 16 Apr 2007 <<http://www.cnn.com/SPECIALS/cold.war/episodes/19/documents/charter.77/>>.

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COLD WAR MEMORIES

(Editor's Note: Have a Cold War Memory you would like to share? Send us your written history, experience, or antidote for posting in future issue. FGPjr)

COLD WAR PODCASTS

The Cold War Podcasts, featuring conversations about The Cold War and The Cold War Museum, has been in production since May of this year and can be accessed via www.coldwar.org/museum/cwmpodcasts.asp where it can be heard without an I-Pod, directly from the web, or through I-Tunes. If you use I-Tunes, search "Cold War Podcast."

Recent Podcasts have featured a look at the history of the museum as well as discussions about Cold War events such as the attack on the USS Liberty and seizure of USS Pueblo.

Produced and hosted by David R. Stokes, a minister and veteran broadcaster who resides in Fairfax, VA, approximately ten editions are planned per year – one every four or five weeks. Please help us spread the word about this new way to highlight the work of the museum.

We are always looking for program ideas and interviews. If you have a suggestion please email: podcast@coldwar.org.

SCENES FROM CHINA, 1981-82

By Walter James Murray

In the fall of 1981 the governments of Jiangsu and Anhui in the People's Republic of China threw a party for the foreigners then living in those two provinces. It was held at Nan Da University in Nanjing, known earlier as Nanking. A dozen or so circular tables had been set up in two rows with eight to ten people at each. I was assigned to table number two. It was a sumptuous meal served in Chinese fashion where the diners served themselves from the selections put on the table. Wine and beer were also available and there were frequent toasts. After the meal the invitees circulated, myself included, wandering from table to table greeting friends. Many were foreign students from South

Asia, the Middle East, and Africa, most of whom I knew, as we shared a dormitory at Nang Guan, the engineering college in Nanjing where I was an English teacher.

At one table sat a group of male students rooted to their chairs, deliberately ignoring the socializing buzzing around them. They made no eye contact with anyone, even with those at their own table. I never saw them speak, even to one another. They were the odd men out. When an opportunity came I asked someone who they were and I was told they were North Korean students studying in China in a similar foreign student program as the students I knew. But the students I knew, in contrast, were for the most part a gregarious lot. By shunning all contact with those around them, the behavior of the North Koreans but reflected their government's isolation and fear.

A large map of the world came into my possession in the summer of 1981 and I choose to share it with my fellow dormitory residents, the vast majority third-world students from socialist countries. They were, for example, from Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, South Yemen, Palestine, and Syria, and from a number of African countries from Sudan to Sierra Leone to Equatorial Guinea. Since we all ate in the same cafeteria, I thought a wall there would be the appropriate place on which to hang it.

The map immediately attracted the students who were curious to see where their country was on the map in relation to China. The following day I discerned a definite change in the students and realized no one was looking at the map anymore. Wondering why, I went up to take a look for myself and saw that the name of one country had been blackened out with a marker pen- Israel. Who could have done that?

Of the students in the dormitory the finger pointed to Ayman, a young Palestinian studying to be an electrician. It had to be him. He, along with many Muslims, was put off by Israel's very existence. To them Israel didn't exist. What to do? I could have made a fuss but it wasn't worth getting into a confrontation so I ignored it.

I recalled my two-year stay in Saudi Arabia four years earlier where severe censorship regarding Israel was the rule. Any mention of Israel was forbidden and in newspapers brought into the kingdom the word "Israel" was either cut out with a scissors or blacked out, just like the word on my map.

My salary during the eight months I was in China was 600 yuan a month, double that, I understood, of the then country's ruler, Deng Xiaoping. Of the 600 yuan, I could change up to half into hard currency at the end of my service. (I choose Japanese yen when that day came.) In addition Time-Life Books in Japan, my employer, deposited fifty thousand yen into my Mitsubishi Bank account at the end of each month.

Most of the time in China I carried four difference currencies in my pocket-- foreign exchange (e.g., dollars, yen), foreign exchange certificates issued by the Chinese government for use in China by foreigners, Chinese currency (renminbi), and paper money for use only in the dormitory cafeteria. An authorization card I carried, given to me by the authorities, allowed me to make purchases in renminbi, such as for train tickets, hotels, in restaurants and for some items (e.g., long johns) at Friendship Stores. For some reason the dormitory paper money was good only for breakfast, but I didn't use it because it had no Arabic numbers on it denoting its value. Heretofore I had used regular renminbi so I had no idea as to its value. (Repeated requests for language instruction were ignored.) There must have been some financial irregularities in the cafeteria books to have necessitated a shift to that method of payment.

Shanghai was a four-hour train ride from Nanjing. I was able to go there on occasion but I needed permission from the local foreign affairs people (Weiban) in the form of a pass. With my card giving me permission to use renminbi and another card identifying me as a “foreign expert,” I could stay in a hotel at greatly reduced rates. Businessmen and tourists paid through the nose. The first time I went to Shanghai was to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1981 at the American consulate.

In Shanghai on a now-and-then weekend I always stayed at a decades-old hotel from the British days renamed the Peace Hotel. It was on the waterfront in the area called The Bund. A room that would cost a businessman or tourist close to a hundred yuan per night I, as a foreign expert, could get for ten yuan. On the eighth floor was a restaurant where I could pay in renminbi and have a feast at bargain rates. I appreciated the perks.

Automobile traffic was almost entirely non-existent on the streets of Shanghai except for state-owned taxicabs and they were not common. Public transportation consisted of electric trolleys for the most part. There were bicycles but the masses of people filling every available space made bicycling a daunting challenge. Pedestrian traffic on a weekend numbered in the hundreds of thousands at times and with everyone dressed alike it was rather disconcerting to be a part of such a multitude. Bobbing heads, from my six-foot-three-inch vantage, stretched down every street to as far as could be seen. Buildings all had a drab, colorless, uncared-for look, no doubt due mainly to the total lack of advertising signs and neon lighting.

I took a trolley to the American consulate and joined the party in a grassy yard to the rear where a tent had been set up. The building, a mansion, had been a school until the Americans bought it a short time before. There were not many people there- I’d say fifty, and I knew no one. The resident consul and his wife remained in their rooms the whole time.

I was soon in conversation with a British fellow, a newspaper correspondent, and we stuck together throughout the party. Later I was to see him again in Nanjing at the door to a hotel as I was leaving and we had a brief conversation.

The way back to the hotel was again by trolley. When I took walks along the Bund, young men wanting to practice their English oftentimes intercepted me. It was a novelty at first but I soon tired of the interruption. I don’t recall ever seeing a Western face like mine in the crowds. In the basement of the hotel was a bar where I would spend my evenings in Shanghai drinking beer and listening to American big band music from the days before 1949. The musicians, a quartet, played nothing from after that date. The better beer in Shanghai was a brew called Seagull but at times waiters wanted to give me Japanese beer at, of course, a much higher price. When I would remind them that this was China, not Japan, and that I wanted Chinese beer, I always prevailed.

One evening there was a nice looking woman in the bar sitting alone and I asked her to join me. She did. She was 25 or so, Australian, and in Shanghai to do some business. We were getting along quite well when interrupted by an American fellow I knew in Nanjing, one I had little use for, who sat down with us and diverted me from my conversation with the girl. He had a girl friend back in Nanjing so my girl was no big deal to him. This gave another man an opening and he immediately moved in to command the attentions of the girl. Western women alone in a bar were rare in those days and competition was fierce. In the event, I was never able to regain her attentions and, rubbing it in, she chided me the next morning in the lobby for my lack of aggressiveness.

Most railway locomotives I saw in China were coal burning steam engines, just as it used to be in my boyhood growing up across from the Rock Island railroad tracks in Peoria Heights, Illinois. Nanjing, with its bridge/trestle across the Yangtze, was a busy rail center. At night I could hear the distant hooting of train whistles, disconcerting in their mournful wailing, as there wasn't the rhythm or cadence of the Rock Island of yore- two long steam whistles, a short and a long. Many of the train drivers were sooty, grimy looking women, another disconcerting factor. One day as I approached a train crossing on my bike, the gate went down and I stopped and stood rooted as a steam locomotive, puffing and hissing loudly, roared passed me a couple of feet away, the sound and power making me tingle with excitement. There's nothing quite like a steam locomotive.

There were busses in Nanjing, double busses sectioned in two compartments that plied the city. I occasionally rode them, usually from the college to the railroad station. Many of the drivers were women. The drivers had the habit of turning off the engine whenever the bus was going downhill, no doubt with the intention of saving fuel. Once returning from the railroad station I was standing in the back of a crowded bus when a fist-fight broke out next to me. I moved to get out of the way and vocally remonstrated with the combatants. One of them looked at me and his jaw dropped, as did his fists. One look at me had put a stop to the fight.

When the weather was pleasant, Gulou Circle was a popular place in Nanjing for people to congregate on weekends. It wasn't far from the college where I resided and taught and I often went there on my way to one place or another. A building that stood out at the circle was one called "Drum Tower," which gave the circle its name (Goulou). Four broad streets led from the circle to the four points of the compass.

Leaving my bicycle at the college one weekend day, I walked to Goulou for a stroll and to see what was happening in the streets. As long as I kept moving I was more or less ignored but if I stopped anywhere I would invariably attract folks who had never seen anyone like me before. I was different, a rara avis. I stood out with my tall frame, Western clothes and features and blue eyes. It had to have been many years, even a lifetime for the majority, to have ever seen a foreigner walking amongst them. As long as I kept moving I was left alone but if I dallied even momentarily I would instantly draw a gang of curious onlookers.

It was crowded that day as I wove my way through the throng. I wanted to be especially careful of children that I might inadvertently step on. From the height of the circle I could see down the four streets packed with the endless heads of people enjoying the day. Like in Shanghai, it was scary and sobering in a way to see so many thousands of people in one place. It represented a population explosion of enormous magnitude.

On one side of the square was a wall that had attracted a gathering of people standing in a semicircle watching some sort of activity. I wondered what it was and approached, worming my way in and, to my astonishment, saw what had drawn so many people. There was a man on his knees shining the shoes of another man sitting on a stool. That was all. In a very large city like Nanjing there was so little diversion for the people that even watching a man having his shoes shined was an event.

There were times I would go to an area in Nanjing where I could buy eggs from a curbside vender, a village girl who sold them out of a large, round woven straw basket. It was one of the few situations where I saw free enterprise at work. A peanut seller was another. She always squatted in the street facing the sidewalk and her transportation, a bicycle, was next to her. She was always alone whenever I saw her. I would squat on the sidewalk facing her and pick out the eggs myself from the

basket, putting them gingerly in a sack I had brought along. Needless to say, she had nothing in which to put the eggs once purchased. I paid her 13 or 14 fen apiece, not at all expensive, and let her pick the money out of my outstretched hand. Her expression never changed as we accomplished our transaction but I sensed she was a little bit afraid of the big hairy foreigner squatting in front of her. There was never any eye contact. When I had finished I would stand up and turn around and confront at least twenty-five bystanders gathered there to watch me buy the eggs. Like shining shoes, it was another event not to be missed. I would get back on my bicycle and peddle away, the delicate eggs in the handlebar basket and I would somehow manage to get back to the dormitory without breaking one.

Riding my bicycle on another day I found myself behind a large truck on a narrow street. I was forced to stop frequently as I couldn't get around it. At one of the frequent stops I set my foot on the curb waiting for the truck to start moving again and my eyes were drawn to a vender squatting at curbside with some goods he had laid out on a piece of cloth. I did a double take when I realized he had at least a dozen fat dead rats displayed for sale. I was appalled. Dead rats! A conversation I had had in Rewari, India nine years earlier came to mind, a conversation with a Sinophobic restaurant manager at the Rewari railway station, a Mr. Korshal. He had made no bones about hating the Chinese, telling me, among other things that they ate rats. I recalled shaking my head, chuckling and saying "No, no, Korshal-ji, come on. They don't eat rats." Maybe in times of famine yes, I added, but not as a part of their normal diet. Now I had to eat my words; Korshal-ji was right. There are Chinese, at least some, who do eat rats, even in non-famine times.

Some Chinese will eat dog meat, too. Another teacher, who lived in the dormitory in rooms next to mine, had a Chinese scroll done by a village artist who would take only a dog in payment for his works. How she paid I never knew. Having a dog in the city of Nanjing was against the law, not to discourage its use as eatable meat but to prevent disputes over barking. The quality of food in East Asia in general is rated by many for its potency as an aphrodisiac. Dog meat, made into a stew, rates high, as does river eel. It is the same in Korea.

There was a Friendship Store in Nanjing that catered to foreigners with hard currency, mainly Foreign Exchange Certificates that were required by all non-Chinese. With my "foreign expert" card authorizing me to pay in yuan, though, there were things I could buy there and other items I shouldn't have been able to buy, like film, except for the capriciousness of the sales people. To buy Coca-Cola, for example, I was supposed to pay in hard currency but occasionally they would shrug and take yuan. Rules were often ignored. Film was a popular item for the Chinese and I would be occasionally asked to buy a roll or two for them. I usually refused.

With the help and advice of a Chinese-American girl and a Chinese art teacher at the college, I bought a scroll at the Friendship Store, paying 100 yuan (about sixty dollars). They had gone through an assortment of scrolls and singled out five from which I could choose. An elderly woman in her 80s was said to be the artist.

All the clerks spoke English. One of the saleswomen, knowing I was going out of the country temporarily, asked me to bring her back a bible. I did, getting one from a friend in Seoul and on my return took it to the store but she wasn't there that day. In my naiveté I gave it to another saleswoman who said she'd pass it on but later I realized I might have done the woman a disservice. Bibles were anathema to the communist authorities, then and now, and if it was known the lady had gotten a bible from a foreigner she may have gotten into trouble. I hope not. She was obviously well liked and respected by her fellow salespersons who would have been sympathetic to her needs.

Leaving the Friendship Store one day I passed a tourist bus parked outside on the way to my bicycle. In the bus were foreign tourists, many women, old, bejeweled and coiffured, languidly waving at the Chinese on the sidewalk, who were, in turn, staring back in awe. The contrast between the effete tourists and the locals was extraordinary. The rear door of the bus hissed open as I passed, the driver thinking I was one of them.

On another occasion a button had come off my jacket so I stopped in a button shop to have another sewn on. The shop was on a main street and dealt only with buttons. There were five young women in the shop, a make-work situation if there ever was one. None of them spoke English but we didn't need a spoken language to communicate. I showed them my problem, the missing button, and they were able to find a close match in no time. But instead of simply selling me the replacement they insisted on sewing it on, too. I was pleased. By now a dozen of local people had gathered in the shop to watch me have the button sewn on, much like the bystanders at the previous shoe shining episode. It was a friendly occasion and I appreciated what they did for me.

I like coffee in the morning and had brought coffee with me from Japan, as it wasn't available in China in any form. I offered a cup one morning to one of our Foreign Affairs minders who had come to my rooms but he turned the offer down by saying, "It keeps me awake at night." "But it's morning," I responded, but he still refused. I'm sure he had never had a cup of coffee in his life yet he was aware of its propensity to inhibit sleep.

We were told one day that a package of teaching materials, mainly books from Time-Life in Tokyo had arrived at the Nanjing airport and, after arranging for a car and driver, we went there to pick them up. The small terminal building seemed to be deserted and the entire airport had the appearance of being abandoned. While the other teacher negotiated with the customs people, I, no stranger to airports, went out on the ramp to look around. The only airplanes I could see were twin-engine propeller planes that looked like DC-3s parked some distance away. At another time I had seen vintage twin-engine Russian-built jet bombers in formation flying over the city; no doubt they were based here. When I joined my colleague at the customs, she was empty-handed and we learned there was nothing there for us. Very strange. Were they expecting a monetary reward (read bribe) before handing over our property? In the event, we were never able, after months of trying, to get the materials, even though there was little or no value in them without a teacher's guide.

I lived in two rooms on the fourth floor of a newly built dormitory on the campus of Nang Guan College of Engineering in Nanjing. My employer was Time-Life Books in Tokyo, Japan. I arrived in China toward the end of May 1981 at Shanghai from Tokyo on a Boeing-707 of CAAC Airlines, the only Chinese airline at that time. The landing at Shanghai airport was the hardest landing I ever experienced in the hundreds of landings I had experienced over the years. They were still learning how to fly big jets. I was held in a waiting area while a friendly nondescript official questioned me as to my purpose in coming to China. Thinking me a businessman, he wanted to know what I did and for whom I worked. Finally I was allowed out into the terminal where a man from the foreign office attached to the college in Nanjing met me. He had just about given up seeing me and was obviously happy when I emerged from the inner area. We spent the first night in a school dormitory outside Shanghai where a number of German teachers lived and I met a few of them at dinner that night. They seemed to have divided themselves into two camps with one camp not speaking to the other. I was happy to depart the next morning.

We took a train to Nanjing, a four-hour ride, and then a Japanese-made taxicab with the steering wheel on the right to the college where I was settled into my gray-walled suite. There was a cot and an armoire in one room and a couple of overstuffed chairs and a table in the other. Each room had a large window overlooking a grassy area below. Over the door in the room with the cot was an air conditioner, one of two in the dormitory. In one sense I would be living with the barest of essentials, but in another I had more space and amenities than 99.99% of all the 1.2 billion Chinese in the country. A foreign expert was truly honored and given the best they had. A few steps down the hall was a bath that had hot water two times a day, two toilets in stalls and a urinal with constantly running water, water, though, that I kept shutting off.

Below me in the dormitory were the some thirty foreign students attending a variety of colleges in the city. The colleges were basically vocational schools where skills in road building, hydraulics, electrical and plumbing trades and the like were taught. They were to be in China for five years, the first year spent learning Chinese (Putonghua). With one exception, the students spoke English reasonably well; the exception a boy named Eilo from Equatorial Guinea (the former Rio Muni) with whom I would converse in a Portuguese - Spanish mix. The kitchen where the food was prepared was divided into a pork area and a non-pork (halal) area. The pork-free area was created at the insistence of a number of Muslims among the students. We all ate our meals together in the dining area. In the late afternoon I could buy bottles of beer at the cafeteria, the only reliable source in the city. The local beer, brewed in Nanjing, was truly awful stuff.

For about two months a Chinese-American family lived on the fourth floor of the dormitory down the hall from me. The family included a husband and wife, their two daughters and one of the daughter's fiancé, one who would later break my bicycle. They came from Ohio and were in China as volunteer teachers, taking advantage of China's opening allowing expatriates to come home. The husband had been a classmate of then president of the college before 1949 and had fled China with the Nationalists, eventually settling in America. The wife and I spent many hours together in her room playing Scrabble, a game she was particularly good at. At first I was consistently outclassed but, after a while, I learned so much from her that I was able to beat her now and then!

There was a garden outside the main entrance to the dormitory and bicycle racks where bikes could be parked and locked. On all sides were walls, the outer walls being at least ten feet high and surrounded the campus. In our compound there was another building that had served as the home of the Japanese army commander during the Sino-Japanese War from 1937 to 1945. Mornings would see a score or more of older Chinese performing tai chi exercises in front of the house. Walking from the dormitory to the classrooms in which I taught, I passed a line of single-story office buildings and a small hospital complex the Japanese military had built. The office I was assigned to (another perk) was in the former hospital.

The classrooms were on the second floor in a large, colorless concrete structure that contained a number of classrooms. Two of the classrooms were allocated to the Time-Life teachers and no classroom was heated in the winter. We met at eight in the morning and taught until eleven Monday through Friday. There was one twenty-minute break. Extra classes were taught in the afternoons for the students on a voluntary basis. I held an afternoon general topics class and another dealing with pronunciation. On cold winter mornings the students would be bundled up to the maximum in every article of wearing apparel they owned and the windows would be wide open. They ranged in age from the early twenties to into the fifties, about evenly divided between men and women. Many owed their placement in the class to their political connections and one, a woman, was married to a local communist party official. Almost all of them were English teachers coming from colleges, as

previously mentioned, in Anwei and Jiangsu provinces. In the first class I taught there were five former Russian language teachers, women in their late 40s, being recycled into English teachers- an absurd notion and an impossible task for us. On the whole, they were among the best students I ever taught, not entirely due to their abilities but to their interest, diligence, determination and docility. The older ones had gone through the depredations of the Cultural Revolution and had been humiliated by being forced to work in coal mines and on pig farms. They were so contented, not to mention happy, to be in a classroom.

One student, a Mr. Hu (we called him “Moonface”), would join me for a smoke during the break, the only one to do so, and we were chided by the others for our indulgence in such a bad habit. The cadre in the class, a man who acted as an overseer of the class from the communist party perspective, admitted once to being a secret smoker. He was soon exposed as a paper tiger, though, by allowing us to do pretty much of what we wanted, including speaking our minds on political matters. Still I, for one, was aware of who he was and, importantly, where I was. The woman who was married to the high party official came to me in tears during one break, telling me that her child had a serious medical problem and, being limited to one child, there was no way she could replace or supplement the infant. She was a handsome woman of remarkable breeding, one of the prettiest Chinese women I ever saw.

I had joined the class in late May of 1981 after the previous teacher, an American man who had been teaching since March, fell apart and had to return to Japan. I was told he had been beating his head against a wall, and had to be escorted to Shanghai and to an airplane. Ayman, the Palestinian student, was the chief escort. On his return to Japan he was fired. I did appreciate the heavy coat he had brought with him and abandoned; it saw me through the following winter.

Before going to China in May 1981, I had to cool my heels for some three weeks in a business hotel not far from the Otemachi office in Tokyo. There was a problem with the visa I needed to enter the country and the Chinese embassy in Tokyo was reluctant to issue one. Pressure was put on them all the while until the manager in the Tokyo office, Paul Hoff, issued an ultimatum- now or never. The visa was soon forthcoming and I was on my way. But I was the last one of the Time-Life teachers to be issued a visa to teach in China. Our man in Tsingtao, on the Shantung peninsula, was left alone at his school after a replacement that summer for a teacher who had finished her term, just weeks after me, was refused a visa. The entire program was terminated in early 1982.

The class first graduated in early July with the ceremony being held on the campus grounds in a leafy park beside a giant statue of a benign Mao Zedong posed standing on a concrete plinth sporting a cap and a great coat with an arm extended up and straight out. The class, the two teachers and invited officials, 35 in all, gathered for a picture taking, supervised by one of the students. The photographer had his camera, an old-fashioned box-like affair operated by a squeeze ball to trigger the lens, all set up. Mao would be to the left of the photographer and in the background was a large, domed school administration building along with some trees. We formed three rows and after the picture taking was finished I asked the student in charge why we couldn't have another picture that included Mao and I was taken aback by his answer. Not long before I had introduced a word in class that they hadn't known and now the word was returned. To my question, he had simply looked at the statue and then at me and said with a touch of disdain, “Obsolete.” I had taught him that very word! I was stunned. Mao Zedong obsolete! He was telling me that after decades of Mao's leadership and overwhelming presence in China, he was no longer relevant. Dead only five years, a giant of the age, a titan, he had been consigned this day to the dust heap of history. Obsolete indeed!

My relations with the dormitory staff were good, likewise with the foreign affairs people. Saturdays was the day for political meetings when the latest dictates from the government were promulgated. I could always tell how relations between our two governments were going the following week because if things were going well I was met with smiles but if things were not going well I would be stiffed.

There was a woman, perhaps 40 years of age, assigned to the fourth floor who cleaned the rooms, bathroom and hallway and a room we used as a kitchen. In the kitchen was a small refrigerator and a hot plate and Time- Life had sent me a frying pan so I could have a fried egg for my breakfast. Such a pan didn't exist in China; they use woks. I arranged for the woman to wash my clothes but I wasn't pleased, as afterwards she didn't make any attempt to fold them, rather she just dumped them in a wrinkled heap, on my bed. Still I paid her. She was in the kitchen once when I passed and I saw her crying, her face the image of agony and despair. Our eyes met but I passed on, as I couldn't imagine what I could say or do to help her, much less comfort her.

I learned after a while how to spot the most important person in a gathering of officials, especially the political ones. The man who looked the most disreputable, who wore the most wrinkled clothes and had a crudest haircut was my man. It was studied indifference to style and appearance. Perhaps the washerwoman wanted me to look like similar seedy comrades.

Three English teachers from the U.K., two men and a woman associated with the British Counsel, taught at nearby Nanjing University (Nan Dah). They were the only other foreign teachers besides my colleague and me in Nanjing, or in the whole province of Jiang-su, with official standing. It was rare that I saw them. One of the men, I learned, had attempted suicide by cutting his wrists and was sent home. For too many, my predecessor included, Communist China was not the easiest country in which to cope those days.

Four or five restaurants served walk-ins in Nanjing in 1981. One had food from Honan, another Mongolia, a third Jiangsu. Honan was spicy while Jiangsu tended to sweetness. The hours of operation were severely limited, though, as they opened at five thirty in the afternoon and closed two hours later at seven thirty. When planning a dinner in one of the restaurants we would always send a couple of the foreign students ahead to be at the door when the restaurant opened in order to be sure that we would have a table as we knew of no way to reserve one beforehand. The rest of us would follow and be seated as soon as we could get in. The tables were the usual round ones comfortably seating ten. There was no need to order individual dishes because there was no menu and whatever the cooks had prepared that day was what you got. And what you got was a table full of succulently prepared dishes, piping hot and delicious. I especially liked the hot and sour soups. One couldn't possibly leave hungry and the cost, shared equally, was only a couple of dollars each. Even the foreign students who always accompanied us could easily afford it.

The restaurants would invariably be full with many tables taken by parties celebrating a wedding or family get-together. Uniformed Army officers were frequently present. Warm local beer was available but you had to bring your own glass, otherwise it was served in a soup bowl and it had to be carried to the table by yourself. We oftentimes brought a bottle of wine, and during the short evening the other teacher and I would cruise the other tables toasting newlyweds, if any, much to their pleasure. And ours, too.

After one such evening, a young Chinese man asked me for a ride back to the dormitory on my bicycle. Carrying passengers on a bicycle is illegal in China, along with holding hands with another

cyclist or having an open umbrella. But I couldn't say no and it wasn't before two streets had passed that I was stopped by a policeman and escorted to a nearby police station where I was fined five yuan, about three dollars at that time. I paid it on the spot and that was the last and only time I had business with the police in China.

It wasn't long after I arrived that I realized I would have to have a bicycle. A bicycle was the primary form of transportation and during daylight hours they filled the streets. I found an outlet that resembled a department store that displayed bicycles and I went inside to inquire about the chances of buying one. With the obvious language difficulties, however, I got nowhere, but I did understand I'd need some form of authorization before I could buy one. Back at the dormitory I asked the Weiban (foreign affairs) fellow how to go about it and in a couple of days he responded by presenting me with a piece of paper, a form officially authorizing me to buy a bicycle. As soon as I could I went back to the same store and presented the paper along with 165 yuan and in a short while I rode away on my new bicycle. I had wheels!

That very night I had to give the bicycle up to an American, a Harvard University student in China with the previously mentioned Chinese-American family (he was engaged to one of their daughters) who needed transportation to some function or another. I was reluctant to let him use it but I knew that to get along in the tight society in which I lived, to refuse would go against me. Of course, the worst happened- something on the bicycle broke and he had to walk it back. It wasn't his fault, he insisted, telling me in a dismissive manner that the bicycle was junk. I didn't appreciate his explanation, but I said nothing. One of the foreign students who had overheard the exchange, Joseph from the Central African Republic, told me that it was the custom in his country to always lend a newly acquired bicycle to another on the first day. It showed a certain noblesse. Joseph was a wise man.

There were many bicycle hole-in-the-wall repair shops in Nanjing, as would be expected. I found one easily outside one of the college gates the next day and walked the broken bicycle there. It was fixed in a matter of minutes, the cost of repairs a few fen (almost nothing), and I used the bicycle the rest of my time in China without a problem.

Pay lots where a bicycle could be left temporarily were everywhere in Nanjing, usually on the sidewalks. There would be a man in attendance who gave you a half of a slip of paper with numbers on it, the other half going on the bicycle. You paid him then and on your return gave him the slip of paper, retrieved the bike and rode away. Bicycle theft did happen. I remarked to one of my students one day about the run-down condition of his bicycle. He said he wanted it that way because it deterred thieves.

There were two main entrances to the campus and gate guards scrutinized everyone who came in or out. One guard knew I had come from Japan and so whenever I went through his gate he greeted me in Japanese, such as "Ohiyo," or "Konichi-wa!" There were times I came back to the campus late at night after being with friends at a hotel bar and I had to go to the gate on the other side of the campus from the dormitory, the nearer gate being shut earlier in the evening. The guard would usually be asleep so I had to pound on the door to awaken him and then go through his quarters to get inside the campus.

I had most likely been to the Shaun Min Lo, a hotel-restaurant-bar complex that had been the former British embassy during the Nationalist's days and was a hangout for a few expatriates living in the area. Two friends I made there were British technicians putting a kiln together for the Chinese

government that was made in Britain by their company. As I recall, they said it was something like 26 meters long. In one end went whatever you wanted dried and it came out the other end dry. They told me it could be used to make nose cones for missiles among other things but they had put it together in such a way that it would be impossible to copy. Sure.

Another expatriate was a Chinese born engineer of Australian citizenship who was working in Nanjing supervising the construction of a 37-story hotel. He was the chief engineer. He was there with his family, an Australian wife and two children and they lived in an apartment at the Shaun Min Lo. I had met the engineer through his wife, whom I had met one evening in the hotel bar. The four of us men came to look forward to our get-togethers over a cold beer or three. When I would leave to go back to the college around midnight, I'd ride my bike through streets utterly devoid of traffic of any kind, foot or wheeled. Yellowish streetlights lit the way with most of the route peddling under a canopy of leafy trees overhanging the streets. The way was uphill on a gentle slope as far as the Goulou circle with the Yangtse River behind me. It was an eerie sensation to be so completely alone in such a large city but with the alcohol I'd consumed it was less scary.

When I got to know the Australian engineer better, I asked him if it was possible for me to visit the building site. From my dormitory window a good mile away I had been watching it rising and when finished, I knew, it would be the then tallest building in China. He said it would be O.K. and further agreed that the Chinese students from my classes could come as well, though only half of the students accepted. We gathered at the site at an elevator cage that would take us to the top. We all managed to fit in and went up to the 34th floor level from where we would have to walk another three floors to get all the way up. That portion was on a narrow rickety bamboo path and stairway skirting the outside brick walls. The structure shook and swayed as we scrambled up and some of us were put off in varying degree by the height because we could look straight down to the ground far below. Once on top, built flat to serve as a helicopter-landing pad, we could see the city stretched out below us. The knowledge that we were on the top of the tallest man-made structure in all of China was appreciated. One of the students, a young man, started shaking violently from a fear of heights and had to be assisted down the rickety path to the elevator trembling all the way.

I learned that since the construction had begun two workers had been killed, one who had fallen off the building and the other hit by falling debris. That fact was, according to the engineer, kept secret by the authorities. I noticed all the workers wore wicker helmets.

Two boilers for making hot water for the hotel had been ordered from a factory in Milwaukee and shipped from the port of Baltimore, but one was lost overboard in the Hong Kong harbor and the other was damaged en route, according to the engineer. He also told me the hotel would be air conditioned and that it would be necessary to air conditioning the building 24 hours a day, occupied or not, to deter mold but the local Chinese officials thought that a waste of energy and objected strongly.

Another vantage point to see the hotel going up was from the roof of the dormitory in which I lived, the way up by ladder and through a trapdoor. It was a good place to find privacy, to get some sun and to be out of doors. The dormitory compound had been sited next to an outer wall of the campus where on the other side was a broad avenue and just beyond the avenue was a hill, a high rocky, tree-covered outcropping. Inside the hill was a bomb shelter in the making while I was there. Frequent explosions could be heard on days when rock blasting was going on.

I was with two young Chinese women one day visiting a nearby city park and on our way back we passed the entrance to the shelter. Voicing a desire to see the inside, the girls and I went to the entrance and asked a guard there if we could go in. To my surprise he said yes! Thick steel doors were there to block the entrance but they were open and we could walk right in. There was a narrow tunnel leading far back into the hill and with passages leading off to the sides and with electric lights at intervals so we could see our way. There were many cots alongside the tunnel walls for the use for those who would seek refuge in case of need. The local authorities obviously feared the possibility of a nuclear attack on their city some day and thought it prudent to have a handy place to seek refuge. One of the girls asked if I thought it worth building and I said no. To me it was a total waste of time and money.

One evening I went alone to the Nanjing Hotel, the principle hotel in the city, for dinner. As a foreign expert I could spend Chinese money in the restaurant where the usual guest couldn't. When I had finished the meal, I turned around to a lady sitting at a table behind me and asked her if she minded me joining her for coffee. "Please do," she said. She was about 40, poised and well dressed and, I felt certain, not a tourist. We introduced ourselves and I asked her where she was from. She told me Jordan and said she was in China acting for the United Nations to inspect orphanages. She had every indication of wealth and position and the possibility of her being connected to the Jordanian royal family was not out of the question, but I was reluctant to ask.

When we finished our coffee, I invited her to join me on a walk to the Shuan Min Lo for desert and without hesitation she said yes. She was no doubt utterly bored by being alone in the hotel and welcomed my company. We walked out the front door as the British reporter I had met in Shanghai was coming in and we greeted each other. Alas, it was to be the last time I saw him. I had left my bicycle in the bushes in front of the hotel and it remained there until I returned. The way to the Shuan Min Lo was through dark streets devoid of bicycles and pedestrians and lit by those yellow lights. As we neared the hotel I steered her through a shortcut, a long narrow street where there was no light at all but she, without hesitation or concern, stayed alongside me. She had remarkable aplomb. At the end of the shortcut and right across the street was the hotel entrance and we went into the bar/restaurant area. She was a delightful, interesting and friendly woman to be with. We found many things to talk about and for me it was like a tonic to be with her. I felt truly reborn.

The walk back to the Nanjing Hotel was through the same dark, empty streets and we said goodbye at the hotel entrance. I retrieved my bike from the bushes and peddled into the night up the gentle slope back to the college where I would be entering through the good graces of the sleeping gate guard through whose room once again I would be passing.

While that was the first time I had dinner at the hotel, it wasn't the first time I'd been there. In the hotel there was a cavernous ballroom that had a record player and it became a popular place for the foreign students to gather evenings. There was beer as well, sold by the hotel and, with the music, one could also dance. The Arab Muslim students didn't usually dance but the others, especially the Africans, did. There was a problem, though, because girls with whom to dance were few and far between (read "nonexistent") but that lack was solved by men dancing with one another.

I was there one evening when I met a rare American who was staying at the hotel. It turned out he was from the U.S. Census Bureau and was in China participating in their national census at the behest of the Chinese government. No one had the slightest idea of how many Chinese there were. The census was in full swing that year (1981) and would end with a nose count of 1.2 billion Chinese. Something, though, was bothering this man and I had the boldness to ask him what the

matter was. In the enumeration, he told me with a long face, he had discovered the certainty that there were far more males than females in the count. He knew it could only be due to the practice of infanticide. There was no doubt in his mind that girl babies were being regularly slain at birth, distorting the ratio of males to females. He was quite put out about it.

Once in a while a dance would be held at the Hydraulic College where students learned water management. Many of the foreign students, mostly Africans, studied there. Few females ever showed up so the men made the most of it by dancing with one another. On occasion I joined in after breaking down ingrained mental barriers to such activity and thoroughly enjoyed myself. "When in China, do as the Africans do," was my rationale. The dancers never touch one another of course. At the windows there would be Chinese faces cheek-by-jowl watching in awe at the barbarian goings-on from the outside.

On eight occasions during the twenty-week course the Chinese students were invited to a dinner at the dormitory especially prepared by the resident cooks and held in a private dining room. Four students at a time were invited and with the other teacher and me it made for a party of six, the meal being paid for by Time-Life in Japan. The cooks went all out in their preparation to make the dinner a success. There was no question it was the best. Sources were scoured throughout the city to find something alcoholic to go with the meal and we never failed in this regard. The parties lasted about four hours, beginning with drinks, wine being the most popular with the students. It was an excellent opportunity for the students to socialize and to further practice their English.

One of the female students was well connected with a high-ranking policeman for a husband. One weekend she invited the other teacher and me to join her and a couple of the other students to a picnic. We met at a predetermined location and rode our bicycles to a location outside the city that turned out to be a mansion surrounded by a low wall with the entrance manned by a uniformed guard. At the gate the woman spoke with the guard, who was not particularly happy to see us, but eventually made a telephone call and gave the phone to the woman who spoke to whomever was there. In less than a minute she handed the phone back to him. Whoever it was had told him to let us in and we were on our way to the front door of the mansion in short order.

The man who opened the door led us to the kitchen where we were told we could use for our picnic. The students had brought food and drink, and soon set to work filling the kitchen table with delicacies. I still had no idea where I was. To my utter astonishment they told me it was the summer residence of the former president of Nationalist China, Chiang Kai-shek. He had fled Nanjing for Taiwan in 1949, 32 years before. I was told the rooms were then rented out as a B&B like retreat for well-heeled Chinese wanting to stay in Chiang's house and sleep in his bed. When I requested a tour of the house, especially the upstairs bedrooms, I was told the man with the key was unavailable. That is the usual excuse in Asia whenever such a request is refused.

On another occasion we were given a tour of government buildings in Nanjing and were shown the office where Sun Yat-sen (1866-1925) held sway as the president of China, Nanjing being the capital of China until 1949. It was exactly as he had left it. A telephone and a cot on which he rested stood out. I asked if it were possible to see the offices of the man who followed Sun, Chiang Kai-shek, but my request was coolly ignored. The summerhouse, yes, his old office, no. Generalissimo Chiang was not in the best of favor with that government.

There was a six-week break in the summer of 1981 and I needed to get out of Nanjing, known as one of the three furnaces of China due to the intense heat. A group of Muslim foreign students in the

dormitory were going to the far west of China, to the city of Urumchi in Sinkiang Province, where there were many Muslims of Turkish origin. They invited me to come along. In any travel in China for foreigners, permission must be sought and in my case my request for permission was denied. It would be a four-day train trip through a country devoid of amenities and it was thought I was too soft to survive. I strenuously objected but got nowhere. In those years China was ill prepared to handle tourists and those who they did allow in paid an arm and a leg for the meager services they had to offer. It was impossible to just get on a train or an airplane and go where you wanted. I saw signs in English posted on roads in the outskirts of Nanjing that read "No Foreigners Beyond This Point."

I took a train to Shanghai and then an airplane to Osaka, in Japan. The flight to Osaka was on CAAC, the Chinese Airline, and the hard landing at Osaka equaled the same hard landing I had had earlier. There was an English couple in Kyoto, not far from Osaka, whom I had known in Cali, Colombia before coming to China and they had invited me to stay with them for a spell. It was a welcome change. From Osaka I flew to Seoul, South Korea, where I had another friend with whom I could stay, an English professor at Sogang, the Jesuit University in Seoul. We had been together as fellow teachers in Saudi Arabia in 1976-77.

I sojourned pleasantly for two weeks in each city with the summer passing rapidly but I was disappointed at not being able to go to the far west of China. From Seoul I took a train to Pusan and then flew to Fukuoka in Japan, where I had been briefly teaching with Time-Life before going to China. I made a short visit at the office there and stayed the night before taking a train to the airport serving Nagasaki. From Nagasaki I flew to Shanghai on Japan Airlines and then by train back to Nanjing.

RED TERROR

By Walter James Murray

Santiago, Chile in January 1986 was in a nation ruled by a brutal, pervasive and fierce right-wing military dictatorship ruled by an army general, Ugarte August Pinochet. Arriving in the city by bus across the Andes Mountains from Mendoza, Argentina, I planned to stay a couple of days before traveling south to Puerto Montt, a 28-hour train ride. Downtown streets, I observed on my first walk, were bustling with people going about their business in an atmosphere of tranquility under blue skies. On a few side streets I saw busloads of idle soldiers there to guarantee peace would be maintained.

The hotel in which I was staying, advertised as a business hotel, was in the center of town and wholly suited to my needs, not to mention budget. The nondescript lobby was off a shopping arcade with a small reception area and two elevators servicing the twelve or so floors. A manager's office was off to the side of a reception desk where two clerks, a man and a woman, kept themselves busy shuffling paper. It was an ideal location to explore Santiago, as everything I wanted to see was nearby.

Returning to the hotel early one afternoon after an excellent lunch at a recommended seafood restaurant, I entered the lobby and strode directly to the elevators, where I could see one was descending. There was no one at the desk. When the doors slid open I moved to enter, but my way was at once barred by a overly distraught middle-aged man in a suit and tie blocking my way and shouting frantically into the otherwise empty lobby for the manager, avoiding eye contact with me as I tried to get around him.

Believing his problem had nothing to do with me, I simply wanted to go up to my room. Finally, realizing no one was responding to his calls, he reluctantly stepped aside in obvious frustration. I straightaway entered the cab, turned to face the front and pushed the “UP” button. As the doors slid shut I caught a glimpse of the manager coming into the lobby and the shouting began anew.

When the doors were closed and the cab began its ascent, I instantly saw what the commotion was all about. On the inside of one of the doors, visible only when closed, was a Roman letter “R” in red paint about ten inches high and an inch wide set in a circle, also painted red. Aghast, I stared at it momentarily before realizing what it meant, and then began to chuckle at the audacity of whomever had done such a thing. The “R,” I knew, represented an anti-government representation for “Resistencia,” Spanish for resistance. It was directed to and in defiance of the Pinochet dictatorship. By the time I reached my floor, however, my amusement had turned to sober reality. The agitated gentleman who had earlier exited the elevator had run the likelihood of being accused of being the very individual who had done the deed. No wonder he was so upset, as the penalty would have been severe to say the least.

After a short rest in my room, I went out, making sure I went down the same elevator as the one in which I had come up. This time there was no sign of paint on the door, red or otherwise, and clear evidence that the door had been scrubbed clean. The lobby, too, was once again normal with the two bored clerks still shuffling papers and trying to appear busy.

COLD WAR EVENTS, REQUESTS, REUNIONS, AND RELATED

COLD WAR CONVERSATION II – SPUTNIK: THE SOVIET MOON

October 2, 2007
7:30-9:00pm
NVCC Waddell Theater
Loudoun Campus
Sterling, Virginia
Free and open to the public



Presentations by Paul Dickson, author of *Sputnik—Shock of the Century* (2nd edition 2007) and Sergei Khrushchev, author of *Memoirs of Nikita Khrushchev 1953-1964* (2007).

Dialog between the two (and Q&A from the audience) will follow their presentations. At the conclusion of the program, there will be a book signing for both authors, arranged by Barnes and Noble.

Not only are these two gentlemen probably the best qualified to address the 4 October 1957 launch and circumstances surrounding it, but both have newly published 2007 books relevant to this key 20th century event. We are privileged to have both authors confirmed for our October 2 program.

ANNUAL KOREAN WAR / COLD WAR CONFERENCE ON POW/MIA
OCTOBER 18, 19 & 20 - WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Korea-Cold War Families of the Missing invite all families to attend the informal dinner at the Comfort Inn, Friday, October 19, 2007 at 6:30p.m while in town for the Department of Defense (DPMO) family forum.

We will have a Special Guest Speaker. General Robert H "Doc" Foglesong, USAF "Ret" Chairman of the US Russia Commission & Ron Broward the Korean War Veteran who looks for his fallen comrades in S. Korea, using his own time and money. Dinner cost is \$30.00 all-inclusive. Please send your check to Korea-Cold War Families, P.O.Box 454, Farmingdale, NY 11735, if you wish to attend the dinner and mark your check for dinner.

We have reserved a block of rooms at the Comfort Inn (\$129 per night -703-682-5500) and the Best Western (\$119 per night - 703-979-4400). Both hotels provide free shuttle service to and from the Reagan Airport & Pentagon City Center, hi-speed wireless internet, local calls, business station, fitness room and more. Make your reservation under Korea-Cold War Families, in order to receive the discounted rate.

The Department of Defense (DPMO) is providing bus transportation to and from the Comfort Inn & the Best Western to the Double Tree Hotel where the family forum will take place. A schedule will be posted in the lobby of each hotel. Any Questions call Irene 516-694-0989

VETERAN WALKS TO REMEMBER 241 WHO PERISHED IN BEIRUT

In an effort to gather funding for the 2008 Annual Beirut Remembrance Walk, Steven Ayers, Director of the Beirut Remembrance Walk, a non-profit organization, has been walking 18 hours a day since he began on June 8th. He has completed 500 laps or approx 241 miles in and around Sault Sainte Marie MI, Ayers states he will continue walking until he reaches the financial goal of \$24,100. So far only about \$500.00 has been collected locally and through the website. He walked the first 104 hours without sleep and stated that; He couldn't do that again due to the pain in his back and hallucinating. Ayers suffers from a compression fracture of the t-11 and stenosis of the L-5 and S-1. " My Doctor told me that the nerves in my left leg are almost gone, but I don't think about that while I walk. All I care about is the memory of those who died in Beirut."

Ayers is a US Naval Veteran who served in Beirut from May through November 1983. He worked on the rescue and recovery detail in the wake of the Hezbollah attack on the Marine Barracks on 23 October 1983. His financial goal this year of \$24,100 is in honor of the 241 Americans who died in the Hezbollah attack.

"This is a walk to honor our fallen brothers and their families," says Ayers. "All veterans, families, and supporters are encouraged to help. We need to combine our efforts to show the families of those who sacrificed their lives in defense of others that they are appreciated and loved by all. We do not expect everyone to walk 270 miles but we welcome everyone to do what they can, and we always love to see new faces there to support the walk. Walk a mile, walk for a day, or walk all of it. Every little bit counts." Ayers tells of one family that donated, " Two little

girls, I would say about 3 to 5 years old, dressed in their best white party dresses walked over and put their money into the drum. As I thanked them one turned to me and said thank you and then told me that her dad was deploying to Iraq. All I could think about was when I deployed how my children took it and tears welled up in my eyes. “

100% of all monies raised by Ayers will go to fund the 270 mile Annual Beirut Remembrance Walk in 2008 – 1 mile for every serviceman who died in Lebanon. 56 walkers from around the world have already signed up and will start their trek from Little Creek, Virginia and end 22 days later at The Beirut Memorial on 23 October 2008. Walkers will arrive for the 25th Memorial Service and take part in the ceremonies to honor fallen veterans.

Ayers’s goal is to allow all who wish to walk do so without having to pay for any lodging or support during the 22 day event. Any additional funds remaining after expenses will be donated to select veterans groups to aid veterans, active military, and their families.

Non-monetary donations for the walkers are also encouraged from corporations, including socks, shoes, non-perishable food items, drinks, and hotel rooms. Volunteers are needed as automobile drivers, medical assistance, escorts and security personnel, assistance to disabled walkers, and entertainers for post-walk festivities.

To sponsor, donate, participate, or learn more about the Annual Beirut Remembrance Walk, please visit <http://www.beirutremembrancewalk.com> or contact Steven Ayers directly at 906-379-0361.

Media Contact: Steven Ayers Director Beirut Remembrance Walk 906-379-0361 remembrancewalk@msn.com <http://www.beirutremembrancewalk.com> 363 Dawson Street Sault Sainte Marie, MI 49783

MEETINGS, REUNIONS, AND UPDATES

(Editor’s Note: Organizing a reunion? Looking for squadron or unit members? Send us your Cold War reunion or unit info for posting in future issue. FGPjr)

- “Tower Rats” 16-19 August at Ft. Lenordwood, MO
- OCS Class 58-A - 11-14 September 2007, Holiday Inn at the AmeriStar, Council Bluffs, IA. Don Aldridge, daldridge@cox.net.
- The "real" 20th Anniversary of 308SMW Deactivation, 12-16 September 2007, Little Rock, AR, contact William Leslie, 937-255-2783, info at www.308smw.com or e-mail william.leslie2@wpafb.af.mil.
- Road Runner, October 1-4 in Las Vegas, Nevada at the Gold Coast http://roadrunnersinternationale.com/2007_RI_Reunion.html .
- 51MMS (Vandenberg) - October 2007, Dayton, OH, www.51stmms.org.

- Strategic Air Command Airborne Command Control Association (SAC ACCA). Reunion: Oct. 15-19, 2008 at the Doubletree Hotel, Dayton, Ohio. Contact person: Wilton Curtis, (804) 740-2290, wcurtis135@aol.com.
- SAC 2008 - 30 April - 4 May 2008, Dayton, OH, reunion and dedication of the SAC Memorial.
- U-2 Reunion - Sept 25-28, 2008, Sacramento/Beale www.u2dla.org.
- Association of Air Force Missileers - 2008 National Meeting, 9-13 Oct 2008, Hyatt Dulles, Herndon, VA.

COLD WAR ITEMS OF INTEREST

MINT EAST GERMAN UNIFORM AND MILITARIA COLLECTION FOR SALE.

This COLLOSAL and complete collection is in near MINT and museum condition. It ranges from 1948 - 1990 and comprises of EVERYTHING Border Guard, Fire, Police, Air Force, Army, and Paratrooper. This includes field and dress uniforms. Collection has been compiled over the past 35+ years. Each item has been researched and meticulously cataloged.

In addition to the uniforms there are maps, manuals, weapons, swords, daggers, training and regulation AK47's, gym clothes(and towels), bathrobes, medals, badges, ribbons, and shooting cards. Also included are personal effects as well as what a soldier would have been issued.

This collection also has rare uniforms and helmets. Included are rare Paratrooper boots and helmet, The White Raincoat worn by Traffic Police, very early camouflage uniforms, silver reflective fire helmet with face mask, the plastic Dress Helmet that the War Memorial guards wore and much more. ALL in unbelievable near MINT and museum condition.

We are currently seeking individuals or a group of investors to purchase this MASSIVE jewel of a collection. This would be an ideal collection to sponsor for the Cold War Museum. For more information please contact Bill Thompson 703-743-2127

1300 IMAGES RELATING TO THE COLD WAR

One of the English Heritage websites called Viewfinder, www.english-heritage.org.uk/viewfinder has recently been updated to include over 1300 images relating to the Cold War.

To see the whole collection you need to go to the Advanced Search page on the website and select 'Cold War project' from the 'collections' category. Or you can choose to see Cold War

images from particular areas in England. The photos were taken mainly between 1946 and 1989, covering structures built for air defence, nuclear deterrent, defence research establishments, defence manufacturing sites, emergency civil government, emergency provisions stores, communications and United States Air Force.

This work has been completed following the publication of the English Heritage book *Cold War Building for Nuclear Confrontation 1946 – 1989* by Wayne Cocroft and Roger J C Thomas, ISBN 1 873592 817.

THE MAN WHO SAVED THE WORLD VISITS MINUTEMAN MISSILE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Minuteman Missile National Historic Site welcomed a distinguished visitor to the site on May 7th & 8th, Stanislav Petrov. Mr. Petrov was visiting Minuteman Missile as part of filming for the documentary “The Man Who Saved The World” due for worldwide release in 2008. Mr. Petrov was once a Russian Strategic Rocket Forces lieutenant colonel. On September 26, 1983 he was the officer on duty at a military bunker near Moscow. His duty that night was to monitor the Soviet satellite early warning network. Just after midnight the system showed five incoming



Intercontinental Ballistic Nuclear Missiles launched from the United States. It was Petrov’s responsibility to inform of an incoming nuclear attack against the Soviet Union. Petrov surmised that the system was in error, concluded there was no nuclear attack and did not send this initial false information up the chain of command. If he had, it is likely that the Soviet’s would have launched a full scale counterstrike against the United States.

(PHOTO: Minuteman Missile National Historic Site Park Rangers Chris Wilkinson and Kerry Davis listen to former Russian Rocket forces officer Stanislav Petrov give his impressions of the underground Launch Control Center at Delta-01.)

The result of Petrov’s decision for humanity was that life as we know it went on unabated. The result of Petrov’s decision on his military career was quite different. His decision had brought to light problems in the Soviet early warning system and embarrassed his superiors. He was denied promotions over the coming years, reassigned and took early retirement. The story was not even known outside the secretive world of the Soviet military until the late 90s.

In the documentary, Mr. Petrov will visit several areas of the United States, meeting both dignitaries and ordinary citizens who are amazed and grateful to hear his story. Mr. Petrov was especially excited to visit Minuteman Missile since he had never seen an actual underground Minuteman Launch Control Center or silo. He stated that “he would never have imagined being

able to visit one of the enemy's securest sites." As a matter of fact, Mr. Petrov was not even able to travel outside of his own country during his military career. He also enjoyed the opportunity to meet Minuteman Missile Park Guide and former Launch Control officer Kerry Davis. Ranger Davis was truly humbled by their historic meeting and expressed the hope "that one day I can visit a former Soviet launch site." The two former missile officers then shared diverse perspectives and stories about the Cold War.

A five person Danish-Swedish film crew and Russian translator accompanied Mr. Petrov. They shot several hours of footage at both Delta-01 and Delta-09 as well as the park's Visitor Contact station. Mr. Petrov enjoyed his visit to the region, though the early spring heat left him a bit sunburned after filming at the silo on Tuesday. It seems that Mr. Petrov has an uncanny knack for placing himself in hot situations. More information about the site can be found on the internet at www.nps.gov/mimi.

"1968" ORIGINAL EXHIBITION BY THE NATIONAL CZECH & SLOVAK MUSEUM

Opening November 1, 2007, "1968" will explore this extraordinary year in former Czechoslovakia, dubbed "Prague Spring." Historians consider Prague Spring among the most important episodes in post-war European politics. It was the year when one man sought to create "socialism with a human face" in a Soviet Satellite Nation. The exhibit will explore circumstances leading up to and including the appointment of Alexander Dubček (the catalyst for Prague Spring), and events in Czechoslovakia that year, set in the context of a chronology of major events throughout the world in 1968.

The year 1968 was one of turmoil worldwide. Protests against the devastating Vietnam War were escalating, both Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated, student riots in France were quashed, and the riots outside the Democratic Party national convention in Chicago were brutally subdued. Some of the more significant events that year included:

- In January, The North Vietnamese launched the Tet offensive at Nha Trang.
- Thirty-two African nations boycotted the Olympics because of the participation of South Africa (February/March).
- Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated in April.
- In May, students in Paris went on strike and began a month of student riots, provoking a national labor strike. The general strike spread to French railways, industry, communications and education networks.
- US Senator Robert Kennedy was assassinated in June.
- Chicago police took action against demonstrators at the US Democratic National Convention, sending over 100 people to emergency rooms and resulting in 175 arrests (August).
- A student-led protest in Mexico City in October resulted in hundreds of demonstrators killed and wounded.
- Apollo 7 orbited the Earth 163 times (October).
- Richard Millhouse Nixon won the US Presidential election in November.
- Apollo 8 was launched to orbit the Moon in December.

The events in Czechoslovakia were among the fiercest as tanks rolled through the streets and machine gun fire scarred the façade of the National Museum at the end of Wenceslaus Square.

1968 will remain open for ten months in commemoration of the 40th anniversary of Prague Spring and to take advantage of the educational opportunity provided by the stark contrast to the United States' free presidential elections of 2008.

One of the primary catalysts for this exhibition was a visit by former Czech Senator Jaroslava Moserova to the NCSML, when she served as the keynote speaker at the museum's 2005 history and culture conference. Moserova's speech focused on examples of communist absurdity from her own life. Most memorable was her distress that some Czechs today are lamenting the loss of easier times under communism and the perceived benefits of the socialist ideal. This is especially true of young people who didn't experience the communist regime. She warned that everything possible should be done to document and teach people about living conditions under communism, especially for young people and future generations.

NCSML Original Exhibition - 1968

The goals of 1968 are to illustrate life in a former Soviet Satellite State and the incredible story of Prague Spring. The exhibit will examine several elements of life in communist Czechoslovakia— daily life, politics, sports, economics, the arts, propaganda, police, censorship, etc. 1968 will also explore issues specific to that year - Why did liberalization occur? What was it intended to achieve? Why did the Soviet Union intervene with force? What was the political outcome of the invasion?

The NCSML will seek loans of artifacts and original archival materials from the Museum of Communism in Prague (Czech Republic), the Library of Congress, the National Archives, the Cold War Museum in Washington, DC, and from private collectors. Czech- and Slovak-Americans who fled Czechoslovakia will be interviewed to add first-hand accounts to 1968. These materials will complement a chronology of text panels and vivid photographs relating the full story of Prague Spring within the context of other major global events.

This exhibition is unique in the United States for its focus on this one year in global and Czechoslovak history. No other temporary (past or current) or permanent major exhibition devoted to Prague Spring is known to exist. It is also unique for covering an historical event occurring in a Warsaw Pact Nation. Since the fall of the Iron Curtain occurred relatively recently (1989), most official papers and archives have only recently become available to researchers. Thus, the exhibit development team may take advantage of the most recent research and discoveries.

1968 will have a significant impact on all visitors, teaching them about life under communism and an historic year in Central European history. The story of Prague Spring will also illustrate how people living in Soviet Satellite Nations were victims of the regime. When a window of opportunity was opened for increased personal freedoms, they embraced it and craved more. Tragically, that window was suddenly closed for another 21 years.

The exhibition development team consists of NCSML curator Edith Blanchard, president/CEO Gail Naughton, librarian David Muhlena, and educator Jan Stoffer. Historians of 20th Century Central and Eastern European Studies will be consulted for guidance and to review exhibit text for accuracy and completeness. Background research for 1968 and initial loan contacts are already underway. Work will begin in earnest in April following installation of the museum's summer 2007 exhibit. 1968 opens to the public on November 1, 2007 and closes in September 2008.

HISTORIC SUMMIT BETWEEN JOHNSON AND SOVIET PREMIER KOSYGIN

Forty years ago this year at Rowan University, which was then Glassboro State College the historic summit took place between President Johnson and Premier Kosygin.

To commemorate the summit, Rowan University is devoting the 07-08 academic year to an across-the-disciplines discussion of global politics and nonproliferation — lectures and other events to delve into the issues that were at the heart of the summit 40 years ago and are still scarily relevant today, despite the fact that the summit laid the groundwork for the ratification the following year of the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty.

Please visit www.rowan.edu and www.rowan.edu/hollybush/audio/audiovisual.html for additional information.

OVERCOMING THE IRON CURTAIN – CONFERENCE IN PARIS, JUNE 2008

Visions of the End of the Cold War in Europe, 1945-89

Presentation

The end of the Cold War and, in particular, the events of 1989-1991 —from the fall of the Berlin Wall to the disintegration of the USSR—have been at the forefront of historical research for the past fifteen years, and they are likely to continue to be the main focus of the historiography of the Cold War in the future. Among the reasons which explain the infatuation aroused by this period, the unpredictability of the events in question ranks high. There is indeed a consensus among historians that the unfolding of these events had hardly been foreseen by contemporaries, including key political actors who were mostly taken by surprise by the rapidity as well as the pacific character of the “revolutions” of 1989 and their sequel.

And yet the end of the Cold War has been a constant and recurrent theme throughout the Cold War itself. Ever since its inception, statesmen, diplomats, politicians, academics, and others reflected about ways of ending the East-West conflict and its consequences. To be sure, as the Cold War settled in, the East-West status quo increasingly came to be seen by most contemporaries as long lasting. Yet the situation was, arguably, never considered as irreversible in the long term: even at times when the established order appeared to have become all but perennial, the need to overcome it and the way to do so were more or less openly discussed. It is surprising, therefore, that recent historiography has not systematically sought to explore and investigate the visions of the end of the Cold War before the end of the Cold War, as we intend to do.

The objective of the conference is therefore to bring to the fore the reflections, programs and strategies which, throughout the period, have aimed at calling into question the bipolar system and at replacing it by alternative logics, approaches or concepts. These visions may be associated with individuals, whatever their role or function (say, a Kennan, a de Gaulle, a Brandt, a Reagan or a Gorbachev); of organized groups (e.g. political parties like the French RPF in the late 1940's, or the German SPD and Eurocommunists in the 1970's); or of civil society (as witnessed for example by the posture of Soviet or East European dissidents in the 1980's). Alternatively, they may have been connected with certain processes (the European integration process, the CSCE) or certain events (e.g. the Euromissile crisis and the peace movement). Depending on the period and context, they may have constituted actual, thoroughly conceived programs, more blurred, utopian aspirations aiming at the reconciliation between the two halves of divided Europe, or even simply the belief that the cold war had already, in effect, come to an end (for instance after Stalin's death or at the height of détente).

We believe such an effort can be of interest for several reasons. Although the most outstanding visions of the end of the Cold War—especially those of prominent actors—have caught the attention of historians, we hope the conference will bring to the fore previously neglected aspects, approaches or representatives of the problem and thus enhance our general knowledge of the overall phenomenon. Moreover, while specific visions of the end of the Cold War have been treated on their own merits and in their particular contexts, the effort will make it possible to apprehend them as a whole, thus allowing for a more systematic questioning of the very notion of “anticipating” the end of the Cold War throughout the period (e.g. by allowing typologies). Finally, the effort is likely to reveal a lot about the nature, the structure and the multiple perceptions of the Cold War itself. Because they were elaborated in particular contexts and, in fact, in opposition to these situations, the various visions of the end of the Cold War can be treated as yardsticks which make it possible to better appreciate these same contexts or situations and, therefore, to better analyze the dynamics of the conflict and the dialectics between status quo and change throughout the period—thus further contributing to the understanding of its end.

Topics to be addressed

We invite papers dealing with all aspects of the foregoing problematic over the whole period, and, in particular, focusing on visions of the end of the Cold War expressed by prominent individuals (statesmen, politicians, diplomats etc.), by governments, or organizations, including political parties or emanating from the civil society (e.g. dissidents, intellectuals or religious groups).

We would also welcome contributions covering visions of the end of the Cold War conveyed by specific processes (e.g. the EEC or the CSCE) or expressed at particular junctures, whether moments of crisis or times of détente.

Finally, we would encourage more "methodological" submissions contributing to the elucidation of the subject in a more general way, whether in historic terms (e.g. reflections on the impact of visions of the end of the Cold War on its actual ending) or in theoretical terms (e.g. reflections on how IR theory had--or had not--imagined the end of the Cold War).

Procedure

The organizers would, of course, be happy to consider additional proposals which potential contributors believe would fit in the overall intellectual framework of the conference.

The deadline for proposals is September 15th, 2007. Proposals should include a title, a one page outline and a one page CV of the author with a list of major books and articles. Following the acceptance of the proposals (before the end of October), authors will receive editorial guidelines (e.g. format of the papers). In order for the papers to be available to conference participants beforehand, authors will be asked to submit their draft papers by June 1st, 2008 .

The conference organizers intend to publish a selection of the papers as an edited volume. In order for the publication to proceed swiftly, the deadline for the submission of final drafts of the selected papers will be September 15th, 2008.

Conveners: Frédéric Bozo (University of Paris III - Sorbonne Nouvelle) and Marie-Pierre Rey (University of Paris I - Panthéon Sorbonne).

Organized in cooperation with: Bundeskanzler Willy Brandt Stiftung, CIMA, LSE Cold War Studies Centre, and The Johns Hopkins University, Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS), Bologna Center .

Scientific Committee: Frédéric Bozo, Marie-Pierre Rey , Marco Cesa, Piers Ludlow, Leopoldo Nuti , Bernd Rother.

Proposals should be emailed or sent by regular mail to Prof. Marie-Pierre Rey :

Marie-Pierre.Rey@univ-paris1.fr
Pr Marie-Pierre REY ,
Université de Paris I Panthéon Sorbonne,
Centre de recherches en histoire des Slaves,
1 rue Victor Cousin,
75005 Paris, France.

\$250,000 SAVE AMERICA'S TREASURES GRANT TO PRESERVE COLD WAR MISSILE SITE IN NORTH DAKOTA

Just to give you a little background on the project: We are the State Historical Society of North Dakota and operate the State Historic Preservation Office for North Dakota. Part of our work is to review projects that have and impact on sites that are designated as historic in the state.

In the case of the demolition of the 321st Missile Wing, we worked with the US Air Force Space Command on a mitigation to provide mitigation for the removal of the Wing that included 150 LF's and 15 MAF's. As part of this plan, the Air Force agreed to save one Missile Alert Facility (MAF) and one Launch Facility (LF) that could be turned over to the state to become historic sites. The two chosen were designated Oscar-Zero (O-0 MAF) and November-33 (N-33 LF).

They are located near Cooperstown amidst the agricultural fields that are so prominent in the area.

During the past legislative session (January-April 2007), \$250,000 was appropriated to provide the match for the SAT grant. \$50,000 was also provided for basic operation when the state takes over the sites. (This will help with electrical service, operating the fans and keeping the pumps going.) The \$500,000 will be used for retrofits for HVAC, restroom updates, security system and other construction items. The legislature also passed a bill stating that if the State Historical Society of North Dakota acquires the sites, they will be named in honor of President Ronald Reagan.

We still must raise another \$450,000 to reach our goal of \$1 million so that we can not only acquire the sites, but have them open to the public. The additional funds would pay for staff, equipment for grounds keeping and maintenance, and ongoing services.

We are working with the local Griggs-Steele Empowerment Zone to help raise the funds. We have until December to accept the sites or they will be dismantled as the other ones have been.

The State Historical Board will give the final approval to accept the sites. I will ask them for permission to proceed with the acquisition process with the Air Force during their July meeting. I hope we have the funding needed between now and October when their next quarterly meeting is scheduled. If funding and acquisition details are in place, I will recommend that we take the sites. If we do not have the funding needed to operate the sites, the board could consider acquiring the sites but not opening them to the public until we have the funds. The other option would be not to acquire them.

As you can see, we are on the home stretch and are hoping to acquire the sites. We must continue looking for endowment funding to operate and maintain them. For more information, please visit www.nd.gov/hist or email Merl Paaverud at mpaaverud@nd.gov.

BRATS OUR JOURNEY HOME

The Movie

It's hard to imagine a military BRAT'S childhood. Moving from base to base around the world, they are at home everywhere - and nowhere. There are 1.2 million children being raised in the military today. An estimated 15 million Americans are former BRATS. They include actors Jessica Alba and Robert Duvall, Senator John McCain, and basketball star Shaquille O'Neal.

BRATS is the first cinematic glimpse into a global subculture whose journey to adulthood is a high-octane mixture of incredible excitement and enormous pain. Make no mistake - BRATS is not about the U.S. military - it's about their children, who grow up in a paradox that is idealistic and authoritarian, privileged and perilous, supportive and stifling - all at the same time. Their passports say "United States," but they're really citizens of the world.

Singer/songwriter and Air Force brat Kris Kristofferson leads us through the heart of their experiences, sharing intimate memories with fellow BRATS, including General Norman Schwarzkopf and author Mary Edwards Wertsch. Their stories reveal the peculiar landscape of

their childhood, the culture that binds them together, and the power it exerts over their lives.

A seven-year work of passion by independent filmmaker Donna Musil, **BRATS** features rare archival footage, home movies and private photographs from post-war Japan, Germany, and Vietnam. For more information visit www.bratsourjourneyhome.com or www.bratsfilm.com.

THE CIA'S FAMILY JEWELS

Agency Violated Charter for 25 Years, Wiretapped Journalists and Dissidents

For more information contact: Thomas Blanton - 202/994-7000

"These materials are reproduced from www.nsarchive.org with the permission of the National Security Archive."

CIA Announces Declassification of 1970s "Skeletons" File, Archive Posts Justice Department Summary from 1975, With White House Memcons on Damage Control

The Central Intelligence Agency violated its charter for 25 years until revelations of illegal wiretapping, domestic surveillance, assassination plots, and human experimentation led to official investigations and reforms in the 1970s, according to declassified documents posted today on the Web by the National Security Archive at George Washington University.

CIA director Gen. Michael Hayden announced today that the Agency is declassifying the full 693-page file amassed on CIA's illegal activities by order of then-CIA director James Schlesinger in 1973--the so-called "family jewels." Only a few dozen heavily-censored pages of this file have previously been declassified, although multiple Freedom of Information Act requests have been filed over the years for the documents. Gen. Hayden called today's release "a glimpse of a very different time and a very different Agency."

Hayden also announced the declassification of some 11,000 pages of the so-called CAESAR, POLO and ESAU papers--hard-target analyses of Soviet and Chinese leadership internal politics and Sino-Soviet relations from 1953-1973, a collection of intelligence on Warsaw Pact military programs, and hundreds of pages on the A-12 spy plane.

"This is the first voluntary CIA declassification of controversial material since George Tenet in 1998 reneged on the 1990s promises of greater openness at the Agency," commented Thomas Blanton, the Archive's director.

SECRECY AND U.S. SATELLITE RECONNAISSANCE, 1958-1976

Even at Height of Cold War, U.S. Officials Regularly Argued Internally for More Transparency

For More Information Contact: Jeffrey Richelson: 202/994-7000

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Throughout the 1960s and most of the 1970s, while the U.S. government conducted its space reconnaissance program under a veil of absolute secrecy, officials debated whether information about the program (including the "fact of" its existence and certain photographs) should be disclosed to other elements of the government, public, allies, and even the Soviet Union,

according to documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act and archival research and posted today by the National Security Archive.

The documents published today show that some officials argued that even with a program as sensitive as satellite reconnaissance, greater openness, both within and outside the government, could help a variety of U.S. policy objectives. A certain degree of transparency, these officials believed, would legitimize space reconnaissance (by removing the stigma of espionage), allow more extensive use of satellite imagery for both national security and civilian purposes, and preserve the credibility of the classification system. As the documents demonstrate, other officials naturally raised objections, often citing the likely unfavorable reactions from the Soviet Union and other nations as well as operational security concerns.

Compiled by National Security Archive Senior Fellow Dr. Jeffrey T. Richelson, the documents in this briefing book include National Security Action Memoranda, national intelligence estimates, and other sensitive internal records produced by the White House, the CIA, the United States Intelligence Board, the National Photographic Interpretation Center, the National Reconnaissance Office, the Department of Defense, and the Air Force.

COLD WAR BOOKS, BOOK REVIEWS, AND RELATED

(Editor's Note- Authors and Publishers – Send your book announcement to editor@coldwar.org for consideration. If you would like to send an advanced copy for review, let me know. FGPjr)

THE DEW LINE YEARS: VOICES FROM THE COLDEST COLD WAR

By Frances Jewel Dickson

Nonfiction: The Arctic, Canadian History

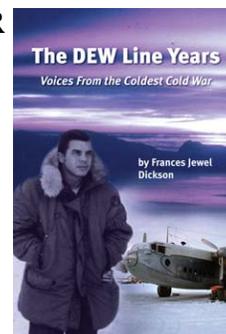
214 pages, Includes Photographs

\$19.95, 6"x9" Paperback

ISBN-13: 978-1-895900-87-3

ISBN-10: 1-895900-87-5

(Available in April 2007)



The Arctic seems an unlikely theatre of war. Yet in the 1950s, at the height of the Cold War with the Soviet Union, thousands of young men from various countries were recruited to build and operate a complex radar system across the Arctic Circle from Alaska across Canada to Greenland.

The Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line, as the mammoth radar fence was known, was spawned from American fear that Soviet bomber aircraft might penetrate Canadian Arctic airspace and drop nuclear weapons on American cities and military bases.

This books tells the stories of those DEW Liners who worked in the hostile, remote climate of the North. Survival was a daily preoccupation in a land where outdoor temperatures can dip to minus 50 degrees with winds exceeding one hundred miles an hour while blinding snowfall whiteouts make vision impossible.

The stories of the DEW Liners reveal real danger here - not from Soviet bombers but from close encounters with polar bears, job-related accidents and airplane crashes, such as the one that claimed the author's father. There are, however, also tales of fun, practical jokes, and human kindness that boosted the morale of those stationed in the far north.

The veterans of this northern experience, whose narratives have been collected by the author, reveal all about their sentinel role in that tense time half a century ago when they dedicated their lives to helping to prevent nuclear war.

Frances Jewel Dickson, born in St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, has worked for the federal government, writing human resources policy for the Speaker of the House of Commons. She has lived and worked in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Halifax. She now lives in East LaHave, Nova Scotia, where she has been researching this, her first book.

COLD WAR WARRIOR

by Jack Miller

Book Review by CMSgt Robert E. Lusk, Jr. (Ret) Indianapolis, IN

From 1945 to 1991 a Cold War existed between the United States and the Soviet Union. Although this conflict turned “hot” on occasion, mostly it lacked some of the things from which thrillers, movies and books are made. As a retired Chief Master Sergeant and AFOSI Special Agent, I feared the author would attempt a “thriller;” my fears were unfounded. The author did portray the careful and professional efforts of counter-intelligence (CI) investigators to detect and neutralize a spy.



Jack follows a “contact” report prompted by a routine, general briefing of Air Force personnel through the final, ultimate goal of compromising a senior foreign intelligence operative. Former CI types of all services will fondly recall the days before we chose to rely on high tech and HUMINT (human intelligence) sources were still to be desired. Those were the days when the FBI, CIA and military CI agencies could talk to one another, each contributing expertise and access necessary to achieve the desired result.

The author makes all the primary characters real. His treatment of a detachment commander will not endear him to some former commissioned AFOSI agents. His treatment of the inspectors of the AFOSVIG teams will endear him to some. His portrayal of motivations and thought processes of the “bad guys” was well done. What makes one vulnerable to exploitation should be of interest to all. The staff sergeant who started it all and his devotion to duty was and still is descriptive of our men and women serving.

Some other service readers may find the references to specific AFOSI file designations and their attendant procedures unnecessary; to them I say plug in any number. The tradecraft remains the same. The book has the usual disclaimer: work of fiction, but I bet my mess kit it is based on some real cases and I recommend it as a fine read. Mystic Publishers, 2006 363 pp., \$15.00, ISBN978-1-934051-02-3

RACING THE ENEMY: STALIN, TRUMAN, AND THE SURRENDER OF JAPAN

By Tsuyoshi Hasegawa
Harvard University Press



The geographical parameters of the end of World War I and the beginning of the Cold War took shape as the Red Army advanced into Eastern Europe and Germany. American, British, and Soviet diplomats in early 1945 at the Yalta and Potsdam conferences negotiated this embryonic new order. Germany's defeat was imminent as the Big Three discussed Europe's future, but the Pacific War was far from settled.

University of California at Santa Barbara Cold War Studies professor Tsuyoshi Hasegawa, writes in *Racing the Enemy: Stalin, Truman, and the Surrender of Japan* that the evolving question of ending the war against Imperial Japan was frenetically debated among the victorious powers. Among the issues raised were the US demand for Japan's unconditional surrender, and Soviet agreement to enter the war in August.

Hasegawa utilizes US, Soviet and Japanese archival sources, which show an eleventh hour Japanese effort to employ Soviet mediation for ending the Pacific War. US naval intelligence became aware through its Magic radio intercepts. American leaders speculated that Emperor Hirohito, and peace factions sought both an honorable end and ceasing the increasingly destructive conflict. The intercepts also revealed a militarist element in Japan determined to fight to the end, citing American unconditional surrender demands for their position.

Hasegawa shows the shrewdness of Soviet leaders Stalin, Molotov, and Ambassador Malik in negotiating a maximization of Soviet gains. He receives praise for this, but his book also shows Asian Cold War parameters being set in place.

President Franklin Roosevelt wanted Soviet participation in the Pacific War, and agreed with the Soviets in their demands for the return of southern Sakhalin Island, the Kurils and the return of Manchuria to China. But Harry Truman replaced the deceased Roosevelt amidst a changing atmosphere. The new president's agenda included a toughening resistance from its Japanese adversary, and continued feverish development of the atomic bomb.

Stalin, in turn, worried that the Americans and British may end the war before the Soviets were able to enter. He continued talking to the Japanese, while stalling in order to obtain concessions. This is a strong point for the author. Hasegawa argues that American leaders wanted Soviet participation, but looked ominously at rapid Soviet troop deployment near Manchuria.

Unconditional surrender was favored by the US. But Secretary of War Henry Stimson, wanted the demands applied to the Japanese military rather than the emperor and the people. In addition, ending the war after a deadly Okinawa campaign focused on another American sentiment. An invasion of the Japanese homeland to be seen as much more difficult than that encountered in

Europe. Hasegawa writes that Japan also saw this, and looked toward Soviet mediation right up to Hiroshima.

The bomb was dropped on August 6, the Soviet Union declared war on Japan on August 9, and as the author writes, caused a shock at least as great as the bomb. It ended any meaningful efforts to enlist the Soviets.

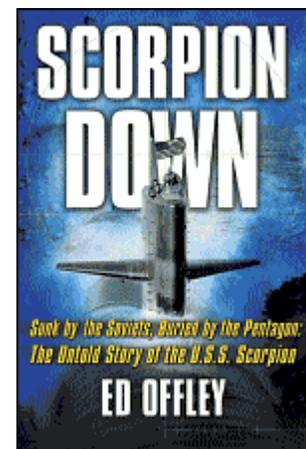
The Soviet military victories were swift, decisive, and raised suspicions for President Truman. Stalin took all of the Kuril Islands in spite of several Soviet ground commanders in the south expressing confusion since they assumed Americans would be in occupation. Moscow wanted to continue southward into Hokkaido, the northernmost Japanese island. These advancements continued into September, several weeks after Japan's surrender. Hasegawa describes this as the race between the newly anointed adversaries Joseph Stalin and Harry Truman. The Cold War in Asia was now in place.

While Hasegawa showed diplomatic machinations between three powers leading to the end of the war, and consequently showed a side of Soviet policy heretofore ignored, the book is a window into the start of the Cold War outside of Europe. This may be the real strength of *Racing the Enemy*. Soviet Russia, the author concludes did not act as a liberator so much as a powerful nation adding to its conquests that it had relinquished to Japan at the turn of the century. For the US and Harry Truman it proved to be one more example of Soviet treachery leading to the Cold War.

SCORPION DOWN

Sunk by the Soviets, Buried by the Pentagon:
The Untold Story of the USS Scorpion
By Ed Offley

Publication date: May 14, 2007
ISBN-13: 978-0-465-05185-4; ISBN-10: 0-465-05185-5
\$27.50 US / \$33.00 CAN
Basic Books, a member of the Perseus Books Group
www.scorpiondown.com



On the morning of Memorial Day, May 27, 1968, dozens of family members of the crew of the USS Scorpion gathered at Pier 22 at the Norfolk Naval station awaiting the 1 p.m. arrival of the submarine returning from a routine three-month deployment to the Mediterranean. The families waited for hours in the wind and rain clutching umbrellas and comforting shivering children. But unbeknownst to them, the Scorpion had sunk five days earlier, killing all ninety-nine men onboard. What veteran military reporter Ed Offley has found out decades later is that the Navy already knew the Scorpion's fate on that morning but hid the facts from family members, the press and the public. To this day, family members and the public remain in the dark about what one American admiral called "one of the greatest unsolved sea mysteries of our era."

In **SCORPION DOWN: Sunk by the Soviets, Buried by the Pentagon: The Untold Story of the USS Scorpion** (Basic Books; May 2007), Ed Offley blows the lid off of an elaborate Navy cover-up that has endured for almost 40 years. Through his relentless investigative reporting, Offley details the events that led to the Scorpion's sinking and the cover-up that followed. He proves for the first time — through first-hand accounts, sonar evidence, and declassified navy documents — that the USS Scorpion was torpedoed by a Soviet submarine in retaliation for the suspected U.S. involvement in the disappearance eleven weeks earlier of the Soviet submarine K-129 . According to Offley, senior admirals in the U.S. and the Soviet navies – fearing World War III – agreed to bury the truth of the two sinkings.

From a covert search launched four days before the Scorpion failed to show up at port, to top secret sonar evidence that caught the attack on tape, to a bogus, five-month long hunt for the wreckage that masked the fact the U.S. Navy had secretly found the submarine less than two weeks after it went missing, to a Court of Inquiry's final evasive conclusions, Ed Offley tells the dramatic story of a Cold War confrontation under the sea that could have sparked a war between the two nuclear superpowers. Based on extensive and unimpeachable evidence, Offley proves that the Navy's official account of the USS Scorpion incident since 1968 is a lie.

Based on a quarter century of research, **SCORPION DOWN** is the first book to tell the true story of the sinking of the USS Scorpion. For the family members of the ninety-nine crewmembers who lost their lives on May 22, 1968, this book provides the long-suppressed truth concerning how their loved ones perished: The Scorpion and its valiant crew died in combat.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

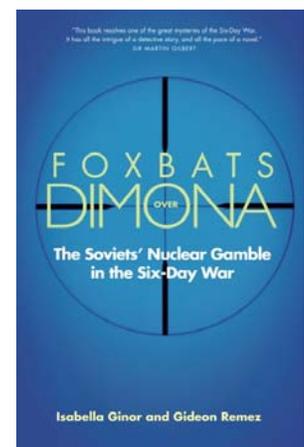
Ed Offley has been a military reporting specialist for newspapers and online publications since 1981, including *The Ledger-Star* in Norfolk, Virginia, *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, *Stripes.com* and *DefenseWatch* magazine. He is currently Military Reporter for *The News Herald* in Panama City, Florida. A graduate of the University of Virginia, Offley served in the U.S. Navy in Vietnam. He lives in Panama City Beach, Florida.

FOXBATS OVER DIMONA

The Soviets' Nuclear Gamble in the Six-Day War

Isabella Ginor and Gideon Remez's groundbreaking history of the Six-Day War in 1967 radically changes our understanding of that conflict, casting it as a crucial arena of Cold War intrigue that has shaped the Middle East to this day. The authors, award-winning Israeli journalists and historians, have investigated newly available documents and testimonies from the former Soviet Union, cross-checked them against Israeli and Western sources, and arrived at fresh and startling conclusions.

Contrary to previous interpretations, Ginor and Remez's book shows that the Six-Day War was the result of a joint Soviet-Arab gambit to provoke Israel into a preemptive attack. The authors reveal how the Soviets received a secret Israeli message indicating that Israel, despite its official ambiguity, was about to acquire nuclear weapons. Determined to destroy



Israel's nuclear program before it could produce an atomic bomb, the Soviets then began preparing for war--well before Moscow accused Israel of offensive intent, the overt trigger of the crisis.

Ginor and Remez's startling account details how the Soviet-Arab onslaught was to be unleashed once Israel had been drawn into action and was branded as the aggressor. The Soviets had submarine-based nuclear missiles poised for use against Israel in case it already possessed and tried to use an atomic device, and the USSR prepared and actually began a marine landing on Israel's shores backed by strategic bombers and fighter squadrons. They sent their most advanced, still-secret aircraft, the MiG-25 Foxbat, on provocative sorties over Israel's Dimona nuclear complex to prepare the planned attack on it, and to scare Israel into making the first strike. It was only the unpredicted devastation of Israel's response that narrowly thwarted the Soviet design.

Isabella Ginor is a research fellow at The Harry Truman Research Institute, the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. She was born in Ukraine and came to Israel in 1967, becoming a noted media and academic analyst of Soviet and post-Soviet affairs. Gideon Remez was for 36 years a radio journalist with Israel's premier national network, most of them as editor and presenter of world news. He took part in the Six-Day War as a paratrooper. The authors live in Jerusalem with their teenage sons.

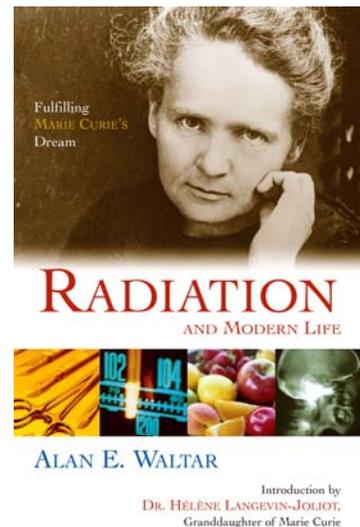
RADIATION AND MODERN LIFE FULFILLING MARIE CURIE'S DREAM

By Alan E. Waltar

With an introduction by Marie Curie's granddaughter, nuclear physicist Dr. H el ene Langevin-Joliot, who reveals a host of interesting and hitherto unknown stories about her famous family (winners of five Nobel Prizes), this unique popular science book dispels many unfounded fears and provides a wealth of valuable information.

As we celebrate the 100th anniversary of Marie Curie's first Nobel Prize, awarded to her and her husband, Pierre, for their monumental discovery of radioactivity, it is an ideal time to reflect on the countless ways that their astounding work has so marvelously enriched our daily lives. Despite public fears of the potentially harmful effects of radiation from nuclear waste, we in fact rely on its many beneficial uses everyday for fresh food preservation, fighting terrorism, stopping crime, cancer detection and treatment, spacecraft power, and numerous other life-enhancing applications.

In this lucid overview of radiation's many great benefits and ongoing potential, Dr. Alan E. Waltar, past president of the American Nuclear Society, explains how this important energy source has been harnessed to serve a plethora of humanitarian tasks. Through artful use of vivid anecdotes that give vibrancy to technical explanations, Waltar provides numerous examples of radiation's many uses in agriculture, medicine, electricity generation, modern industry,



transportation, public safety, environmental protection, space exploration, and even archeology and the arts. Estimating the total financial contribution of all these varied uses, Waltar comes to the startling revelation that radiation technology now contributes more than \$420 billion to the U.S. economy and over 4.4 million jobs. In only one century, Marie Curie's discoveries have provided an infrastructure larger than the entire U.S. airline industry.

In the future Dr. Waltar foresees continuous improvement in many areas of science, industry, and medicine through tapping the incredible potential of Marie Curie's initial insights. At a time when our dependency on foreign oil makes us vulnerable and when we know that our fossil fuel resources will soon be used up, we need to understand radiation more than ever. This superb book will provide that necessary insight.

Alan E. Waltar, Ph.D. (Richland, WA), is Director of Nuclear Energy for the Pacific Northwest National Laboratory and the author of *America the Powerless: Facing Our Nuclear Energy Dilemma* and *Fast Breeder Reactors* (coauthored with Albert B. Reynolds), in addition to numerous scientific articles. He was formerly head of the department of nuclear engineering at Texas A & M University.

300 pages (illustrations) / ISBN 1-59102- 250-9 / Hardcover: \$28 / November 2004 / Science

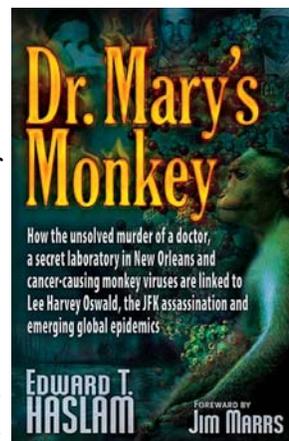
DR. MARY'S MONKEY

The Hottest Cold-Case in America: The Murder of Dr. Mary Sherman

Dr. Mary's Monkey, a bold new book from secret-smashing TrineDay Publishing, unveils a story of gigantic proportions - a tangled tale of medicine, murder and politics which affects millions of people in the United States and millions more around the globe to this day: Baby Boomers who got the polio vaccine, all those who have lost a loved one to cancer, or anyone who has ever wondered where AIDS really came from.

Ostensibly a cold-case investigation into the bizarre murder of a prominent cancer researcher whose naked corpse was found slashed and burned in her New Orleans apartment in 1964, Dr. Mary's Monkey takes the reader on a journey far beyond this single event and into a world which many did not even know existed. Written with the intrigue of a first-class murder mystery, this carefully documented tale unravels the tapestry of America's secret history and offers a new view of well-known events.

Smoothly paced, clearly written, and handsomely illustrated, this startling expose guides the reader through an unfamiliar landscape of heavy-handed monkey experiments, radioactive machinery, and secret laboratories. Against this almost sci-fi backdrop, we find a real-world mesh of organized-crime figures, intelligence agents and medical doctors immersed in a covert scheme to produce a biological weapon. In the author's words, "Our story comes from a fermenting mash of science, secrecy, patriotism, power, paranoia and extremism."



Familiar names like Fidel Castro, Lee Harvey Oswald (the accused assassin of President John F. Kennedy), and Carlos Marcello (the infamous Louisiana mob boss) will be recognized by many readers. Before all is done, author Edward T. Haslam plunges us into the world of cancer-causing viruses - a subject only recently discussed in the mainstream press thanks to the HPV vaccine controversy. Spotlighting several epidemics, Haslam raises important questions about the polio vaccines of the 1950s and related radioactive research in the early-1960s.

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Issue 10 of History in Focus: The Cold War - www.history.ac.uk/ihr/Focus/cold/index.html

Bunker Eichenthal - www.bunker.bunker-302.de

Wisconsin Naval Ship Association - www.ussedson.net

The Berlin Wall - 1 Year Anniversary News Reel - www.youtube.com/watch?v=AxWJnbQyexI

What the real Cold War meant - <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/europe/6902345.stm>

Great Lakes Armed Forces Museum - www.greatlakesarmedforcesmuseum.org

Victims of Communism Memorial www.victimsofcommunism.org

My Father the Spy –
http://lynnsnowdenpicket.com/db5/00456/lynnsnowdenpicket.com/_download/MyFathertheSpy.jpg

Armed Forces Expeditionary Service 1958 - www.history.navy.mil/faqs/stream/faq45-24.htm

The “Other” Military Police - www.towerrat.com

The Weapons Depot Security Section - www.usarmygermany.com/Sont.htm

Cold War Technology in Europe - Summer School Program in Turkey and Greece - www.hastac.org/node/777

“THE END”

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Thank you for your continued support.

Francis Gary Powers, Jr.
Founder
The Cold War Museum