

# The Valley Compatriot

San Fernando Valley Chapter



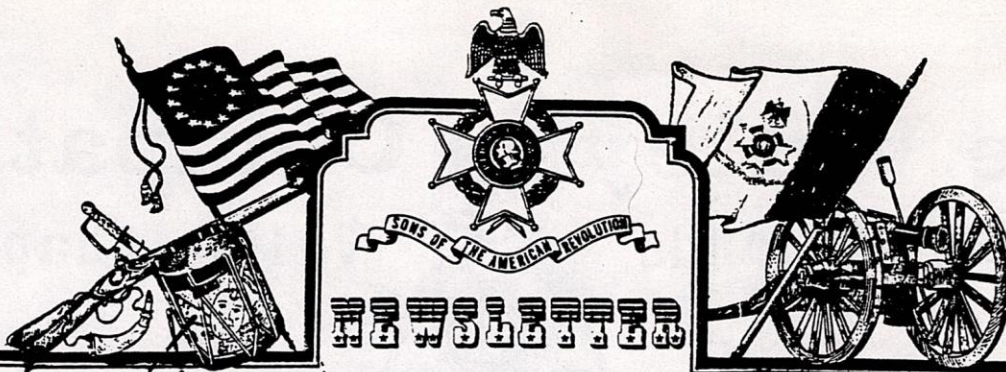
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



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NEWSLETTER

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 1985  
 Lt. Col. JAMES BELLAH, II  
 1984  
 DONALD NORMAN MORAN  
 1981-1983

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**THE FRONT COVER**

Burbank, California - March 14th, 1987 - - President-General CLOVIS H. BRAKEBILL and newly elected CASSAR State President DONALD NORMAN MORAN at the Annual Meeting of the Society. Former Auxiliary President Betty Stowe at the podium.

**THE VALLEY COMPATRIOT**

The VALLEY COMPATRIOT is the official publication of the

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY CHAPTER,  
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 SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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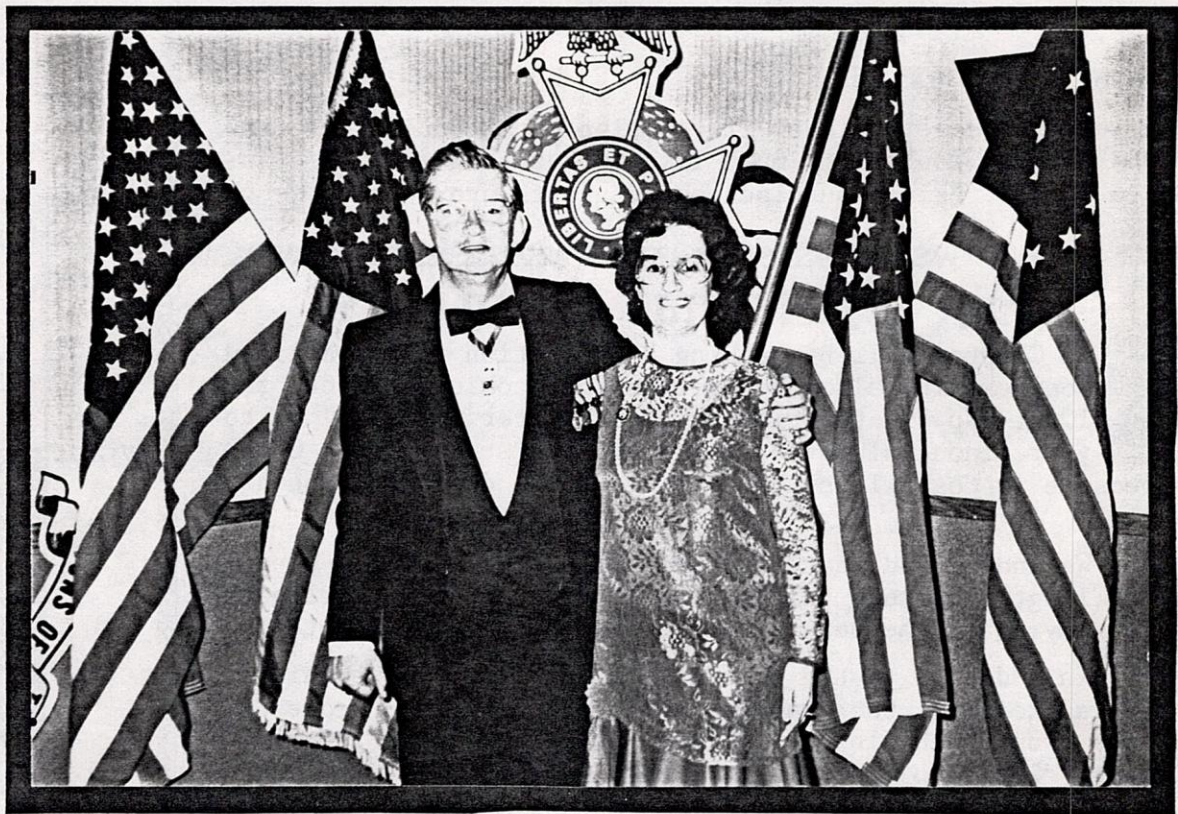
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~~~~~ Compatriot's in the News ~~~~~

**T**his has been another active month for the San Fernando Valley Chapter. We have much to report on our "Compatriot's in the News". The first item is that President *Roger E. Robertson* has been appointed to the prestigious National Society's Legal Advisory Committee. Roger was also appointed to the post of State Chancellor, a position he has held before with great distinction. Former Chapter President *LtC James Bellah, II*, has been appointed State Chaplain and also Chief of Protocol. Both men will be busy at the State level of the S.A.R.

Compatriot *Philip R. Giltmier*, was appointed by President Robertson to the newly created post of "Captain of the Guard". This is a command position in the Chapter's Inter-Service Continental Color Guard. *Phil* has been very active in the Color Guard's activities and with his military background will do much to enhance the Color Guard.



photographs courtesy of Compatriot Berni K. Campbell

*MR. and MRS. PRESIDENT!* Chapter Secretary *Donald Norman Moran* was elected and installed as the 1987 President of the California Society, S.A.R. *Linda Moran* was installed as the 1987 President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the California Society, S.A.R.

A P R I L      B I R T H D A Y S

- Arthur G. Bruner - - - - - 04-02
- Richard T. Moran - - - - - 04-11
- Keith A. Gouger - - - - - 04-15
- Robert C. Emrey - - - - - 04-16
- D. F. Bill Semerau - - - - - 04-19
- Jeffrey L. Towery - - - - - 04-27
- Ned W. Robertson - - - - - 04-28





Following the presentation of individuals awards, President Andriano-Moore presented the plaques for the President's Award Contest. Best Large Chapter went to Sacramento; Best Mid-sized went to Riverside (thusly breaking our winning streak); and Best Small Chapter was presented to the George S. Patton Chapter (Ventura). The Plaque for Chapter publications was not presented, however it was won by the Joseph Warren Revere Chapter.

At the afternoon meeting the slate of officers presented by the Nominations Committee, Chaired by Compatriot Charles A. Vencill, was unanimously elected. That included the election of our own Donald N. Moran to the State Presidency.



THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY CHAPTER, S.A.R. INTER-SERVICE CONTINENTAL COLOR GUARD  
 l-r: Captain of the Guard Philip R. Giltmier; Dr. Glen R. Robertson, M.D.  
 Chapter Genealogist Stephen W. Gregory; Thurman Douglas Dunlow, USAF.



THE DELAWARE REGIMENT OF FOOT - LIGHT INFANTRY COMPANY

The Annual Installation Banquet started with the entrance of the Delaware Regiment of Foot, followed by the members of the head table; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisher (DAR Representative); Cdr. Richard Andriano-Moore (President CASSAR), Mrs. Betty Stowe (Ladies Auxiliary President); Mr. and Mrs. Donald Norman Moran (CASSAR Presidents-1987); Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Vencill (Executive Comm. NSSAR); Mr. and Mrs. Leland B. Hawkins (Vice-President General NSSAR); Mr. and Mrs. Clovis H. Brakebill (President-General NSSAR).

When the head table was seated, the Chapter's Color Guard entered and posted the colors. Our own former Chapter President, Col. George A. Eckert led the Pledge of Allegiance.

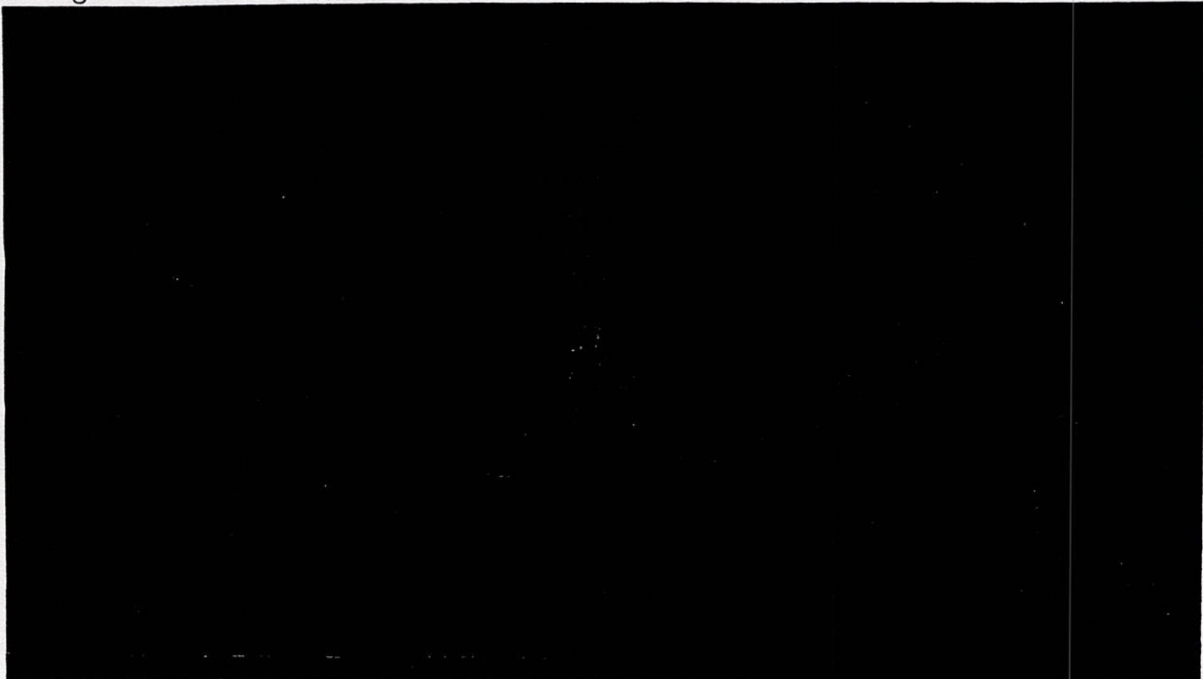
After the opening ceremony, the Delaware Regiment of Foot put on an impressive demonstration. President Roger E. Robertson than read a special citation denoting the hundreds of hours of civic service the Delaware Regiment has achieved and the numerous patriotic activities they have performed. Each member of the Regiment was presented with the SAR's Bronze Good Service Medal, and their Commanding Officer, David Weidner was presented the Silver Medal. President-General Brakebill, aided by State President Andriano-Moore, Chapter President Robertson and the Captain of the Guard Giltmier did the honors.

President Andriano-Moore presented out-going Auxiliary President Betty Stowe with the Martha Washington medal and than presented the Patriot Medal to Central Coast Chapter's Rey Hatfield. It was the most moving part of the evening. Rey received a standing ovation.

President's Andriano-Moore, Betty Stowe, Linda Moran and Donald Moran all took turns at the podium with farewell and inaugural addresses. Than the keynote speaker of the evening, the President-General gave an inspiring address on the Constitution.

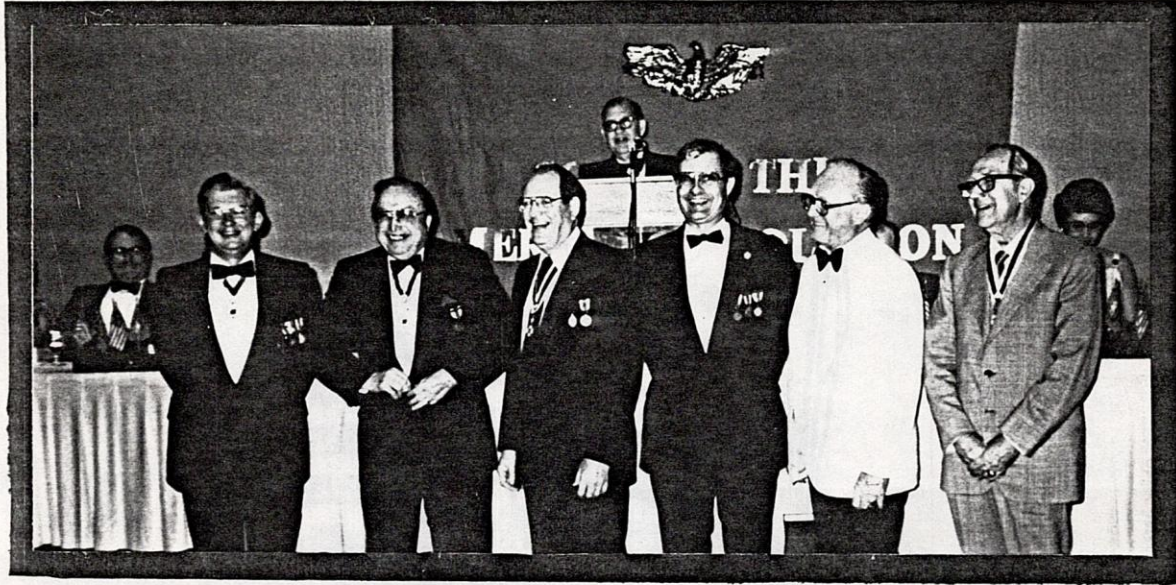
The evening ended with the retiring of the colors and the recessional given by newly appointed Chaplain, LtC James Bellah.

A special thanks to Compatriot Berni K. Campbell who took all of the photographs appearing in this issue.



THE PRESIDENT'S MID-SIZE PLAQUE WINNER

The Riverside Chapter. Accepting were Hugh Fitzpatrick and Leland Hawkins from President Andriano-Moore



THE 1987 CALIFORNIA SOCIETY, S.A.R. OFFICERS

l-r: President Donald Norman Moran; Sr. Vice President Jess T. Wolfe;  
 Vice-President (South) Arthur Wm. Barrett; Treasurer Paul H. Davis;  
 Executive Secretary Carl H. Lamb; Registrar Arthur L. Ogilvie.  
 (the depicted laughter was over a comment made by Jess Wolfe regarding  
 his inability to button his tux, size not being a consideration.



President General Brakebill  
 presents the State Society  
 gavel to newly sworn in  
 State President Donald Moran

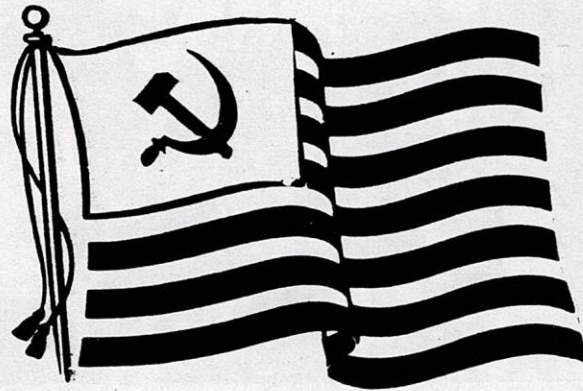


President General Brakebill  
 presents the Ladies Auxiliary  
 gavel to newly sworn in  
 Auxiliary President Linda Moran.

# "AMERIKA"

~ OR ~

## Personal Experiences Show it Can Happen Here



by Roger E. Robertson

This is the story of Miluse, who enjoyed several weeks of freedom in America. Not wanting to, she returned to Prague, to keep her brother's family from suffering, but returned to her death. This is the story of Peter, who escaped across the Iron Curtain while it still had chinks. He commented, "Remember it is Czechs doing it to Czechs, Poles doing it to Poles; when it happens here it will be Canadians doing it to Canadians and Americans doing it to Americans." This is the story of Vaclav, who visited cousins in Czechoslovakia in three differing situations, much like those portrayed on the miniseries Amerika. This is the story of Adrian, who escaped across the Danube River in the early hours of the morning, bluffed his way through Yugoslavia to Italy and emigrated to the United States. This is the story of Roger and Mary Lou, harassed on their second trip to the Soviet Union. They should not have offered to sponsor an Intourist Guide's visit to the United States, although the official response to a question from the touring group during their first trip to Russia had said a guide could visit here if she had a sponsor. This is the story of a Hungarian couple in Paris, torn between protecting relatives left behind the Iron Curtain or asking for political asylum so as to obtain a work permit.

All of these stories came to light because of Roger's interest in genealogy, the same interest that led him to the Sons of the American Revolution. The immigrant ancestor of his paternal Grandmother, Richard Mower, landed in Boston in 1635, just 15 years after the Pilgrims. The immigrant ancestor of his paternal Grandfather, William Robertson, came to New England in 1730. From that side of the family he has found four qualifying ancestors for membership in the Sons of the American Revolution.

On the maternal side, Roger's Grandmother, Amelie Muller, born in Geneva, immigrated about 1875. In this country she married Alois Urban, who had come from Bohemia, then a part of the Austria-Hungary empire, in 1876. Birth records of their nine children conflicted as to the birthplace of Grandfather Urban. Among all the records there were five different versions. One said Bohemia, another said Germany, another said Austria. Two more were more specific, one saying Vienna, Austria, and another saying Kuttenberg, Austria. It was confusing. A cousin had engaged a professional searcher to locate Grandfather's birthplace. Still the results were confusing.

In 1974, Roger and Mary Lou joined a tour to the Soviet Union and several of their satellite nations in Eastern Europe, a tour that would include Prague, Czechoslovakia. We pre-arranged through Cedok a separate tour from Prague to Kutna Hora. Kutna Hora is the Czech spelling of the German name Kuttenberg. Both translate as mining hill.

At the appointed hour in the hotel in Prague we were greeted by a tall, slender girl in an attractive beige raincoat over a brown pant suit. She introduced herself as Miluse, our Cedok guide. We were to come to know her that day as a very pleasant, helpful person whose primary job was designing building interiors, not dwellings, "because there are standard plans for apartment buildings." She was probably in her late thirties, lived with her mother, had a brother in Canada who left in 1968, the year of the attempted revolt by the Czechs which the Soviets put down with tanks and Communist soldiers. Her English was reasonably good, if you listened carefully and asked the question in a different way when you didn't understand the first answer.

During the 72 km(43mi) ride to Kutna Hora our attention was focused on the guide and the driver and sizing up the situation. A shoulder bag, full of goodies such as coffee, soap, toothpaste and panty hose was ready for gifts, whenever and wherever they might be needed. Of Miluse we learned she had worked at her primary job until one o'clock, but had worked the previous Saturday. She was required to work overtime in order to have free time for the trip, which she made as a guide only two or three times a year, i.e., it was special for her as well.

From the main road it was only a few kilometers to the center of town. The driver stopped on the outskirts, that I might take a picture of a small Church. There is evidence of more religion in the satellite nations than in Russia. The USSR has had more than 50 years to train its children to be atheists and has been successful. In the satellite countries they have had fewer years to teach the children. Meanwhile they tolerate the religious activities of the older people, who gradually become fewer in number.

Once in the town square she guided us to the town hall and found the lady in charge of birth records. After their considerable conversation in Czech she explained in English that I must write a request for the birth record and state the reason why. She translated it for the official. Only then did we learn the local records did not go back far enough. The request would have to go to the Archives in Prague. She volunteered to take care of it. Then we visited the castle and mint of an early Bohemian king and strolled the streets of this medieval town. It is described in a travel brochure as "One of the richest towns of medieval Europe, where the renowned Czech Groschen were minted from the locally mined silver." The other main attraction was the Saint Barbara Cathedral. It is truly a monument to the town's former glory, with its flying buttresses and carved pinnacles. Its architecture rivals Notre Dame in Paris. The interior is likewise richly decorated. Although similar, it is smaller in overall size than the famous French Cathedral.

That was the beginning of more than two years of correspondence. Finally we located Grandfather's birthplace, a small village about three miles south of Kutna Hora. Miluse obtained a copy of the birth certificate, sent a photocopy, but gave the original to a messenger, to be mailed from the free side of the Iron Curtain. The messenger was none other than the world renowned concert violinist Joseph Suk, a grandson of the well known composer Anton Dvorak. During those two years she also arranged for us to meet Joseph Suk, backstage when he was presenting a concert in Los Angeles. When we mentioned Miluse he said she had told him to expect us. When we spoke of Miluse obtaining a visa to visit here, he slowly shook his head from

side to side saying only, "It is very sad, it is very sad." He has the opportunity to see the difference between the free world and the communist world, only because he is a famous violinist and leader of the Suk Trio, "everywhere establishing their reputation as one of the finest Czech Chamber Music ensembles of our time."

In 1979 Miluse finally obtained a visa to visit her brother Peter in Toronto, after 14 years of applying. Her Mother had died the year before. From Toronto we brought her to Los Angeles and showed her some of California, from Disneyland to Yosemite National Park. She sat at the head table during the luncheon for Roger's retirement from Hughes Aircraft Company. We attended an evening gathering at the clubhouse of the mobile home park in Mariposa. That evening she commented on how freely we spoke with our friends, something she would not dare to do in Czechoslovakia. She was planning to return home not because she wanted to, but because the officials had told her if she failed to return her brother and his family who lived in Prague would suffer.

She also told of the gradual tightening of the Communist fist around the Czechs following World War II. Her father had run a small furniture factory. Three times his working capital had been made worthless and he had to start all over again. The first time was after World War II. The second time was when the communists simply issued new currency, in the same fixed amount to each citizen. The third time was when they did this again and nationalized his furniture factory. At that time he was made a worker in the factory. Management was turned over to the employee who had been the loudest Communist political activist in the factory. Her Father died a broken man.

She told of a boyfriend who had been a great athlete, who had objected loudly to the restrictions imposed by the Czech communists following their takeover after World War II. He was silenced by sending him to work in a lead mine near the Polish border, a mine known to have a high level of radioactive minerals mixed in with the lead ore. Those who worked there did not live very long. She saw him several years later on one of his short vacations in Prague. He was a mere shadow of his former athletic self. A few years after that he was dead.

Miluse refused an airplane ticket to Florida, electing rather to ride the Greyhound bus, so that she could see more of America. There she stayed with Mary Lou's sister and visited with another family for whom she had been a Cedok guide. Then she took a bus for Philadelphia for another reunion with a tourist group she had once served. Finally she returned to Toronto to see her brother, then back to Czechoslovakia.

Following her return home, Miluse's usually cheerful letters reflected discouragement. Then she was required to take another exam, for her license as a guide. She was failed on that exam. A very intelligent person, she was not the type to fail an exam. Obviously it was a means to cut off her contacts with the outside world. About two years later one of our letters was returned as undeliverable. It took so long to be returned that we had already sent another one, which also eventually came back undeliverable, again with no further explanation.

While in the East in 1982 we detoured via Toronto to meet her brother Peter. The first question was, "Where is Miluse? Her letters have been returned as undeliverable." Tears started to flow down Peter's face. "You haven't heard?" "Heard what?" "Miluse is dead. I wish I had never helped her see the free world." At dinner that evening we learned more of the story and began to put the pieces of the puzzle together.

Peter for years had made monthly phone calls to his brother in Prague. It usually took two or three hours but eventually the call would go through. His brother had been comparatively well off, at least for the communist world, because he worked for the TV station in Prague. He had a house for his family with a telephone. Some time after Miluse returned Peter could not get a call through at all, nor could he find any reason why it would not go through. He tried repeatedly. After a month or so he sent a letter to his brother, telling him to call collect on a certain day. Peter stayed by the telephone for 24 hours to make sure he was there to answer. The call came through, and told the story.

His brother was at a pay phone in a Prague railroad station. The house had been taken away from him. The family had been moved into an apartment and they were not permitted to take the telephone with them. Instead, they could apply for a telephone, but the waiting list was about 5 years long. Surely the brother's family had been made to suffer, not greatly, but they had been made to suffer. This seemed to tie in with another observation.

In Czechoslovakia Miluse had been a most pleasant and cooperative individual trying to help as much as she could. Her letters had reflected the same personality. In contrast, while she was our guest in California, she was the most difficult guest we had ever entertained. It wasn't that she was unpleasant, it was that she was independent. We were concerned for her safety; she was concerned with doing things unrestrained. We failed to recognize at the time the tremendous battle she was having within herself, forcing herself to go back to a life she did not want. We strongly suspect she must have said some things after her return that were the cause of her downfall, and eventual death. Having seen the free world, when she returned to Prague the contrast was too great. She must have slipped and said some things that were obviously not the politically acceptable things to be saying in a communist country. As to how Miluse died, Peter had little information. He knew only that she had gone to a hospital and did not come home.

Peter had escaped when it was easy to do so, before the Czech uprising in 1968. He simply obtained a visa to travel in Europe and never went back. In those early years of tightening of Communist control, the family was not made to suffer. Subsequently from a refugee camp he obtained permission to emigrate to Canada where he has been living ever since. At dinner that evening Peter made that very profound observation. "Remember it is Czechs doing it to Czechs, it is Poles doing it to Poles; when it happens here it will be Canadians doing it to Canadians and Americans doing it to Americans." He was describing the Communists method of infiltration which is to find and train a few local nationals who will espouse the Marxist position, to support them in a takeover and to install them as a Communist regime. The new government then gradually tightens down on freedoms until it essentially has the rest of the people in virtual slavery. This just happens to reflect much of what was shown on the miniseries Amerika. It has happened in country after country as communism has spread over the world.

In the spring of 1986, we met Vaclav. His father had been born in Czechoslovakia in a village close to where Roger's Grandfather was born. Vaclav and his wife had visited cousins in Czechoslovakia. He related three differing situations. One cousin was an officer in the Czech military. He lived very well. As an example, at the theater the officer's party rated the best seats in the house. That cousin had obviously become a part of the Communist elite in Czechoslovakia. Another cousin was Superintendent of roads in the district. That cousin lived and ate well. At his home, the cousin took Vaclav to the back yard and cautioned him to avoid any political discussions inside the house, because it was bugged. The cousin said, "if you want to talk about anything political, just motion me to the

back yard and we can come out here to talk." This cousin too was adjusting to communist control. A third cousin had a small place in the country. Going there to visit, Vaclav and his wife were told they would be welcome to stay for dinner except the house lacked ingredients to prepare a satisfactory dinner. This third cousin had objected to loss of freedoms. As a consequence he was given an acre of ground in the country with a house on it, and that's all. To buy salt and flour requires money which he did not have. He had only the things he could grow on his land. He was not permitted to have a job nor to sell produce raised on the land. He was therefore not in a very good position for entertaining guests. Vaclav then asked what ingredients were not in the household and made a list which he took to the local store. Looking at the long list the store operator said, "I can't sell you all of these things at one time." Vaclav placed Czech money in the equivalent of about twenty dollars on the counter, smiling as he pushed it across the counter saying, "Oh, I think you can." The response from the store operator was, "All right, but don't take them all out to the car at one time. I wouldn't want anyone to see you taking that much out of the store at one time."

The picture portrayed in the miniseries Amerika is not greatly different from the picture as it actually exists today in countries which are satellites to the Soviet empire.

Adrian escaped from the Communist world last year. Adrian was a university graduate with expertise in Economics. After working for a number of years under a supervisor whom he respected, that supervisor was replaced by one more politically astute, with political connections, but whose abilities as an economist were lacking. Adrian gradually became disillusioned with the communist system. He saw that it was not for the economic goodwill of the people. His wife, another university graduate, obtained a visa to visit in Italy. Adrian explained it is fairly easy to have one of a couple obtain a traveling visa because the other one is hostage to guarantee the return of the traveling spouse. Adrian managed his escape by crossing the Danube River in the early hours of the morning in a small boat, then taking a bus to a nearby city. Not knowing the fare, he gave the bus driver a large Yugoslavian bill, enough that would be more than sufficient so that he would not display his ignorance of the local bus fare and betray himself as a foreigner. He was still in a Communist country, but he was traveling without a visa. He also had to avoid conversation so that his accent would not be detected and he would not be questioned. In the neighboring city he tried unsuccessfully at a bank to exchange for more Yugoslavian money, using the pretense that his papers were back in the hotel. He was told to go get the papers, so he left without returning. Going to another bank he used a story of having had his wallet stolen after a drinking party. It worked. He was able to get sufficient Yugoslavian funds to take a train to a town on the Yugoslav/Italian border. From there it's a simple matter of walking from one part of town to the other, providing you have the proper identity papers or are not challenged. Unfortunately he was challenged by a motorcycle patrol. Again he used the story of traveling and having been robbed of his papers. The motorcycle officer looked at him knowingly, said, "Good luck" and drove away. So he walked across the border to freedom. Now Adrian and his wife are learning the English language and learning to make their way in the business world of the San Fernando Valley.

All of this started because of a trip Roger and Mary Lou elected to take in the year 1974, going with a group to the Soviet Union and some of the satellite countries. During that trip one of the travelers asked an Intourist guide why Russians didn't travel in the United States. The answer said they were permitted to do so. However, their government needed the foreign exchange. Therefore they would have to pay their fare on Aeroflot to New York City and be sponsored by someone who would pay their expenses in the United States. Another Intourist guide

expressed to Mary Lou her greatest ambition in life was to visit the United States. Back home, Roger and Mary Lou sent her a Christmas card with an invitation to come to this country. We offered to sponsor her from New York for the rest of the trip, citing the advantage to our children of being able to hear all about her great country from someone who could speak the language that our children would understand.

We doubt the Intourist guide ever received the letter. Mary Lou had overheard the guide exclaim how happy she was with the hotel assignment because it was located close to the apartment where she lived with her husband, an engineer. Then when we left the Soviet Union from Leningrad, the Intourist Guides willingly handed out their addresses for those who expressed a desire to send further communications. However the address was located downtown, quite remote from the hotel where we had been staying. Obviously they were required to hand out an office address rather than their home addresses.

That was in 1974. The very next year an outstanding opportunity presented itself to visit the Soviet Union on a tour scheduled and sponsored by the California Bar Association. It was advertised as a cultural exchange program between lawyers of the United States and the USSR. Other than for Moscow, the itinerary was completely different. It offered an excellent follow-on to our trip of the previous year.

We submitted visas with the same photographs used the previous year, and found them rejected because the photographs were inadequate. The photographs were retaken and submitted a second time and a second time were rejected. Again they were retaken and submitted the third time, with not really enough time to expect a response. When we flew to New York to join the group at the Pan American air terminal which Aeroflot was using, we did not know whether we would have visas to go or whether we should have alternate vacation plans. Sure enough, the visas were there.

Our baggage went down the chute in the midst of all the other baggage. We were neither first nor last. When we arrived in Moscow, everyone's baggage was there except that of Mary Lou and Roger. The next 4 days we lived in Moscow with only the change of underwear we always carry as a precautionary measure in our shoulder bags. It's not a city where you run out to a store to buy a few things. On the third night, during the Bolshoi ballet performance, one of the guides informed us that our bags had been found. They were at the airport. They had been misdirected to Leningrad. We could obtain them, but it was our responsibility to go get them at the airport. I objected to this kind of treatment of lost bags, pointing out how other airlines throughout the world generally manage to have lost bags catch up with the passenger. The guide was insistent. Finally I said, "Oh well, it's the system," whereupon the guide straightened up and said, "I think this is neither the time nor the place to discuss political philosophies. The next day at breakfast I asked her if she was familiar with American slang, to which she responded, "Not all of it." I asked her if she was familiar with the French expression, 'C'est la guerre,' to which she nodded in the affirmative. So I said, "I used an expression last night, a slang American expression which means much the same. An American saying, 'Oh, it's the system' is much the same as a Frenchman saying 'C'est la guerre.'" A big smile came across her face and again she was a friendly person.

The American tour director with the group offered to retrieve the bags from the airport and so by evening we had two bags. One was my bag. The other was red in color but was not Mary Lou's bag. The next day we were scheduled to leave Moscow at noon. I met our American tour director in the lobby at 7:00 A.M., when we started the process of obtaining a taxi cab to go out to the airport,

exchange the red bag for the proper one and return to the hotel. It seemed that just about everything was thrown in our way to harass us in accomplishing this simple procedure. Finally we were allowed to pay for a cab, go to the airport, exchange the bags and return just in time to have lunch and board the bus. All the time we had been in Moscow Mary Lou had not been able to change from her traveling suit.

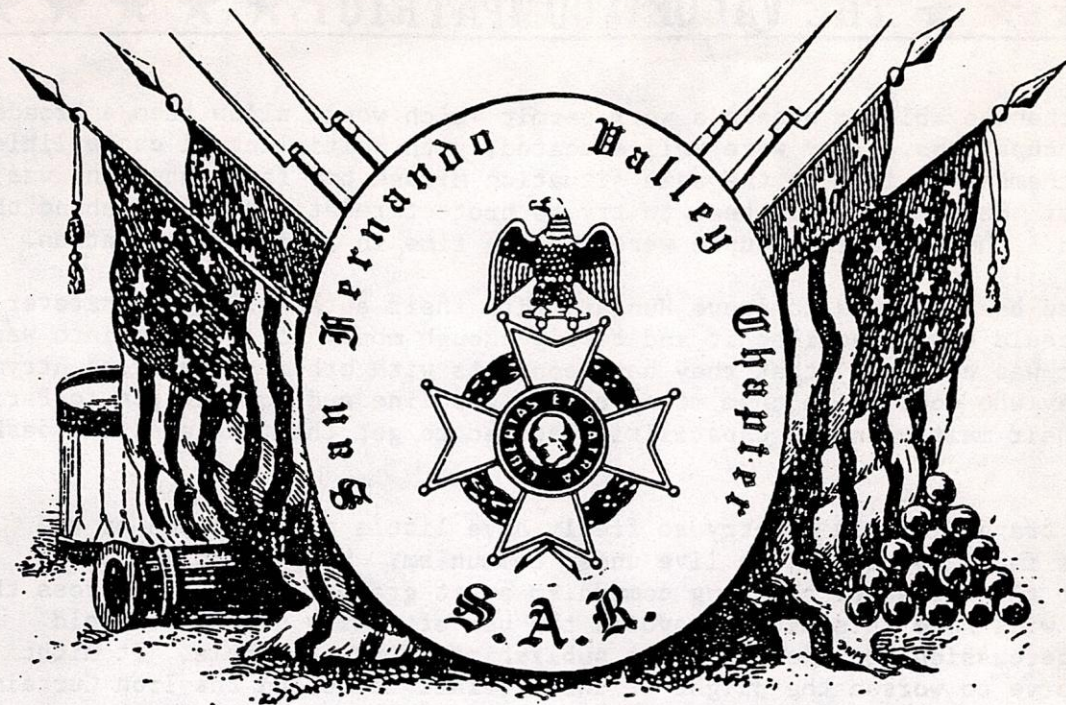
The rest of the trip was fairly uneventful except for a meeting in Kiev where the speaker made a very profound observation. He said, "We will not defeat you with our great armies, you will adopt our system because it is the better system." Therein lies the underpinnings of the method which the Soviets have successfully used in country after country as they expand their control. They undermine the existing government, whatever it may be, and support their puppets in taking over with their "better system." The miniseries Amerika did not explain how it happened in the United States. However we all have seen it happen in so many countries around the world that it is not at all far fetched to expect the same thing here. At the end of a generally enjoyable trip, the group happily returned to the United States. When we landed in New York city, guess whose bags were missing? Of course, Roger's and Mary Lou's. After an hour or so they "found" them in the back of the plane. Roger's bag had been forced open and was held together by tape, the locks were still locked, nothing was missing on the inside, but the bag had obviously been inspected for its contents. We have learned our lesson, don't invite Soviet guides to visit the United States, even when they suggest how to do it officially.

From the two trips one major impression stands out. There are three distinctive steps from here to the USSR, each one down. Free Europe is ahead of us on inflation and behind us on standard of living. Across the Iron Curtain the communist satellite countries have much less freedom for the people, a lower standard of living and the older people who have known different circumstances hate the Russians but seldom dare to say so. In Russia itself the control is even more strict, the standard of living is worse, but they've had fifty years to teach the youth that it's the best, so the majority in their ignorance of the free world think that it is. There is nothing to make one appreciate the United States like a trip through Eastern Europe.

A recent Associated Press release, commenting on the Amerika miniseries, noted that in San Francisco some of a group of fifty Latvians who gathered to watch the first segment said that it brought stark memories of a Soviet takeover during World War II. "This is a realistic approximation of what happens," said Olgerts Puris an engineer from Palo Alto. "Basically there is a fear for life, for property and a general feeling of insecurity." In Los Angeles about thirty-five demonstrators, some dressed in traditional Lithuanian costumes held an hour long demonstration in front of the ABC studios in favor of Amerika. The group members said Americans should watch the series to realize the threat of a communist overthrow is real. Lithuania has been under Soviet control since the Soviet troops occupied the country in 1940. There were greater numbers of protesters, objecting to the Amerika miniseries. They were the ones who would be good candidates for being trained for installing the "better system."

In 1983 when the California SAR contingent attended the Bicentennial of the signing of the Treaty of Paris, the group was billeted at a small hotel in Paris. The desk was manned by a Hungarian couple, he taking the night, she taking the day shift. They were in Paris with a medical visa for a problem she had and were glad of the opportunity to be there. They did not want to return, yet they did not want to ask for political asylum in France because of the repercussions it would have on their relatives still remaining in Hungary. If they were to apply for political asylum





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