

The **MACHO** of **HISTORY**



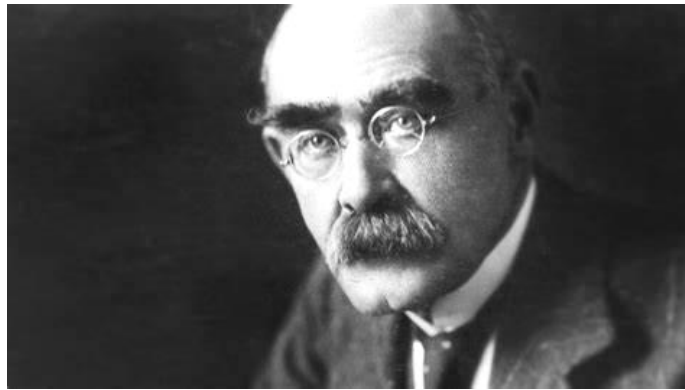
Picasso

AN INDELIBLE SCRAPBOOK

by Kevin Ahearn



*"In order to attain the impossible,
one must attempt the absurd."*



*"If history were taught in the form of stories,
it would never be forgotten."*



"Don't give up. Don't ever give up."

For my granddaughters Tegwyn & Dorothy

CRAZY HORSE.....	4
WILLIAM CODY/MANFRED VON RICHTHOFEN	25
BORIS KARLOFF.....	111
SIMO HAYHA.....	141
'BILLY' MITCHELL.....	177
SABU.....	240
MARC CHAGALL.....	264
JESSE OWENS.....	307
AL DAVIS.....	341
YURI GAGARIN.....	423

The MACHO of HISTORY is legend.
All references to actual persons, alive
or dead, made for a good story.

(Feedback – TSDINAR202@outlook.com)

Also by the author - [superhero-story.pdf \(wordpress.com\)](http://superhero-story.pdf.wordpress.com)

I AM THE MOUNTAIN

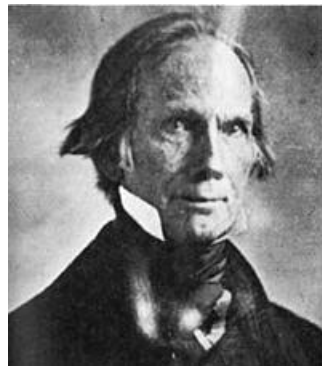




"Everyone who's born in the Western Hemisphere is a Native American. We are all Native Americans."



"Illegal aliens have always been a problem in the United States. Ask any Indian."



"The Indians' disappearance from the human family will be no great loss to the world. I do not think them, as a race, worth preserving."

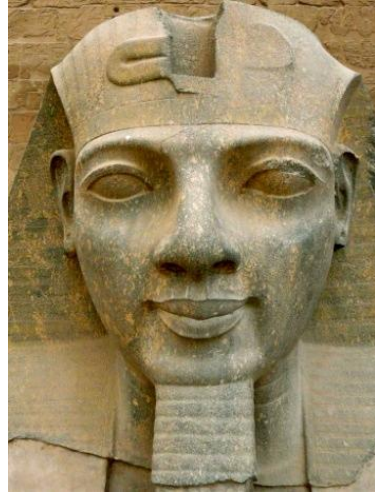


Mine is the biggest face on the face of the earth. Higher than ten tall trees and wider than any trail cut through Lakota lands.

Far larger than any 'Great White Father' and the symbol of Liberty herself.



Bigger even than kings of faraway lands.



No 'King' or 'Founding Father,' I am an *Oglala!*

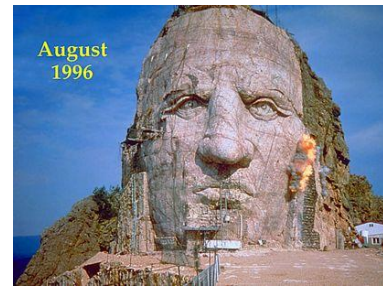
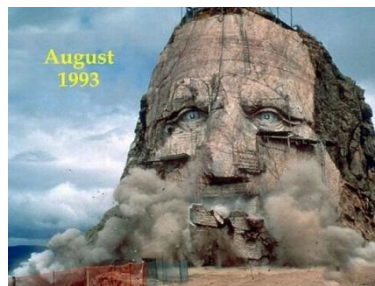
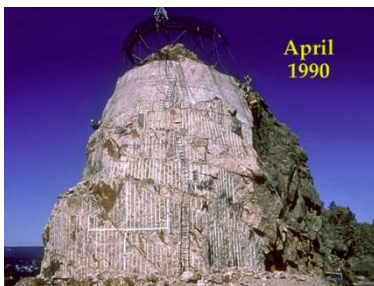
And you will see who I will always be forever.

In the time of flying machines saving a starving city, the last of my tribe performed a sacred ceremony before the chosen site.



"You must work on the mountain -- but go slowly so you do it right."

Little by little, a vision began its birth.



Not everyone was happy.



"The whole idea of making a beautiful wild mountain into a statue of him is a pollution of the landscape."



"The more I think about it, the more it's a desecration of our Indian culture."

Year after year after year after year, the blasting and the carving and the carrying away went on and on. And one day, a dawn bright with the power of the Great Spirit, the most ambitious dream ever dreamt will come true and the sight of my face from horizon to horizon will ignite the Lakota spirit in every man.

But...



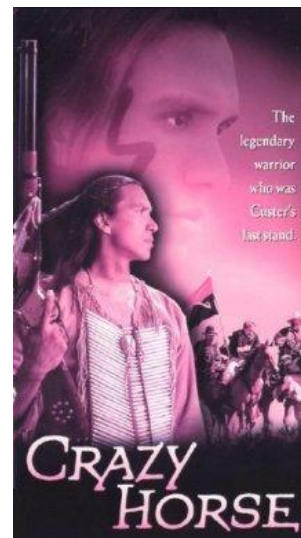
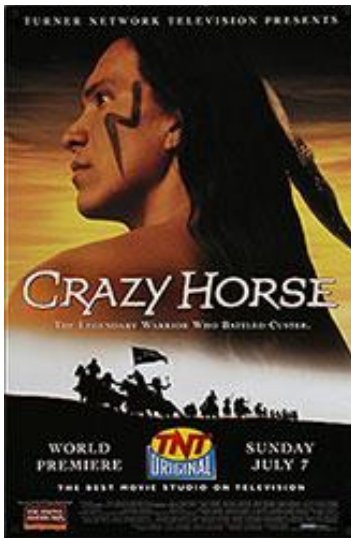
...That's *not* me!

No one who knows what I looked like has been alive for a herd of winters. My 'likeness' was never captured in a box. No artist, no painter or sketcher or sculptor ever saw me with his own eyes.

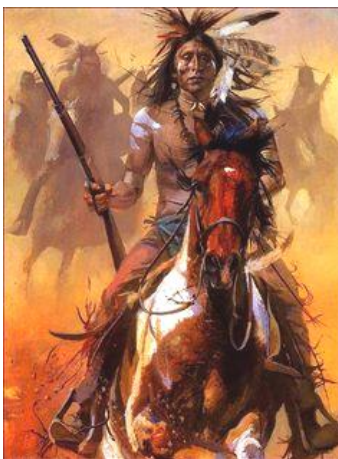
To make money, the White Man has shown me to all the world.



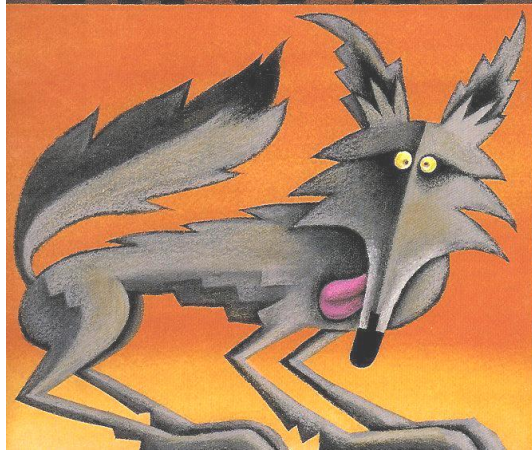
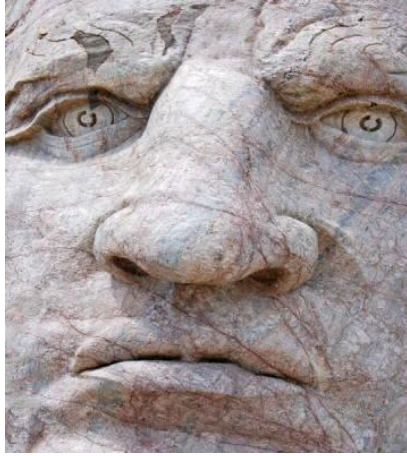
Who you see depends on who you are.



I am an illusion crafted by thousands of eyes and hands; none can see to touch me, to *feel* as I.



A symbol, a myth, a legend, an ideal - the Lakota *spirit* carved in stone for all America.



Ah, the cleverest of Lakota tricksters...*history!*



"How smooth must be the language of the whites, when they can make right look like wrong, and wrong like right."



"Since the Great Father promised that we should never be removed we have moved five times. I think you had better put the Indians on wheels so that you can run them about as you wish."



"if we are constrained to lift the hatchet against any tribe, we will never lay it down until that tribe is exterminated, or driven beyond the Mississippi."



"I was born on the prairies where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures."

From the very beginning, I was different, *special*. My skin was lighter than all the others and my hair was brown and curly and my eyes as dark as the deepest cave.

My father was a warrior who had been humiliated at the hands of our fiercest enemies, the Crow.

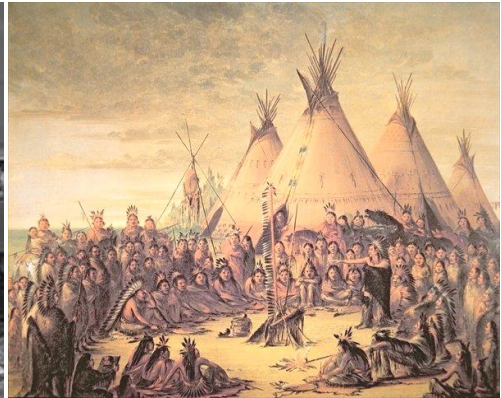
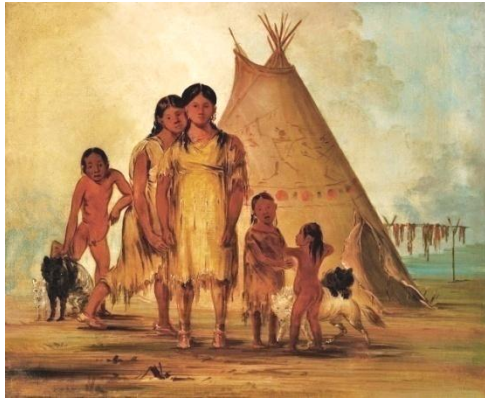


In disgrace, my mother hanged herself and I would spend many moons with other people of my family.

I went on my first hunt before my eleventh winter and killed a calf. My family and friends feasted.



The first white I ever saw was a Holy Man sent by the Great White Father.



"The tribes should be isolated for a minimum of twenty years while missionaries apply elements of 'practical civilization.'"



"They came with a Bible and their religion, stole our land, crushed our spirit, and now tell us we should be thankful to the Lord for being saved."

I went to the treaty signing at Fort Laramie, but did not put my hand to the pen.



"They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it."

I did not hate the White Man or Woman or Child. I saw them not as a people, but as a Great Flood, growing and growing, coming closer and closer until their uncountable numbers overwhelmed and swept away the Lakota.



"You speak of another country...If it is such a good country, you ought to send the white men now in our country there and let us alone...."

A very great vision was needed, and the man who has it must follow it as the eagle seeks the deepest blue of the sky.

The ceremony was pure. I did not eat or drink for four days.



Endowed with the power of a Thunder Being, I would protect my people and their lands. My Lakota destiny!



"Everything on the earth has a purpose, every disease an herb to cure it, and every person a mission."



"You are on Indian land!"

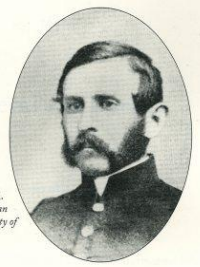
The whites became a sea of dusty blue.



*"To utterly exterminate the Sioux...
They are to be treated as
maniacs and wild beasts."*

*"The only good Indians I
ever saw were dead."*

Their strength was rivaled by their arrogance.



"With eighty men I could ride through the entire Sioux nation."

I led the small party, yelling and whooping, drawing the eighty long knives into our trap. Not one escaped.



"What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset."

A new treaty was signed.



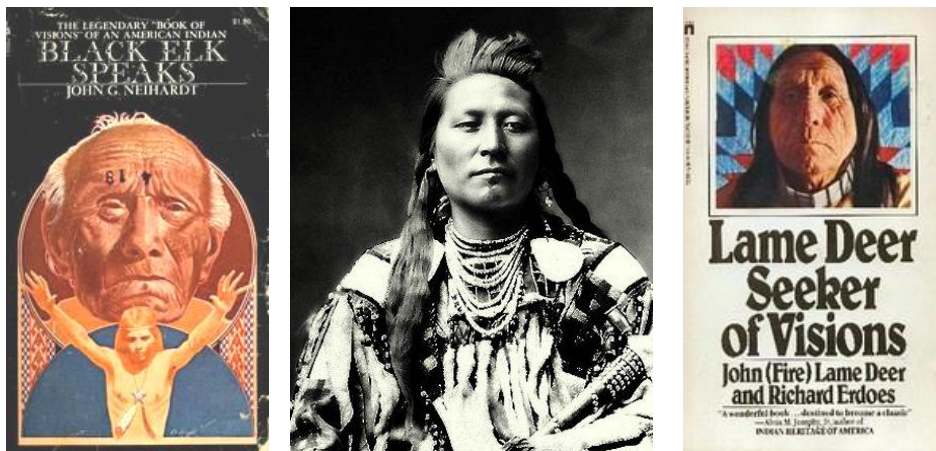
"Kowabonga, Buffalo Bob!" "Hekawi afraid of dark." "Um, that right, Kemosabe."

Whites soon broke the peace. And when they discovered gold...

The Federal Government demanded to buy our sacred land - sell or starve.



"Our land is more valuable than your money. It will last forever. It will not even perish by the flames of fire. As long as the sun shines and the waters flow, this land will be here to give life to men and animals."



"The ground on which we stand is sacred ground. It is the blood of our ancestors."

The Lakota would unite with other tribes and fight!

I joined the wisest and strongest Lakota of all.



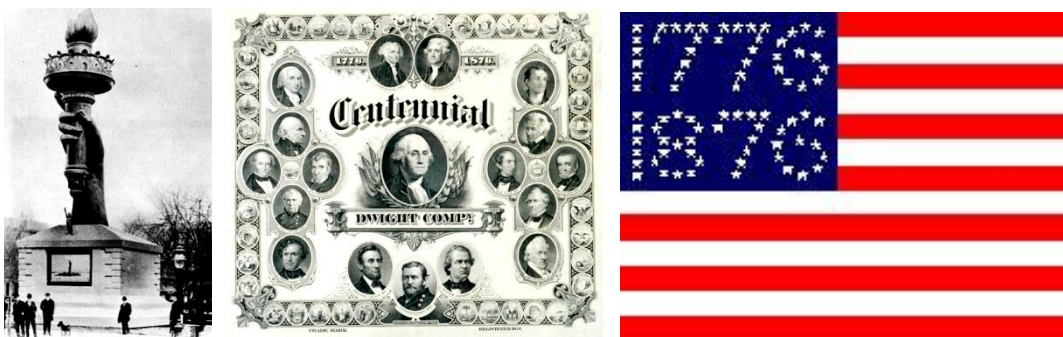
"Let us put our minds together and see what life we can make for our children."

The whites gathered their forces...



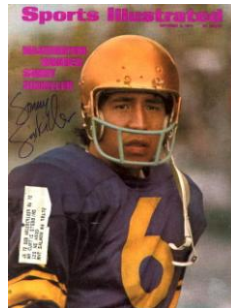
"There are not enough Indians in the world to defeat the Seventh Cavalry."

While a proud, aggressive people celebrated.



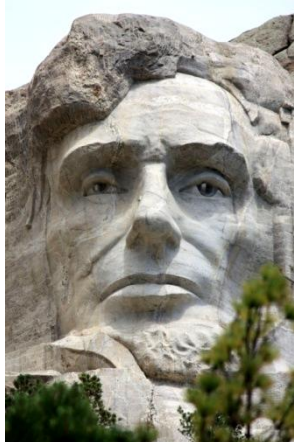
In my eyes, how small that hand looks.

At the Little Bighorn...



"Hail to the Redskins!"

Our victory was but a pebble thrown before a conquering wave.



"America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves."



"I have heard you intend to settle us on a reservation near the mountains. I don't want to settle. I love to roam over the prairies. There I feel free and happy, but when we settle down we grow pale and die."

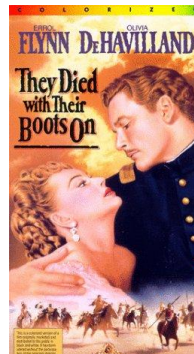
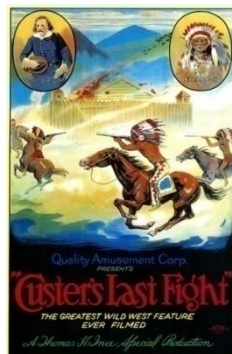
We had to flee for our lives.



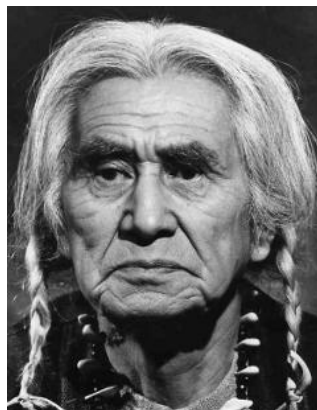
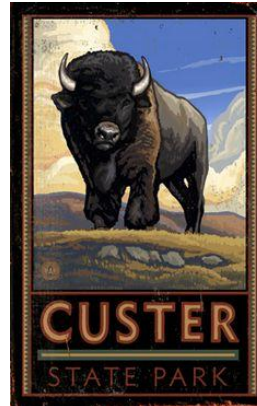
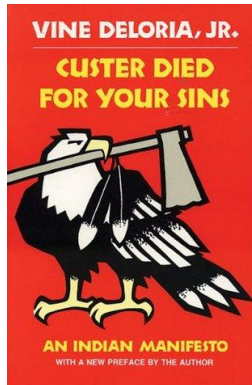
"When God made the world he gave one part to the white man and another to the Apache. Why was it? Why did they come together?... The white people have looked for me long. I am here! What do they want? They have looked for me long; why am I worth so much?"

On orders from Washington, Sitting Bull and I died with our moccasins on.

What's become of you, 'Long Hair'?



You call *that* a statue?



"I am a Man. The same God made us both."

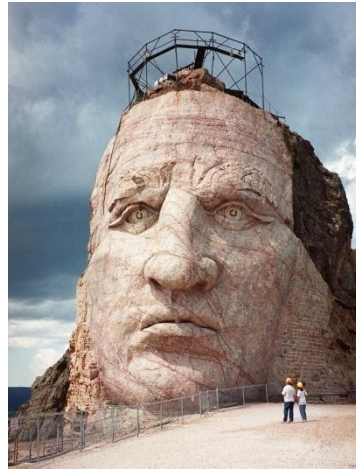
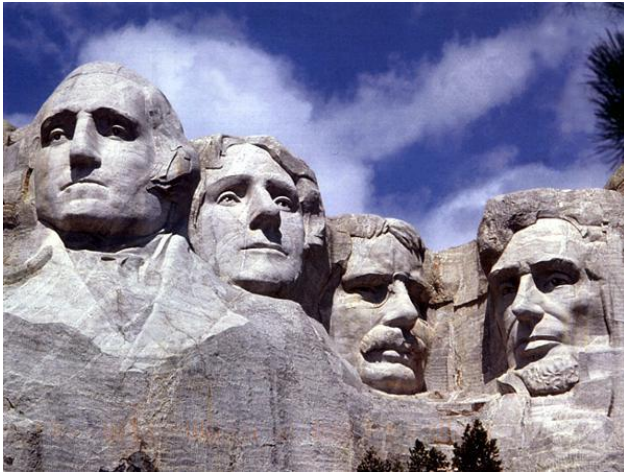
"If the legends fall silent, who will teach our ways?"

"Sometimes dreams are wiser than waking"

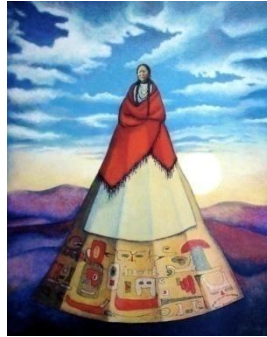


"The land is sacred. These words are at the core of your being. The land is our mother."

Whites branded the Black Hills.



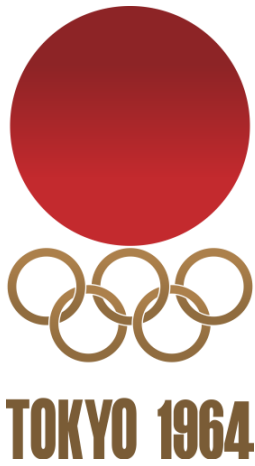
Bigger and higher. I see far beyond them all.



*"Then I see but shadows and hear only the roar of the river,
and tears come into my eyes. Our Indian life, I know, is gone forever."*



*"This continent had to be won. We need not waste our time
in dealing with any sentimentalist who believes that, on account
of any abstract principle, it would have been right to leave this
continent to the domain, the hunting ground of squalid savages.
It had to be taken by the white race."*



"You have to look deeper, way below the anger, the hurt, the hate, the jealousy, the self-pity, way down deeper where the dreams lie, son. Find your dream. It's the pursuit of the dream that heals you."



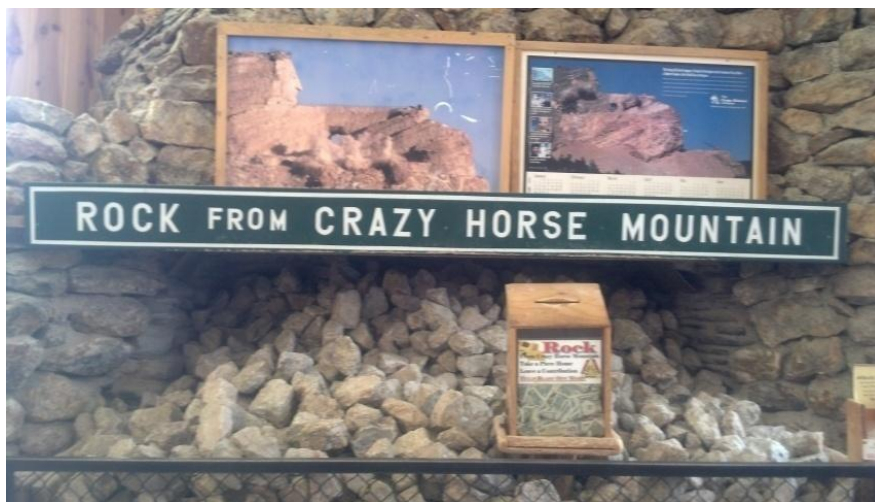
"There is no death. Only a change of worlds."



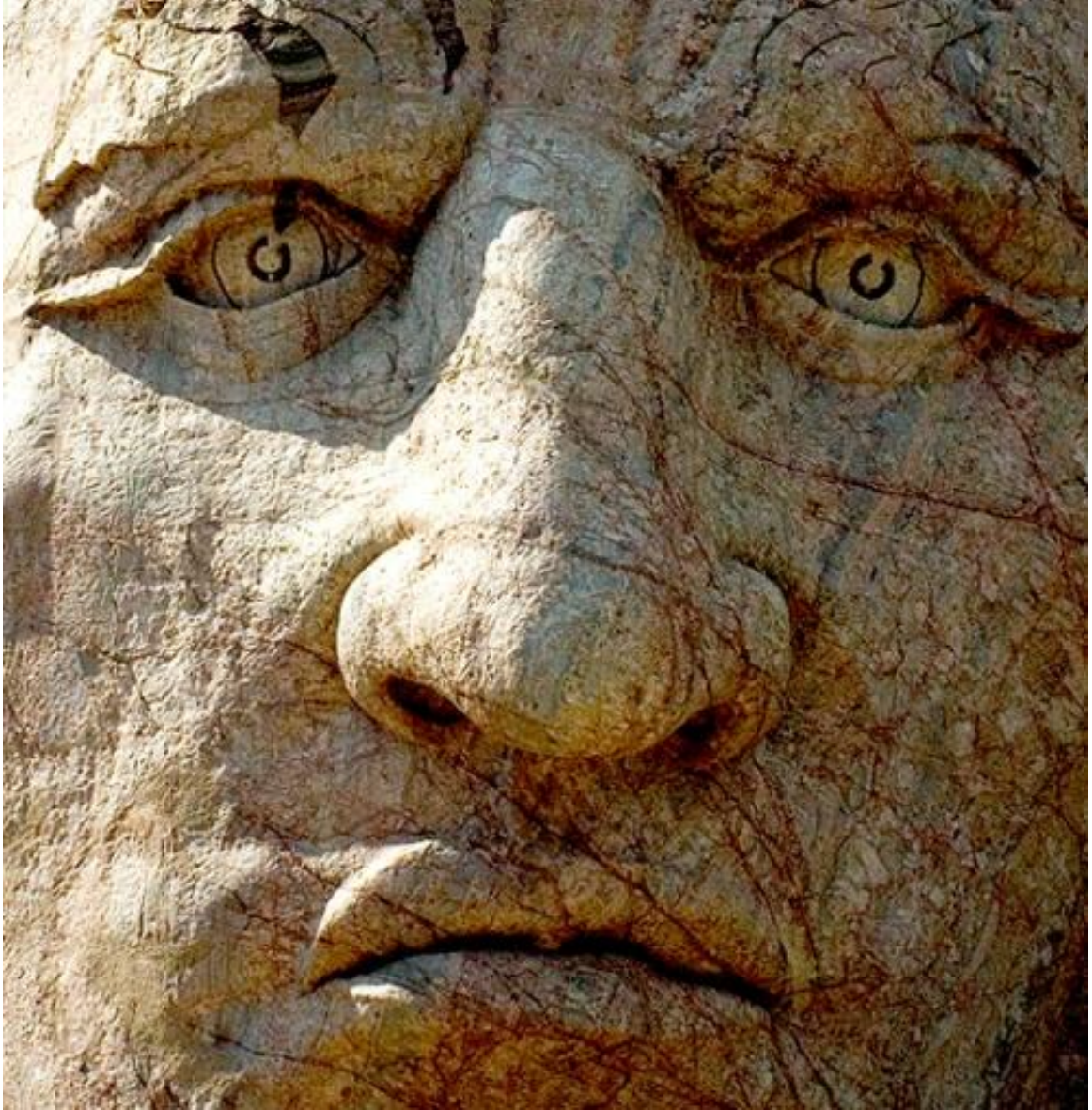
"When your time comes to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with fear of death, so that when their time comes they weep and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way.

"Sing your death song, and die like a hero going home."

I am home!



Hoka hey, America, in spirit and in stone, I am your story!



And always will be forever.

THE BISON KILLERS





American Buffalo: largest extant land animal in North America that once roamed the Great Plains. Slaughtered by the millions, some 500,000 live in captive commercial populations, raised for meat and hides, on about 4,000 privately owned ranches. Only 15,000 are considered 'wild'.



European Wisent: heaviest surviving wild land animal in Europe, slightly lighter than American Buffalo with one less rib. Hunted to extinction in the wild, the last shot in Eastern Poland in 1919 and in the Western Caucasus in 1927, but have since been reintroduced from captivity.



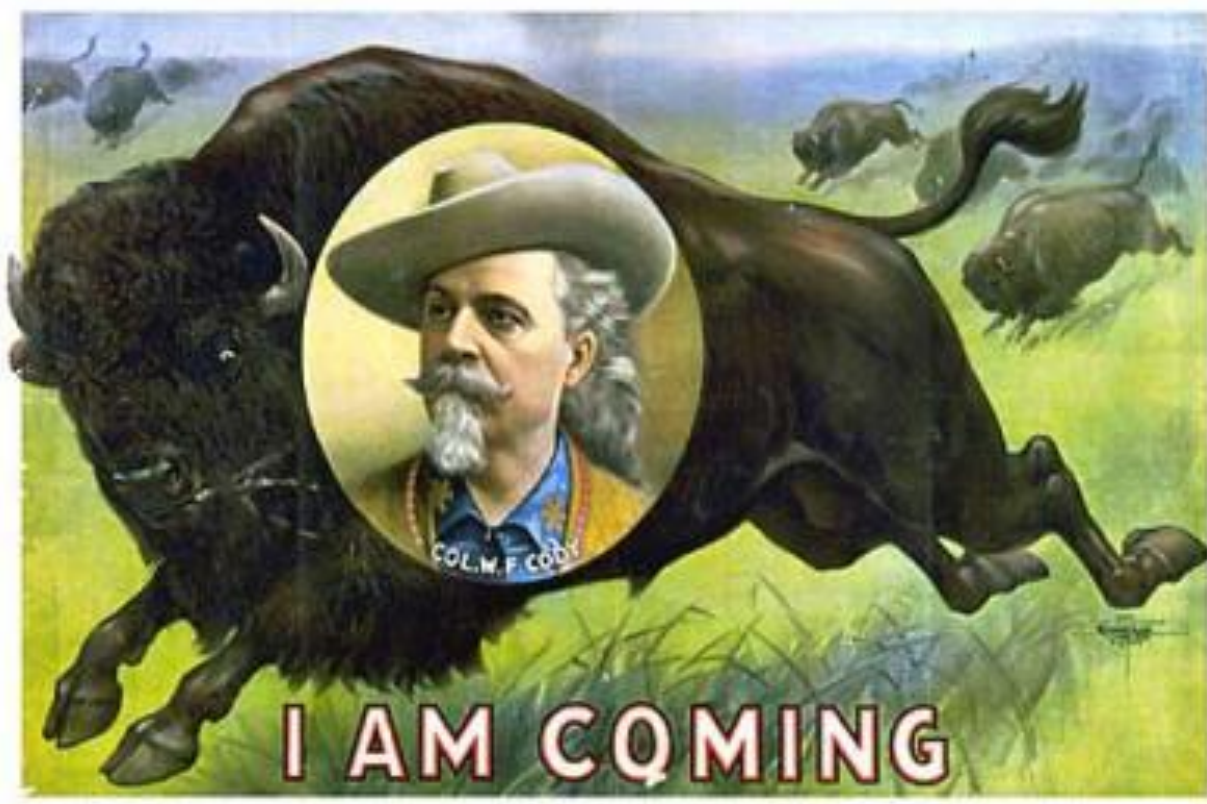
"My great forte in killing buffaloes was to get them circling by riding my horse at the head of the herd and shooting their leaders. Thus the brutes behind were crowded to the left, so that they were soon going round and round."

William Cody (4,280+)



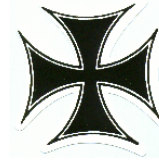
"...At the moment when the bull came near I had the same feeling, the same feverishness which seizes me when I am sitting in my aeroplane and notice an Englishman...The only difference is that the Englishman defends himself."

Manfred von Richthofen (1)





1906 - BONN, GERMANY



The one and only time I ever saw him, he made me imagine. First as a bearded centaur, a mythical being from a magical land.



Then as medieval knight, a thousand triumphs and still the hero on a glorious quest.



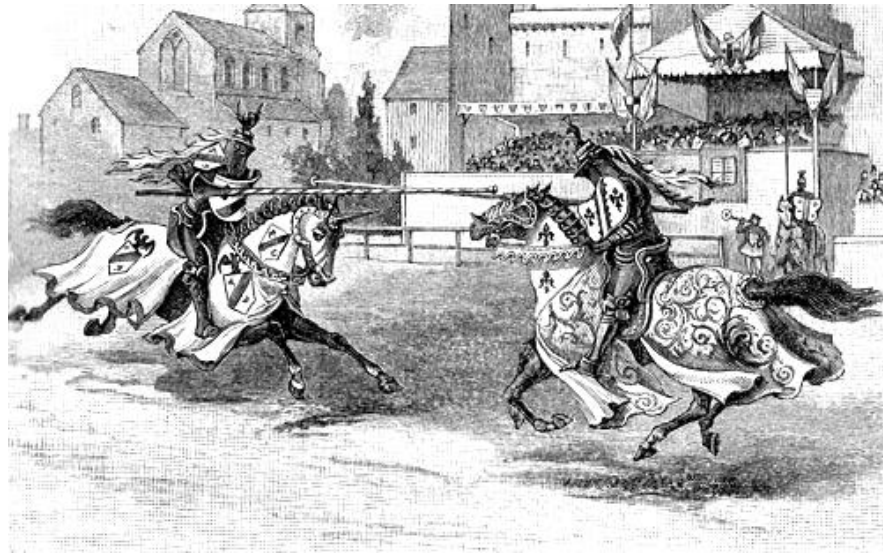
And as an invincible conquistador, full of confidence and bravado. The legend who had conquered my country.



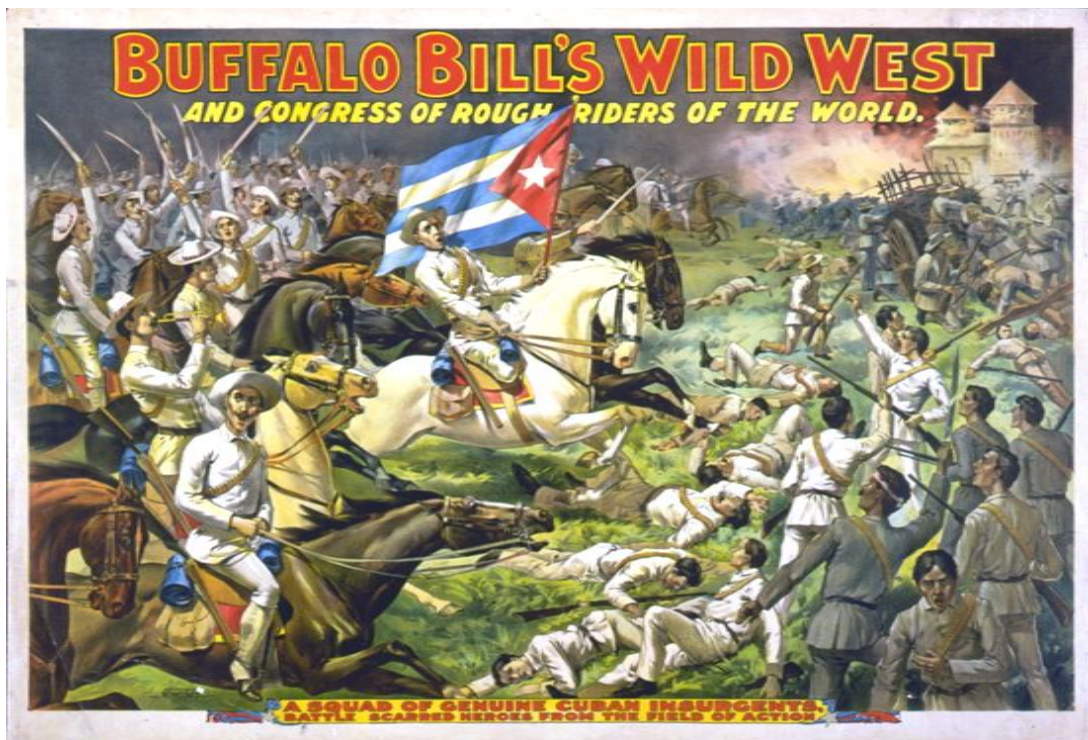
Ganz genau! "Buffalo Bill" and his Wild West Circus on their final European tour and I found myself back in the Roman games.



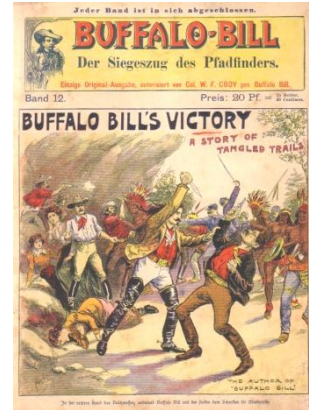
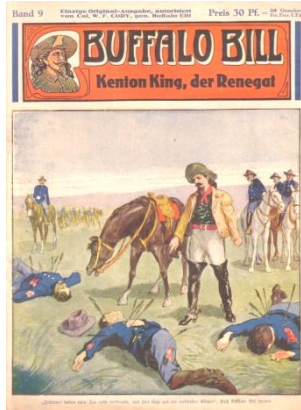
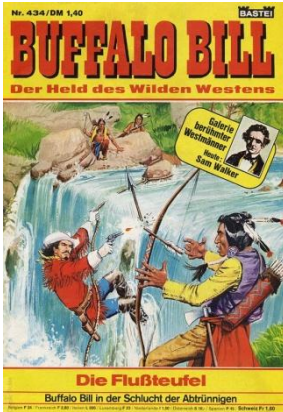
Then at a tournament of knights.



*But neither could match cowboys and Indians, cavalry and infantry, arrows and spears flying through the air, gunshots, a stagecoach robbery, and Custer's 'Last Stand'
-- The great American Adventure!*



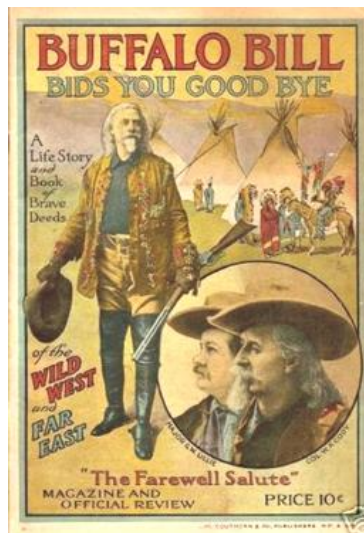
Within a year, I joined the Royal Military Academy at Lichterfelde. I had been at military school at Wahlstatt since I was eleven. Inspired to be a dashing horseman, my studies suffered. Or was it because I read every "Buffalo Bill" book and magazine I could get my hands on?



In 1911, my riding prowess earned me a commission in the 1st Regiment of Uhlans Kaiser Alexander III. Finally, my life had begun!

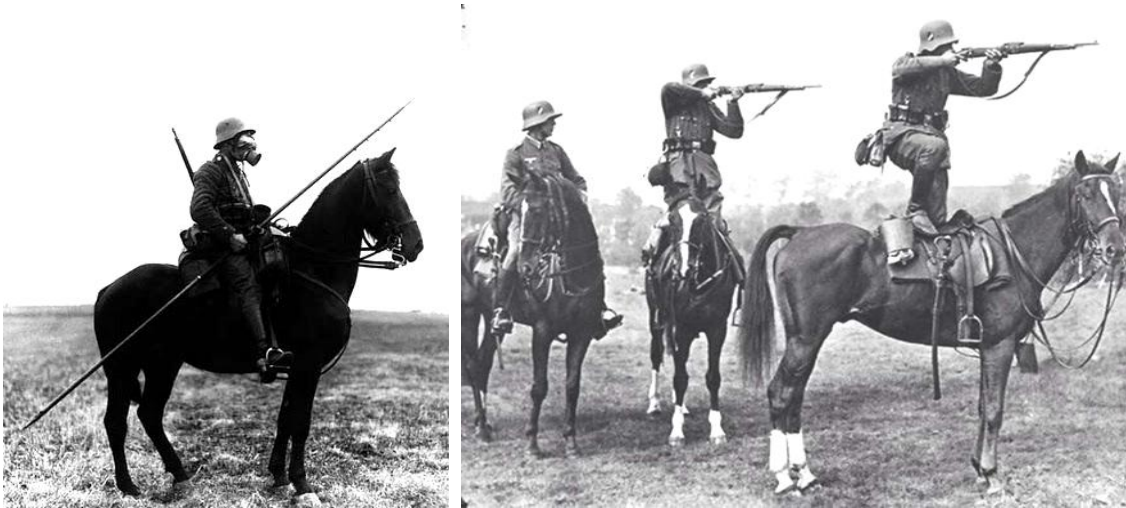


While in America...



More popular in Germany than in France and England, "Buffalo Bill" was immer news. Competition had forced the combining of circuses. A special seventy-eight-car train carried more than a thousand workers, seven hundred horses, fourteen bison and a small herd of performing elephants around the United States one last time.

After more than twenty years on the road, his pockets nearly empty, "Buffalo Bill" was riding into the sunset.



. Promoted to First Leutnant, I was riding high, ready to lead my men in defense of the Fatherland.

When war came, I was deployed to the Russian front, only to discover that after all my training, against the machinegun, the cavalry were bison!

I was transferred to the infantry and stuck in the trenches. Massive herds on each side, I had become a bison!



In 1915, shorn of my horse and condemned to the ground, I volunteered for the Fliegertruppe. But I did not train to become a pilot. Instead, an 'observer' dropping bombs on the Russians.



From high above, enemy infantry appear as a meandering herd. When my bombs explode, soldiers jump up and fall over. As "Buffalo Bill" might have said, 'As easy as shooting bison from a train.'



I longed to fight, to be in command of my own plane. I had a 'Wild West' spirit, but my mentor and idol would be strictly German.



Oswald Boelcke was the first great fighter pilot in history, devising tactics and techniques for generations of air combat.

"It indeed is quite simple," he told me when we first met. "I fly in as close as I can, take good aim, shoot, and then he falls down."

Ganz genau! "Buffalo Bill" couldn't have said it better.

After twenty-four hours instruction aloft...

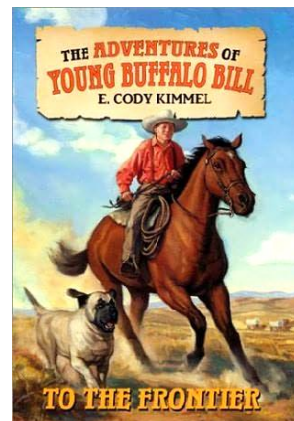
"You are ready to fly alone," my teacher announced that fateful morning.

I was afraid, but this could never come from a defender of the Fatherland. Good or bad, I had to swallow my cowardice and sit in the machine. . .

The engine started with a roar. I gave it the gas. The machine began to pick up speed, and suddenly I was flying. No longer an anxious feeling, but rather, one of daring. Now it was all up to me. No matter what happened, I was no longer frightened.



To all fledgling pilots about to take your first flight alone. Do not be dismayed if you fall short on your first attempt. On his first solo, Manfred von Richthofen crashed!



I imagined the young William Cody, first time on a horse, and falling off. He got back on blitzschnell and became "Buffalo Bill"!

I had to repeat training and take the test again. Again I failed! The third time I passed. I was a fighter pilot with the Jagdstaffel Two!



My early forays against the British were frustrating; I believed I hit a couple, but could not prove a 'kill' until the seventeenth of September, nineteen sixteen...



Jasta Two was outnumbered seven to five, but we were between the Front and our opponents. The Englishmen flew large bomb-carrying two-seaters. If they were Indians, it was as if they were riding cows.

Jastameister Boelcke led us in. Patient, he came very near the first English machine but did not shoot. I followed and picked my target, a large boat with bright

colors. Impatiently, I opened fire and missed! The English gunner shot back and also missed.

I had to get behind him, blast him from the rear. My Englishman twisted and turned, going criss-cross.

One single thought: "The man in front of me must come down, whatever happens."



At last a favorable moment arrived. Instead of twisting and turning he flew straight along. In a fraction of a second I was at his back and fired a short series of shots, so close that I was afraid I might dash into him.

A sudden joy shot through me when the propeller of the enemy machine stopped spinning; I'd shot his engine to pieces.

I imagined "Buffalo Bill's" legendary duel with the Cheyenne chief Yellow Hair, first shot with a rifle, then stabbed in the heart and scalped in the name of Colonel George Custer.



I couldn't help but cry out, "First 'kill' for Manfred von Richthofen!"



For "Buffalo Bill", every kill was a job. The hide skinned and the beef butchered, there was little trophy left for the hunter. To commemorate my victory with a 'scalp', from a jeweler in Berlin, I ordered a five-centimeter silver cup engraved with the date and type of enemy machine. Hopefully, I would soon have enough to fill a mantelpiece.



By the end of September, I had three 'kills'. Far from the war in America, "Buffalo Bill" had lost his Wild West Show to creditors. But he did not give up, making appearances in other people's circuses. Sadly, once king of the Great Plains, "Buffalo Bill" had become a mounted figurehead on his last legs.



Jastameister Boelcke called the Somme Battle 'The El Dorado of The Flying Men'. In just two months, our leader's score jumped from twenty to forty as we fought the English from dawn to sunset.

Boelcke's spirit animated us all and we trusted him blindly. He had his Albatross painted all black. But he didn't scare the English; they absolutely challenged us to battle and never refused fighting.



. The weather was very gusty and there were many clouds. Guided by Boelcke, we always had a wonderful feeling of security.

From a long distance we saw two impertinent Englishmen who actually seemed to enjoy the terrible weather. We were six and they were two. If they had been twenty and if Boelcke had given us the signal to attack, we should not have been at all surprised.



Boelcke tackled the one and I the other, but I had to let go because one of the German machines got in my way. Two hundred meters away, Boelcke had set up his victim. It was the usual thing. Boelcke would shoot down his opponent and I had to look on.

Then the unthinkable occurred. Close to Boelcke flew his good friend. Both were shooting. The Englishman had to fall at any moment. Suddenly I noticed an unnatural movement of the two German planes. A collision? The two machines barely touched one another.

Boelcke drew away and descended in large curves. The black Albatross did not seem to be falling, but I noticed that part of his plane had broken off. I could not see what happened afterwards.

"Boelcke is dead!" I was told when I landed.



The funeral ceremony was like that of a reigning prince. I carried Boelcke's medals on his Ordenskissen. Nothing happens without God's will. That was the only consolation which any of us can put to our souls during this war.

Back we flew into the fight. Seven silver cups and I wanted more.



The British claimed their own 'Boelcke', Major Lanoe Hawker VC, an ace with eight victories.



Three Englishmen gone a-hunting. I would not disappoint them.

At a lower altitude, I waited until one of my English friends tried to drop on me. Then one attempted to tackle me in the rear. After firing five shots he had to stop for I had swerved in a sharp curve.

The Englishman tried to catch me up in the rear while I tried to get behind him. Round and round we flew like madmen after one another at three thousand meters.

First we circled twenty times to the left, and then thirty times to the right. Each tried to get behind and above the other. I was not meeting a beginner who would break off the fight. His crate turned beautifully, but mine climbed better and I got above and beyond my English waltzing partner.



The wind was with me, driving us more and more towards Bapaume, a kilometer behind the German front. Impertinent fellow full of cheek! At one thousand meters, he merrily waved to me as if to say, "Well, how do you do?"

Circling down to a hundred meters, I got a good look at my opponent. If he had not had his cap on I would have noticed what kind of a face he was making.

My Englishmen had a choice: land on German ground or fly back to the English lines. He tried the latter by loopings and such like tricks. At a hundred meters, he tried to escape by flying in a zig-zag course; that was my most favorable moment. I got behind him, firing all the time.



My opponent fell, shot through the head, fifty meters behind our line. His machine gun was dug out of the ground and I mounted it over the entrance of my dwelling.



My tally was up to sixteen when I saw the news.



"Buffalo Bill's" funeral made the front page. And when it was my turn? Who would know how quickly? No matter how many planes I shot down, besides to my family and fellow pilots and my 'kills', what difference had I made?



The hope of the heroic horseman, from the Romans to Roosevelt, had ended with "Buffalo Bill." If not in the saddle, where would our new heroes be?

William Cody had lived a long, full life. To know that when he closed his eyes for the final time, that his Wild West would die with him, must have been heartbreaking.



I remembered yet again seeing him for the first time. It seemed like an hour ago. "Buffalo Bill" had lived for his country. Bloeckle and Hawker and I, all of us, would be dying for ours.

*In the procession, the Wild West 'Cowboy Band' played a tune composed especially for "Buffalo Bill"...***PASSING OF THE RED MAN.**

At my funeral, what would be playing?

Weather had grounded us for two days. Once 'Bloekle's Jasta', the British were calling us 'Richthofen's Flying Circus.'



A cold wind sent the tents rippling, a chorus of clapping cloth. My pilots stood at attention in front of their crates. Young and brave, eyes full of respect and admiration, they understood that very soon most of them would be dead.

Who am I? Yet another air commander keeping score? When William Cody was younger than I, after shooting more than four thousand bison in eighteen months, he earned the title "Buffalo Bill". How many Englishmen would I have to kill before they named me anything?



Bloecke's black plane was a long forgotten memory. Maintained by the finest mechanics in the Fatherland, my own looked like yet another horse in the herd. Not the way I wanted to lead my circus.

My chief adjutant snapped a crisp salute and clicked his heels.

"Your orders, Herr Rittmeister."



"Paint it red," I said. "All red."





William Cody killed his first Indian when he was fourteen, but not until he was twenty-six, a full two years older than I, that he received his country's highest honor, the Medal of Honor.

For "gallantry in action" read the citation. Serving as a civilian scout with the Third Cavalry Regiment against the Cheyenne, the Army was outnumbered almost two to one. At Platte River, Nebraska, in the 'Battle of Summit Springs', Cody killed Chief Tall Bull and rescued a captured white woman.

When he got his medal, I knew how he must have felt.



The telegram from Headquarters was embossed with the seal of Kaiser Wilhelm the Second, stating that His Majesty had graciously awarded me what would later be called 'The Blue Max.'

Horseman to horseman, "Buffalo Bill," from the saddle to the stars!



For the first time, I brought my victims down alive. After I stunk up the engine of their Vickers, down went the crate, but the pilot and the photographer managed to escape their burning wreck and it gave me particular pleasure to talk to them.



"Had you ever seen my machine before?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said one. "We call it 'Le Petit Rouge'."

'The Little Red'? I thought, Oh, the French.

"The British are calling you 'The Red Devil'," said the other.



Because my Albatros had a forked tail? I wondered.

William Cody won the name "Buffalo Bill" after an eight-hour shooting match with a rival hunter. My rivals were all dead. I was the star of my own 'flying circus'... 'The Red Fighter Pilot' and no one can beat me!



There would soon be a new 'circus' in the war.

On April sixth, nineteen seventeen, I had thirty-six 'kills' when the United States declared war on Germany.

High in the sky, would I soon be fighting a 'Buffalo Bill'?



Fifty cups on my mantelpiece. For my twenty-fifth birthday I was invited to meet Kaiser Wilhelm II and our supreme commander, Field Marshal Hindenberg.

"Buffalo Bill" would have been proud.



A generation ago, his 'Wild West' graced Queen Victoria's Grand Jubilee and her Majesty bestowed him with royal gifts. Imagine how the modern media might have portrayed "Buffalo Bill" and me at our peaks.



MAN OF THE ERA

DER SPIEGEL



The Sexiest Man Alive!

I had become a national hero, the dashing young champion of the German people, and the engine of the State's propaganda machine. And it was my twenty-fifth birthday!

I could have anything I desired. Any castle, any car, any horse, any woman was mine for the asking.

What would William Cody want?

I had to sit and wait a long time. What did I want? What in my life was I missing? An ostentatious gift from the State might reflect poorly on the royal family and the army. A casual trinket could be interpreted as less than grateful.

At last, I was brought to the ornate room where the fate of the world was decided.



"Congratulations, Herr Baron," said Kaiser Wilhelm II, acknowledging my prominent Prussian aristocratic family. "First on your success, and second, on your birthday."



"Thank you, Your Majesty," I said humbly.

"My heroic red fighter!" said General Field Marshal von Hindenburg. "We've given you courtesy presents. What is it you really want?"

I looked each in the eye, then...

"I want to shoot a bison," I said.

"A bison!" exclaimed the Kaiser. "Why?"

"The true test of a hunter," I said.

"On horseback?" asked Hindenburg.

It would be glorious!



"'Brigham' was the best buffalo horse that ever made a track!" said "Buffalo Bill."

The stallion would suddenly stop if a buffalo did not fall at the first fire, so as to give him a second chance, but if he did not kill the buffalo then, the horse would go on, as if to say, "You are no good, and I will not fool away my time by giving you more than two shots."

"Buffalo Bill's" one-day record was sixty-nine 'kills'. Once on 'Brigham' without bridle or saddle, he killed eleven bison with just a dozen shots.

Should I dare?

Having a horse under me I could trust might take weeks of training. And if I were thrown off in the hunt, injured and in hospital while the Great War raged, because of a bison? All Germany would never forgive me.

"On foot, Your Majesty, head to horns," I said.

"You must take a lot of cartridges with you," advised Hindenburg. "I have spent on such a fellow half a dozen for he does not die easily. His heart lies so deep that one misses it as a rule."



I arrived at the von Pless estate in the Bialowicz forest. War has taken its toll on the bison as well. Many a magnificent creature which ought to have been shot either by the Czar or by some other monarch had been eaten by hungry locals.

The gun collection was extensive; An eight-millimeter Mauser bolt action was recommended, but no fifty-caliber breech-loading Springfield, the 'needle gun' "Buffalo Bill" had used early on. Instead I chose his later preference.



I was driven through the giant preserve. After about an hour, we got out and walked to the elevated shooting place.

"Altitude advantage!" Oswald Boelcke had told me so long ago. "All else is rubbish."

I insisted on being alone. My escorts would return when they heard the gun shots.

After considerable time, I saw among the timber a gigantic black monster, rolling along, coming straight in my direction.

I cocked the lever action Winchester. A mighty bull at two hundred meters, too far for a shot.

"Patience!" my Jasta mentor would have said.

The bull came closer and closer. A huge fellow, I heard him snorting and stamping. I had no idea whether he smelt me or not. If he were an English crate, I'd aim at the pilot, but a head shot would deface the beast's trophy.

At a distance of eighty meters I fired. Although I knew exactly where the bison's heart was I had missed it. I fired a second shot and a third. Hit for the third time the bull stopped perhaps fifty meters from me.



Field Marshal Hindenburg had taken six shots to kill his bison; I did it in three. 'Brigham' would have abandoned us both.

I shoot a man in the air, seconds later he disappears forever. For five minutes, the beast kept breathing, pumping blood onto the earth, and I imagined the thousands of bison "Buffalo Bill" had killed dying before me, their bodies covering the estate, horizon to horizon, a bloody brown carpet.



The Sioux Indians had been life partners with the bison, used every part of the animal for food, clothing, shelter, tools and weapons. The Lakota were the genuine bison hunters; "Buffalo Bill" and I, just privileged executioners.

Bison for supper, prepared not in a royal kitchen, but fresh in the air over hot coals, "Buffalo Bill" style. That would take some cooking; scores of "Buffalo Bill" books, more than a few claimed that he favored the tongue and the tender-loins, but not one with a recipe.

Then again, legend had it that "Buffalo Bill's" favorite meat was fried chicken.



On the sixth of July, if I had been wearing a heavy, protective 'bison helmet', my Richthofen skull would have never had to prove its mettle.

From two kilometers, I spotted an English crate near Ypres, and the impatient fool began firing at me from three hundred meters.

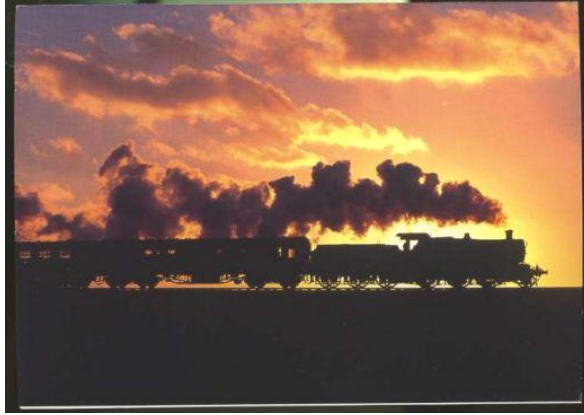
One wastes ammunition from that distance, I remembered thinking, when suddenly, a chance shot hit me. In shock and angry disbelief, I nursed my plane to the ground before blacking out.

Then woke up in hospital.



In his long life, "Buffalo Bill" was never wounded, not by a knife, a tomahawk, a spear or a bullet. Made many believe he was somehow invincible.

Until...



In nineteen hundred and one, the Wild West Show was chugging along on schedule through North Carolina, when due to a mix-up of signals, collided with a train coming the other way. One onrushing engine ran halfway inside the other and then they reared up on the tracks like two giant beasts in deadly combat.

No one was killed, but the wooden cars shattered. Horses, cattle and bison were lying in the wreckage with timbers run through them like knives.

When "Buffalo Bill" saw the carnage, he dropped to his knees and cried. Things were never the same after that.



An English bullet had dug a ten centimeter furrow in my scalp. Had the wind been blowing the other way, I would have been killed.

I got mail from all over Germany--idolizing children, encouraging old people, grateful soldiers, and pictures and marriage proposals from countless women and girls.

At age fourteen, William Cody had joined the Pony Express. Every day, I received more letters than he delivered in a year.



My head was aching. The doctors pulled out small pieces of my skull. While I recuperate, the State asked me to write my memoirs. I got a stenographer and literary expert at my bedside. The manuscript then would be sent to the General Staff HQ for editing. The plan was to publish my story in magazine installments, then as a book.

"Buffalo Bill" had a ghostwriter, a fanciful cowboy who penned hundreds of tales, even wrote a play for him to star in. The 'dime novels' turned William Cody into a worldwide celebrity.

That wasn't justice to him. So "Buffalo Bill" wrote his own book, the Wild West truth straight from 'Brigham's' mouth.

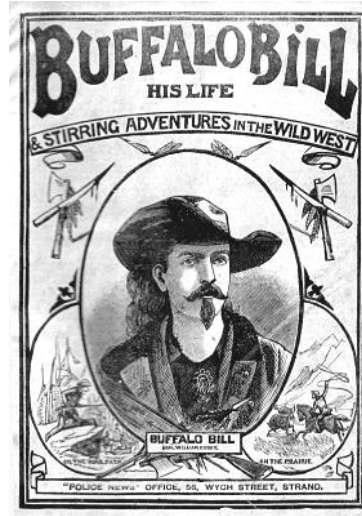
Cody's father spoke out against slavery. Young William saw him die for it. The only man left in the family, he made up his mind to be the breadwinner, and decided that his professional life would be as a plainsman, all before he turned twelve.

By comparison, my Great War story was going to be a bit tame.

Higher authority had suggested that I should quit flying before it catches up with me. But I should despise myself if, now that I am famous and heavily decorated, I consented to live on as a pensioner of my honor, preserving my precious life for the nation while every poor fellow in the trenches, who is doing his duty no less than I am doing mine, has to stick it out.

The writing went on; nothing remained of the "fresh, jolly war" as they used to call our activities at the outset. Now we had to face up to a most desperate situation so that

the enemy will not break into our land. Thus I had an uneasy feeling that the public has been exposed to an arrogant Rittmeister and I was no longer that kind of person.



I've read "Buffalo Bill's" three times. Anybody who couldn't speak German would never read mine.

Yet the Kaiser demanded a sequel!



As a band played our national anthem, I stepped into the cockpit of my new Fokker DReidecker I. Not quite as speedy as the British crates, but the right color. Its small size and triple wings made it as maneuverable as the Devil and it climbed like a monkey.

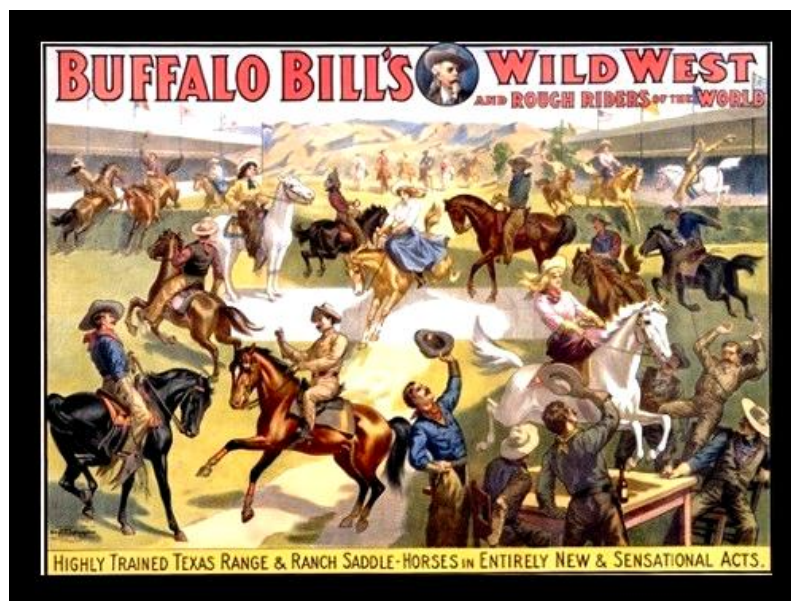
After sixty silver cups, my Berlin jeweler informed me that I can have no more; a shortage of the precious metal had impeded the German war effort. He offered to make them out of pewter, but I decline. My 'kills' deserve first class recognition.



But they had taken on a morbid tinge, a sight I'd never want to see.



"Buffalo Bill" never called his show a 'circus', but an 'educational exhibition'.



So would be our every sortie. In the spirit of Oswald Boelcke, I mentored my Jasta, laying down my rules of aerial combat before we took off.



I judged each pilot by what he accomplished and backed only those who passed. Whoever failed, or showed lukewarm on a mission had to leave the group that very day. Close behind me, Spandau blazing, the entire Staffel was a body subject to my will.



I felt terrible after every air battle, probably an after-effect of my head wound. When I again set foot on the ground I withdrew to my quarters and didn't want to see anybody or hear anything. I thought of the war as it really was, not "with a hurrah and a roar" as the people at home imagine it, but serious, bitter.





Four thousand, two hundred and eighty 'kills', every one scored by "Buffalo Bill", cash on the barrelhead. Once fifty million strong, the bison was the mightiest horned infantry God had ever created.

"Buffalo Bill" marked the beginning of the end. Wanton slaughter for only the tongues and the horns whittled the great herds down to barely dozens of straggling survivors.



And "Richthofen's Flying Circus"?

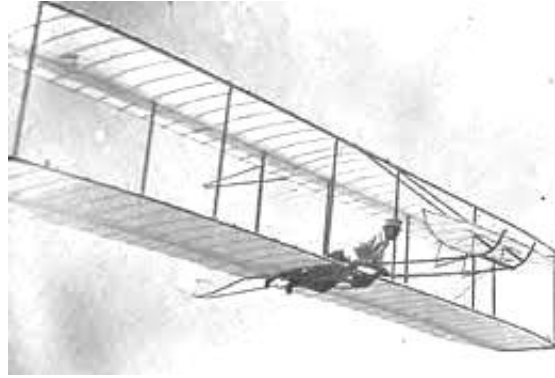


This Great War had made bison killers of us all!



By March, nineteen eighteen, I had seventy 'kills', but not a single American. Almost a year since the United States declared war on Germany and not one US fighter plane has joined the battle.

How could this be?



Aviation was born in America! The Wright Brothers had astounded the world, but not the US War Department. They had to come to Europe to sell their latest 'flyer'. France, England, and of course, Germany, took the lead and left the US sitting on its tailskid.

Blame "Buffalo Bill"? For more than thirty years for more than seventy million spectators...

"Ladies and gentlemen," he'd shout to the multitudes. "Permit me to introduce you to a Congress of the Rough Riders of the World!"



"Buffalo Bill" made too many Americans remember and too few imagine. He showed us that the West was not only 'wild' but "As old as 'Buffalo Bill'".

Yet he had always looked to the future, investing in projects to bring growth to the West. An Arizona mine, hotels in Sheridan and Cody, Wyoming, stock breeding, ranching, coal and oil development, film making, town building, tourism, and publishing.

Not to let any trail go untaken, "Buffalo Bill" was an early advocate of women's suffrage and the fair treatment of American Indians.

"Preparedness," was his motto and too many believed he meant protecting oneself from a fight.

To me, from the first time I saw him and for the rest of my days, the image and spirit of "Buffalo Bill" spoke to me, saying, "The Greatest Adventure is still ahead!"

And may it always be.

Pilots are a superstitious species. Many believe it's bad luck to be photographed before a mission, preferring to have their picture taken after they are back, safe on the ground.



With eighty 'kills', the most by any ace in history, I had become immortal. Destined for the military from birth, princely handsome and pure, Rittmeister of my fabled Jasta, beyond 'air superiority' and 'air dominance', I have achieved 'air supremacy.'

Imagine...

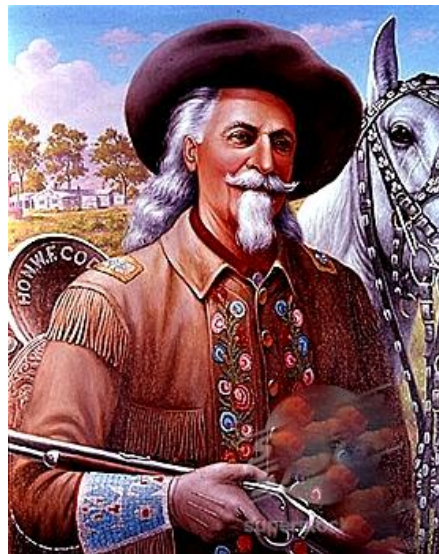


"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to Manfred von Richthofen, his pilot garb more costume than uniform, his triple winged plane like a crimson cape, lifting him up and up, his alter ego known round the Western Front, to fight and kill the enemies of the Fatherland.

"He is the world's first Uber-hero!"



*Thank you, "Buffalo Bill", I am **The Red Baron!***



At the very end, did he know that he would never die? That his name and his image, his spirit would live forever? I didn't think so. William Cody had to know when he was half my age.

Because that's how I felt right now!



The sky was filled with crates. I spotted a British 'Camel' going after one of my men, and got behind him. I fired, but my aim was off. Never one to give up, I pursued my prey.

Oswald Boelcke had told me again and again, "Never obstinately stay with an opponent whom through bad shooting or skillful turning, one has been unable to shoot down."

My mentor's spirit warned me as I flew over enemy lines. "When the battle lasts too long and one is alone and faced by a greater number of opponents..."

But in the end, as I had felt from the beginning, the decisive factor in victory is simple personal courage.



Another 'Camel' joined the fight, his Lewis machineguns rattling. I dove, lower and lower.



My opponent stayed with me. A quick, tight turn and my Dreidecker would reverse our positions.

Below, a sprinkled herd of Australian infantry...



The last thing I ever saw.

*"Gott forgive me, 'Buffalo Bill', **The Red Baron** has been killed by a bison!"*

The next day I was buried with full military honors in the village cemetery at Bertangles, near Amiens.



Members of the Australian air squadron served as pallbearers.

“Here lies a brave, a noble adversary and a true man of honor. May he rest in peace.”

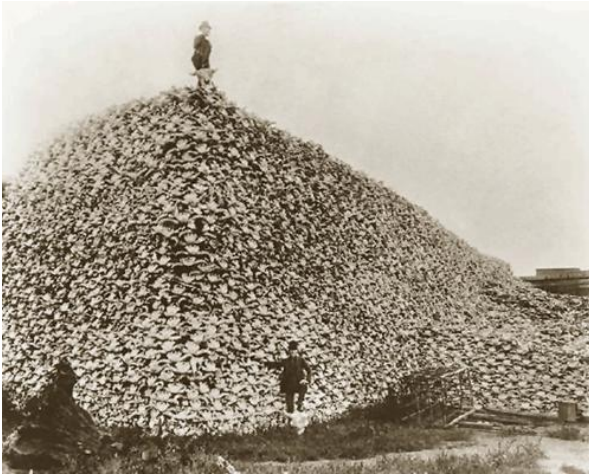


The photographs made Page One around the world. If only the 'Cowboy Band' could have been there...



*...To play "Buffalo Bill's" favorite tune, **PASSING OF THE RED MAN.***





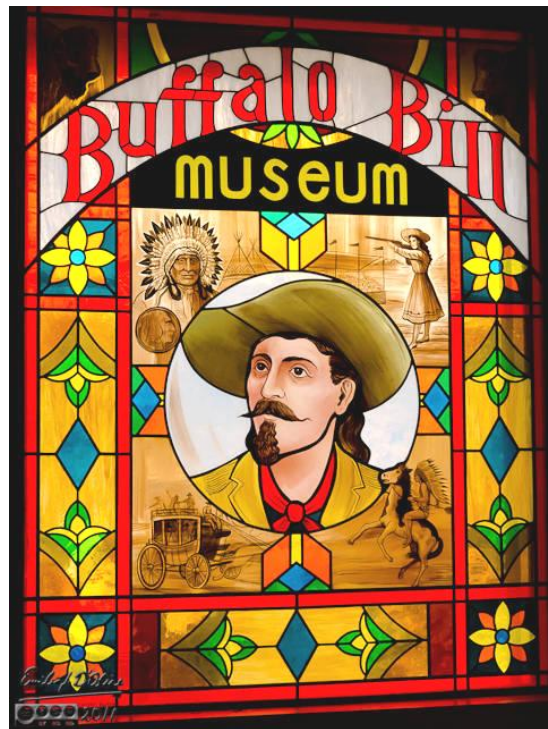
We've been hunting bison for tens of thousands of years, for as long as we've been killing each other.



Millions upon millions of majestic creatures roaming the European interior and the North American plains...

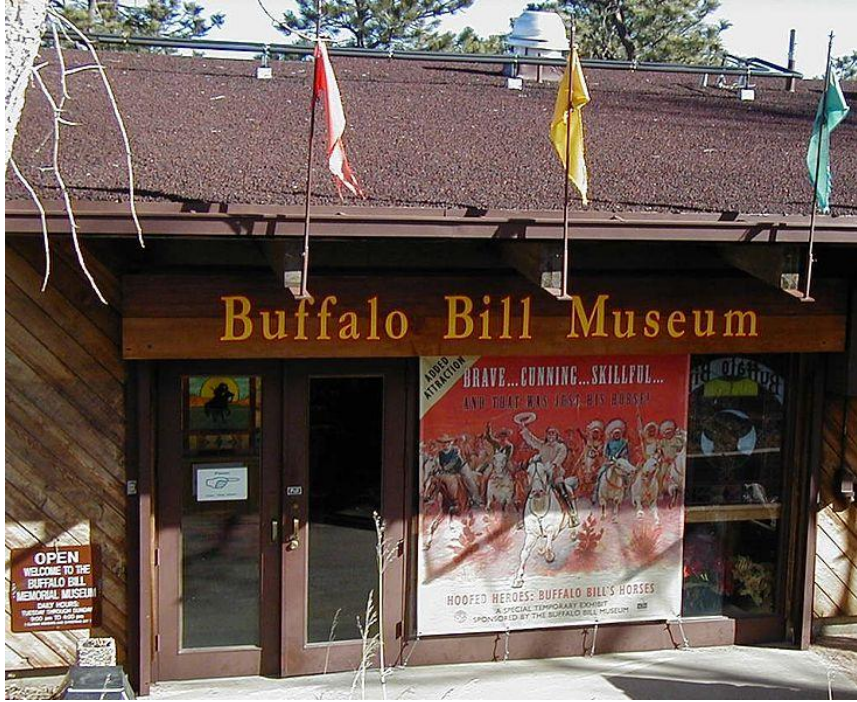


One can only imagine how the few left might judge William Cody and me.



"I began to think my time had come, as the saying is," he said near the very end. "But if I have brought the Great Adventure of the 'Wild West' to young people everywhere, then it's been worth it."

"It sure was, 'Buffalo Bill'," America replied. "It sure was!"



Denver, Colorado



LeClaire, Iowa



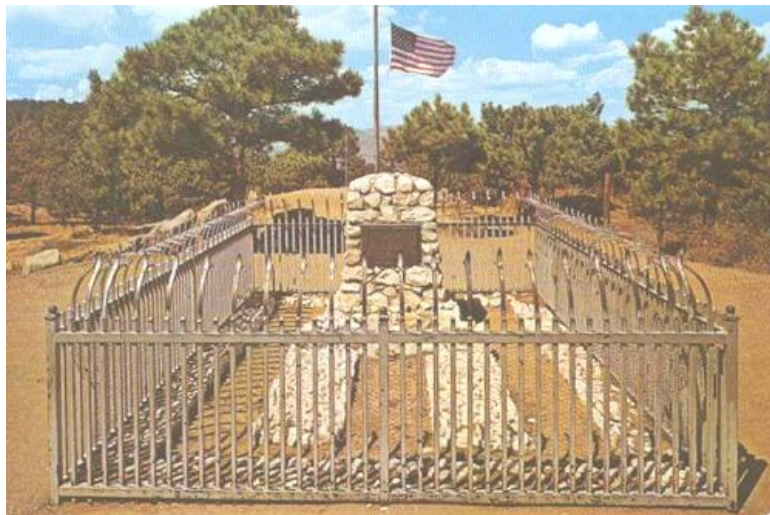
Cody, Wyoming

There is no **Red Baron** museum, only the *Historic Richthofen Castle*.



Conceived before I was born by my uncle and godfather, Walter von Richthofen, the fifteen thousand-square-foot gated mansion has eight bedrooms, seven bathrooms, five fireplaces, a bar, drawing room, library, servants quarters, butlers' pantry and billiards room. An additional wing was built while I was riding a horse.

*In the basement, the largest known collection of **Red Baron** memorabilia was displayed until the castle was recently sold. Located in Denver's Historic Montclair Neighborhood, it's just a short flight from "Buffalo Bill's" grave.*



First buried by the French and Australians, my remains were then moved to the Invaliden Friedhof in Berlin.



But after World War II, the Communist Wall passed directly over my grave site, and my family moved me to Wiesbaden where, this time, I was reburied with full military honors by my countrymen and the British.



Oklahoma City



Oakley, Kansas



Oakley, Kansas

*There are no larger-than-life statues of me, not even a single life-size one, but **Red Baron** desktop miniatures can prevent documents from flying away.*



"Buffalo Bill's" signature legacy was his "Wild West" 'educational exhibitions' and they're still going strong.



*'Richthofen's Flying Circus' is forever kaput, but **Red Baron** 'impersonators' flying replica Dreideckers continue to make guest appearances at air shows.*



*If history has given us justice, it would appear that the spirit of "Buffalo Bill" is soaring while I, the **Red Baron**, can barely stay in the air.*

Bison-scheisse! "Buffalo Bill's" greatest achievement was not as a scout, a Pony Express Rider, a bison hunter or as frontiersman, but as a showman! His 'Wild West Circus' celebrated the American past with real life! And every zealous promoter since, in sports, entertainment or politics has looked back on William Cody as an American Original, and "Buffalo Bill" as the first superstar!

Against the future did he have a shot?

*Commercial or military, private or corporate, every pilot who ever lived knows my title. The noble and the brave emulate me, but all agree on one thing: the last man they want gunning for them is the **Red Baron**!*

Only one way to settle this 'The Wild West versus The Western Front'!

"Buffalo Bill" himself would make the introductions.



"Ladies and gentlemen, I formally announce my positively last appearance, my final shot from the saddle against..."

A courtesy fly-over at fifty meters as the packed stadium...



...Hisses and boos Manfred Albrecht Freiherr von Richthofen!

Yesterday's Legend duels Tomorrow's Hero---the horse and the rifle versus the Dr. I with twin machineguns.



One quick pass and it would be over. My Maschinengewehr fired ten bullets per second automatically with a range of two thousand meters, but Boelcke had taught me that I had to get to within one hundred and fifty meters to hit anything.



The effective range of an Eighteen Ninety-Four Winchester thirty-thirty was one hundred and eighty-three meters. That would give "Buffalo Bill" one shot, maybe two before I shredded him and 'Brigham' like pulp novels.

Down I dove, closer and closer, five hundred meters, four, three...I cock my guns. Two hundred meters and I see a puff of smoke from "Buffalo Bill's" Winchester, then another.

My dream ended suddenly.



"Danke, Gott und 'Buffalo Bill', forevermore, the **Red Baron** was killed by a Legend!"



"Buffalo Bill" got a full 'Wild West' life and rode off, his special place in history reserved forever. I was quickly replaced...



...by an heroic pilot who became a pompous buffoon, ending as a groveling bison damned by his deeds.

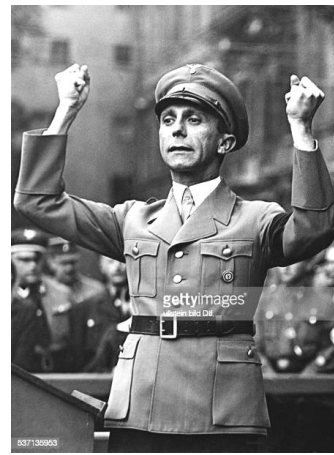
Oh, "Buffalo Bill", if only I had lived!

Gone on to shoot down ninety, even one hundred planes, Germany would still not have won the Great War, but I would have risen from the ruins as the nation's lone hero.

Deutschland Erwache!



As for my political competition...



That maladjusted, mustached bison and his pathetic herd would have been swept from the streets faster than prairie tumbleweed!



"Buffalo Bill" got to have a full family and always wished he's been a better father. If I'd gotten the chance, perhaps a famous actress or champion athlete...



*And in my **Red Chancellor's** dreams...*



What a Kreuzschmerzen story we would have been!

Danke, *the German people have enough Lebensraum, but not their bison.*



Under my leadership, national preserves would be established to protect the species forever.

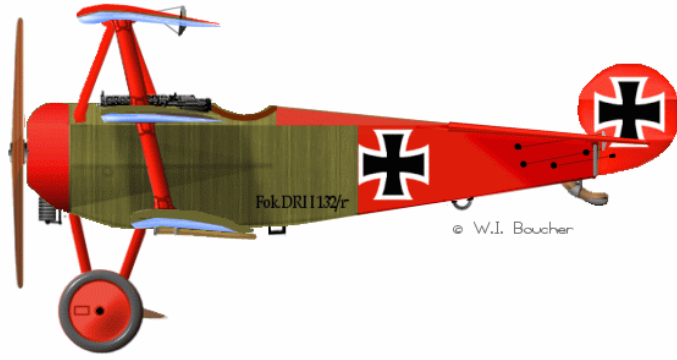
Still there would have been a Second European War. Before there could be a strong Germany, there had to be a united one! Every German is welcomed under the tent in 'Richthofen's Circus.'

First, I would have attacked the Poles and then the French, not to conquer, but to win back our sacred soil stolen by the hated Versailles Treaty.

Germany had no fight with the English, the Russians or the Americans. Let them make war against Japan. Imagine the weapons that would have never needed to be created.



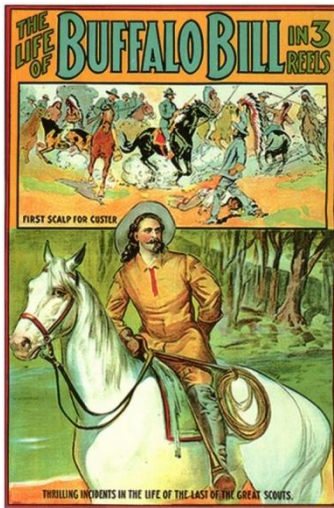
Great Britain and the United States would then quickly ally themselves with my Germany, Europe's 'Sword and Shield' against the Soviet Union.



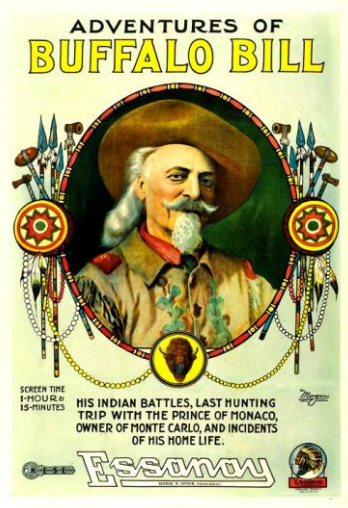
But history fell into a deeper, darker track.



Over and over, the world's first movie star stressed preparedness!



1912



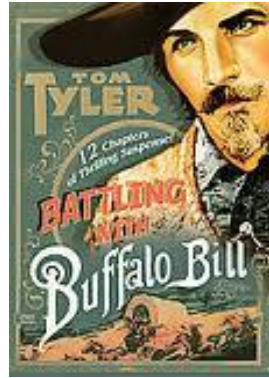
1917



1922



1926

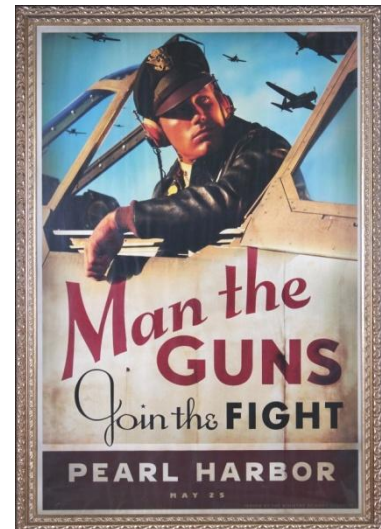
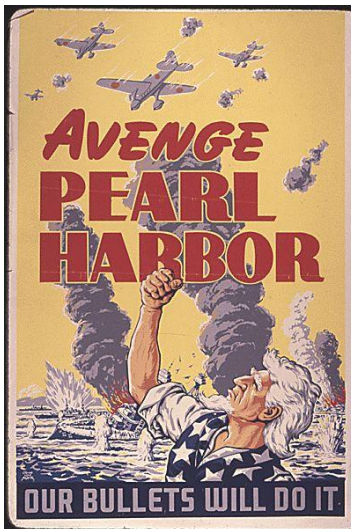


1931



1940

Yet again, the United States suffered from 'Air Inferiority'.



Not my country!





1944

The Americans finally won "Air Superiority", but the beautiful Mustang, mated to an English engine, became history making history.



The last 'kill' scored by a Nazi fighter - flying for Israeli Independence!



Those who would deride "Buffalo Bill" as a symbol of the past forget that he started his Wild West Show by playing "The Star Spangled Banner," before it became America's national anthem.

"I'm leaving you the old west," he'd say, always implying that the greatest adventure was still ahead.



Yet again, the world had entered a new age. Stung twice by 'Air Inferiority', America's quest for 'Air Supremacy' would be at all costs. Finally, the **Red Baron** would be leaving "Buffalo Bill" in the dust.







We Europeans were first to kill the bison, long before all Indian and buffalo ancestors came to America across the land bridge from Asia. From Mexico to Canada, the first white men described the Great Plains as "one black robe...and appeared as if in motion."

A bison herd crossing the tracks could hold a train up for days. Roads, tunnels, bridges, the vision of the Interstate Highway System...Paths had to be cleared.



For Indians, the bison was a gift from the Great Spirit.

"When the buffalo went away, the hearts of my people fell to the ground," said one chief. "After this, nothing happened. There was little singing anywhere."

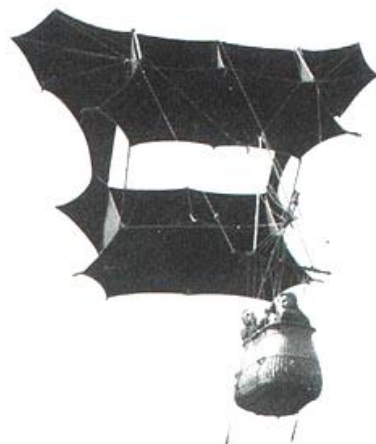
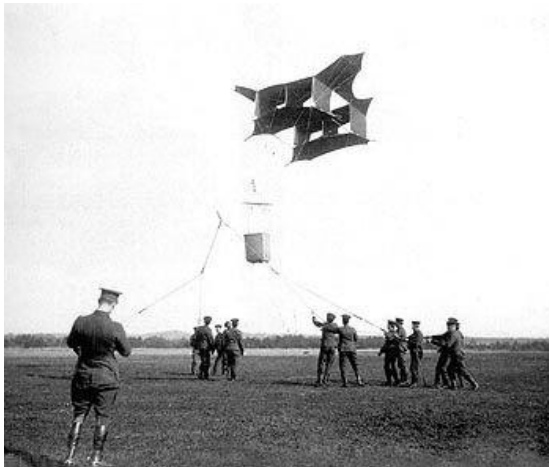


King George the Fifth called him "Colonel Cody". Born in Iowa, a crack shot and a superb horseman, his 'Wild West' performances had thrilled audiences in England and in the United States.

When he died, his coffin was carried on a gun carriage drawn by six black horses, escorted by the pipers of the Black Watch and a cortege of mourners a mile long. Coming from far and wide, one hundred thousand people lined the route.

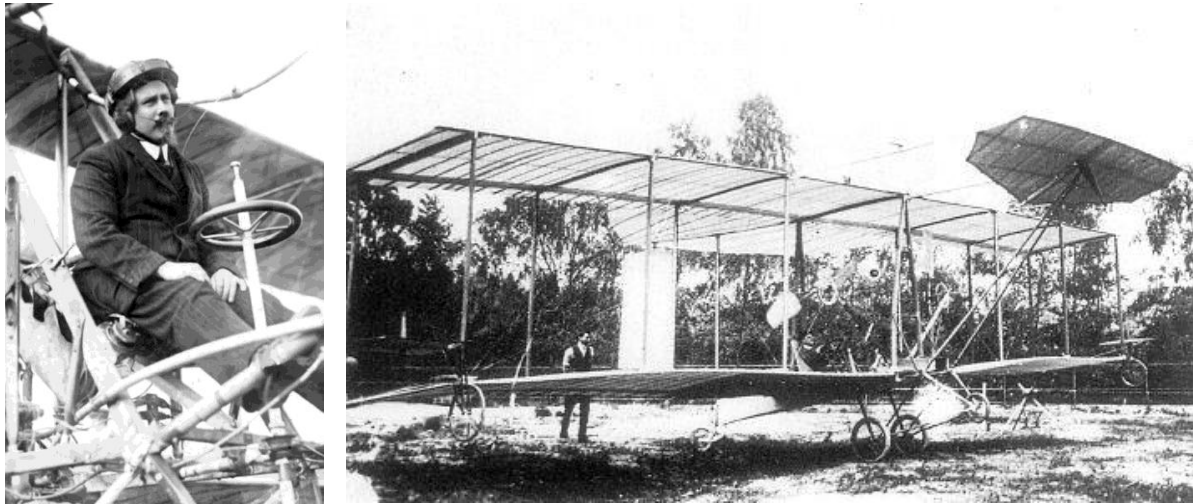
But "Colonel Cody" was neither a "Colonel" nor a "Cody". Born Franklin Samuel Cowdery, he changed his name to match his idol's, then exploited spectators who believed they had paid to see "Buffalo Bill."

As his cowboy career was winding down, "Colonel Cody" took off.



He conducted his first kite experiments while he toured England with his stage play, then ensured the success of Britain's first military dirigible.

'The Flying Cathedral', the first aeroplane to fly in England, was his crowning achievement.



Known as the 'father of British aviation', and a founder of the Royal Flying Corps, Cody was honored with a silver medal by the Royal Aeronautical Society.

Cody's son flew against my 'Flying Circus' in the Great War, but somebody else shot him down and killed him. Franklin Samuel Cowdery would later be killed when an aeroplane of his own making fell apart in the air.

The only martyr in the history of aviation who never learned to read and write, the "Colonel" left his mark on every crate since, including my Dreidecker.



*The **Red Baron** had always flown the 'Cody' brand!*

Prost to the euro-bison, greatest jumper in all the animal kingdom!



German efficiency killed every last bison in the country. Not just for meat, hides and trophies, but during the Middle Ages, drinking horns. After the Great War, only fifty-four bison remained in zoos and private parks.



But Europe was not about to lose its grandest beast. Poland introduced two cows and a bull from Sweden and Germany to a breeding station in the Bialowieza forest, but before the comeback could take hold....



Nearly forty million people would be slaughtered as Nazis and Communists battled for the future, yet the Germans and the Russians protected the bison; killing one was punishable by death.

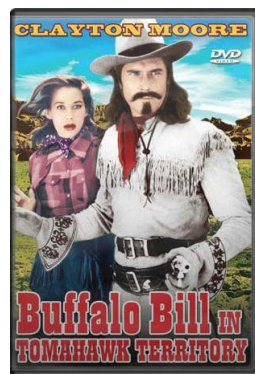
After the Communists took over, two bulls were released into the Bialowieza National Park. Several cows followed. The first calf was soon born into the wild. More than twenty herds have since been reintroduced into Poland.



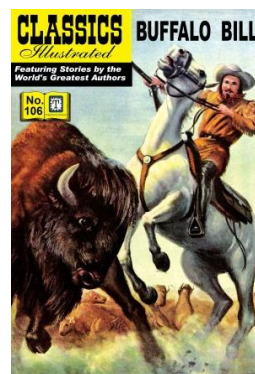
Fantasy propaganda! Extinction staring it in the face, the euro-bison jumped over the Iron Curtain!



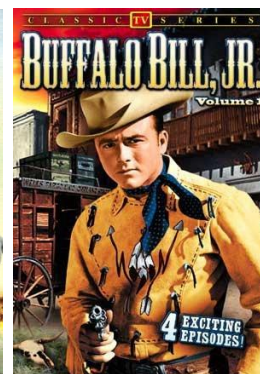
1947



1951



1952

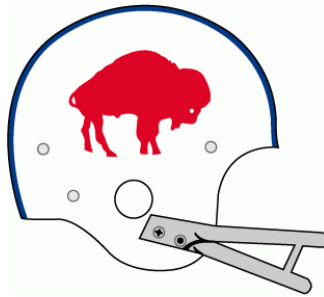
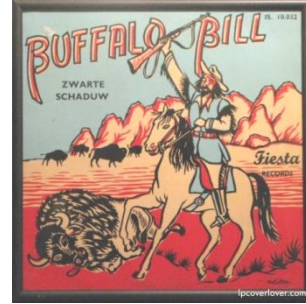
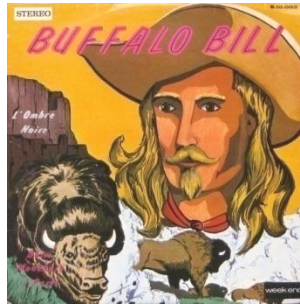
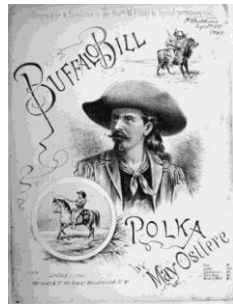


1953

A jet-to-jet war started half the world away from Europe and North America: US Sabres, greatly enhanced by German genius, against USSR MiGs, also influenced by German technology and powered by an English engine.



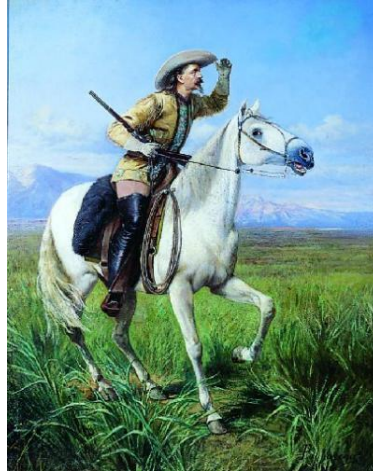
Superior crates, better pilots and the best mechanics won America 'Air Superiority' over the Koreans and the world.



1960



1965



*'Boy Scout' was first mentioned in eighteen ninety-nine in The New Buffalo Bill Library and appeared in **Buffalo Bill, Boy Scout Detective**, and he's been an inspiration to young boys ever since.*

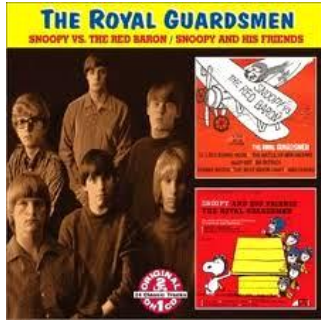
I inspired the killer instinct. During the Vietnam War, faster, advanced American crates were falling to Russian MiGs.



*Had US pilots lost their 'dogfighting' skills? To retrain air combat, the Air Force launched Project **Red Baron**. The Navy soon joined in.*



Imbued with the Richthofen spirit, American pilots quickly achieved 'Air Superiority.'



I had a dog, Moritz, a genuine Danish hound, prettiest in the litter

Moritz slept with me in my bed and received a most excellent education. Month by month, my tender little lap-dog became a colossal, big beast.



Once I even took him with me. My first 'observer', and he behaved very sensibly, much interested in everything as he looked at the world from above. Only my mechanics were dissatisfied when they had to clean the machine.



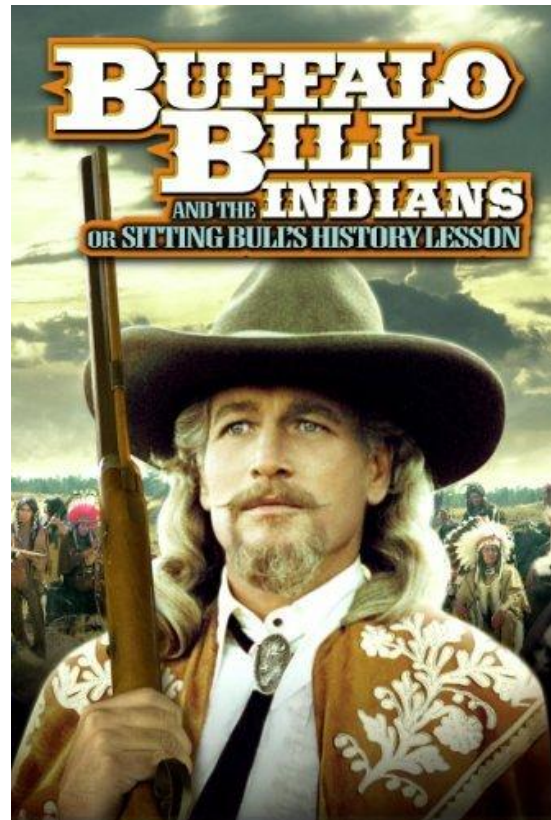
Moritz had a great passion for the chase, especially hares which my mechanics would skin and cook. I didn't much approve of his hunting proclivities and he got a whacking if I caught him at it.



Moritz liked to accompany our flying machines from the start. One day he rushed in front of a crate which had been started. The aeroplane caught him up and a beautiful propeller was smashed to bits. Moritz howled terribly. One of his ears was cut off by the propeller. A long ear and a short ear did not go well together.



1971



1972

"Buffalo Bill" never flew, not even as a passenger. Some said he was afraid. I think I understood his fear. In the saddle for more than sixty years, he was not about to trust a mechanical flying horse.



I lived and died in my cockpit, knew every centimeter and smell of it. To sit at the controls of the latest fighter crate and not know how to fly it would terrify me!

What if I could go back? I killed seventy-nine men in the air. If I had survived the war, what could I have said to their families?

That I'm sorry? All soldiers, every last one who would have killed me if I hadn't got them first. In a way, they were lucky. Unlike the endless lists of ordinary Great War dead from a thousand battlefields, my victories have been preserved forever.

*Sons, fathers, husbands and brothers, you didn't die to ever be forgotten. You were killed by the **Red Baron!***



Only reason I never killed an American: I never saw one. But I did kill a bison. Some skill, but not a shred of courage. The beast had no chance. I wanted to do it and I did it. Once was sufficient. To shoot one after another after another after another for money...I could never have been "Buffalo Bill."



'Manifest Destiny' doomed the herds. The animal was in the way. So were the Indians. It's a wonder a single of either survived. America's humanity exceeds its efficiency.



Americans flew before politicians took action, persuading Congress to establish wildlife preserves and help private bison owners. A century later, the American Bison Society was re-launched by the Wildlife Conservation Society.

"Buffalo Bill" saved many more bison than he ever killed. Before the eyes of millions, he turned America's marauding horned beast into a 'Wild West' circus star.



Wenn wir Glück haben, *circuses will never be extinct.*

But fighter pilots?



No US fighter plane has lost a dogfight in a quarter of a century. More than one hundred 'kills' without a loss. No national air force in the world can hope to match America's "Flying Circus".

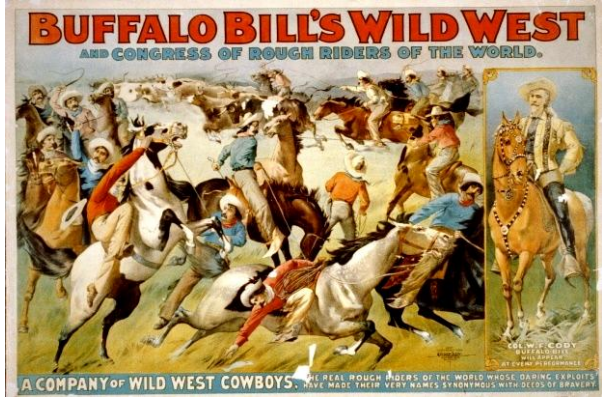


Not even the Richthofen Squadron flying Russian MiGs.

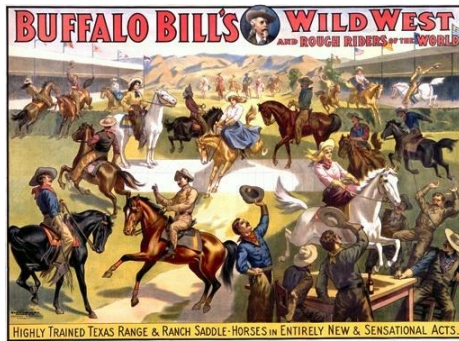
But could any crate survive the ever-improving SAM?



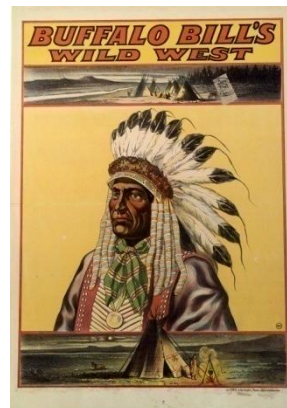
A drone was like mounting a machinegun atop a horse to automatically kill bison, "Buffalo Bill" no longer needed.



"Buffalo Bill" realized that it wasn't just the bison that had been killed, but the Lakota way of life. Confined to reservations, they had become prisoners of war in their own country.



The 'Wild West' gave dozens of Indians jobs promoting them as "The Former Foe--Present Friend, the Americans," skilled horsemen and warriors who had defended their lands.



The biggest star was Sitting Bull, the Sioux visionary who had wiped out Custer. Before I was born, he toured Europe with the show, earning fifty American dollars a week for riding once around the arena. An exotic and romanticized [warrior](#), he gave speeches encouraging education and better relations.

In only four months, Sitting Bull sold hundreds of autographed pictures, then gave most of the money to the homeless and the poor.

"Buffalo Bill" gave the Lakota chief a special bonus: a circus-trained stallion that would prance about at the sound of gunshots.

Years later, when Sitting Bull was murdered, gunshots sent "Buffalo Bill's" horse prancing about. Legend had it that the chief's spirit had made a quick stop on his way to the happy hunting ground.



Unfortunately, "Buffalo Bill's" efforts to help his former enemies had little lasting effect. Since the 'Battle of the Little Big Horn', the only thing the 'Americans' won were the casino rights.



Did the bison have to be changed to be saved? Some were bred with cattle to make 'beefalo'; if the bison tasted better, there'd be money in breeding them.



Has crossbreeding made for a tastier animal? Will there be any 'pure' bison left?



1975



1979



1980

Flying Russian MiGs and French Mirages, twice the Iraqi Air Force had to defend their country. Outnumbered and outgunned, I knew how they felt. Late in the Great War, Jasta morale sank because of our sorry machines. Replacements would fly and die within two weeks.



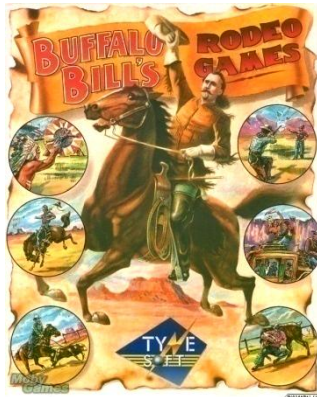
American 'Air Supremacy' had whittled down the lifespan of an Iraqi pilot to two minutes, sixty seconds with the wheels up.



Das macht nichts! Two years, two months, two seconds...Fight on and fly on to the last drop of blood and the last drop of fuel, to the last beat of the heart!



That's 'Buffalo Bill'? Looks more like Eddie Rickenbacker!

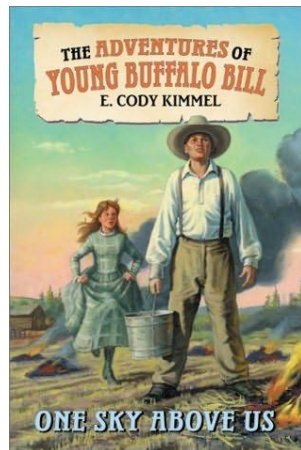


1989



1998

I envy most your American freedoms, "Buffalo Bill" got to choose his adventures. As a little boy of eleven,. I was not particularly eager to join the Cadet Corps. My father wished it. I would rather have been 'William Cody', but no one ever asked me.



United States' History could be written in two volumes; Before and After the Bison. And "Buffalo Bill", you galloped your long life through both. And if not for you, the bison might have disappeared without a trace.



While, just for months, I was flying a red crate and killing people. You became William Cody over and over again before you achieved "Buffalo Bill" who's been honored by his country ever since.

I didn't grow up like that. Once I could walk, I was ordered to march. Always in obedient step. Who I was going to be had already been decided, without a parachute.

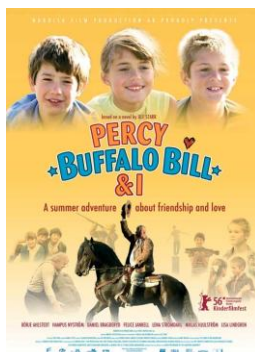
Into the air, I escaped!



*Beyond any ace that ever flew, brave and pure, a knight, a prince, a merciless killer in the sky...I was 'Air Supremacy', I was the **Red Baron**.*



2004



2005



2008

Bless you, "Buffalo Bill", you defined and celebrated an ideal, but it is my spirit that is flying while yours has been run into the ground.



Meine Damen und Herren, allow me to introduce the F-Twenty-Two Raptor, a single-seat, twin-engine fifth-generation supermaneuverable aeroplane that combines stealth, speed, agility, precision and situational awareness, air-to-air and air-to-ground combat capabilities -- the best overall fighter in the world.

Each costs more than a small city's education system. What have you learned from it?



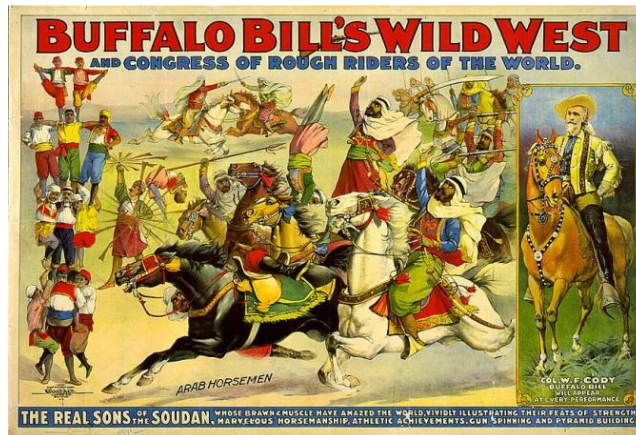
'Preparedness!' The nation uber-listened to you, "Buffalo Bill"!

The F-Thirty-five Joint Strike Fighter is a family of single-seat, single-engine, fifth generation multirole fighters to perform ground attack, reconnaissance, and air defense missions with stealth capability and comes in three models; conventional takeoff and landing variant, short take off and vertical-landing variant, and an aircraft carrier-based crate.



Over the coming decades, taxpayers will buy nearly twenty-five hundred for the US Air Force, Marine Corps and Navy making America's 'Flying Circus' far more expensive than repairing and rebuilding every mile, bridge and tunnel of the whole Interstate Highway System which is crumbling coast to coast.

For this forty million bison had to die?



Auf Wiedersehen, "Buffalo Bill." Your immortality is only as strong as your ideals and your values. Both have long since left the prairie. Only the bison may care and there's not enough of them left to make a difference.



Jawohl, *the greatest adventure is still ahead. 'Air Supremacy' at any price, America would rather be me.*



Ganz genau! *The **Red Baron** flies forever!*

"Best Friend I Ever Had"





"That queer, penetrating personality of Karloff's was more important than his shape, which could be easily altered."



"Life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man can invent."



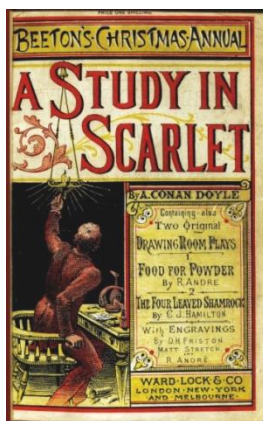
"Every actor is somewhat mad, or else he'd be a plumber or a bookkeeper or a salesman."



I am eight days *older* than Sherlock Holmes.

On November 23, 1887, I was born in Camberwell, London, the youngest of nine children. William Henry Pratt was my name.

The very next week...



"Where there is no imagination there is no horror."

Conan Doyle's '*consulting detective*' was an instant international sensation while it took take me more than forty years to get anywhere.

I grew up in Enfield, and after my mother's death, was raised by my older brothers and sisters. When I was nine, I took to the grammar school stage to play a 'demon king'. I loved the fun of it. Could I really *do* this?



At King's College in London I studied to go into the consular service, but it just wasn't for me. I dropped out in 1909 and worked as a farm laborer, menial jobs.

Was a life of unskilled toil to be my lot? I was bow-legged, had a terrible stutter plus a lisp. My legs never straightened, but I conquered my stutter, and lived with my lisp.



Did I have any chance of becoming an actor?

Not in England. In 1909, I sailed for Canada and began appearing in stage shows from city to city, but only as a 'supporting player' or an 'extra'. Never the *star*. To prevent embarrassment to my family (of the dignified British foreign service), I took another name...

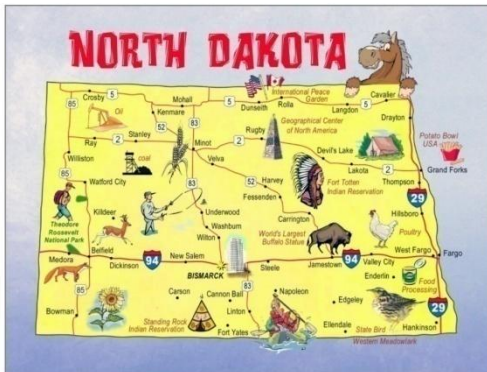
Boris Karloff has a dark, distinguished ring, don't you think?



Disaster found my troupe in 1912, the devastating 'Regina Cyclone' in Saskatchewan. We 'theatre people' performers helped with cleanup efforts.

My good deeds did not win me a steady paycheck. I worked as a railway baggage handler, and other lousy jobs.

I made my American 'premiere' in Minot, North Dakota, in an opera house above a hardware store.



Years of manual labor in Canada wrecked my back which in turn saved my life; I was deemed 'unfit for combat' and spared World War I.



After 'the war to end all wars', I finally got to Hollywood. And while I did dozens of bits in silent films...



My most consistent role was that of ditch-digger!



I got advice from, of all people, a *horror star!*



"If you're going to act - You're going to act. Even if you have to starve, never give up. It's the only way."

Was I "too much one type"? Not handsome or talented enough? Or was it because I wasn't *white* enough? My beloved grandmother and great-grandmother were of Anglo-Indian blood and I was quite proud of that. I told Hollywood that outdoor work had given me a 'healthy tan'.



Then things got much worse.



Hollywood lost money, but didn't go broke during the Great Depression. Audiences kept coming, craving escape from their heartbreaking lives.

I only cost a nickel to see.



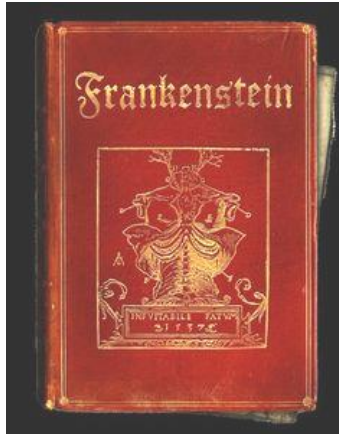
In the fall of 1931, I played a swarthy newspaper reporter in a skewering of tabloid journalism which was nominated for Best Picture. Didn't win anything, but surely my big break had to be just around the corner.



Hollywood is a man's industry. But thanks to two talented women, I got the strangest gig of all.

My lisp hadn't hurt me; I wouldn't speak a single word.

An initial review of the source material...



"This is, perhaps, the foulest Toadstool that has yet sprung up from the reeking dunghill of the present times."

"Neither principle, object, nor moral," scoffed another esteemed critic.

Proclaimed a third, "Cannot mend, and will not even amuse its readers, unless their taste have been deplorably vitiated."

Pompous asses! *Frankenstein or, the Modern Prometheus* was a book for the ages.

Written by a teenage girl, a waif between Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lord Byron, two literary giants!



The three had a contest - Who could write the best *ghost* story?



"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



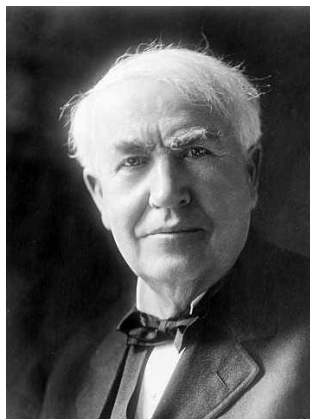
"Beware; I am fearless, and therefore powerful."



"A celebrity is one who is known to many persons he is glad he doesn't know."

Who would have dreamt, that one day her first novel would dwarf their collected poetry?

Universal Pictures was not the first to film *Frankenstein*. Thomas Edison's was.

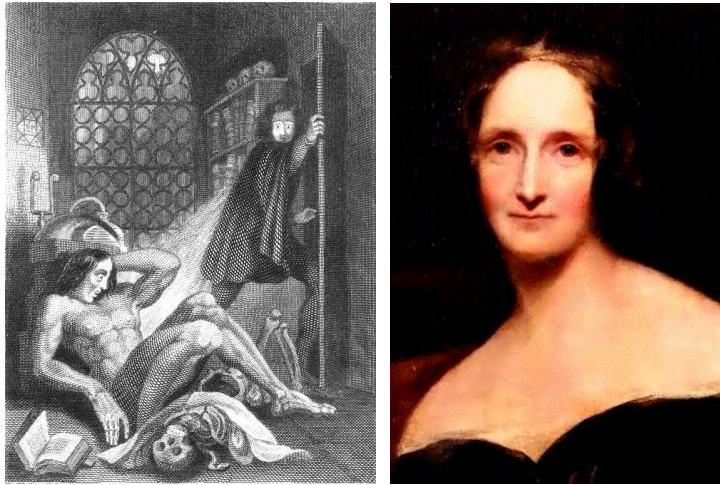


"Our greatest weakness lies in giving up. The most certain way to succeed is always to try just one more time."

Scripter John L. Balderston worked, not from the long Gothic novel, but the *play* by Peggy Webling which he called "illiterate" and "inconceivably crude".



To play the 'monster', I would first have to *become* him.

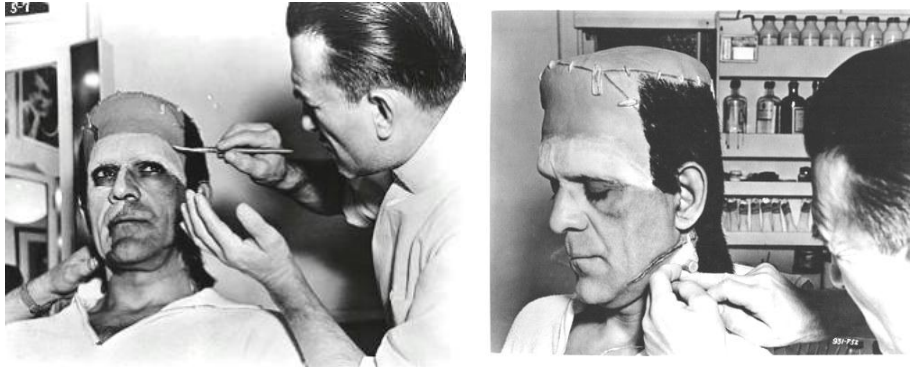


"I beheld the wretch — the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life."

The director was an open homosexual who had earned his stripes, not on Broadway or any normal way, but as a 'drama leader' in a POW camp!



Jack Pierce, the most unappreciated artist in Hollywood history, would create the 'monster'. Once a cinema manager, a stuntman, actor, assistant director—all led to his mastery of makeup.

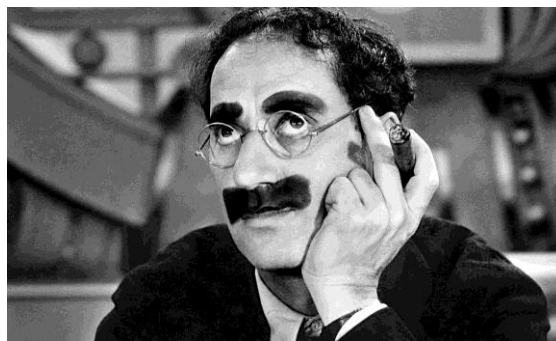


"This's gonna be BIG, Boris, I'm tellin' you!"

And four hours long every day and forty-eight extra pounds to carry in this damn heat!



Finally in all my glory, the first star to see me...



"I was in the back room playing my guitar when the doorbell rang. The maid opened it. I heard her scream. She later fainted. Then I heard those heavy footsteps coming down the hall to my room. The door opened and there stood this monster.

"Karloff in his get-up!"

On November 21, 1931, *Frankenstein* opened with a monologue...



"How do you do? Mr. Carl Laemmle feels it would be a little unkind to present this picture without just a word of friendly warning. We're about to unfold the story of Frankenstein, a man of science who sought to create a man after his own image without reckoning upon God. It is one of the strangest tales ever told. It deals with the two great mysteries of creation: life and death. I think it will thrill you. It may shock you. It might even horrify you. So if any of you feel that you do not care to subject your nerves to such a strain, now is your chance to, uh... Well, we've warned you."

Then...



"It's alive! It's alive!"



"Now I know what it's like to BE God!"

When I appeared...



The New York Times: "far and away the most effective thing of its kind. Beside it *Dracula* is tame."

Variety: "a new peak in horror plays."

But because of "cruelty and tended to debase morals", I was banned in Kansas

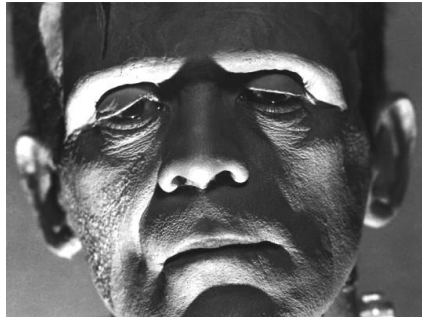
Dear Mary had given her 'monster' so much to say...

"I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel."



"Like Adam, I was apparently united by no link to any other being in existence; but his state was far different from mine in every other respect. He had come forth from the hands of God a perfect creature, happy and prosperous, guarded by the especial care of his Creator; he was allowed to converse with and acquire knowledge from beings of a superior nature, but I was wretched, helpless, and alone. Many times I considered Satan as the fitter emblem of my condition, for often, like him, when I viewed the bliss of my protectors, the bitter gall of envy rose within me."

From beginning to end, I made him 'speak' with but a glance.



"Farewell! I leave you, and in you the last of human kind whom these eyes will ever behold. Farewell, Frankenstein! If thou wert yet alive, and yet cherished a desire of revenge against me, it would be better satiated in my life than in my destruction. But it was not so; thou didst seek my extinction that I might not cause greater wretchedness; and if yet, in some mode unknown to me, thou hast not ceased to think and feel, thou wouldst not desire against me a vengeance greater than that which I feel. Blasted as thou wert, my agony was still superior to thine; for the bitter sting of remorse will not cease to rankle in my wounds until death shall close them for ever."

Had my lifelong dream come true? The once-starving nobody at long last a star at the center of a gala Hollywood premiere!

BORIS * KARLOFF



Not quite. I wasn't invited to the premiere.



My beautiful **Boris Karloff**...*a question mark!*

Other roles quickly followed...



"Boris Karloff playing monsters is typecasting in reverse."

The torture of becoming the 'monster' pushed me to organize for safe working conditions for actors. In 1933, I was one of the founders of the Screen Actors Guild.

Next, Hollywood's first great sequel.



My on-screen 'marriage' didn't last. Neither did five of my others.

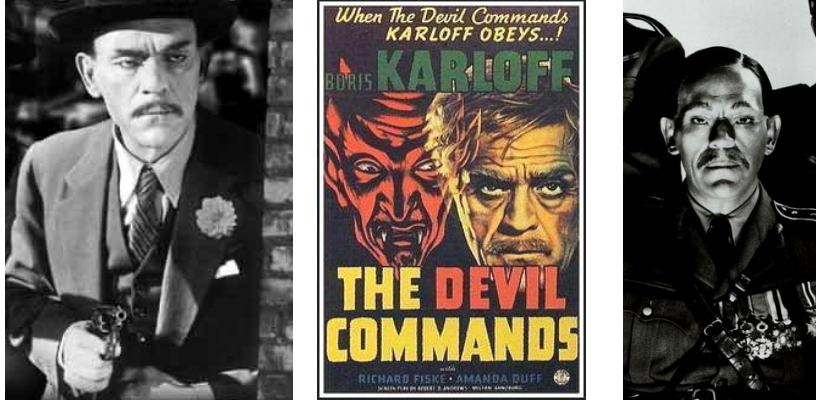
In 1939 came the third film in the trilogy. Starring as the son of my creator, the *Sherlock Holmes* of his age.



Reality had produced terrifying new 'monsters'.



I'd fight World War II from Hollywood.



In 1944, again I was Frankenstein, but not the 'monster', his *creator*!



Others would wear Jack Pierce's copyrighted makeup...



"Ugh! I'd rather be playing Dracula!"

Only I am Boris Karloff!

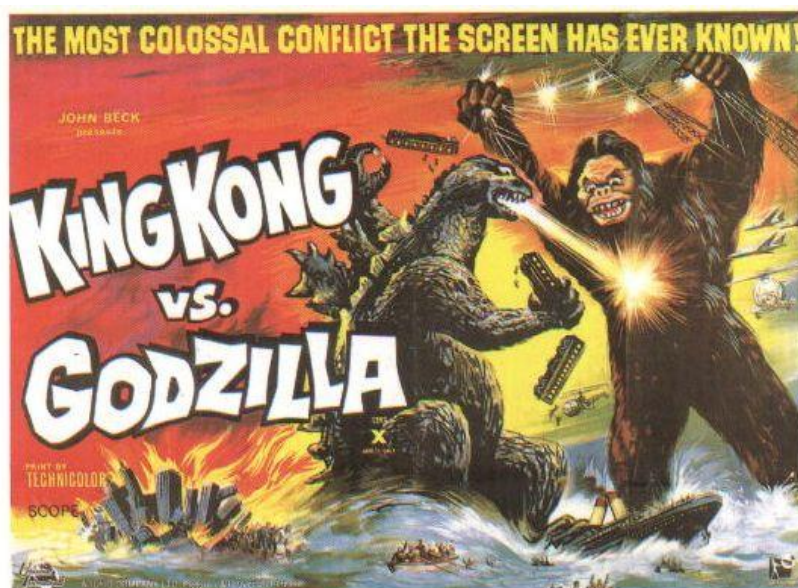
I wasn't quite done until 1958...



The scariest movie never made...



Another 'monster' beat out *Frankenstein* for the title role.



His revenge would be forthcoming...



The British brought *color* to the 'monster' and...Sherlock and Mycroft Holmes!



And playing the 'doctor', *another* Holmes.



Years later, a pair of young Englishmen took turns playing the 'monster' and the 'doctor' on the London stage. Both went on to become Sherlock Holmes.



If an actor has not played the 'monster', the 'doctor' or the 'son', how good of a *Sherlock Holmes* can he be?

I never played Sir Conan Doyle's 'consulting detective', but I got pretty close.



In Holmes' realm with the dash of a later, darker *Avenger*.

Over the years, taller, younger, better looking, funnier and more talented actors than I would star in *Frankenstein*.

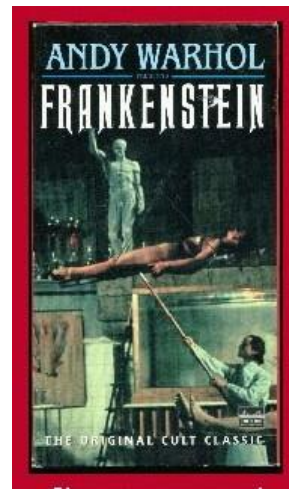
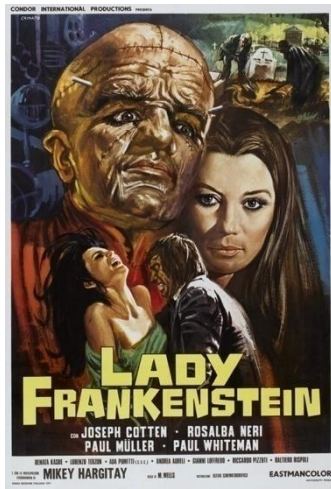


But as sure as my name is Boris Karloff, the 'monster' will always be mine!

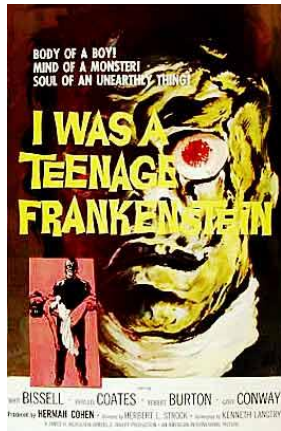


"Are you talkin' to me?"

Women had always been part of the show.



For teenagers, Negros, and dog-lovers!



Cartoons for children of all ages.



"What, me worry?"



"Despicable!"



"Eat my shorts!"

A 'monster' of 'letters'!



And literature!



A 'Prince of Pop Culture'!



Of food...



And of drink...



First I was read, then watched, and now, I'm *played!*



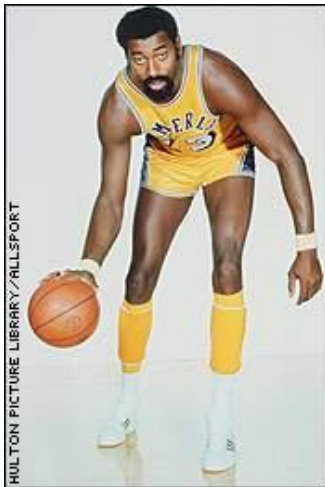
Depending on your politics...



One of the so few 'forever faces'.



I never reached six feet without shoes.



Yet I was bigger and more menacing, more intimidating, more feared, and more famous than the giants of the Twentieth Century!

The Americans went to great effort and expensive to immortalize their greatest presidents.

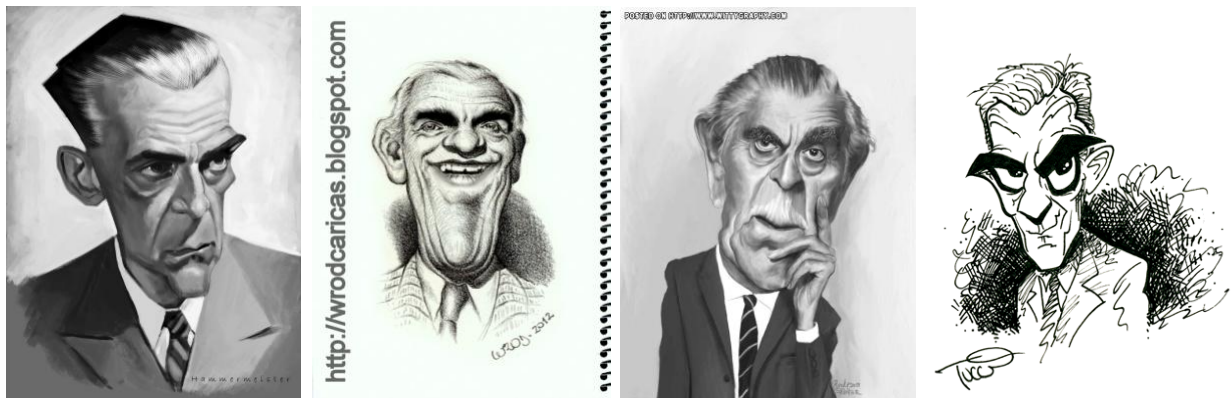


Yes, that's *me*...

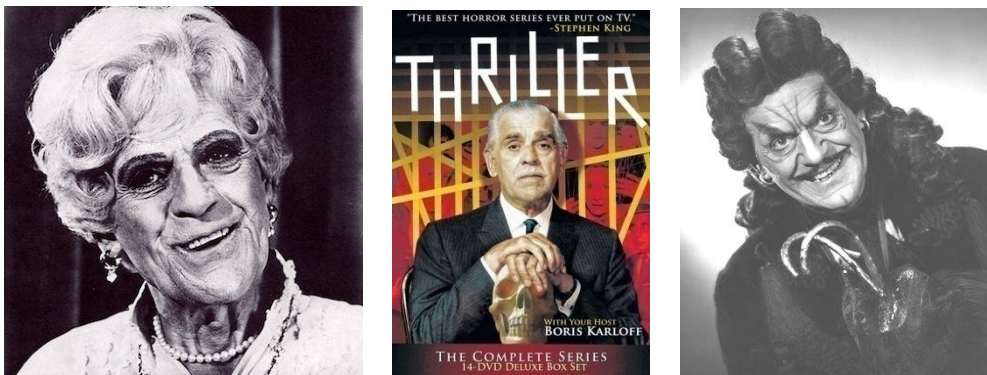


On the 'Mount Rushmore' of *Science Fiction & Fantasy*! Mary Shelley and James Whale can run the souvenir shop.

I had other faces.



My career took twists and turns of its own, in dozens of other roles in movies, on stage and on television. People kept wanting to see me, God bless them!



Teamed up with a good doctor to put on a show. To be the 'monster', I didn't need to say a word, yet with *only* my voice, I brought a cartoon fantasy creature to life.



"Everything stinks until it's finished."

Headlined my own comic book and got an action figure! How many Hollywood stars can say that?



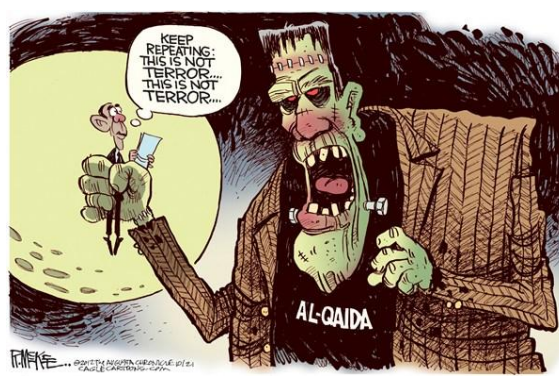
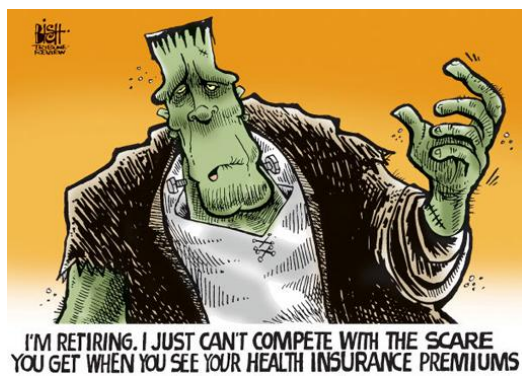
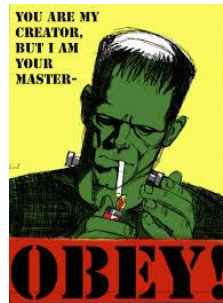
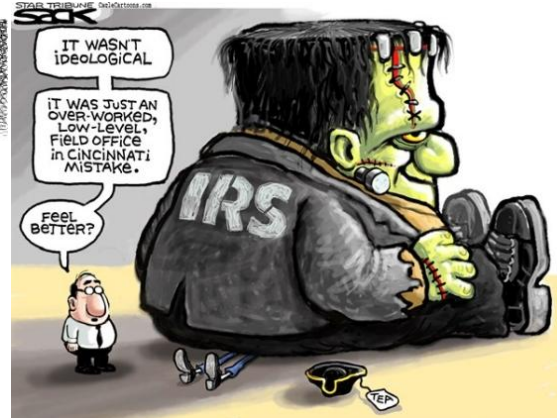
Because of the 'monster', the *best friend* I ever had!



"Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turned from me in disgust? God, in pity, made man beautiful and alluring, after his own image;

but my form is a filthy type of yours, more horrid even from the very resemblance. Satan had his companions, fellow devils, to admire and encourage him, but I am solitary and abhorred."

Of your own making, he continues to haunt you, doesn't he?





Alone on his throne, 'Long live the King!' Artificially created godless being, incapable of emotion or compassion, a brutal, unthinking thug. His heirs...?



This old bow-legged Englishman with a bad back and a lisp knows otherwise. *Frankenstein* gave me my life because I gave the 'monster' *humanity*.

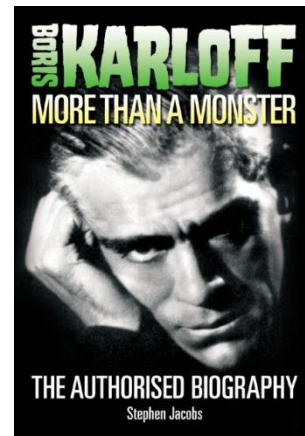
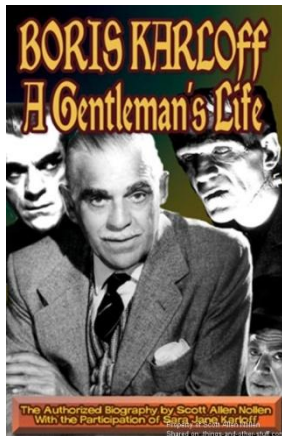
In the beginning, he appears cold and heartless, not unlike the 'humbug' miser before me and the logical Vulcan who followed.



Despised and feared, ridiculed and exploited, in the end, the hero is the most human of all.



The quest of all of us.





THE G.O.A.T.



"This dreadful rape of Finland."



"Only Finland, superb nay sublime in the jaws of peril. Finland shows what free men can do."



"There is no known cure for the idealistic assassin."



"I am a hunter. Not a killer, not an executioner.

"At fifteen, I shot my first moose--two hundred twenty yards.

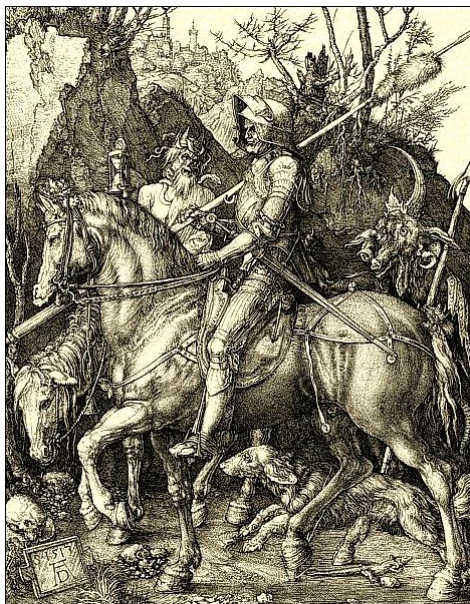
"Hunting is not shooting. Practice will make anyone a good shot. Hunting is *before* the trigger is pulled.



"I am also a soldier. A teenager when I joined the Finnish militia *suojeluskunta*, training included woodland shooting. When I was able to hit a target sixteen times per minute from five hundred feet, I won the first of many trophies.



"The forest belongs to me. I notice and listen: *learn, learn, learn*, says the wind, the trees and the snow. I am thirty-four years old and at the snowy peak of my trade. I'd like to think of myself as an heroic knight, protecting the forest, but since I am barely five foot, three inches tall, more like a sharpshooting gnome.



"I want to live long enough to see more moose than ever, after I've killed a hundred of them. So far I've gotten twenty-six. Never more than two per year. What I kill, I eat and wear. The forest is in me, on me, *mine*."



In September of 1939, World War II had begun with the Nazis invading Poland from the west. By agreement, the Soviet Union got the eastern half, then expected England and France to attack Germany.

When the democracies did nothing for months, Stalin seized the small Balkan states of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia.



With winter approaching, the Russians massed an army on its border with Finland.



"Time to be a soldier again. Having no wife or family, dog or cow or plumbing, I take my rifle, a couple of days' hard rations, and head for the front.

"One day, I hope, a wife and children will feel even better in my arms than my Russian-made *Mosin-Nagant M-Ninety-One*.



VIC THOMAS

"The temperature is dropping as every day gets shorter. The moose are going to have to wait."



On November 30, 1939, the Red Army attacked with 23 divisions, totalling 450,000 men, bombed the capital Helsinki, and rapidly advanced to the main Finnish defence line.



Outnumbering the Finns 50 to 1 on the ground, 100 to 1 in tanks and 200 to 1 in the air, Moscow boasted that the 'Winter War' wouldn't last two weeks.



Anti-Communist countries sent material aid and medical supplies. Finnish immigrants in the United States and Canada returned home, and nearly 2,000 volunteers from free Europe and England joined the fight, including...





"The hunter embraces the forest. In my white robe and hood, I choose my post for maximum visibility. I *sit*, not lie down or stand. I pack snow under me to prevent my shot from disturbing the surrounding snow, and stuff some in the mouth to condense my breath.

"No telescopic sight. Makes me lift my head a couple of extra inches. A scope will fog up in the cold, and worst of all, flash a glinty reflection that'll spook a moose.



"From first light to darkness, I lock myself behind my iron sights, one with the forest, *my* forest. A hunter *knows*...a cracking of a twig, a spray of snow, a whisp of color. I do not think or analyze. I *know* and the bullet is instantly on its way.





"I got three my first hour. Of course, I counted them. I don't know any of their names or where they were from or their families. I remember each with a number. I don't know what mine is yet; by the end of the week I am up to fifty-four."



"The very day the war with Finland started, Stalin didn't even feel the need to call a meeting. He was sure all we had to do was fire a few artillery rounds and the Finns would capitulate... There was a false sense of confidence on our side; a few days would pass and we would polish off the Finns."



**ЗА РОДИНУ,
ЗА ЧЕСТЬ, ЗА СВОБОДУ!**



ВРАГ БУДЕТ РАЗБИТ!

Sisu - *'The word that explains Finland', the Finns' 'favorite word' - 'the most wonderful of all their words.'* *The Russians had overwhelming force and superior heavy weapons; the Finns had **sisu**, a 'strength of will, determination, perseverance, and acting rationally in the face of adversity', 'not momentary courage, but the ability to sustain an action against the odds.'*

Sisu. *the Finnish spirit, 'bravado and bravery, of ferocity and tenacity, of the ability to keep fighting after most people would have quit, and to fight with the will to win.'*



The Red Army charged into Finland, commanding the woodland roads, a tank taking the lead, a second guarding the rear, the ideal formation for a motti.

Not far down the road, the Russians would find it blocked with fallen trees. Suddenly, the Finns would ski out of the forest and knock out the rear tank. The troop trucks were trapped. Encircled by sharpshooters, the Russian infantry would be cut down to the last man.

At the Battle of Suomussalmi, three Finnish regiments cut off, enveloped and destroyed two Soviet divisions and a tank brigade.

Sisu!



"Fahrenheit and Celsius are equal at forty degrees below zero. Perfect 'gnome weather'. The invading 'giants' need much more activity to stay warm. **Sisu** keeps me from freezing.

"Beyond the cold, the *stillness*. He who makes the first move is a moose.



"I counted past one hundred today. Dreamt about living long enough to kill one hundred moose, not enemies trying to take *my* forest.

"Eleven in two hundred and forty-eight minutes of daylight. I imagine not soldiers, but the frontline Communist futbol team.



The national team of Russia defeated by Sweden in Moscow in 1913. / La sélection nationale de Russie, derrotada por Suédecia en Moscú en 1913. / L'équipe nationale russe qui s'incline à Moscou face à la Suède en 1913. / Das russische Nationalteam, das 1913 in Moskau den Schweden unterlag: N. I. Nikita Kharin, Nikolai Yekovlev, Leonid Zolkin, Vladimir Anshin, Pyotr Zolki, Vasily Chibrikov, Dmitry Vashin, Andrey Akimov, Kozly Butuzov, Aleksey Karimov, Ivan Egorov. Foto: Lukasz-Kerka

"Finland beats Russia 11-0!"



"I'd rather save Finnish lives than kill Russians, though I don't keep count.

"An artillery battery, set up behind a wall of fallen trees, had zeroed in on a forward sector. Safe behind cover, the Russians' accurate shelling provided by a spotting periscope.



"I spent an hour before dawn inching up on the position. From two hundred and fifty yards, the first shot took out its right 'eye'; my second blinded it completely.

"Then I wait patiently, but not another shot is fired -- no Russian is stupid enough to stick his head up to see where to aim the cannon.

"No more killing today. That must have put the moose at ease."





"The ladies of St Petersburg could not sleep peacefully as long as the Finnish border ran so close"

Stalin had heeded the warning of Peter the Great. In one of the coldest European winters ever, the Soviets launched a major offensive on the Karelian Isthmus. Nazi Blitzkrieg tactics, so successful against Poland, were supposed to rout the Finns.



His generals had doubts: "The terrain of coming operations is split by lakes, rivers, swamps, and is almost entirely covered by forests...The proper use of our forces will be difficult."

And costly. Time and time again, the mobile and daring Finns pounced on the Russians.



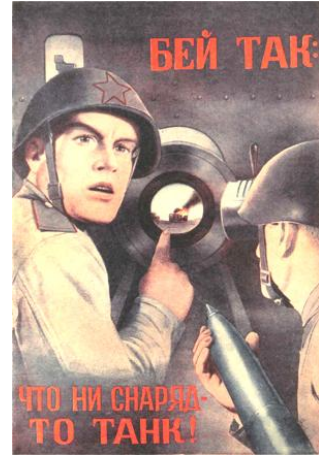


"In the bright of day or by the light of the moon, the hunter constantly calculates distance. I am lethal at three hundred and fifty yards. So is my enemy. Advancing any closer, especially wearing a dirty cape or dark uniform or running to a new position will be fatal.

"My Thirty-Fourth Infantry Regiment comrades assist me, spraying random machinegun fire to 'alert' the Russians to seek better cover. And when they do...



"Two hundred and twenty-five..."



Finnish success shocked the world. And humiliated the Russians. When word reached Western journalists that an unknown Finn had wiped out a Soviet regiment singlehandedly...

"Dead-Eye Dick", remarked one of the American reporters. 'A human machinegun."

'Two hundred and sixty-two," said a Brit. "The Finn Reaper" with a rifle.'

"In less than a month of war.' marveled an Italian, "Headshot Houdini" is who he has to be. '



To every Russian soldier anywhere in Finland, the daylight killer became known as Белая смерть - 'The White Death'.



For half the morning for a week, every cannon in the Soviet Army searched the enemy's forest...



"Russian swine! Ruin my forest to kill me! You got close. One shell tore off the back of my jacket, but not a drop of red on me. Not me, the little Finnish moosehunter you call the 'White Death'.

"Have I become the latest 'monster' of our times?"



"Communist children everywhere, yell and scream and jump up and down, demand that your Papas and brothers and uncles and cousins get out of Finland.

"Otherwise...The Red Army cannot see me, cannot find me, cannot stop me. To prevent an epidemic, your loving family members will be buried in the spring, far, far away. One fateful touch of the 'White Death' - A man doesn't live long enough to hear his brains and skull smattering on the snow!

"Three hundred and fifty-five!"



'Things that go bump in the night' may scare little children the world over, but in Finland, to the Soviet soldier the most terrifying sight of all was a clear, crisp day.

By early February, the Russians had penetrated the Finnish defense line at several points. Exhausted and running out of ammunition, would the Finns be forced to give up?

Not while the 'White Death' was still in the fight!



National honor at stake, Moscow called on their elite 'anti-sniper' team.



"The hunter has no use for 'tricks'. I set up no false blinds to get my attackers to shoot at a 'decoy'. I do not run fishing line to a tree branch fifty yards away, then pull the string to draw a shot. That might work against farmers six weeks off the plow, but if there is another hunter in the woods, the 'tricks' become *clues*, and he will track me back and kill me.



"To the untrained eye and ear, the forest appears still and silent. Not to me. No such thing as absolute stillness and quiet while one is still alive.

"A *glint* in the far trees...four hundred and two.

"A follow-up shot strikes within a yard of me. Not good enough...four hundred and three.



"Sooner or later, the Russians will understand. However well equipped a sniper may be, regardless of his training at a prestigious academy, or even how good a shot he is...a sniper does not *know* my forest.

"They might as well be grazing moose.

"Four hundred and four. Four hundred and five."



On the 31st of January, the Finnish government received the first tentative peace conditions from the Soviet Union.



The Russians had started the war to conquer and occupy all of Finland. Events had tempered their demands. Finland would give up the Karelian Isthmus, including the city of Viipuri, and Finland's shore of Lake Ladoga. The Hanko Peninsula was to be leased to the Soviet Union for thirty years.

Finland refused, hoping for military support by regular troops from Sweden, France and the United Kingdom or a League of Nations intervention. There would be no rush into peace negotiations.



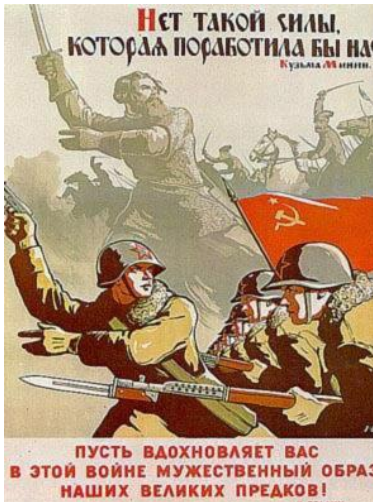
Vic Thomas

"I am given a new rifle by a rich Swedish businessman and anti-Communist.



"An excellent weapon once I remove the scope and adjust the iron sights.

"Four hundred and seventy-five."



The Russian onslaught raged on; the outnumbered Finns continued to adapt. The days were growing longer; soon the little nation would be without its staunchest ally: winter.



"A hunter fights one bullet at a time. With each Soviet soldier I kill, I hope he will be the last to die in my forest.

"Enough!" they'll all yell, 'We don't want to die in Finland' and the lot of them'll run back to Moscow.

"Instead, even more come.



"A fighter hunts on fully automatic. I am ordered closer to the front. A machinegun does not make a man a better hunter, but he must be quicker. Hiding in ambush, I await the Russians. Without warning I am up and firing, killing at fifty yards, twenty-five, ten...pointblank!

"For five days we fight like maniacs, shooting and killing every Russian in sight. At the end I count the dead as if they were spectators at a futbol game, lulled to sleep by incompetent play.

"Two hundred even. The complete graduating class of a Soviet military academy.



"Not hunting, *slaughter*. Had they been a herd of moose, I would have refused to fire. Six hundred and eighty-two!"



British aid to Finland arrived in late February; one hundred and forty-four bomber and fighter aircraft, a large quantity of hand-grenades, anti-tank rifles and machine-guns, howitzers and field guns. The rifles were .303 caliber, equivalent to 7-7 mm. To fit their own rifles, the Finns had to file down the ammunition.



Their transport took nearly two weeks. The Siberian 'Front Guard', northern Yakuts, hunters of elk, muskoxen and moose, hardened woodsmen who had learned how to kill before they could sign their names - the Soviet Union's first line of defense against the Japanese.



Border clashes on the Manchurian-Mongolian frontier had been going on for years. In May of 1939, an undeclared war broke out. Over 100,000 troops and 1,000 tanks and aircraft killing tens of thousands of soldiers. By August, the Japanese were crushed. Within weeks, World War Two began in Poland.

Stalin had trusted Hitler, not Hirohito. He had kept his fearsome 'Front Guard' on alert, awaiting another attack by the Imperial Japanese Army.

Bloodied and humbled by the 'Front Guard', the Japanese had had enough of the Russians; they would expand their empire not in Siberia, but in the Pacific.



Stalin promised a 'Hero of the Soviet Union' medal, the nation's highest award, to the sniper who killed 'The White Death'.

When told of the combat conditions, the Yakut leader laughed. "Siberians sweat in Finland."



"Night begins my day. I choose my spot with my eyes, not my feet. Once settled in, I cover my tracks with snow. One with the forest, I welcome the dawn.

"The brightening darkens me. With every waking ray of sunlight, I become more and more relaxed until I'm as still as glacial ice. Man and tool conjoined. The hunter knows, his rifle executes...another dead soldier, a new number.



"Not for a moment do I waver. Not a question of right or wrong, fair or unfair. I defend my forest, my Finland to my last bullet, my last drop of blood!

"I wait, I notice, I listen. Suddenly, a swath of color.

"But I do not shoot.



"It's a moose!

"A shot rings out. I see the flash. Bastard! Nobody kills a moose in my forest but me. Six hundred and ninety six.

"Another shot. Six hundred and ninety-seven, ten yards low, left.

"There are others out there. I can feel them. Waiting for me to make a mistake?"



"I have another enemy that can kill me just as dead as a bullet: *hypothermia*. I must remain completely focused, yet calm.

"I do not become frightened or nervous, don't allow my body to betray me by perspiring. A sudden harsh wind blows through my clothes, perspiration becomes permafrost, and I'm freezing to death and don't know it.

"An hour passes. Nothing. Another hour...no ordinary Russians, an 'anti-sniper' team. Two dead, how many more? Will they wait till dark and try again tomorrow? What do they tell their corps commander - the 'White Death' killed their comrades and got away with it?"

"Russian pride...Can't let themselves sneak away in the darkness to fight again.

"Lift your head to one take an extra peek...

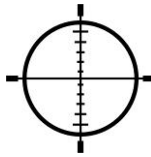


"I see you...six hundred and ninety-eight.

"One more, maybe two.

"A 'revenge' shot. I saw your flash, fool! Six hundred and ninety-nine.

"Sun going down behind my back. If there's another one...he looking for me...



"If he finds me, at that moment, his lens will reflect and I will shoot him right through his scope.



"Steady...Seven hundred, my God! Without sweating."



"We dine on moose tonight! Without special hometown seasonings, but delicious nevertheless.

"News from the front is not good. Promised aid will not be coming. We're running out of ammunition and soon the snow.

"'Seven hundred, seven hundred.' calls out one of my fellows. My fellows had been keeping score. 'There'll never be anyone like you in history!'

"'A bunch of medals, to be sure,' says another.



"If only Mama and Papa were still here. They'd be so proud."

"March the sixth, nineteen forty was yet another day in yet another war. There will be March Sixes every day of the year in wars around the world forever.



701



702



703



704



705

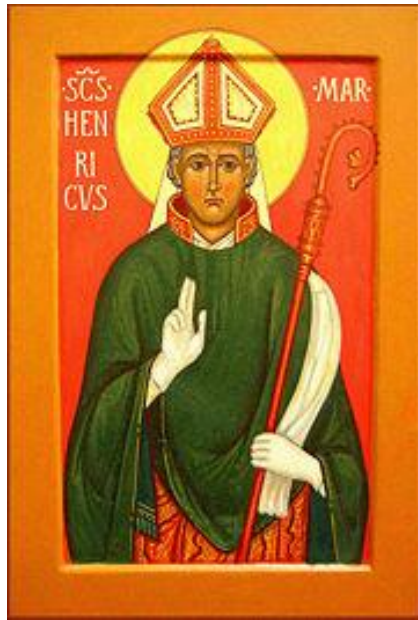
"When your number is up, it belongs to somebody else."



"I didn't hear the shot..."



"I believe I'm in the place all men must one day come... *Tuonela*, Land of the Dead.



"Piispa Henrik. Patron Saint of Finland, am I but one more corpse, one more number in this senseless war?"



"Or is there a place in Finnish knighthood for a sharpshooting gnome?"

"And the pages of history?"



"Do I tower over the last great hunter of the nineteenth century and the first great one of the twentieth?"

"Not from mammoth America or gigantic Germany... *Finland!*"



"Or should my immortal spirit journey across the Soviet Union to meet with the grieving families of sons, fathers, brothers and friends who never returned from Finland.

"I will not, because I cannot, apologize.



"Even if I had killed only one, I'd have been more sorry if I had killed one less. Finland had to remain free. I did what I was ordered to do the best I could."

"SIMO HAYHA...SIMO HAYHA...."

"Words I hear...someone is calling my name.



"I'm alive, but cannot speak. Something's wrong, half my lower face is gone.

"A hunter has no use for a mirror. The hunter looks forward, back, side to side and all around, but never inward. No time in war for self-examination. On my back in a bed, seeing my own reflection is suddenly unthinkable."



On March 12, 1940, the same day Simo Hayha awoke from his coma, Finland surrendered ceding 22,000 square miles, including Hayha's home forest, to the Soviet Union.

"Just enough land to bury our dead," said a Russian General.

At the cost of more than half a million lives, the Red Army had been taught how to fight under winter conditions.

The Nazis had been watching closely. The Russian soldiers the German had met following the conquest of Poland had been well-equipped and well-trained, causing Hitler to reassess the strength of the Soviet Union. The disaster in Finland made up his mind.

But the Nazis learned nothing from the Finns: "Hobnail boots in this cold. Might as well go barefoot."



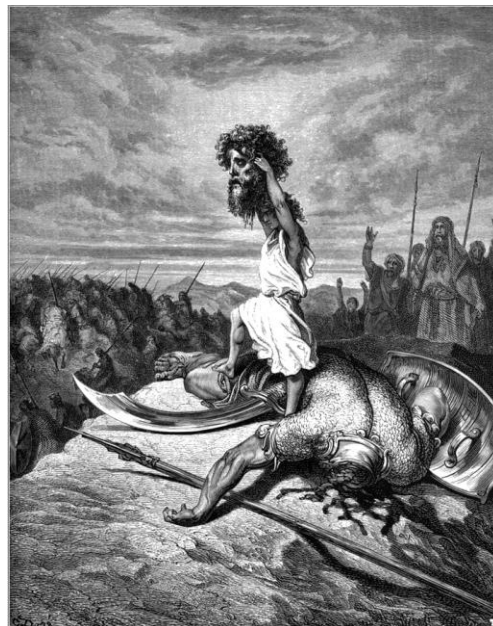
'The Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union' was the biggest, bloodiest war in history. Victory over the Nazis cost nearly 28 million Russian lives, more than six times the population of Finland.



Simo Hayha had been struck in the jaw by an explosive shell. 'Half his head has been blown off', reported the team that brought him to a field hospital.

In a coma for eleven days, when he awoke, corporal Simo Hayha was promoted to second lieutenant and later declared a 'National Treasure'. It took several years for Häyhä to recover, but once he had, he was back in the woods hunting, once with the Finnish President.

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David would outlive Goliath. More than a decade after the fall of the Red giant, at age 97, Simo Hayha passed away, very much alive after killing his one hundredth moose.



Sisu!



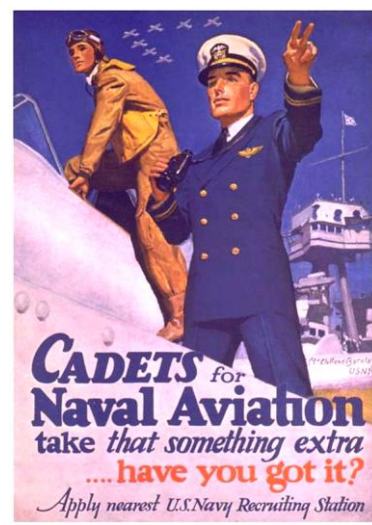
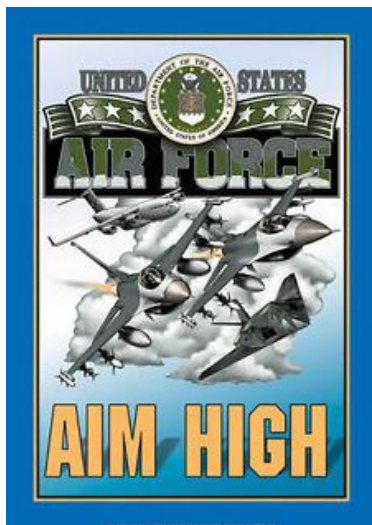
BELIEF



Airmen and airwomen everywhere...



Regardless of rank, age, race, religion, gender, social preference, and branch of military service, if you fly to defend the United States of America or love and support those who do, you are my sons and daughters.



And I love each and every one of you. Always will. I'm the arrogant, abrasive son-of-a-bitch who got you your jobs!



"I cannot conceive of any use that the fleet will ever have for aircraft...The Navy doesn't need airplanes. Aviation is just a lot of noise."



"Air is one and indivisible, under neither the Army or Navy, an independent branch, the Royal Air Force."



"A popular fantasy is to suppose that flying machines could be used to drop dynamite on the enemy in time of war".

FEBRUARY 15, 1898



I've always believed in myself and in my country.



Being rich helped. I was born in France and when my family returned to America three years later, I could speak fluent French, good Spanish and German, and passable Italian.

But it would be my uncompromising English that would get me into so much trouble.



Growing up in Wisconsin, I set out to work hard at being the best at everything I did--hunting, fishing, horseback riding. Sailing with other children, I was always the captain. At prep school and college, I played quarterback.



Grandfather had been a businessman, banker and railroad president, and two-term member of Congress. Father was a financier and bank president and a US Senator. America's inspiring past and glowing future ignited me. My path was not yet chosen, but I was determined to make a mark of my own.

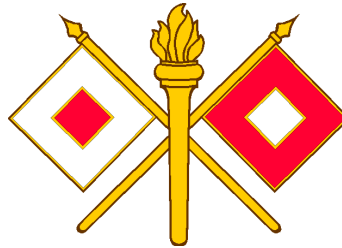
I was eighteen when the battleship *Maine* blew up in Havana Harbor. Father would soon vote to declare war on Spain.

"I'm going home to pack," I announced.

Life was going to be an adventure! But first, because I was so young, I needed my parents' consent. Mom and Dad would not hold me back and off I went! After three weeks of rigorous training...



But I would be no ordinary infantry soldier. Family connections got me assigned to the Army Signal Corps to be an *officer*.

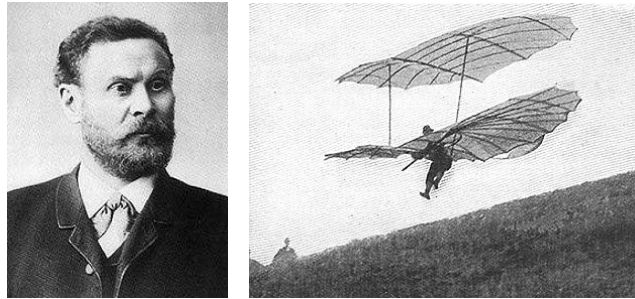


With plenty of childhood practice, I quickly proved myself a leader, but too late for the war, getting to Havana for Spain's surrender.

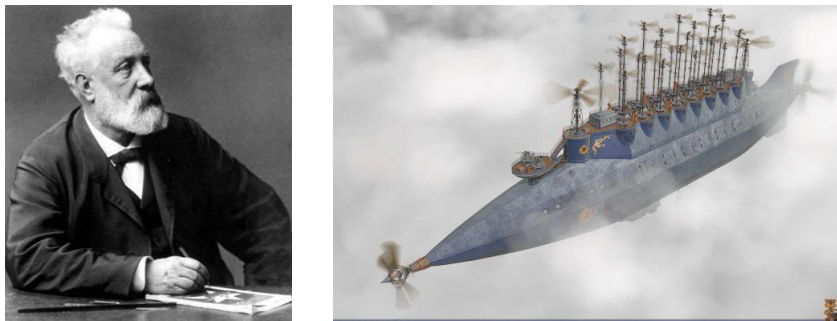


My Signal Corps mission was to lay telephone and telegram lines across the island. The 'wires of progress' and I was at the forefront. Then to the Philippines and Alaska. My men worked hard and got things done, making me the youngest captain in the Army.

All the while I read and researched and studied the latest innovations...



"To invent an airplane is nothing. To build one is something. But to fly is everything."

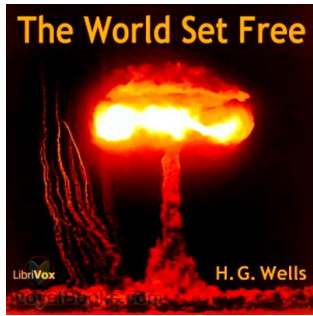


"Anything one man can imagine, other men can make real"

In 1906 came a heartbreaking task: reconnecting a city to the world.

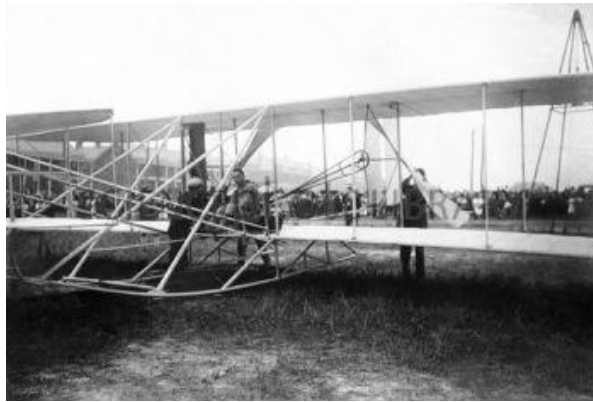


In the center of shattered San Francisco, I imagined the consequences if Man should ever possess such destructive power.



"Men rode upon the whirlwind that night and slew and fell like archangels. The sky rained heroes upon the astonished earth."

Two years later as Chief Signal Officer at Fort Myer, Virginia, and well aware of the strides made in aerial reconnaissance by balloons. I was eager to witness the demonstration of a new machine.



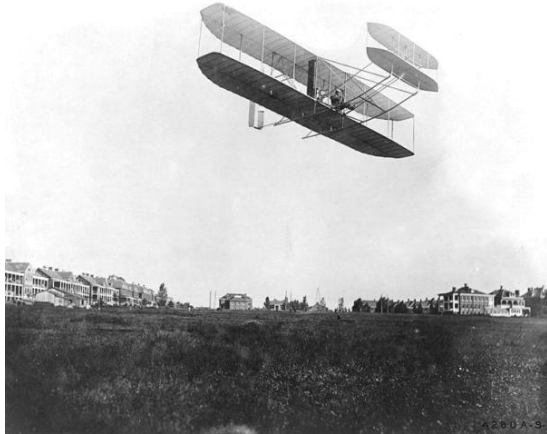
I inspected the 'Model A' closely. Mostly wood and cables, the stuff of telephone and telegraph lines.

Meeting the brilliant Orville Wright, I hoped that we would become friends. So far, the airplane's few flights had been mere 'hops'. How far would it go in the future?



"When my brother and I built the first man-carrying flying machine we thought that we were introducing into the world an invention which would make further wars practically impossible."

I stood barely fifty yards from the crude catapult that sent the craft hurtling across the field...and then...it *flew!*



Jumping into the sky, the winged thing became a *power*, an almost mythical miracle! At that moment I understood I knew nothing of the airplane except where it was going.

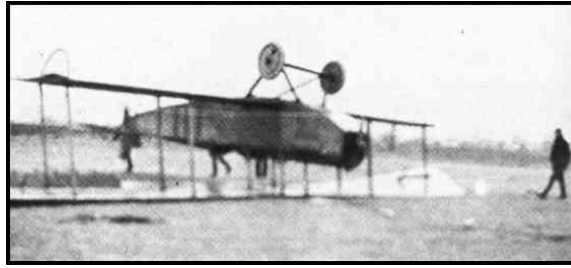


*"...future war will be conducted by a special class,
the air force, as it was by the armored Knights of the Middle Ages."*

I longed to follow the 'Model A' and Orville to Europe, but orders were orders and I was sent back to Cuba, and then again to the Philippines. From there I journeyed to Japan, hard at work to become a future power in the Pacific. At the end of 1911, the Japanese air force had a dozen airplanes, more than the United States.

After attending the Army Staff College, I became the only Signal Corps officer on the Army General Staff in 1913 and got to know early military aviators. Made deputy commander of the aviation section in 1916, without knowing how to fly, I took private lessons at my own expense.

Finally ready for my first solo, all went well until...



I would try again and this time got my license. And with the possibility of war growing every day in Europe, off to France I went to study the production of military aircraft.

By the time I arrived, the United States had declared war on Germany. On April 17th, 1917, I became the first US officer to fly over enemy lines.



For a moment I felt like St. Peter, christening the first church; in an unarmed plane flown by a Frenchman, I *founded* American Air Power!

War is decided by getting at the vitals of the enemy, that is, to shoot him in the heart. This kind of war is like clipping off one finger, then a toe, then an ear, then his nose and gradually eating into his vitals. Would it go on forever?



Orville Wright believed the airplane's greatest power was 'to see the other side of the hill'. Aerial photography lay the enemy's forces bare. The first fighters were built to shoot down reconnaissance planes. More took to the skies to protect them. The battle for 'air superiority' took flight.



Winning the war in the air would make the sky safe for the bombers, the knockout punch of air power. The enemy could be bombed directly, *tactical* bombing to destroy its armies on the battlefield, *strategic* bombing, hitting the enemy's cities and factories.



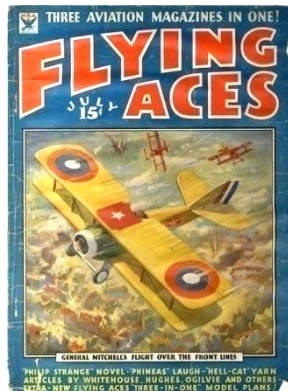
For thousands of years, armies and navies had clashed in countless wars. Suddenly the airplane could only overwhelm them both and take command of war, but with sufficient air power, defeat the enemy on its own.

On a fine Sunday morning, a full year after the United States entered the war, I got the first American combat squadron into the air. We had to jump the Germans! I've seen their movement to the rear with my own eyes. Forget the artillery if it means delay. If we advance fast, the artillery would probably shoot a lot of our own men anyway.

At the Battle of Saint-Mihiel I led nearly 1,500 British, French and Italian planes to support American ground forces. But not a single fighter or bomber had been built in the US; we'd surrendered the Wright Brothers' leadership to the Europeans.

War in the air begins *on the ground*; my Air Service built airfields, hangars and support facilities. With Victory, I had won a bunch of medals, and couldn't wait to get back and become Chief of the American Air Service.

The Army and Navy were 'not amused'; the press loved me.



"If a nation ambitious for universal conquest gets off to a flying start in a war of the future, it may be able to control the whole world more easily than a nation has controlled a continent in the past."

Back home in 1919, I was appointed *assistant* chief of the U.S. Army Air Service. (My boss had never been *in* a plane.) What 'Air Service'? Peace had killed all that I had built. The one combat aircraft manufactured in America was obsolete before it ever left the runway.



I wanted more for the Air Service: a special corps of mechanics, troop-carrying aircraft, a civilian pilot pool for wartime, long-range bombers capable of flying the Atlantic and armor-piercing bombs. We needed bombsights, ski-equipped aircraft, engine superchargers and aerial torpedoes.

The airplane was just as essential in peacetime. I established aerial forest-fire and border patrols, then ordered a mass flight to Alaska, a transcontinental air race and a flight around the perimeter of the United States. Breaking aviation records would keep us in the news. We had to have *headlines!*



"The infantry officer's horizon was at the end of a day's march. The cavalryman saw a little further, a little faster. The artilleryman could see to the end of his trajectories. But none of them could see into the air."

The United States had 39 battleships. Some were obsolete, brought out of mothballs for the war and soon to be retired again, but most were still battleworthy. Reductions to US Air Service had been crippling, but Congress approved a naval expansion of *10 additional battleships*.



"German militarism endangers the world", I warned the nation. The armistice ending the war had come without complete victory sealed by a harsh treaty. Germany would soon rise again and the British Isles will be vulnerable to mass aerial attack.

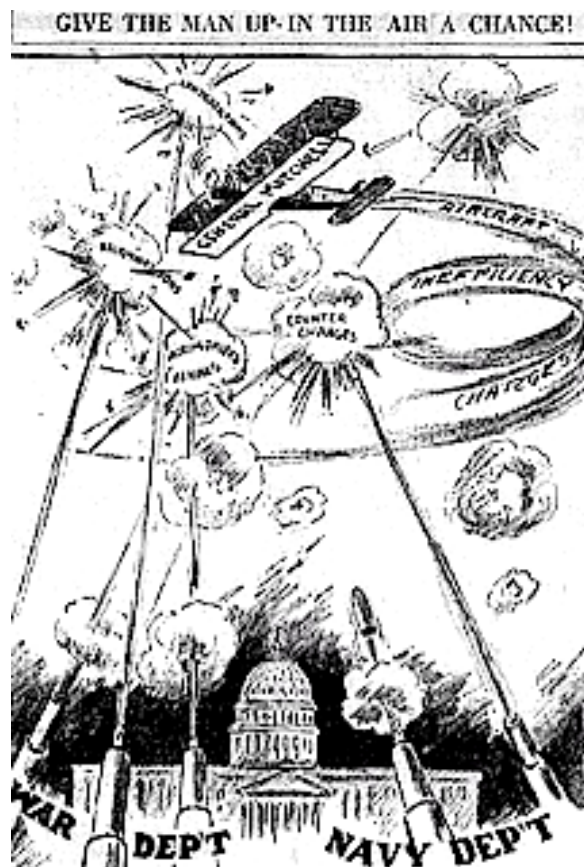


"He's the Prince of the Air right now."

As for Pearl Harbor...If our warships were to be found bottled up in a surprise attack from the air and our airplanes destroyed on the ground, nothing but a miracle would enable us to hold our Far East possessions. It would break our backs. Same with the Philippines.



The blind, stubborn admirals cited 'national security' and 'American jobs'; God bless Free Speech and The Press! I was going to smoke those people out that did not believe in the air business and either make them 'fish or cut bait'.



The General Staff knew as much about the air as a hog did about skating.

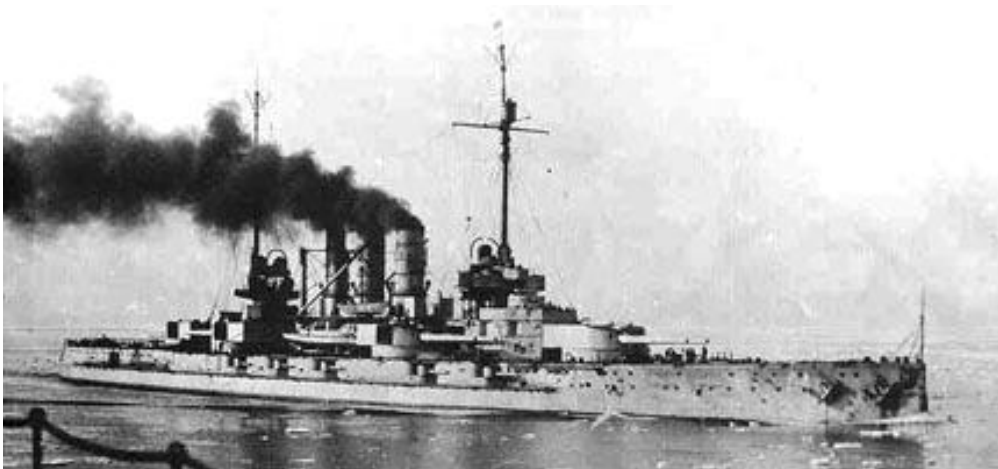


"Give me some battleships to bomb and come watch us sink-em!"

JULY 20-21, 1921



*"Without a decisive naval force we can do nothing definitive,
and with it, everything honorable and glorious."*





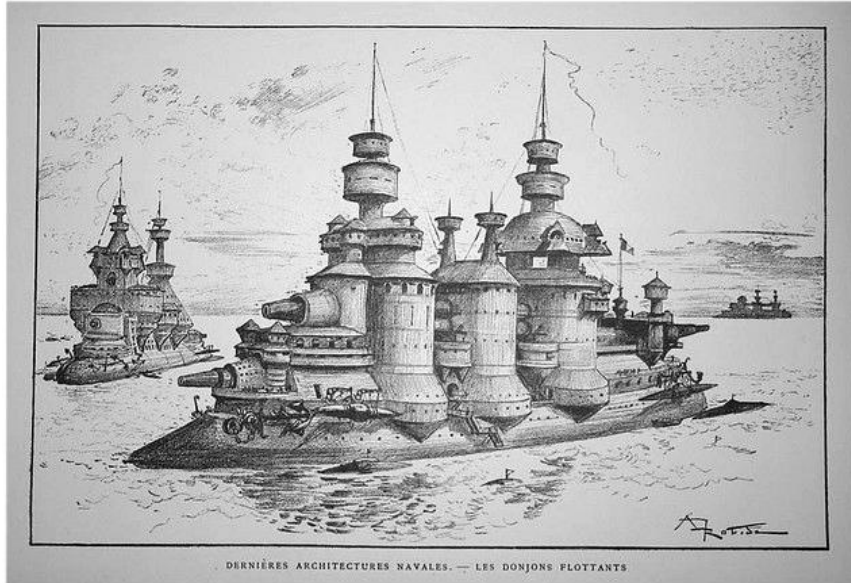
"That idea is so damned nonsensical and impossible that I'm willing to stand on the bridge of a battleship while that nitwit tries to hit it from the air."



"Whoever commands the sea, commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself."



"This operation will make him or break him."



We would not fly unprepared. I assembled the 'First Provisional Air Brigade' and ordered practice with 200-pound Navy bombs slung under the wings against mock targets near Langley Field.

Not enough to damage the surface ships. I had to sink them. Leave no doubt. Had to make the Navy, and all America, *believe*:

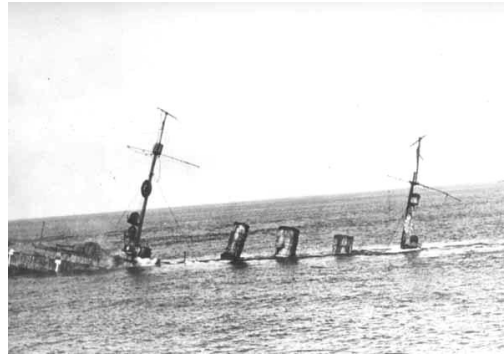
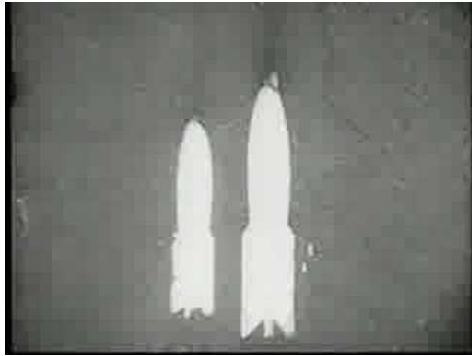


**THE FUTURE OF THE NATION IS FOREVER BOUND UP IN THE
DEVELOPMENT OF AIR POWER.**



"Good God! This man should be writing dime novels."

First up was the German cruiser *Frankfurt*...



Next, the destroyer *G102*...



Both went down. Then...



The New York Times

"Naval officers are insisting that the fliers will never sink the Ostfriesland at all."



Instead of using small Navy bombs, we loaded up with 2000-pounders supplied by the Army. In twenty-two minutes...



"Such an experiment without actual conditions of war to support it is a foolish waste of time."

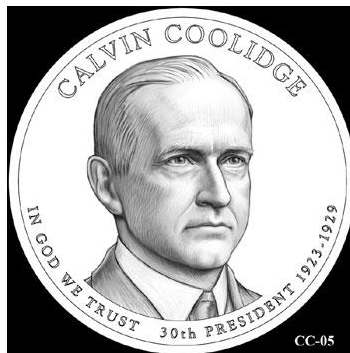
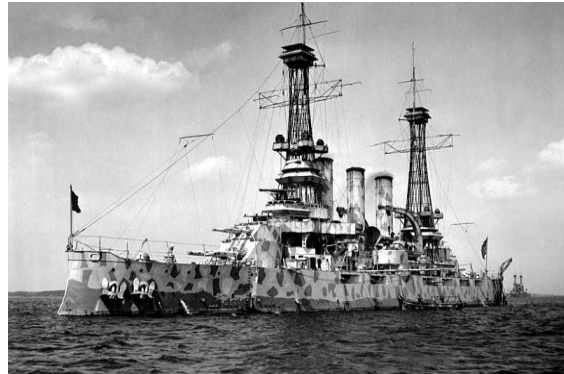


"The battleship is still the backbone of the fleet and the bulwark of the nation's sea defense."

In later tests, the *Alabama*...



Then down went the *New Jersey* and the *Virginia*...



*"The battleship has been fully vindicated.
There will be no change in defense policy."*

Air power could not only sink ships, but also destroy cities. To prove it, I led my bombers on a mock attack.

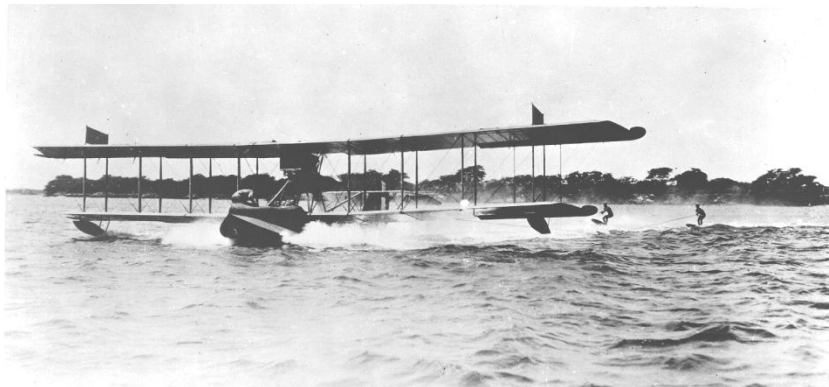


Flying down Broadway to the tip of Manhattan Island, we picked landmark buildings as targets. With just 21 tons of bombs, air power would have paralyzed the city.



"New York City could be effectively attacked from the air."

The War Department wanted me gone, and shipped me out to Hawaii. I came back with a vengeance, detailing the poor defenses I found.



"Have they no better use for airplanes?"

Not home for long, I was sent to Europe and then the Far East and returned in 1924 with a report.



"Japan is preparing her whole war-making powers so that every advantage can be taken of new developments in the art of war."

The Army reacted like 'a green demolition team approaching an unexploded bomb.' The Air Service got no money, still flew obsolete, dangerous aircraft. With every crash, I held Washington responsible.



"Should there be such a war America would have to fight it a long way from home...It would be gravely embarrassing to the American people if the ideas of your General Mitchell were more appreciated in Japan than in the United States."

I kept writing, the Navy's job was to counter threats approaching the United States from the sea. I wanted catapult-launched planes from capital ships to provide early warning, or even better...



The Navy wouldn't listen, again postponing the construction of its first aircraft carrier. When my appointment with the Air Service expired in 1925, I was demoted back to colonel and exiled to Texas.

Finally rid of me? Not a chance! When an overloaded Navy dirigible crashed, killing more than a dozen airmen, I let loose with a broadside.



"...Incompetency, criminal negligence, and the almost treasonable negligence of our national defense by the War and Navy departments. All aviation policies, schemes and systems are dictated by the non-flying officers of the Army and Navy, who know practically nothing about it. I can stand by no longer and see these disgusting performances...at the expense of the lives of our people, and the delusions of the American public."



They court-martialed me for insubordination, *not* because I wrong. American reality had nothing to do it. The grand military tradition had to be protected. Colonels and generals would decide my fate.

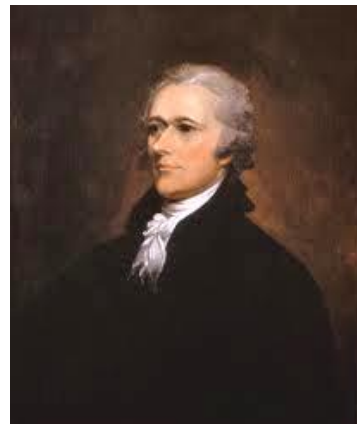


"Billy Mitchell is the only man ever connected with high-up- aviation in Washington to use the air for anything but exhaling purposes."

Crowds poured in to watch while the newspapers poured it on.

'Insubordination and folly' charged *The New York Times*. *Herald Tribune*: 'Opinionative, arrogant and intolerant.' From the *Kansas City Star*: 'a zealot, a fanatic, a one-idea man.'

After seven weeks, I was found guilty on all counts, topped off with a '26-gun' *coup de grace* from the Army Judge Advocate:



"Is such a man a safe guide? Is he a constructive person or is he a loose talking imaginative megalomaniac?... Is this man a Moses, fitted to lead the people out of a wilderness?... Is he not rather the all too familiar charlatan and demagogue type...and except for a decided difference in poise and mental powers in Burr's favor, like Aaron Burr?"

I resigned from the Army and took a trip, four months from coast to coast, lecturing, showing films of the ship bombings, always pushing the necessity for military preparedness in the air.



Love for the airplane, the technical miracle of my lifetime, kept me fighting away. And the wondrous things it could make happen.



Its beauty, grace and power, above all, aviation made me *imagine*...



We were living under a new sky; the airplane was going to forever change national defense and transportation.



Crossing oceans non-stop, fighting for the sky at more than 1000 miles per hour.



All over the world and possibly beyond into interstellar space.

America had to *believe*. Writing and lecturing, my goal was to found a University of Aviation that would place the United States forever first in the development of air power.



The Great Depression postponed my dream and millions of others.

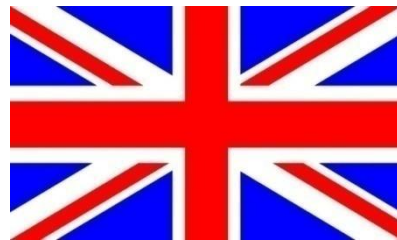


A new voice took to the stage.

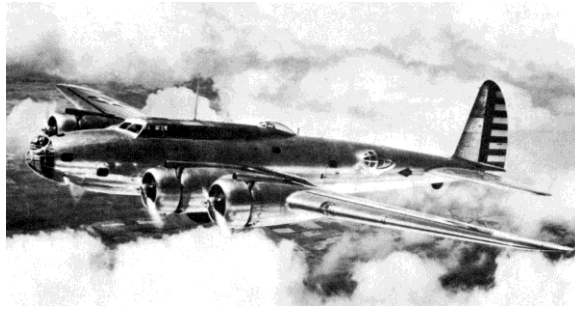


"The next war will be very different from the last."

Beyond our shores, powerful air forces were being readied...



Finally, the United States produced its first great plane.



Based on both coasts, the mission of the Boeing B-17 was to fly out more than 200 miles to drop bombs on invading enemy battleships.

My health began to betray me. If I could have flown just one more mission to prove the priceless value of air power...



*"Beauty did not kill the beast.
The airplanes got'em!"*

Near the end, I sought final rest, turning down an Army plot in Arlington Cemetery to be buried in Milwaukie.



I believed in what I stood for, and too often, stood alone. I hope I'll be remembered as an American who did everything he could for the defense of his country.

Of all the predictions I made, one I feared most:



**WITHOUT DECLARING WAR, JAPANESE AIR POWER WILL ATTACK
PEARL HARBOR, ONE SUNDAY MORNING.**

NOVEMBER 29, 1941



From the **Official Game Program**: beside a picture of *Arizona*: *"It is significant that despite claims of air enthusiasts no battleship has yet been sunk by bombs."*

TWO SUNDAYS LATER



"I fear all we have done is to awaken a sleeping giant and fill him with a terrible resolve."

Finally, an admiral gets one *right* -- Pearl Harbor ignited the torch of American Air Power!



"We must be the great arsenal of democracy."

The first American heroes of the WW II air war never left the ground.



And the *first* to strike back at the enemy homeland...

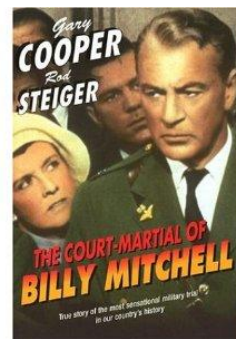


Sixteen bombers on a one-way mission to Tokyo and the wild blue yonder...

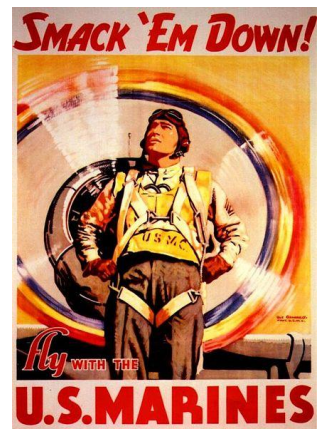
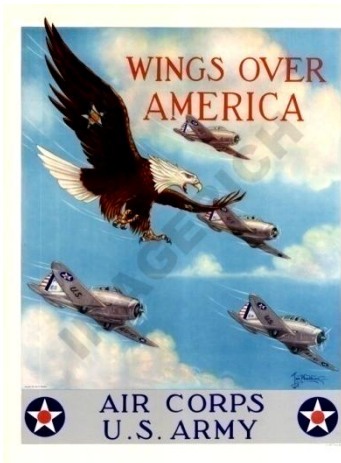


B-25 Mitchell Bombers!

Congress also minted me a special gold medal, the Post Office issued my stamp, and Hollywood starred me in a movie!



American Air Power entered the war late, helped hold the tide..



Then turned it...



Won the air war in Europe...

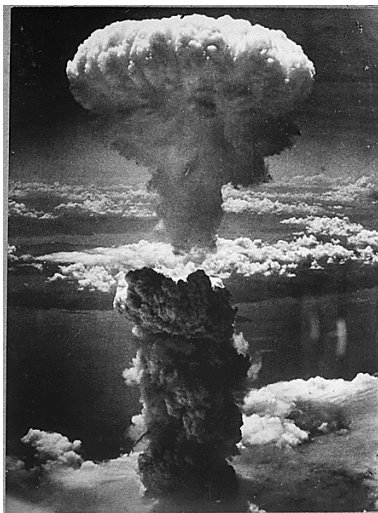


In the Pacific, the largest, most powerful, most fearsome battleship ever built sailed out to challenge...



And was swiftly sunk **by American Air Power..**

The final missions...



Then almost everybody lost their jobs. The war over and won, American Air Power was again struggling to stay aloft.

Milwaukie named their airport after me, and look what I got from the Coast Guard!



My stature does *not* belong in an airport annex...



But *larger-than-life* in front of the National Air & Space Museum.



If World War Two had won peace on earth for all mankind, American Air Power would no longer have been needed.

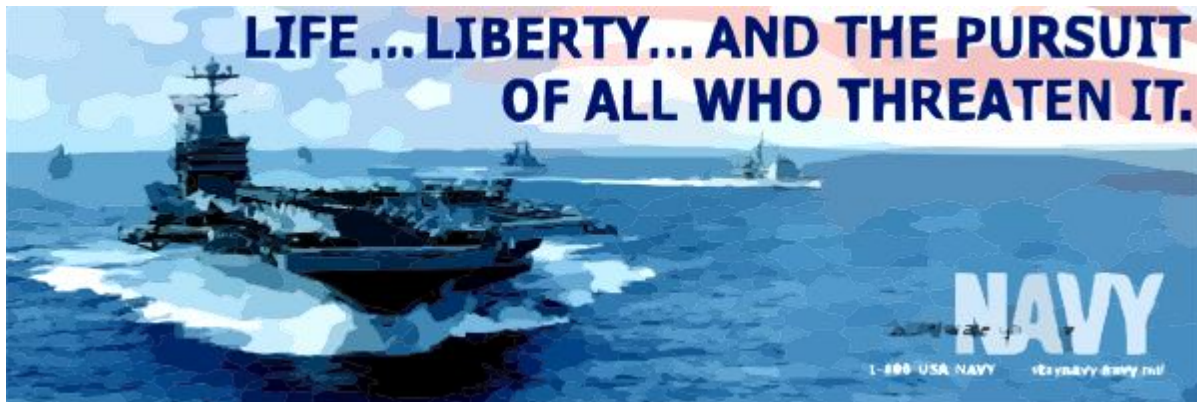
But...



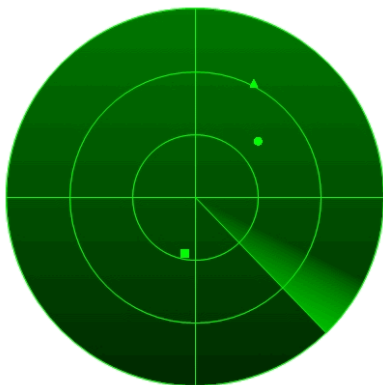
We met the challenge and won the skies.



Again and again around the world...



And when new technologies threatened...



American Air Power triumphed!



Fighting for freedom thousands of miles from home...



American Air Power has dropped more bombs on deserts and jungles...



On more cities and towns than the rest of the world's air forces put together!



For more than a generation, our fighters have been invincible.



And our tactical aircraft overpowering.



Once Roman Legions dominated the land, then *Britannia* ruled the sea.

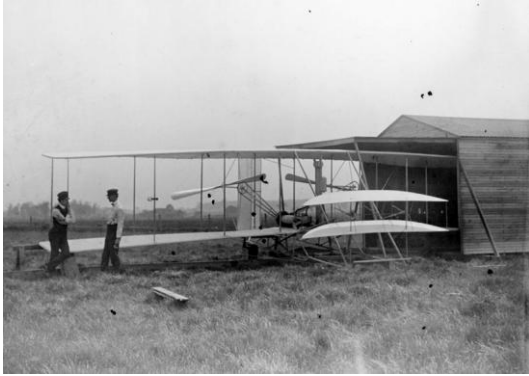


From the stuff of telephone and telegraph lines...



American Air Power has conquered the sky!





IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AIR POWER, ONE HAS TO LOOK AHEAD AND NOT BACKWARD AND FIGURE OUT WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN, NOT TOO MUCH WHAT HAS HAPPENED.



Sons and daughters, American Air Power has always been you.



Your courage, your commitment, your hard work, your belief in the defense of the greatest nation the world has ever known has made me so proud.



The aeronautical era I began has come to an end. Very soon, most of you are going to lose your jobs.



"Air power may either end war or end civilization."



"I have seen the science I worshiped, and the airplane I loved, destroying the civilization I expected them to serve."



"If we maintain our faith in God, love of freedom, and superior global air power, the future looks good."



As it was nearly a hundred years ago, war is entering a new age and those who refuse to accept it are like cavalry officers clinging to their jittery horses as mechanized armies clattered to the front.

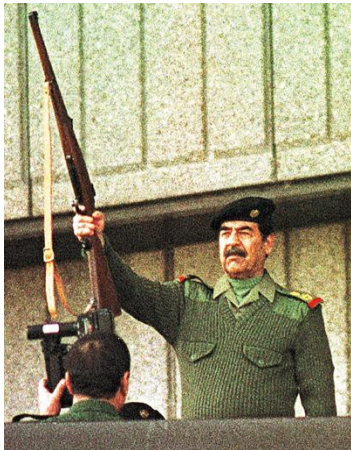
Remember the *Maine*, and the rest of battleships, at the bottom of the sea, recycled in scrapheaps, or memorials and museums.



The truth the War Department failed to believe almost a century ago has come full circle. America's newest 'battleship', outrageously expensive and outmoded by technology and unneeded in battle: the fighter plane.



I have *loved* the American fighter plane since the first day it took to the air. I was *there!* A war-winner again and again, until...



"The mother of all battles!"

Saddam's war has bore no children and never will. No more will heads of state mass an army and air force to invade another country. Against an all-out strike by American Air power, no tank army would last a weekend, no air force more than two weeks.



While our Air Force...



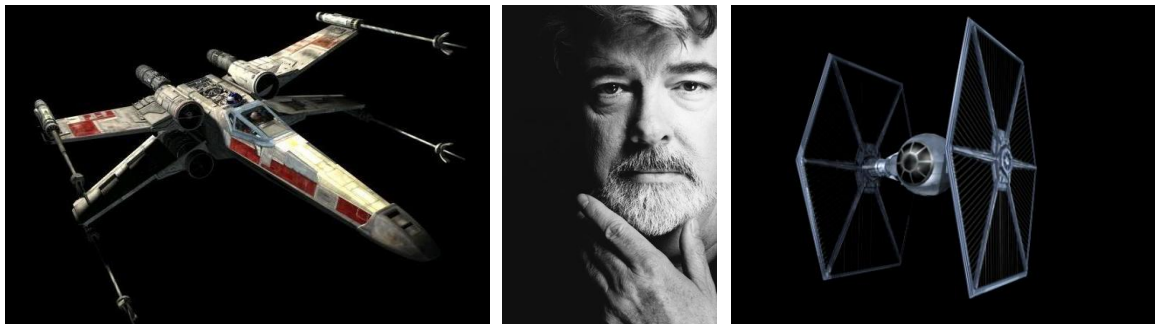
"The Joint Strike Fighter program has been both a scandal and a tragedy... Ten years and \$56 billion in taxpayer investment that has produced less than 20 test and operational aircraft."

I'm the guy who said an airplane could sink a battleship. The War Department laughed at me. Hell, they *prosecuted* me. But never ever did I say that a single airplane should cost as much.



"The reality is we are fighting two wars, in Iraq and Afghanistan, and the F-22 has not performed a single mission in either theater."

New wars *are* being fought for the hearts and minds of people in a technological revolution while the United States continues to fight the *last* war. And if we do nothing in the face of all this, again we leave our future in the air to incompetents.



"The parallels between what we did in Vietnam and what we're doing in Iraq now are unbelievable."

Will the Chinese and Russians challenge America's lead?



These flashy prototypes *were* built to weaken us. Attacking our pride, and our fears, their mission is to scare the United States into investing trillions in fighter planes the nation has no use for.

As equally outdated as the fighter plane are the ships that carry them.



Ten billion dollars and six thousand jobs to protect the trade routes from...



While in the Caribbean, a squadron of planes, a fleet of speedboats, and a pack of submarines smuggle tons of narcotics into the United States, yet the Navy refuses to send an aircraft carrier to stop them.



The United States has ten nuclear-powered *Nimitz*-class carriers designed to have a 50-year service life. Decommissioning will cost nearly one billion dollars each.

The 'flattop' won WW II in the Pacific, supported the Vietnam War and operations in Iraq and Afghanistan, but the Big Battle Era is over. Yet the Navy plans on building *ten more* aircraft carriers.



Whose universe are they sailing in?



Almost a century after they kicked me out, the US military hasn't grown an hour.



"You learn far more from negative leadership than from positive leadership. Because you learn how not to do it. And, therefore, you learn how to do it."

The mission of American Air Power has become the support of the best trained, best equipped ground forces the world has ever seen...



...Fighting Third World religious fanatics and political insurgents armed with handheld weapons and homemade bombs able to recruit an endless corps of common people willing to die to drive the superpower's soldiers out of their homeland.



"Our country, not America's!"



"One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter."



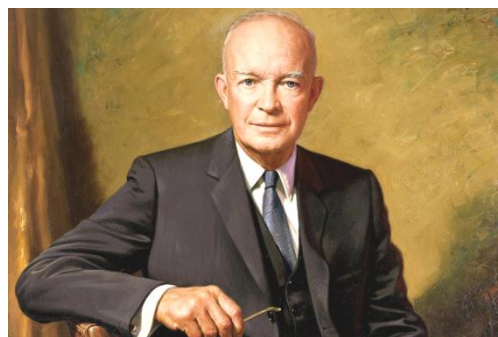
"Superman is how America views itself; Batman is how the rest of the world views America."

The global terrorist threat will be instantly crippled by removing every American soldier, Marine and airman from Afghanistan and Iraq and standing down our aircraft carriers, fighter planes and helicopters.

As for other forces threatening our national security...



"I shall invent an entirely new torture against which there is no possible defense!"



"In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."



So long ago, I was part of the Aviation Board. I made suggestions, recommendations, and predictions based on a swiftly changing world, and was ignored.



"The day has passed when armies or navies can be the arbiter of a nation's destiny in war. The main power of defense and the power of initiative against an enemy has passed to the air."

THOSE WHO BLINDLY FOLLOW TRADITION WILL BE LEFT BEHIND. BEYOND FIGHTER PLANES AND AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, AMERICAN AIR POWER WILL SAFEGUARD THE WORLD.



FIREPOWER CANNOT ELIMINATE TERROR

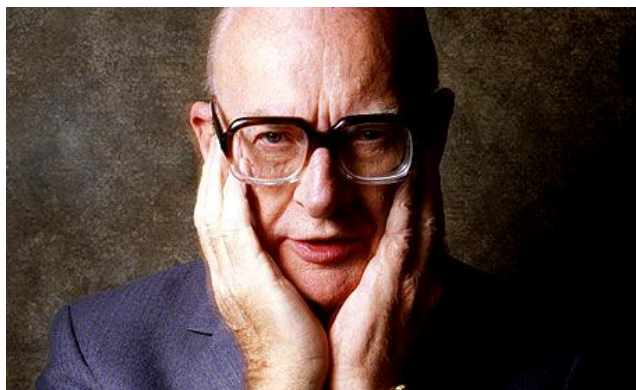
TERROR WILL BE DEFEATED ONLY BY *GREATER* TERROR



"We do plan on considering Unmanned Aircraft Systems as alternatives to traditionally manned aircraft across a broad spectrum of Air Force missions ... but certainly not all."



"Two words for you: predator drones. You will never see it coming."



"As our own species is in the process of proving, one cannot have superior science and inferior morals. The combination is unstable and self-destructing."



Around the world, across the nation, American heroes rest in peace. Thousands more suffer from war wounds physical and psychological.

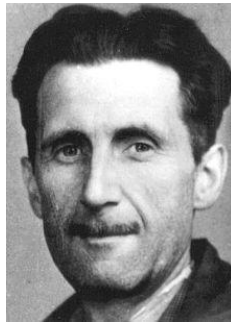


No more. Never again will it be necessary to send our soldiers, airmen and sailors to fight foreign wars.

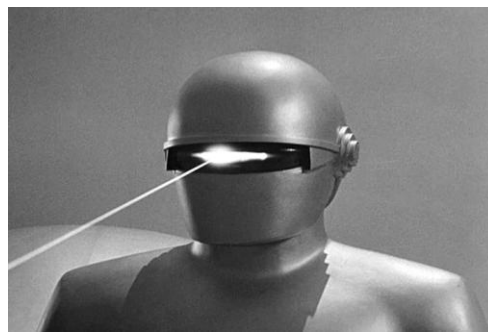
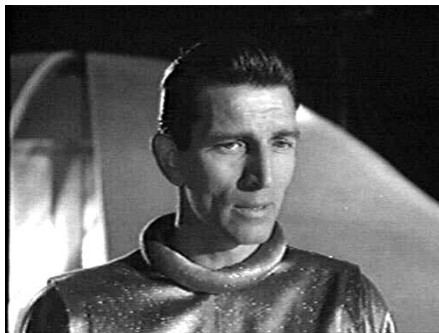


"We have the technology."

Unseen, unheard, omnipresent, American Air Power will dominate.



"We were once told that the aeroplane had "abolished frontiers"; actually it is only since the aeroplane became a serious weapon that frontiers have become definitely impassable."



"The universe grows smaller every day, and the threat of aggression by any group, anywhere, can no longer be tolerated. There must be security for all, or no one is secure. Now, this does not mean giving up any freedom, except the freedom to act irresponsibly..."

"We have an organization for the mutual protection... and for the complete elimination of aggression. The test of any such higher authority is, of course, the police force that supports it. For our policemen, we created a race of robots..."

At any moment, anywhere, around the clock, without warning, the last sound the terrorists will hear: the sonic boom of the missile that kills them.



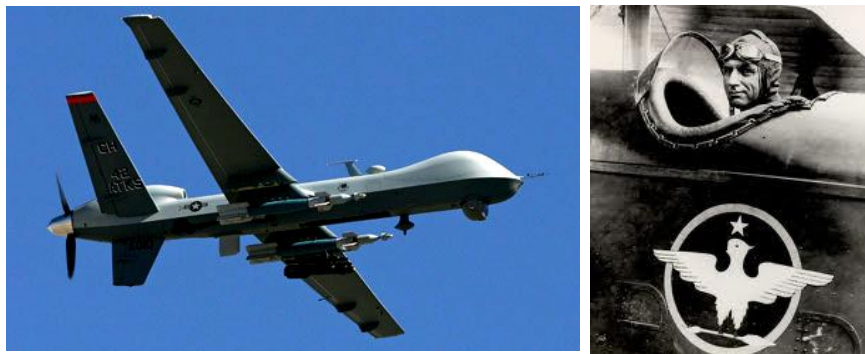
"It can't be bargained with. It can't be reasoned with. It doesn't feel pity, or remorse, or fear. And it absolutely will not stop, ever, until you are dead."

Once top fighter pilots took years to train at enormous cost; drone flyers enter the arena already home-schooled.



"There is no need for them to be pilots, it's sort of like a union regulation."

Drone warfare is at the same stage as the 'battleship bombers'.



"The advent of air power, which can go straight to the vital centers and either neutralize or destroy them, has put a completely new complexion on the old system of making war. It is now realized that the hostile main army in the field is a false objective, and the real objectives are the vital centers."

Miniaturization plus connectivity makes the future virtually limitless.



"Don't be too proud of this technological terror you've constructed."

The concept is unbeatable; until the hardware and execution are perfected, unintended casualties will be unavoidable.





“ ...The immorality of drones, dropping bombs on innocent people. It’s been over 200 children so far. These are war crimes.”

But no more funerals for Americans KIA.



"I think you know what the problem is just as well as I do."

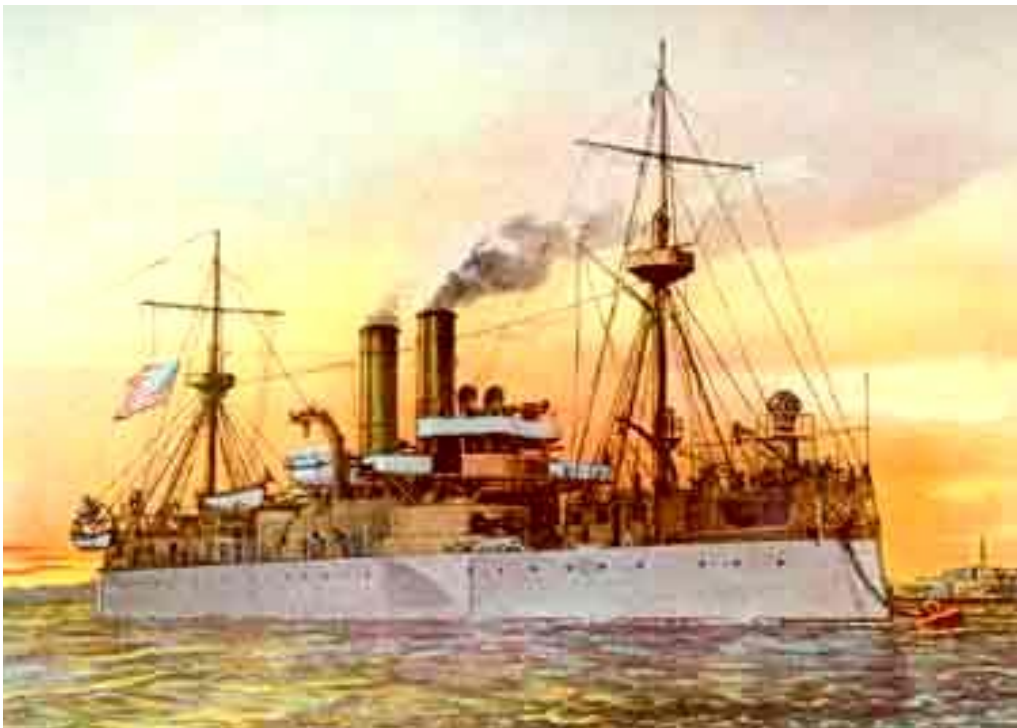
That the loss of American jobs from coast to coast would be a heartless blow to national security and the economy?



Defense contractors are bought and paid for by taxpayers. Are the best, most highly qualified skilled craftsmen and women in the country going to continue building aircraft carriers and fighter planes?



Remember the *Maine*? Might as well still be making battleships!



Farewell, sons and daughters...



American Air Power has always been you. Each and every one of you is a hero, the best in history. There'll never be any better. You've accomplished your mission, and achieved your nation's quest.



Your courage and honor, hard work and dedication have brought this glorious era to its triumphant conclusion.



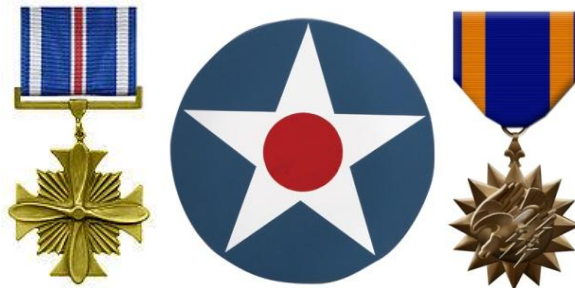
Your selfless contributions to freedom and democracy will be treasured forever.

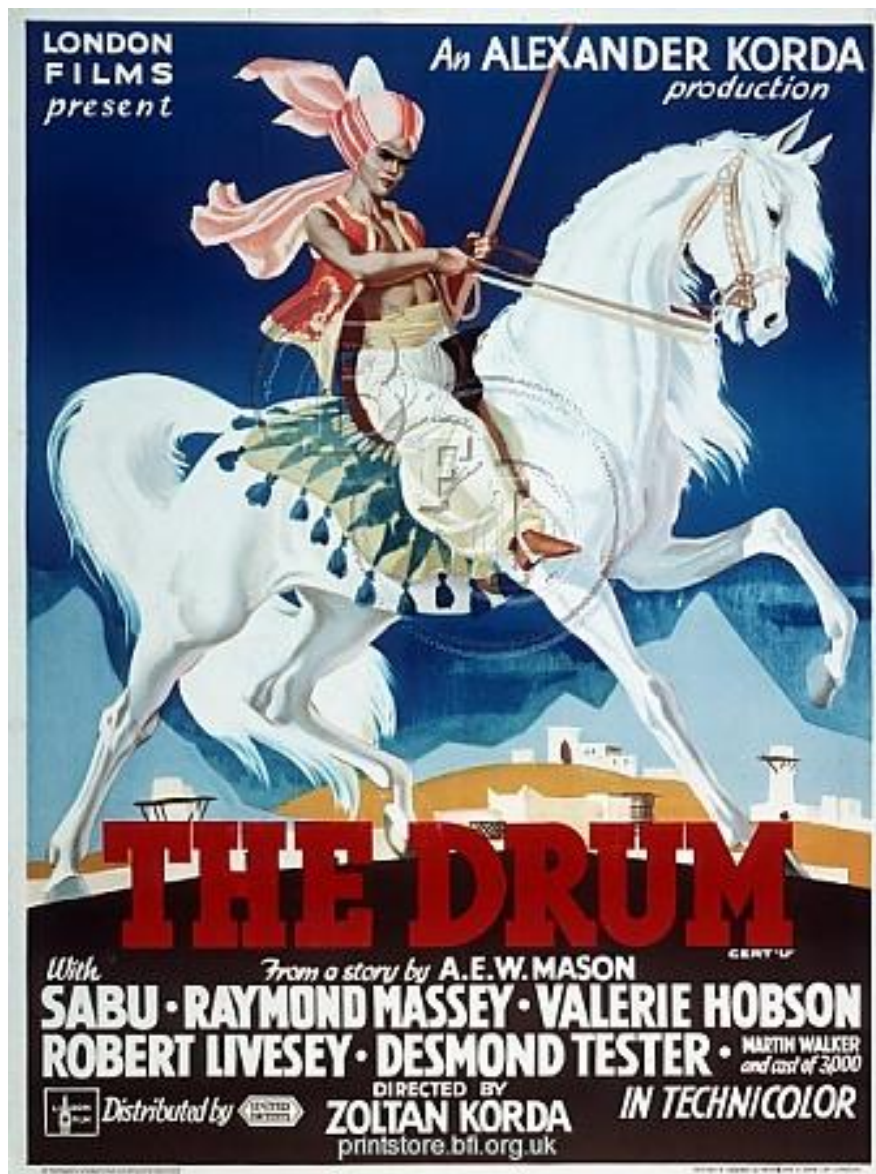
Best of luck getting a new job.



Major General William 'Billy' Mitchell
US Army Air Corps

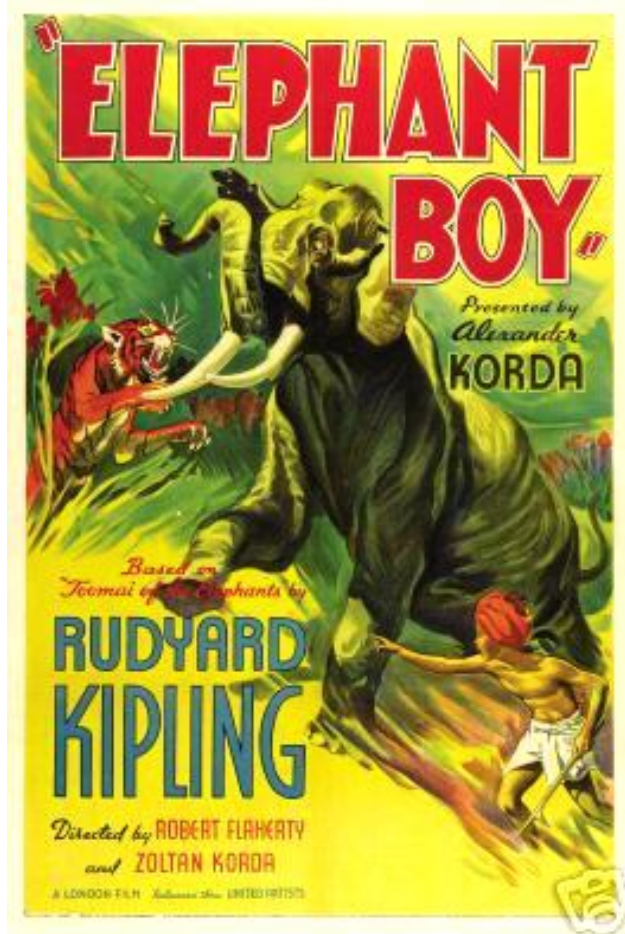
American Salute





“My story is of such marvel that if it were written with a needle on the corner of an eye, it would yet serve as a lesson to those who seek wisdom.”

Anonymous, The Arabian Nights: Tales from a Thousand and One Nights



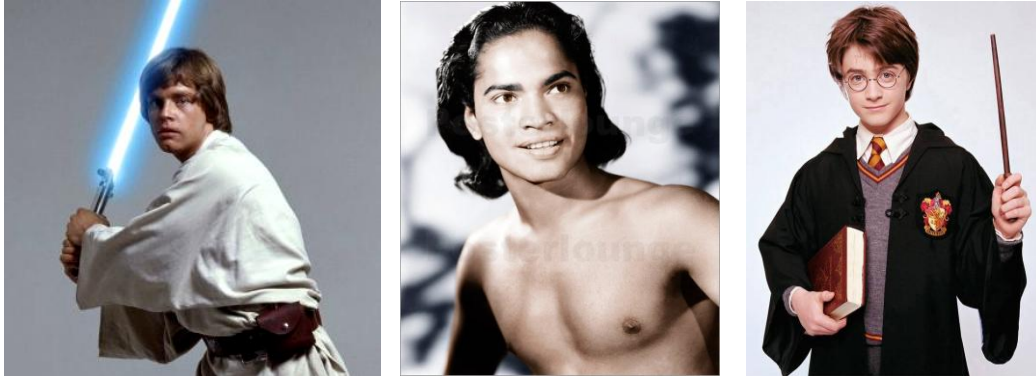
My name used to be Selar Shaik, before I became world famous.



No, no, NO! Not the wrestler or the hacker or the drummer. No comparison to me, the first, the original *Sabu!*

What? What do you mean?

How can you *not* know me, never heard of me? I was the Hollywood fantasy hero of my decade, the innocent, exotic boy braving incredible adventures, the world's first single-name superstar!



All make-believe. It was my *real* life that was magical!

Beginning with the elephants...



I was born in the Indian jungle. The first dozen years of my life, I had merely existed, my bold and daring spirit trapped by tradition.

My father was a *mahout*, an elephant trainer and veterinarian for the Maharajah of Mysore. He died when I was eleven and it was ordained that I would take his place. My older brother drove a taxi cab. Our mother had died when we were very young, so I had grown up with the Maharajah's elephants



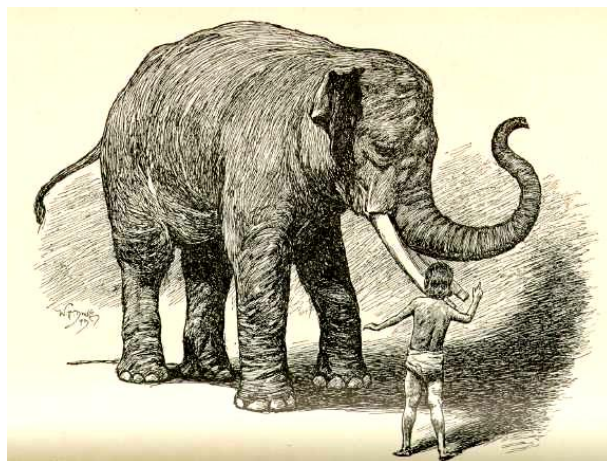
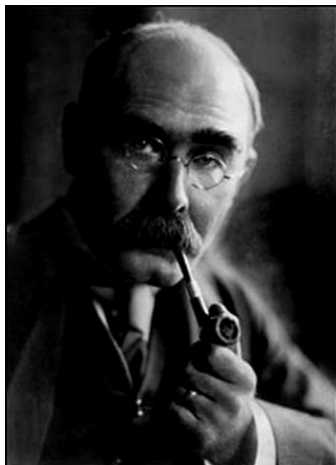
My cradle had been rocked by an elephant and I rode atop my first one when I was three. By studying the skills of the maharajah's chief elephant driver, I mastered my father's elephant when I was seven and became a ward of the maharajah, earning seventy-five American pennies every month.

I didn't want to go to school, but they kept sending me back every time I ran away. I felt I was going nowhere. To stand out, I chose the biggest, strongest elephant in the herd. *Irawatha* and I became trusted friends right away and I taught him many tricks, much to the delight of the maharajah.



In February of 1935, when I was 11, the Englishmen came. They were as white as ivory and very important. The maharajah ruled Mysore; the Queen of England ruled all of India.

They were going to make a *movie*, a 'documentary' from a story by a great British writer.



And they wanted a 'native' boy for the lead role.



The English entered the royal stable at lunch time while the senior *mahouts* were away. Wearing only a *lungi* and a turban, I put on my own show, performing acrobatic stunts while effortlessly guiding the elephants.

My foreign audience applauded. After several camera 'tests', they offered me a new job. And then a new life.

I, now named *Sabu*, would become their 'Toomai of the Elephants'!

And I had a new family. I wish I could speak English, but I'd work hard to learn it. My confidence and curiosity had won me an incredible opportunity and when the film crew changed locations, fearing nothing and wishing only to serve my white *sahibs*, I, and my brother and pet mongoose, went with them.



Britain was another world! I was enrolled in school immediately and began working extra hard to learn English. In the studio, I was free. The director wanted to adopt me, but because he was divorced, was not allowed to. To make me feel like a star, he bought me a car!



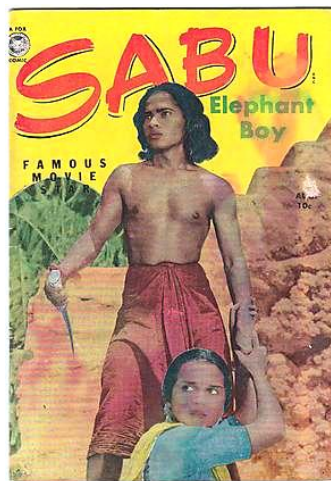
SABU RIDES AROUND THE LONDON FILMS STUDIO IN HIS AUTOMOBILE. MARLENE DIETRICH'S CADILLAC IS IN THE BACKGROUND

Finally, on April 7, 1937, 'The Picture With a Thousand Elephants and Million Thrills' premiered at the Leicester Square Theatre. Then I took to the stage as the English audience cheered.

So did the ***Kipling Society of England*** which endorsed the film, and me.

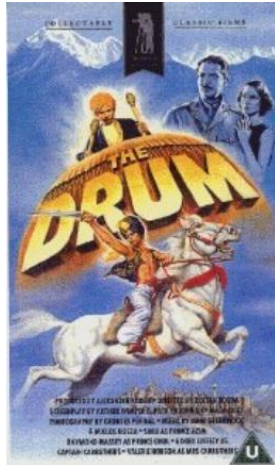
THE TIMES

"...A great thing that the Indian boy, Sabu, plays a chief part in it....natural with unselfconscious grace...a perfect foil for his elephant."



To promote the film, I appeared on English radio programs and met with Queen Mary herself.

Elephant Boy was an international success. The studio quickly planned my next movie which would be known with different titles, singular and plural.



My 'Elephant Boy' had become a Technicolor prince!



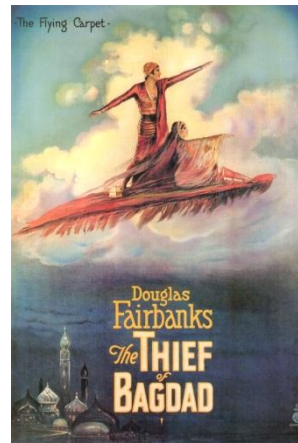
The New York Times

*"...A richly colonial atmosphere...
Be charmed by the rightful prince, Sabu."*

I had become so popular that a rival studio wanted to 'borrow' me to make another Kipling movie, but it didn't happen and a much older actor played the title role, and he modeled himself after me!



Off to America, to New York City, to see the President and the First Lady, and then Hollywood! After the premiere of *Drums*, I found out my next film would be what they'd later call a 'remake'.



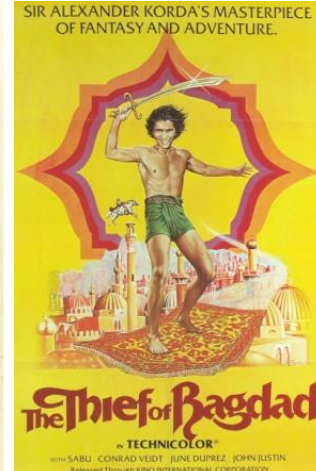
Our *Thief* will be the most fantastic fantasy film ever made, with a royal love story, a wicked wizard, and...



A genie bigger than *King Kong*!



Early on, it had become apparent that making a movie was not unlike domesticating an elephant; to fully produce 'the *magic* of the art', one must meld oneself with 'the *spirit* of the creature'.



Thief had plenty of 'magic', but the *melding*...

There never was a complete script. We got it in sections with about a million changes. The studio head hated the first and second directors. The first sets weren't 'big enough' for the production. The 'special effects' were beyond any other film ever made.



A third and then a fourth director. The score was "a symphony accompanied by a movie." The Technicolor brighter than ever. We made a horse and a carpet fly, and a gigantic hungry spider!



Through chaos and confusion. we worked as hard and as fast as we could, and just when **Thief** was finally coming together...

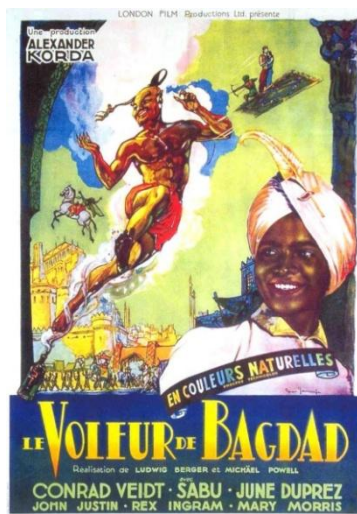
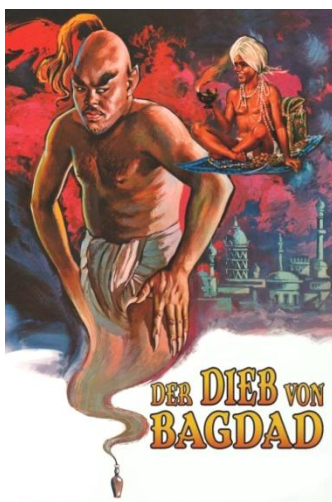


On September 1st, 1939, England and France declared war on Germany after the Nazis invaded Poland. Thousands of miles and a world away, my India was also at war.

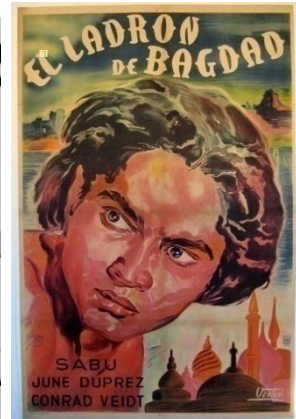
Production was shut down for a month. The 'Desert Fox' would soon be shooting in our African locations. Off to America to film in the Grand Canyon.



The Thief of Bagdad premiered at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles on October 17th, 1940. Then opened around the world on Christmas.



All the critics raved!



"This 1940 movie is one of the great entertainments. It lifts up the heart."



Unlike black-and-white American film stars, I got to sing in Technicolor!

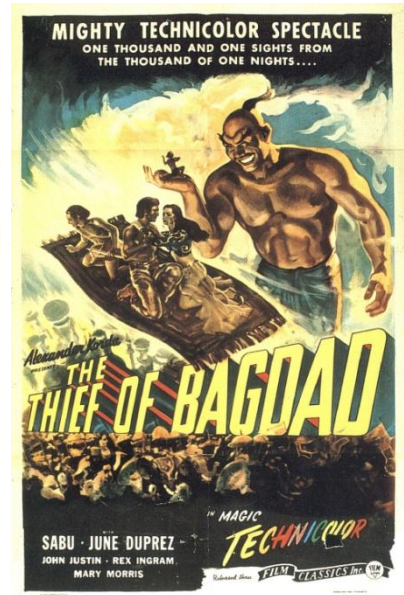
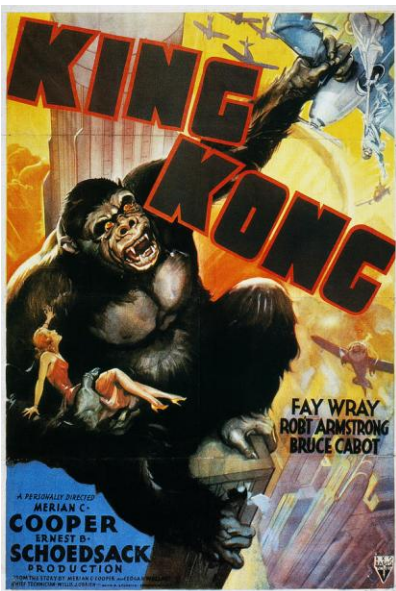


*"I want to be a sailor,
Sailing out to sea...
...I want to be a bandit,
Can't you understand it?
Sailing to sea is life for me..."*

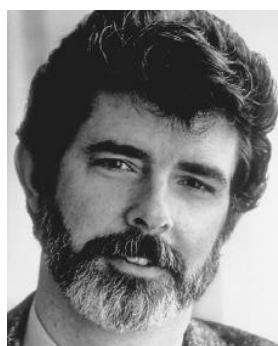
Thief of Bagdad won three Oscars. Outside of India, I was more popular than Gandhi!



The three great fantasy films of my lifetime:



The director of the next not yet born.



Thief began with me, Abu the thief, son and grandson of thieves, who 'always wanted to be a hero'. Condemned for stealing, I meet the deposed king in jail and help him escape. Caught by the evil magician, I am turned into a dog. Then, on a deserted beach, I free a giant genie who wants to kill me!



Rex Ingram's brilliance would inspire future iconic performances.



But smart thief that I am, I trick the genie into granting me three wishes.



The power of film and fantasy...we won many awards, made more money than I ever dreamed possible and became 'world famous', but there was something far more... I made people *imagine!*

Eighteen months after the film was released, the Nazis had invaded the Soviet Union and surrounded the city of Leningrad, 'The birthplace of the Revolution'.



In the darkest days of the Siege, hope was hard to come by. Braving the bombs and shells, there was one theater in the city still showing movies. And for ***Thief of Bagdad***, the house was packed.

When the genie granted my three wishes I replied. "I can't think on an empty stomach, I wish I had some sausages like mother used to make."

The genie snapped his fingers and in the palm of his hand...



"Your sausages, master!"

The starving Russians rioted. Shots were fired to drive back the mob. In 900 days, more than one million Leningraders would starve to death. And not for many years would Abu, the genie, and the magic sausages be seen again in the Soviet Union.

I might have used my three wishes more wisely. As for my fourth...

I had fallen in love...with America! To prove myself to my new country, I left Hollywood and enlisted in the US Army. As I already had plenty of experience, I wanted to fly.



The Army had me touring the country, selling War Bonds. Only US *citizens* could fly.

What a ridiculous regulation! Or was there more to it? For years the Army had insisted that Negroes 'lacked the needed prerequisites to be pilots' while the English believed that the Japanese 'inner ear flaw' prevented them from flying well.



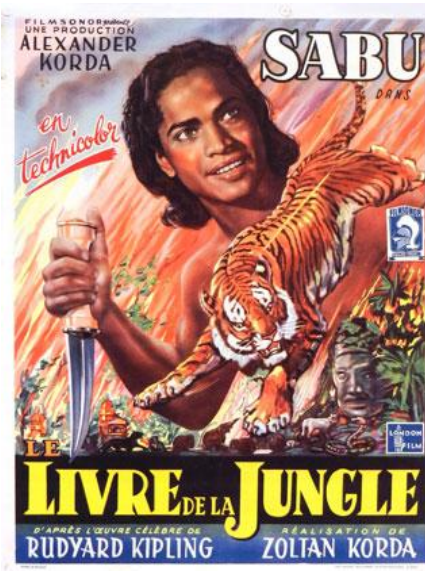
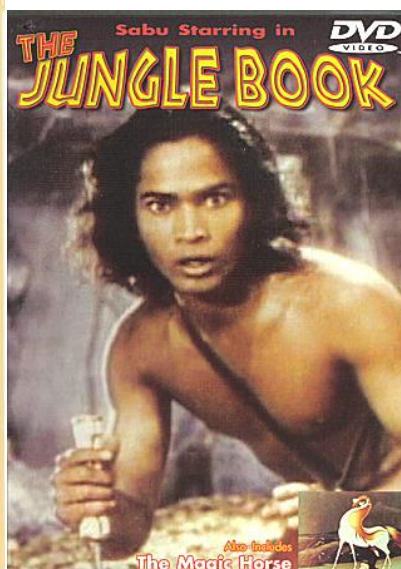
War gave both the chance to prove otherwise. I was 'colored', but not a Negro. Asian, but not Japanese. Who would speak up for an Indian who wanted to fly for America?

Hollywood did. Not to help me get my wings; the studio wanted me back. I got special permission from the War Department to return to work, making another movie from a Rudyard Kipling story.



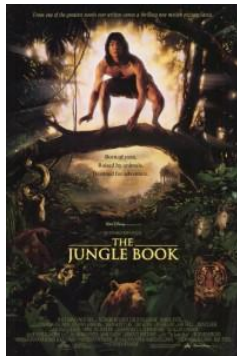
NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

"The chief asset...is the presence of Sabu...perfect in the role of Mowgli."



The film was a huge success, making me even richer than the maharajah of Mysore!

Many 'Mowgli's' would follow.



But for many who saw me first, I was the true one.



I bought a Cadillac, dated beautiful starlets, and made three more movies.



Not what I wanted most of all. I studied my English and American history every day. Then passed the official test with flying colors, and took the oath - I became an American citizen!

This time around, the Army Air Corps accepted me, trained and assigned me to the 307th Bombardment Group as a ball turret gunner in a B-24 *Liberator*.



The first B-24s had no belly turrets and were vulnerable underneath.



I, who had fought and defeated mythical monsters and jungle beasts, found myself in the belly of a machine ready to fire twin massive guns at the enemy. But by 1944, in the Pacific Theater, American forces had pushed the Japs back, closer and closer to their homeland.

After my first 25 sorties, I joined the 13th Army Air Force. Stopped counting the hours sitting in my glass and plexiglass ball, eager to fight. This is what I had dreamt - to be at the front defending my country, the United States of America!

Then came that bombing run on Borneo. Out of the sun they flew, fighters of the Japanese Imperial Navy hell bent on killing us all!



I reacted like the trained warrior I was, lighting up the sky with fifty caliber tracers! The Zeros zoomed closer, cannon blazing. Far from Hollywood, ripe with reality, I was fighting for my life and the lives of my friends.



"They're coming in too fast!"

"Why would I go looking for somebody who wants to kill me?"

Not a tiger or a cobra or the blackest panther, not an evil magician or the murderous palace guards or a monstrous spider, but another airman, maybe not much older than me, fighting for his country...to the death.



I fired long full bursts and yes, I hit him! Not a 'kill' or a 'damaged' but I, Selar Shaik, son of an Indian *mahout*, and a new American, had struck the enemy and sent him smoking into a cloud.



The war ended. I had won a Distinguished Flying Cross and an Air Medal with clusters, flying more combat missions than Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart combined.



But I was not a hero like the thousands, the *millions* of Americans and English and Russian and Indian fighting men who gave their lives for our freedom.



"Everything is possible when seen through the eyes of youth."

I'd left a boy, a 'child star' and returned a war veteran, a man to a changing Hollywood. No longer who I used to be, I got lesser roles in forgettable movies...





But I did well because of my investments in real estate and in Marilyn Cooper, who became my loving wife and the mother of my children.

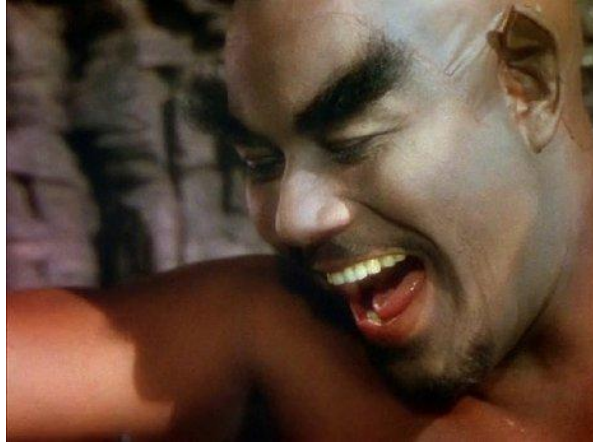


Indian and America had one inescapable thing in common: too few rich, and many too many poor. Two different worlds and between them a near uncrossable gulf.

I enjoyed the adventure of growing up. With a little luck and a lot of hard work, I had become a rich, respected, educated man of the world. What an incredible journey my life has been.

On December 1, 1963, I had my required physical examination. The diagnosis: "If everyone was as healthy as you, there would be no need for doctors."

Two days later, I had a heart attack and died in my Marilyn's arms.



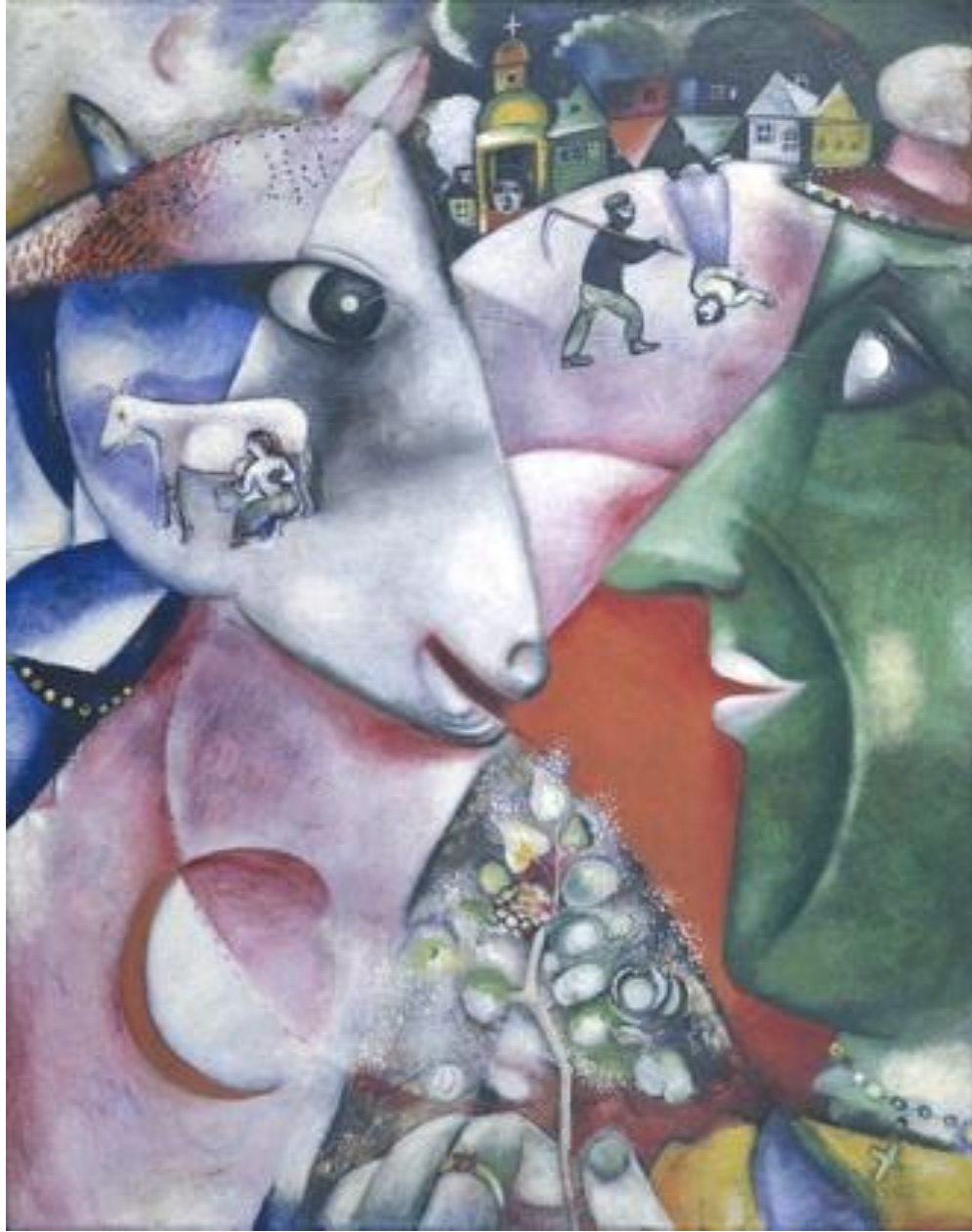
"Farewell, little master of the universe!"

But I'm still very much alive. I'll live on for as long as you remember me.



"I'm going to find what I want. Some fun and adventure at last!"

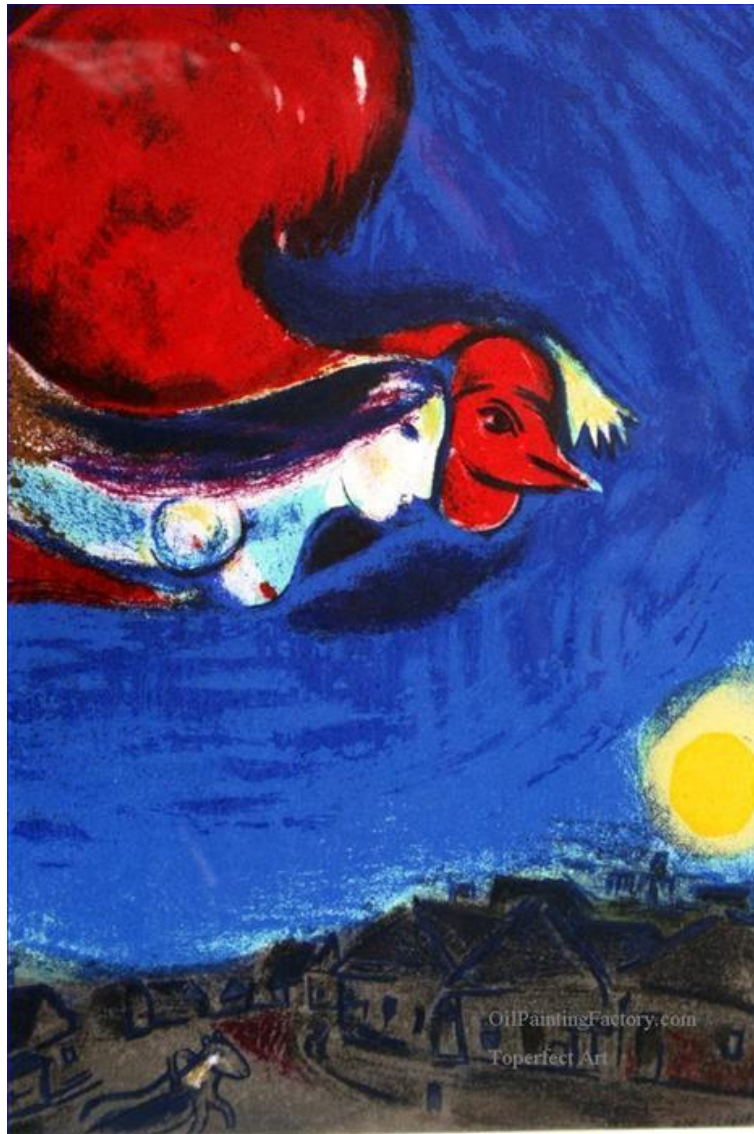




I AND THE VILLAGE

1946-1948

1





**'THE QUINTESSENTIAL JEWISH ARTIST
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'**



'Marc Chagall is no artist. He's a degenerate!'



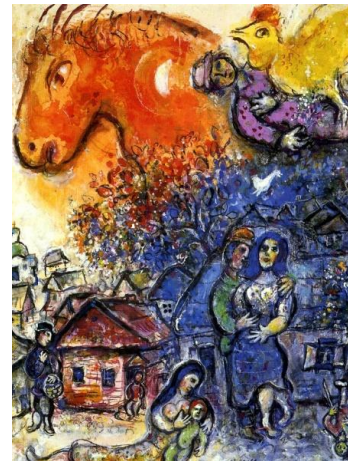
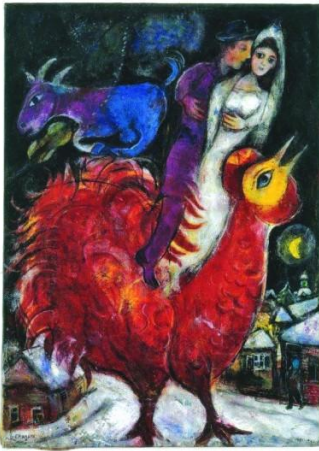
**"Any artist that respects himself, ought to be
in every sense of the term, an émigré."**



WELCOME TO
HIGH FALLS

Settled
1669

J'm Marc. My emotional life is sensitive and my purse is empty, but they say J have talent.



In this Village just a hundred and fifty kilometers from New York City, J never felt freer and safer in my whole life. J'm a 'metequé' in High Falls, and at the same time, J'm at home because J'm a Jew.

My parents named me Movsha (Moses). and for most of my life, it looked like no Jew would ever get to the Promised Land.



"My colours first blossomed on Pekrova Street."

I came from a big family in Russia. Vitebsk, my sad and joyful town, would indelibly brand my life and my paintings. Mama bribed me into art school, and full of ambition, I moved on to St. Petersburg where I nearly starved, but I kept painting.



"It is because I remember my mother, her breasts so warmly nourishing and exalting me, and I could swing from the moon."



Then I met my Muse who ignited my life and my art...



"... Though I saw Bella for the very first time. I knew this is she, my wife. Her pale colouring, her eyes. How big and round and black they are! They are my eyes, my soul..."

We supported the 1917 Revolution and I was appointed Commissar for Fine Arts in Vitebsk and then director of the Free Academy of Art. But the Godless anti-Semitic Bolshevihs--they would make me compromise art.

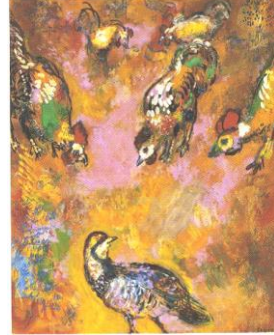
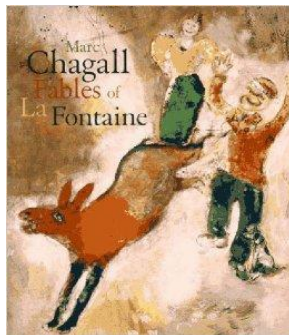


"We 'voted with our feet.'"

Arriving in France in 1922, I soon got my first engraving commission to create etchings for a special edition of Nikolay Gogol's novel Dead Souls.

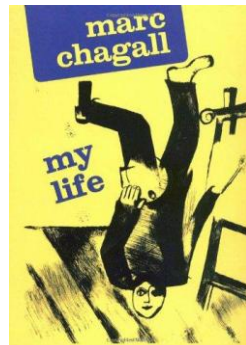


"If I create from the heart, nearly everything works. If from the head, almost nothing."



Next came 100 gouaches for poet Jean de La Fontaine's Fables, and a series of etchings illustrating the Bible.

"The entire world within us is reality, perhaps more real than the visible world. If one calls everything that seems illogical fantasy or a fairy tale, all one proves is that one has not understood Nature."



"Not just an artist. Buy my book!"

In the 30s, I became the 'Wandering Jew' traveling to the Netherlands, Spain, Poland, Italy and Palestine. I stayed two

months in the Holy Land that would inspire my Bible etchings. When I finally returned to France I was fully ablaze...



"I didn't paint the Bible. I dreamt it."

But there was trouble brewing nearby...

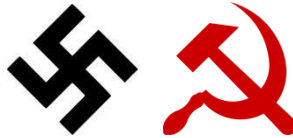


"Anyone who sees and paints a sky green and fields blue ought to be sterilized."

Bolshevik madman! Stalin has a new mate. The Russian people have been wedded to the Nazis!

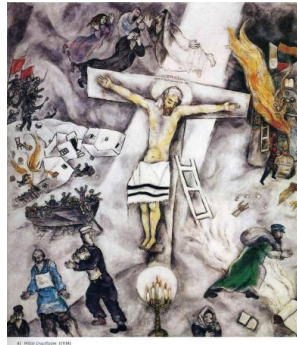
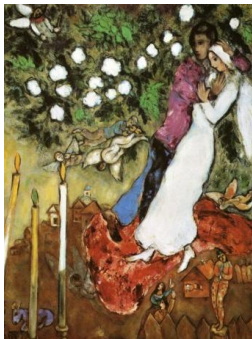


The very next day, the first of September, 1939!



The Wehrmacht and the Red Army quickly divided Poland. In France, we felt safe. Churchill had called the French Army 'the strongest in the world' and we had the Maginot Line to protect us.

While the rest of the civilised world awaited the Nazi's next move, in love with being alive with Bella, I worked and worked.



Spring came and so did the Germans, routing the French and the British.. Just in time, a group of Americans with help from the Museum of Modern Art, smuggled us out via forged visas!



"The new 'Babylon' and 'Mecca' to artists and creative zealots the world over."

On June 22, 1941, the day after we arrived in New York City, the biggest army in history invaded the Soviet Union.



"The destiny of Europe's Jews will be decided by the Bolsheviks!"

Bella, Jean and I stayed in Manhattan apartments. Bella took me clothes shopping where they spoke French--As if we never left Russia or Poland or Germany or France - Yiddish spoken everywhere!

I got a new commission. Bella and I went to Mexico to design the sets and costumes for a new ballet, Aleko, by Léonide Massine.



"All colors are the friends of their neighbors and the lovers of their opposites."

July 10, 1941...



"My hometown conquered and occupied!

*"Should I paint the earth, the sky, my heart?
The cities burning, my brothers fleeing?
My eyes in tears.
Where should I run and fly, to whom?"*

I locked myself in the dream that was New York, designing the backdrops and costumes for Stravinsky's Firebird.



*"The dignity of the artist lies in his duty of keeping **awake** the sense of wonder in the world."*

Bella was not feeling well. We had to get out of the city and into the country for peaceful beauty...at Cranberry Lake in the Adirondacks.



The war would not defeat me. Hitler would not destroy my vision of life. Bella and J have been together for twenty-five years, J was more afraid of losing her than J was of the damned Nazis!



February 2, 1943:



"God at Stalingrad. He is on our side!"



"In our life there is a single color, as on an artist's palette, which provides the meaning of life and art. It is the color of love."

In the summer of 1944, my beloved Vitebsk was liberated by the Red Army. Once 240,000 lived there. Only 118 emerged from its ruins.



"The end of my origin, my Russian roots?"

On holiday in the Adirondacks. Bella suddenly got a sore throat. The next day she was feverish. I took her to the hospital run by nuns. Bella was afraid that they only served 'Christians and asked me to take her back to the hotel.

I obeyed. Penicillin might have helped but none was available, all sent to the war fronts.

The thunder rolled, the clouds opened at six o'clock on the evening of September 2, 1944, when Bella left this world. Everything went dark.



J wept and wept. Every canvas J turned against the walls. Couldn't bear to see them. Would J ever paint again? Three weeks later...



"Paris free! We can go back now?"

J couldn't go on without a woman. Soon J became involved with Virginia, my housekeeper. Young and pretty, she idolized my art. She also had a young daughter and an alcoholic husband.

We gradually worked things out and suddenly, in addition to my grown daughter, Jda, J had a new family.



The Nazis were finished. Six million Jews murdered in 'The Final Solution'. Six million! To destroy Hitler and save European Jewry, twenty-eight million Russian men, women and children gave their lives. Write that in your Holocaust history books!

2





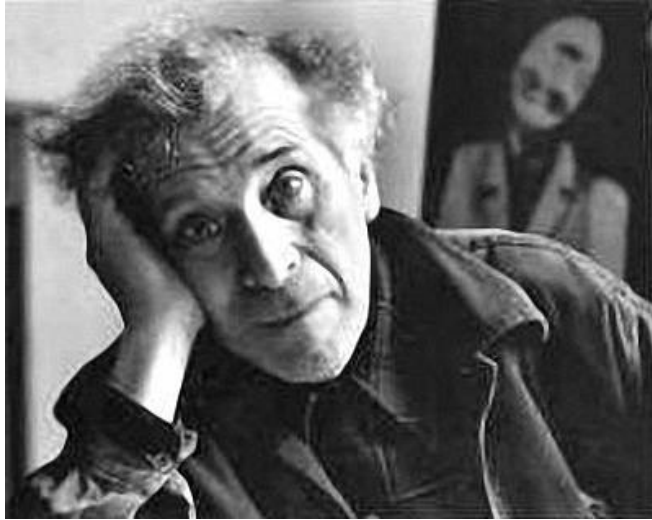
“Creativity takes guts.”



“Art is what you can get away with.”



“Nowhere man, the world is at your command.”



J needed new life, a new 'period'. America was dynamic, but the city was much too busy and J'd already done France. J wanted a pastoral setting, to find myself in the center of a yet-unpainted picture from where J would do nothing but paint pictures to astonish the world!

And Virginia was pregnant.

"Virginichka," J had Russianized her name. "Go and see if you can find a house in some quiet country place."

Virginia picked out a property and up we went to High Falls, a tiny village so unbusy that its central crossroads didn't have, nor ever would have...a traffic light!

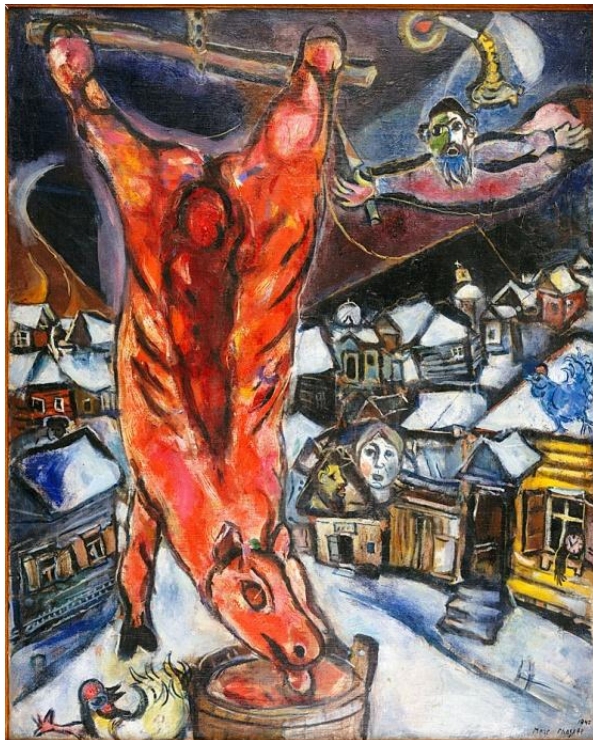




Only a few miles from town, Virginia liked the bigger wooden house, its screen porches and the catalpa tree.

"That's my isba!" said J about the 'studio' cottage though it would need a lot of work before J'd use it. But we were off to a positive start: High Falls had its own aroma.

Back in my particularly stupid and happy days, my grandfather's house was filled with the sounds and smells of art.



That's where they slaughtered the calves. The smells came from the hides, hung up and drying like linen.

High Falls, a world away, had a cleanliness in the air, a purity diminished only by the passing of a rare car and constantly enhanced by cows and deer, bear and fox.

My grandparents had ignored my art and valued their meats. How would J 'value' this unpainted High Falls?

J began painting in the living room of the big house even before we were fully moved in, painting gouache after gouache. And when J ran out of water to soak and drain them off, J'd spit.



To clean my brushes J'd use linseed oil and turpentine in the bathroom. The only casualty was the tub which underwent a colourful metamorphosis with each contributing hue.

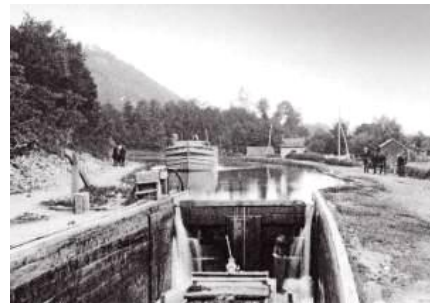
The girls were less than pleased, but scrub as they might, the porcelain bathtub refused to surrender its Chagall endowment.



"There are no rules for technique; anything is permissible as long as the motives are genuine."

High Falls, a seemingly insignificant hamlet by a backwater creek, had the power to remind me of..not my beloved Motherland...but Communist Russia!

In the last century, the Village had been a vital hub in the Delaware & Hudson Canal. The 108-mile, 108-lock waterway opened in 1828, giving rise to a seasonal society complete with its own Police force, and rumor had it, a floating brothel.



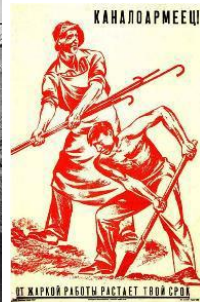
"Oy, New Yorkers!"

In 1898, the D&H was abandoned, put out of business by the faster, cheaper year 'round railroads who are now looking over their shoulders at the trucking industry, hot on their cabooses.

Between 1931 and 1933, the Soviet Union built its grandest engineering project using convict labor from Gulag camps to dig 141 miles of canal by hand using no machinery or horses.



Thousands upon thousands of pitiful souls slaved on the White Sea Canal project with little food, water or warmth, giving the Party a way to do away with 'political dissidents' and 'enemies of the State' without executing them. Under their Communist masters, more Russians were worked to death building the White Sea Canal than there are Jews in New York.

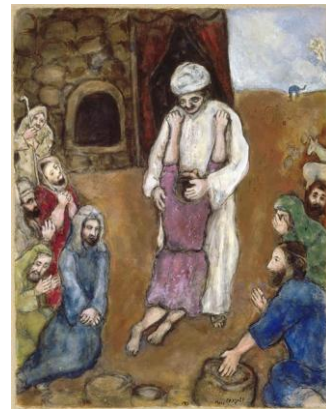
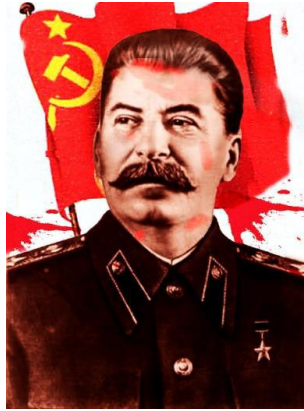


High Falls was historically etched with the fossils of the D&H Canal, a bygone collective no local industry has since replaced.



What future did I have here?

I wrote a personal letter to Comrade Stalin, begging forgiveness for my earlier Party squabbles, and pleading for an official invitation to visit the glorious and heroic Soviet Union.



"You can trust the Communists - to be Communists!"

I never got an answer.

Virginia had to clean out the cisterns wearing rubber boots. No one in the Village would work for us. We were 'strangers', 'foreigners', an older man living with a pregnant younger woman he hadn't married, Jews.

There are other Jews up here. The joy of Yiddish. A New York 'Exodus' is just beginning. Soon a host of Hebrews will be invading the Catskills!

My immediate Mohonk Road neighbors were cows. I'd take sunny constitutionals and argue art with them.

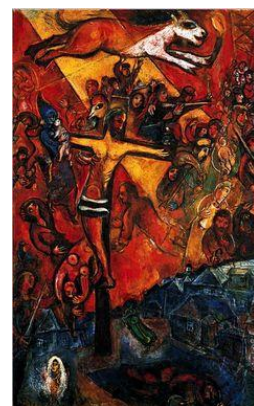


And appreciate their aroma.

We bought a secondhand Oldsmobile. Virginia quickly learned how to drive. She'd take us shopping.

"Don't leave the car too near," I'd warn her. "They'll up the prices."

Virginia and Jean went exploring, up Mohonk Road, around the hairpin turn and higher still, atop the mountain...an American matsuwid!



"One day, I'll go, when I'm selling like Picasso!"

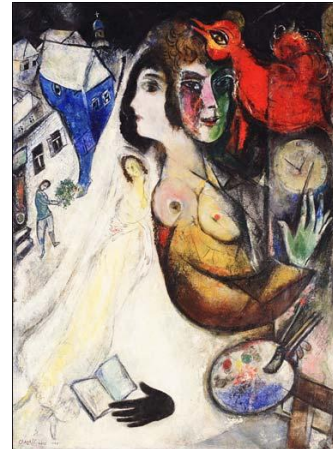
I was getting a monthly stipend from the Matisse Gallery which kept us breathing, but there were expenses. To see my pregnant Virginia, the doctor made a house call in his brand new Ford. I offered him one of my paintings in lieu of fifteen dollars payment.

He turned me down, demanded cash.



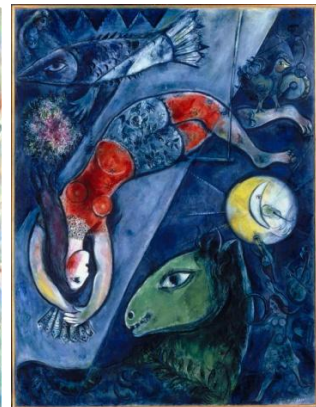
"Mark my words. I'm an excellent long-term investment!"

My beloved Bella disappointed me only once: she never gave me a son and my daughter Jda has been living with my frustration most of her life and she happily accepted Virginia's pregnancy and was praying for a boy as hard as I was.



"She'd later sue me, claiming 'her share' of my paintings!"

I don't create art merely to be seen and sold, but, if only for a fleeting moment, to 'instantly transport patrons away from their world into mine. Paintings that make people imagine!



"Do that and I've captured a customer for life
---even if it's only a cheap print."

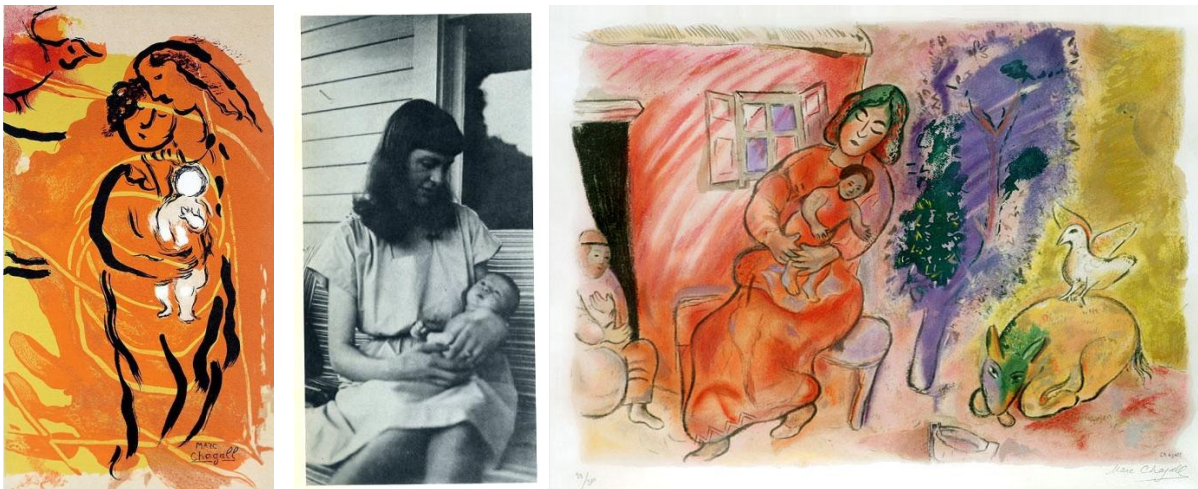
That first summer we made a number of trips back to the city. The see old friends and seek new patrons. Virginia's growing belly made her condition obvious. Sales would buy the baby new shoes.

The soil which had nourished the roots of my art was Vitebsk, but my art needed Paris—like a tree needs water—otherwise it would have withered.



In May, with Virginia eight months pregnant, with crates of paintings to sell, and food and commodities for my suffering European friends, I sailed.

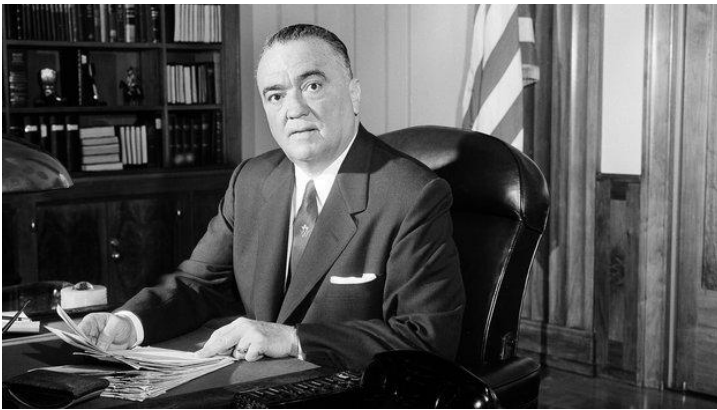
Postwar Europe was a much-changed place. Its ravaged structure made me long for the isolation and the innocence of High Falls. On June 22, I got the blessed telegram - 'It's a boy!'



I wouldn't see David for two long months.

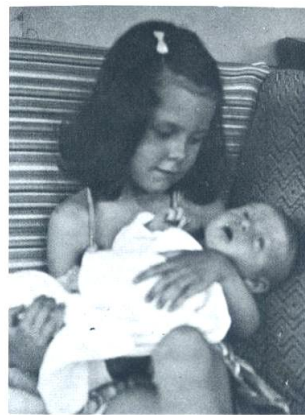
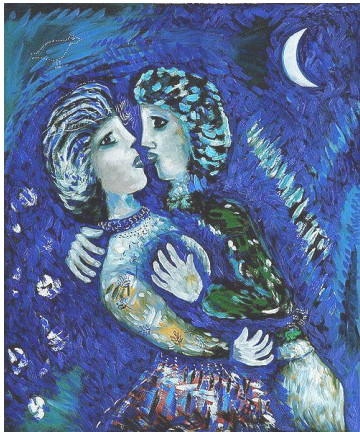
While J was away, a pair of FBI agents came up Mohonk Road with a warrant to search the house and the studio - 'un-American activities'! J'd been involved with Communists during the war. Fighting the Nazis!

They looked and looked and found nothing. Wish J had been there. They left empty-handed. J might have sold a painting to the US Government.



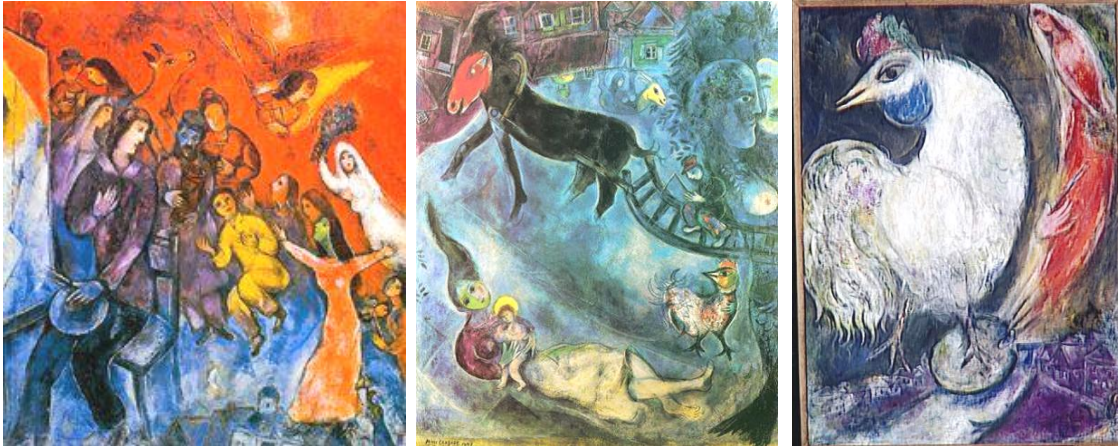
"Hanging in Hoover's office?"

Virginia, Jean and David met me at the dock. Had J come 'home'?



The studio had been readied for me. The garden was full of flowers and the sweet corn was ripening. (For Japanese beetles. Virginia refused to use pesticides.)

J went right to work, painting from dawn to dusk. Once you've been poor, you can never feel rich. Sell, sell, sell! J'd never have enough money.



Virginia and J would sleep upstairs in the studio which made for inspirational interludes: When daughter Jda was visiting, she couldn't get enough of the children which gave us an opportunity to perform 'additional housework' on the second floor. Of course, David got circumcised!

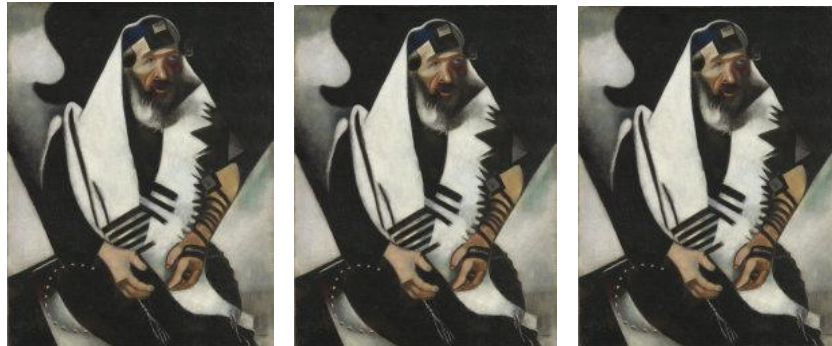


"For the children, and the mice, we got a cat."

Art is the quest for the indelible: to make the world see exclusively as J do, to believe in My Truth. The Nazis had burned many of my paintings. But they would not be lost. J would re-find

them by painting a 'variant' that J could sell as an 'Original Chagall Classic' over and over again.

The collectors whined until the prices went up.



"Not the Jew, the marketer in me!"

High Falls made me feel so wildly free. And J had a son to work for. Mohonk Road could be a palette in itself. Unlike the brick and stone city, the Village came with an annual colour spectacular--the changing of the leaves.

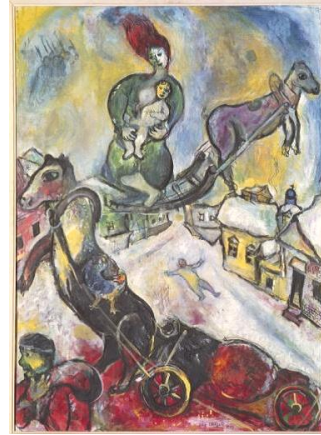
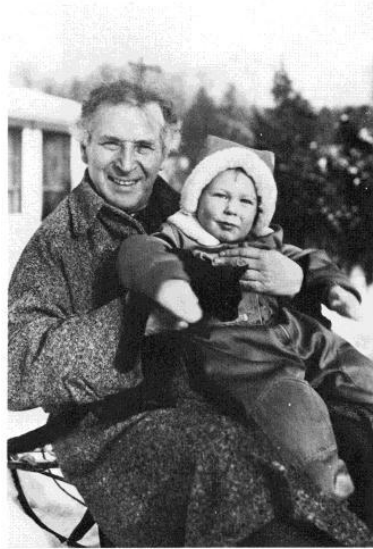
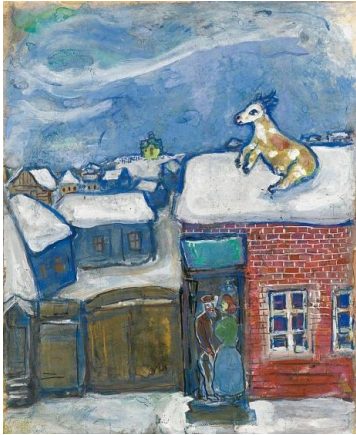


"Great art picks up where nature ends."

But J'd miss the 1946 show. In October, J went back to Paris for the opening of my exhibition at the Museum National d'Art Moderne. It was a huge success. People recognised me on the boat. J was becoming a celebrity.

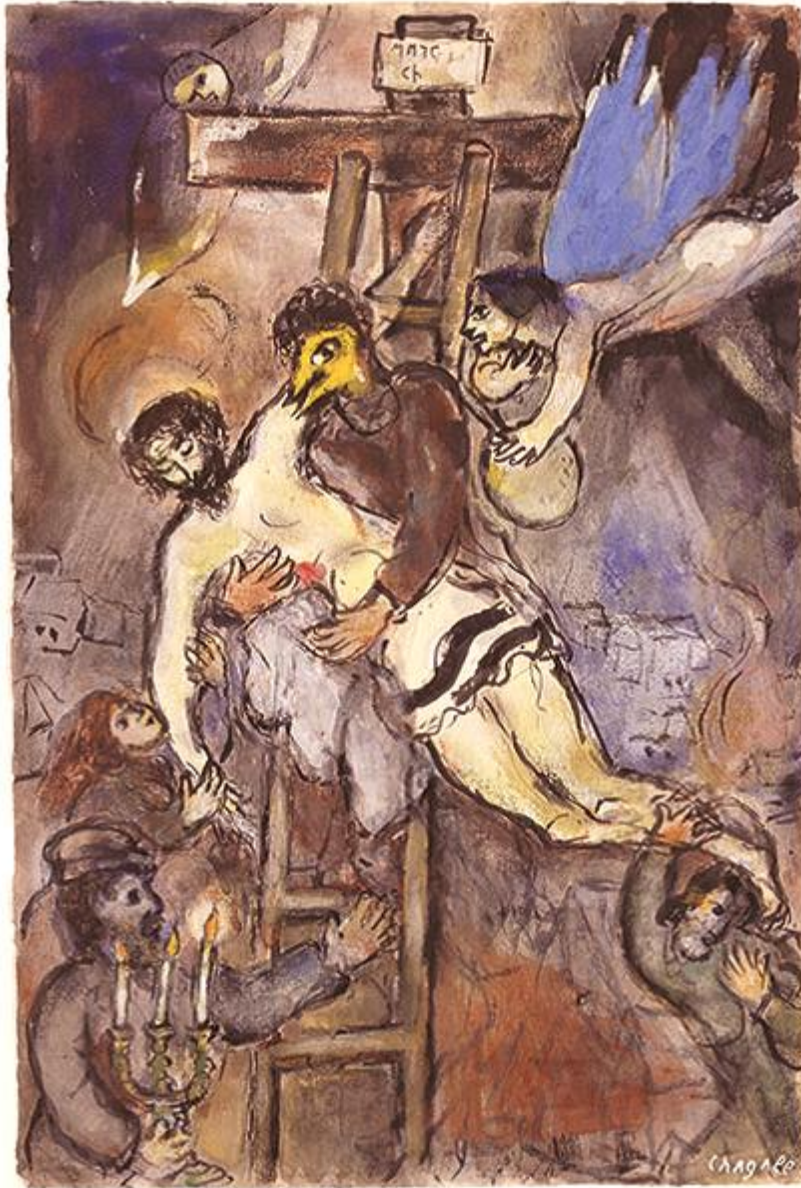
A house is never more a home than during winter. The coal stove in my High Falls studio glowed with a red J was never able to capture.

The snow piled high on Mohonk Road, had to be shoveled and shoveled. The children loved riding on sleds.



"I feel like I've hardly begun, like a pianist trying to settle down comfortably on his stool."

3

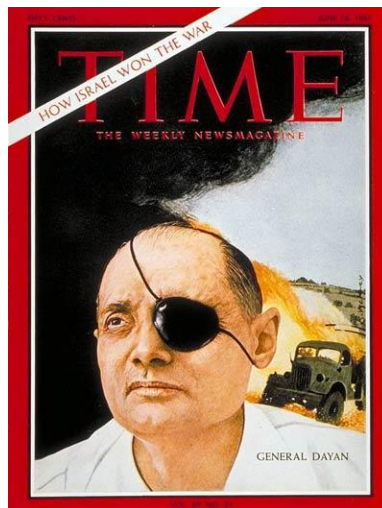




Jesus was the greatest of all artists."



"Painting is the grandchild of nature. It is related to God."

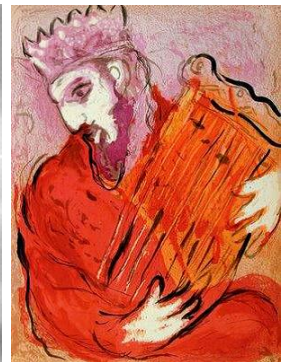


"Freedom is the oxygen of the soul."



Spring, with the Rondout Creek high and strong, brought forth new life and new possibilities...

April 15, 1947...

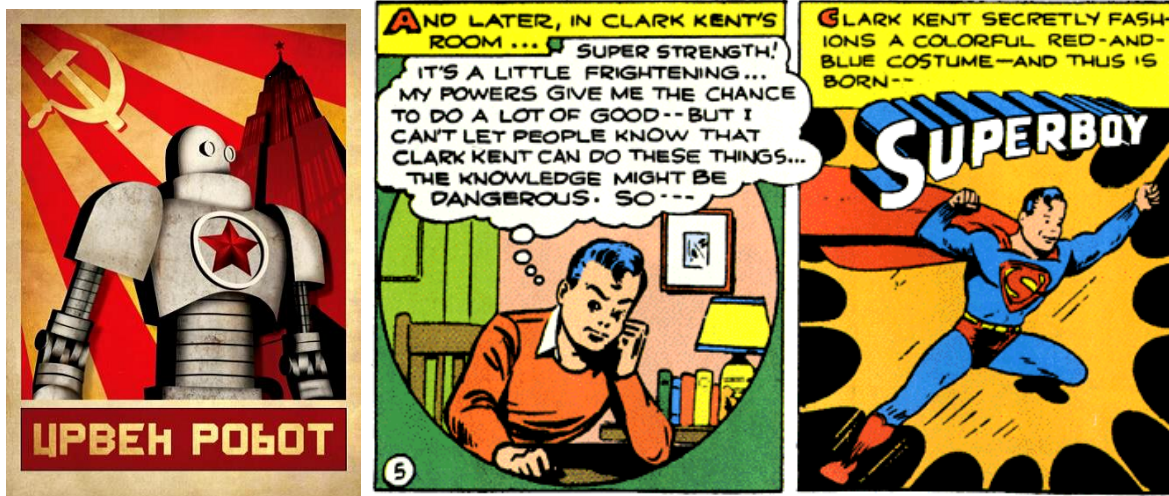


"Without a mystical element is there a single great picture, a single great poem or -- even -- a single great social movement?"

J wanted a wall to paint a mural, but my studio was hardly big enough. As hard as J tried, painting and repainting, J couldn't rediscover the passion of my Russian youth, so J cut the project into three pieces. And remained undiscouraged; there'd be other times and places for even grander productions.



A 'Cold War' has been declared! The Godless Soviet Union versus the idealistic United States. And who will be the new homegrown hero, the role model for American youth?



"Yet another Jewish art-form goes 'Up, up, and away!'"

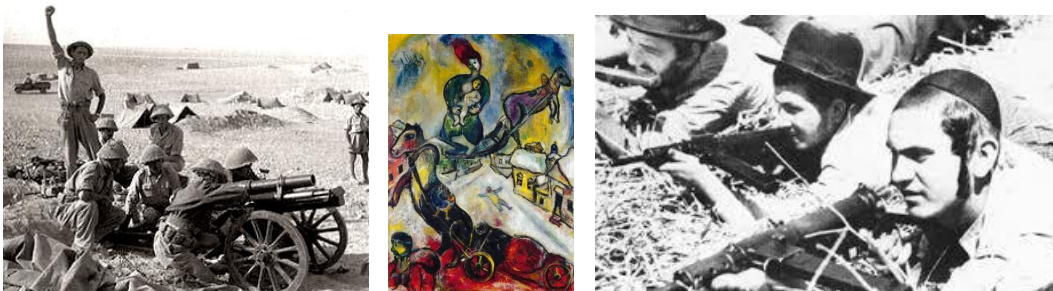
The Art Institute of Chicago and New York's Museum of Modern Art held retrospective exhibitions in my honor. Would I become a 'celebrity' in the Village?



I lived in America during the inhuman war in which humanity deserted itself... I have seen the rhythm of life. I have seen America fighting with Allies... the wealth that she has distributed to bring relief to the people who had to suffer the consequences of the war... I like America and the Americans... people here are frank. It is a young country with the qualities and faults of youth. It is a delight to love people like that... Above all I am impressed by the greatness of this country and the freedom that it gives.

But America is not my country. Mine was in the bloody process of being born.

In the Middle East!



"Never again!"

Will painting ever become obsolete, no longer needed by humanity? Will we be usurped and surpassed by a machine of near-Biblical power, a magic picture frame in every last hovel, conjuring up endless imagery.

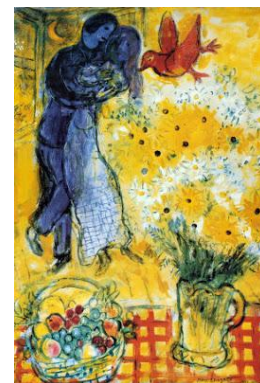


Not for a minute must this boxy device intimidate an artist. This 'television' lacks the talent to transmit colour.'

'People are waiting for him,' Jda wrote Virginia. 'Their expectation is something to be treasured, not despised. His return to Paris would be like a gift; it must be given at the right time.'

'Don't be late!'

May 14, 1948



"Israeli Independence Day!

Joy to the world. We Jews have a homeland!



Our High Falls place is so beautiful, not Jewish at all--berries, worms chicken, wild grass--everything whispers to me; become an American, don't go.

But it was not to be. A good New York Jew, at best, but never an American. Assimilated far from the Bible, I'd have to learn how to drive and speak English. To be somebody I'm not. A kind of artistic Gulag.

I never made an effort to become part of the Village, never painted the town. So caught up with my art, and my family and the fate of My People that I failed to envision the fresh beauty up and down Mohonk Road. High Falls had been a culture awaiting its artist and it wasn't me. The Village remained a picture unpainted. If I had taken the time...



"A surge of myth and magic gushing over High Falls!"



"Give the Depuy Canal House a menu of Jewish/Russian/French colouring!"

There had been one indelible sight, an American metaphor spanning the Rondout. I'd set out in late August, when the Creek is low and slow. Borrow a rowboat to get to the Stone Ridge side, a stretch of flat rocks. Set up my easel and paint box. And with just one day's work...A pale blue sky with darkened clouds, the grand arches bridging the centuries, and swirling about, the ghosts of too many workers who died on the Delaware & Hudson Canal.

There'd be children jumping off it all day, but I'd paint around them.



"As Matisse immortalized the Pot Saint Michel in Paris, I might have saved the High Falls Aqueduct."

But J did nothing. Painting in America had been like shouting in a forest - no echo.

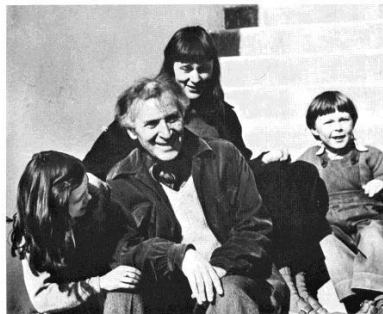
In 1956, the local power company tore down the High Falls Aqueduct. J and the Village have never forgiven ourselves.

Jf only J had...

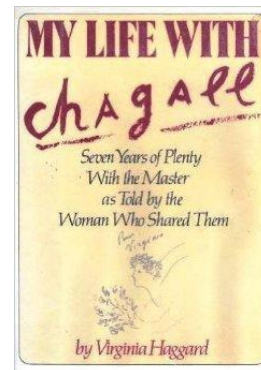
Wait one minute. J DJD paint something in High Falls!

August 17, 1948

We sailed for Europe in time to attend the opening of my exhibition at the Musée National d'Art Moderne. None of us would ever see High Falls again. Jda returned a couple of years later, gathered up any remnants and sold the place.



In 1951, Virginia left me and David went with her.



"Both wrote books about me. I painted more about them."

Not long after, I met and married Vana who inspired me, saw to my every need and managed my career happily ever after.

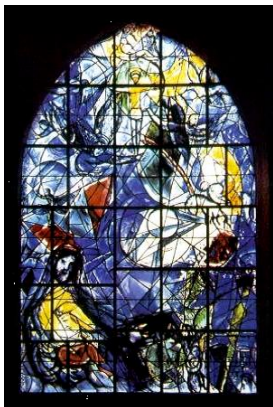


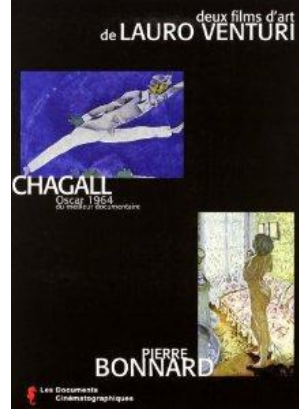
I painted the ceiling of the Paris Opera House and refused to be paid for it.



"I did accept lifetime tickets."

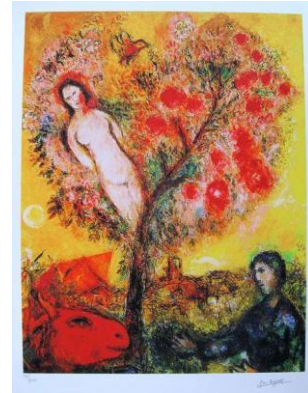
Saw God through church windows...



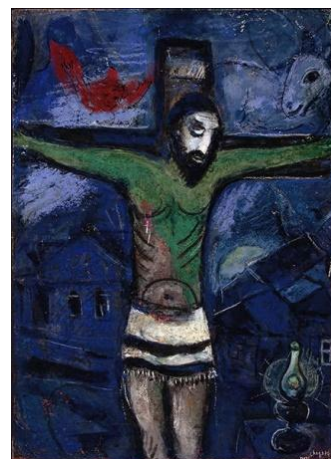
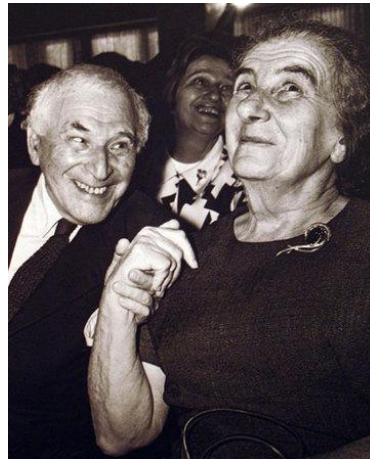


"Don't miss my 1964 documentary."

And the next year...



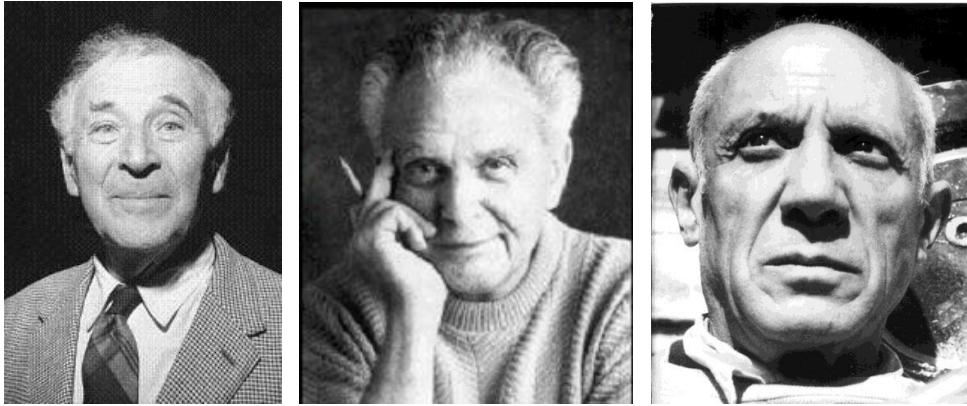
"Work isn't to make money; you work to justify life."



"I got to the Promised Land!"

At age 97, alone in an elevator going up to my studio, I fittingly became history on my way to work.

The most prolific artists of the twentieth century:

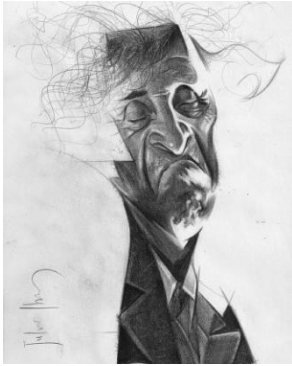


"Jacob Kurtzberg will outlive us all!"

All kinds of creations over years and years, thousands of works and millions of prints, lithographs and books still selling.



"When I am finishing a picture, I hold some God-made object up to it - a rock, a flower, the branch of a tree or my hand - as a final test. If the painting stands up beside a thing man cannot make, the painting is authentic. If there's a clash between the two, it's bad art.



Which reminds me. Ever since my 'pastoral period' on Mohonk Road, the fate of one my most uniquely colourful artworks remains a mystery - Did anybody ever buy that bathtub I painted in High Falls?

MARC CHAGALL



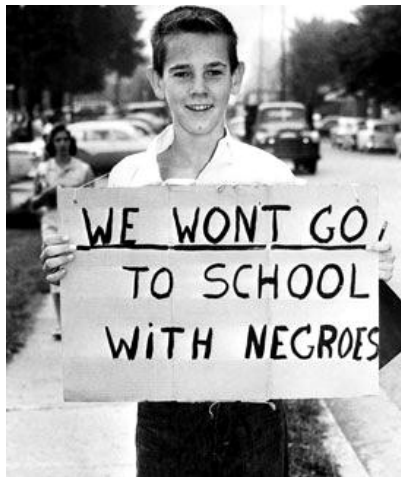
COLOR

1

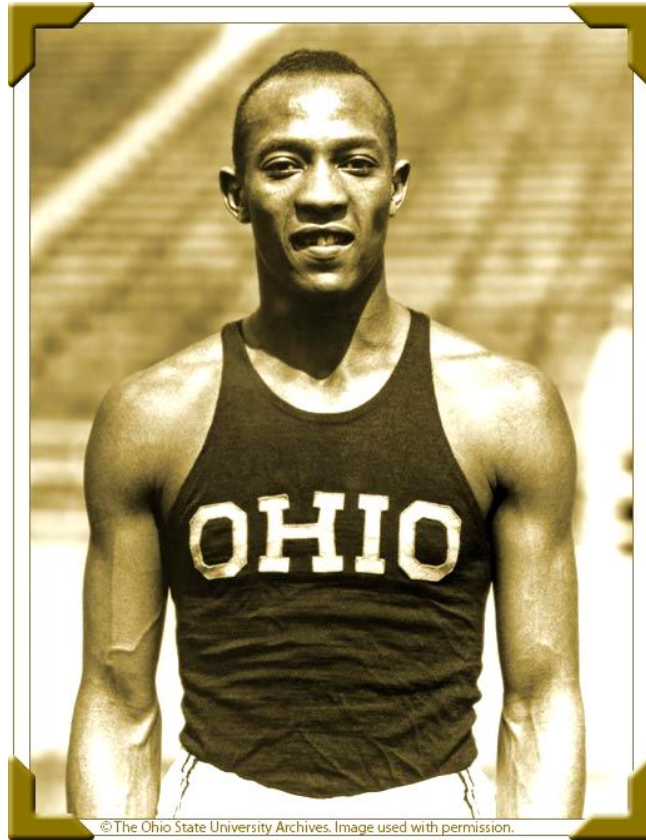




"James Cleveland Owens is a Jewish nigger-man!"



"Jesse Owens is a bootlickin' Uncle Tom!"



© The Ohio State University Archives. Image used with permission.

My skin is dark, not black. I was born in Alabama, not Africa.

I am *American*.



In *my* country, anybody can be somebody.

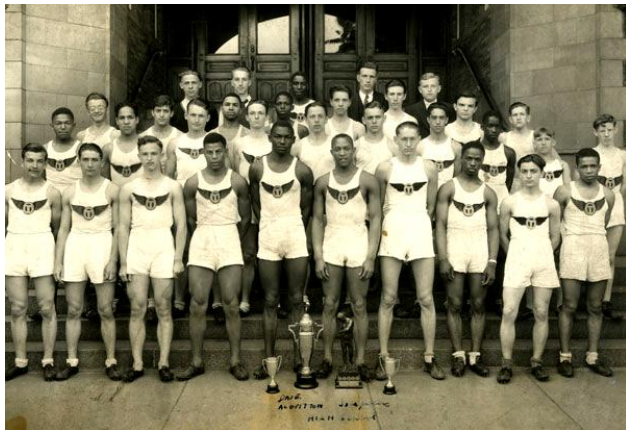


My grandparents were slaves. Daddy was a sharecropper. Mama cleaned houses. I was one of ten children. Three never got the chance to grow up.



We lived in a 'dogtrot cabin' until farming got so bad, that we moved to Cleveland where the factories were.

One man changed my whole life. If not for Charles Riley, the track and field coach at Fairmount Junior High School, I'd have never been anybody..



Coach Riley encouraged me to run, but I worked *after* school delivering groceries, loading freight cars or in the shoe repair shop. He allowed me to practice *before* school.

As a student of East Technical High School, I made my mark at the 1933 National High School Championship in Chicago, equaling the world record of 9.4 seconds in the 100-yard dash and long-jumped 24 feet 9 ½ inches.

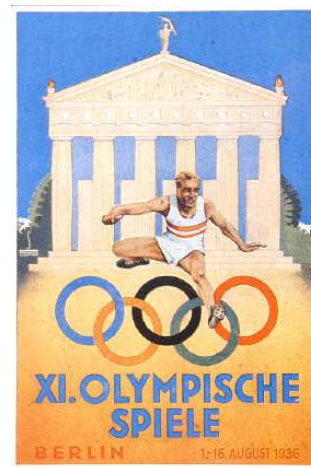
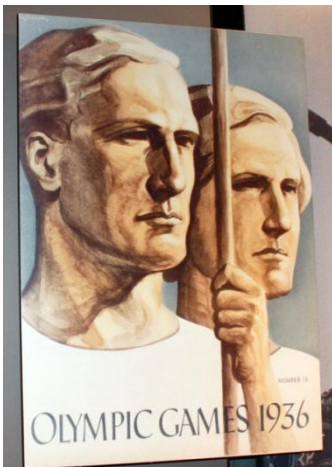
Big schools offered me a track and field scholarship, but *not* nearby Ohio State; I'd have to work as an elevator operator, waiter, and gas station attendant to support myself and my wife. But the university did guarantee *my father* a steady job. That sealed the deal.

Then came the 1935 track meet. I set three world records and tied a fourth in "the greatest 45 minutes ever in sport".



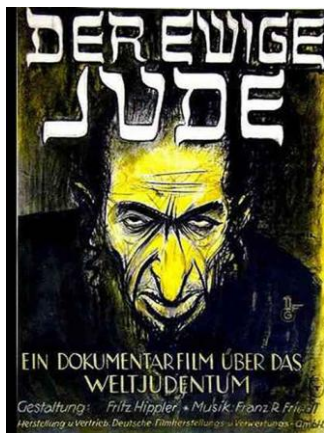
Returning home, I was chosen to be the captain of the Ohio State track team, the first Negro to ever become captain in the Big Ten. Cleveland officials gave me a victory parade.

Next stop...





The Nazis believed they were the 'Master Race', that all were inferior to 'Aryan Supremacy', including blacks and especially Jews.



"We have only one task, to stand firm and carry on the racial struggle without mercy."



"The nigger's a wild animal. Like letting a deer or gazelle compete."



I won four gold medals and became America's first Olympic hero. Before the whole world, I had struck a blow for all minorities and embarrassed the racist Third Reich!



"If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it."

The Olympic Committee had given *Der Fuhrer* a choice: shake hands with every gold medal winner or with none. Hitler chose the latter. The Third Reich did give me, and every other gold medal winner, an oak sampling. I took the little trees home.

The world leader who 'snubbed' me was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt!



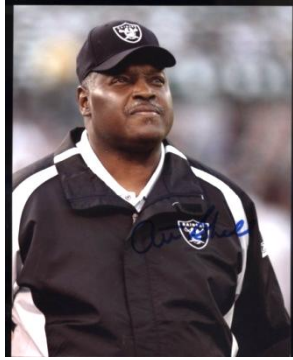
Not a White House invitation, not a telegram. Not even a telephone call.

Hitler believed that black people were 'primitive', that our physiques were 'stronger than those of civilized whites and hence should be excluded from future games.'



"The black is a better athlete to begin with because he's been bred to be that way... the slave owner would breed his big black to his big woman so that he could have a big black kid.

"If blacks take over coaching, they'll be no jobs left for white people."



"I'm not the first minority coach in the NFL. Tom Flores is."

As for the Jews...

I was chosen to compete in only three events, but at the last moment, the American Olympic Committee removed Marty Glickman and Sam Stoller from the 100 x 4 relay team and slotted Charles Metcalfe and me in their places. We won by 15 yards.



"Sometimes you lose sight of what's going on around you."

Or did we? Blacks won nearly a dozen medals at the games, but most important to the Nazis: the 'Master Race' won more than a hundred medals, and no Jew won anything, beginning and ending with Marty and Sam.



Not one of us non-Jews stuck up for our teammates. I never forgot that.

2





"Woe to the people that fails to honor its heroes! It will cease producing them, cease knowing them. Heroes spring from the essence of their people. A people without heroes is a people without leaders, for only a heroic leader is a true leader able to withstand the challenge of difficult times."



"Of course Jesse Owens was our hero."



"Perhaps no athlete better symbolized the human struggle against tyranny, poverty, and racial bigotry."



A parade down Fifth Avenue. I was at the top of the world! But when we arrived at the Waldorf Astoria for a reception in my honor, they told me to take the freight elevator rather than the normal guest one, reserved for whites.

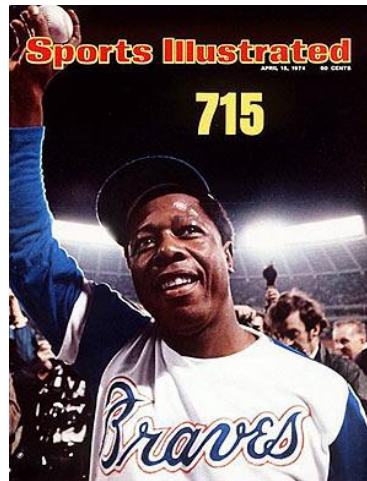


"Life is about timing."

Everyone was going to slap me on the back, want to shake my hand or have me up to their suite. But no one was going to offer me a job.

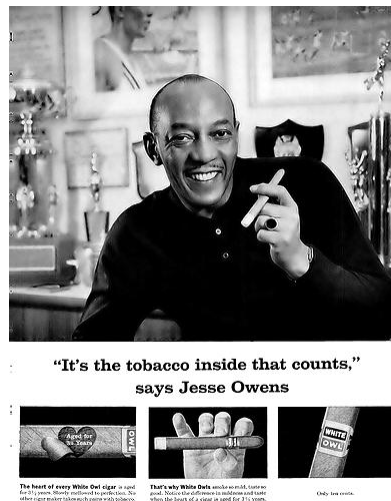
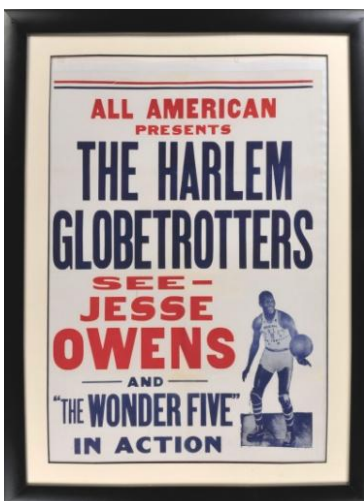


"[Blacks] may not have some of the necessities to be, let's say, a field manager, or, perhaps, a general manager"



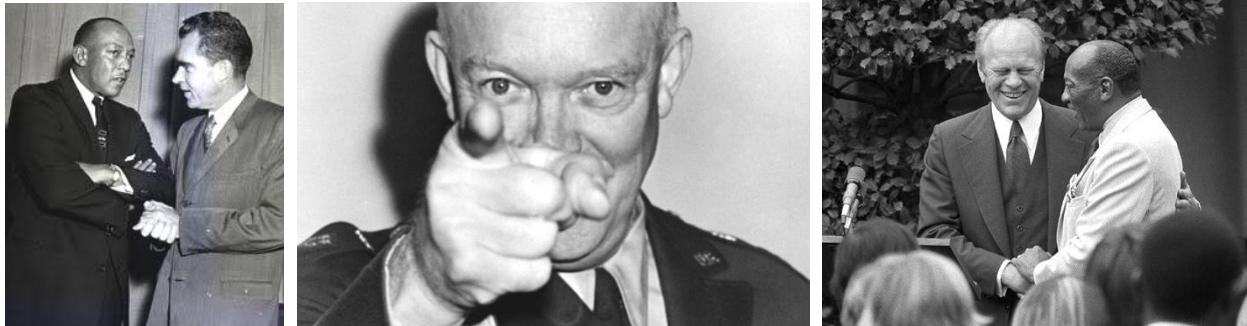
"I never doubted my ability, but when you hear all your life you're inferior, it makes you wonder if the other guys have something you've never seen before. If they do, I'm still looking for it."

For a Negro, I made a lot of money doing personal appearances, pushing tobacco, and competing in 'The Sport of Kings'.

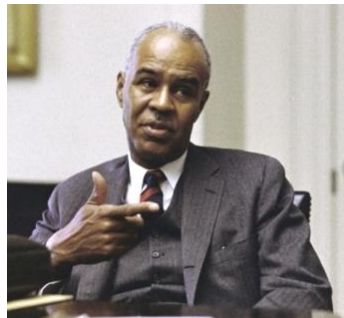


The secret is, first, get a thoroughbred horse because they are the most nervous animals on earth. Then get the biggest gun you can find and make sure the starter fires that big gun right by the nervous thoroughbred's ear. People said that it was 'degrading for an Olympic champion to run against a horse', but what was I supposed to do? I had four gold medals, but you can't eat four gold medals.

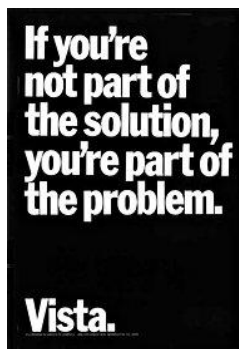
Finally, nearly a full generation after the Berlin Olympics, I got 'Presidential Recognition': In 1955 Dwight D. Eisenhower named me "Ambassador of Sports."



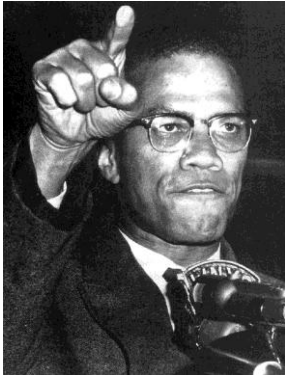
Through war and peace, boom and bust, I'd been a loyal Republican, and as time went on I came to believe the Conservative line: If the Negro doesn't succeed in today's America, it is because he has chosen to fail.



"President Eisenhower was a fine general and a good, decent man, but if he had fought World War II the way he fought for civil rights, we would all be speaking German now."



"Black Power is giving power to people who have not had power to determine their destiny."

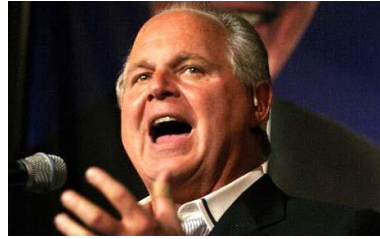


"We were not Antichrists. We were just human beings who saw a need to bring attention to the inequality in our country. I don't like the idea of people looking at it as negative. There was nothing but a raised fist in the air and a bowed head, acknowledging the American flag – not symbolizing a hatred for it."

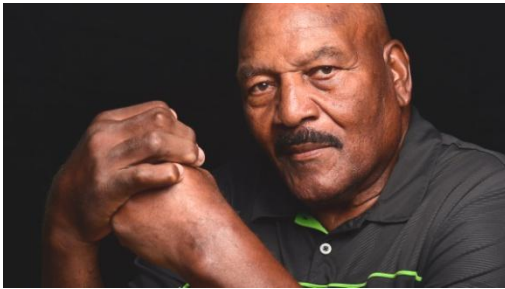
The black fist is a meaningless symbol. When you open it, you have nothing but fingers – weak, empty fingers. The only time the black fist has significance is when there's money inside. There's where the power lies.



"We ask for nothing that is not right, and herein lies the great power of our demand."



"I think what we've had here is a little social concern in the NFL. The media has been very desirous that a black quarterback do well."



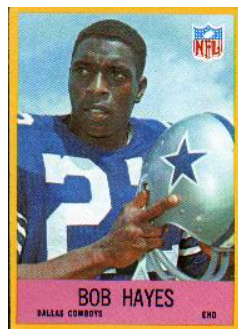
"The truth is that politicians are basically tied to trying to get reelected, so they can't really make landmark changes."



"Racism is when you have laws set up, systematically put in a way to keep people from advancing, to stop the advancement of a people."

It didn't take long for me to realize that *militancy* was the only answer where the black man was concerned, that any black man who wasn't a militant in 1970 was either blind or a coward.

For the rest of my life, I 'kept the faith', traveling thousands upon thousands of miles to give scores of speeches at home and in dozens of countries. The battles that count aren't the ones for gold medals. The struggles within yourself -- the invisible, inevitable battles inside all of us -- that's where it's at.



"I won gold medals representing this country, but I've gotten more recognition around the world than I have in my own back yard."

To me, we must learn to spell the word **RESPECT**. We must respect the rights and properties of our fellowman. And then learn to play the game of life, as well as the game of athletics, according to the rules of society. If you can take that and put it into practice in the community in which you live, then, to me you have won the greatest championship.



"Say it loud: 'I'm black and I'm proud!'"

Only by God's grace have I made it to see today and only by God's grace will I ever see tomorrow.



Life is no sprint. It's a marathon—a long, long, long-distance race over hills and through valleys, sometimes even with stops along the way, and it's how you run that marathon, not how soon you get to the finish line, that matters.



"We gotta get the black athlete. We must get the black athlete if we're going to compete."



"Hitler was good at the beginning, but he went too far."



The city that treated me best was Berlin. "Jesse Oh-vens! Jesse Oh-vens!" they cheered in the 1936 Olympics. They'd name a street after me. I went back in 1951 and again in 64. Once ruled by the Nazis, the Communists now controlled the city. Berliners were no more free than the American black man.

Who are we?



According to the Bible, we're the descendants of Adam - *Eden-Americans!*
Believe in Evolution and where humanity actually began - Everyone in the country is an '*African-American!*'



"They're standing on the corner and they can't speak English. I can't even talk the way these people talk: Why you ain't, Where you is, What he drive, Where he stay, Where he work, Who you be... And I blamed the kid until I heard the mother talk. And then I heard the father talk.

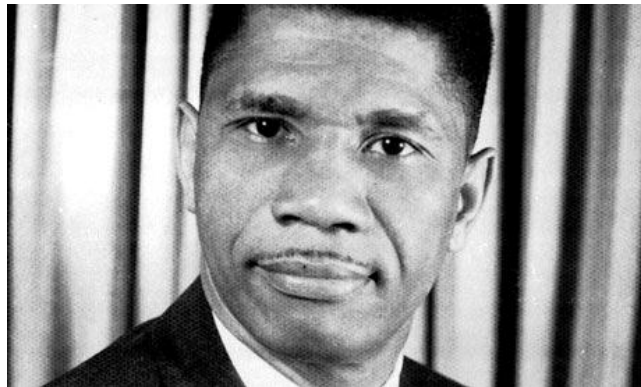
"Everybody knows it's important to speak English except these knuckleheads. You can't be a doctor with that kind of crap coming out of your mouth. In fact you will never get any kind of job making a decent living.

"People marched and were hit in the face with rocks to get an education, and now we've got these knuckleheads walking around. The lower economic people are not holding up their end in this deal. These people are not parenting. They are buying things for kids. \$500 sneakers for what? And they won't spend \$200 for Hooked on Phonics.

"I am talking about these people who cry when their son is standing there in an orange suit. Where were you when he was 2? Where were you when he was 12? Where were you when he was 18 and how come you didn't know that he had a pistol? And where is the father? Or who is his father?"

"We have millionaire football players who cannot read. We have million-dollar basketball players who can't write two paragraphs. We as black folks have to do a better job. Someone working at Wal-Mart with seven kids, you are hurting us. We have to start holding each other to a higher standard.

"We cannot blame the white people any longer."



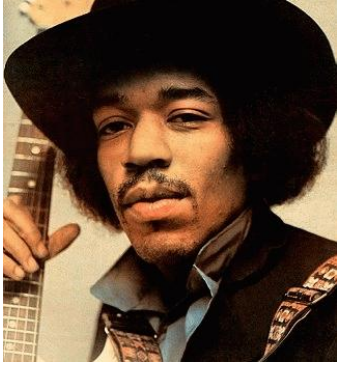
"The Negro has been here in America since 1619, a total of 344 years. He is not going anywhere else; this country is his home. He wants to do his part to help make his city, state, and nation a better place for everyone, regardless of color and race."



"I'm a patriot in the truest sense of the word."



"My mother named me after him."



"In order to change the world, you have to get your head together first."



"Hip-hop has done more than any leader, politician, or anyone to improve race relations."

We're not in this alone. Never have been.



"Here you are free and you have pride."

"Free to be anything you choose."



"Long as you stay on your own side."

"Free to wait tables and shine shoes."

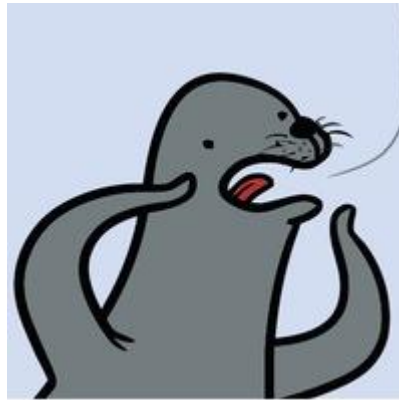




"You know, I grew up in two American internment camps, and at that time I was very young."



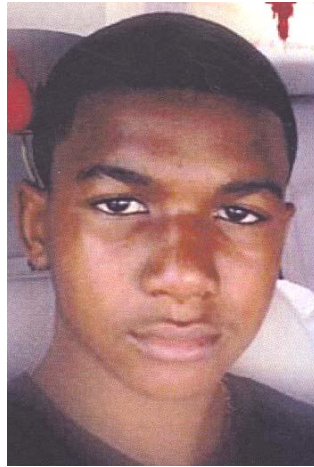
I want to be a representative and be a role model for the Asian American community."



I wish I had lived long enough to see The Wall fall. Finally, Berliners were free.



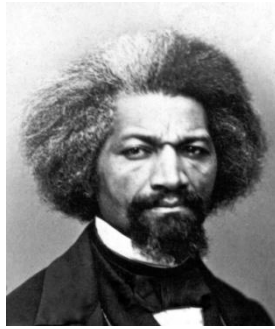
But not the American black man...



If you are their color, you know their names. If not, you remember only their color.

3





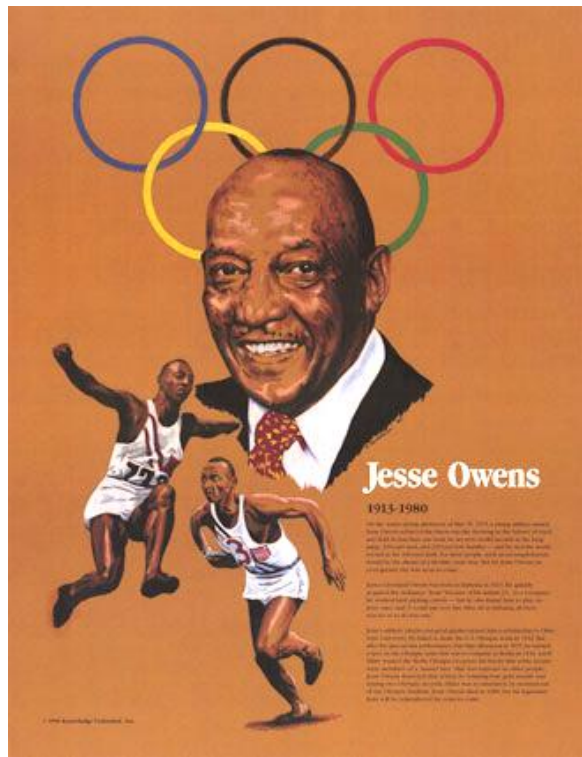
"Where justice is denied, where poverty is enforced, where ignorance prevails, and where any one class is made to feel that society is an organized conspiracy to oppress, rob and degrade them, neither persons nor property will be safe."



"Now that I look back, I realize that a life predicated on being obedient and taking orders is a very comfortable life indeed. Living in such a way reduces to a minimum one's need to think."



"If a man like Malcolm X could change and repudiate racism, if I myself and other former Muslims can change, if young whites can change, then there is hope for America."



I was the very first black American Hero, the first black American Olympic champion, the Noble Negro put on a pedestal for all the world to see.

Brother, where did we go wrong? Where do you go from here?



"I thought our community should have a deep dialogue to make black America better. I believe if we make black America better, we make all of America better."

Face the statistics - As husbands, fathers, employees and employers, the American black man has been losing the race, falling farther and farther behind. We endured...

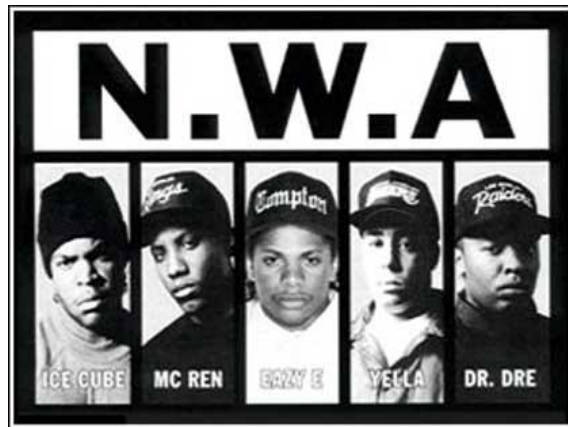


Only to become?



"Guess who's never coming to dinner."

Why? What made so many of us abandon the hope of the American Dream? When your 'intelligence' or your 'athleticism' fell a little short, how quickly did you decide to go another way?



From coast to coast, thousands of police officers and prison guards owe you their jobs.



"There's so much negative imagery of black fatherhood. I've got tons of friends that are doing the right thing by their kids, and doing the right thing as a father - and how come that's not as newsworthy?"

We're in a new age the 'Flat Earth Society' never saw coming; technology is leveling the playing field. Education and hard work, no other way to get anywhere. But not you because you run a 4.4 forty or got an outside jay?



"Stay in school and use your brain. Be a doctor, be a lawyer, carry a leather briefcase. Forget about sports as a profession. Sports make ya grunt and smell. See, be a thinker, not a stinker".

After all this time, after all we've been through, you keep pushing *color* and *ethnicity* as if that's our complete identity. If you don't understand the long-term impact of racism, don't take a look around at Selma or Ferguson, but to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.



"If the Great Spirit had desired me to be a white man he would have made me so in the first place."

Unemployment, school drop-outs, single-parent families, drugs, alcohol, gangs, domestic violence, child abuse, suicides, they've got their 'tribal pride' and 'ethnic hood' and you keep promoting blackness and Africa and their numbers will soon be yours.





Our ancestors survived an odyssey to get to this country. For more than five hundred years, we were enslaved and segregated. And when we stood strong...

"Uppity niggers!" said many.

"Poor Negroes," said many more.

Hardly anybody called us *Americans*.



*"In this country American means white.
Everybody else has to hyphenate."*

Not any more. I am *not* a color. *Not* a continent. My parents and grandparents were born and grew up here. I am first and foremost, an American!



"Why shut me up on a reservation? We will make peace; we will keep it faithfully. But let us go around free as Americans do. Let us go wherever we please."

Is that what we want our neighborhoods to become: *reservations*? The red man's got it figured out: Sell all you've inherited - grazing rights, hunting and fishing rights and those gaming rights. Adopted by Uncle Sam and 'Lady Luck', the Indians have become wards of the government and the casino industry,

That can never be us. We're Americans and we've got to start acting like Americans! To *unite* the power...*American* power!



*"Not only are a voteless people a hopeless people.
A non-producing people are hopeless also."*

"We've got to work harder, each and every one of us. Not to promote our color or our race, to make our *country* better. America's in a race with the rest of the world and we've got to run straight and true every day, to show the world we possess the will and the skill to make stuff we're proud of.



*"I think, team first. It allows me to succeed,
it allows my team to succeed."*

We've got to team up and get on a new road. No more of this blacktop taking us downhill to nowhere. We can't stay where we are and damn us if we go back. The road to the Olympics leads to no city, no country. It goes far beyond New York or Moscow, ancient Greece or Nazi Germany. The road to the Olympics leads — in the end — to the best within us.

We've got to join in the American Freeway and drive right up to the limit. It's going to be a long, hard journey, but nowhere near as the one that got us this far. Only united together can we ignite the new American golden age.

'Can' is not enough. *We must!*



*"Only a man who knows what it is like to be defeated can reach
down to the bottom of his soul and come up with the extra ounce of
power it takes to win when the match is even."*

A long overdue 'serious discussion' of race relations in this country?



*"Cast down your bucket where you are.' Cast it down
in making friends in every manly way of the people of all
races by whom we are surrounded."*

Not just blacks and whites. Invite the red people and the yellows and the browns.
Let *Americans* 'discuss' the America we want our children to grow up in together.



*'Those who say it cannot be done are usually
interrupted by those already doing it.'*



Thank you for reading what I had to say. Please respect that it had to be said. Ever since my time in the sun, I've been loved and admired, hated and scorned to my death and beyond. And I'll take whatever you have to dish out. Please say what you will, but begin with...

Jesse Owens is an *American!*

And America's got work to do!

BIRTH OF A NATION



1963-1977

by Kevin Ahearn

1



Vision



"Lead me, follow me, or get out of my way."



"I would be willing, yes glad, to see a battle every day during my life."



"I have the strength to endure it all."



I've loved football all my life. To get to the top, I started at the bottom.

It is painful to remember and impossible to believe that at the end of the 1962 season, the 1-13 **Oakland Raiders** were the worst team in professional football. The year before they had lost their first two games by a combined score of 99-0!

Nine wins and thirty-three losses in their first three years of existence.

The organization was in even worse shape. Home field was a 20,000-seat dump named after a local funeral director. The ticket office was a shack and we practiced on a high school field.



How many games the **Raiders** would *play* in 1963 depended on whether or not the league survived.



An ambitious group of millionaires founded the **American Football League**. Soon they called themselves 'the foolish club' because they were losing so much money.

They weren't the first to challenge the NFL.



The **All-America Football Conference** (AAFC), an eight-team league began playing in 1946, recruiting a number of **NFL** stars. But the **AAFC** never measured up and folded after the 1949 season. Only three of its franchises were allowed to join the NFL.



The 'foolish club' had the money, but not yet the players to compete. The **AFL** had three years to rise to the **NFL**'s level; that's when the TV money ran out.

Would any of the **AFL**'s eight originals ever make it to the **NFL**? If only one team survived, the initial investment would still pay huge dividends.

In this age of exploding media, a powerhouse team of relentless pressure in a 'GO! Go! Go!' style that's utterly demoralizing to opponents could generate a worldwide fan base and gross...in ticket sales, TV rights, and merchandizing: **billions!**

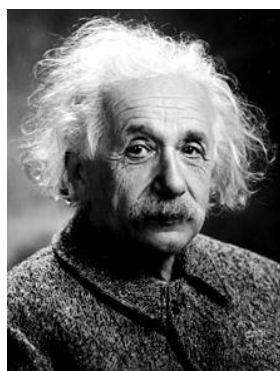
The **Raiders** needed an identity, an image, a *mystique*...



The **AFL** was made up of 7 Dr. Jekyll's. My **Raiders** would be Mr. Hyde.



I'd paid my dues, and did a few don'ts, coaching in college and in the military. I was 24 when I got my first pro job with Sid Gillman, the 'Einstein' of the vertical passing game.



"Attitude is the whole thing in football."

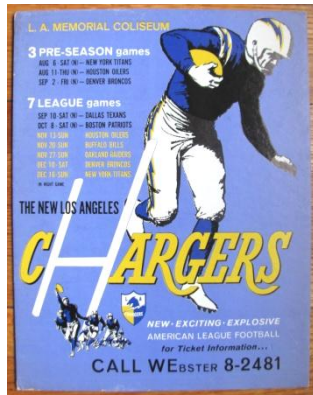
I'm married with a young son. But before I proposed to beautiful Carolee, I needed more important answers.

"I'm going to do football," I told her. "Do you want to come along? Are you sure you can handle it?"



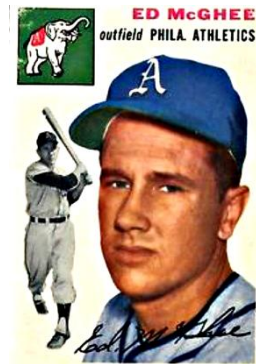
"Yes!"

Till Death do us part!



Barron Hilton did not name his team after 'a string of *poloponies*'; he ran the new *Carte Blanche* credit card company and wanted every American to become a 'charger'.

Raiders' owners Wayne Valley and former MLB outfielder Ed McGhee got permission to talk to me. I was thirty-three.



"Get the kid. That's what we want and that's what we need."

They offered me a one-year deal.



"Thanks, but no thanks!"

We agreed on a three-year contract. As coach and general manager, I'd get \$22,500 a year. Infinitely more important: I had total control.

These would be *my Raiders!*



"Al Davis is my model for running a football franchise."

I'm a New Yorker who grew up in awe of **Yankee** power and prestige, **Dodger** speed and guts. Combine those ingredients in one team...



Contract in hand, my life became a quest to build the greatest organization in all of sports.

Good thing I kept my quarterback. Cut by both the National and Canadian leagues, there was a fire in his gut. A born **Raider**, one day he'd have half my job.



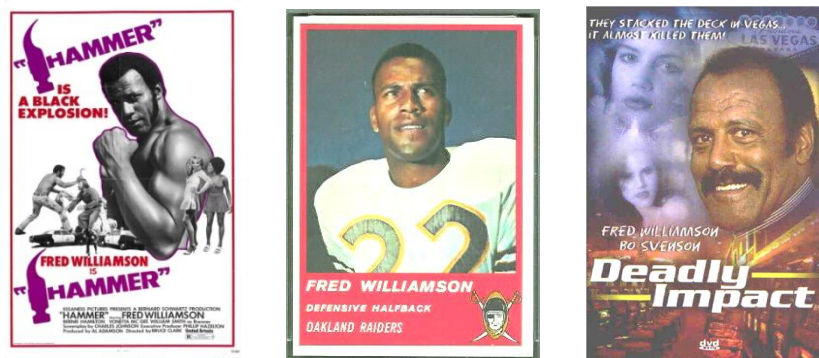
"It's always been a tradition of the Raiders to keep former players and coaches involved in the game."

My young center showed promise.



"It was terrible. We practiced on lots with rocks and broken glass. There was no organization, no leadership. Then Davis came in...and got it done, ...the whole shebang."

And a DB who wanted a different kind of fame.



"Television is a medium because anything well done is rare."

The rest of the western division came dressed in colors fit for a three-ring rodeo.



My **Raiders** would be *going to war!* And we would dress for it. Our uniforms, above all: *sinister..* Not black-and-gold leftovers from the local high school.

I'm a Brooklyn Jew. Not practicing, but I'll give my son Mark a helluva *bar mitzvah*. I love history, but my passion was battlefield tactics.

Not about politics, "good guys vs. bad guys" – I studied *winners!* What gave them the edge? From the Roman short sword to the panzers' prime advantage – the radio!. The French were still using signal flags.



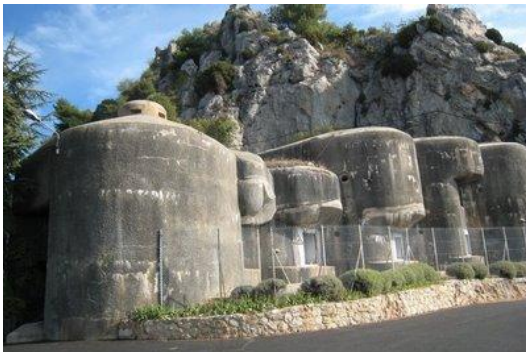
The state of Pro Football in 1963 was not unlike France in 1940.



The French had a huge army with thousands of cannons.



The heaviest tanks and a modern air force.



Defended by the Maginot Line, 'The Shield of France'.

May 10, 1940...



Blitzkrieg! Combining speed, power and teamwork, on the ground and in the air, the innovative Germans swept away the outdated French!

That's the battle my **Raiders** would be fighting.



But *not* in US Army colors. 'The Black Knights of the Hudson' were a three-time national champion. But since WW II, West Point was no longer a power. The worst a team can be: 'used to be great'.

Never my **Raiders!**

Besides, Black and Gold were **Steelers'** colors, a bunch of losers almost as bad as the **Raiders** 'used to be'.



"Once I had a steel job for half of a day. I never went back to collect my pay."

I chose **Raider** colors to be *sinister* and *intimidating!* And I didn't have to look far.

Mercilessly trained, superbly equipped, and ruthlessly led, the most intimidating force in history terrorized everything they touched.



*"I don't want to be the most respected team in the league.
I want to be the most feared."*

"Oh, I know what you're thinking!"



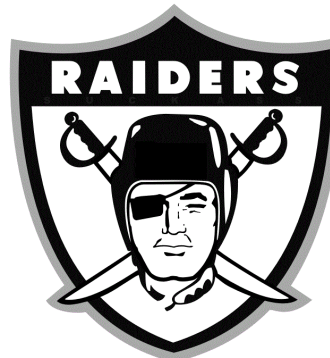
"I find your lack of faith disturbing."

In 1957, I saw business in the 'Borscht Belt' fly south - Jewish New Yorkers becoming American Jews in Florida! That same year, NY baseball flew west. Much has been written and filmed on both migrations. Truth be told, no one was going anywhere without the advent of the **Boeing 707**.



Jet engines, swept wings - One guess where they come from. If the US Government and private American industry can take full advantage of German technology, then I can appropriate their fashion sense!

The media would never get it; I gave them my 'Black Knights of the Hudson' spiel.

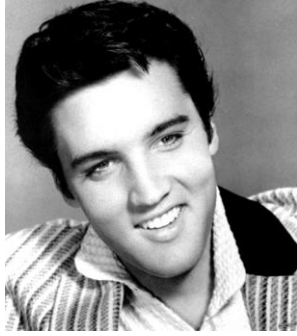


"The greatness of the Raiders is their future."

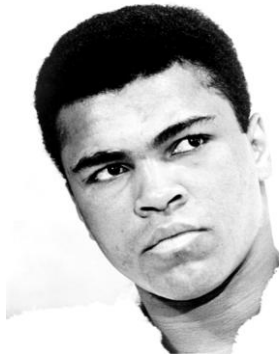
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**COMMITMENT TO
EXCELLENCE**



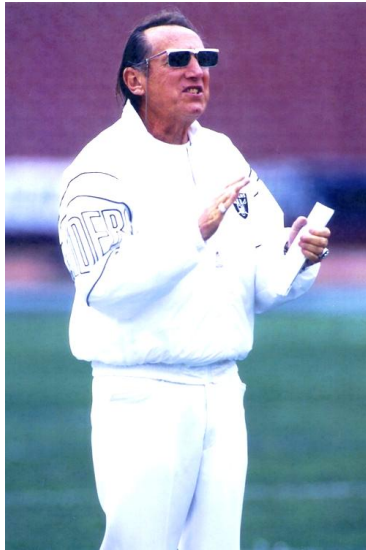
"Ambition is a dream with a V8 engine."



*"I know where I'm going and I know the truth,
and I don't have to be what you want me to be.
I'm free to be what I want."*



*"A man deserves a second chance,
but keep an eye on him."*



The **American Football League** would soon be history if it didn't make any.

The **National Football League** had plenty, starting in 1920 in Canton Ohio with the **American Professional Football Conference**, a collection of 18 teams in disarray with Jim Thorpe as president.



"How could anyone get hurt playing football?"

Two years later, the 22-team league became the **National Football League**. Because of the Depression, by 1932 only 8 were left.

Not until 1943 were helmets mandatory. Following WW II, the refs started using whistles, rather than *horns*.

In 1948, the **NFL** had been split into two divisions. Not all were here to stay; the Boston **Yanks** would soon disappear, the last **NFL** team to fail.



Television saved the sport. In 1951, the LA **Rams** were the first to televise all their games, home and away. The rest were soon to follow.

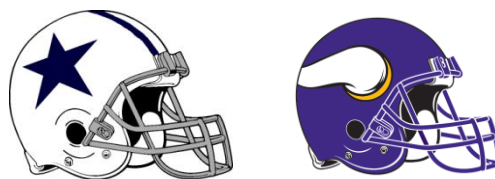
Finally, the **NFL** was financially secure, but what the league needed to make was *news*.

Before a nationwide audience, and a frantic Yankee Stadium crowd, the 1958 **NFL** Championship Game went into overtime. And mesmerized the country.



"The Greatest Game Ever Played"

Full of confidence, and backed by TV, the **NFL** added a new team in 1960, and another in 1961.



In 1963, the **American Football League** was barely surviving. The new **Cowboys** drove the **Texans** out of Dallas. They became the **Kansas City Chiefs**.



The **Titans** (*Bigger than **Giants***) under new management, were renamed after the planes landing at nearby LaGuardia Airport or that *West Side Story* streetgang.



*"When you're a **Jet**, you're a **Jet** all the way."*

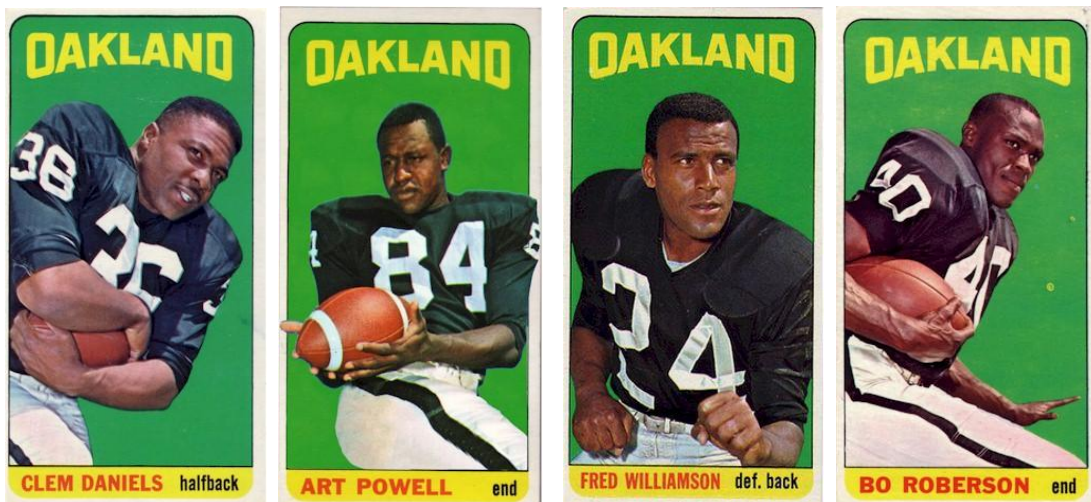
In 1963, the **AFL** had 8 teams: none wanted to be the next **Boston Yanks**.





The only history the **Raiders** had was a string of embarrassing routs. For the team to fully establish itself, we had to have a 'signature game.'

A couple of days before a pre-season game against the **Jets**, four of my best players came into my office and declared that they would *not* play.



The stakes were high. This was a crucial exhibition game. The **AFL** would be premiering in the Deep South, at Mobile, Alabama. Who are these **Raiders** to say they weren't playing?

This was my opportunity to show my team, the league and all of pro football, who the leader of the **Oakland Raiders** was.

Not the first time my players had threatened to strike.



In 1953, the Korean War raging, I was drafted. My football skills were highly valued and through connections, as a buck private I was assigned as the new coach at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

I started from scratch, even choosing uniform designs as I put together a complete organization.

Most of the players were older and outranked me. A number complained that they hadn't practiced this hard in college.

Finally, a group confronted me.

"Ease up," they demanded. "Or we're going on strike!"

"You have a choice," I told them pointblank. "You can play or you can be shipped to Korea."

They played, and won and finished 8-2-1, the best **Engineers'** record in years.



"What's your beef with Mobile?" I asked the four **Raiders**.

"The stadium is segregated," said one.

"Whites sit here," added another. "Blacks over there."

This time around, the choice was mine.

I called the league commissioner immediately.

"The **Oakland Raiders** will never play in a segregated stadium," I told him.
"Never!"

The **AFL** switched the site; before I'd coached my first game, the **Raiders** had taken a stand, and made it stick.

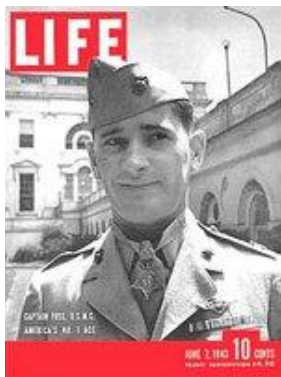
September, 7th, 1963...



A grand opening in Canton, Ohio, more than a thousand miles away. Would a **Raider** ever get there?

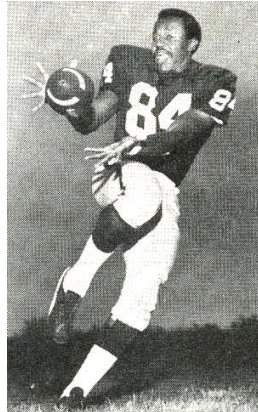
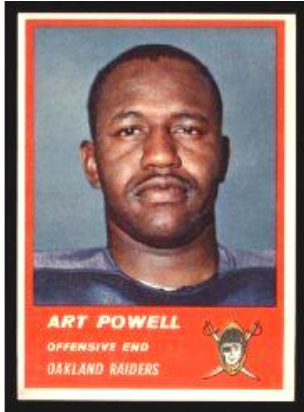
November 23rd, 1963...

The President is assassinated!



Like Kennedy, **AFL** Commissioner Joe Foss had been a WW II combat hero. I told him the **Raiders** would not play, *period*. Pete Rozelle, a lawyer and bean counter, ordered the **NFL** to play all games as scheduled. I never let him forget it.

For the first time in **Raiders'** history, we had a winning season, thanks to...



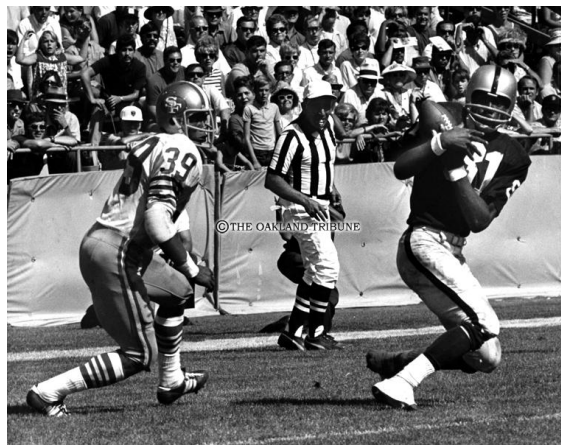
"Al Davis allowed me flexibility, to reach my peak."

And...

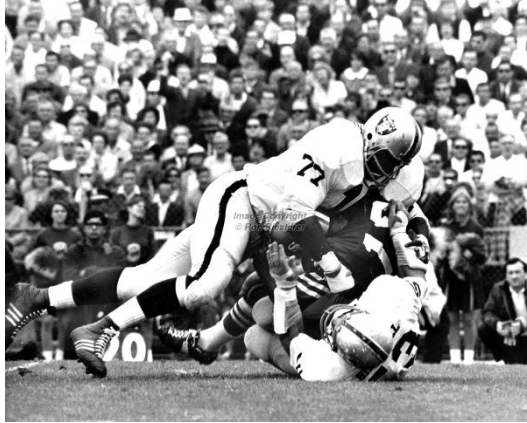


"There's a special mentality among Raiders in terms of a winning attitude."

'Think touchdown!' I stressed the 'vertical game'. *Intimidate* the defense, stretch the field, that on any play, the **Raiders** would go for it all.



And pushed the pass rush.



**THE QUARTERBACK MUST GO DOWN.
AND HE MUST GO DOWN HARD.**

From 1-13 to 10-4! The biggest turnaround in pro football history, one game short of the playoffs. I was named 'coach of the year'.



*"The fire that burns brightest in the **Raiders'** organization is the will to win."*



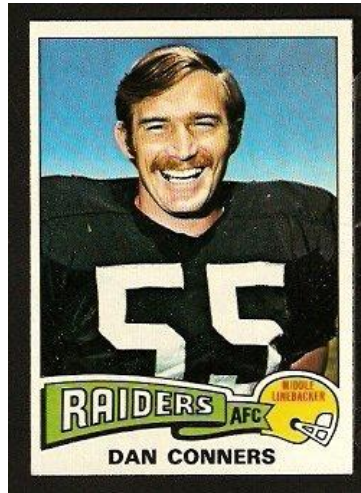
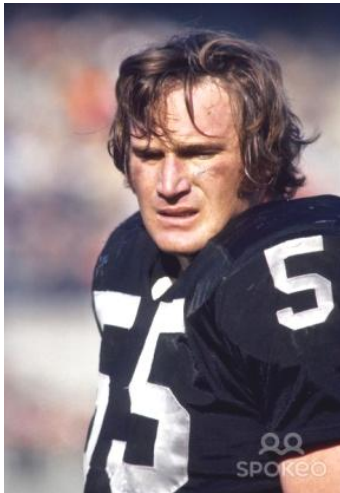
**Sports
Illustrated**

*"...Everything has been beautiful since Al Davis came to town...New coaches are an old story in Oakland--four in four years--this one seems different. He sometimes wins, or at least the players he coaches win, and winning is completely foreign to anything the **Oakland Raiders** have done before."*

We were just getting started.

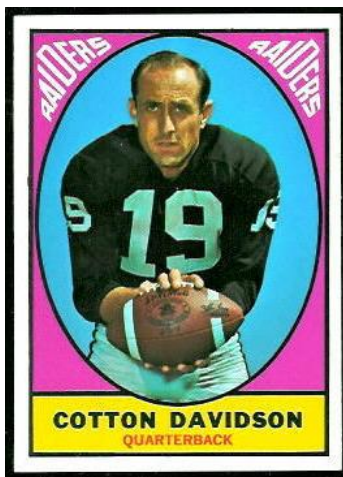
Coaching is *teaching*, a mix of information and inspiration, treating men as they want to be treated. Only one kind of player on my team; you're a **Raider** or get the hell out of here!

The first draft choice I ever signed played ten years for us and made the **AFL** All-Star team three times.

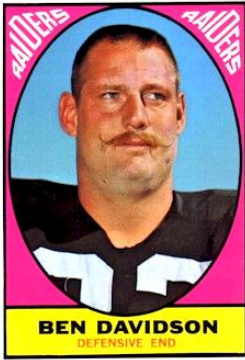


"Once a Raider, always a Raider."

The riskiest move in pro football is to trade for a veteran quarterback. And I always had a soft spot for Heisman Trophy winners. To get one, I had given my first round draft choice to the **Chiefs**; Ernie Ladd became a Hall of Famer.



Just because a player is cut by another team doesn't mean he can't be a **Raider**. After terrorizing every quarterback in the **AFL**, 'Gentle Ben' took on 'Conan the Barbarian'!



We started the 1964 season 1-7-1. Then things got worse.

My office was open to any **Raider** for any reason. 'You got a problem, you tell me first.'

A player came in to tell me that the night before, a white **Raider** had called out a black **Raider** for being with a *white woman*. There was almost a full-scale riot.

I'd run into this mindset recruiting at USC.

'How could you bring them here?' said an outraged booster. "A Jew and a black!"

Ron Mix and Willie Wood were *American* football players.



I called a team meeting.

"I will not have this bullshit in this organization. If you're doing shit like this, not only are you off the **Raiders**, I'll get your ass out of football!"

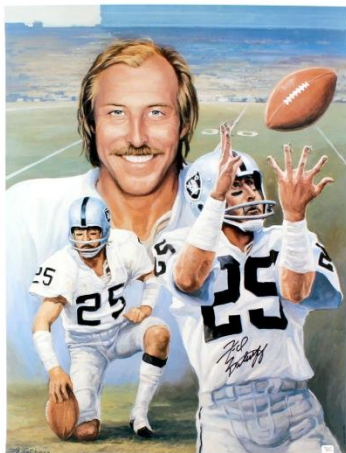


Congress had just passed the Civil Rights Act, but America had yet to catch up to the **American Football League**.

We finished the season going 4-1-1, but it was hardly enough. The **Raiders** had yet to make the playoffs.

Back in Brooklyn we played 'Sa-Lu-Gee', everywhere else called 'Keep Away' or 'Monkey in the Middle'. To sign college players coming out, the **AFL** had to play 'Sa-Lu-Gee' with the **NFL** scouts. And we were winning!

I signed one guy under the goalpost after a bowl game.



"If Al wanted to do it, he went and got it done."

In 1965, we had an 8-5-1 record. Still not good enough to get to the post season.



The **AFL** and the **NFL** added one new team each, both to begin play next season.

In three years, my coaching record was 23-16-3, not good enough for the **Raiders**, nowhere near good enough for *me*!

The **Raiders** were *my* team! Maybe I ought to hire a better coach?



The 'foolish club' had a plan of their own...

In 1950, my first coaching job at Adelphi on Long Island paid \$4,600 a year. Well, this 'Big Apple' boy has come home to sign a five-year \$250,000 contract.



The **American Football League** named me *commissioner*!

“Keep your eye on the eagle!”

3



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF



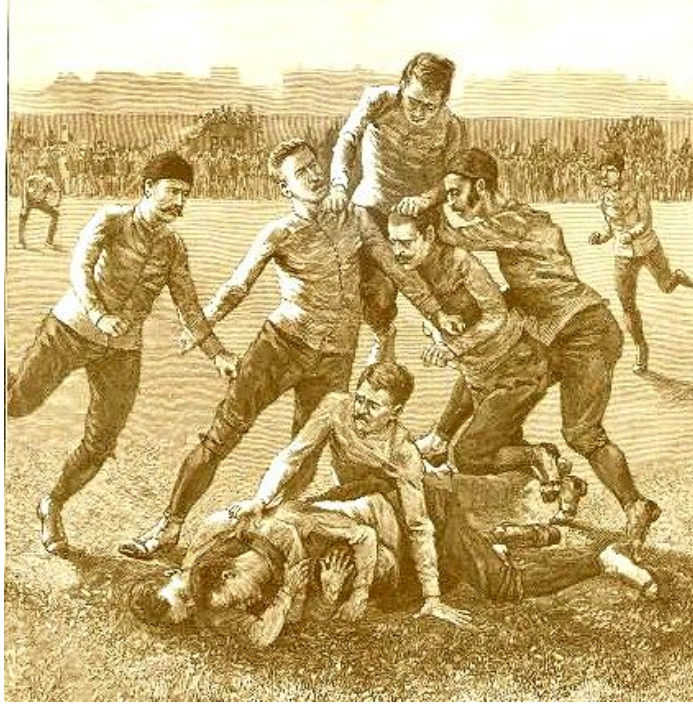
"We are going to have peace even if we have to fight for it."



"You must not fight too often with one enemy, or you will teach him all your art of war."



"When you can't make them see the light, make them feel the heat."



Football is organized combat. As hard as I lifted weights, as many miles as I ran, I was never strong enough or fast enough to be a 'soldier' at the front. But I could *organize*, I could *study* the game. My goal: to assemble and lead a *dominant* football team.

Right after I got out of the Army, Carolee and I got married. I'd built up a file on players I'd coached and played against, and used the info to land a job scouting for the **Baltimore Colts**. There I got to know Weeb Ewbank and hoped to connect with other coaches.



"Davis was one of forty."

I got hired by The Citadel in South Carolina as an assistant coach because they were desperate; last season the **Bulldogs** lost every game.



Coaching begins with recruiting and this fast-talking New Yorker would come on to these small-town stars and convince them that their glorious football future would begin at a regimental university.

My post during games was not on the sidelines. I called the plays from the press box. I felt like a second lieutenant. We had a winning season 5-4!

In 1965 the **Bulldogs** dropped to 3-5 and the head coach resigned. I thought my way was clear - head coach at a military academy! I'd be a leader, a field grade officer!

The Citadel wouldn't have me, citing 'allegations' of payments and 'other benefits to players and pressure on professors to change grades to keep student-athletes eligible to play football.'

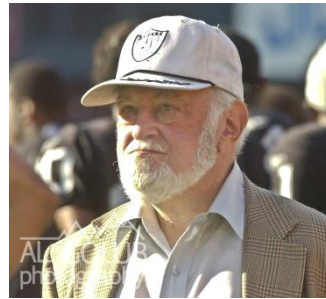
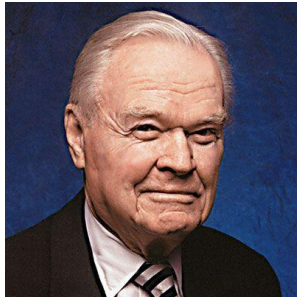
Anti-Semitism? I could have sued, but I had already set up my next job at USC.

In 1960, as an assistant coach, I got in on the ground floor of the **American Football League**. Half a dozen years later, I became the commissioner. I felt like MacArthur running the Korean War. My name was on the ball!



"We are not retreating - we are advancing in another direction."

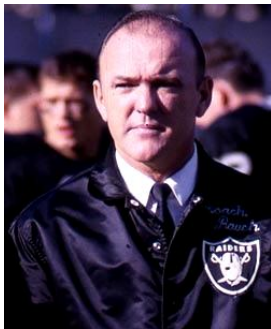
The **AFL** was whipping the **NFL** in recruiting players because we played a better, more exciting game of football and a sneakier style of 'Sa-Lu-Gee'. We'd hide players and the **NFL** wouldn't find them until *after* we had signed them.



"No Brooklyn hoodlum is going to tell me how to run the National Football League."

"The NFL fired a pistol shot. Davis responded with a machinegun."

I returned to Oakland briefly. I'd promoted my assistant, John Rauch, a former player and college coach, to head coach. Bill Walsh came on and learned a lot.



At last, the **Raiders** would be playing in a *stadium*, the brand new Oakland Coliseum. The only hassle: we'd be sharing the field with the newly arrived **A's** and have to play over the baseball diamond for half the season.

I hired veteran announcer Bill King because he looked and sounded like a pirate. And our beautiful **Raiderettes** who always looked prettier when we were winning.



The **Oakland Raiders** as entertainment! Win, lose or tie, we're going to be the best *television* team in professional football.

A merger was in the air. But it would not be the **AFL** who blinked. We kicked the **NFL's** ass on all fronts!

And I thought I'd enjoy the power and prestige of being **AFL** Commissioner. A grandiose title and a fancy office-- a damn desk job. How would George Patton have felt, stuck in the Pentagon?

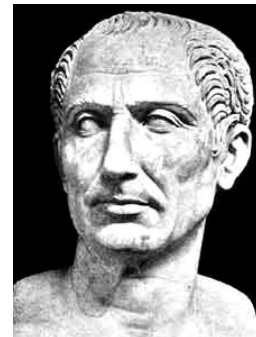
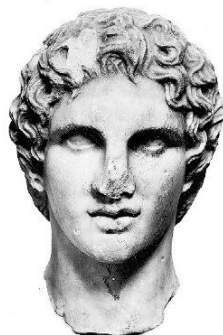
June 8, 1966...



The merger got done behind my back and I was pissed. We had to pay the **NFL** \$20 million in 'reparations' as if we had lost the war. We won and I wouldn't have given them a dime.

The commissioner of the combined leagues would be Pete Rozelle. I could have hung around, but I was never going to be somebody's 'assistant' ever again. The **Jets** and the **Colts** offered me general manager positions. I turned them down.

Truth was, I loved the **Raiders**. I went back to Oakland as a general manager and became part *owner*. 10% for \$18,000. The best American investment since Alaska! I was the general partner in charge of football operations.



"Just win, baby!"

Under Coach Rauch, we finished 8-5-1, the same record as my last coaching year. The **Raiders** still could not get to the playoffs.



First World Championship Game **AFL** vs **NFL**

LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM • JANUARY 15, 1967



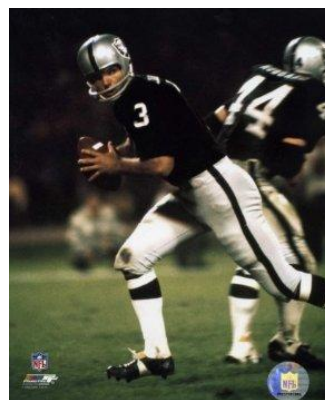
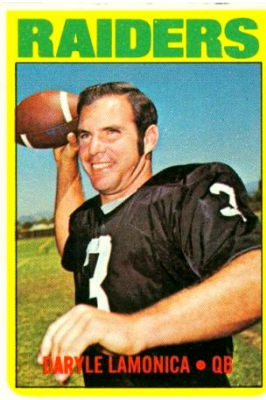
This was the battle the **AFL** had fought to fight, to prove to the country and to ourselves that we could compete with the **NFL**. And we got beat. The **Chiefs** kept it close for a half, but the **Packers** pulled away and coasted.

Rozelle and staff gloated; the **AFL** just wasn't good enough.

Not yet.

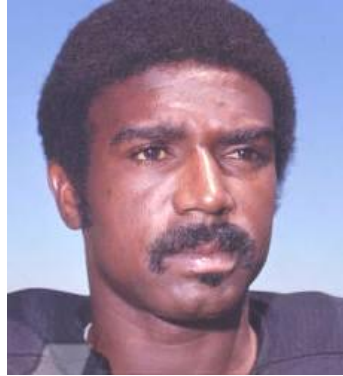
A coach can turn a team around, but only to a point. It's the general manager's and owner's job to get them to the top.

I traded two proven veterans for the Buffalo Bill's back-up quarterback, a Notre Dame grad. This time I got it right.



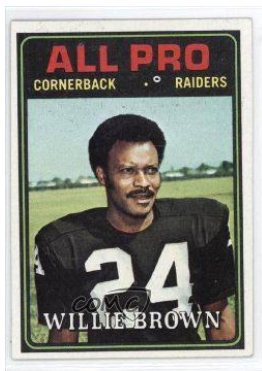
"Mr. Davis' knowledge of the game is shocking,"

The first great wide receiver to wear **81** was Warren Wells. A 'deep threat' on every down, he could beat every DB who ever played, but not alcoholism and Synanon which ruined his career and his life.



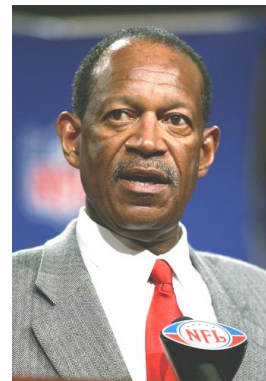
"Just throw the ball as far as you can and I'll run under it."

A trade with the **Broncos** helped us turn another corner.



"The Raiders against the world. That's how we took it."

My first round draft choice:



"The offensive line was like Paul Revere's horse, whose name we never knew. If not for that horse, we'd have never heard of Paul Revere either."

Any time you can get a player that can do *two* players' jobs, you grab him. A back-up quarterback and fieldgoal kicker, 'The Grand Old Man' had led the **Houston Oilers** to two **AFL** championships.

Thirty-nine years of age - Got him on waivers for \$100.

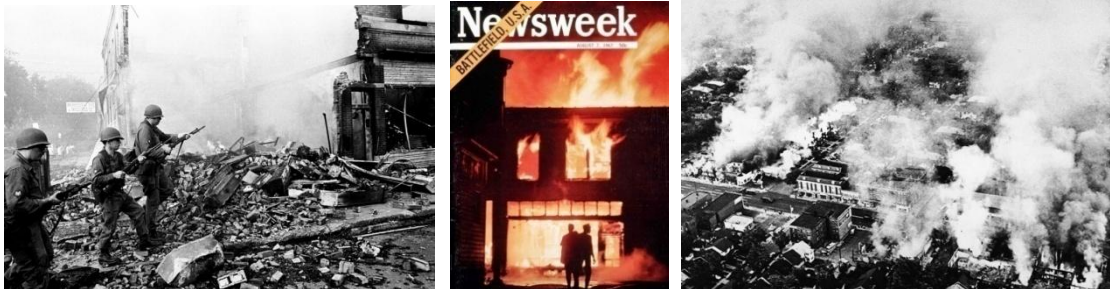


"The thing is that by the time I finished playing, I was too old to be starting out as a coach."

Yet another new team joined the **NFL**:



July 23, 1967...



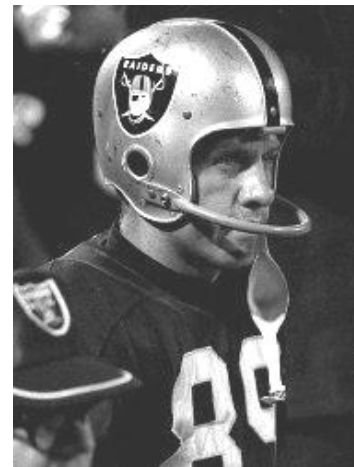
I called the team together. America's coming apart, but we're sticking together. Not about black and white. We **Raiders** are *Silver and Black!*

On October 7, the undefeated **Raiders** faced the **Jets** and my former mentor in New York, Pete Rozelle's headquarters. I wanted to win this game to show the **NFL** and the nation, coast-to-coast, that the **Oakland Raiders** were going to be champions!

We got beat, but it would be the team's only loss in 1967. Now it was our turn to face the **Green Bay Packers** as two-touchdown underdogs.



It's not that we didn't win the game; we were never *in* the game. Two late touchdowns failed to make us respectable.



What galled me most were the *pre-game intros*. CBS was the loyal **NFL** channel. There was Frank Gifford, the **Giants'** great, greeting Lombardi like he was a football deity. After Lombardi shook Gifford's hand, my coach put out his hand...and Gifford turned away.



That **NFL** snub symbolized the on-field futility of the **AFL**.

This was war and we lost it. We were on an urgent, even desperate mission, and we weren't mentally prepared to play the best team in football.

Back to work.

In their search for new young **Raiders**, which included small black colleges coast to coast, my tireless, secretive and inquisitive scouts have been compared to the CIA. I prefer the **Mossad** model.



"By way of deception, thou shalt make war."

And I hate racial myths, the worst being that a black man 'lacks the intellectual capacity' to be a professional; quarterback. So-called 'experts' keep a list of black 'busts'. Of course, if they ever gathered all the white QBs who failed... 'There's a traffic jam in Harlem that's backed up to Jackson Heights!'

As part owner and general manager of the **American Football League** champions, my first choice in the 1968 combined **NFL/AFL** draft: Eldridge Dickey of Tennessee State.



"Coach Davis knocked down doors!"

Dickey had the physical tools. He also had 'athleticsm', a racial knock meaning that if a black can't figure out where and whom to pass the ball to, he can use his speed to run.

That's why we have running backs! Great QBs who rarely 'scrambled' had 'quarterbackism'.

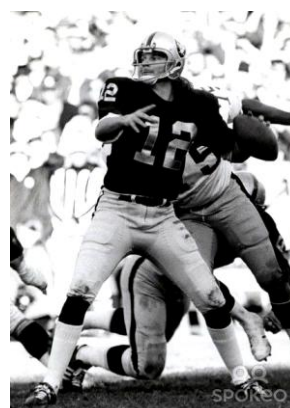
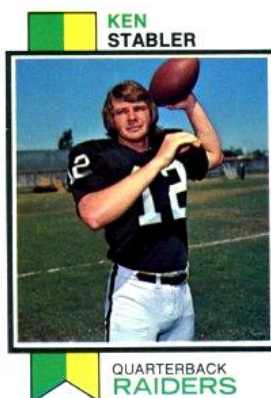
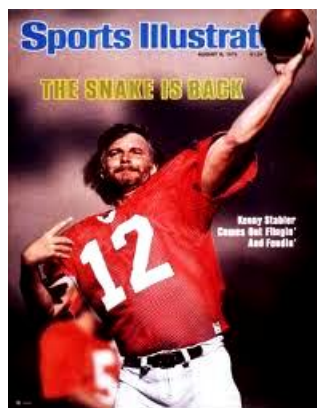


"The key is consistency."

Beyond dropping back, deciding and delivering the ball accurately to the right receiver, did this young man have that 'intangible' that would make him a champion?

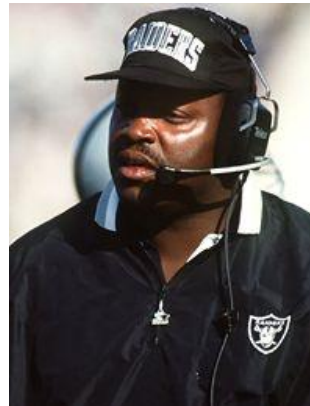
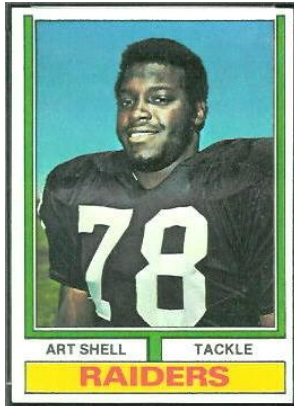
I drafted an Alabama QB number two. A fierce competitor, he could also interpret Jack London's poetry:

*"I would rather be ashes than dust,
I would rather my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze,
Than it should be stifled in dry rot.
I would rather be a superb meteor,
With every atom of me in magnificent glow,
Than a sleepy and permanent planet."*



"Go deep!"

Our third pick...



*"God was great to me and I'm honored to say that I am a **Raider.**"*

Across the country, another draft wasn't going well.



"...It is increasingly clear to this reporter that the only rational way out then will be to negotiate, not as victors, but as an honorable people who lived up to their pledge to defend democracy, and did the best they could."

The Civil Rights Movement was gaining overdue momentum.



I soon understood that the **Oakland Raiders** had become more than a team, more than an organization, the **Raiders** were my *life*, and my every waking hour would be spent in my quest to create the finest team and the greatest organization all of sports has ever known.

In my tunnel-vision, I caught only quick glimpses of the outside world, I was no longer part of society. For as long as I live, I *am* the **Oakland Raiders!**

The **AFL** 'Game of the Year' fell on November, 17th, 1968 versus the **New York Jets** at home. The Coliseum filled to the brim. At 9-1-1, the **Raiders** were 10-point favorites.

(Everybody checked the Vegas spread. for *anomalies* that could tip off a fix.)



The game was a classic passing duel. Six times the lead changed hands. But with a minute and change left, a field goal put the **Jets** ahead.

The fans back east were overjoyed. Then suddenly...We got the ball back, and two passes got us a quick touchdown. When the **Jets** fumbled the kick-off we scored again, two TDs in nine seconds, and won 43-32.

But the East Coast never saw it. By corporate contract, at exactly 7 PM...

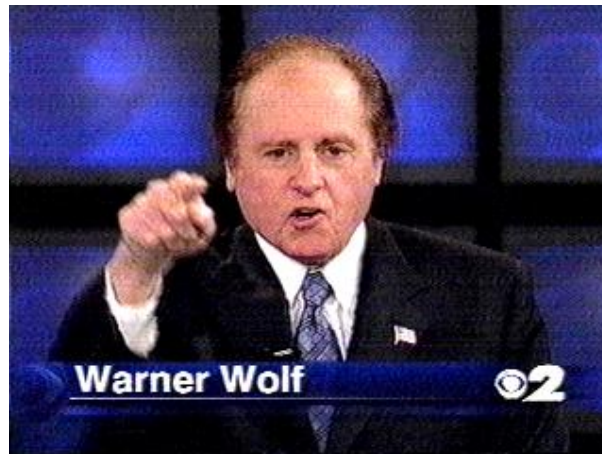


"My gravestone is gonna say, 'She was a great moment in sports.'"

On came *Heidi* as scheduled. Within seconds, NBC was bombarded with more than 10,000 calls, made headlines and offered a lame apology.

The *Heidi* game proved that America cared about the **AFL**, including my hometown.

To add New York insult to injury...



"If you had the Jets and ten...you lost!"

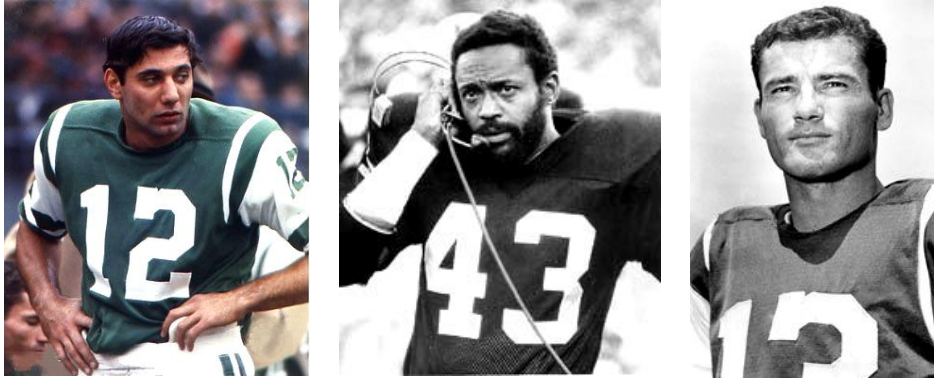
We finished the season 12-2, then destroyed the **Kansas City Chiefs** in the first round of the playoffs. The **AFL** Championship Game everybody wanted was set: Us vs. the **New York Jets**.

But no *Heidi* 'rerun'; the game was *blacked out* in 'fun city'. NBC played...



Short-sighted fools! Not if / were still running the **AFL**.

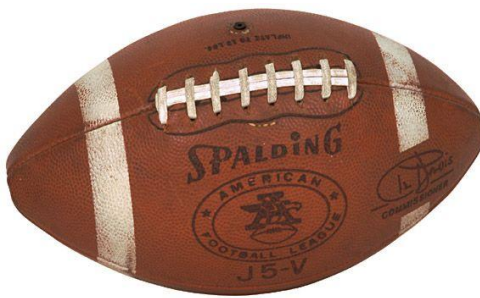
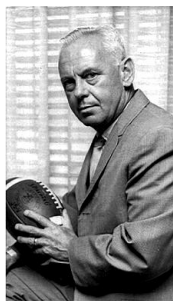
Before 70,000 screaming fans, this championship battle was near Biblical, as if only God Himself would decide the victor, the last team to touch the ball.



"Who are you callin' 'The Pigeon'?"

And it was going to be the **Oakland Raiders!** Late in the fourth quarter, we trailed 27-23, but driving, and the **Jets** couldn't stop us.

Lamonica threw a short swing pass to Charlie Smith in the flat, when suddenly...*Divine intervention?*



dayala0216c fotosearch.com

A gust of wind caught the ball in mid-air and pushed it back, turning an incomplete pass into a *lateral*. The **Jets** pounced on it and won the game.

AFL Commissioner *Milt Woodard's* name was on the ball.



The loss to the Jets had been heartbreaking, but as it turned out, the *best thing* to ever happen to the **Oakland Raiders**. In 1965, had Namath signed with the St. Louis Cardinals and not the Jets, the American Football League may not have lasted another season. And I into the 'dustbin of history.'

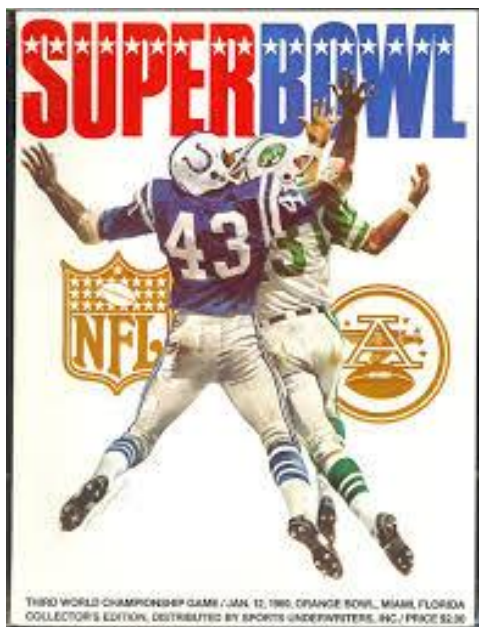


*"The **Colts** will beat the **Jets** by three touchdowns."*



*"I make the **Jets** 19 1/2 point underdogs!"*

In the short history of the **AFL**, the league's finest play happened not on the field or in the locker room or in court, but right out in the open-- the confidence and the bravado of the **American Football League**.

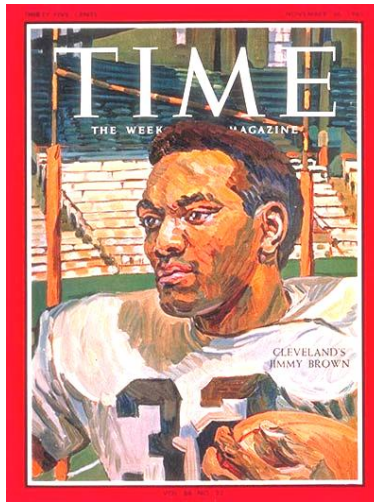


"We're gonna win the game. I guarantee it!"

Daring entrepreneurs founded professional football.



Great players changed the game.



'Broadway Joe' was the *star* who made the league.



"If you aren't going all the way, why go at all?"

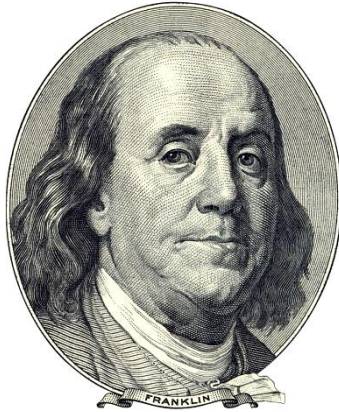
4



Unity



“R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Find out what it means to me”



*"We must, indeed, all hang together or,
most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."*



*"We may have all come on different ships,
but we're in the same boat now."*



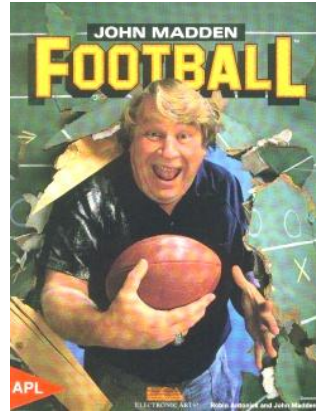
Many 'small steps' taken, this was the year the **Raiders** would make 'one giant leap' and place our footprints in the Super Bowl!



I told the staff first, that John Rauch had left for Buffalo, that I would be hiring a new head coach and if anyone were interested he 'should come and see me.'

Choosing a franchise coach is as difficult, as crucial, and as risky as choosing a franchise quarterback. Is this guy going to lead us to a championship? Wind up with anybody less, and you're stuck with the wrong guy.

As **AFL** Commissioner I had taken a close overview of both leagues. All of the good ones were taken or too expensive or wanted too much control. Then my offensive line coach came to see me.

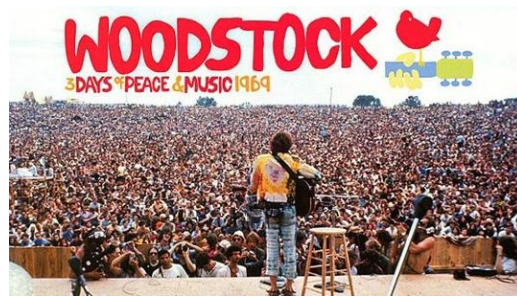
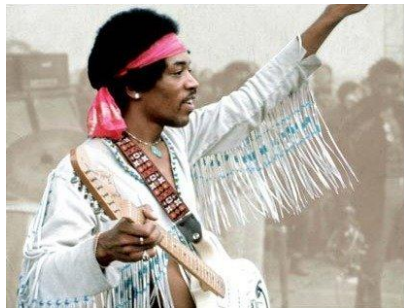


"I always felt I was the luckiest guy in the world."

I hired John Madden because he was John Madden, a man who knew the game, loved it and could smile and wave his hands and make the whole world believe.

Not telling, *selling*. I bought in and so did the team.

The Star Spangled Banner that starts football games...



Finished a festival.

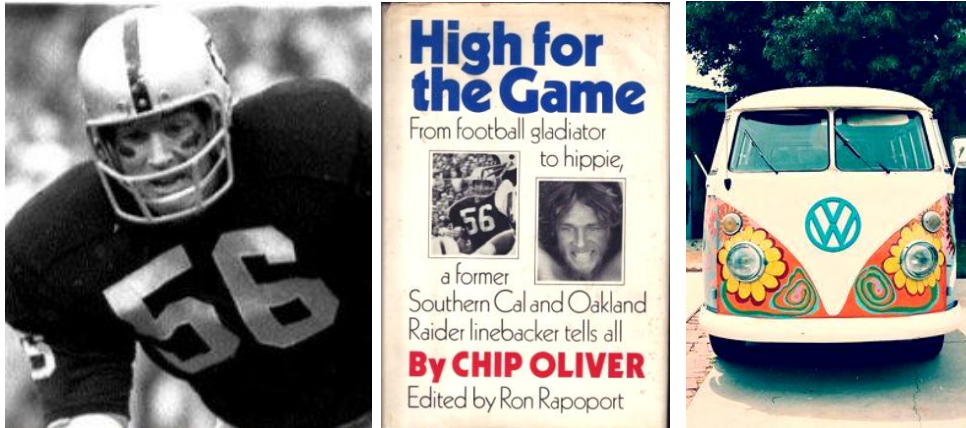
The **Raiders** had come a long way from **AFL** embarrassment, and the journey to a world championship...suddenly, miraculously, was no longer an 'impossible dream'.



*"If the **Mets** can win the World Series, anything is possible, even peace."*

- Madden had just three rules:
1. BE ON TIME.
 2. PAY ATTENTION.
 3. PLAY LIKE HELL!

Not everyone bought in.



"I didn't want to be another slab of beef."

Early on in camp, one of our linebackers left us flat. Tired of the pro football establishment, he'd been living in his Volkswagen van for a time, parked in the Coliseum. He hopped in, and drove away heading north, a 'hippie hero' in search of his different destiny.

Sports Illustrated celebrated the fashion style of pro football coaches. Upon seeing John...



"The hamper look."

This would be the final year of the **AFL**, the last game to be Super Bowl IV on January, 7th, 1970. And the **Oakland Raiders** aimed to win it!



Not everyone thought we'd even get there. Charlie Jones, one of the original **AFL** announcers, made a bold pronouncement....



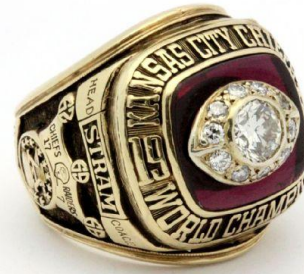
*"There's only one team in football that can beat the **Kansas City Chiefs**
...the **Kansas City Chiefs** themselves!"*

We beat them *twice*, and finished 12-1-1. After routing the **Houston Oilers** in the first round of the playoffs, we got the 11-3-0 **Chiefs** in the Oakland Coliseum.

On a beautiful Sunday for football, before 50,000 loyal fans, we lost.



Twelve and a half point underdogs, the **Chiefs** won the Super Bowl.



"Football has few secrets. So execute."

A new pro football age dawned in 1970. In negotiating the merger, the **NFL** wanted to keep a 16-10 split. I told them, "It's 13-13 or we're outa here."

Which meant that the **NFL** had to give the new **American Football Conference** three teams. We wanted the best *stadiums*. After a lengthy back and forth we got the **Baltimore Colts**, still a strong team, the **Cleveland Browns**, with a proud tradition, and last and least, the dregs of professional football, the **Pittsburgh Steelers**.



The country had other concerns...

May 4, 1970...



"Four dead in O-Hi-O."

I am proud to be in football all my life because America loves and needs this game, to root for your team! After coping with all the good and bad life deals out, there's a place to escape...To root for *my* **Oakland Raiders!**

And root for something else...Not for a color or a race or creed or national origin, root for America. That's what *Americans* do!



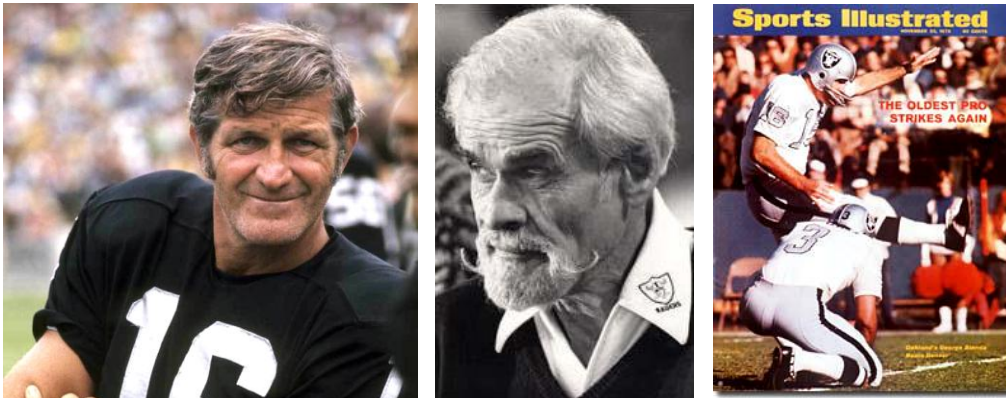
CBS and NBC had taken over the weekend. ABC got the leftovers few thought would last.



"He could go all the way!"

The Oakland **Raiders** didn't adjust to the new show, we would *dominate* it!

The year belonged to the 'Grand Old Man' who'd come off the bench late to win us game after game.



"George Blanda is king of the world!"

We went 8-4-2, beat the **Dolphins** in the playoffs, then played the **Colts** in the first **American Football Conference** Championship Game.

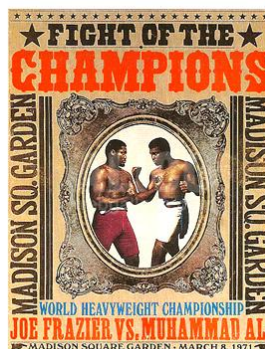
We lost.



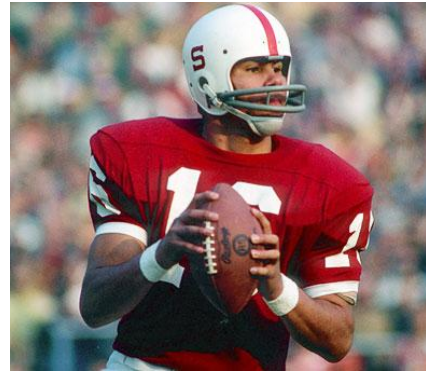
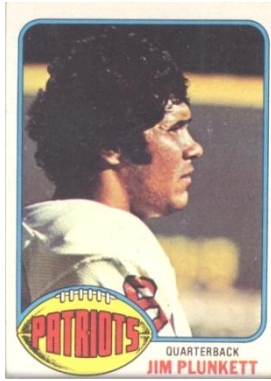
The Baltimore **Colts** won the Super Bowl.



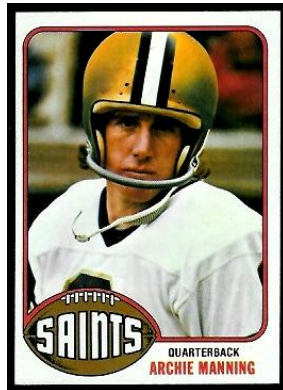
In March, 1971 Joe Frazier proved that the underdog can down the champ.



With the first pick in the NFL Draft, the Boston **Patriots** selected...

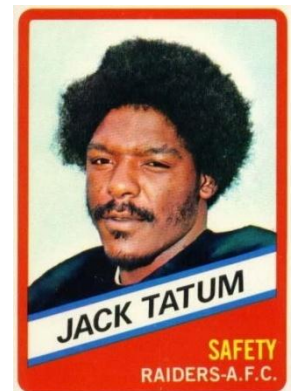
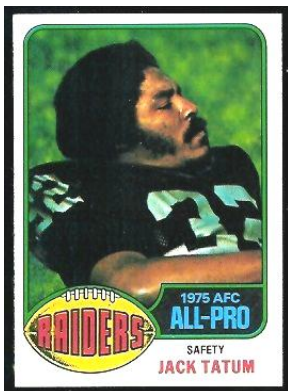


A Bay Area kid whose parents were born in Mexico, he's got the size and strength, and throws the most beautiful 'bomb' I've ever seen. He's also an incredible risk. Now, if I could get him for \$100 off the waiver wire...



As for the second-best QB: he's got talent and style, and can pass on the run, but I just don't see him producing a Super Bowl winner in the near future.

With our first choice, the 'monster man' from Ohio State...



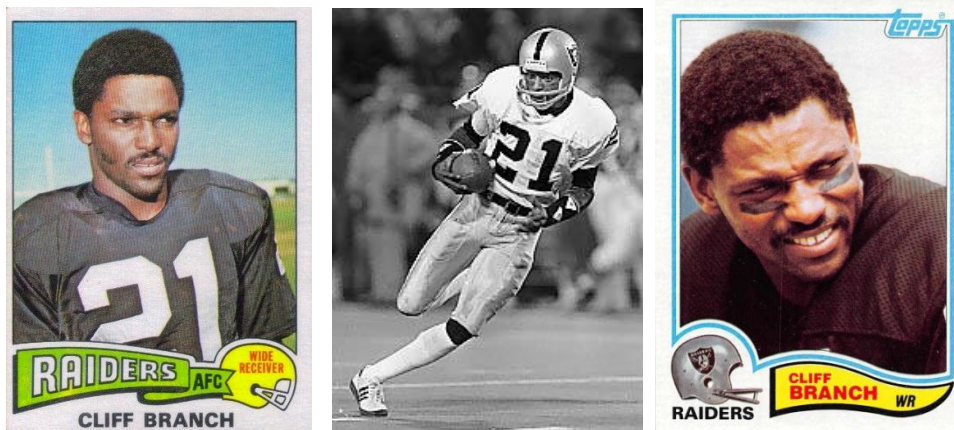
"I like to believe that my best hits border on felonious assault."

Then...



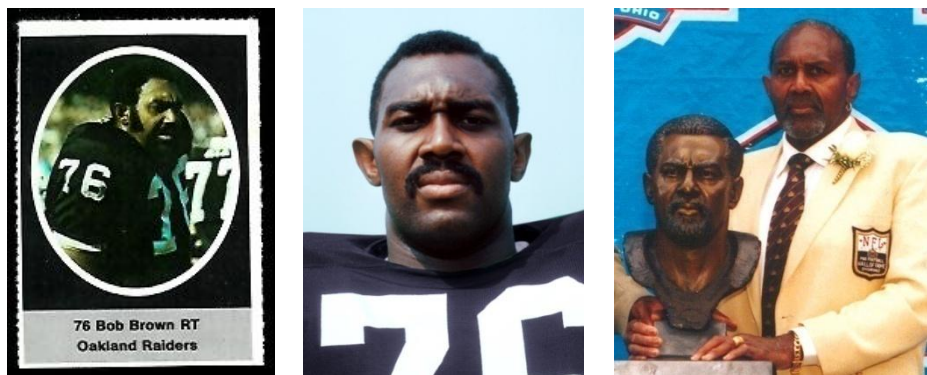
*"When you play for the Raiders you play to win
and you play tough. It's an attitude!"*

In the fourth round we enhanced our 'vertical game'.



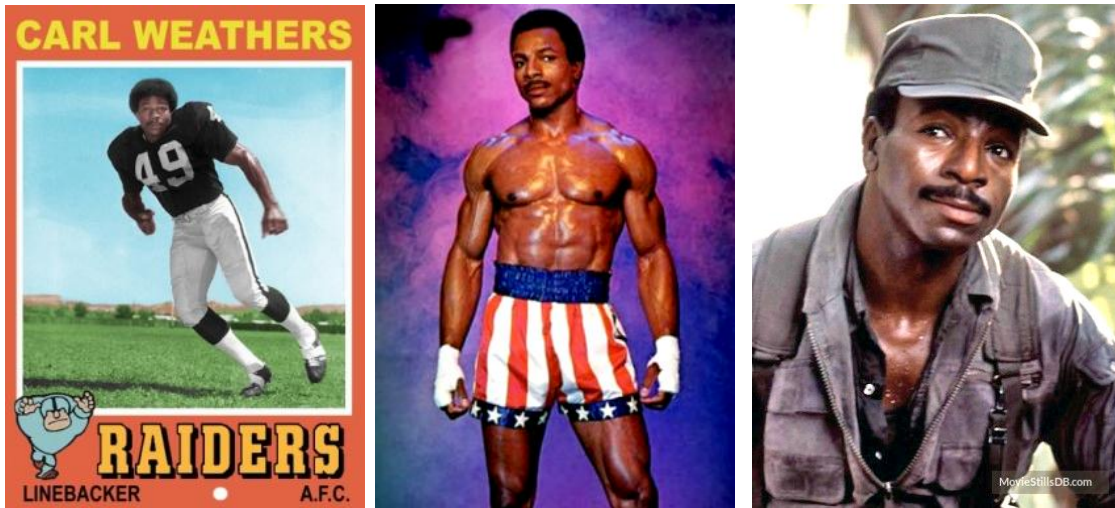
"I can beat my guy deep."

Via a trade...



*"I was very attack oriented. I didn't want to be a shock absorber.
I wanted to be the guy who was delivering the shock."*

And on Special Teams...



"Without some damn war to fight, the warrior may as well be dead."

Again we finished 8-4-2, but this time, failed to make the playoffs. Not for a moment did I doubt John Madden. I ran the organization; John coached the team. The rub lay at quarterback.



"Mad Bomber" Lamonica had taken us far, but defenses had adjusted to his long game, forcing him to throw short which he wasn't good at. George, at his age, couldn't be expected to start and finish a game. In between waited Ken Stabler, warming the bench for three years.

John liked Stabler beyond his ability-- the 'Snake' was as cool as a cucumber; the team would follow him to the gates of Hell.

Before the season began...



"They're all gone."

In October, we found out how it felt when an Oakland team wins a championship.



This year had to be our turn.

With a 10-3-1 record, we made the playoffs and had to face what had been the worst team for the longest time - the **Pittsburgh Steelers**.

A brutal game from the very first snap. The **Steeler** defense shut us out until the 'Snake' made a twisting heroic TD run. 7-6 **Raiders** with 22 seconds left.

Then, yet again, '*divine intervention!*'



I saw the 'Immaculate Reception' live, the replay a hundred times, but I've never been to the statue or the monument.

Like football will ever forget it.



Were the **Raiders** cursed? Snakebit? I began to imagine a grand **NFL** conspiracy that would forever doom me and my team. I had to fight back!

The most feared cannon ever created was the German **'88'**. Accurate, long range, fast, mobile and dependable, fitted to the Tiger tank, it became the most intimidating war machine in history.



We drafted a *weapon* with our first pick, Ray Guy, the finest punter football had ever seen. Number **8** became our **'88'**.

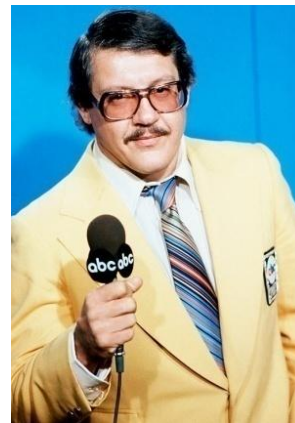
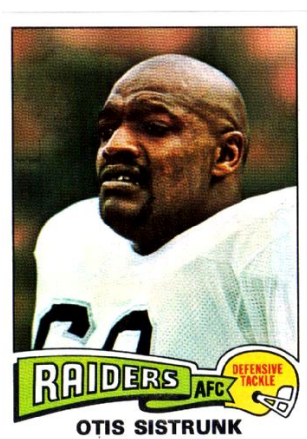


*"We were kind of like those **Transformers**. You keep turning all those parts, fold them in, it's one big man."*

Our scouting department scored a Mossad-like coup when we signed a defensive linemen who had never played college ball. After a hitch in the Marines, 'Trunk' played semi-pro and minor league ball and was spotted by the **Los Angeles Rams**.

Then we stole him away.

Monday Night Football couldn't resist.



"University of Mars"

Kenny Stabler established himself as the Raiders' quarterback. We went 9-4-1 and couldn't wait to face the damn **Steelers** in the playoffs!

No 'divine intervention' this time. We beat them going away. All we had to do was defeat the **Miami Dolphins** as we had earlier in the season, and, finally, we'd be going back to the Super Bowl.

We lost.



When **NFL Films** took over filming and editing the weekly highlights, every **Raider** game came with a rousing tune which became "The Battle Hymn of the Raider Nation".



Plus a poem written by NFL Films President and co-founder Steve Sabol and delivered by 'the voice of the NFL', the peerless John Fazenda.

*"The Autumn Wind is a pirate
Blustering in from sea,
With a rollocking song, he sweeps along,
Swaggering boisterously.*

*His face is weather beaten.
He wears a hooded sash,
With a silver hat about his head,
And a bristling black mustache.*

*He growls as he storms the country,
A villain big and bold.
And the trees all shake and quiver and quake,
As he robs them of their gold.*

*The Autumn Wind is a raider,
Pillaging just for fun.
He'll knock you 'round and upside down,
And laugh when he's conquered and won."*

Since I first became coach in 1963, my silver and black **Oakland Raiders** have compiled the best record in pro football, and earned what so few teams ever achieve: an intimidating *mystique*.

5



Summit



"Endeavor to persevere."



"I'm here to break boundaries, man. That's all. I'm here to be the first so that the people after me don't have to think twice about expressing themselves and being free."



'I still believe in heroes!'

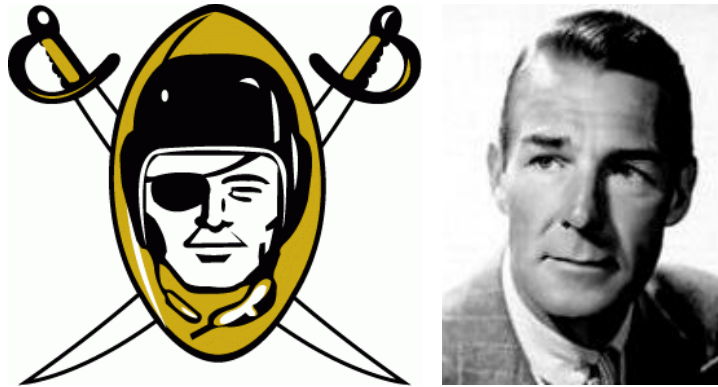


Oakland was a late and early city. Not until 1864, more than 200 years after New York, were the first streets paved. But in 1960, unlike bigger and 'more historic' cities, Oakland had the foresight and the guts to welcome an **American Football League** team.

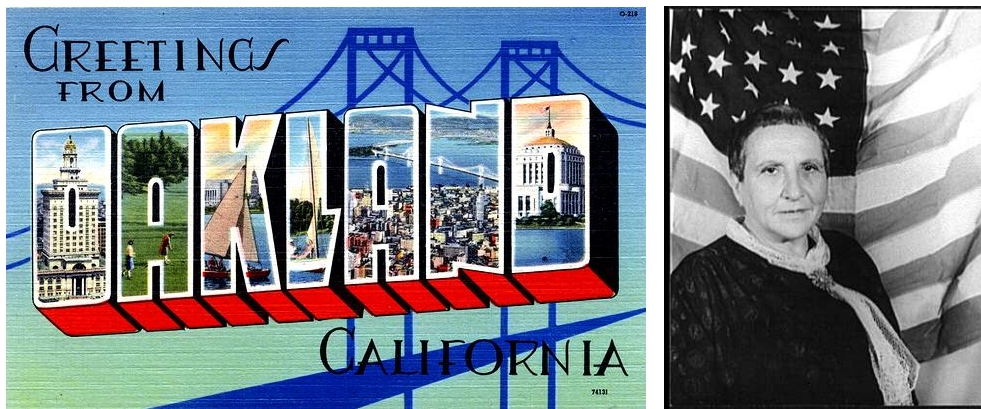
Unlike the other city on the Bay, Oakland has a *winning* **MLB** and **NFL** team, not a pair of long-term losers.

We weren't supposed to be the **Raiders**. A "name the team" contest was held by the *Oakland Tribune*, and the winner: **Señors**. The local media charged the contest had been fixed and soon after, the third-place name, **Raiders**, was chosen.

As legend has it, the original team logo was a take on Randolph Scott.



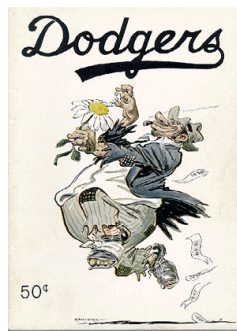
We came here to win. The **Raider** fans deserve it. The **Raider** players deserve it. Yet Oakland has been ridiculed, derided as 'undeserving'.



"There is no 'there' there."

I love this 'blue-collar', hardworking small city and it sickens me to hear rumors that I'd take a better stadium deal and leave Oakland for a 'big market' city.

The sports tragedy of my youth struck like a lightning bolt. My beloved champion **Dodgers** deserted Brooklyn over a stadium issue. People were crying in the streets!

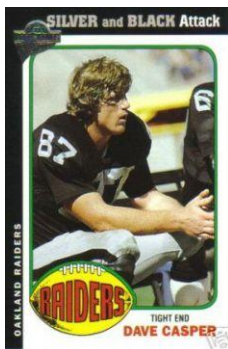


I live in Oakland. Leaving would be like Leonidas betraying Sparta!



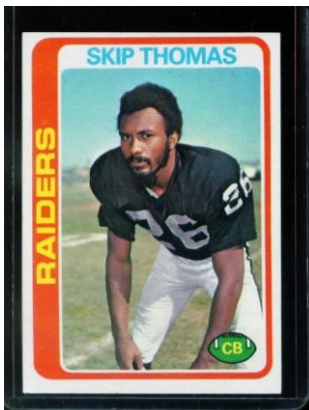
"We bow down before no man."

In the second round, a tight end from Notre Dame filled in the **Raiders'** phalanx.



"All I want is a friend."

'Doctor Death' rose to complete our secondary.

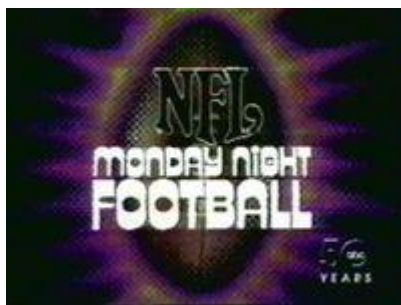


"The nastiest defensive backs this side of Attica's all-star intramural team."



"I shall resign the presidency..."

We started the '74 season in Buffalo and lost in the last minute by one point when George Blanda's fifty-yard field goal failed.



It was the first and only time John lost on Monday night. We finished 12-2 and got set to play the **Dolphins**, winners of the last two Super Bowls.

This first round of the playoffs was hyped like a championship game. Over the last three years, the **Dolphins** and **Raiders** had the best records in the **NFL**.

'Black Sunday' - every seat in the Coliseum was filled. Blackness filled my eyes and I imagined not just a fanatic fan base, but the birth of a movement that had crossed the country and one day would encircle the globe.



From start to finish, this was the game one dreams of, what my quest was all about. Miami ran the opening kick-off back for a touchdown. Back and forth the lead changed hands.

Down six points with a little more than two minutes left, the **Raiders** were 68 yards from victory. A succession of pinpoint passes got us to the 8 yard line with 23 seconds left.

Stabler dropped back. Primary receiver covered, Stabler looked and looked. A Miami rusher grabbed his legs. As he fell, 'Snake' lofted a wobbly pass into the end zone crowd and...



"He caught it! He caught it!"



"Unbelievable!"

"The greatest game I've ever seen."

Miraculous moments live forever, yet many forget that Bobby Thompson's 'Shot heard 'round the World', 'The Hail Mary' and the 'Sea of Hands' won a game...



Not a championship.

We had triumphed in 'Super Bowl 8 1/2'.

The next Sunday...



After beating us, the **Steelers** won Super Bowl IX.

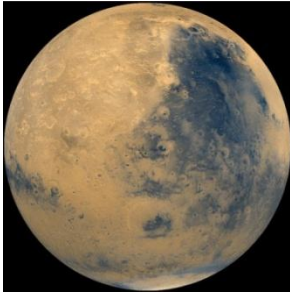
It was said that the **Dolphins'** coach and some of the players cried after their last second Oakland loss. *My Raiders* were made of sterner stuff.

We had to work harder. No way, not for a minute, was this organization going to let up.

Would we hit the jackpot in 1975? The games would decide.



While on another world...



*"If a dog had shit on the ground one meter from a **Viking** lander, it would never have detected it."*



1974-1975

There, but for the game of 'Sa-Lu-Gee', 'Broadway Joe' and *Heidi*, goes the **American Football League**.

In our 16th season, the **Raiders** went 11-3. In the first round of the play-offs, one of my idols came to Oakland and we beat him close.



"When you win, say nothing. When you lose, say less."

What was there to say against Pittsburgh in the **AFC** Championship Game?



The **Steelers** won Super Bowl X.



After yet another crushing defeat, I worried that the team would get a new song.



"I'm a loser!"

Instead of poets London and Sabol, Emily Dickinson taunted me.

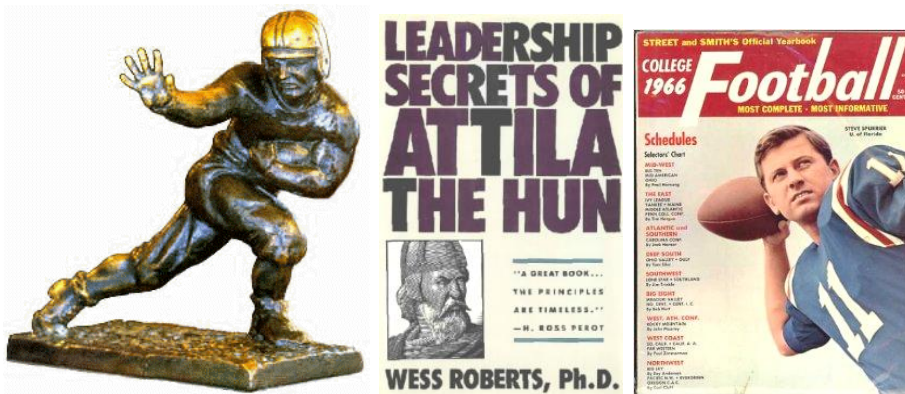


*"Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.*

*Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory*

*As he defeated – dying –
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!"*

I consulted a Heisman winner who suggested a book:



Chapter 14: "Surviving Defeat: There is another day."

The 27th and 28th **NFL** teams took to the field.



Only two *dominated*...



"In order to have a rivalry, both teams have to be good."

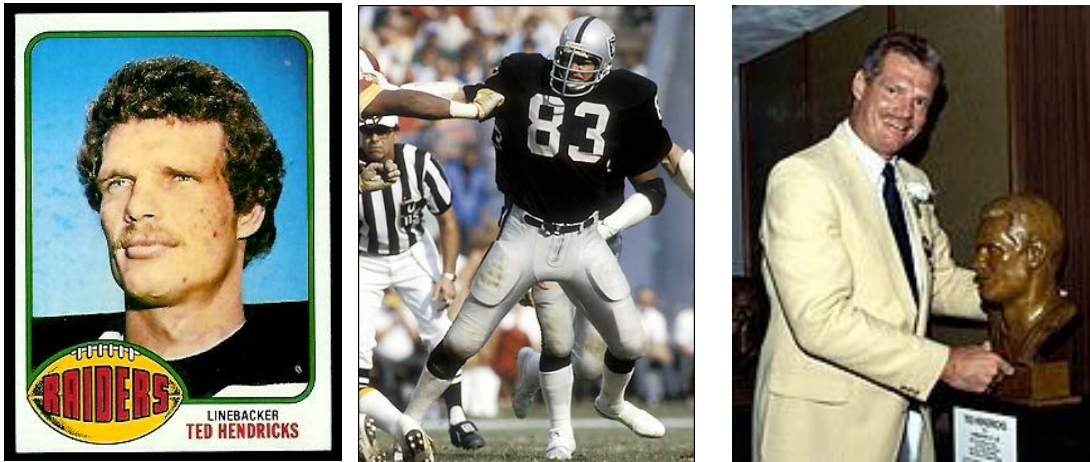
The **Jets** and the **Chiefs** used to be our rivals, but no more. (I don't see either getting back to the Super Bowl in my lifetime!) The **Dolphins** had won consecutive championships and would always compete; it's the culture of the franchise.

In 1969, the **Steelers** finished 1-13. Just three seasons later, [Pittsburgh was in the postseason](#) for the first time since 1947. Until we beat the **Steelers**, they were the best team and the better *organization*.



The Ultimate Battle - For the future and pride of **Raider Nation**, we must crush this brutal and ruthless enemy!

We had added a couple of unique individuals.



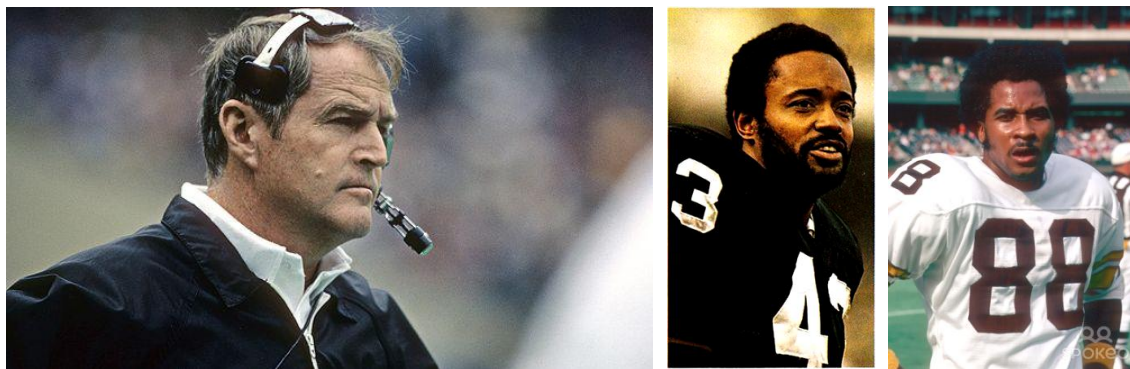
"I didn't want to be one-dimensional, to be only an athlete."

Would they be the final pieces of the puzzle?



"Cruisin' With the Tooz!"

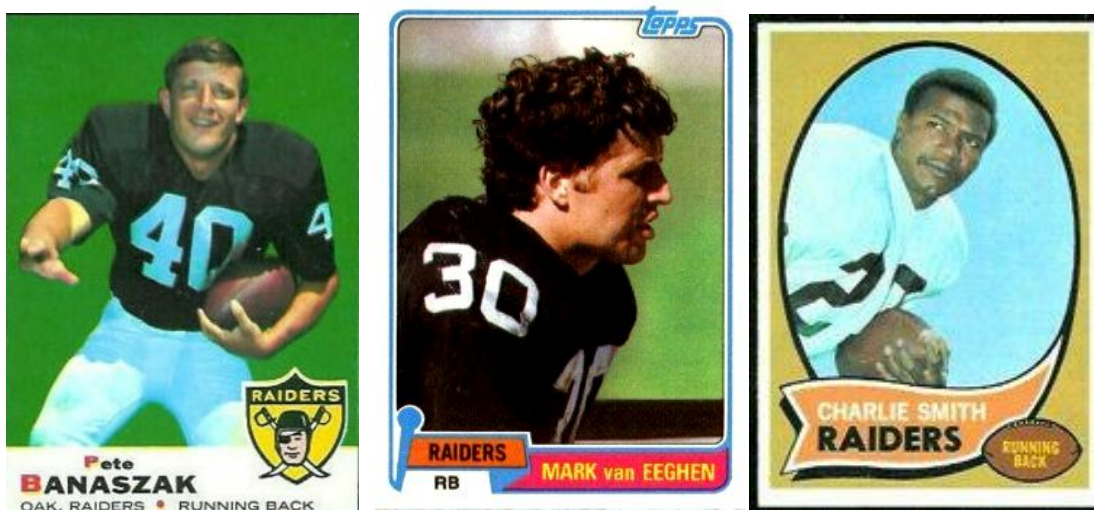
The first game of the 1976 season and we beat the champion **Steelers**! Their coach couldn't accept it, claiming one of my **Raiders** was part of a "criminal element who should be kicked out of the league."



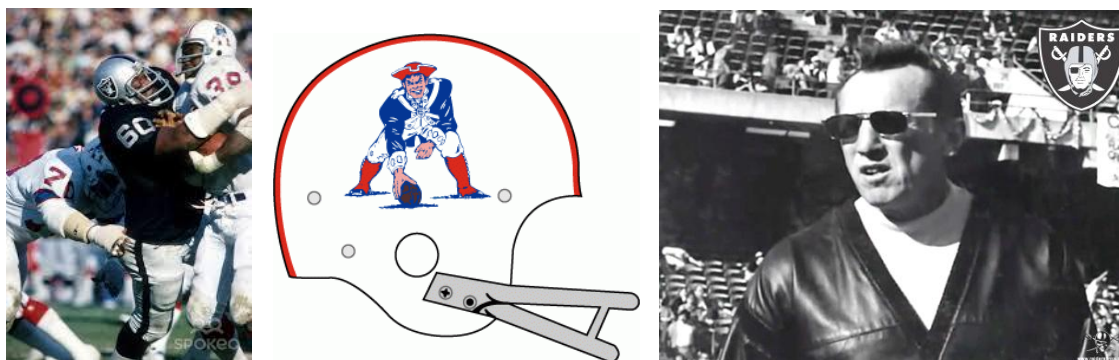
"Once 'The Pigeon', now 'The Hit Man!'"

George Atkinson sued. Chuck Noll was vindicated, but the lengthy proceedings kept the **Steelers** distracted for weeks. And it showed.

Turned out to be a lesson I should have taught myself.



Unleashing our ground attack, we lost only one game all year, a Bi-centennial blow-out at the hands of an original **AFL** team.

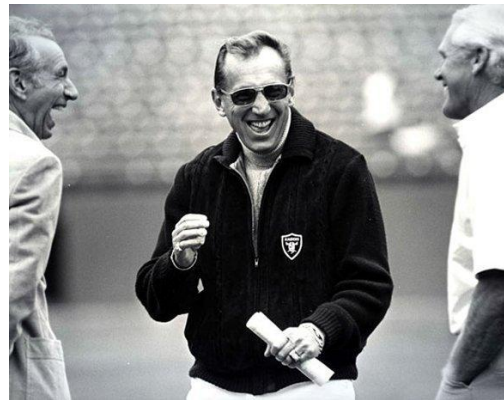
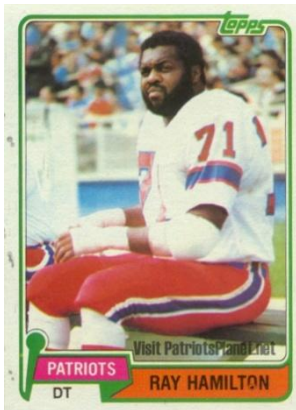


And we faced them again in the first round of the playoffs, only their second postseason game ever.

The **Patriots** played as hungry as we did. The contest came down to our last drive. With 1:24 to play, it was 3rd and 18. Stabler dropped back--do or die--the desperation pass fell incomplete.

And once again, into the 'dustbin of history' fell the **Oakland Raiders**.

But wait...



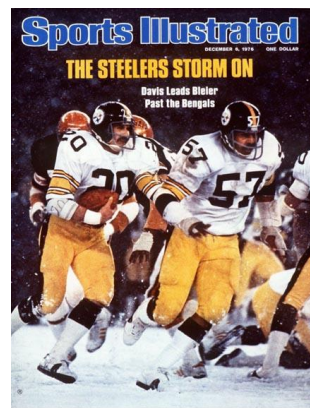
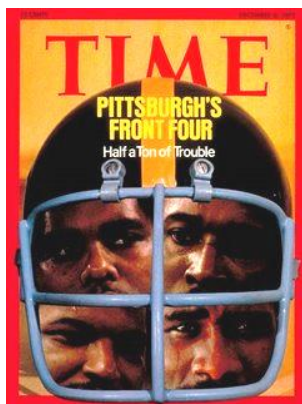
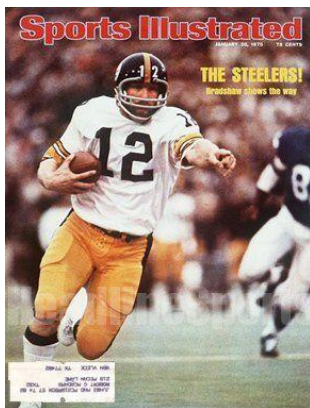
"Roughing the passer"

Resurrected, we scored and won the game.

Boston was outraged. They named the game after the ref who would be barred from New England for a decade, possibly saving his life.

'*Divine Intervention*', **Patriots**' fans! Tuck it in! -- There's no way you're ever getting even.

While we had a date at home with the champions of the **NFL**.



My **AFC** Western Division winners strode onto the Coliseum gridiron, proud and confident and from the opening kick-off till the final gun, *dominated*.



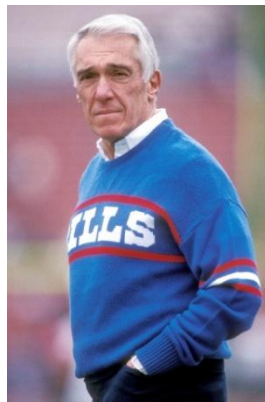
The Pittsburgh faithful had excuses - their two 1000-yard rushers were injured and couldn't play.

The most beautiful sound in the football universe: **Steelers'** fans *crying*.



"If Jesus were alive today, He would be at the Super Bowl."

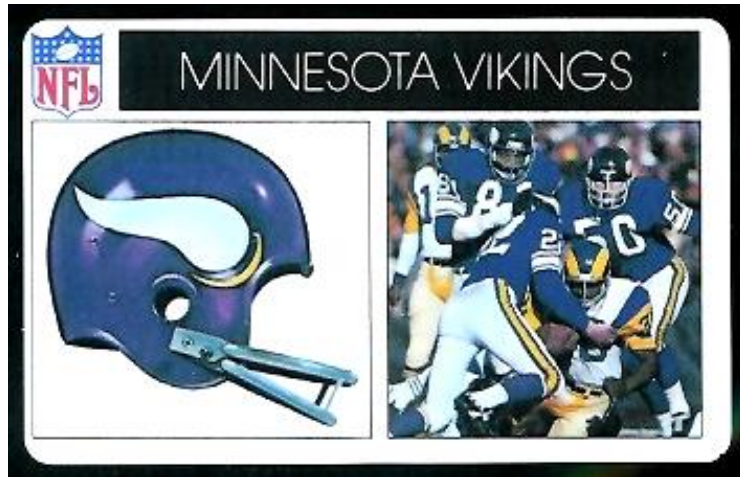
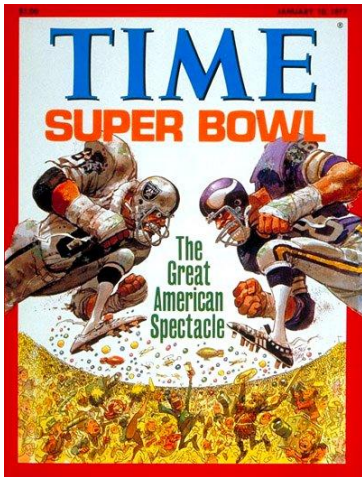
Before 103,424, plus a world-wide television audience of over 130 million, the BIG One, the game the **Raiders** had always lost.



"World War Two was a 'must win'."

I couldn't imagine losing. Neither could John

"We're gonna kill these guys!" he said, his hands waving like flags.



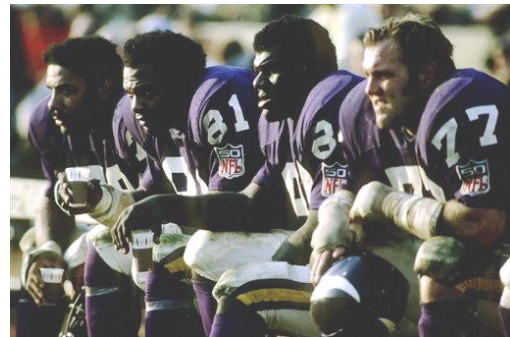
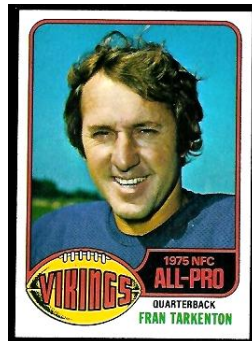
"Meet me at the quarterback!"

If not for the **Vikings**, there would have been *no Raiders*.

In 1960, Oakland was set to be an **NFL** city, to serve as a rival for the **LA Rams**. But at the last moment, a Minnesota group, backed by political influence, undercut Oakland and secured an **NFL** franchise.

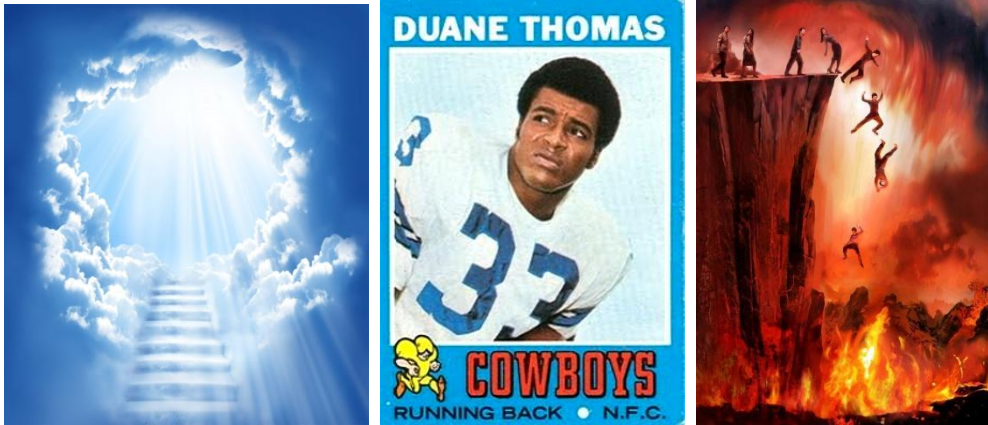
"V-I-K-I-N-G-S, Skol Vikings, Let's Go!"

The **Vikings** had appeared in more playoff games and more Super Bowls than we had and still had not won a championship. Which made them even more frustrated and desperate than we were.



"That's how I judge a quarterback: Either you make plays or you don't."

History was at hand in the historic Rose Bowl, shaking with life like Noah's Ark. The stakes were Biblical; one team would be going to NFL heaven, while the other...



"If it's the ultimate game, how come they're playing it again next year?"

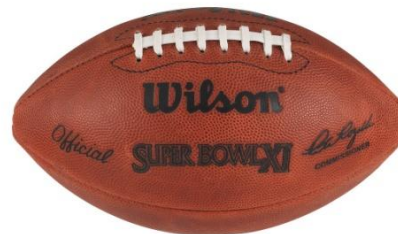
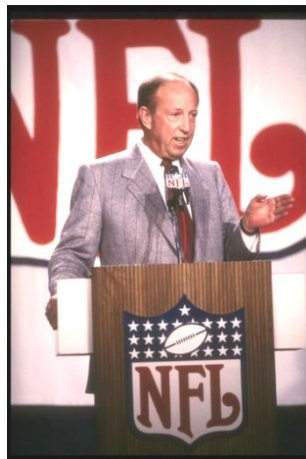
I was born on the Fourth of July and never felt more American than singing the *Star-Spangled Banner* before a Super Bowl.

"Here we go," said Carolee and squeezed my hand.

"Keep your eye on the eagle," I said, but not a word to the team.

As much as I wanted to pat myself on the back, the **Raiders** got here because I let John coach and he let the 'Snake' call the plays.

And Pete Rozelle's name was on the ball!



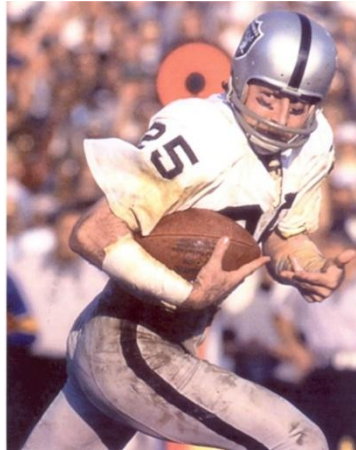
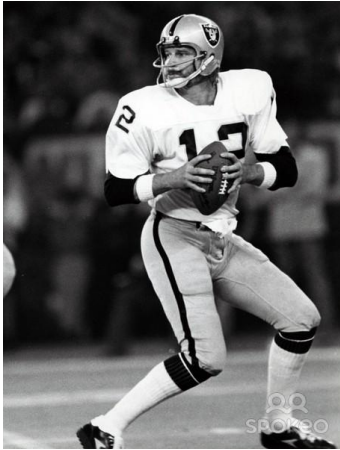
"...An awful lot of N.F.L. club owners have practically no influence on their players at all, simply because they're not full-time working owners."

We won the toss and took the ball to the Viking 12. Stopped, we blew a 'chip-shot' field goal.

The next crucial play: The 'Purple People Eaters' blocked our punt. First and goal on the 3-yard line.

The moment of Truth - Fumble!

We got the ball and *dominated!*



Not even '*divine intervention*' was going to stop us. By the fourth quarter, the **Vikings** were no longer thinking victory, but fighting for football respect.

I treasured every moment of the 'living' game that I'd see again as tape a thousand times. I thought of the men who got us here and who'd never wear a Super Bowl ring and how proud they were going to be of *their* **Oakland Raiders**.

About to reach my goal, I realized that my quest to build the most successful organization in sports had only just kicked off, that I'd live my dream to my dying day.

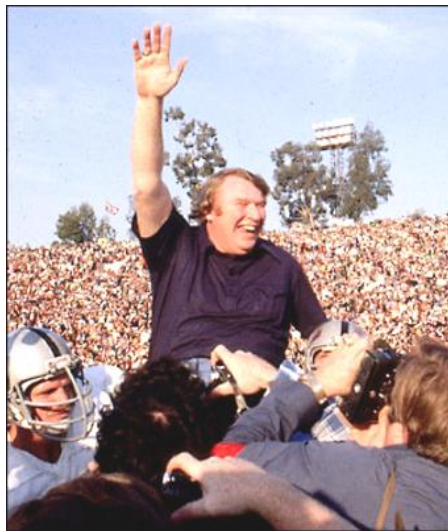
The **Vikings** advanced to our 26. A quick score here could...



"Tarkenton back to pass. It's intercepted. Fifty, forty, thirty..."



*"Old Man Willie, he's going all the way. Touchdown **Raiders!**"*



"The only yardstick for success our society has is being a champion. No one remembers anything else."



*"The greatness of the **Raiders** is their future!"*



Le Paris



ALLEGiant STADIUM, “THE DEATH STAR” – LAS VEGAS RAIDERS



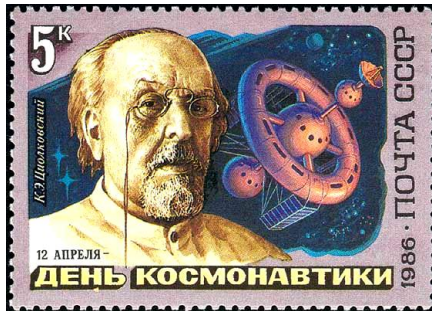
 ***FIRST*** 



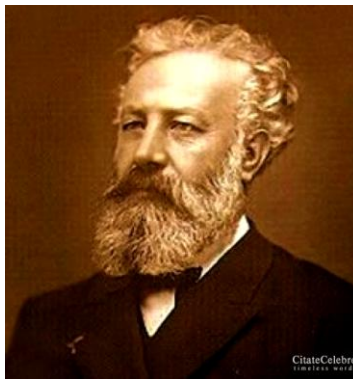
My country is history, and so am I. Never did I dream that one day, either one of us would be.

Learn history well, comrade, for without its truth, you'll lack the wisdom to face up to *your* story.

As for mine...



*"The Earth is the cradle of the mind,
but one cannot live forever in the cradle."*



*"How many things have been denied one day,
only to become realities the next!"*



"Revolutions are the locomotives of history."



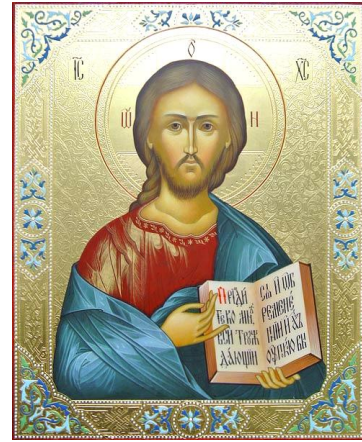
Klushino, a little village 100 miles from Moscow in Smolensk Oblast, was famous as the site of a major battle of the Russian-Polish War in 1610.

Until March 9th 1934, when I was born.

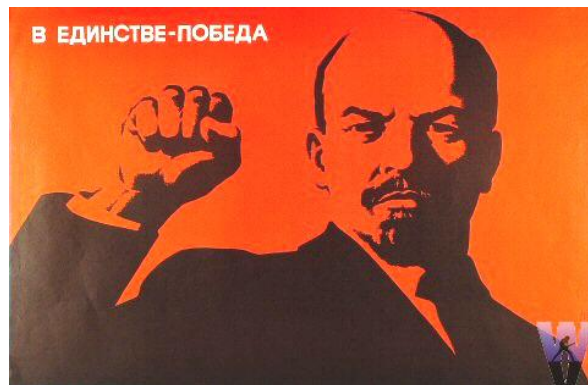


I started growing up on a collective farm. My father was a carpenter and bricklayer. Mama worked as a milkmaid.



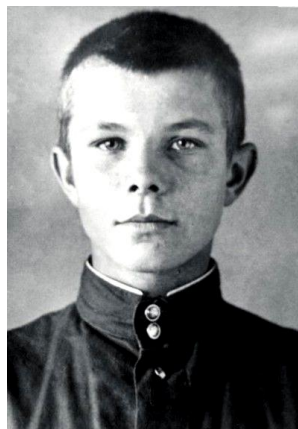


Baptized in the Orthodox Church, I believed very early that God had a special plan for me; because he made me small. Never would I ever be more than five foot, two inches tall.



"Every religious idea, every idea of god, every flirtation with the idea of God is unutterable vileness."

I was very proud to be a 'New Soviet Boy'. My country wasn't that much older than I. The Bolshevik Revolution delivered us from the Czar and the First World War. Then the Civil War killed millions more.



For so long there was famine and 'saboteurs' and 'traitors' everywhere. The State Police rounded them up and took them away to the GULAG.



And when we believed life could get no harder, on June 22, 1941...



"Just kick in the door and the whole rotting structure will come tumbling down!"

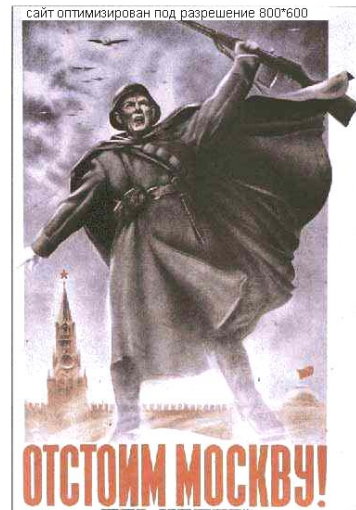


The Hitlerites stormed into Klushino and took over the collective farm and kicked us out of our house.



Again I thanked God for creating me small. Papa, Mama, my bother Boris and I dug a 'mud hut' three square meters in the back yard; for a year and a half, the 'New Soviet Family' had to live in a covered ditch.

The Fascists drove the Red Army back, further and further as the weather got colder.



"Moscow's fall is imminent!"

The whole world gave up on us. The Nazis had conquered one democracy after another. What chance did the primitive Communists have?

Capitalists never understood. We are the Soviet Union! We will never be beaten, never surrender!



"Let dog eat dog!"

Years later I would read H.G. Wells...

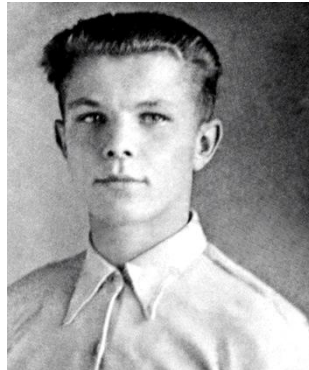


And realize that I had lived through *War of the Worlds*. Yet so few Westerners knew or cared how much my country and my people had suffered.



"As if everything east of Chicago had been laid to waste."

For those who survived to grieve and rebuild, the Great Patriotic War would never be over. We had saved the West only to have it unite against us.



Paper and pencils were hard to come by in school. Adding and subtracting spent bullet casings, I took to math and physics. I trained in tech school and became a metal molder in a foundry.



At the Saratov industrial school, during my fourth year I started taking flying lessons. Thank God I was small. Compared to my old 'mud hut', every cockpit felt like a *dacha*.



That first flight filled me with pride and gave meaning to my whole life and I couldn't wait to join the Red Air Force.

At the Orenburg Aviation School I learned to fly combat aircraft.



On the ground, I met Valentina. The day I graduated and became a lieutenant in the Soviet Air Force, we married.



Suddenly, the sky was no longer the limit. On October 14th, 1957, *Sputnik* started the 'Space Age'.



"Beep, beep, beep."



“An intercontinental outer-space raspberry to a decade of American pretensions that the American way of life was a gilt-edged guarantee of our national superiority.”

“The Soviets will soon be dropping bombs on us from outer space like kids dropping rocks unto cars from freeway overpasses.”

Soon I was a father with a new dream: to be part of the Soviet Space Program. Approved for Cosmonaut training, we moved to Star City, a secret complex near Moscow.

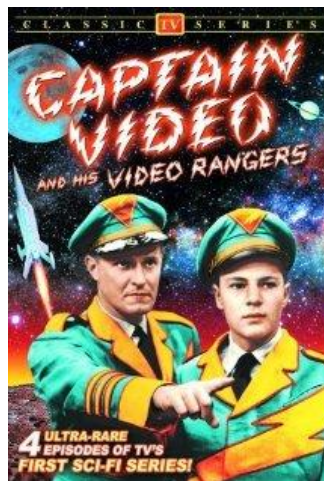


Cosmonaut training was tough--experiments with weightlessness, heat endurance, stress tests and having to spend long periods of time in a sensory deprivation chamber.

My trainers rated me a top achiever 'with a calm persona and always having a sense of humor.' Of course! Soviet writers and filmmakers had already paved the way.



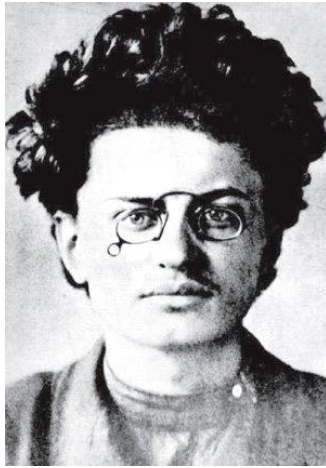
Our competition had also been encouraged....



"We were put here as witnesses to the miracle of life. We see the stars, and we want them. We are beholden to give back to the universe... If we make landfall on another star system, we become immortal."

But unlike the Americans, I was being prepared for much more than a cosmic quest; the Soviet cosmonaut will not merely be a victor of outer space, not merely a

hero of science and technology, but first and foremost a real, living, flesh-and-blood *archetype*, rising up from the ruins of the Great Patriotic War, imbued with all the invaluable qualities of the Soviet character.



"The human species, the sluggish Homo sapiens, will once again enter the stage of radical reconstruction and become in his own hands the object of the most complex methods of artificial selection and psychophysical training... Man will make it his goal... to create a higher socio-biological type, a superman, if you will."

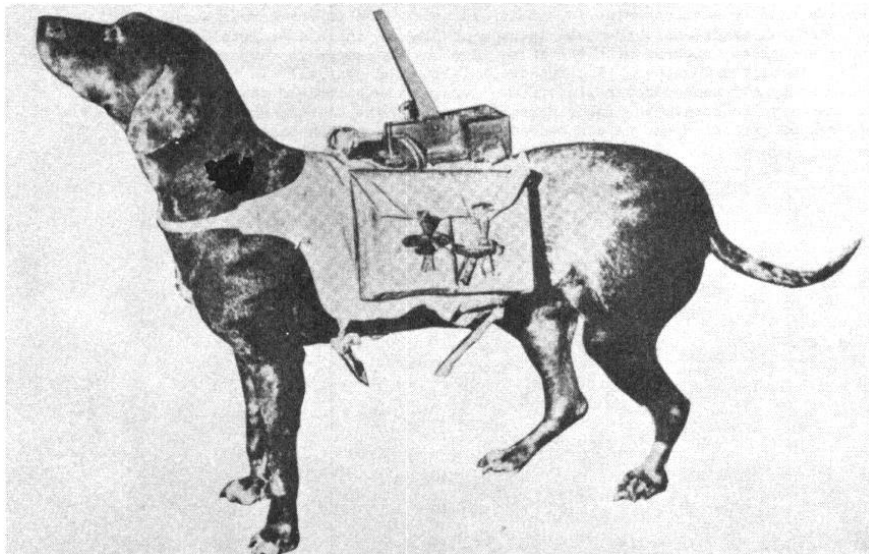
I would become the 'New Soviet Man'!



But I would not be the first to orbit the earth...



The USSR had a tradition of heroic dogs who gave their lives for their country.



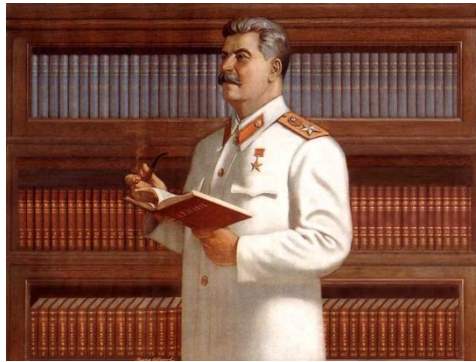
During the war, specially trained dogs would run under the Nazi tanks, tripping a lever that set off a bomb and blow up the enemy vehicle and unfortunately, the animal as well.

Laika, a stray from the streets of Moscow, would not survive the trip; her oxygen would run out after six days. She was painlessly euthanized before that happened.

Or so we were told. Not until the New Millennium was it revealed that Laika had died within hours after launch from overheating possibly caused by a failure of the central R-7 sustainer to separate from the payload.



My government had no choice. Had we cosmonaut trainees been told the truth, we might have felt differently about following Laika into space.

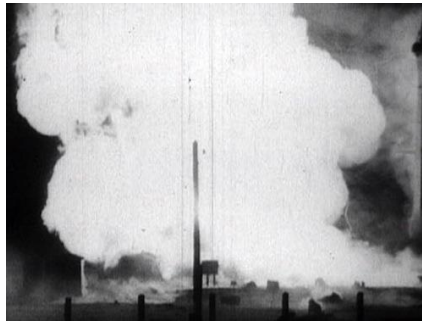


“It is not heroes that make history, but history that makes heroes.”

Soviet aviators had always braved danger in their quest to break altitude barriers. In January 1934, the crew of the *Osoaviakhim* stratosphere balloon, dedicating their feat to the Seventeenth Party Congress, set a new world record.



But they had pushed too hard and the balloon crashed. At the funeral, Stalin personally carried the ashes through Red Square.



October 24, 1960 was a 'black day' in space exploration. A launch accident at the main flight center caused a massive explosion which killed 124 people.

"Those responsible," judged the investigating committee, "Have already been punished."



*"You don't concentrate on risks. You concentrate on results.
No risk is too great to prevent the necessary job from getting done."*



None of us future cosmonauts wavered for a moment. We had supreme confidence in ourselves and in our country. One of us was going into outer space. God willing, one of us would become the New Soviet Man!



"God has no intention of setting a limit to the efforts of man to conquer space."

On April 9, 1961, three days before the scheduled liftoff, I learned that I had been chosen.

Galochka, my second daughter, was a happy baby. My last night home before the mission, while my dear wife was out shopping...

Galochka began to smell unhappy.

'Thoughtless child!' I giggled as I changed her, 'Your daddy is about to go up in space, and you dirty your diaper!'



I slept well the night before, my body laced with wires monitored by a team of doctors. I got up early, showered and shaved, then ate breakfast, 'space food', squeezed from tubes.



Then...



"Dear friends, both known and unknown to me, fellow Russians, and people of all countries and continents...What can I say to you in these last minutes before the start?...Everything I have experienced and done till now has been in preparation for this moment...I don't have to tell you what I felt when it was suggested that I should make this flight, the first in history.

"Was it joy? No, it was something more than that. Pride? No, it was not just pride. I felt great happiness. To be the first to enter the cosmos, to engage single handed in an unprecedented duel with nature - could anyone dream of anything greater than that? But immediately after that I thought of the tremendous responsibility I bore: to be the first to do what generations of people had dreamed of; to be the first to pave the way

into space for mankind. This responsibility is not toward one person, not toward a few dozen, not toward a group. It is a responsibility toward all mankind - toward its present and its future. Am I happy as I set off on this space flight? Of course I'm happy. After all, in all times and epochs the greatest happiness for man has been to take part in new discoveries. It is a matter of minutes now before the start. I say to you, 'Until we meet again,' dear friends, just as people say to each other when setting out on a long journey. I would like very much to embrace you all, people known and unknown to me, close friends and strangers alike. See you soon!

"Poyekhali!"

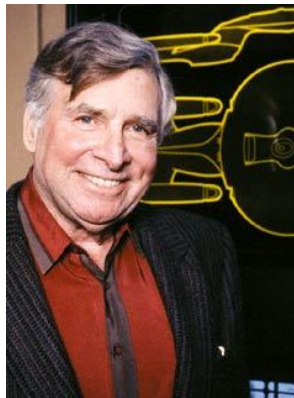


APRIL 12, 1961





"Following the light of the sun, we left the Old World."



"To boldly go where no man has gone before."



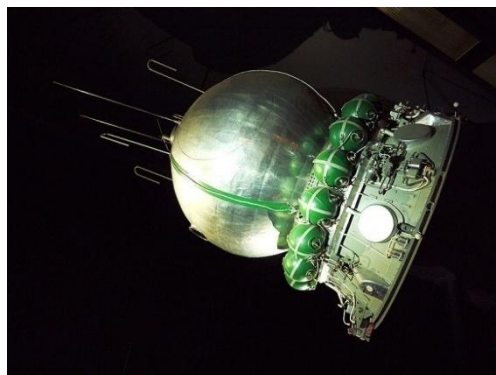
"All or nothing? - Which shall it be?"



Vostok put in orbit, and the carrier-rocket separated, weightlessness set in. At first, an unusual sensation, but I soon adapted myself.

The grand steppe, the infinite road from earth to the stars. The footprint of this little farmboy more than a hundred miles high makes me the tallest man who ever lived.

A new age, a new hope, the New Soviet Man has entered the cosmos. Follow me, everybody. I am first, *first!*



*"The Motherland hears, the Motherland knows,
Where her son flies in the sky!"*

The Earth is blue. How wonderful. It is amazing. Clouds and their light shadows on the distant dear Earth...Water looked like darkish, slightly gleaming spots...the horizon... abrupt, contrasting transition from the Earth's light-colored surface to the absolutely black sky...the rich color spectrum of the earth, surrounded by a light blue aureole that gradually darkens, becoming turquoise, dark blue, violet, and finally coal black.

Rays were blazing through the atmosphere of the earth, the horizon became bright orange, gradually passing into all the colors of the rainbow: from light blue to dark blue, to violet and then to black.



*"I owned the world that hour as I rode over it.
Free of the earth, free of the mountains, free of the clouds,
but how inseparably I was bound to them."*

As soon as braking engine shut down, there was a sharp jolt. The spacecraft started spinning about its axis with very high speed. The Earth was passing in the window from top to bottom and from right to left. The speed of rotation was around 30 degrees per second, no less...Everything was spinning.



One moment I see Africa -- another the horizon, another the sky. I barely had time to shade myself from the sun, so the light did not blind my eyes. I put my legs toward the bottom window, but did not closed the blinds. I wanted to find out myself what was going on.

On the phone I reported that the separation had not taken place. I decided that the situation was not an emergency, with the code system I transmitted '*Vse Normalno,*'

Re-entry heated up the inside of *Vostok*. Crimson flames raged outside. I was in a cloud of fire rushing toward Earth.

I would not land with my spaceship, the impact might have been fatal. Instead, I bailed out at 20,000 feet. But we couldn't tell anyone that. Due to international rules for aviation records: "The pilot remains in his craft from launch to landing".

Had the Americans found out, they would have "disqualified" my flight.



As I neared the ground, I saw an old woman, a young girl, and a dappled calf.



"I'm a friend, comrades. A friend!"

"Can it be that you have come from outer space?" the woman asked.

"As a matter of fact, I have!"



*'I aim for the Stars'
(And sometimes I hit London.)*



*"I'm taller than the
first man in space!"*

I missed my landing site by 300 kilometers. A helicopter came and took me to a nearby small airport. The medical team caught up with me on the second floor of the terminal.

Pulse, blood pressure, vital signs, doctors, doctors, *doctors!*



Examined me before I went into space, the first and the last to see the old world. ...Again they were preparing me; the earth I had orbited was no longer the same.

For the next two days, I sat waiting in local dacha while the Party readied for my arrival. My flight to Moscow was escorted by a formation of MiGs, maybe pilots I knew. I still felt like one of them.



Red Square was a sea of cheering people, wave after wave after wave. I stepped from the helicopter onto the red carpet. Later I'd see that my shoelaces were untied. (Mama wouldn't have liked that.) Imagine 'The Columbus of the Cosmos' suddenly falling to earth on his face.



Nyet! God had been with me from the very start, would be with 'The New Soviet Man' forever.





"Here is Gagarin, who flew up to space, and yet, even he didn't see God anywhere."

What prophet or Pope or politician believes that because I came one hundred and fifty miles *closer* to the Creator of The Infinite Universe that I, former farmboy and foundry worker, *needed* God to make an appearance, to put on a show?



A cosmonaut cannot be suspended in space and not have God in his mind and his heart.

My God is within me, a guide, a hope, deep in my immortal soul!

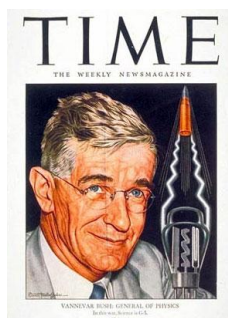


"All gods are homemade, and it is we who pull their strings, and so, give them the power to pull ours."



"If you want to prove that God is not dead, first prove that man is alive."

After going around the world, I got to do it again: Italy, Germany, Canada, Brazil, Japan, Cyprus, Hungary, Egypt, and Finland.



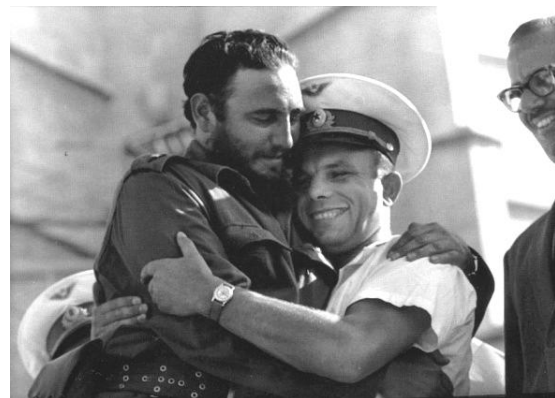
"Putting a man in space is a stunt: ...the propaganda aspects of the program leaves me entirely cool."



"Now that the Soviet scientists have put a man into space and brought him back alive, I hope they will also help to bring the United Nations back alive."



"When I orbited the Earth in a spaceship, I saw for the first time how beautiful our planet is. Mankind, let us preserve and increase this beauty, and not destroy it."



Cuba was the closest I ever got to the United States. A missed opportunity. Not that I wanted to visit Disneyland and Times Square, but the chance to talk one-on-one with the American who would soon follow me.

KGB had the pulse of the American space program, bombarding us with NASA reports, newspapers, magazines, films, TV tapes. I felt I already knew him.



"I must admit, maybe I am a piece of history after all."

He was twenty years older than I, but we were both fighter pilots. If war came, and we went head-to-head...



A dogfight for the ages!

Each of us had beaten out the other trainees not just because of our skills, our stamina, and maybe a little luck...because of the *dream*, to fly up there beyond the sky and above the earth, higher and farther away, alone, alive and pushing through a dark, endless 'no-life zone' all humanity longs to experience.

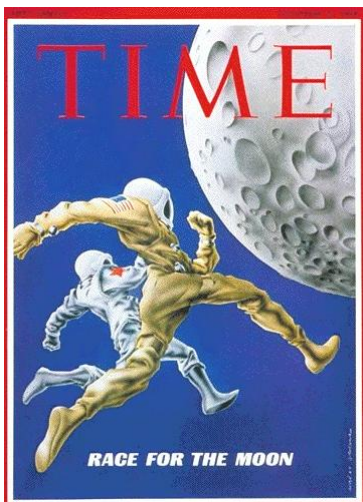


"Welcome to the future, Captain!"

No 'skip across space', *Vostok 2* made 17 orbits, The first to work, take photographs, and sleep in outer space, and then suffer from space sickness, Titov was the first to pilot a spaceship on his own.



"In orbit now we have a small but harmonious collection of Soviet people."



Finally, an American astronaut joined us around the earth



"The most important thing we can do is inspire young minds and to advance the kind of science, math and technology education that will help youngsters take us to the next phase of space travel."



Vostok 3 and Vostok 4 were launched a day apart to come close together in orbit. The cosmonauts performed the first ship-to-ship communications in space, giving us controllers vital experience in dual spacecraft operation.



As the United States was coming apart, the Soviet Union came together like the Great Patriotic War, ahead of the world's greatest superpower, we were *first* in outer space!



On June 16, 1963...



"If women can be railroad workers in Russia, why can't they fly in space?"

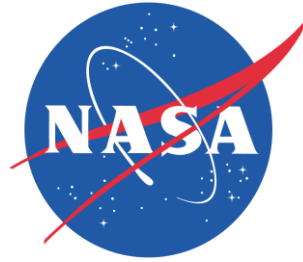


"The most effective way to do it, is to do it."

Voskhod 1 - A three-man ship!



The Americans were being left far behind.



*"A significant space accomplishment
A clear indication that the Russians are continuing a large space
program for the achievement of national power and prestige."*

Voskhod 2 - October 10-12, 1964...



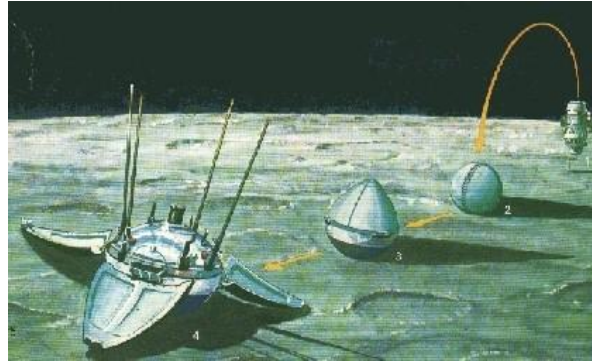
*"Remember that time -- the insane mistrust,
not just for people but between countries."*

KGB has a 'special treat' for the cosmonauts and their families: complete with a pretty translator, the premiere of a US 'space TV show',



'Lost in Space' indeed! We cosmonauts burst out laughing. If this was the 'American Family of the Future', the United States would never get to the moon.

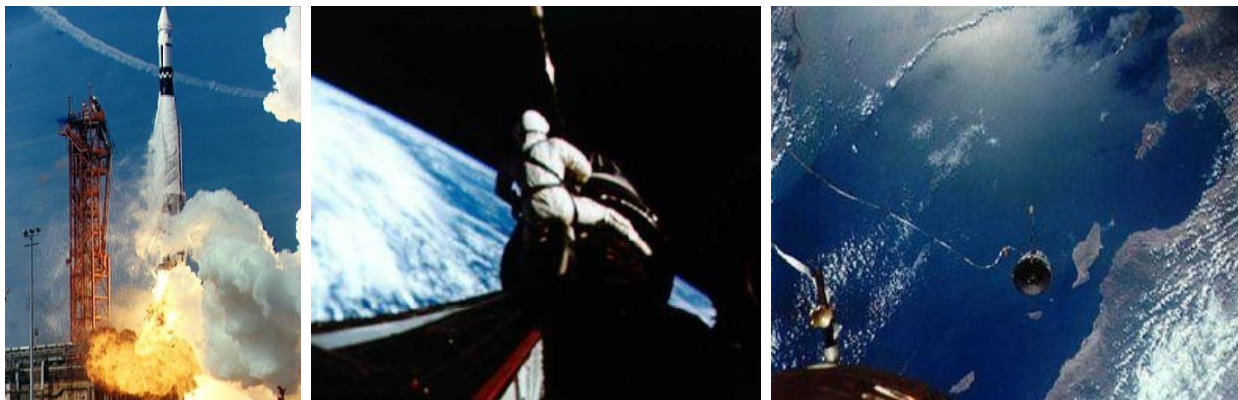
February, 3rd, 1966: The Soviet Union is *first* again. The *first* soft landing, Luna 9 'faxed' back images of the lunar surface, the *first* transmission from another world.



Luna 10 - the *first* lunar orbiter!



The Americans were desperate to catch us. *Gemini* 10 and 11 achieved a couple of minor 'firsts': docking with another spacecraft on first orbit after launch, and a tethered spacecraft.



To us and the Party, the American space program, though they had made some progress, was still 'Lost in Space'

On September 10th, 1966, KGB had another 'special presentation' delivered via diplomatic pouch. This time around, we left our families at home and set up the vodka.



"Space, the final frontier'," said our translator and the lot of us were instantly locked in: "To seek out new life and new civilizations..."

The ship, the characters, the music, the....*vision!* People of all races and creeds on a quest to explore the universe. And I was *first!* From that day on, week after week, KGB had a new 'Prime Directive':



"Fascinating."



Gemini had come to an end. The Americans' new program: *Apollo*. We'd be watching very closely. Unfortunately, NASA wasn't.

January 27, 1967



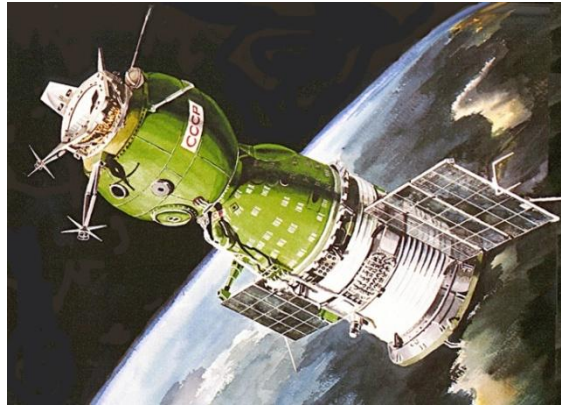
A flash fire erupted in the command module during a launch pad test of the Apollo/Saturn space vehicle. The astronauts never had a chance.

We knew the tragedy would set the Americans back at least a year, but took no joy. Those men were us, fueled by the dream. To die on the ground was the cruelest of fates.

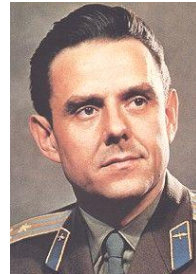
There would be changes made, major design and engineering modifications, and revisions to test planning, test discipline, manufacturing processes and procedures, and quality control.

Apollo 1 served as a warning we'd be fools to ignore.

Great news! I have been reinstated as a cosmonaut to serve as a backup pilot on the next space flight. For Vostok 1, my 'alternate' had been with me every step of the way, including on the bus, fully clad in an identical spacesuit. If, for some reason, I faltered at the last moment, Titov would have jumped in the capsule; he would have been *first*.

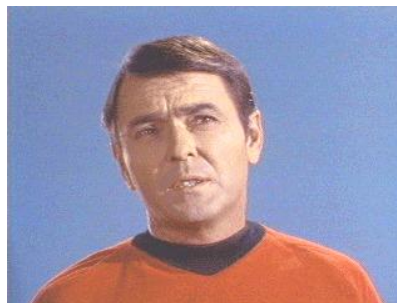


The three-man *Soyuz* was designed to beat the Americans to the moon. The new spacecraft could actively maneuver in orbit for rendezvous and docking, a necessary ability for circumlunar flights and eventual lunar exploration.



My good friend Vladimir Komarov would perform the first test flight solo. As Deputy Director of Cosmonaut Training, I was determined that the Americans had not died in vain. Technicians would inspect every inch of *Soyuz*.

Their report...



*"More than two hundred violations.
The ship's a death trap!"*

It is better to be wrong too soon than right too late. I had to go to the top.



"God will not forgive us if we fail."

The new First Secretary was more interested in headlines than humanity, insisting on launches to coincide with historic dates or events. Missions were scheduled as part of a grand national ceremony.

The Kremlin would not listen, not even to 'Columbus of the Cosmos'.



"This is starting to get... very Russian."

April 23, 1967

Vladimir and I marched in step from the launch elevator to the waiting rocket. We both felt he was going to his doom. To save himself, all he had to do was feel a 'sudden stomach cramp' and I would go in his place.

A 'New Soviet Man' to the end. He boarded the spacecraft as if he were taking a bus.



The liftoff was flawless, but Komarov soon experienced severe problems with the *Soyuz* attitude control system.

"Devil-machine, nothing I lay my hands on works!" he called down.

We had to get him home. The first attempt to fire retros failed; orientation could not be determined. The ship was passing through an "ion pocket." Komarov fired the retro rockets on his seventeenth orbit, and he began his descent into Earth's atmosphere, piloting the craft towards the landing site.

Unfortunately, one final problem occurred. The drag chute deployed successfully, but due to a failure of a pressure sensor, the main parachute would not deploy. The reserve chute then became tangled with the drag chute.



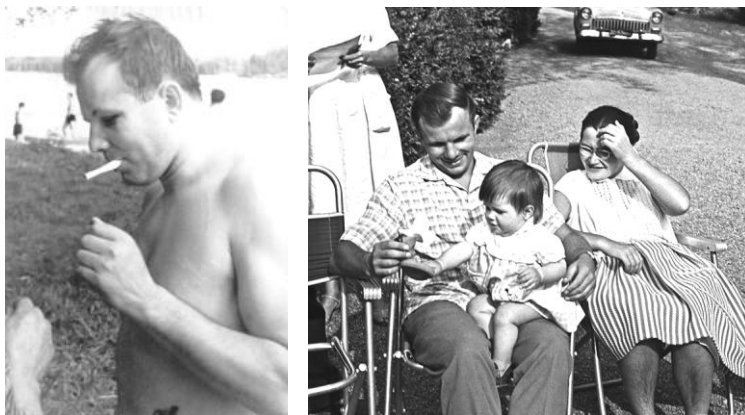
Soyuz crashed into a field near Orenburg. Komarov's ashes were buried in the Kremlin Wall.

My protests came with the harshest of consequences: I was removed from the cosmonaut program, forbidden to go into space again. Except as a 'figurehead' passenger flown to Party functions, the Kremlin would make sure I'd never fly again.



"In a pig's eye!"

Some bigshot I've become. Stuck on the ground, I felt like *Moby Dick* without an ocean. I continued to drink and smoke more and more. And cheat on my wife.



And who would blame me? I was *first!* Every woman in Russia wanted to boast that she'd made love to a national hero!



"Drifting severely off course."

Not since I was a child did the sky seem so far away. Where I went, who I was...a thousand short Soviet pilots could have sat in *Vostok*, and been automatically ejected and celebrated by the whole world.

A man is what he *does*. One miraculous flight and I'd been falling ever since. I had to fly again. I had to be Yuri Gagarin!



I applied for retraining as a fighter pilot. The Party knew better than to deny me, but I could only fly with an instructor. The first time was a bit humiliating, after all...

I stowed my pride and kept at it. My second 'lesson' went well. The third would qualify me to fly solo.



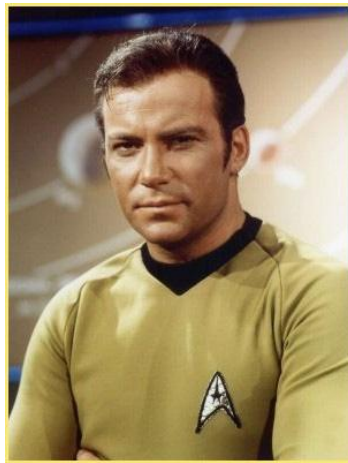
The weather appeared good. My instructor complimented me on take-off, but the sky soon turned against us.

"Done," I radioed after only four minutes in the air. "Returning to base."

Then something went wrong.



"All communication has been lost."



*"Another dream that failed.
There's nothing sadder."*

MARCH 30, 1968





"Apollo in 1969. Shuttle in 1981. Nothing in 2011. Our space program would look awesome to anyone living backwards thru time."



"I don't think the human race will survive the next thousand years, unless we spread into space."



"I don't believe in no-win scenarios."



In 1991 the USSR plunged headlong into Trotsky's 'dustbin of history'. There are more statues, monuments, and memorials for Yuri Gagarin than for all the Soviet Union's creators and rulers put together.



Since his death, *Federation Aeronautique Internationale* has been awarding the *Yuri A. Gagarin Gold Medal*.



The town of Gzhatsk, adjacent to his birth town of Klushino, was renamed Gagarin in 1968.

Gagarin Training Center in Star City is the school for cosmonauts.

Numerous streets, avenues and squares bear Gagarin's name throughout Russia.

His boyhood has been turned into a museum, one of many.





Soyuz flight crews observe a number of ceremonies before they leave the Star City training complex outside Moscow. They leave red carnations at the Memorial Wall, which commemorates Yuri Gagarin and the four cosmonauts who died in the course of space missions. Then they visit Gagarin's office at *Zvyozdnyy Gorodok*, which is preserved as a shrine, untouched since his death, and sign his guest book.

On the way to the pad, cosmonauts get out of the bus near the rocket and urinate on its right rear wheel. The rite dates back to Gagarin himself, who reportedly did not want to soil his space suit during takeoff.

In Space...

On Apollo 11 astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin left a memorial satchel containing medals commemorating Gagarin and fellow cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov on the surface of the Moon.



Fallen Astronaut is an 3-inch aluminum sculpture of an astronaut in a spacesuit commemorating astronauts and cosmonauts who died in the quest of space exploration, placed there by the crew of Apollo 15.

A crater on the far side of the Moon and an asteroid, 1772 Gagarin.

In the **STAR TREK** Universe...



Gagarin IV

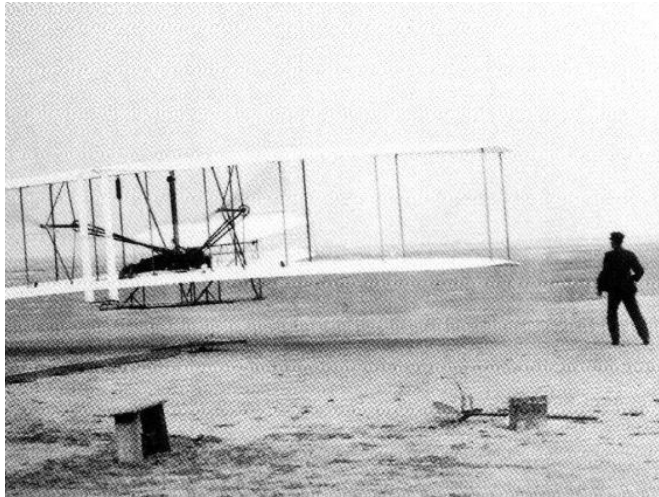


USS *Gagarin* (Saber-class)

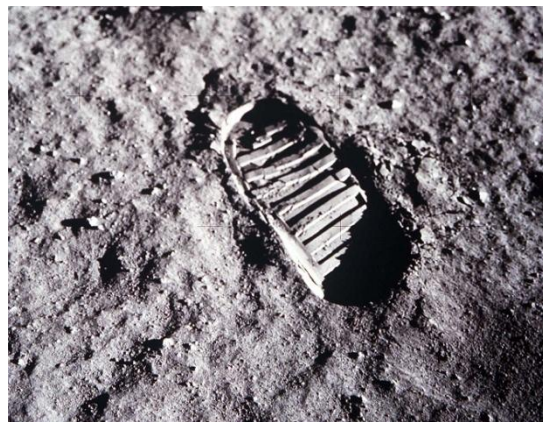
In 2001...



The 'historic' series, dating back to the early days of Starfleet, opens with a catchy tune and cameos of pioneers of aviation and space exploration, including...



Also Lindbergh, Earhart, Yeager, Shepard and...



Yuri Gagarin was nowhere to be seen.



2010 SPACE FOUNDATION SURVEY OF SPACE HEROES

Tied for sixth place: Fictional character **Capt. James Tiberius Kirk** of the starship *USS Enterprise* from the 1960s television series, *Star Trek* and **Russian Cosmonaut Col. Yuri Gagarin**, Soviet Air Force, the first human in outer space.



"Poyekhali!"