

Before and Behind the Iron Curtain

Learn more about Associated Press correspondent Trixie Ann Schubert's 1961 travels behind the Iron Curtain with 26 high-ranking military officials to expose how people were being controlled by propaganda, disinformation, and fear under Communist rule

**Trixie Ann
Schubert**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SYNOPSIS	2
ABOUT THE AUTHOR TRIXIE-ANN SCHUBERT	3
DEFINITIONS.....	4
BEFORE AND BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN	7
1. THE BACKSTORY	7
2. CROSSING INTO CZECHOSLOVAKIA	10
3. PRAGUE: THE SHOWCASE FOR COMMUNISM.....	12
4. THE FREEDOM-LOVING BUFFER STATE OF POLAND	14
5. MOVING INTO MINSK, RUSSIA	19
6. THE ROAD TO MOSCOW	25
7. PASSING THROUGH LENINGRAD (ST. PETERSBURG)	31
8. TIME SPENT IN TURKEY.....	34
9. LIFE IN GERMANY.....	41
EPILOGUE	44

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For more information, contact:

Tiffany Brown

Email: tiffanyabrown1@gmail.com

Website: www.fateonafolded.wing.com

SYNOPSIS

"Before and Behind the Iron Curtain" is the story of journalist Beatrice (Trixie-Ann) Schubert's journey into Russia during the Cold War prior to the fall of the Iron Curtain. Traveling as an Associated Press correspondent with high-ranking officials from the American military, Trixie had to not only acquire a pilot's license, but learn how to speak both Russian and German in advance of her trip.

She later supplied information to Radio Free Europe, which was (and still is) a United States government-funded broadcasting organization that spreads news, information, and analysis to countries in Eastern Europe, Central Asia and the Middle East, where it claims "the free flow of information is either banned by government authorities or not fully developed." (*Source: Wikipedia*)

This talk specifically covers Trixie's experience of traveling into Moscow by bus through Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Poland during the time of the Francis Powers trial. She also discusses her time in East Berlin immediately before "the wall" went up in 1961, as well as her talks with the Turkish press and various victims of the nationalized industry in Egypt and Arab League countries.

About the Iron Curtain

For those who may not be familiar with the term, the Iron Curtain is the name for the boundary dividing Europe into two separate areas from the end of World War II in 1945 until the end of the Cold War in 1991. The term symbolizes the efforts by the Soviet Union to block itself and its satellite states from open contact with the West and non-Soviet-controlled areas. As it relates to this eBook, the restrictions and the rigidity of the Iron Curtain were somewhat reduced in the years following Joseph Stalin's death in 1953, although the construction of the Berlin Wall in 1961 restored them.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR | TRIXIE-ANN SCHUBERT



Trixie-Ann Schubert was a foreign news correspondent on four continents. She became a pilot in 1944 and has raced in the Powder Puff Derby and all Women International Air Race. She served as a radio and TV news writer for the Milwaukee Journal Radio City, and is author of three books including "A Bell in the Heart" which merited a foreword by Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations under the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations.

In addition to her time working and traveling as a journalist, she married Dr. Delwyn Schubert, who coordinated the education programs for the Air Force in Africa, Asia, and Europe. Together they had three children who often traveled along with their parents.

Trixie was a risk-taker, knowledge-seeker, and adventurer. She was an active member of the Ninety-Nines, the international association for women pilots. In 1965, she passed away in a plane crash together with Joan Merriam Smith, the first woman to complete the Amelia Earhart flight around the world solo. At the time of her passing, Trixie was working on the book about Joan's legendary flight.

DEFINITIONS

Below follows of list of some of the people, places, and things mentioned in this lecture to provide further context.

People

Adnan Menderes or Ali Adnan Ertekin Menderes was the Turkish Prime Minister between 1950 – 1960. He was one of the founders of the Democrat Party (DP) in 1946, the fourth legal opposition party of Turkey. He was hanged by the military junta after the 1960 coup d'état, along with two other cabinet members.

Boris Leonidovich Pasternak (1890 - 1960) was a Soviet Russian poet, novelist, and literary translator. In his native Russian, Pasternak's first book of poems, *My Sister, Life* (1917), is one of the most influential collections ever published in the Russian language.

Celâl Bayar was a Turkish politician who was the third President of Turkey from 1950 to 1960; previously he was Prime Minister of Turkey from 1937 to 1939. Bayar and 15 other party members were tried for violating the constitution and sentenced to death by a kangaroo court appointed by the junta on 15 September 1961.

Clyde Barnett – Aeronautical Director for the State of California.

Eddy Lanier King Gilmore (1907-67) won the 1947 Pulitzer Prize for being an Associated Press foreign journalist during WW II for 12 years in Russia. He covered the eastern European theatre between Hitler's Nazi Wehrmacht and Stalin's Red Army during Russia's "Great Patriotic War," up to the death of Stalin in 1953.

Francis Gary Powers (August 17, 1929 – August 1, 1977) – often referred to as simply Gary Powers – was an American pilot whose Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) U-2 spy plane was shot down while flying a reconnaissance mission in Soviet Union airspace, causing the 1960 U-2 incident.

Gamal Abdel Nasser Hussein (January 15, 1918 – September 28, 1970) was the second President of Egypt, serving from 1956 until his death. Nasser led the 1952 overthrow of the monarchy and introduced far-reaching land reforms the following year.

Jerome Hines (November 8, 1921 – February 4, 2003) was an American operatic bass who performed at the Metropolitan Opera from 1946-87. Standing 6'6", his stage presence and stentorian voice made him ideal for many roles.

Władysław Gomułka was a Polish communist politician. He was initially very popular for his reforms, but during the 1960s he became more rigid and authoritarian.

Places

The Bosphorus is a narrow, natural strait and an internationally significant waterway located in northwestern Turkey. It forms part of the continental boundary between Europe and Asia, and separates Asian Turkey from European Turkey.

GUM is the name of the main department store in many cities of the former Soviet Union, known as State Department Store during the Soviet times.

Hermitage - The State Hermitage Museum is a museum of art and culture in Saint Petersburg, Russia. The largest in the world, it was founded in 1764 when Empress Catherine the Great acquired an impressive collection of paintings from the Berlin merchant Johann Ernst Gotzkowsky.

Leningrad – Now known as St. Petersburg, back on May 1, 1945 Joseph Stalin, in his Supreme Commander Order No. 20, named St. Petersburg Leningrad, alongside Stalingrad, Sevastopol, and Odessa, hero cities of the war.

VDNKh refers to the name of the Russian Agricultural Exhibit mentioned in the lecture, which is a permanent general purpose trade show and amusement park in Moscow, Russia. Between 1991 and 2014 it was also called the All-Russia Exhibition Centre. During Soviet times, each year VDNKh hosted more than 300 national and international exhibitions and many conferences, seminars and meetings of scientists and industry professionals. These events attracted about 11 million visitors annually, including 600,000 guests from outside the Soviet Union.

St. Basil's Cathedral - The Cathedral of Vasily the Blessed, commonly known as Saint Basil's Cathedral, is a church in the Red Square in Moscow, Russia. The building, now a museum, is officially known as the Cathedral of the Intercession of the Most Holy Theotokos on the Moat.

Things

Babushka - an old woman or grandmother in Poland and Russia.

Balalaika - The balalaika is a Russian stringed musical instrument with a characteristic triangular wooden, hollow body and three strings.

Heart of Chopin - Frédéric François Chopin was a Polish composer and virtuoso pianist of the Romantic era. He requested that his heart be returned to Warsaw following his death and is said to be buried at The Church of the Holy Cross in Warsaw, Poland.

Kaugummi - Chewing gum.

Schloss - The German term for a building similar to a château, palace, or manor house.

(Note: All definitions courtesy of Wikipedia.)

BEFORE AND BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

By Trixie-Ann Schubert, 1964

1. THE BACKSTORY

My hope of going to Russia stemmed from shortly after graduation from the university, as we were reckoning a little while ago. About a quarter of century ago. Some of the men were being siphoned off into the service, and the women were getting the journalism jobs.

Then I had an embassy news reporting job in the Middle West for the Milwaukee Journal stations. Then I went to New York and spoke with the foreign news editor. He said they were thinking of sending three women to Russia. It was an experiment in foreign news broadcasting in that part of the world.

However, he felt that a pilot's license would be necessary because of the expanses of country that would have to be traversed. Also, to learn the language.

I went back to Milwaukee and had three years of private tutoring in Russian with a member of the Russian nobility who escaped persecution to come to this country. Learned the language and got my license. Then went back to New York. This was '45. As you know, the Iron Curtain had come down, and I was to find, it's a very real one.

At that time, they recalled all the Associated Press correspondents, except Eddy Gilmore. He had married a Russian woman, he elected to stay, until you probably also recall, President Truman issued an order to release her out of the country, so she could join him here.

However, the opportunity did come, three years ago, when my husband was asked by the Air Force to coordinate their education program in Africa, Asia and Europe. My first opportunity overseas with a journalist passport, was to ask for a Visa to go into Moscow. It was denied both by the Russians and the Americans.

By the Russians, on the grounds that they had Frances Powers, and he would be tried. They had more journalists than they wanted in the country. Apparently, not enough in-tourist guides to accompany each of them.

The Americans turned down the Visa on the grounds that I had a brother in counter-intelligence in Turkey. And with three small children, I would be an apt hostage should they decide to keep me. I went to Heidelberg, where the new headquarters of the American Military is located. Hand carried my papers and didn't fill them out quite as adequately as I had with the Air Force.

I said I wanted to go to Moscow as a sightseer, and my occupation was, "house wife." My Visa was granted. (Laughs) Many of you have traveled in Russia. The only thing that makes our situation a little

unique, was that we didn't go in by plane, we went in through the satellite countries and were the first to bus to go in this way.

There were 26 of us, most of them were high ranking American officers out of uniform, eight of us were women, and we had hired a German bus, which would take us into Moscow via Czechoslovakia and Poland.

I was quite proud of having all the roll over the eyes of the American intelligence until we got off the railroad station in Frankfurt and we were about to board the bus. I was paged, and brought before a Colonel, and he said:

"Mrs. Schubert, we appreciate your dossier in trying to get into Moscow, and we have few requests to make of you. Here is a list of 150 things you may not take pictures of. Also, you may not use the language while you are with our officers, because it might tend to incriminate them and you will be with them at all times. Now if you want to go along on a sightseeing trip, you may."

There were times later, when I was able to get away from the officers, and have just the in-tourist guide with me. But there was no time Czechoslovakia, Poland or Russia when there wasn't an in-tourist guide with me.

From speaking with people who have gone in very recently, and even at that time as tourists, they said were given a certain amount of more freedom than we were given. Then again, it was a touchy situation. We were a touchy group.

2. CROSSING INTO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

When we reached the first border in Czechoslovakia, we were kept waiting for a period of two and a half hours. The only other transportation in that two and a half hours, was a truck from Bulgaria and a motorcycle from the Netherlands. You know when you travel in Europe the only thing that occasions a wait is the customs inspection, or the vast amount of traffic trying to get across the border.

The guards were Russians. Young Russian boys. I thought they were excessively young, 15 or 16 years old. They weren't East Germans, and they weren't Czechs. Although, a small group of Czechs were huddled on the other side of the Iron Curtain with binoculars looking over into the free world.

The Iron Curtain as such, was very real, and it was quite a shock to see it for the first time. It was a section of land half as wide as this room, swath of land that was just plowed from the North Sea through to Yugoslavia. The entire length of the border.

It has three barbed wire fences running down the center. The middle one of which was electrified.

I spoke no German before I went over there. My first German instructor was a young 26-year-old boy who had escaped from the East and brought his young pregnant wife and 19-year-old brother with him. They had gone under this border at night. He had dug a hole underneath. Brought his wife under, and the 19-year-old boy stood up too soon, and he left him hanging on the middle wire.

I was speaking at the dinner table with Ms. Larson, and she was teaching over there at one time. I think she agreed that some of the incidents along the border are as frequent as in Berlin itself. We hear, usually, about the incident of the state of Berlin because it's a dramatic situation there and because the spotlight is on Berlin.

The young trigger-happy Russians are told to shoot when anybody tries to cross this barrier. They are stationed in watching stations, similar to our firefighting stations in the Nevada Range here. They're so close to one another that you can see the people in the next one from the proximity of the one you're in or standing near.

They also had a large iron gate across the road. They put our bus past the first gate, and put another gate down ahead of us, so we were wedged between the two. Then, during the two and a half hour wait, I was wearing my hair in a French chignon, and they asked me to take it down, so they could relate it to the passport picture. Make sure that my face was the same as the one on the passport picture. In other words, we would wait on small things that were very annoying.

3. PRAGUE: THE SHOWCASE FOR COMMUNISM

Our first stop in Czechoslovakia was Prague. That, to me, very much is the showcase for communism like West Berlin is the showcase for capitalism. There was a certain amount of consumer goods. The beautiful glassware for which Czechoslovakia is noted is available in stores.

There were lines of people of all ages one morning, a block long in front of a bookstore, with little strips of paper indicating they had signed up for an education course and would be given free books. The in-tourist guide said, "Don't you think this is pretty great?"

I said, "Yes, of course we have the same thing in America except ours is done by nonprofit organizations and not by the state. Usually, a worthy person in the United States does get an education." We were told not to ask any questions and not to answer too many questions in an arbitrary manor to literally be on a sightseeing trip.

The sad part of Czechoslovakia was the countryside, when one got out in Prague. And incidentally, in Prague, they would come up to us and stand along next to us, not facing us, because the Iron Curtain People don't like to be seen talking with Westerners. Sheds some doubt on their patriotism I guess. They would come up alongside of us when we were looking in the windows and ask questions about: "Have you been here before? Have you known Prague in the past? Do you know the difference?"

It was a great city at one time, and similar talk.

The sad element of Czechoslovakia was the little villages. You know that the churches are the center of the village in European cities. It's usually the tallest building in the villages. Instead of obliterating them in their anti-deity philosophy, they have allowed them to stand. The windows are broken out, the doors are barred with wooden slats nailed

across them. The landscaping on the outside has been allowed to grow wild. It stands as a desecration, I feel. A constant memorial to the fact that the younger generation has no belief in a God.

The little huts, villages and peasants' village huts have red stars over the doors. The locomotives have red stars on the front of them. As a matter of fact, this was true in some parts of Yugoslavia too, that the further you got away from the Kremlin itself, the more they could talk to the Kremlin.

4. THE FREEDOM-LOVING BUFFER STATE OF POLAND

In Poland, once you cross the border from Czechoslovakia to Poland it was like a breath of fresh air. It was 1956 when the Poles inaugurated their revolution. It was almost successful. There have been carved so often, and divided so often that they're accustomed to this constant division of their country. They seem, more or less, to take it in stride, more so than some of the other satellite countries.

We found that they were having a food shortage. Amazed to learn that 80 percent of the farms in Poland had been decentralized and no longer communal but were back in private hands. Are being run as an individual enterprise.

In that turn over, Russia withdrew some of the combines that you will find she has supplied to the Czechs to work their fields along now with our wheat. She was subsidizing the Czechs to an extent and getting them food. Also, getting the combines to work the farms that she had withdrawn from the farms in Poland that had now become decentralized.

As a consequence, they were having a shortage of potatoes and other food products. They were taking it with a grain of salt, or in joking about it, their wonderful sense of humor. The Poles told me about the Czech dog that was trying to get over into Poland and met a Polish dog crossing the border into Czechoslovakia.

**The Czech dog said, "What do you want in Czechoslovakia?"
The Polish dog said, "I want a good meal. What are you coming into Poland for?" The Czech dog said, "I need a good bark."
(Laughs)**

This was cynical from the start. The in-tourist guide asked some very leading questions that were critical of the Communist regime. He said

that the people were going along with Gomulka because he had been going along with them.

When he began to see eye to eye more closely with Khrushchev, then the people would show their resentment again. He said, "Do you know that we have maintained our religious freedom? What other satellite countries have managed to do that?"

I had been told that the heart of Chopin was in one of the pillars in one of the Cathedrals in Warsaw. When we reached to Poland, I went to Warsaw, rather I went to the Cathedral to see where the heart had been buried. Their services were on a Wednesday. I said, "Is this a Holy Day?"

They said, "No, but don't you go to church in America?"

I said, "On Sundays we do, but we necessarily don't go to churches like this on Wednesdays."

He said, "Come back tonight. Then you may be permitted to walk and look at the pillar."

I went back at 7:00 that night, and the same situation. There was a workers' mass. And it was filled with men attending mass. I said, this is phenomenal." I talked to one of the priests there later. He said:

"Well, it's like this. The communist party leader asked me not so long ago how it was that when we rang our church bells that the cathedral filled up." When he called a cell or a block meeting, he had to send his people out to round up those that should be in the meeting.

He said, "I thought and told him that I guess that we both offer them paradise, and they get a taste of yours." (Laughs)

Again, outspoken this was of Poles. The consumer goods were more evident in Poland than in Czechoslovakia or in Moscow. Very often, I have the question from some Pole who spoke English, asking if we

were coming back to Poland, and if I were please look them up and let them know if things were so much better in Russia as they had been told.

When I reached Germany again, Munich, Free Europe asked if I would come and broadcast for a day behind their curtain, which I did, and I hope that the message got across to the Polish that their whole situation is infinitely more enviable than that in Russia.

As a matter of fact, in a sentence, Russia is much better than I thought it would be, but not nearly as good as the Russians think it is. (Laughs)

The Poles and their consumer goods, we would find for instance in downtown Warsaw, American-made men's shoes in the window of what were called exchange stores. They were receiving care packages from Americans. In a food shortage, they would take the care packages to certain stores called exchange stores, get zlotys in return, so they could buy food. Then the more affluent members of their society could go and buy the American made shoes if they wanted them. Whatever came from America that would appeal to them.

Warsaw has been rebuilt completely. Most beautiful city. They used the old sketches and blueprints to try to make it as much like it was before Hitler leveled it. There is one Grotesque building. That's the Peace Palace, which is right in the center near the *stadium*. I went there with the Poles on Sunday morning because everybody seemed to be flocking there. There was nothing there to see except walls covered on one side with a pre-war Warsaw, and walls on the other side with the rebuilt Warsaw.

I said, "Why do you all flock here on Sunday?"

A man said, "Well, ma'am, it's the only place that we don't have to look at this Russian monstrosity. We all come here on Sunday and look at the rest of our city." (Laughs)

I should have mentioned that when we went from Czechoslovakia into Poland there was another long delay for the bus at the border stop. We spent thirteen hours of wasted time sitting in the bus crossing three borders to get into Russia. At this stop in Poland, they had asked that we sign declarations. Specifically, how much money we were taking into the country.

I estimated mine to be \$100, because the trip was paid for in advance, and we were requested by the military not to take more than was necessary into the country.

Then one of the Russians at the exchange station came onto the bus and said, "They were going to spot check every third person." Third person back was a man.

I was sitting six feet from the front of the bus, and he stopped and said, "May we have your purse?"

I opened it and took out my passport, and I said, "You may have this. It has my name and my serial number with military. That's all. I'm American and you can't look at my purse."

He said, "Alright madam, walk to the back of the bus, and then get off."

An hour later, this is August in the heat, we had a spokesperson for our group called Colonel S. Got off to find out why we were being detained. The Russians said, "When the American woman decides to show the contents of her purse, you may be on your way."

I was low man on the totem pole with the American officers. I got off the bus, walked in and said, "Let me count the money for you." I had four smaller purses: one with German Marx, one with American dollars, one with Polish zlotys, and one with the amount of rubles we were allowed to take into British Empire in advance."

When we took them out and counted them, I had \$98. They said, where are the other two dollars? I said, "I gave you an estimate." They said, "We don't take estimates." (Laughs)

I said, "I don't know what happened to them." They said, "Well have it shared, if you can't find out what happened to the other two dollars, we will fill out another report."

I said, "What possible good could two dollars be to anybody trying to leave your country?" He patiently explained:

"Madam, two American dollars, in the hands of anybody getting across the border, allows them to make a telephone call, to take a cab, to establish identity, to buy something in a way of different clothing. In other words, with two American dollars, they can identify with the West. Now, can you account for it?"

So I said, "You write it down, and I'll account for it." And I said, "Snacks at the railroad station for the children, I had bought a book in Czechoslovakia for the kids, a cup of tea, and also put down 55 cents for a candy bar that would have cost a nickel in the free world."

We managed to account for the other two dollars, and they handed me the paper, but since my hand was shaking, I couldn't write my name to the amusement of the young Russians. When I got back on, they permitted us into Poland.

5. MOVING INTO MINSK, RUSSIA

When we reached the border of Poland and Russia, we were to stay the first night in Minsk. Now, all along the way, we were not permitted to stay where we wanted to or where we could arrive at night. There were designated stops where we had to stay. This is true of all tourists. There are no, well you know Russia is one-sixth of the world's surface, and there's very little transportation of the nature in which we were traveling. We were traveling whole days not seeing more than four people from morning to night.

Two of them being the ever-ubiquitous trucks, bringing in communal produce from the farms, and the other two usually being the horse drawn variety of transportation. No passenger cars, no holiday travelers, no filling stations along the route until you got to the larger cities. No wayside stations. For restroom facilities, they'd stop the bus, and the men would go to one side of the road and the women on the other. We carried our own picnic lunch and would stop to eat along the way.

At one such stop, a little old woman came out of the brush chasing a goat, saw us and turned around in quite some fear and ran back. I said, "Hey Babushka." She turned around and said, "I thought you were British." I said, "No, we're Americans."

She said, "I can't stop to talk."

I said, "There's nobody else here. Just talk for a minute. Would you like to ask any questions about America?"

She said, "Yes, one, I would like to know if you believe in God or not?"

I said, "Yes, we do. We have in our constitution, like your communist manifesto, we have 'One Nation under God.' You understand?"

She had a burlap sack type waste on. She undid a safety pin and opened it up. Pinned on the inside she has a small icon of the Blessed Virgin. She said, "I'd get shot for this."

I said, "I don't think so. I certainly won't report you if you let me take your picture."

She said, "Yes, please I do. Hurry up, I'm 81, I'm partially blind, and I have to get my goat."

We took her picture. The kids along the way, from some of the communal farms would come running out, never any adults, usually barefooted children, would ask if we had American kaugummi on us. Somewhere from Bethlehem to all 32 countries we visited, there was always advanced knowledge that Americans were coming. The one big thing was to see if they could get gum from the Americans. (Laughs)

When we crossed the border in Russia, the first stop was Minsk. We had designated stops, and incidentally when we needed gas along the way we had coupons. We would stop at a certain farm house, they'd bring the petrol out in jerry cans, we'd siphon it through chamois skin, put it in the bus and be on our way.

The Germans being good mechanics, our bus driver was his own mechanic. On the occasions when the bus broke down, he fixed it himself. That last border going through Minsk, they were asked to pull the bus across a depression, a ground similar to those in our gas stations, where the grease monkeys go underneath to grease the vehicles.

Americans being as gregarious as we are, eight of us followed the four uniformed Russians underneath the bus and said, "What are you looking for? Hashish or jams or what?"

They said, "Humans."

We said, "Why would humans be strapped to the underside of a bus going into Russia? Surely coming out, but not going in."

In sheer desperation, they shrugged their shoulders and came out with us. A white coated guard came aboard the bus and asked in Russian to see our health certificates. Colonel S said, "What is he asking for?"

I said, "He wants our health certificates."

He said, "Good heavens. We don't have health certificates. The fact that we have Visas is sufficient testimony to the fact that we were granted permission to go to specific countries."

If you were with the military, you had shots for everything. I had had 96 shots for this trip and to carry me on through to the Holy Land. The government doesn't keep any vital statistics. If you lose your shot records, you take the shots over again. (Laughs) After we had received our Visas, we put our shot records away and had gone without them.

Colonel went up to the doctor and explained in English that we didn't understand him. That we didn't know what he was asking for. He indicated that he was a doctor through gesticulation and he wanted health certificates. Colonel S said, "Well we just don't have them."

He sat down, the doctor got off and half an hour passed. He came back on. Said the same thing in Russian. He wanted health certificates before we could proceed. Colonel S came up to me, took me to the back of the bus and said, "I would like you to go up and talk to him. Maybe if a woman talks to him."

I said, "Oh no, I was brainwashed in Poland, and I don't want any more of this. Besides, I can't speak the language when I'm you."

He said, "Don't speak to him in Russian. Just go up and tell him in English. Smile at him and tell him that we want to sightsee. Tell him "American Embassy," that if we telephone ahead they'll undoubtedly tell the border guides to let us proceed, and they're just wasting our valuable time."

I was quite perturbed and quite nervous. I walked up to him, and he gave me the whole harang again in Russian. I, in sheer desperation, said to him, "Well, "YA tebya ne ponimayu" or I don't understand you in Russian. He had a sense of humor. He slapped his thigh, laughed, and said, "Alright, be on your way." It was as simple as that.

In Minsk, at the hotel, as I said, very often we would start out at 6:00 in the morning, and we'd be driving until 2:00 the following morning until we reached our designated stop.

In Minsk we were to have had dinner at 6:00, and we arrived at 11:00 in the evening. The dining room was still quite filled with men, but there were no women in this large hotel dining room. They were still going to serve dinner. They had been waiting for us. Many of the men had been told that we were the first bus that would come through and they were waiting to see us.

The orchestra was playing American music. Popular tunes for our benefit such as "Tea for Two." There were no ties; I never saw a tie in Moscow. Despite the fact that when Christian comes to Washington, he's always wearing a tie. They had short sleeve, white shirts, open coats, the orchestra members.

After we had been served, the young fellow at the table near us, about 19, who had been drinking vodka, came over to our table. We had one German woman in our group, she was married to an American officer. He came over and asked the blonde woman if she'd dance with him.

She said, "What does he want?"

I said, "He wants to dance with you."

She said, "You tell him that no German woman would be caught dead dancing with a Russian. You tell him that the road to Moscow is drenched with German blood. I will not dance with him."

I said, "You tell him or just shrug your shoulders."

He went back to his table, and a short time later decided maybe the brunette would be second best. He came over to our table, and he asked me to dance with him. Colonel S came over and said:

"Now wait a minute. He knows that she's German. By her appearance, by her dress, her attire, her attitude, everything. He knows that you're an American. We are here as their guests. We want no incidents. Dance with him."

I said, "Yes sir." (laughs)

We danced, and no one had told me that Russian orchestras don't have intermissions. (Laughs)

We danced on until midnight, and after midnight, much to the amusement of the Americans. I wanted to tell him that I was tired. I was so exhausted I couldn't think of the Russian word for tired. I told him in German, "Ich bin müde," that I was tired. He didn't understand. Shrugged his shoulders, despite the fact that they associate with East Germans a great deal.

**I said, "Look fella, I wanna go to bed. You understand?"
(Laughs) His eyes lit up. I took him by the hand, and we started for the door. Finally, Colonel S came out of his stupor, came after us, and said, "No. This has gone far enough. All you eight American women, up to bed, please. And alone."**

6. THE ROAD TO MOSCOW

We left Minsk at 6:00 the next morning for Moscow. I think that the most startling thing in Moscow was the fact that they had attained a classless society. Whether I was at the Bolshoi, or at the opera house, or on the street. They said, "You dress alike with the women."

I never saw nylon hose despite the fact that I do know that they do wear them. February 27th, *Los Angeles Times* had an article saying that they are encouraging women to dress a little bit more femininely now on the streets of Moscow. Not to be Bridget Bardot's or Elizabeth Taylor's but they wouldn't be criticized if they wore makeup. I never saw any makeup. This was considered a capitalistic offense.

I talked to Clyde Barnett a couple of weeks ago. He is the state aeronautical director in California. He was visiting Moscow in former President Kennedy's plane number one. He said he did notice when he got out into the Moscow streets that there were clusters of women on the corner. He actually saw some high heels, which was unheard of a year ago or even six months ago.

He also said something else that I thought was very interesting. He said, "Did they ask you leading questions?"

I said, "Yes. I was a little annoyed since our military had told us not to plead our cause in any way. I often would get some very leading questions that would be hard to answer.

He said, "I did too. I stepped off, and they said, 'Welcome to Moscow. We are glad to have Americans here.'" Mr. Barnett said, "We would be happy to have some of you people in our country if you could only get the exit visas."

They said, "Well how can we because of the Iron Curtain?"

Mr. Barnett said, "Well now just open up the Iron Curtain."

They said, "Well of course, you have bases in France, you have bases in Turkey, you have bases in Spain, you have bases in Germany, you have bases in Oslo. We're ringed with an Iron Curtain. Where is your country ringed in with our Iron Curtain?"

He said, "It's that kind of thing that I was at a loss for a moment to answer them."

In, Moscow as I say it seemed to me they had attained a classless society. Consumer goods were nil. They had a beautiful children's store, but the things were a little bit ornate. We would find magenta and purple colored velvet booties and hats and things. Beautiful things that we get from Switzerland and this country.

In GUM's department store, the largest of the department stores, I spent a day roaming around without finding anything that I wanted to spend the rubles on. I bought wooden toys, which were propaganda oriented with the red stars on top. And the little dolls, the only kind of dolls, I saw one, which screws right into the next one. There's a book that has just come off the press, it's a German book called "eine Puppe in einer Puppe" or a doll within a doll. Working off the Russian system. Again, all their dolls, the little wooden ones, one screws in the other, you have as many as 23 of them. Bought the girls some dolls.

I wanted something for my husband. I bought records, which the fidelity was very poor on the records. I finally saw a Balalaika and thought, he would be interested in Balalaika. So, I bought the Russian Balalaika, turned it on its side, and saw a little tag on it which read "made in England." (Laughs)

I don't have anything specifically Russian. I was wearing, finally, a pair of red canvas shoes that I had worn so much when walking and traveling the little toe was coming out.

Time after time, I would be stopped by some fellow who asked if I was selling those shoes. The color they liked; it was something American. They'd buy anything, from costume jewelry, to the blouse you were wearing.

Good little capitalists, the little boys, would come up and say do you have American kaugummi? Then they have little insignias from the Russian officer uniforms that they would give you in return for a piece of gum in the best capitalistic style.

And the officers usually looked the other the way. But one fellow came up and said, "I'll give you" and he showed me rubles, and we counted them. He had \$50 worth of rubles for those shoes.

I said, "Well, what will happen to you if you went home with an American product and what would happen to me if I went back in my stockings?"

He said, "You're right, but my wife may have whatever is left in the waste paper basket."

I said, "Well I'll leave these shoes in the waste paper basket."

He said, "Please do, and here, take the rubles."

I said, "No. I can't take them out of the country, and there's nothing I want to buy with them."

He said, "Me either." (Laughs)

So, I hope his wife got the shoes.

Feeling that there must be something that would designate a difference in the class situation in Moscow, I got my first jet ride, in a jet out of Moscow. I wanted to go over to Leningrad, they had more tourists because they are adjacent to Helsinki, where most of the tourists come in from the Scandinavian countries.

I went and got a ticket for the jet, got aboard, and thought, "When the stewardess comes on she will certainly evidence some class distinction." When she came aboard she was wearing some low-heeled shoes and argyle stockings, men's type. White blouse, black jumper, blonde hair and no makeup. She went to the head of the plane, spoke to the first person in Hungarian, the next person in Russian, another person in Polish, and to me without a moment's hesitation, "Please fasten your safety belt, we're about to take off and don't smoke."

At any rate, I was sitting next to a young sailor. I said, "Hello," and he looked out the window. He didn't recognize me at all.

He said, "Oh I thought you were an American." I said, "I am, but we have an hour's ride. Let's talk." He said, "About what? I said, "Anything you'd like to." He said, "I have one question. How do the women in your country walk on those stilts?" I said, "You mean the high heels?" He said, "Yes."

I said, "In America, women don't work the automatic drills, power drills in the streets, and we don't swing on the big cranes up 23 stories to lay the bricks. We don't do masonry work, that's for our men."

He said, "Oh, go on. I've seen pictures of American women driving tractors with low-heeled shoes."

I said, "They do. Many American women work on the farms, but a greater percentage of them work in the cities, and they do wear stilts.

He was quiet. He said, "Pretty soon, next year I'll be a captain. And our submarine goes into the New York Harbor, we'll come up, I'll get to look at your city, and I will see whether there are as many cars for transportation, or if people are as well dressed, and if there's as much activity in the streets. Do you believe that?"

I said, "Yes. I was quite angry."

I said, of course, we knew there was counter espionage throughout our country, and at the same time they were persecuting Gary Powers in Moscow for the U2 incident and flying 10,000 feet over their country.

Then he began hushing me up, very excited and very frightened. I began feeling ashamed because I had this green passport for which I could get out of the country, presumably, and he could not. He had Big Brother watching from every aisle, and he did glance up and down the aisle to make certain that people weren't taking note of him, that we hadn't been overheard, and he climbed up immediately.

I felt very sorry, and all the way to the smoke hours, I carried American cigarettes. In countries where one cigarette is blocked, rather than the pack or the carton, it will buy a wealth of information on almost anything.

I offered him a cigarette, and he was frightened so much that he refused the cigarette. When we were getting off, in Leningrad harbor, he walked close behind me, and said, "American lady, if you want to drop that cigarette over there near the administration building, I'll pick it up." (Laughs) "I have one more question to ask you, too. Is it true that in America you can buy clothes out of a book?"

I said, "Do you have a Sears and Roebuck catalog?"

He said, "I'm not supposed to have it."

I said, "I know, they took my Time and Newsweek away from me at the border, and they're not exactly pictorial propaganda. Do you have a Sears and Roebuck catalog?"

He again repeated, "I'm not supposed to have it."

I said, "Yes, not only am I able to buy clothes in America, but we don't have to send any money. We write and tell them what clothes we want, they send the clothes to us, and then we send the money.

He laughed and said, "Now that probably can't be true."

I said, "Alright." I dropped a pack of cigarettes, which I think for American military commissary overseas costs perhaps 15 cents and was a greater propaganda value to him as anything that I could perhaps have done.

7. PASSING THROUGH LENINGRAD (ST. PETERSBURG)

I passed over Leningrad very briefly. It was more Western than Moscow. People did dress in contradiction to those in Moscow. They were a little bit freer in being seeing with us and asking us questions. I was quite impressed with the Hermitage, which formerly was the winter palace for which the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution was inaugurated.

Now it's an art gallery, and they don't have any Picasso or Rembrandt. Peasants were coming in. Some of them barefooted. They would be given with the rest of us a piece of squared felt to tie over their shoes, or their bare feet, and shuffle along this beautiful floor.

I asked my guide, "What accounted for it?"

He said, "That is communism in action. It inculcates culture in people."

I said, "Well great, but this didn't seem a satisfactory answer."

That night, back at the hotel, when the waiter came by I thought I would ask him. Incidentally, he would often pull up a chair and sit down next to me and chat after serving me. I had been receiving poppy seed eggs and everything. The first morning I asked for some boiled eggs, and they were hard. We were given them, served them, in little soft egg serving containers with a spoon, and it was impossible to get them out.

He said, "What's the matter with your egg?" I said, "It's great. Except that it's a little bit too hard boiled."

He said, "Tomorrow better." In the morning I had five raw eggs in a big cup. (Laughs) Sprinkled with poppy seed. It was so nauseating that I didn't touch it at all. He went to away muttering to the other waiter. She's an American, you can't please them. Either too much or too little.

He had come back to my table and put the equivalent of 35 cents or so in rubles in front of my plate and said, "You forgot this last night." I remembered that you don't tip in Russia and I had left a tip at the table. And I said, "Thank you. I did forget." I picked it up. "I was at your Hermitage today. I was very impressed with the peasants coming in to look at the paintings."

He pulled out the chair and sat down. "Yes, for the first time, we, all of us, can walk in on the same floor that Catherine the Great walked on and Peter the Great walked on. We can go up and touch Catherine the Great's gowns, and we're as good as anybody else. We can go into this palace that was formerly only for the czars." That seemed to be an adequate answer for the peasants coming in.

But wherever you were, there still was this respect in Russia for the Monarchy. They are deeply religious people. You know Jerome Hines is over there with the Metropolitan Opera singing, and he's saying the Baptist church was crowded. Whereas, this was just phenomenal. Usually you see just one or two very old people with the Babushkas in the churches.

I had wanted to go over to mass one morning. There are two types of cabs in Moscow. One is just for the workers, and there are a few that will pick up tourists. They took me to Spaso house where the ambassador is in residence, and they took me to the American Embassy. Finally, to the one place in Moscow where all Americans

must live, regardless of what their reason for being in Moscow is. You must stay at this one building so that you're under surveillance.

The woman on the ground floor said "yes, there's mass here upon the eighth floor. There are 16 flights up. There is no elevator. So I walked up 16 flights, and there was little sign on one of the doors on a card that said, "Father Dion." I opened the door and there are about 16 or so Americans in a large sitting kneeling, and in the dining room the priest was saying mass. There is a certain amount of religious freedom.

Also, the day before, we had been walking near the very beautiful agricultural exhibit, which is exquisite, the buildings in this permanent agriculture exhibit in Moscow are most beautiful. They had built 90,000 new apartment units. They were building, constructing, and then going along with the new, but the people were unaccustomed to some of the advantages that they had now.

I met an old fellow who took his goat up in the elevator to his hotel room daily with him. I said, "Well where do you keep it?" He said, "In the bathtub, but I don't want anybody to steal it. It's mine, and I brought it in from the country with me, and I'm going to keep it."

They do have a sense of, for the first time, I guess having something of their own.

Earlier this morning, I was looking at the *Saturday Evening Post*, I think it's the current one. There's a story in there too about how the living space is metered out to them in so many meters. You may find in one room, three or four families living, which makes for some difficulty with the in laws of one girl in one section of the room, and the boy's parents in another section, and the young couple in the third section of the room.

8. TIME SPENT IN TURKEY

Now, I'd like to speak very briefly about some of the tensions that we find on this side of the Iron Curtain, too.

We went to Turkey after returning from Moscow. If there are any questions that you do have about Moscow that I can answer, I would be very happy to. Very briefly, I mentioned the agricultural exhibit. These buildings are so exquisite. They have mosaic exteriors, or wooden exteriors that have been engraved. Yet, inside of the magnificent exteriors and interiors you will find a tractor on a pedestal in the center of the foyer of the large lounge, with the tires that are higher than I am for instance.

And it's always the aesthetic, which is spoiled by the mundane. For someone who isn't accustomed to it, it's always a grotesque, shocking experience.

Then, the day we were near the agricultural exhibit two, the Jewish synagogue was holding services, and when they came out they came running up to us and asked rapid fire questions about "Are there any pilgrims in America? How are Jews treated in New York? Do you know that we are persecuted in the interior here in Russia?" Then they would disperse as quickly as they had come.

They were holding services in Moscow on the Sabbath. There was a Catholic service and there was a Protestant service. You can visit some of the most exquisite former cathedrals like St. Basil's on Red Square, and you will find that there will be a beautiful mosaic painting of the Blessed Virgin on one wall, and below it an atheistic pamphlet explaining in Russian that in America and capitalistic countries it is believed that a woman gave virgin birth to a son. This is decadent thinking, when the masses become enlightened as the communists are, they will know better and describe this ridiculous literature, and so they've converted many of the churches into the resents of atheism.

Let me tell you briefly about Turkey. Eight years ago, Celâl Bayar, who was then president of Turkey was touring the United States. With him we had bases you know in Turkey, American military bases. He was touring the United States, and he was here in Los Angeles and he had with him one of the editors of the Istanbul press.

I got a phone call one morning from the Turkish Consulate in Los Angeles, asking if I would have in my home for the day, the newspaper man, because he wanted to do a series of articles for the Istanbul press about American women pilots.

I said I'd be happy to have him. He came looking more like a Wall Street broker than a newspaper man. Slacks, a cane, and bore hat.

After an hour of talking, I asked if he'd like wine, and he said, "Yes."

He said, "Excuse me, will you pour it?"

I said, "I'd ring all day and nothing will happen." (Laughs)

Another hour of talking, and I said "I'm sorry but, it's quite late—we just had two children at the time—and my children are hungry. I'm going to have to get dinner for them.

He said "Well, can't the cook get dinner?"

I said, "I am a cook."

He said "Really?! Well. And who does the cleaning?"

I said "I."

"Where's the governess?"

I said "Well, I'm the mother and the governess."

He said, "You know, in Turkey even the middle-class families always have help."

I said "Well, to an extent American women have servants too, would you like to see some of mine?"

He'd never seen a washing machine and he watched the whole automatic cycle from beginning to end. He pushed the vacuum cleaner around the living room.

He went back to Istanbul and I wrote my brother who speaks Turkish—who had been in Turkey at the time in counter intelligence—and translated the stories for me. All his stories were on American women homemakers. Not a word about women pilots." (Laughs)

I had kept in touch with him. When Celâl Bayar and (Adnan) Menderes were sentenced to death, I thought that perhaps its political wounds. The two had been sentenced to death, who had been very influential in Turkey. We hadn't heard from him in the Christmas of 1960. In 1961, I was in Istanbul and wanted to see him. Called from the Park Hotel, and was put through to him immediately. He said, "All Americans stay at the Hilton, but I'd like to see you."

I said, "Well, I'm at the Park."

He repeated, "All Americans stay at the Hilton."

I said, "Sorry, it's raining. I don't know my way to the Hilton. I'm here, and if you can get here I'd love to see you."

At 2:00 he came. As soon as he entered the door, the clerk behind the desk came over and bowed to him. Said they were delighted to see him. They hadn't seen him for a long time at the Park. What could they do for him? They followed us to a table. We sat down and ordered. The clerk stood immediately behind us.

I said, "I was very sorry to hear about ..." and before I could say Celâl Bayar, he nudged me. I stopped, and then I said, "How's the newspaper?"

He said, "I'm not a newspaper man. I'm a poet."

I said, "You mean like Pasternak?"

He said, "Yes, she meant it like Pasternak."

He asked if I had a camera, a German one, and if he could see it? I went to the room to get it. He was interested in the light meter, and then he told the clerk that I had asked for our pictures together with The Bosphorus in the background not on the balcony.

As we walked to the balcony, he motioned the clerk back until he said, "Now she can see The Bosphorus in the background. Take the picture."

He said to me, "Please meet me at the Hilton at 4:00."

He left shortly thereafter. I went to the Hilton and he was awaiting me there. There were many Americans, all Americans. One of the assistant managers of the Hilton was a woman Turk. She came over to us as soon as I came in, and said ... "I call him Mr. Azov," it's a common name in Turkey. "Mr. Azov, who is your American friend?" and sat down with us.

I said, "I am doing the same thing for my country that you are doing when you were visiting us." Trying to get across to him that I was writing some stories about Turkey. I had just had one glorious scoop.

I digress for one moment. I was in East Berlin, eleven days before the wall went up. On the day when they put up the new flag, which totally separated the East from the West, I saw an old German woman on a Sunday breaking up rubble. With her beaten face, she looked up to the flag and started to cry. I asked her what was the matter.

She didn't look like the type that would cry very easily. She said, "Now they've done it."

I said, "Well isn't that the color of the German flag?"

She said, "The color yes, but do you see there's a hammer and sticker on it? Now we're completely separated."

I said, "Is this the first you've seen of it?"

She said, "It's the first anybody has."

I dashed back to my hotel in West Berlin and came up with 500 words off of that first story that you recall when the Russians went into the Western sector. They still had control of the stations in the West. There would come in and put up the flags, and the West Berliners would come and tear them down.

Here again, I was trying to tell Mr. Azov that I was writing some stories about Turkey. The same that he had been doing about America in this country. He said, "It's very difficult to talk, but you Americans are so ingenious. And now I was listening for overtones and everything. He said he'd seen a young woman over there, a Dr. *Farnsworth* from Brooklyn, New York. She's teaching *phytology* in our university and is an interpreter here in Istanbul. I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't know your husband."

I took the key and went over and explained my situation to her. She said, "I'll take care of it in a moment." Pretty soon she was back at the table, and she said, "I asked at the desk for Doctor Schubert and they don't seem to know where he is. I'd like to talk to you. We can compare educational systems. What's going on in the states now with here. Would you please come to my room, and we can talk? Bring your friend with you. To the Turkish woman, "You will excuse us, won't you?"

She had no alternatives but to excuse us. In the room, he said that he could not get an exit Visa out of Turkey. I said, "This is incredible. You're in a free country, and it's not behind the Iron Curtain?"

He just said it's impossible. "Unless when you get back to America, you talk with *Mr. Meyer*, or Mr. Johnson who is the former ambassador

here. If they ask my government to let me come, then the Turkish government won't lose face, and I perhaps can come. Otherwise, it's out of the question."

There were tensions there, and tensions in Egypt, where we met an Egyptian woman (whose mutual friends of ours in Los Angeles) who invited me to her home. The outside was a large gray building, very non-descriptive, not crazy. The inside was one of the most exquisite homes I've ever been in where they fetch servants at their beck and call. She said, "If you could just get me an exit Visa, some way from Egypt."

I said, "Well now, wait a minute, you're in a free country too."

She said, "Nasser is the head of our country"

I had recalled how in Damascus, Syria they threw stones at me. Thinking maybe that I was British.

At any rate, they were throwing stones I was told, because they were angry at our laissez-faire policy over Nasser. They were all, 'Hands off, let him do what he wants.'"

You recall that Nasser had the Syrian nation in his Arab League. They were out for a while, now they're back in. Now in Egypt, which is also an Arab League nation, the woman told me that Nasser was nationalizing everything. Not giving any compensation. She said:

"My husband had a pharmaceutical chain here. Made the mistake of going to America, seeing how your drug stores were run, came back and put black marble on the outside of our drugstores and called the attention of Nasser to them, he immediately nationalized the whole chain without reimbursing us.

My husband committed suicide. I can't pay my servants any longer. I have a daughter in Paris, but she can't get me out. I have a son in America, and he can't get me out. Would you please see if you can wield some influence and get an exit Visa for me from Egypt?"

One had talked intermittently about some of the other countries that are out of the pattern as the Iron Curtain countries still find the tensions and the restrictions severe. Things are changing. Things are changing in Moscow rapidly.

You know that last Wednesday, six Russian women arrived at LAX, Los Angeles International Airport. This was unheard of six months ago. To have Russian women entering America. First thing they did was criticize the Los Angeles Press because of the stir it caused.

Things are changing.

9. LIFE IN GERMANY

If I may wind this up, and then answer any questions that you may have. Let me just wind it up with an anticipating one question that is usually asked, "How did you live in Germany?" which is an economy similar to our own. A little bit more affluent than our own. Germany has created 6,000 millionaires since the end of World War II. That couldn't happen in America.

We lived on the economy for a year, and finally in American Officers' Quarters. We would waken every morning to an EFM Air Force Network greeting asking American women not to wear shorts, not to wear slacks, because it was undignified in European countries where they didn't do it. And, to please be hosts in the host country, in other words entertain.

The first Thanksgiving, I invited 14 Germans, who I had met previously, for Thanksgiving dinner. I told them I was going to serve something that was typically an American dinner. I was brought up by my grandmother who was German, and I felt I knew German cooking from cooking schnitzel. I was going to serve a typical American meal for them.

I said, "It's nothing with which you'll be unfamiliar, because it was cooking with which I was brought up."

To my great consternation, nothing that I served for Thanksgiving dinner was familiar to any of them. One of them in particular was a very charming old German dowager, who had a 72-room Schloss on the East of Frankfurt an der Oder, and was ousted from it when the Russians came had traveled quite a bit. But, she had never been in our country, she had never had any of our food.

We had celery stalks with cheese. They have celery root in Germany, they don't have the celery stalk. We had green asparagus, they hadn't seen green asparagus. They're accustomed to white. We had yams, and yams are unknown in Germany. Sweet potatoes are unknown. For

those that I thought would not eat yams, I had baked white baked potatoes, and of the many varieties of potatoes that they eat in Germany, they don't use baked potatoes. They just can't bake them.

Then I had corn on the cob. Corn on the cob in Germany is food for the pigs. (Laughs)

There's a very serious story about the end of the War when Washington had said we are the so-called victors, and we know that you are hungry, what can we do for the Germans?

The German government said, "We are hungry, we would like the German mice meal." The German's meant that they would have any kind of meal, anything that they could make bread or cereals out of, specifically in wheat flour, and we could have more easily have given them this type of flour. But it was translated in Washington literally, as corn meal. So, we sent them stores of corn meal. And the reaction in Bonn was that they are going to help us, but they are sending us what they would feed their pigs.

This is accurate, and a sad commentary on the barrier of language. At any rate, when *Fran Alstain* picked up the corn, and began shredding it from the end, we decided that was the time to explain American food.

Perhaps it wasn't so different than German. For dessert, I had several pies in the kitchen. I said, "We will have pie a la mode." Which is a typical American dessert. They were aghast because pie to the Germans is pizza. (Laughs)

They couldn't imagine pizza with ice cream on it. They don't have the covers of crust on pies like we do. We have tarts with food on top of them. Not pies as we know them. I envisioned my three pies going to waste in the kitchen.

I said, "If not pie a la mode, what would you like?" One of them said, "If we have a choice, could we have some of that

marvelous dessert where you take the nuts and mash them all up?" I said, "You mean peanut butter?" He said, "Yes."

We brought fourteen sauce dishes, and a tablespoon of peanut butter for each one and started to serve it. (Laughs)

The kids exchange Christmas gifts with German children. They send us things that we like, and we always put in at Christmas time, marshmallows. The colored ones particularly. Colored marshmallows, peanut butter in non-glass containers, and something else.

After dinner, I told my children that they could entertain the German children with a popcorn party while the adults talk. I was getting them organized, and the phone rang. I said to *Fran Alstain*, "Would you please answer it?"

She said, "No, I don't speak English. You answer the phone and let me supervise the children."

I said, "Please mix this back and forth and keep the lid on it." (Laughs)

I had hardly gotten into the other room, and I heard a frightened squeak. I ran back into the kitchen, and the popcorn was going in 18 different directions. We had to vacate the dining room after that.

It's been a pleasure to you. It's been a very receptive group. Thank you. (Applause)

EPILOGUE

This tape recording was made earlier this afternoon for the American Association of University Women to whom I spoke in Whittier. I made the mistake of doing the lunch in talking extensively with them and wearing out my voice, so consequently my voice had a garbled quality throughout the talk.

Also, since I speak extemporaneously—I know no two talks are exactly alike—I missed some of the salient facts of Russia, which I had intended to speak about. One mainly, the Frances Power trial, in which we dressed as conservatively as possible to blend with the background. Wearing a babushka and low-heeled shoes, had no makeup, and mingled with the crowds across from the courthouse in which Gary Powers was being tried.

They permitted no one in other than his immediate family. His wife and parents. No press, no American lawyers were allowed in. We had the feeling, standing across from the courthouse building, that the Russian people themselves were very relieved when it was announced from the front steps of the courthouse, that Gary Powers would have a sentence of ten years.

They were greatly relieved that he didn't get the death sentence, which was a current opinion, current thought, that he might possibly get the death sentence.

(Note: Certain words that were inaudible from the original recording have been edited or translated throughout to best fit the implied meaning, or have been left italicized if unsure about the actual translation.)