



Cold War Times®

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

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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.

The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of Cold War Times, the Cold War Museum, and/or the board of directors.

A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

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THE COLD WAR MUSEUM – FALL UPDATE 2007

By Francis Gary Powers, Jr.

Over the past decade, the Cold War Museum has made great strides in honoring Cold War Veterans and preserving Cold War history. I am writing to provide you with a brief update on the Museum’s activities. The museum is at a critical stage in its development and is in the final

stages of lease negotiations with Fairfax County Park Authority for use of the former Nike Missile Base in Lorton, Virginia. We expect to sign a lease within the next few months. Earlier this year the Commonwealth of Virginia allocated a \$50,000 matching grant in their FY 07 budget. We need your financial donations now to match the final \$10,000 of the grant. No amount is too small. Your support is appreciated.

The Museum is working with the International Spy Museum in Washington, DC and the Atomic Bunker in Harnepok near Berlin, Germany to display temporarily some of its artifacts. The Cold War Museum is an affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution and has pledges of support for artifact loans from Smithsonian Air and Space, American History, National Portrait, and US Postal Museums. The Museum is part of the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC #12524) with chapters in Berlin, Germany and Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The mobile exhibit on the U-2 Incident, the "Spies of Washington Tour," and related educational activities continue to generate interest and support. The mobile exhibit is currently on display at the March Field Air Museum (www.marchairmuseum.com) in Riverside, California. It will travel to the Pacific Coast Air Museum (www.pacificcoastairmuseum.org) on January 16, 2008 and then on to the ITOW Veterans Museum (www.itowmuseum.org) in Perham, Minnesota on May 1, 2008. If you would like to reserve the exhibit after October 31, 2008, please let me know. The educational Spy Tour of Washington (www.spytour.com) is now booking group tours online.

On October 2, 2007, *Cold War Conversations-II* took place 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* and Paul Dickson, author of *Sputnik—Shock of the Century* discussed this important Cold War historical event. Dialog between the two and Q&A from the audience followed their presentations. Washington Dulles Airport Hotel, Northern Virginia Community College – Loudoun Campus, NASA, and the Cold War Museum were event sponsors. There are varieties of sponsorship opportunities available in conjunction with Cold War Museum events and activities. Please email gpowersjr@coldwar.org for additional information.

I am pleased to announce that Mr. Gail Halvorsen, better known as "The Berlin Candy Bomber" has agreed to serve on the Museum's Advisory Board. He will join Fairfax County Board of Supervisor Chairman, Gerald Connolly; Prince William County Supervisor John Stirrup, Gordon Lunn from the Nike Historical Society; former Secretary of the USAF, Tom Reed; Sergei Khrushchev; David Eisenhower; and Congressman Tom Davis on the Museum's Advisory Board.

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.

If you know of friends or family members that would be interested in our efforts, please share this update with them or encourage them to visit www.coldwar.org. Please consider a year-end tax-deductible contribution or artifact donation. Your gift will help ensure future generations remember Cold War events and personalities that forever altered our understanding of national security, international relations, and personal sacrifice for one's country.

Please help spread the word about the Museum. Together we can make this vision a reality. For more information, or to subscribe to our Cold War Times email newsletter list, please contact:

Thank you for your continued support.

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MIDWEST CHAPTER UPDATE

By Werner Juretzko, Cold War Museum European Affairs

The Cold War Museum -Midwest Chapter - followed an invitation to a reception on the occasion of the 16-th anniversary of the independence of the Ukraine. The reception was held at the Ukrainian Cultural Center , Chicago, Illinois.



(PHOTO by Richard Cortez, Cold War Museum-Midwest Chapter- Public Relations: Oksana Savchuk "Honoured Artist of Ukraine"; Lucyna Jaremczuk, Consul for Economic Affairs-Consulate General of Poland; Mrs. Olha Korzachenko, the wife of Consul General of Ukraine; Vasyl Korzachenko, Elli Stefanski, Assistant to the Commissioner of Aviation, City of Chicago, O'Hare Airport and Ivan Kavatsiuk, also an "Honoured Artist of Ukraine").

ADLER PLANETARIUM COMMEMORATES SPUTNIK 50TH ANNIVERSARY.

When the world awakened on October 4, 1957 it was no longer the same. A new 97 pound man-made moon encircled our globe every 93 minutes. A new space age began that day. This event added a new component to the arsenal of weaponry fueling the Cold War already in progress and running in high gear. The socialist countries were jubilant! The West was shocked and petrified. What was perceived as a technologically backward state had overtaken the highest industrialized, technically advanced, country in exploring space.

The Adler Planetarium commemorated this event at the Northwestern University Thorne Auditorium in Chicago on October 4, 2007. Hosted by Adler president Paul H. Knappenberger, Dr. Sergei N. Khrushchev and Dr. Roger D. Launius, elaborated on the historic impact of Sputnik on the US – Soviet Space Race and Space exploration.

After Sputnik's success, according to Dr. Launius, billions of dollars were pumped into the newly established NASA, headed by German rocket scientist Wernher von Braun. Finally, on January 31, 1958 NASA launched the 31 pound "Explorer I" on a modified WW II V-2 rocket. Explorer I made its journey into orbit.

Dr. Khrushchev, who explained that all German scientists were released from prison, minimized the contribution by German rocket scientists toward the Soviet space exploration. The release of German scientists was a result of an agreement made in September 1955, between his father Nikita S. Khrushchev, then head of state of the Soviet Union and German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

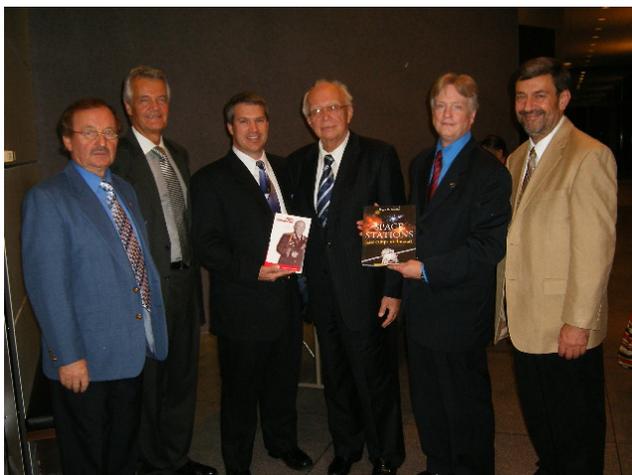


(PHOTO: Standing with Sputnik's image in background are: Rotarian Graham Hills, Rotary Club of Des Plaines President Sharon Lynch, Cold War Historian Werner I. Juretzko, and Cold War Museum member Robert Schubert)

Although in 1945 the Red Army captured Peenemünde, the German equivalent of Cape Canaveral, only one V-2 rocket was confiscated. However, more importantly, V-2 engineering documentation had fallen into Soviet hands as well as American hands.

The highlight of space exploration was achieved less than four years after Sputnik on April 12, 1961, with the successful launch of Yuri Gagarin, the first man into space. The achievement was the result of the powerful N-1 rocket designed by Sergei Korelev.

But the ultimate space race to the finish line occurred on July 20, 1969. Mankind's dream became reality, when America's Saturn V rocket brought Neil Armstrong, to walk on the surface of the moon.



Since Sputnik's 1961 modest appearance till to day, 460 men and women from nearly three dozens of countries, executed 267 trips into orbit.

(PHOTO: Robert J. Schubert, Cold War Museum member, Paul H. Knappenberger, President, The Adler Planetarium, Werner I. Juretzko, Cold War Museum, European Affairs, Dr. Sergei N. Khrushchev, Dr. Roger D. Launius, Curator- National Air and Space Museum and Heinz Franz, Cold War Museum member)

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: Dr. David G. Tompkins University of Tennessee and Baerbel E. Simon

Photos: Horst Simon, Museum of the United States Air Force, Dayton, US Navy Ret. Commander Maurice B. Jackson.

Adviser: Geoff Smith BBAA

Dear Friends and Supporters of the Cold War Museum,

I am pleased to offer the following report on the activities and development of the Berlin Chapter of the Cold War Museum. We have had a number of interesting visits and meetings, including a special one in late August. Every year on August 27th, a group of the British Airlift Veterans traveled to Fassberg in Lower Saxony for a memorial ceremony, where they lay a wreath for fallen comrades (www.bbaa-airlift.org.uk) (see photo).



At the event this year, we met members of the British Berlin Airlift Association in Fassberg, including the Deputy Chairman of the British Berlin Airlift Association (BBAA), Geoff Smith and his wife Doreen, and Colin Cottle and his wife Josie. Mr. Smith served for the Royal Air

Force as an aircraft electrician in Berlin Gatow. At one period during the Berlin blockade Gatow was the busiest airfield in the world. Mr. Cottle served with the British Army in the Royal Corps of Signals Regiment, and later in Fassberg in the unit called the 11th Air Formation Signals Regiment. Both veterans support Berlin Airlift activities actively.

Also at the meeting were Mr. Manfred Sturzenbecher and his wife Gerda from Glaisin near Ludwigslust. Mr. Sturzenbecher worked during the Berlin Airlift in Hamburg - Fuhlsbuettel with the British ground-crews as a German civilian worker.

We all had a successful conversation about further cooperation for the 60th anniversary of the airlift in June 2008 in Peterborough, England. I am working by side by side in cooperation with Mr. Bernard Howard, a co-worker of Geoff Smith at the British Berlin Airlift Association.

Fassberg during the Berlin Blockade

The Air Base at Fassberg was one of the important posts during the Berlin Airlift. The Royal Air Force Base (RAF) in Fassberg got the order to support blockaded Berlin with coal. British and US Aircrafts flew in total 539,112 tons of freight to save the city.

In Fassberg alone up to 450 take-offs and landings a day were recorded. The last flight was made on August 27th 1949.

In only 48 hours took the British and the Americans organized a huge airlift after a complete blockade had been imposed on Berlin by the U.S.S.R. From June 26th 1948, Berlin was supplied by air mainly with food, medication and coal for the production of electricity in a project unparalleled of its kind. 13,000 tons of food had to be transported daily, and by the end of the blockade on May 12th, 1949, about 280,000 flights to Tempelhof, Tegel and Gatow had been registered.



I'm pleased to announce that US Navy Commander ret. Maurice B. Jackson donated his personal film from the airlift from the years 1948-49.

In addition to flying over 100 airlift missions he was also the Public Information Officer for VR-6 Transport Squadron. I would like to thank Commander Jackson who is helping to support the Berlin Chapter and preserve the Berlin Airlift

The US Navy during the Berlin Airlift

By Baerbel E. Simon

On the 27th of October 1948, the Commander of the Military Air Transport Service ordered the Navy Transport Squadron VR-6 and Transport Squadron VR-8 for temporary additional duty with the Airlift Task Force for participation in Operation Vittles.



At the time, both squadrons were assigned to MATS (Military Air Transport) routes in the Pacific; VR-6 was stationed at Guam and VR-8 was based in Honolulu. Transport Squadron VR-8 got the order that same day, and on 29 October its first group of six R5D (C-54) aircraft took off for California. Transport Squadron VR-6 on Guam received its orders on the 30th of October, and on the 1st of November its first contingent of four aircraft left for the West Coast.

The aircrafts of both squadrons assembled at Moffett Field, California for pre-employment work-ups. At Moffett, high-engine-time R5Ds were exchanged or were reconditioned and inspected, and all planes were winterized. In addition, VR-6, which had a shortage of four aircrafts, was provided with the additional planes to bring it up to its authorized strength of twelve aircraft. Once they were readied, the aircraft of the two squadrons took off for NAS Jacksonville, where APS-4 radars were installed. From Jacksonville they flew to Westover Air Force Base, Massachusetts for movement to Germany. VR-8's last airplane flew into Rhein-Main Air Base on 15 November, and VR-6's final aircraft arrived a week later, on 22 November.

The two Navy squadrons in Germany quickly made themselves known to their Air Force counterparts. The winter weather in Germany proved extremely trying for all of the squadrons engaged in the airlift, with cold fogs often blanketing Berlin. It was routine during these months for the aircraft to fly east and west through the air corridor on instruments and to make GCA approaches at both Berlin's Tempelhof Airport and Rhein-Main. Fortunately for the Navy planes, their crews had been required to make all their approaches on GCA (Ground Controlled Approach for starting and landing) during the years that they had been part of the Naval Air Transport Service (NATS), and so they were, on average, more skilled in instrument flying than were their Air Force counterparts.

Although their planes had been averaging six hours a day in flying time in the Pacific, VR-6 and VR-8 arrived in Germany fully manned with skilled maintenance personnel prepared to maintain a schedule of eight hours a day per aircraft. This substantial increase in flight hours, however, was soon being regularly surpassed.

During the first two weeks of flying the air route from Rhein-Main to Tempelhof, the two squadrons carried a total of 6,526 tons of cargo.

In April 1949, both squadrons flew a combined total of 8,234 hours (an aircraft utilization rate of 13.1 hours per plane per day) and delivered 23,550 tons of food and coal to Berlin.

After several months of slow stubborn negotiating, the Soviet Union finally agreed to end its blockade of Berlin if the three Western powers (Great Britain, France, and the United States) agreed to terminate their restrictions on trade. On 5 May 1949, the four governments issued a communiqué announcing that the blockade would end on 12 May. The Blockade was lifted on the day agreed upon.

On 30 July, an official announcement was made that the airlift would end on 31 October 1949. The two Navy squadrons were released from their duties with the Airlift Task Force in mid-August and returned to the continental United States. During the months that VR-6 and VR-8 operated in Germany, their aircraft flew 45,990 hours, carrying 129,989 tons of cargo into Berlin and averaging 10.1 flight hours per plane per day for the entire period. Even though the twenty-four aircraft of the two squadrons had not been involved during the first three months of the Berlin airlift, by Operation Vittles end they had managed to deliver some 7.3 percent of the total tonnage flown into the besieged city by U.S. aircraft.

Most people later believed that all who had worked on the airlift were aircrews. This was, of course, not the case, with many people from both the Royal Army and Royal Air Force and US Army and US Air Force, plus many civilians from the different nations together with Germany, were working on the ground. Where ever they worked on ground or as co-worker for other facilities in the background they and their jobs were very important. The operation never stopped, as missions continued 24 hours a day, seven days a week. They all helped to fulfill that unbelievable project to save the city.

The U.S. action was given the name "Operation Vittles," and the British one was called "Operation Plain Fare"

The French Army, meanwhile, was involved in the first Indochina War, so it could only bring up some old Junkers JU 52's (called Toucan) to support its own troops. However, France agreed to build a new and larger airport in its sector, on the shores of Lake Tegel. French and United States military engineers were able to complete the construction in less than 90 days, but not forgetting the tremendous help by German labor, of which many were women. Construction began on the 5th August 1948 and the first C54 Skymaster landed on the 5th November 1948. The airfield evolved after the crisis into the Berlin Tegel International Airport (Otto-Lilienthal-Airport TXL). It was a grandiose achievement in the past and is should still be recognized today.

Thank you for your support. If you should have any questions or want additional information, please contact:

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(Editor's Note – Over the last few years, Baerbel and Simon Horst and their children have worked very hard as Museum volunteers to establish the Berlin Chapter. They have donated countless hours and Euros to our effort. As a result of their hard work, the Atomic Bunker Harnekop agreed to partner with us in our mutual efforts to preserve Cold War history and honor Cold War veterans. If any one can assist them, please send me an email. Find out more about our the Atomic Bunker Harnekop and our Berlin Chapter online at: www.coldwarhistory.us/Cold_War/Atomic_Bunker_Harnekop/atomic_bunker_harnekop.html).

COLD WAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION

CWVA CHAIRMAN'S UPDATE

By Vince Milum - Chairman - CWVA



The 2008 Membership Year has begun effective August 1, 2007. New membership cards are already being issued. Among other recent developments are the following:

The new Membership Director for the CWVA is former Naval JAG officer Michael Forney. He resides in California and is a leader in the Los Angeles-area political scene.

The CWVA will soon be announcing its forthcoming state legislative initiative. Cold War Veteran James Maisano (who served in the Marine Corps and is an attorney in New York) will coordinate this initiative. He has already been successful in securing property tax relief for Cold War Veterans in the state of New York.

Cold War Veteran LCDR Nicholas Valhos, who is currently serving with the New York Naval Militia, (and who previously served in the Navy and is a Retired Special Agent with the US Dept of the Interior), has assumed a leadership position with the CWVA. Initially, his duties will include serving as a Veterans Advisory Board member for Congresswomen Kirsten E. Gillibrand of the Twentieth Congressional District in New York. He will also coordinate meetings with other Veterans Organizations to develop awareness and issues related to the Cold War.

The CWVA participated in a ceremony in honor of Korean War and Era Veterans, hosted by the York County Pennsylvania delegation to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. The Ceremony in Honor of Korean War and Era Veterans took place on Thursday, October 11th at 2:00 pm in Memorial Hall at the York Expo Center, York, Pennsylvania. As part of the ceremony CWVA member Nils Parr (who is an Air Force veteran) received a pin and certificate from his local State Representative, Ron Miller.

CWVA Chairman Vince Milum (who is an Army veteran) has begun serving on a nine-member task force for the third (U.S.) congressional district in Kansas. "The primary purpose of the task force is to look at what Congress and the [Bush] Administration are doing for yesterday's and today's defenders of freedom [and to give our] thoughts and recommendations about how these actions are affecting Third District residents and how further actions can benefit [third district] residents and families." The task force is chaired by a retired Marine Corps (Brigadier) General. "The Task Force is nonpartisan and [is] autonomous in that its considerations and recommendations [are] up to the members to determine." The task force is currently reviewing and developing implementation recommendations regarding the "Report of the President's Commission on Care for America's Returning Wounded Warriors" often referred to as the Dole-Shalala report.

In Profile: CWVA Chaplain Matt Davison -- Matt Davison is a CWVA Chaplain and Air Force veteran who has dedicated his life to fulfilling the biblical mandate of Matthew 25:31-46. Here is Matt discussing what he does:

I am working with Veterans Incarcerated, preparing them for successful release back into society. I assist them with employment preparation, i.e., résumé writing and interview techniques, and make them aware of tax benefits to employers who hire Veterans with barriers. I also set up support systems nationwide, such as transitional housing, recovery services, healthcare, assistance with applying for Veteran benefits, and continuing education.

I also work with formerly homeless and addicted Veterans in their pursuit of gainful employment, finding employers willing to hire them and preparing these Veterans in becoming employed. The organization I am associated with, New Directions, has a 90% placement rate.

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

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

NEW COLD WAR VETERANS ORGANIZATION FORMED

AMERICAN COLD WAR VETERANS, INC.

On Saturday, August 18, the American Cold War Veterans (ACWV) organization held its inaugural meeting at the Harry S. Truman Presidential Library, Independence, MO. American Cold War Veterans is a nonprofit organization, incorporated in the State of Florida, and has a web site at www.americancoldwarvets.org, and a discussion forum (<http://americancoldwarvets.aimoo.com>).



(Photo taken at Harry S. Truman Presidential Library, Independence, MO. After Inaugural Meeting, the group enjoyed a tour of the Cold War exhibits and the full-size replica of the Oval Office).



The next ACWV meeting will be in Washington, DC on April 30 – May 1. Please plan to attend.

The new organization's Board of Directors include Frank M. Tims (FL), Lloydene Hill (OR), Sean Eagan (NY), Hector Ed Autry (MO), and Jerald Terwilliger (ME). Two additional seats on the board are to be filled by election from the membership in 2008. A complete list of ACWV's officers may be viewed on the web site www.americancoldwarvets.org.

This is a new organization, not affiliated with the Cold War Veterans Association, (Lenexa, KS), and should not be confused with that organization.

All veterans of the United States Armed Forces (including foreign troops who were attached to US units and headquarters) who served honorably between the dates of September 6, 1945, and December 26, 1991, inclusive, are invited to join. The membership year runs from August 1 through July 31 of the year following, and dues begin at \$25 (basic level) and range upward to \$125 per year for sustaining members. We have not yet established a life membership category, but do plan to address this question at our April 30 meeting in Washington, DC.

Our goals include 1) remembrance of those who lost life or liberty in the Cold War, and memorializing them at an annual May 1 "Day of Remembrance for Forgotten Heroes of the Cold War," 2) recognition of those who served, and the value of their service, through establishment of a Cold War Medal that can be legally worn, and 3) relevance to the needs of our nation, and supporting those who continue to serve. It is important that the real narrative of the Cold War be properly told and remembered, and the lessons of the Cold War must not be lost to fading memory or revisionist myth. Our members are important to us, and we respect them, their service, and their needs. We do not intend to allow those who served to be betrayed by uncaring leaders.

Now the fight begins in the House-Senate Conference. We need to add as many senators as possible to S.1763, the Cold War Medal Act of 2007. What killed us last time around was lack of Senate support. We have to show strength now -- time to write, call, fax, e-mail your senators, and get everyone you know to do the same. Never mind their committee assignments, just get them to sign on as cosponsors. Also ask members of Senate Armed Services Committee to help us keep SEC 556 in the final bill. The message to Armed Services Committee Members is "Please keep SEC 556 (COLD WAR VICTORY MEDAL) of H.R.1585, the National Defense Authorization Act in the final version of the NDAA."

For more information on American Cold War Veterans (ACWV) or The Cold War Victory medal, contact Frank Tims at ftims@aol.com.

FEATURED ARTICLES

OKINAWA RECOLLECTIONS 1948-1948

By Walter James Murray

These are the recollections of former private Walter James Murray, AF16249417, a member of the Occupation forces of the United States on Okinawa Island from January 1948 to May 1949 assigned to the 623rd A.C.&W. (Aircraft Control & Warning) Squadron as an information center/radar operator. It was written in the summer of 1994, forty-five years after the event, and is in no particular order.

SOLDIER'S PERMANENT PASS—CLASS A		
LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL	ARMY SERIAL No.	GRADE
Murray, Walter J.	AF16249417	Pfc
ORGANIZATION UNIT AND INSTALLATION		
623rd AC&W Sq APO 339		
DATE ISSUED	There are no prescribed restrictions on the removal or reuse of this pass during the period covered by this pass except the requirement that the holder is carried herein to his proper station when required to be present for duty.	
OFF-DUTY HOURS	NORM. SPECIAL	
	James S. Bishop 12/1/48	
	(SIGNATURE OF AUTHORITY OFFICER)	
WD AGO FORM 1 APR 1944	8	38-67810-1

The word in everyday use to refer to the native Okinawan was “gook,” perhaps derived from “Hangook,” a word in the Korean language meaning Korean. It was employed as a matter of course, serving to identify the island inhabitants while in turn raising the status of the occupier. The term could refer to a man or woman, even children, and was used as well in the plural form (“gooks”). We were who we were and they were gooks.

A common interjection used by the Okinawans was “Aah-semi-oh.” It could mean any number of things, like a response to seeing something beautiful or extraordinary or as a mild expletive (Damn!). The accent is on the first syllable. I utter it on occasion to this very day.

The airport at Naha, just south of the ruined capital city, had one runway and served as the principle airport for the island. The other airport, Kadena, was exclusively for B-29s. Between the runway at Naha and the sea was a hill behind which, toward the sea, a mound composed of man-made debris had been bulldozed into a giant pile, most of which seemed to be Japanese military equipment (e.g. planes, vehicles) destroyed in the battle. It was quite a sight and gave us newcomers a chance to examine real war stuff.

It was a bit monotonous waiting for an assignment at the Naha airport in early 1948. It was cold, it rained a lot and there was sticky red mud everywhere. In addition to the debris adjacent to the airport, another airman and I were attracted to the unique Okinawa tombs, some of which were in fields nearby. They were domed affairs with a small entrance and inside was a shelf upon which were placed urns containing cremated human remains. Thinking there could be gold we upended them, scattering the ashes on the shelf. We found no gold. It was an altogether shameful episode.



Brothels were not available in those years, their erstwhile inmates dispersed or dead. Furthermore, the occupation authorities frowned on such activity. For anyone needing service of that kind there would be a woman of a certain age available by going to a particular area in darkness and offering an Okinawan pimp a carton of cigarettes (eighty cents at the P.X.). You would then be taken to the woman who would be lying in the tall grass in the gloom grinning a toothy welcome. For those luckless

enough to contact a venereal disease (e.g., gonorrhea), there was what was euphemistically called the “clap shack,” a facility (Quonset hut) located within the camp where victims were exiled leper-like until cured.

Prior to my assignment to Okinawa, there was a thirteen-week basic training course (for me Flight 2282) at Lackland AFB, San Antonio, Texas. For the first three weeks of my enlistment, that is from August 26, 1947, I was in the Army Air Corps, the forerunner of the Air Force. I

went to Okinawa as a basic soldier, sailing on December 30, 1947 from Fort Ord, San Francisco, on the transport Walton Walker after a brief stopover at Hamilton Field. Left: On board ship.

My orders read Yokohama but once docked at Buckner Bay at Okinawa I was ordered off the ship along with all Air Force members. It had taken 28 days, with stops at Hawaii, Guam and Manila, to get to Okinawa. The forces on the island, I came to learn, consisted of air force (the vast major-ity) and naval personnel. The army, such as it was, was made up of Filipino Scouts officered by Americans. Almost all military people I came into contact with were white (i.e., no Blacks).

Transactions involving money were made with script (specimen, page 12 & 13) issued by the military as there was no American money (dollars) as such. We were paid in script and spent it as if it were real money. Native Okinawans were barred from holding script but it came into their possession through the black market anyway. One day in 1948 the script was suddenly and without warning recalled and new bills issued. This took only a matter of hours and anyone left holding the old script was stuck with worthless paper.

After disembarking from the troopship at Buckner Bay on January 26, 1948, we were driven in 6X6s through Naha to the airfield where we would wait for about two weeks before being assigned. The city presented a scene of total destruction, of rubble, ruin and death. An earthquake of enormous intensity couldn't have done worse. I was transfixed by the reality of war; it wasn't a movie or a newspaper picture I was looking at. A mere two years and seven months had passed since the end of the battle for Okinawa. North of Naha I would later see burned-out tanks and various trucks abandoned in fields and wreckage-littered beaches that welcomed the invasion on that Easter Sunday in 1945.

On top of a ridge line north of Kadena, on what was called "Radar Hill," was where the airforce sited its early warning radars, a 250-mile range CPS-1 and a



height finder, a CPS-4. There were radio transmitters galore, a diesel power generator, maintenance shacks, a telephone exchange ("Seaview"), the works, all in Quonset huts. The only facility lacking was a mess hall. The radio call sign for the facility was "Walter Control." Once in a while, in certain atmospheric conditions, the whole of the Ryukyu Island chain could be seen on the radar. At the northern tip of the island (Point Tare) a second, smaller radar was set up to cover a narrow blind spot caused by mountains to our north. The Pacific Ocean lay to the east, the East China Sea to the west. The invasion beaches, such as Yontan, were in view westward from the hill. The narrow waist of the island was immediately to our north, just before where the mountains rose. The Motobu Peninsula, jutting out on the west of the island and a scene of fighting in 1945, could be seen to the north on a clear day. Sunrises and sunsets could be stunning and unforgettable. Caves dug into the hillside below us by Japanese soldiers, we were led to believe, still contained the bodies of those trapped inside and killed.

Our living area (See photo) was in a military camp located not far north of Kadena off Route 1 just after crossing a set of Bailey bridges spanning the Bishagawa River. Both the 623rd and 624th A.C.&W. Squadrons were based there. An M.P shack was on the approach road. We lived in Quonset huts, long, low, one-story structures shaped like rain gutters turned upside down and secured with steel cables into the ground to keep them from blowing away. Floors were of plywood and there were screened windows capable of being shut tight. The huts were divided into two twelve-man rooms and two four-man rooms and every man had a bed with a mosquito net, a desk and a footlocker. Toilet facilities (latrines), erected over pits, were nearby. There was a communal shower. I was paid \$80.00 a month (my portion in script), \$25.00 of which I sent home. Everyday wear was a pair of fatigues, oversized bib-like overalls. There was only one size: too large.



Two musical refrains from that period still linger in my mind to this day, “Tokyo Boogie Woogie” and “Shina no yoru” (China Nights). Both were broadcast on Armed Forces Radio and performed by Japanese musicians. Shina no yoru was supposedly composed to commemorate the deaths of Japanese soldiers in China during the 1930s. It has a haunting melody.

(Right: Orville J. Vincent & Author.)

Under a clear blue sky one day the routine on Radar Hill was disrupted by the appearance of an old stooped Okinawan man strolling determinedly and incongruously through the facility. He had come up one side of the hill and was going to go down the other, the hill lacking a fence or even signs to deter intruders. Hauling a bundle of firewood slung over a shoulder and wearing an inscrutable expression on his well-weathered face, he completely ignored us as we stared transfixed at this unbelievable violation of our top-secret and inviolable installation. Eyebrows everywhere shot up and jaws dropped correspondingly. Someone stopped him and someone else was sent for the military police, which soon arrived to lead him away. It may have been a deliberate intrusion but it was more than likely a simple act of a man who had for years traversed the hill in the same manner and didn't think he was doing anything wrong. I have often wondered what happened to him.



In October 1948 typhoon Libby struck Okinawa with horrendous force, its approach from the southeast filling the radar screen with its massive size. A B-29 dispatched into the storm to measure its force couldn't be tracked, as it was lost in the intensity of radar echoes. While the typhoon was still hours away we were ordered to a beach to fill sand-bags to lay on the roofs of

our living quarters to assure, if worse came to worse, we would have a roof over our heads. Up on the hill, after everything that could be done was done to secure the buildings and electronic apparatus, it was abandoned to the whims of the weather gods.

We were clobbered by the storm for three days, then there was a respite of a half a day under a blue sky (the eye of the storm) and then another three-day battering. Electricity was lost in the first hours but we had kerosene lanterns in our quarters for a backup. In the first days of the storm the door of our hut was blown off, admitting a flood of water and a howling wind into our sanctuary. Three or four of us, naked in the teeth of that merciless torrent, labored frantically to reattach it by nailing it to the frame, all the while almost submerged under a Niagara-like rain. Later we were told the winds were clocked up to 160 miles per hour.

The food we ate during the typhoon consisted of dried food in little boxes called K-rations, which were issued before the storm hit. Cigarettes were included. During the days of inactivity we played endless games of pinochle, a game I learned to play on the ship going over (I played it hundreds of times on the island and then again on the ship going home but not since). One brave fellow from Georgia went out one evening at the height of the storm to get a case of beer and returned to our cheers but we sobered when he told us he'd been knocked down by a piece of corrugated siding that would have certainly cut him in half and killed him had it hit him edgewise.

After the typhoon moved on we went out to discover our mess hall had been demolished and there was significant damage everywhere. It was a mess. Our work site, Radar Hill, was devastated, too. The CPS-4 height finder had been blown down the hillside but the main radar, the CPS-1, at the highest point on the hill, suffered little damage, even with its broad, snowplow shaped antenna exposed to the elements. It was brought back to working order quickly. Other equipment and some buildings took weeks to restore to a workable condition. One result of the storm was that I began to drink coffee for the first time; I had no choice, as there was nothing else.

The native population in their flimsy thatched huts was no doubt devastated as well by the fury of Libby, but we were too overcome with our own problems to be concerned. There must have been some aid given them by the Occupation authorities but I knew nothing of it.

There was a swimming hole (see photo) a fifteen-minute or so walk from the camp on the Bishagawa River where the water flowed through a little canyon and then cascaded into a widening between two sheer cliff walls creating a deep pool where we could swim. We could even dive, as it was deep enough. Two wrecked vehicles, both jeeps, were



sticking out of the water in the pool and there was a burned-out weapons carrier atop one of the cliffs. They dated to the fighting three years before. As was everything outside of the camp, the river was off-limits, but we paid no heed to the warning-- we wanted to have some fun. There was, too, the danger of stepping on a leftover mine so an order to stay on the roads was in force. Old booby traps were another danger and, furthermore, we were told to be on the lookout for renegade Japanese soldiers thought to be still holding out on the island.

Okinawans were never allowed on Radar Hill and any and all labor was performed by American service personnel. In the camp, however, there were work gangs of Okinawans, including woman, who were employed in all sorts of enterprises. Women (we called them girls) worked as food servers in the mess hall and did kitchen police (K.P.) as well. And women were assigned to the quarters of staff sergeants and higher ranks as housemaids to do laundry and cleaning. Men were put to work on all kinds of projects from ditch digging to repairing electrical fixtures. One or two English speaking Okinawans were employed in the service club and library, affording some of us an opportunity to talk to a real native. At the end of the day they were all transported back to their village by truck.

An outdoor theater that could seat perhaps two hundred people was in the camp on a slope looking down on a movie screen set in a roofed stage area with an Eighth Air Force emblem was attached. Dressing rooms were available for live performances. Movies were a regular feature and Okinawan boys and girls would sneak in to sit on the hillside behind us further up the slope. No one ever challenged them and they disappeared as soon as the movie was over. During the time I was there only one live show was put on-- a troupe of Australian show business people who performed song and dance routines and comedy skits on the stage. There was never a more appreciative audience.

Near the theater was a library where I spent a good deal of my time. One book I recall reading was entitled "The Cry of Delores," a story of the Mexican revolution. A service club had magazines and games and there was a beer garden (hard liquor was forbidden) that served even 17-year-olds like me. And a PX (Post Exchange) that sold things like toiletries, stationary, cigarettes and the like.



I was in the service club one day browsing through an issue of Time when a strange, groaning noise made me pause and sit up straighter. It was coming from below me, from the bowels of the earth, altogether eerie and disquieting. When the floor began to tremble and the room to creak loudly and start to sway, I was out the door like a shot. It was my first experience in an earthquake but it was over in seconds.

The daily work schedule on Radar Hill consisted of four rotating shifts: midnight to seven a.m., seven to noon, noon to five p.m. and five to midnight. The routine called for an hour on the radar, IFF equipment, directing finding or plotting board and an hour off. There was always one officer on duty.

One early morning nearing sunrise I had an hour off and went out for some fresh air. It was still dark but the beginnings of daylight were visible on the eastern horizon. I choose a spot facing west, put my foot up on a low wall, lighted a cigarette and peered out over the East China Sea. It was quiet, the sky was clear and the temperature cool and I could see a long, long way out to sea. As the earth turned into the direction of the sun it became brighter and brighter. Bolo Point, just north of the Yontan invasion beaches, was visible. The beaches themselves appeared from out of the darkness, too. Day was breaking.

Then I saw something strange, quite out of the ordinary. It was a stationary object in the water a bit north of Bolo Point and not too far off shore. It was a long slender object and as the light grew in intensity I could discern a tower-like structure in the middle of it. Ah-semi-oh! It was a submarine! It had to be a submarine. It was too far away to see any people on it but as I watched I thought it probable I was being observed as I stood there rooted by the scene. Then I turned and went to fetch the officer in charge.

Together we looked long and hard at the submarine. It was quite light now. There was no doubt as to what it was and I wished we had had a pair of binoculars. The submarine crew may well have been watching us, too, for in a few minutes it began to sink gradually into the water and then it was gone.

The officer and I returned to the radar room and he called headquarters at Naha to report the incident. A warship was eventually dispatched to the scene but by the time it had arrived the submarine had long since departed. I have always thought the mystery sub was Soviet and was there to spy on our installation.

Working a day shift one afternoon in May 1948, I picked up a target approaching from the direction of Japan, that is from the north-northeast. It was not transmitting an IFF (Identification Friend or Foe) code. The normal procedure was to contact Okinawa Control on the phone (we had a direct line) to check on what they had coming from that direction at that time. Air traffic in and out of Okinawa was strictly controlled and no one flew anywhere without filing a flight plan indicating route, destination, call sign, altitude, etc. This went for civilian and military aircraft alike. Okinawa Control reported it had nothing on any planes coming from Japan and wasn't expecting any. An order soon went out to scramble an F-80 "Shooting Star" jet fighter from the airbase at Naha to intercept and identify the intruder.

Intercepts in daylight were made head-on, that is the F-80 was steered so as to approach the bogie (unidentified aircraft) from ahead on a collision course. We had no notion of the altitude of the bogie (the CPS-4 height finder was useless) so it was up to the pilot to determine an intercept altitude. Contact was made about eighty miles out and the fighter reported the aircraft to be a flying boat cruising at a low altitude. He was then ordered to make a close pass to determine its registry and shortly, after a fly-by, we were informed it was of British registry (BOAC) and we

got the identification number (actually letters) read from the plane's tail. Another check with Okinawa Control with the identification numbers proved fruitless. Calls on HF and VHF radio frequencies were initiated but there was no response. The pilots the flying boat with obvious indifference kept on a steady course that would bring them directly over the island.

Such a challenge could very well lead to serious repercussions as the very existence of the American military power on Okinawa was being flaunted. The Americans controlled the air space around Okinawa and you'd better have permission to use it or else. The F-80 was directed to make the intruder turn away by the use of gestures between the respective cockpits but this was ignored. The next order was to shoot across the bow to force it to turn away or at least to get its attention. That did the trick. All hell broke loose as the airwaves were instantly vibrating with a furious British accent shouting, "This is an international incident!" And, "There are women and children aboard!" He ranted on with no letup but he continued to stubbornly maintain a course that would put him directly over the island. Nor did he respond to radio transmissions from us on Radar Hill advising him he was crossing a restricted area and was in violation of our air space. An order to shoot the airplane down was, of course, the next logical step but that was utterly out of the question and the flying boat was allowed grudgingly to proceed unmolested.

Contact was eventually established with Okinawa Control and clearance issued to proceed on course to his destination, Hong Kong. The flight, we learned, had originated from a British air base in the Inland Sea of Japan (Beppu?) and had initially filed a flight plan that took it over Shanghai and thence to Hong Kong but the pilot elected to change his mind en route and go via Okinawa. On radar I watched him fade into the southwest, the echo petering out in the vicinity of Miyako Oshima, 180 miles away. So long, mate. You fared better than did that old man who trespassed our hill. Had he an airplane and an equally combative attitude, he might have pulled it off, too. (The incident recalls the shooting down of Korean Air flight 007 by the Soviets in 1983, thirty-five years later.)

Fighter protection for Okinawa was entrusted to relatively speedy Lockheed F-80 "Shooting Star" jet fighters for daylight operations and to Northrop P-61 "Black Widows" for nighttime. The F-80 (a.k.a. the "lead sled") was easier to deal with, as it merely had to be steered directly to the target to intercept. The twin-engine propeller-driven two-man P-61, however, needed to be steered around to the rear of the target and then brought up behind in order to make contact using the airborne radar. The P-61 was exasperatingly slow, so slow even a Northwest Airlines DC-4 was more often than not able to outdistance them. There were numerous times I transmitted the words "Buster! Buster!" to a P-61 pilot, the instruction to speed up; it was oftentimes said in vain.

In a letter from home I was to learn a brother-in-law, T.J. "Tucker" Giblin, had recently gone to work with Northwest Airlines as a purser and would be working flights passing through Okinawa from Tokyo to Manila and back. I told the family to tell him he could reach me on the radio through Okinawa Control when approaching the island on one of his trips and that I would try to arrange a meeting at Naha airport. He came in the middle of the night and I was roused from bed by prearrangement and speedily driven to the airport in a weapons carrier, arriving just as his DC-4 was touching down. He could only spare a few moments but it was still good to see him. Years later he was a 747 captain flying the identical route for the same airline.

The camp and Radar Hill were frequently sprayed for insects, mainly mosquitoes, and we were issued anti-malaria pills to ward off the malady as well. (We took salt pills, too.) But I came down with malaria anyway and to my knowledge I was the only one in my group to be so afflicted. Realizing I was becoming sick one day, I went over to the camp dispensary for help but my temperature was still normal and I was rudely sent away without so much as a APC (all purpose pill). Once back in the barracks I took to bed and within a short time was running a fever and shaking but, in a pique, refused help and asked to be left alone.

But my mates, watching me shivering and seeing the discomfort worsening, couldn't just sit by so one finally went off to get a medic. When the medic came to my bedside I ignored him, telling him I was all right and to leave me alone. He left but was soon back with wheels, leaving me no choice but to get up and go with him for a ride to the hospital. It was the ubiquitous weapons carrier and I sat in the rear and could hear the driver and medic talking in the front seat. They were telling stories of how many times they'd been taken in by those feigning illness. I didn't know if they were telling this for me to hear to compensate for their initial behavior in ignoring my complaint or trying to scare me. In any event, it didn't make the ride pleasant. At the hospital I was treated well, particularly by the nurses, who were almost to me like creatures from outer space.

I subsequently went through four additional seizures (two on Okinawa) but I was never again challenged when I asked for assistance from the medical staffers. The medication proscribed to alleviate malaria in those days was chloroquine.

INTERMISSION

When we were scheduled to go to work up on the hill, we would assemble at the post office at the camp to catch a 6X6 or weapons carrier, depending on availability, for the twenty-minute or so ride. I made the trip so often that I could close my eyes and predict every twist and turn of the dirt road. A good deal of the trip was made in second gear as the vehicle labored up the hill, particularly the last one, our destination. During the rainy season (wintertime) it was especially tough to drive on the often-muddy road. The last bit of road up to the top of Radar Hill was along a steep, twisting gravel roadway requiring first gear for most of it. There was a guard shack manned by military police (MPs) twenty-four hours a day near the top and that's where the DF (Direction Finder) operator got off. His post had to be the loneliest on the island. There were times when we had to do duty at the guard shack too, in the absence of the MPs, and I was no exception. It was another lonely place to be assigned to.

Once at the post office waiting for the transportation to fetch us, I was on the other side of a low stone wall in conversation with someone. When the truck came I turned and jumped over the wall and lit on a stone on the other side, falling and badly spraining my left ankle. It took weeks to heal and has left me with a reminder of Okinawa ever since.

I walked down to the DF facility one day in a free hour to spend an interlude with the operator, who was a friend and barracks mate. On the way back along the brush-lined road I heard a snort behind me and turned to see a wild boar poised to attack. It scared me half to death and I took off

running like never before. I was always fearful afterwards on that road. The mongoose was another animal we saw occasionally and was best left alone. It was said they were brought from India years before to counter an invasion of rats. Snakes were also on their menu. It was rare to see a bird on the island.

On some days an F-80 would be up with the pilot getting in his required number of flying hours for the month. Occasionally one would call us asking for a “wheel check,” which meant they wanted to buzz (fly low over) the hill, a maneuver decidedly frowned upon by the brass. If the “wheels” (officialdom) were “up,” permission was refused but if there were no big shots around (wheels down) we would give them clearance for the low pass. Then those of us who could would hurry outside to watch the jet scream overhead only yards above us with a tremendous roar.

I recall a scandal involving the local camp fire department. The chief, a civilian, was arrested along with at least one enlisted man that was assigned there. Through whispered rumors we heard it had to do with homosexuality, a hush-hush topic those days. Another affair of the same sort at another time involved the local medics. A totally male atmosphere prevailed in the camp and work site with sex only something you talked about. Most of it was boasting by individuals about the dubious conquests that they had made somewhere. With the exception of the native girls on the serving line in the mess hall (with whom we sometimes bantered), USO women and nurses (if you were sent to hospital), we had no contact whatsoever with a female.

HAPPY HOUR

I was ordered to Tachikawa air base at Tokyo in June 1948 to attend a two-week Information Center Operator course (MOS 510) which was held at another nearby air base called Johnson. It was a specialty I had been doing since joining the squadron the proceeding February and indeed turned out to be the only formal training I ever got during my four-year enlistment. The five-hour flight from Naha to Tachikawa was in a windowless twin-engine C-46 Curtiss Commando with facing bucket seats along the interior of the fuselage. I managed to stretch the two weeks into three and see some of the sights, such as they were, around Tokyo, and the city itself.



The war had ended two years and ten months before and Tokyo still had the scars from the countless bombs that had been dropped from the B-29s. A lot of the city had already been rebuilt but most of the construction was rather flimsy and temporary. Tokyo Station was missing a roof. The men in the streets still wore army uniforms or parts of uniforms and there was little of the bustle seen today. General Douglas MacArthur’s headquarters was in the Daiichi Building and

always drew a crowd when he either arrived or departed. I joined the crowd once to watch the Old Soldier enter the building.

From Johnson Air Base we could take a Tobu Tojyo line train into Ikebukuro and then transfer to the circle line that went around the city. Every train had a white-banded car at the rear for occupation personnel and was free. Once I went AWOL with another airman in mid-week to see some girls in town. When we returned on the train early in the morning in time for class we went a station beyond Johnson, got off, and went over a fence to get back onto the base. Japanese security police employed by the base patrolling the perimeter greeted us but let us through after we gave them cigarettes.

The other airman and I picked up girls at the roofless Tokyo station, the place for such opportunities, and would stay with them somewhere in the city. The first one I picked up was named Michiko, a not very pretty woman, and one who had been badly burned on her lower extremities during one of the fire bomb raids. The second was Homiko, perhaps 15 (I was all of 17), with whom I spent a weekend at her one-room dwelling in a village outside Tokyo. The night there found us on a tatami (straw) mat bed alongside her family, that is her father, mother, and four siblings. The other airman and his girl were with us there as well. We were not

supposed to be there at all and moreover it was strictly forbidden to eat food prepared by Japanese because of the severe food shortage at that time in the civilian population. But we were young, adventurous and unconcerned.



I bought a ticket to a girlie show from a sergeant on the base one time and was taken by bus to some sort of club where two girls from behind a netting performed a strip-tease while Japanese mood music played. There were a couple of drinks, too, as part of a package-like deal. The sergeant had led us to believe it was against the law to do any-thing like this and the whole thing, I noticed, was done in a very furtive manner. He undoubtedly made money from his shady little enterprise.

On the circle line train one day we met an Australian woman who had lived in Japan during the war and had been married to a Japanese. She invited us to her home in Sugamo in Tokyo, which was just outside Sugamo prison where Ex-Premier Hideki Tojo had been incarcerated and subsequently hanged for war crimes. There we sat and had tea while she related her story to us. Things went well until she told us she had murdered her husband by stabbing him to death with a knife and that sort of

cooled us toward anything further to do with her. We made excuses as soon as possible and went on our way.

The other airman (also from Okinawa) and I were inseparable during our time in Tokyo and attended the same school. After our return to Okinawa he came down with the clap (Gonorrhoea) and was banished to the clap shack until he was cured. Our friendship waned after that, though, for he wasn't able to forgive me for not sharing the same fate.

The flight back to Naha was in another C-46 from Tachikawa. We took off in good weather but were soon in an appalling storm, the plane bouncing all over the sky in heavy rain. Most of us, if not everyone, soon became violently sick. In almost exactly five hours we landed and I was never so happy in my life but when I stepped off the plane I knew we were not at Naha. Nothing was even vaguely familiar so I waited at the door for the crew to appear. We had seen nothing of them since taking off earlier, they undoubtedly very busy keeping the plane in the air. When the captain finally came out I asked him where we were and he replied we were at Itazuki air base outside Fukuoka on Kyushu Island in southern Japan. Due to the weather he had had to go to Seoul, Korea to try to land but the weather there turned bad and forced him back to Itazuki, which had been closed earlier due to weather. There wasn't much fuel left, he added, for any options.

We were given a bed and meal tickets and spent the night at Itazuki. The next morning on the way to breakfast I ran into a fellow airman who had been in the same flight as me in training at Lackland seven months previous. He was as surprised to see me as I was to see him. The flight that day to Okinawa took three hours through a cloudless sky, the storm having moved off. Thirty-four years later I was to return to Fukuoka to teach English.



Later, back on Okinawa, I went with a swimming party organized by the USO to the beach at Yontan. We were to use an amphibious vehicle called a "duck" as a platform from which to swim because the beach there was still pretty much littered with the debris from the invasion. A coral reef also precluded any notion of going into the water at the beach. The duck took us out into the East China Sea beyond the reef into the swells and deep water where a swim was possible. Just beyond the reef two or three fellows leaped into the sea while the duck was still moving, leaving them splashing in the wake. A half-minute later it stopped, the engine shut down, and I went to the edge of the deck and dove into the water. It was my first time to swim in an ocean.

(Left: Author at home)

But as my body was committed to the water I heard screams for help from those who had earlier jumped off. The sudden silence from being submerged cut the sound off

but I quickly fought my way back to the surface to climb back on the duck but it was starting its engine and moving with increasing speed away from me. I tried to grab on the now moving duck but I couldn't catch hold of anything. Since all attention was directed to the guys in trouble I was left on my own treading water in the deep sea. Fear and panic rose up within me but I pushed it back and began dog paddling my way to the duck. Images of sharks and octopus rising through the water below entered my mind and the realization of where I was made me acutely aware of my situation.

Bobbing like a cork in the swells I tediously dog paddled my way toward the now far away duck. My eyes stung from the salt and my arms grew heavier but I couldn't, I wouldn't, call out. Nobody would have heard me anyway and by calling out I realized I would have let loose the panic growing within me. The distance lessened and then, when I knew I was going to make it, I felt renewed strength and surged through those last few yards. With a desperate lunge I grabbed hold a ring of some sort on the duck and felt my body go immediately slack from relief. I was safe. I climbed up onto the deck and lay quietly, breathing hard and thanking my lucky stars for being alive. I told nobody of my ordeal and after all was again back to normal I dove off the duck for another swim.

JFK AND THE WALL

By William Rose

(Editor's note: The following paper on JFK and the Wall is one of several 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. – FGPjr)

Throughout the History of man, there have been defining moments that humans remember for all of time. On August 13, 1961 one of those moments occurred with the building of the Berlin Wall. Today, many political scientists and historians have asked how the building of "the Wall" affected world peace, politics, the region of Germany, and the United States foreign policy. Those answers are not the goal of this essay. This paper asks why the East Germans under Soviet Union Control built the wall; why President John F. Kennedy did nothing to stop the building of the Berlin Wall; what President Kennedy could have done.

Refugees were fleeing by the thousands into West Berlin by 1961. East German Chairman Walter Ulbricht was facing the horrors of a retreating population to capitalism. Everyday 2,000 residents of East Germany left for West Berlin.¹ Over four million had already migrated to West Germany.² The East Germans responded with the building of the Berlin Wall. Yet, America was not ready for some reason. John F. Kennedy received a telegram that was so "sluggish" and "incomplete" that it took seventeen hours to pass since the beginning of the

1 Wyden, Peter. *Wall: the Inside Story of Divided Berlin*. New York, Simon and Schuster. 1989, p. 29.

2 Wyden, 29.

border closings in Berlin.³ Kennedy acted surprised to the news by stating, “How come we didn't know anything about this?”⁴ John Kennedy knew very well that the wall was going to go up, but he denied to listen to the inevitable. Just four days before the Berlin Wall was erected Kennedy stated to Walt Rostow (Kennedy's national security advisor), “This is unbearable for Khrushchev. East Germany is hemorrhaging to death. The entire East bloc is in danger. He has to do something to stop this. Perhaps a wall. And there's not a damn thing we can do about it.”⁵

“A wall is a hell of a lot better than a war.”⁶ At least that is what Kennedy believed. But would it have taken an all out war to respond to the building of the wall? Through the research collected, one could objectively say, “No.” The Soviets were considered to be rational. Kennedy, according to Sachs, “assumed that the Soviet counterparts were rational.”⁷ If the Soviets were so rational and the U.S. policymakers decided to militarily act on the wall, would not the Soviets respond in a similar way? Also, military action on the wall does not necessarily mean violence. The United States could have brought up bulldozers to wreck the wall. Other possibilities could have included a warning to Khrushchev that tanks were going to push the wall over and that no shells will be fired from either side to stop the removal.

John Kennedy is most known for his diplomacy and charisma, yet he lacked both in one of the defining moments in the Cold War. Could President Kennedy not have argued that the building of the Berlin Wall was a break from the Potsdam Agreement? This of course is a possibility. Under the Potsdam Agreement the Allies agreed to have “uniformity of treatment of the German population throughout Germany.”⁸ Building the Berlin Wall was a direct break in that agreement. Also, since the U.N. Security Council was active at this time, why did they not issue any consequences to East German policymakers? Whatever the case, military or political responses could have made Kennedy look competent to the situation.

Two years after the Wall was built, Kennedy made his famous Ich bin ein Berliner speech at the Brandenburg Gate to let West Germans know that the U.S. would not back down from Soviet aggression and that we would continue to defend Berlin from Communism. John F. Kennedy was two years too late for the East Germans who were imprisoned in a society where Stasi police abused every human rights decree known to man, where people were imprisoned without trial, citizens were constantly surveiled upon, and Soviet policies wreaked havoc on economical development. President Kennedy may have been a great communicator with charisma that reached the stars, but his policies on the Berlin Wall stand clear that he did not care, for if he did, he would have done something.

3 Wyden, 29.

4 Wyden, 27.

5 Reeves, Richard. *President Kennedy: Profile of Power*. New York, Touchstone Publishing, 1993., 207

6 Rubin, Gretchin. *Forty Ways to Look at JFK*. New York: Ballantine Books. 2005, p 21.

7 Sachs, Jeffrey D. *Scientific American*. “Threats of War, Chances for Peace.” Vol. 296, 3. March 2007. Retrieved through Academic Search Premier March 2007.

8 A Decade of American Foreign Policy : Basic Documents, 1941-49 Prepared at the request of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations By the Staff of the Committee and the Department of State. Washington, DC : Government Printing Office, 1950. Accessed via CNN.com June 10th, 2007.

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.

NORAD COMMAND CENTER CREW MEMBER REMEMBERS TWO COLD WAR EVENTS OF 1991

By Technical Sergeant Michael J. O'Neill, USAF, Retired -- North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD) Command Center, Crew Member, 1989-1991

My coveted assignment to Cheyenne Mountain Air Station, home to the North American Aerospace Defense Command NORAD/USSPACECOM Command Center and other US Space Command operations' centers began in October 1989. After successfully completing the inaugural NORAD Emergency Actions Course, I learned the protocols of Integrated Tactical Warning Attack Assessment, processing and validating Defense Condition (DEFCON) messages, and executing emergency communications with CINCNORAD and his operational deputies. With my training certificate in hand, the director of operations assigned me to



NORAD's Charlie crew. Charlie crew, one of five permanent crews, was perennially led by a command director who was a Canadian Forces brigadier general; additional team members included a lieutenant colonel, an Air Force or Canadian Forces captain, and two noncommissioned officers. The permanence of the crews enhanced our camaraderie and facilitated our ability to function well together, particularly during wartime.

(PHOTO: DSP satellite image courtesy of www.globalsecurity.org)

On the first day of the Persian Gulf War, the NORAD vice director of combat operations announced to the crew that the Navy just launched its Tomahawk missiles against Iraq. He boastfully exclaimed, “the war began 20 minutes before CNN knew about it!” Like a football coach exhorting his players onto victory, the general told everyone to be prepared for high-density operations, such as the Pentagon’s continuous situational reports using the worldwide secure voice telephone system, validating and processing DEFCON messages from the National Military Command Center to US forces, reception of terrorist threat condition messages, while simultaneously providing strategic warning for national leadership.

When the Persian Gulf War commenced on 17 January 1991, orbiting space satellites such as the Defense Support System (DSP), Global Positioning System (GPS), and the Defense Meteorological Satellite Program (DMSP) significantly contributed to the U.S. military’s astonishingly quick victory over Saddam Hussein’s 7th ranked, but overrated, Iraqi Army. Further, United States Space Command (USSPACECOM) configured DSP satellites originally built to detect incoming Soviet ICBMS, to identify Iraqi Scud missile launches; Scud launch voice notifications were simultaneously transmitted by DSP-Australia to the Space Command Center (SPACC) at Peterson AFB and the Missile Warning Center located at Cheyenne Mountain Air Station. Immediately upon receipt of the advisory, SPACC crew members activated the USCENTCOM Execution Net, a dedicated voice communications network for disseminating Scud launches to CENTCOM combined air operations center in Saudi Arabia.

The tactical voice notifications were complimented by computer generated messages transmitted to the U.S. and Coalition forces in theater, which provided ground personnel and Army soldiers’ manning Patriot antiballistic missile batteries sufficient time before a Scud impact to respond.



(PHOTO: The NORAD Command Center, Cheyenne Mountain Air Station. Image courtesy of www.cheyennemountain.af.mil)

The expansive space-derived architecture of the Scud warning process inspired both incredulity because of its inherent technological complexities and gratitude for the men and women who demonstrated courage and steadfast dedication to their assigned duties during wartime. Moreover, the U.S. space-based technology augmented Israel’s robust civil defense program with launch data to protect their citizens from Saddam Hussein’s ballistic missiles.

August 1991: An Attempted Coup of President Gorbachev’s Government

With the spectacular demonstration of U.S. military prowess displayed during the Persian Gulf War coupled with Soviets’ disinterest during the military campaign, the Cold War appeared to be fading into the history books. That is, until August 19, 1991, when eight elite members of the Soviet Communist Party, including the Minister of Defense and Chief of General Staff, attempted a coup of USSR’s President Mikhail Gorbachev’s government to coerce a declaration of a state of emergency or to resign. Mr. Gorbachev was exiled for three days without his ICBM

launch authorization codes, concealed inside his “nuclear briefcase”; the codes authorized the launching of the Soviet Union’s 11,000 ICBMs and SLBMs.

Ominously, the Minister of Defense and the Chief of General Staff, both of whom comprised two thirds of the Soviet’s nuclear launch troika, also retained “nuclear suitcases,” similar to Gorbachev’s. Fortunately, communications officers in the Kremlin disengaged the two coup leaders’ access to dedicated communications networks necessary for launching Soviet ICBMs. This sudden coup attempt caused consternation at the Pentagon and NORAD; U.S. leaders were concerned who actually controlled the launch codes. During those stressful three days in August 1991, NORAD Command Center crews’ palatable uneasiness of unauthorized launches of Soviet ICBMs increased. During shifts in the mountain, my NCO colleagues and I reviewed the operational reporting instructions, Air Force Manual 10-206, particularly the protocols for OPREP-3 Pinnacle Nucflash. The Pinnacle Nucflash report bifurcates into voice and automated reports to the President, JCS, HQ USAF, and unified/MAJCOM commands through the National Military Command Center, of an “accidental, unauthorized, or unexplained nuclear detonation that risks the outbreak of war...” Fortunately, the abortive Soviet coup ended three days later on August 21, 1991, without bloodshed. Mr. Gorbachev was released unharmed and the perpetrators’ arrested.

These two international incidents, occurring before the demise of the Cold War, proved that Air Force Space Command space assets and its dedicated officers and enlisted personnel served the United States well by providing critical command and control information to our civilian and military decision makers.

THE PRISONER OF WAR

By Walter James Murray

On a warm sunny morning in early spring of 1975 in Vientiane, Laos, I went the short distance from my rooms in a North Vietnamese enclave to the downtown to buy a newspaper. The paper, The Bangkok Post, was delivered daily by air and it was always prudent to buy one early as the few copies that came into the country sold out quickly. The Post is a Thai newspaper but it oftentimes carried topical news of Laos in the edition that was sold in Vientiane.

From the newsstand I went to a café on Som Sen Thai, the main street, and sat down at a center table back from the sidewalk but inside from where I had a fine view of the street and the passing scene. Glancing around, I took note that I was the only *falang* (foreigner) in the restaurant, surely the only Westerner. Outside the frequent passing of motorbikes created their usual racket while inside the soft mummer of conversation and random clatter of tableware intruded only minimally.

A smiling young waitress came to the table to take my order and I returned the smile, asking for a cup of coffee and a croissant. Making myself comfortable, I unfolded the newspaper and scanned the front page. The first item to catch my eye was an article announcing the release from a prison outside the city of North Vietnamese soldiers captured in Laos and held as prisoners of war. They were to be let go that very morning and flown to Hanoi in North Vietnam for repatriation.

I put the newspaper down and took hold of the cup of coffee, raising it to my lips. As I did so, my eyes focused on the street outside where I saw a bus pass swiftly from right to left followed by a second bus close behind. They were both crowded with passengers, all male, with many standing. I realized immediately they were the very group of North Vietnamese prisoners cited in the newspaper and that they were en route to the airport at Wattay outside the city. I sat transfixed with the cup of coffee in hand as a third bus, no more than half full, came speedily into view.

In that bus I saw a man, undoubtedly Vietnamese, seated toward the rear with his face pressed to the window, peering intently out. In an instant our eyes locked onto one another with the intensity of the stare magnifying as the bus raced by. He appeared to be in his 30s and his expression was strained but then it quickly turned aggressive and then frenzied. His shoulders hunched, the color of his face went red and he bared his teeth in a terrible grimace. Neither of us blinked, our eyes riveted to each other. As quickly as the busses had appeared, they just as quickly disappeared, speeding out of sight in what couldn't have been more than seconds. But to me it was an eternity. In a brief interval his face had become a depiction of savage hatred and it was directed at me! I was the enemy.

Never in my life had I experienced such a display of utter rage; never had I felt so threatened by another human being. The encounter left me shaken. Given an opportunity, he would have no doubt set upon me on the spot. The fact of his rage being aimed at me, a mere teacher in no part associated with the military or political situation in Indo-China, was, to me, inexplicable.

Had he mistaken me for another or was it that any Western face would have caused a similar outburst of fury? How long had he been held a prisoner? What awful things had he endured? Why me?

COLD WAR EVENTS, REQUESTS, REUNIONS, AND RELATED

1968: AN ORIGINAL EXHIBITION BY THE NATIONAL CZECH & SLOVAK MUSEUM & LIBRARY

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. 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.

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.

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.

1968 opens to the public on November 1, 2007 and closes in September 2008.

THE PENTAGON: A HISTORY - LECTURE & BOOK SIGNING

On Tuesday, November 27, from 6:30-8:00 pm The National Building Museum will host a lecture and book signing on construction of the Pentagon.

Constructed in 17 months, the Pentagon stands as one of the most amazing construction feats in American history. Steve Vogel, author of *The Pentagon: A History* (Random House) and military reporter for *The Washington Post*, will present the Pentagon's riveting history from conception to construction and during critical moments, including the Cuban Missile Crisis, the 1967 anti-Vietnam "March on the Pentagon," and rebuilding after the September 11, 2001 terrorist attack. A book signing will follow the lecture.

\$12 members and students; \$20 nonmembers. Prepaid registration required. Walk-in registration based on availability. Visit <https://s21.2coolweb.com/nbm/signup.asp> to register and for more information.

INFORMATION SOUGHT ON RUSSIAN MILITARY HARDWARE PIECE

I'm in desperate need of help identifying what I believe is a piece of Russian military hardware of some sort. I got it from the estate of a former CIA employee. I've searched the internet and can't find anything at all resembling it. It appears to have some sort of magnification, and when the handle on the left side is cycles back and forth, the view shifts from 90 degrees to the left to 90 degrees to the right. Anyway, any help at all would be a real lifesaver!

I have a photo of it here: <http://i126.photobucket.com/albums/p111/staunchman/russian.jpg>

Thanks, Cris Stephens (staunchman@cfl.rr.com)

WINNERS ANNOUNCED FOR THIRD COLD WAR ESSAY CONTEST

The John A. Adams '71 Center for Military History and Strategic Analysis at the Virginia Military Institute is pleased to announce the following prizes for its third Cold War essay contest:

First prize: \$2000 - "A Quiver of Golden Arrows: The Evolution of American Mobile Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles" by Steven A. Pomeroy, U.S. Air Force Academy

Second prize: \$1000 - "General William DePuy: His Relief of Subordinates in Combat" by Henry G. Gole, Col. U.S. Army (Ret.)

Third prize: \$500 - "U.S. Army Mechanized Reconnaissance during the Cold War, 1946-1990" by Alexander M. Bielakowski, U.S. Army Command and General Staff College

Honorable Mentions (in alphabetical order)

"Targeting China: US Nuclear Planning and 'Massive Retaliation' in the Far East, 1953-1954" by Matthew Jones, University of Nottingham

"A Policy of Amateurism: Rice Policy of the U.S. Army Military Government in Korea, 1945-1948" by Jinwung Kim, Kyungpook National University

"Planning the Peace and Enforcing the Surrender: Deterrence in the Allied Occupations of Germany and Japan" by Melissa Willard-Foster, University of California at Los Angeles

We are also happy to announce that the Adams Center will sponsor a fourth round, with submissions due 31 May 2008. For information, contact:

Dr. Malcolm Muir, Jr., Director
John A. Adams '71 Center for Military History and Strategic Analysis
Virginia Military Institute
Lexington, VA 24450
540-464-7447
muirm@vmi.edu

COLDWAR.NET GETS A REDESIGN

The completed new face of www.coldwar.net was unveiled in October 2007. After some time analyzing traffic to the site webmaster/author Patrick Pacalo determined that the site was most popular with high school and college students doing academic research, veterans, and Cold War "history buffs." He has attempted to make the site friendlier for these audiences.

Key to the site's information is that events leading up to the Cold War occurred long before the Second World War period. A blurb on this topic, combined with some general factual material, was put up front as a part of the redesign to make the site easier for potential visitors to find the site. The summary also serves to simplify research on many aspects of the Cold War.

The site has 38 links on everything from the Soviet use of biological and chemical weapons during the Cold War, to the nature of Communism, and to arms control efforts primarily between the US and USSR from the 1960s forward. New links are constantly being reviewed for addition to the site. There is a section of 9/11 links presented as they relate to the Cold War. There is also a bio of Pacalo linked to the site.

A new feature of the site is that author's book, *Cold Warfare*, is offered for sale directly on the web site at a substantial discount. It can also be purchased from any bookseller. The book runs 279 pages in length and has 391 documentary footnotes. Sources used in researching the book include everything from documents obtained from the CIA under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) to an interview with Daniel Ellsberg of the Pentagon Papers case fame. Reviews of the book are linked to the site.

There is no obligation in visiting the web site. Its purpose is to make information on the Cold War more available to all who seek it. Comments and suggestions about the site are always welcome.

Patrick Pacalo, Boardman, Ohio

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)

- SAC 2008 - 30 April - 4 May 2008, Dayton, OH, reunion and dedication of the SAC Memorial, contact J. T. Rovero, 520-203-8809 or 866-260-9302, jtrome-25@excite.com.
- 579 SMS, 15-18 May 2008, Roswell, NM, contact Fred Mortimer, Fmortimer@tampabay.rr.com, 727-734-3487, www.579sms.com
- Pershing Professional Association Reunion, 13, 14, 15 June 2008, Holiday Inn Express in Huntsville Alabama. Please R.S.V.P at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/pershingmissile> in the database area (2008 Reunion). Further announcements will be posted on the web site

as the plans are finalized, this will include a link for hotel reservations at a special discounted rate.

- 455SMW (Minot), 10-14 September 2008, Northeast Harbor, ME, Contact Jack Twigg at JKTwigg@worldramp.net
- 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.
- SAC Airborne Command Control Association, 15-19 October 2008, Dayton, OH, contact Wilton Curtis, 804-740-2290, wcurtis135@aol.com

COLD WAR ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE HISTORY CHANNEL® LAUNCHES TAKE A VETERAN TO SCHOOL DAY

The History Channel® is launching a multi-tiered outreach initiative linking veterans of all ages with young people in our schools and communities across America. The **Take a Veteran to School Day** national and grassroots campaign has enlisted ex-Marine drill sergeant and acclaimed actor and host of *Mail Call* on The History Channel, **R. Lee Ermey**, to serve as the spokesperson for the campaign. The announcement was recently made by Nancy Dubuc, Executive Vice President and General Manager, The History Channel and Dr. Libby O'Connell, Chief Historian, Senior Vice President, Corporate Outreach, The History Channel.



“Woven into the fabric of The History Channel is our ongoing commitment to chronicling the contributions of our nation’s soldiers and veterans. Whether they fought on the beaches of Normandy or on the streets of Fallujah, or served stateside, every vet has a story to tell. It is a natural extension of The History Channel to help secure the remarkable legacy of our veterans-- past and present,” said Dubuc.

“The ‘Take a Veteran to School Day’ campaign provides students with a wonderful opportunity to interact with local veterans, and learn about our nation’s military history in times of peace and in times of war. I want to commend The History Channel for their efforts to honor veterans in this very special way and I am pleased that they have chosen to include Nevada in this program,” said Nevada Governor Jim Gibbons, a veteran of both the Vietnam and Persian Gulf wars.

Take a Veteran to School Day, announced today at a kickoff event hosted by Cox Communications, Las Vegas at Steven G. Schorr Elementary School to coincide with The Cable Show, will run from mid-October until Veterans Day, November 12, 2007 Customized Public Service Announcements featuring Ermey shown on local MSO systems, will encourage schools and communities to invite local veterans to speak in grades K-12 classrooms and share their stories with the students. The History Channel will provide participating schools with

curriculum-based educational materials as well a Veterans Day video produced with the US Department of Education.

“From the greatest generation to the latest generation, our veterans deserve our recognition,” added O’Connell. “Through the Take a Veteran to School campaign; vets can share experiences that have shaped our world with today’s young people. We have young men and women in military service coming home and we want them to be welcomed, just as we want our older vets to be welcomed, too.”

Underscoring this initiative is a call to action for citizens to support veterans from all wars by donating to not-for-profit organizations that provide medical care, counseling and aid to families of veterans. The public can do so by visiting www.veterans.com, the official site for the initiative and portal to several different not-for-profit organizations, including the Intrepid Fallen Heroes Fund, Fisher House Foundation, the VFW Unmet Needs Program, Armed Forces Foundation, the Armed Services YMCA, and others. The History Channel is donating a total of \$50,000 among these organizations as part of its commitment.

Throughout the summer months, The History Channel will be working with various veterans organizations, including the American Legion, Department of Veterans Affairs and Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) and local school districts across the country to lay the foundation for the initiative. Additional announcements will be forthcoming.

THE COLD WAR INTERNATIONAL HISTORY PROJECT INVITES YOU TO:

November 9, 2007 (4:00pm - 7:00pm)

Film: Between the Lines

With comments by director Dirk Simon

For further information and to RSVP for this event or to see a complete listing of upcoming events, please visit us at www.CWIHP.org and click on the event title or send an e-mail to ColdWar@WilsonCenter.org.

THE WALL: TWENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY PARADE

On 10 November there will be a Parade in Washington D.C. The ceremony will begin at ten am on the mall at Seventh Street between Jefferson and Madison. The parade will start at 11:00 am.

The parade will end at the Washington Monument Grounds. Other events will take place at that site. You can receive more information by calling (877) 727-2333.

STARTING A HISTORY CLUB AT YOUR SCHOOL

Have you ever wanted to give your history-loving students a way to continue their exploration of the subject outside the classroom? If so, perhaps you will consider forming a history club chapter at your school this year and joining the National History Club (NHC). Created in March 2002, the NHC was formed to help history clubs from around the country communicate and share ideas

and activities with each other through our biannual Newsletter. There are now chapters in 42 states and over 7,000 students involved.

Clubs are given the flexibility to choose the activities that their members want to participate in, and this has allowed for a wide range of projects. Some of the activities include: interviewing World War II veterans, visiting Abraham Lincoln's home and neighborhood, a lecture on the Civil Rights Movement, traveling to Washington D.C., and holding a Ben Franklin look-a-like contest.

For more information please contact Robert Nasson, Executive Director, at rnasson@nationalhistoryclub.org, or visit our website at www.nationalhistoryclub.org.

COLD WAR BOOKS, BOOK REVIEWS, AND RELATED

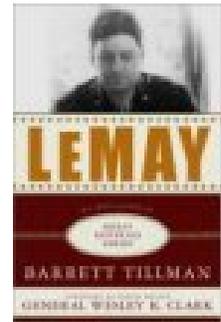
(Editor's Note- Authors and Publishers – Send your book announcement to museum@coldwar.org for consideration. If you would like to send an advanced copy for review, let me know. FGPjr)

GREAT GENERAL SERIES—LEMAY: A BIOGRAPHY

By Barrett Tillman

Forward by Series Editor General Wesley Clark.

Reviewed by Frank S. DeBenedictis



In October 1962, during the Cuban Missile Crisis, President Kennedy asked the Joint Chiefs for a course of action. Air Force Chief General Curtis E. LeMay, the most hawkish of the hawkish chiefs, urged the administration to bomb the missile sites. Kennedy tried to deflect this hawkish attitude. LeMay looked at Kennedy and remarked “you are in a pretty bad fix Mr. President.” For the cigar chomping LeMay, a generally blunt spoken man, it was not out of character.

Author Barrett Tillman writes of LeMay’s role in the missile crisis in his contribution to the Great General Series as part of a narrative about a general who was arguably the most influential in Air Force history. LeMay was a pioneer in the use of air power during World War II, devastating the Axis powers in Europe and Japan. Tillman describes Major General LeMay as one of two irreplaceable leaders in the Pacific War, along with Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz. The reason for this: The March and April 1945 firebombing of Tokyo and major Japanese industrial centers that removed Japan from the status as a World War II superpower, and facilitated eventual surrender. Tillman credits LeMay for the successful B-29 raids.

LeMay’s stature grew as a result of his Pacific War role. He went on to post-war Europe, helped implement the Berlin Airlift, and went stateside and took over the Strategic Air Command relocating it to Offutt Air Force Base in Omaha, Nebraska. When President Harry Truman responded in early 1950 to the first Soviet nuclear test by calling for thermonuclear weapons, LeMay was an ally. He became a chief advocate and spokesman for nuclear deterrence.

Tillman writes about SAC’s role in the mid-1950s, staging record setting flights, which not only demonstrated the wherewithal of US bomber capability, but also kept LeMay’s force front and center on Capitol Hill. In addition the SAC chief simultaneously improved both troop morale and

command readiness—no easy task. At the theoretical level, General Curtis LeMay—who earned his stars at a relatively young age in World War II and after—geared deterrence toward a “first strike capability.”

With the election of John Kennedy to the presidency, and Robert McNamara to the Secretary of Defense position, LeMay’s ideas were less listened to. He had disagreements over bomber and missile procurement with the fiscally conservative McNamara. The failed Bay of Pigs invasion—another LeMay sore spot—set the stage for the Cuban Missile Crisis. In addition to being the Cold War’s tensest moment, it was also the tensest encounter for the Air Force chief and the administration. LeMay had allies among the other JCS members.

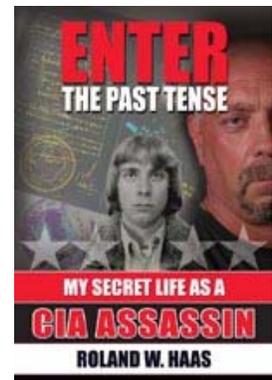
Author Tillman gives LeMay credit for his hawkish stand—and the idea that the chiefs felt that nuclear annihilation wasn’t a danger during the crisis. Their opinions are documented in the Kennedy Tapes that the Soviets would back down. He fails to point out that other members of the JCS were inclined to let LeMay play the active role in presenting their position in their October 19 meeting with the president. It not only was testimony to the Air Force chief’s hawkishness, but his power of persuasion based on his successful career from World War II in the Pacific—acknowledged begrudgingly by his boss Robert McNamara.

Tillman gives LeMay his due in the winning of the Pacific War, building SAC, shaping a nuclear policy in both the theoretical sense of deterrence, and in the material sense of increasing missile capability. The choice of LeMay as one of the great generals is deserved, as he was not only a prodigious warrior, but a shaper of policy as well.

ENTER THE PAST TENSE: MY SECRET LIFE AS A CIA ASSASSIN

By Roland W. Haas

While at Purdue University on an NROTC scholarship in 1971, Roland Haas was recruited to become a CIA deep clandestine operative. He underwent intensive training to prepare for insertion into hostile areas, including High Altitude Low Opening (HALO) parachuting and weapons instruction. In the course of his first mission (to East and West Germany, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Bulgaria, Romania, and Austria), he assassinated several international drug dealers. On his return, he was thrown into an Iranian prison, where he was physically and psychologically tortured. Over the next thirty years, he served the agency on an as-needed basis, engaging in such activities as hunting down and eliminating members of the Red Army Faction and extracting Soviet Spetsnaz officers from East Germany. His cover jobs included being a part owner of an Oakland health club, which brought him into close contact with steroid abuse in professional athletics, drug abuse in general, and the Hell’s Angels, whom he believes tried to have him killed. He also served in Germany as site commander for the Conventional Forces in Europe weapons treaty. His most recent cover was as the deputy director of intelligence in the U.S. Army Reserve Command, which involved him with the Guantanamo detention facility.



A true story that pulls no punches, *Enter the Past Tense* also chronicles Haas's descent into, and recovery from, alcoholism that resulted from the stress of this extraordinary life. It is an eye-opening look at the dark, but many would argue necessary, side of intelligence work—and one that readers won't soon forget.

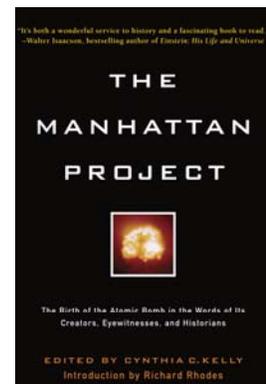
Roland W. Haas is an assistant deputy chief of staff and the command senior intelligence officer of the U.S. Army Reserve Command. He lives in Peachtree City, Georgia.

THE MANHATTAN PROJECT: THE BIRTH OF THE ATOMIC BOMB IN THE WORDS OF ITS CREATORS, EYEWITNESSES AND HISTORIANS

Edited by Cynthia C. Kelly

Introduction by Richard Rhodes

This fall is the 65th anniversary of the Manhattan Project, the top-secret effort to design and build the world's first atomic bomb. While most of the laboratories and production facilities were scattered across the country, the crucible of the Manhattan Project actually was in Manhattan.



The Manhattan Project is a unique combination of historical documents and first-hand accounts from the bomb's creators, contemporary observers, political leaders and historians. Even the most well-read history buff will be surprised by some of the rarely published documents and reflections. Five of the world's experts on the Manhattan Project, including Pulitzer-prize winners Richard Rhodes and Kai Bird as well as Robert Norris, worked on it in an advisory capacity, to make sure that the book has the "right stuff."

Born out of a small research program that began in 1939, the Manhattan Project employed more than 125,000 people and cost a total of nearly \$2 billion—and it was operated under a shroud of complete secrecy. Its story has all of the drama, suspense, poignancy, and triumph of a great work of fiction—but it is an essential part of our history and our legacy to the world.

Unlike many other accounts of the Manhattan Project, the book recognizes the effort as an Anglo-American effort. Bureaucratic inertia plagued the Americans at the outset, giving the Germans a two-year head start. Meanwhile, while their laboratories and homes were being pummeled by the German blitzkrieg, the British scientists produced a virtual blueprint for producing an atomic bomb. Two British documents included in the book, the Maud Report and the Frisch-Peierls Report, were important in jump-starting the Manhattan Project in the United States.

Another unique aspect of the book is the inclusion of numerous personal accounts, many never before published. These intimate documents give the Manhattan Project a human dimension that is often overlooked. Over the past five years, the Atomic Heritage Foundation has collected oral histories from more than one hundred Manhattan Project veterans. Some excerpts describe life in the construction camp at Clinton Engineer Works, euphemistically named "Happy Valley," where 15,000 people lived in barracks, trailers, and rows of shack-like homes with communal bath houses.

Unlike some of Hollywood's portrayals of the Manhattan Project scientists as Dr. Strangelove-esque characters, the book gives a fuller, more accurate perspective. The petition of scientists to President Truman imploring him not to drop the bomb on Japan attests to most scientists' heartfelt dilemma. Most of the 125,000 participants did not even know what they were producing until the newspapers announced "IT'S ATOMIC," the day that the first bomb was dropped on Japan.

Other entries explore why the story of the Manhattan Project is so compelling to people today, having become an almost mythical tale of brilliant scientists and intellectuals dealing with forces of good and evil. These include reflections by John Adams, composer of the recent opera "Doctor Atomic"; Joseph Kanon, author of *Los Alamos*; and Jon Else, producer of the award-winning film, "The Day after Trinity."

Finally, the book highlights the struggle over the last sixty years to establish international control of nuclear weapons and reduce or eliminate the threat of nuclear war. A letter to the *Wall Street Journal* on January 31, 2007, from the former Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, calls for urgent action to abolish nuclear weapons. The closing piece contains the thoughts of one Manhattan Project leader who calls for a twentieth-century Manhattan Project to address today's nuclear threats.

Available for a guest appearance is Cindy Kelly, who has been featured on C-SPAN Radio, C-SPAN television, WBAI Radio Pacifica, and numerous other networks and programs.

Cindy Kelly is the founder and president of the Atomic Heritage Foundation and the author/editor of several books on the subject including *Remembering the Manhattan Project*. She lives in Washington, DC. The Atomic Heritage Foundation is devoted to preserving the history of the Manhattan Project and the Atomic Age including preserving some of the most significant properties at Los Alamos, NM, and other sites. For more information, please visit www.atomicheritage.org, call 202-293-0045, or email ckelly@atomicheritage.org.

SPIES IN OUR MIDST: THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF IGOR GOUZENKO, COLD WAR SPY

World War II had just ended with two huge atomic explosions in Japan. Canada's first nuclear reactor had achieved criticality at the Chalk River Laboratory near the military base at Petawawa, Ontario. Meanwhile, the USSR embassy in Ottawa was making it their highest priority to collect scientific and technological intelligence for military purposes.

Igor Gouzenko was a cipher clerk in the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, Canada who defected to the West in 1945. His story was so astounding that, at first, no one believed him – not the Minister of Justice, not the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and not the Prime Minister. Gouzenko was out in the cold. But the evidence Gouzenko smuggled out of the embassy eventually led to the arrest of a large Soviet spy ring in Canada, the United States and Britain. The 109 secret documents Gouzenko hid under his shirt proved the Soviets were stealing atomic



bomb technology by turning citizens against their country. They also sent him into hiding for the rest of his life. His revelations reverberated around the world and ignited the Cold War between the competing ideologies of democracy and communism.

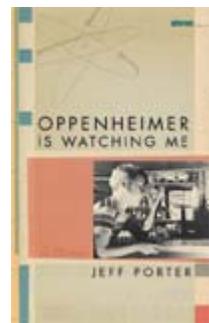
Read the true story about how Igor Gouzenko, his pregnant wife Svetlana and their young son Alexi, had to run for their lives; how British spy master William Stephenson pulled strings behind the scenes; how American radio and newspaper columnist Drew Pearson broke the story and; how lives were changed forever.

The book *Spies in Our Midst: the incredible story of Igor Gouzenko, Cold War spy* is available online for \$7.95 (US) from Amazon.com or directly from the publisher. Altitude Publishing Canada Ltd, Order Desk, 1500 Railway Avenue, Canmore, AB, T1W 1P6 Canada or, by e-mail at orderdesk@altitudepublishing.com for \$9.95 (CDN).

OPPENHEIMER IS WATCHING ME

by Jeff Porter

When he discovers that his father worked on missiles for a defense contractor, Jeff Porter is inspired to revisit America's atomic past and our fallen heroes, in particular J. Robert Oppenheimer, the father of the atomic bomb. The result, *Oppenheimer Is Watching Me*, takes readers back to the cold war, when men in lab coats toyed with the properties of matter and fears of national security troubled our sleep. With an eye for strange symmetries, Porter traces how one panicky moment shaped the lives of a generation.



All the figures in this masterful work are caught in a web of coincidences and paranoia, the chapters strewn with the icons of American material culture of a bygone era—vintage Pontiacs, Fizzie sodas, Geiger counters, latex girdles, and, of course, Fat Man and Little Boy. Readers also encounter noteworthy figures from the era, including Francis Gary Powers, whose U2 spy plane was shot out from under him in the skies over the Soviet Union, and Fidel Castro, whom the CIA plotted to kill or, at least, strip of his beard.

Seamlessly weaving historical events played out on a grand stage with day-to-day activities of childhood, *Oppenheimer Is Watching Me* is a heady mix of personal memoir and cold war history.

Jeff Porter teaches in the English Department at the University of Iowa. He specializes in literary nonfiction, documentary film, and digital media, with particular emphasis on science and technology. He offers classes on radio and video essays, documentary writing and filmmaking, postmodernism, and the history of the essay.

Oppenheimer Is Watching Me is available for sale at bookstores or directly from the University of Iowa Press by phone at 800-621-2736 or online at www.uiowapress.org. Customers in the United Kingdom, Europe, the Middle East, or Africa may order from the Eurospan Group online at www.eurospangroup.com/bookstore. CONTACT: Winston Barclay, 319-384-0073, winston-barclay@uiowa.edu.

STASI DECORATIONS AND MEMORABILIA

Bt Ralph Pickard

Following the end of World War II East Germany came under the control of the USSR as part of the Soviet Zone. By 1949 the embryonic political and military organizations set up by the Soviets had become cornerstones of the newly established German Democratic Republic (DDR). One of the most important organizations, both as a bulwark against Western influence and as a control mechanism for the local population, was the MfS, or Ministry for State Security, popularly known as the STASI.



During the forty years of the DDR's existence, until the collapse of the regime in 1989, a huge range of decorations and award documents were showered upon the MfS personnel in recognition of outstanding achievements or length of service. This is the first volume to provide a comprehensive survey and evaluation of STASI decorations. The author, who was in Germany in the late 1980s and witnessed the downfall of the DDR, has built up a formidable STASI collection of his own. He draws on this to construct an invaluable work of reference for all those engaged in collecting STASI material, identifying subtle changes in particular documents and awards, and providing time-charts and crucial measuring data to help spot non-authentic reproductions, with some known to exist.

Although it has its origins in the building of an outstanding collection, Ralph Pickard's analysis also manages to provide an illuminating glimpse into an historical and political era that is fast vanishing.

This book is essential to any East German collector or persons wanting to know more of the STASI organization. This book illustrates in detail some of East Germany's most interesting medals and in particular the award documents presented to STASI members from the mid 1950s through the end of the 1980s.

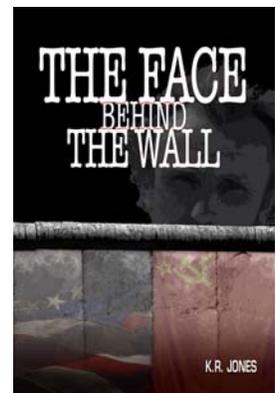
This 260 page hardcover book with over 400 illustrations and photographs provides an in-depth understanding of the award documents and other unique items utilized by the STASI.

THE FACE BEHIND THE WALL

By K.R. Jones

Take a gripping voyage behind the Berlin Wall, into a city shrouded in mystery and intrigue. Follow the life of an authentic spy from the inception of World War II and into the height of the Cold War.

For over forty years, our nation stood eyeball to eyeball with the Soviet Union, using the citizens of Berlin in a ruthless game of political tug-of-war. With the stroke of a pen, the Allies and Soviets carved Germany into spheres of influence making countless Germans pay an incredibly high price for the crimes of their defeated nation. Stripped of their identities, Germans residing in the East became isolated and were indoctrinated by the Soviet State. Thus, decades of discontent



were fueled, and many Germans were incited to commit desperate acts in the quest for their freedom.

THE FACE BEHIND THE WALL transports the reader to Cold War Berlin to experience the former crossroads of the spying world through the eyes of an East German.

The book opens as Ehren Kregor, the estranged nephew of a high-ranking Nazi official, offers himself to the Americans as an informant against the Third Reich, but he is inexplicably turned away. Years later, he succeeds in using his uncle to elevate himself to a level of prominence and Ehren attracts the attention of the Americans, but is held at arms length until the onset of the Cold War. Convinced by the CIA to reside in the East, Ehren agrees to live and work within the Soviet sector of a divided Berlin. Not long after leaving the safety of the West, however, he and his wife discover that they are being used as pawns in a treacherous political game. Eventually severing ties to the Americans, Ehren reluctantly spends the next two decades submitting to the regimented and dispirited life imposed by the Soviets. Even so, his past comes rushing back to meet him when his own son begins to question "life behind The Wall." Then, an older and perhaps more cunning Ehren finds the courage to make the incredibly dangerous decision he should have made long ago.

The inspiration for this novel came nearly two decades ago when K. R. Jones was a student at Humboldt University in East Berlin. "I am confident that this fast-paced, suspenseful tale will earn the respect of those who lived through this tumultuous time, while compelling a new generation to put an unforgettable face on the tragedies of World War II and Cold War Berlin."

Jones goes on to say, "From an early age, I was absolutely fascinated by the citizens of Berlin. I made it my life's objective to live with them, study beside them and to one day tell their story. It is a novel the reader will not soon forget, and one that will have him or her turning pages well after bedtime."

It's the new "must have" novel for the Cold War aficionado.

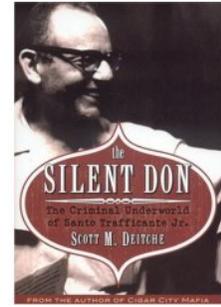
K.R. Jones was born and raised on Long Island, New York. Jones studied political science and international relations at Marymount College of Fordham University, including one year at Humboldt Universitat in East Berlin, and the Universidad de Salamanca, Spain. After graduation, Jones married a Marine Corps officer and spent the next six years at various duty stations around the country, before a final two-year tour of duty at U.S. Naval Base Guantanamo Bay. It was this tour which inspired Jones' first novel, *THE GHOSTS OF GUANTANAMO BAY*. K.R. now lives and writes in northern Virginia.

THE FACE BEHIND THE WALL will be available in December 2007 both online and through most bookstores; autographed copies will be available through the author's website, www.KRJones.Net. Pre-orders will also be accepted on the website at a discounted rate beginning in November.

THE SILENT DON: THE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD OF SANTO TRAFFICANTE JR.

By Scott M. Dietche

Reviewed by Frank S. DeBenedictis



James Pulmeri, an obscure mobster, had a lack of notoriety that was matched conversely by his role in an early 1959 assassination attempt against Fidel Castro. This underreported plot preceded a better known array of anti-Castro plots, exposed in 1975 by the Senate's Church Committee investigation. Plumeri was sponsored by the CIA. But he also had underworld links to a later anti-Castro plotter—the powerful Tampa Mafia boss Santo Trafficante Jr.

Crime author Scott Dietche wrote *Silent Don: the Criminal World of Santo Trafficante Jr.* His earlier effort *Cigar City Mafia*—which read like a 1920s Herbert Asbury crime book—set the stage for the work on *Trafficante*. Dietche wrote about the Plumeri story in conjunction with the enigmatic *Silent Don*.

The Tampa mobster spread his organized crime empire from bolita and gambling operations in Tampa, to night clubs in Miami and Havana and finally to drug trafficking. Unlike mob bosses in northern cities, who had little interest in Cuba, *Trafficante* was a neighbor to Tampa's Cuban community in Ybor City. He spoke fluent Spanish, and was courted by the CIA because of his business links to Cuba and his language skills.

Trafficante's Cuba ties were in place well before Fidel Castro's forces rolled into Havana in January 1959; having begun with his father Santo Trafficante Sr. The senior *Trafficante* set an infrastructure in place that the son took over. Santo Junior, unlike his gruff father, was bright, savvy, and took command [like the fictional Michael Corleone] when his elder passed away. Santo Trafficante Jr. belied the mob stereotype. He was an avid reader of history and biography, was tall, thin and spiffy, and looked more like a dapper “new breed” businessman.

Dietche writes about two events in the 1960s, drug trafficking and the Kennedy assassination, which brought attention from law enforcement to *Trafficante*. His links to both the French-Turkish Connection heroin trade, and later to the Golden Triangle [Burma and Thailand], were a harbinger for more intense federal interest. Government investigations into President Kennedy's assassination, and the growing number of books on the subject were another area that dogged the Tampa mob boss well into the 1970s.

The *Silent Don* author adds little to *Trafficante* lawyer Frank Ragano's narrative on the subject of *Trafficante's* culpability in the assassination. However he surpasses Ragano in describing *Trafficante's* links to the CIA. This is an area that Ragano not only ignored but was dismissive about.

The strength of Dietche's narrative is still organized crime. He links Santo Trafficante to Cuban organized crime figures, corrupt Florida politicians, northern Mafia families, and reiterates the

chilling tale of Trafficante's possible involvement in the New York murder of mobster Albert Anastasia.

Crime writers are notorious for relying on interviews for information, but Deitche has good documentation. He gives alternatives to the Anastasia murder, and expresses a healthy skepticism of the highly suspicious Tampa mob boss in the New York event. However, he fingers Trafficante in the murder of fellow anti-Castro plotter Johnny Roselli. Two days after he had dined with Trafficante in South Florida, Roselli disappeared. His hacked-up body, in a 55-gallon oil drum, was later found floating in nearby Dumbfoundling Bay. Roselli's testimony on the CIA-Mafia plots against Castro to the House Select Committee on Assassinations undoubtedly put him out of favor with both mobsters and the CIA. But the real fear for the bon vivant outgoing Roselli was the publicity shy Trafficante.

By writing a book exclusively on Santo Trafficante Jr. Scott Dietche chartered new territory. His subject had been numerous referred to in works about drug trafficking, the Mafia, and the Kennedy assassination. Dietche's continued crime journal efforts put his books alongside the 1920s work of Herbert Asbury's *Gangs of New York*, among others.

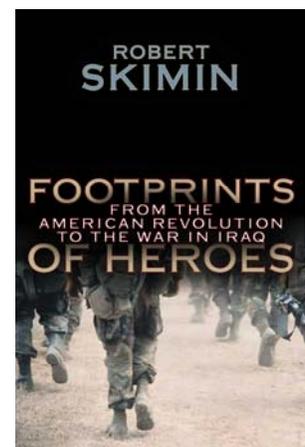
FOOTPRINTS OF HEROES: FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION TO THE WAR IN IRAQ

By Robert Skimin

Since 9/11, America has gained a new appreciation of its heroes, something that had been lost for many years due to the conflicted emotions produced by the Viet Nam War. What is a hero? In a media-saturated culture, which seems to venerate shallow celebrity idols and false heroics, it is worthwhile to revisit the true heroes of our history.

Robert Skimin, a former paratrooper, army aviator, and artillery officer during his twenty years of military service, offers a compelling look at American history by tracing the life paths of its heroes and heroines. While many of the well-known heroes of history are included here, Skimin's unique account provides memorable vignettes and anecdotes, which bring the careers and contributions of these remarkable people to life. He also includes stories about more obscure heroes, whose courage was often as great as that of the most famous icons of history: for example, a Mexican-American kid who escaped a barrio gang to become one of the most impressive heroes of military history; and the Japanese American young men who created the most decorated unit ever while their parents were incarcerated in U.S. concentration camps. Skimin also discusses such questionable heroes as George Armstrong Custer, whose little-known brother, Tom, was a two-time Medal of Honor winner.

Also included is the story of Sgt. 1st Class Paul R. Smith, who died defending his outnumbered soldiers from an Iraqi attack on April 4, 2003 and was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor—America's highest award for bravery—two years later. Smith's is only the third Medal of Honor given for actions since the Viet Nam War, and the first from the Iraq war.



A Pulitzer Prize nominee for his novel *Apache Autumn*, Skimin has a knack for telling a page-turning story. *Footprints of Heroes* is a fascinating tour through America's wars, highlighting the service of those who went beyond the call of duty and left an example that is a lasting inspiration for us all.

Robert Skimin (El Paso, TX), a retired army officer, has been a writer for over thirty years and has published sixteen books, including the 1993 Pulitzer Prize-nominated novel *Apache Autumn* and the international bestseller *Chikara!*

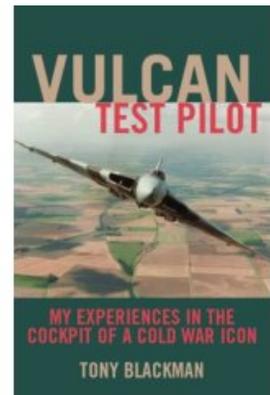
For more information contact Jill Maxick at 800-853-7545 or jmaxick@prometheusbooks.com

VULCAN TEST PILOT: MY EXPERIENCES IN THE COCKPIT OF A COLD WAR ICON

By Tony Blackman

In June 2007 a very special event happened in the aviation world. A restored Avro Vulcan Mark 2 – XH558 – took to the air again to help commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Falklands conflict.

To coincide with this event the memoirs of one of its test pilots, Tony Blackman, was published – the first ever book about test flying this monumental delta-wing aircraft which dominated the history of the late 20th century. Tony is the ideal man to write such a tale as he flew no less than 105 of the 136 built, logging 850 flights at over 1,327 hours. His book describes in layman's terms what it was like to tame the first prototypes and to master the unusual characteristics necessitated by the Vulcan's shape. Although Tony puts the developments, demonstrations, incidents and accidents in their political and historical context, his story is a highly personal one. He explains how this awesome aircraft became a national treasure and captured the imagination of the whole country.



His words, descriptions and hitherto largely unpublished photographs will make people feel as he did the excitement of handling such an incredibly powerful monster always in the knowledge that he had to be in complete charge all the time as the monster could and did bite back.

THE LIVES OF OTHERS

Film Review by Ruth Baja Williams

When art imitates life and life imitates art, the nexus of the two cry out for analysis. If you never had a chance to visit the dark and dingy capital of the former German Democratic Republic, the DDR, you might not fully appreciate the power of oppression and fear. East Berlin was known for its somber shades of grey on office buildings, statuary and apartment complexes. In his debut film "The Lives of Others", German film-maker Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck accurately portrays East Berlin as it was when the Berlin Wall still stood. City scenes are so drab that you might think you are watching a movie in black and white. But you are not. The film is in color. A fleeting dash of color here and there reveals that. The paucity of color conveys the over-all atmosphere of doom, gloom and deep underlying fear. "The Lives of Others" has won numerous

international film awards, an Oscar for the Best Foreign Film in 2006 and was awarded a Golden Globe Award in January 2007.

The film's main character, Gerd Wiesler, a staunch mid-level Communist Party member is played magnificently by famed East German actor Ulrich Muehe. Wiesler is assigned to keep surveillance on a successful playwright and the playwright's lover, a prominent actress. In its quest to search out enemies of the government, the DDR's Staatssicherheit (Secret Service) also known as Stasi planted listening devices in homes, offices and elevators. The entire populace, but especially artists, might at any time come under surveillance.

There are no white hats and black hats in this movie. It's all grey. So who is the good guy; who the bad? Or is the evil-doer fear itself, the kind of fear that festers within and turns to sickness -- and even hopelessness.

In the film, the playwright and his friends conspire to smuggle to the West an article about East Germany's unusually high suicide rate and the names of the victims. Planning for the smuggling venture, birthday party celebrations, love scenes are all monitored by Wiesler whose elaborate listening apparatus is set up in the building's attic. Wiesler's surveillance goes on for months. Diligently, Wiesler listens and types up his reports; listens and types, all the while living his own lonely, monotonous life. At a moment so subtle as to be easily missed, Wiesler gives false information to the Stasi, and the suicide article finds its way safely to the West.

On November 4, 1989 a few days before the fall of the Berlin Wall, I was in East Berlin visiting friends who were telling me that what they most longed for was the freedom to express an opinion that was not the Party line. That very day, Ulrich Muehe and other East Berlin artists dared to speak out vehemently in public against the monopoly power of the government. I had never heard of Ulrich Muehe the actor and had no idea then that his railing against the East German government happened on the same weekend that I was quietly discussing the tense political situation with friends in their East Berlin apartment. My family and I had lived twenty years of the Berlin Wall's 27-year existence on the other side of the Wall, in West Berlin. When we visited our friends in the East, we had learned not discuss politics when a stranger got into an elevator with us. We knew to hold such discussions only in an open city park. We knew that bugging devices were in many places, but we didn't know where.

The movie imitates life, when the actress in the story dies. Now, back to real life -- In a newspaper interview on July 20, 2007, the actor Muehe revealed how he had years before accused his first wife, an actress, of being a Stasi informant. The actress denied the accusation but died of cancer before the matter was resolved. On the day following the interview, July 21, 2007, Muehe himself succumbed to stomach cancer. Oppression, in its many forms can cost you your physical and mental health. It can make your life not worth living.

In this country, we cherish our freedoms most dearly but if we are not careful, a climate of fear might convince us that relinquishing a little bit of freedom here and there could do no harm. It would serve us well to appreciate "The Lives of Others" not only for its artistic merit, but also for the cautionary tale it tells.

COLD WAR WEBSITES OF INTEREST

If you would like to have your website posted in this section, send an email to editor@coldwar.org with a brief description for consideration.

www.americanhungarianfederation.org/news_Spiritof1956Memorial.htm - American Hungarian Federation.

http://www.bhamweekly.com/article.php?article_id=00390 - The true story of the Alabama Air Guard and the Bay of Pigs

<http://frontpagemagazine.com/Articles/Read.aspx?GUID=69FE5954-49C7-4E60-B8A9-DF2FD143C6B1> - Programmed to Kill: Lee Harvey Oswald, the Soviet KGB, and the Kennedy Assassination.

www.armymuseum.ru – Central Armed Forces Museum where the wreck of the U-2 is displayed.

www.airdefenseartillery.com/online/September%202007/Chadian%20Affair.htm - A French Hawk Battery Engages a Tupolev-22 Bomber.

www.afa.org/magazine/perspectives/cold_war.asp - Perspectives on the Cold War.

www.afa.org/media/reports/Coldwar.pdf - The USAF and the Cold War.

www.foxnews.com/story/0,2933,300318,00.html - U.S. Foresaw Radiological Weapon to Kill Leaders in Cold War.

www.freedomteamsalute.com - Freedom team. We have Thousands of Army Veterans to include. Army Air Corp Veterans that are entitled to a Certificate of Appreciation from the Four Star General of the Army and the Secretary of the Army if they wish to have it or if their families wish to order one for their loved ones that are either still alive or may have passed on.

www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/nsa/publications/china-us/index.html - China and the US, 1960-1998.

www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/NSAEBB/NSAEBB146/index.htm - The CIA and Nazi War Criminals.

www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/NSAEBB/NSAEBB226/index.htm - The George Polk Murder.

www.redcap70.net/A%20Berlin%20Incident/An%20Incident%20in%20Berlin.htm – An Incident in Berlin.

www.titan2icbm.org - Titan II ICBM Web Page

www.politicalassassinations.com - The Coalition On Political Assassinations

www.supersabresociety.com – Super Sabre Society

www.assassinationofjfk22days.com - 22 Days Hath November

www.berlin-brigade.de/engl.html - Berlin Brigade

www.themindgamebywebb.com – KTUS, the original Armed Forces Radio outlet in Turkey

www.ussedson.net – USS Edson

<https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/csi-publications/books-and-monographs/a-12/index.html> - Archangel: CIA's Supersonic A-12 Reconnaissance Aircraft

www.wvi.com/~sr71webmaster/kelly1.htm -Clarence L. Kelly Johnson Biography

www.dogtaghistory.com – Dog Tag History

“THE END”

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If you are interested in helping to establish a self-sufficient magazine with advertisements, catalog, and articles send an email to museum@coldwar.org.

Translators needed to translate The Cold War Times and sections of the Cold War Museum’s webpage into other languages. If you can assist with this request, please email museum@coldwar.org.

If you would like to submit an article, reunion notice, event notice, or Cold War research inquiry, send an email to museum@coldwar.org.

If you would like to sponsor future issues of The Cold War Times, send an email to museum@coldwar.org.

If you would like to help establish a Museum Chapter in your State or Country, please email museum@coldwar.org.

If you actually just scrolled down to the bottom of the page to see “The End,” send an email to museum@coldwar.org and let me know.

Thank you for your continued support.

Francis Gary Powers, Jr.
Founder - The Cold War Museum