

*My Life Under Hitler And Stalin*

# World War II Legacy

**My Life Under Hitler And Stalin**



It is important for man  
to develop his potential  
that he may be in readiness  
for all upheavals  
and all opportunities to  
Health, Wealth and Happiness!

**Pastor Tad Galin Senior**  
**Doctorate of Divinity ( D.D. )**  
***The Author***

**Virtue Of Socialism is the Equal Sharing Of Miseries**

**"I Was Born There " ®**

**1929 My Father while prisoner in Kabarovsk, Siberia ..  
His brother Pavel and cousin Michislav forged three passports,  
came to Siberia via TransSiberian Train (the only way or walk),  
to also become prisoners, springing him..  
My Father came home. It was now 1930 and I was 6 months old.**

**1932 Stalins starvation on Ukraine  
I was 2 years old. 10 Million Died.**

**1941 Cousin Helga turned  
my father Josef into the KGB  
( Russian Secret Police )**

**Reason: Helga was very very jealous  
of My Mother Nina Przegalinska  
( her maiden name Piotrowska )**

**By Gods Grace thus enabling:  
June 22, 1941**

**Hitler saving me from Stalin ( by invading Russia )  
and conscripting Mama Nina and I  
into German Army as Nazi Forced Labor  
I was 11 years old.**

**U.S. forces saved me from Hitler, April 1945  
I was 14 years old.**

**1953 Thirteen months in Korea was injured  
and became Korean disabled Veteran.  
I served in four different armies  
serving four different countries,  
on five languages  
before I was 24 years old.**

**My Life was saved 17 times  
before i was 18 years old.**

**I never went to school ..  
got my education on the run**

**1952 I Joined The U.S. Army stationed in Germany  
for five years of active duty  
to spy on my Mother Country U.S.S.R.  
( Soviet Union a.k.a. Russia )**

**With Gods Grace  
and Ratifications by the 81st, 82st, and 84th Congress,  
I was able to raise my family  
in Peace and Liberty  
in this Great Nation of Ours.**

**" America America The Beautiful  
God shed His Grace on Thee  
With Skies Wide Open Up Above  
From Sea to Shining Sea. "**



**HITLER**



**STALIN**



**STALIN, LENIN, ENGLES & KARL MARX**

**" I Was Born There " ®**

**My Life Story is the Only One Like It that SURVIVED along with its AUTHOR.  
The Rest of Them .. are TOO OLD to write one or are DEAD.**



----- Original Message -----

**Subject:**FW: **Holocaust List 2012**

**Date:**Mon, 4 Feb 2013 19:48:54 -0700

**From:**Helga Tronrud <htronrud@cox.net>

**To:**Alan Schwarz <avonal131@sbcglobal.net>, Mary Lee  
<mlb47@cox.net>, Tad Galin <tad\_galin@bellsouth.net>

**From:** Hank and Dianne Mahoski [mailto:hdmahoski@cox.net]

**Sent:** Sunday, February 03, 2013 7:59 PM

**To:** Helga Tronrud

**Subject:** Fw: Holocaust List 2012

Unbelievable story!

The Holocaust List 2012 finally opened up to public

Incredible The Holocaust List found.

This story was aired on CBS on "60 MINUTES" \*\* about a long-secret German archive that houses a treasure trove of information on 17.5 million victims of the Holocaust. The archive, located in the German town of Bad Arolsen, is massive (there are 16 miles of shelving containing 50 million pages of documents) and until recently, was off-limits to the public. But after the German government agreed earlier this year to open the archives, CBS News' Scott Pelley traveled there with three Jewish survivors who were able to see their own Holocaust records. It's an incredibly moving piece, all the more poignant in the wake of the meeting of Holocaust deniers in Iran and the denial speeches in the UN. We're trying to get word out about the story to people who have a special interest in this subject.

It is now more than 60 years after the Second World War in Europe ended.

This e-mail is being sent as a memorial chain, in memory of the six million Jews, 20 million Russians, 10 million Christians and 1,900 Catholic priests.....who were murdered, massacred, raped, burned, starved and humiliated with the German and Russia peoples looking the other way! Now, more than ever, with Iran, among others, claiming the Holocaust to be "a myth," it is imperative to make sure the world never forgets.

This e-mail is intended to reach 40 million people worldwide!

62 years later

**Geneva Switzerland, Compensation for Forced Labor  
under Nazi Regime  
To put it in perspective:**

**As to on what basis my claim for forced labor  
Under the Nazi Regime was resolved and approved.  
Taken from the document page.**

**R-EVI -THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE PROVIDED BY  
YOU IN YOUR CLAIM.**


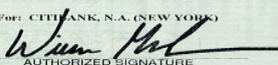
**R-ITS -THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT IOM  
OBTAINED FROM THE INTERNATIONAL TRACING SERVICE IN BAD AROLEN, GERMANY.**

**R-BEG-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THE IOM  
OBTAINED FROM GERMAN AUTHORITIES UNDER FEDERAL  
INDEMNIFICATION (BEG) PROGRAMMES.**

**R-FAR-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT  
IOM OBTAINED FROM GERMAN ARCHIVES.**

**R-OTH-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT  
IOM OBTAINED FROM NON-GERMAN ARCHIVES.**

**R-CRD-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED AS CREDIBLE ON THE BASIS OF THE  
TOTALITY OF THE INFORMATION AVAILABLE.**

P.O. BOX 4037 BUFFALO, NY 14240-4037	Ordered By: INTERNATIONAL ORG FOR MIGRATION GERMAN FORCED LABOUR COMPENSATION CASE POSTALE 71 CH-1211 GENEVA 19 SWITZERLAND
1000114-01-01-02200-USD0002200040700-L-0000075651 GALIN, TAD 900 LARCH CIRCLE N.E. #104 PALM BAY 32905 FLORIDA	Beneficiary: TAD GALIN IOM Claim Number: 1085444
	CLIENT ID: 83286 REF. NUMBER: L.0000075651 ISSUE DATE: JULY 13, 2004 CHECK NUMBER: 026310907 AMOUNT DUE: USD ***** *1,572.35
NOTICE OF DECISION IOM German Forced Labour Compensation Programme Date of receipt of claim: 16/05/2001 Award for Forced Labour for a Company/Public Authority Claim resolved on the following basis: R-CRD Awarded amount: DEM 5000.00 (EUR 2556.46) Previously received compensation from a German company, deducted from this award: DEM 0.00 (EUR 0.00) Net awarded amount: DEM 5000.00 (EUR 2556.46) First instalment amount paid through the attached cheque: DEM 2500.00 (EUR 1278.23) Please cash this cheque promptly upon receipt.	
THIS CHEQUE PAPER CONTAINS A CHAIN WATERMARK AND GREEN BACKGROUND - DO NOT ACCEPT WITHOUT EITHER - HOLD TO LIGHT TO VERIFY WATERMARK	
 Pay to the order of: TAD GALIN THE SUM OF ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED SEVENTY-TWO AND 35/100 U.S. DOLLAR	CHECK NUMBER: 026310907 CLIENT ID: 83286 CHECK DATE: JULY 13, 2004 USD *****1,572.35 OR ORDER
Payable at CITIBANK, N.A. THROUGH CITIBANK (NEW YORK STATE) ABA 0220 00868	FOR: CITIBANK, N.A. (NEW YORK)  AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
⑈026310907⑈ ⑆022000868⑆ 99⑈83286	

May 13, 2004 I Received 2 Checks for \$1,572.35 Each



*Ripley's*  
**Believe It or Not!**  
INCORPORATED

DOUGLAS F. STORER  
PRESIDENT

235 EAST 45TH STREET  
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.  
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 2-5600  
CABLE ADDRESS: BION, NEW YORK

March 15, 1956

Specialist Third Class  
Tadeusz Przegalinski RA 10-812-458  
Fort Devens, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Przegalinski:

We should like to confirm the following information  
which has come to our attention:

"That you joined the army at 12 years of age  
and had served in 4 different armies by the  
age of 24!"

Would you kindly let us know on the enclosed  
information blank the four Armies you served in,  
giving the dates of joining, and the dates of  
discharge, and any further explanations for a  
possible item in the BELIEVE IT OR NOT newspaper  
feature.

Thank you for your kind cooperation.

Sincerely yours,  
BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

*Helen K. Kish*  
Helen K. Kish  
Asst. to the President

HKK:k

**Old Soldier of 24  
Served Four Armies**

FORT HOOD, Tex.—Not many  
men have been 12-year-old front-  
line soldiers or have served in the  
armies of four nations before  
reaching twice that age.

Specialist Third Class Tadeusz  
Przegalinski of Bremen, Germany,  
now 24 years old, is the exception.  
He has served in the German,  
English, Polish and American  
armies.

**Basic Training**

**Ripley's had a tough time to catch up with me.**

On May 27, 1953, I was assigned to the 44<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division at Ft. Lewis, Washington for sixteen weeks of basic training. After Basic Training, Korea 38° was my next Military Duty of 13 months. Winter 1953 I was injured, 60 years later I became a disabled Korean Veteran

**From Strathmore's Who's Who  
Galin, Sr., Tad**



*To Teach The World  
To Prosper All Together*

Industry: Healthcare, Marketing and Consulting/New Biotechnology Legacy for Life Immune Support System i26®.

Born: Tadeusz Przegalinski  
December 8, 1930, in Yur'yevka, near Kyiv,  
Ukraine Soviet Union.

His Father was deported to Siberia  
by the Russian Dictator  
Josef Stalin before he was born.  
1941-42 during the advancing  
German Forces on Stalingrad.  
Under the gun, Conscripted  
from a small Village of Petropavlovka  
as Nazi Forced laborers  
with his Mother Nina at the age of eleven.  
In 1945. At the age of 14 surrendered  
to the U.S. Force In a small town  
of Tittling Bavaria Germany.

August 1950, Tadeusz Przegalinski Joined the U.S. Army in Germany ratified by the 81<sup>st</sup> 82 and 84<sup>th</sup> Congress for five years of Active Duty. Univ. / degree:/Honorary degrees: 1952 Language School, Ft. Devens, MA. Set up by U.S. Armed Forces. 1953-54 while serving with 40<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> Division, was injured on the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel in Korea. August 27, 1954 I US CORPS Non-commissioned Officers' Academy at Camp Jecelin, Korea. 1954 US Army Intelligence in Seoul Korea. 1955 Heavy-Track-Tank Wheel Vehicle Specialist at Schofield Barracks Hawaii. 1955 G.E.D. Studies Honolulu Hawaii. High school Diploma from Austin Texas. 1956 Famous Artist School, Inc., Westport, CT. Tad changed his name from Tadeusz Przegalinski to Tad Galin on May 20<sup>th</sup> 1963, COURT HOUSE Cleveland Ohio. 1987 AL. Williams Regional Vice President Insurance and Securities. Recruiting and training Agents. Current organization: Legacy for Life Title: Presidential Director. Type of Organization: Distribution and Exclusive Marketing, Major Product: IMMUNE 26®, IMMUNE 26® COMPLETE SUPPORT and related IMMUNE products worldwide. Area of distribution: National and International. Expertise: Marketing and building distribution worldwide Honors/awards: Awarded by U.S. Army—Distinguished Unit Emblem, Army of Occupation Medal (Germany), Korean Service Medal, Presidential Unit Citation-the 40<sup>th</sup> U.S. Infantry Division by Syngman Rhee, President of the Republic of Korea 7/27/53, United Nations Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Good Conduct Medal; Letter from former President George H.W. Bush complimenting him on his book "**Hitler, Stalin and I**"; Listed also in the second Who's Who, Marquis Who's Who in America, 2002 edition. Hobbies/Sports: Soccer before Korean injuries. Art, classical guitar, chess, and the beaches.

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)  
<http://www.youngevity.com>





Voice of the..

# FIRST ARMY

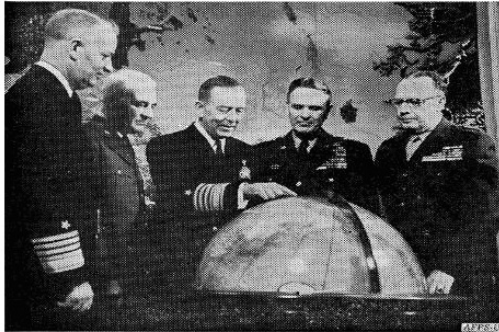
Published  
for the  
Information  
of All  
First Army  
Personnel

Vol. IV, No. 16

GOVERNORS ISLAND, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

APRIL 15, 1956

## Joint Chiefs of Staff



Left to right, Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations; Gen. Nathan F. Twining, AF Chief of Staff; Adm. Arthur W. Radford, chairman; Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, and Gen. Randolph McC. Pate, Marine Corps Commandant, in a recent pose in Washington.

## EM Travels 'Rocky Road' to Freedom

**Fort Devens**—When a man is after freedom, his quest may take him to many lands and dress him in many uniforms. Tadeusz Przegalinski is living proof of this.

Recently assigned to this post's 74th RCT as a wheeled vehicle mechanic, SP2 Przegalinski gained a sober knowledge of war at twelve years of age and has served under the military aegis of Germany, Poland, England, and now the United States.

He grew up on a wheat farm in Kiev, Russia, and knew the sharp pinch of hunger when his family's land was collectivized and they were allowed barely enough food for subsistence.

When the Germans invaded the Ukraine in 1942, Tadeusz was one of many who followed them, hoping they might gain relief from the oppression they

(continued on page 5)

## Road to Freedom

(continued from page 1)

were under. Now twelve, he labored as a truck driver, skirting the front lines, for clothing and a salary of two cigarettes and twenty-five cents a day.

The labor company was part of the unit that surrendered to American troops near Passau. Tadeusz, war weary, discarded all identification and fled to the American Zone where he found work and the chance to acquire an education in mathematics from a professor he had known in Russia.

After service with a Polish Company incorporated into the English Army in Germany, he joined a Polish contingent of those who had found refuge in the American sector.

Finally, his Odyssey reached its final chapter with enlistment in the United States Army in November of 1952. His tours of duty took him to Fort Devens for an English language course, and then to Fort Lewis, Korea, Hawaii, and Fort Hood.

**Specialist Przegalinski, denied educational advancement as a boy, plans to attend college and study construction engineering at the completion of his military service. He has already attained a high school diploma through USAFI.**

Of more immediate importance to him, however, is the American citizenship which he will acquire next year. He has come a long and hard way for it.

## U. S. Soldier 1953 Model

Tadeusz Przegalinski was born December 8, 1930. Had he been born in the United States, he would probably have been nicknamed "Teddy" and have grown up living a normal, happy American kid's life.

Unfortunately for him, he was born in the Ukraine in Europe, meaning that from early boyhood his family was pushed out of their native land and harried all over Europe by German, Russian and other armies. Too young to be a soldier, and classified for most of his life as a refugee, he didn't get such a good deal for the first 15 years of life.

In 1945 he met his first American soldiers and became friendly with a

*Continued on Page Two*



## 1953 Model . . .

*Continued from Page One*

few of them. He decided that they looked "sharp". The more he saw of them, and the more he heard about the United States, the more he said to himself "That's for me." He was still too young to join the army, but he had the idea firmly in his mind.

In 1952 Tadeusz achieved his heart's desire. He enlisted in the U. S. Army at Kirchheimbolanden, Germany on February 7th. On January 19, 1953 he came to the United States; first to Camp Kilmer, N. Y. and a few weeks later to Fort Devens where he attends the English Language School - the only school of its kind in the Army.

Says Tadeusz: "I am very happy - I can truthfully say I've found a home in the army. I am not alone - there

are about 150 men like myself, all from countries now behind the Iron Curtain, who are proud and glad to be enlisted in the U. S. Army. Our five years will be good years. We like this army - we like the freedoms here - we like America."

The English Language School is part of the Language Qualification Unit of the 1013th ASU of Fort Devens. It has been in operation since 1951, and has graduated more than 300 men since it was first opened. The men enlist for five years, in Europe, and are eligible for American citizenship at the end of their enlistment. All come to this country under provisions of Public Law 597 - the Lodge Philbin Bill establishing their right to enlist and become eligible for citizenship of the United States



**General John M. Shalikashvili**, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs Of Staff, Department of Defense for telling me, "You are telling a story that must be told";

**General Charles A. Horner**, USAF, Commander of the Air Forces during the Desert Storm Operation. Retired, for his review and suggestions ("I found your experience most unusual and moving. It would make a great novel");

**Wayne Green, Ph. D. Founder of Mensa**

Tad, you have a fascinating story of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's most bloody years, and told from being right in the middle. A suggestion: start from the present day. Legacy and your products, explaining their benefits. From there, how you got into this. And then to your story and tell it consecutively. Stalin's killing the teachers, businessmen, intellectuals, and army officers, plus his starving of the Ukraine, are stories few know today. Ditto much of the details of Hitler's murders.

**Cornelis Suijk, President Contemporary Holocaust Education Foundation  
New York, November 8, 2007**

Dear Tad, Your fascinating life story arrived in the mail and kept me reading it breathless. Your father's escape from Siberia, your conscription by the Germans, the retreat to Bavaria after their army collapsed "and your amazing integration in the American society, fulfilling convincingly the legend of the so-called American Dream. It constitutes as others already stated too, the ingredients for an epic novel." To find an author and also a publisher to undertake the funding, still requires a major effort, for which I regretfully miss the necessary contacts. However, as far as I know writers of biographies, I will share your manuscript with them and suggest contacting you.

Tad, I thank you and greet you warmly!  
Cornelis Suijk,

Our former 41ST **President George H. W. Bush**, for taking the time to read and then write, "I can't begin to imagine the hell you as a 12-year-old kid went through. A fascinating read this is!"

WALKER'S POINT, POST OFFICE BOX 492, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE 04046

PHONE (207) 967-5800 / FAX (207) 967-0255

GEORGE BUSH

June 3, 1999

Dear Tad,

I have just returned from a week in Asia, and your story *Hitler, Stalin and I* was on my desk waiting for me.

Thank you very much for forwarding along a copy, Tad, and for your thoughtful note. At my age kind words and gestures go a long, long way. Best of luck to you in whatever lies ahead.

Regards,

GB

Tad Galin  
900 Larch Circle, N.E.  
Suite 104  
Palm Bay, FL 32905

I can't begin to imagine the  
hell you as a 12 year  
kid went through  
A fascinating read this is!  
GB

WALKER'S POINT, POST OFFICE BOX 492, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE 04046  
PHONE (207) 967-5800 / FAX (207) 967-0255





Galin's Library

### The End

1. Robert Ley—suicide in Nuremberg prison 2. Karl Brandt—death by hanging 3. Adolf Hitler—suicide, April 30, 1945 along with his wife of one day, Eva Braun. 4. Walther Darre- sentenced to prison April 14, 1949. Released in 1950, he died in 1953. 27,000,000 Russian Men Woman and Children died. Some 6,000,000 Jews Men Woman and Children died. "Total some 65 Million perished." Orphaned 5,000,000 May 8<sup>th</sup> 1945 Germany officially surrendered to the U.S., British, and the Soviet Union Forces. This was a good year for us and the world. I was fourteen years old. April, 1945. One month earlier, we and our German captors Transport Co. Regiment Shtralo surrendered to the American Forces in a little town of Tittling in Bavaria Germany. I was fourteen years old. For us it was the most joyous and frightening time. Joyous because we were now free. Frightened because we did not know what to expect from the Americans until we actually met them. The first thing they did was feed us pancakes. I love pancakes to this day. I will never forget this day. These front line troopers were so cordial and friendly that this was really sinking in that we were actually free at last. However I did get stuck with my first name Adolf that the Commanding Officer Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa gave me after I was picked up by my Mom Nina and German Troopers from our home and brought to the Company Head Quarters occupying our Village Hospital where my Mother Nina worked before the German Invasion. Strange as it is I became a U.S. soldier six years later. For me and hopefully for many others, the picture above with the rest of the Nazi pictures in this story is a final closure of a nightmare that is now very far and long-long ago. And yet, like a movie I am seeing every day and perhaps will see it for the rest of my life.

**My History in this Great Nation  
of ours began in January 1952**

**Arriving in New York as a U.S. Soldier from Germany  
I could not speak, read or write English  
and I never went to school.**

\*1952 Language School in Fort Devens, Mass. setup by U.S. Army 12 weeks. \* Ripley's Believe it or not, \*1952 U.S. Army Model Soldier Fort Devens Mass.\* Basic training Fort Lewis, Washington 22 weeks. \* September, 1953. 13 months in Korea with 40<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup> Div. I was injured on the 38° parallel. \* November 18,-1957 finished my Army tour of 5 years with Honorable Discharge. \* 1958 became a United States Citizen \* My first business, International Driving School on 5 languages Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, and German, to pass the driving test in English in Cleveland, Ohio. \* Foreman in a Foundry. \* Forman with Cleaners Hanger Co. Parma, Ohio. \* Home Improvement Closer Cleveland, Ohio. \* Industrial Diamond Specialist with Felker Mfg. Co. Torrance, California traveled 5 States setting up distributors to supply manufacturers with Diamond tools for their applications. \* Omark Industries, Industrial Tools Detroit, Michigan. \* Built a 5000 sq. ft. Dream Home on 80 acres in Holly, Michigan. \* 1975 became an Amway Distributor, Profit Sharing Direct \* 1987 became NSA Water Filters Distributor-National Marketing Director. \* 1988 Al Williams Insurance and Securities-Regional Vice President. \* 1992 the beginning of research about the new technology, Immune Support System. \* 1995 Started Legacy for Life as Co Founder, served 2 years as Vice President. Resigned to finish my book \* "My Life under Hitler and Stalin" and continue \* building my Family's Legacy for the past some 60 years.

*How long does it take to build one?*

*As long as you are Free !*

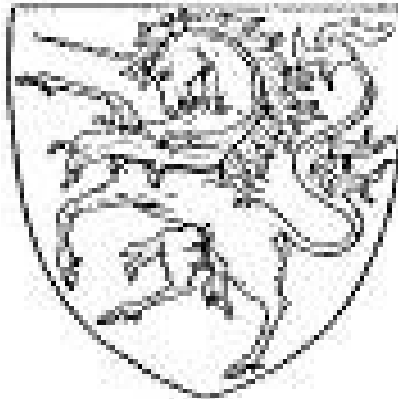
**From  
European Heritage**



**TADEUSZ PRZEGALINSKI**

The surname PRZEGALINSKI is of Polish origin, signifying “by or close to Galinsk”, the ending –ski originally indicating lordship or proprietorship of a place rather than mere residence in it. Once everyone was known by one name only but this led to confusion and in the middle Ages a second name came into use. It usually referred to a man’s abode or birthplace, or to his ancestry, occupation or a personal feature. A man named Jan, for example, whose estates were near Galinsk, might be known as Jan Przegalinski and the additional name in course of time became hereditary and continued in use even when it had lost its literal meaning. This name is not a common one, being by its nature restricted to a small proportion of the population of a given area. The arms are described heraldically as Or, seated on a bear passant Sable a maiden proper habited Gules crowned gold; crest, a demi-bear salient Sable holding in the Dexter forepaw a rose Or. Writers in the past have attributed symbolic values to the colors of heraldry. Thus gold (“Or”) is said to denote Generosity whilst Sable (black) is the color of Constancy and Gules (red) is for Military Fortitude.

***HERALDRY***



*Not knowing for sure this may have been my Family Coat of Arms.*



***This Is The Day  
I Beat The C.I.A.  
( also known as Black Ops )  
At Their Own Game***

One day I was asked to report to the Commanding Officer. Without any ceremony, he handed me my orders stating that a helicopter would be picking me up in twenty minutes. I was being transferred to Intelligence Operations in Seoul, Korea. I was ready: minutes later a helicopter landed, my Company Commander was standing outside by his Command Office. He returned my salute and seconds later I was in the air. The idea behind the Lodge Act had been that bilinguals like me would at some point be assigned to the intelligence operations within the U.S. Armed Forces. That's where I originally was supposed to go, but bureaucracy kept me on the front lines for all those months before the orders came through. But now, Seoul was my next home. It was the nicest home I had ever had up to that point! I had a private room with a maid. She would mop my wooden floor, make up my bed, and iron my scarves and uniform. This sudden change in my lifestyle blew me away! To go from a pitched tent on an open desolate countryside, 8,000 miles from nowhere—or so it seemed—to living like this! I said, "Well, this is for my country; *somebody* has to make a sacrifice." It took me all of the five minutes to get used to it. I had not had a real shower in months. They gave me time to take a shower and put myself together to fit in with the Intelligence structure. I went downstairs for my first dinner at a real table in months, complete with white tablecloths, a menu and choice of three different soups. I found myself sitting with a Brigadier General and other high-ranking men and women officers, all speaking in familiar foreign languages with me. I settled into my new responsibilities quite quickly. Looking back, still and forever naïve, but I caught on fast; it seemed that everything I did there was a set up as a test, whether it was a one-on-one conversation or a group setting. They certainly were taking their time. Apparently I was becoming one of them.

One day I was asked to see the Commanding Officer. He asked me if I would consider transferring to Monterrey, California, for two years at the Intelligence School, training in five languages plus Army terminologies, however specializing in Russian language only perhaps for "a spy mission in Moscow my assumption is taking out of a story on page 223." Upon completion, I would receive my Officer's Commission. I had just been tapped to get into the work big-time. It was a *huge* opportunity. The downside was that it would mean that I would have to re-enlist for another six years and with my injuries I felt that it would be very difficult without detection and a medical discharge would follow. I asked, "How much time do I have to make a decision?" He said, "Three hours." I needed those short hours to be by myself so I went up to my room. My mind was racing. I was twenty-three years old now, ten years of which I had spent in four different armies. I had never had a home of my own, indeed, I did not even know what a home was like, but I was homesick all the same. I was yearning for civilian life and the freedoms that come with it. I was already working at getting visas to bring my mother and sister to America. When that finally happened I wanted and needed to be with them to help start a new life.

It was very tempting I recognized that it was a great opportunity for me, but what I was concerned most of all was my injuries could I go through two years of training without being detected that I was disabled and medically discharged, my answer was no. So with as much gratitude and appreciation as I could express, I declined the offer to go to Monterrey CA.

Even now I have a funny feeling when I think about it, like how could I have had that much courage to decline such a chance at security in favor of the unknown.

When my stint in Seoul was up I was flown back to the 40th Division on the 38th Parallel, back to tents and foxholes and rations. I missed intelligence work, the environment, and the lifestyle. But in the end, I believe that I have made the right decision and did get my Honorable Discharged. This to me at that time was very important. When the 40th Division finished its tour of duty in Korea; they were shipped to their home base in California. I was transferred to the 25th Infantry Division, which was also on the 38th parallel, to finish my thirteen-month tour of duty. By this time the hostilities had stopped, and a relative peace had begun to take hold. However, the atmosphere was still plenty tense. My company was surrounded with barbed wire, booby traps, and flares. The surrounding terrain was hostile, to say the least, and bitter cold as winter descended. Here I was also maintaining the M46 Tanks and "Low Boys" Trucks including working on their carburetors; fixing leaky fuel lines in the dead of winter was not fun. Barehanded, you could work for only seconds at a time before the chill bit into you. But with bulky gloves on, it was useless even to try.

**6-2-2019**





## Invasion Of Normandy Beach, France Remembered By The Author Presidents Day 2020 as Audio Track

This is 2020 02 24 .. Normandy Invasion 1944  
I was 14 years old in German Army as a Nazi Forced Labor with my Mama Nina  
Hitler saved me from Josef Stalin 1941 by invading Russia .  
U.S. Forces saved me from Hitler . These U.S. forces. The Red Ball Express saved us.  
We surrendered to them on April 1944 in Tittling I. Dreiburgenland, Bavaria, Germany .  
i was fourteen years old. These are the troops that saved us . Red Ball Express was a Supply Convoy  
for the front line troopers needing 8000 gallons of gasoline a day to support the front lines .

*My Sincerest Gratitude  
to these heroes of my forever god, country, honor, semper fi, free,  
with the skies wide open up above from sea to shining sea.  
I am free because of the brave .*

In the Know ■ June 6, 1944

### Remembering D-Day 70 Years Later

**A**long a 50-mile stretch of French coastline, Allied forces led by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower launched the largest airborne attack and amphibious landing in history. On this anniversary, we reflect on D-Day and those who made up, as journalist Tom Brokaw later put it, "the greatest generation any society has ever produced." —Bill Hogan

“Soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force! You are about to embark upon a great crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you.”

—Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1944

“These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc. These are the men who took the cliffs. These are the champions who helped free a continent. These are the heroes who helped end a war.... What inspired all the men of the armies that met here? We look at you, and somehow we know the answer. It was faith, and belief; it was loyalty and love.”

—President Ronald Reagan, 1984

“On that chilled dawn, these beaches echoed with the sounds of staccato gunfire, the roar of aircraft, the thunder of bombardment. And through the wind and the waves came the soldiers, out of their landing craft and into the water, away from their youth and toward a savage place many of them would sadly never leave.”

—President Bill Clinton, 1994



### Footnotes

Last time an invading army crossed the English Channel: 1688

Nickname for the million-plus wooden poles planted by the Nazis to thwart an invasion: **Rommel's asparagus**

Code name of the plan to deceive the Germans about where the invasion would take place: **Operation Fortitude**

Candy in emergency rations for paratroopers: **Four Hershey bars and one pack of Charms**



### 5 Famous Fighters



**Yogi Berra** (1925– )  
The baseball legend took part in the invasion as an 18-year-old seaman first class. “Being a young guy,” he recently recalled, “I thought it was like the Fourth of July, to tell you the truth.”



**J.D. Salinger** (1919–2010)  
The author was carrying six chapters of *The Catcher in the Rye* when he landed on Utah Beach with the 4th Infantry Division; his iconic novel would be published seven years later.



**James Doohan** (1920–2005)  
Boomers know Doohan as Scotty on the *Star Trek* TV show. Serving with the Canadian military in the landing on Juno Beach, he was wounded six times.



**Charles Durning** (1923–2012)  
The acclaimed character actor landed with the U.S. Rangers on Omaha Beach in the first wave of the invasion and was awarded a Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Heart.



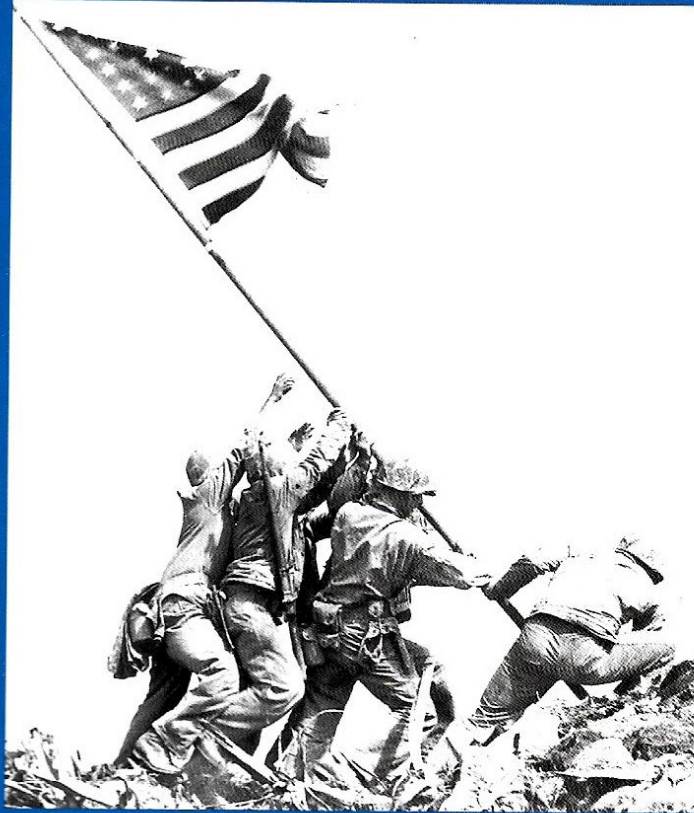
**John Ford** (1894–1973)  
The legendary Hollywood director, serving as a commander in the U.S. Navy, was put in charge of filming the landing on Omaha Beach and then the rest of the day's fighting from the beach.

### 'Life' After D-Day



As a *Life* magazine photo editor during World War II, John G. Morris headed for Normandy within weeks of D-Day in 1944. In the wake of the Allies' march, he photographed newly liberated people and towns. Check out a slideshow of moving images selected from Morris' new book, *Somewhere in France*. Go to [aarp.org/bulletin](http://aarp.org/bulletin) or download our iPad app at [aarp.org/mobile](http://aarp.org/mobile).





## DECEMBER 7

### AIR WAR, PACIFIC

*A Japanese force of six carriers launch two strikes on the US Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor on Oahu Island, Hawaii. Over 183 Japanese aircraft destroy six battleships and 188 aircraft, damage or sink 10 other vessels, and kill 2,000 servicemen. The Japanese lose 29 aircraft. Five midget submarines are lost during a failed underwater attack. A planned third strike, intended to destroy totally the harbor and oil reserves, is not launched for fear that the valuable Japanese aircraft carriers might be attacked by the remainder of the US Pacific Fleet. Japan then declares war on the United States and the British Commonwealth. Despite information from code-breaking operations, diplomatic intelligence, radar detection, and other warnings, the raid is a tactical surprise. The failure to take appropriate precautions at the base, which is exacerbated by failures in interservice cooperation, is severely criticized. Despite the attack's success, the US Pacific Fleet's aircraft carriers are at sea and thus survive, while the fleet itself is quickly repaired. In the United States there is widespread outrage over the attack and popular support for declaring war.*



## ***Flag Raising At Iwo Jima And Musselini with Hitler***

*Written Here by Tad Galin, the author, and Dale Neumann, my dear friend and web designer:  
Italian Dictator, Musselini pictured to the left of Hitler, 1944,  
as we were Nazi Forced Labor, my Mama Nina and I, retreating to Germany .. Russian Troops were on our heels .  
Musselini then surrenders to the Russians making it very difficult for us not to be captured by Russian troops .  
Because of God, with our remaining 4 trucks loaded onto a train, we escaped from Russian troops to Germany,  
where we surrendered to U.S. Forces in Tittling I. Dreiburgenland, Bavaria, Germany,  
on April of 1945 .. meanwhile war officially ended May 8, 1945 .*

*The Italian people never forgave Musselini for joining Hitler . Now Musselini is on the run .  
Underground partizans ( Italian Freedom Fighters ) caught Musselini in a truck . He was covered up .  
They dragged him out and hung him on a city square by his heels for everyone to see .  
The Italian People exclaimed "From dust to dust, El Duce ( Musselini ) is gone" .  
He was buried in his own family mausoleum .*



## DECEMBER 8

### POLITICS, UNITED STATES

*The United States, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Holland, the Free French, several South American states, and Yugoslavia declare war on Japan. China declares war on the Axis states.*

### EASTERN FRONT, SOVIET UNION

*Adolf Hitler reluctantly agrees to issue Directive No. 39, which suspends the advance on Moscow for the duration of the winter. Army Group Center begins withdrawing to less exposed positions farther west, much to the anger of the Fuehrer.*



Galin's Library

December 11, 1941

Right to left: First Row: Hitler, Ribbentrop, Raeder, and Keitel

Second Row: Darre, unknown, Seldte, Frank

Occasion: Declaration of War against the United States of America.

The German Charge d'Affaires, Dr. Hans Thomsen, and the First Secretary of the German Embassy, Mr. von Stempel, called at the State Department at 8 A.M. on December 11, 1941. The Secretary, otherwise engaged, directed that they be received by the Chief of the European Division of the State Department, Mr. Ray Atherton. Mr. Ray Atherton received the German representatives at 9:30 A.M. The German Representatives handed to Mr. Atherton a copy of a note that is being delivered this morning, December 11, to the American Charge d'Affair in Berlin. Dr. Thomsen said that Germany considers herself in a state of war with the United States.



SELF PORTRAIT

## WORLD WAR II

In 1942 I was eleven years old. Under the gun, my Mother Nina and I were conscripted into **Hitler's German Army as Nazi Forced laborers**. I was named Adolf by the Company Commanding Officer Feltfel Edwin Klüwa. At the age of twelve I was given a German tailored uniform. It never entered my mind when I had a chance to escape without my Mother. Then later, this German uniform that I wore did not make matters easier to go underground without my Mother. Escaping was not a choice the Germans our captors knew this.

**“ All of the Original Hitler's Pictures in this eBook at one time were Highly Classified by U.S. Intelligence and may be the only pictures In existence today .. are Owned by the Author Tad Galin “**





**GALINS LIBRARY**

1949 British-Polish Special Forces after World War II. British Sector in Germany; I am dispatching Documents from Headquarters to a Post Command. British Matchless 350 heavy terrain motorcycle, I also had a BSA 500 for leading convoys on a friendlier terrain. Young and foolish would be a gross understatement. It was a role and I played it to the fullest. Many times it was so close it frightens me much more today than it did then.

**There were too many close calls to mention, at least # 12 I was young and careless.** But, I was good. This one really makes me think of this book, what if?

" Young men [ to all young people ],  
never give up.  
Never give up!  
Never give up!!  
Never, never, never-never-never-never! "

**Sir Winston Churchill**



**We were soldiers .. And very, very young .**





grandfather talking to his grandson, grandfather says  
There Are Two Wolves Living Inside Of Us  
one of the wolves is good  
very cooperative, loving, always doing what is good  
the other wolf .. the bad one  
always fighting, very disturbing, not cooperating  
so the grandson paused a little bit,  
looked at grandpa and says  
which wolf is winning ?  
**THE ONE YOU FEED !!**

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1943 Hitler with Goebbels



1943 Russian Troops on Attack

# My Life Under Hitler And Stalin



11 year old boy, from Poverty under Josef Stalin,  
to Hitler's Army as Nazi Forced Labor, to Building  
My Family Legacy in these United States of America.



Petropavlovka  
Ukraine 1941

Author, [Tadeusz PrzeGalinski](#) Born in Yur' yevka  
Near Kyiv, Ukraine former Soviet Union, Russia.  
*Drawing by Author*

**April 1945 I Surrendered in Germany to U.S. Forces.**

**I was 14 years old.**

**My sister Anne was 6 months old.**

**To avoid becoming a P.O.W. I discarded my German uniform.**

**The baby's clothes, my pullover and trousers  
Were given to us in Tittling i. Dreiburgenland  
By friendly Bavarian locals.**



**Anti-Tank 37mm projectile did not explode inside my house next to my left foot.**

**1942 In view, is a Russian Anti-Tank projectile meant to hit the German Tank next to our house, Instead it hit our house right below the window Mom Nina and I were huddling in the left corner. When the Round hit the dirt floor, dust went up. After the dust settled, I looked to my left, maybe 2 ft from my left foot. It looked like a little piglet. It did not explode. This was the 4<sup>th</sup> time out of 17 times that God saved me, before I was 18 years old.**





## MISSING

1941 Hitler saved him from Stalin, 1945 U.S. Forces saved him from Hitler.

### **God saved him 17 times before he was 18 years old**

11 year old boy missing for over 70 years. Born near Kiev, Ukraine, Soviet Union. 1942 under the gun at the age of 11 Conscripted by the German Army with his Mother Nina as Nazi Forced Labor. Retreating from Russia to Germany with his captors. For over 2 years, he never slept in a house or ate at a table. In April 1945 he surrendered to the U.S. Forces in Tittling i Dreiburgenland Bavaria Germany he was 14 years old. 1952, 7 years later he joined the U.S. Army in Germany, Ratified by the 81<sup>ST</sup> 82<sup>nd</sup> and 84<sup>th</sup> Congress for five years of active duty. At the age of 22 he became a U.S. Soldier

To spy on U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union.

In 1953 he was injured in Korea, in 1958 he became a U.S. Citizen. 1973 his Army records were lost in a fire at the National Archives in St. Louise, Missouri. The Author feels that because of his contract with the US Army and the intelligence operations his Army records were destroyed on purpose by fire to keep it a secret. After 3 years in the United States Court of Appeals for Veterans claims in Washington, DC on Appeal. On April 13, 2011, the Board made a decision, 57 years after the injuries he became a Disabled Korean Veteran. The missing boy **Tadeusz PrzeGalinski**-Tad Galin now 83 years old, was just discovered residing with his Wife, June and his family in Boca Raton, Florida. He has 8 family members left on this Planet. He also just finished his Autobiography on eBook and the Web-Site over 40 years in writing. [WorldWarLife.com](http://WorldWarLife.com)

**“The world just gained a one of a kind World War II Life Story  
that Survived”**

Title Page  
HITLER, STALIN  
AND  
I

**The I** in the Title represents some 65 Million Dead as well as the Living. 1929 before my birth lost my Father Land and my Legacy to the Russian Dictator Josef Stalin. At the age of 11, my Mother Nina and I by the grace of God were not killed but actually “saved” as (Nazi Laborers) by the wrath of Hitler and his army during World War II, details in later pages.

The Struggle of Perseverance over Adversity of Tadeusz PrzeGalinski.

**A Saga: of an Eleven Year old Boy**

Rebuilding “My Legacy, a Family Estate for over 60 Years in the Making”

*The Inherent Right & Duty to Build Your Own Legacy !  
How long does it take to build one As long as you are Free !*

1930 starts my life under Josef Stalin of the Soviet Union., the Russian Dictator from whom Hitler “saved” us. Hitler did so on June 22, 1941 by invading Russia. At the age of 11, under the gun, my Mother Nina and I were conscripted in to Hitler’s Army as Nazi Forced Labor. We endured 3-years in Hitler’s Army from June 1942 to April 1945, 26 grueling Months of retreating to Germany with our captors. While in retreat, I never slept in a house or ate at a table, surviving on the fringes of the German Russian frontlines during World War II. 1945 Surrendered at the age of 14 to the U.S. Forces in Tittling i. Dreiburgenland Bavaria, Germany. August 1950, as Tadeusz PrzeGalinski I Joined the U.S. Army in Germany, ratified by the 81<sup>ST</sup> 82<sup>nd</sup> and 84<sup>th</sup> Congress for five years of Active Duty, to SPY on my country U.S.S.R. In 1952 never went to school, could not speak or write English, I arrived in U.S.A. as a U.S. Soldier from Germany. 1953 13 months in Korea was injured on the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel. 1958 I became a United States Citizen, 1995. and built Legacy for Life a Family Estate to the present 2010. As one book review states from Cornelis Suijk, President Contemporary Holocaust Education Foundation New York, November, 8, 2007. “Your amazing integration, in the American Society, fulfills convincingly the legend of the so-called American Dream.” My book has been in writing for over forty years for the purpose of preserving our Heritage and the American-European History.

By Tad Galin

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)

**Legacy for Life:**

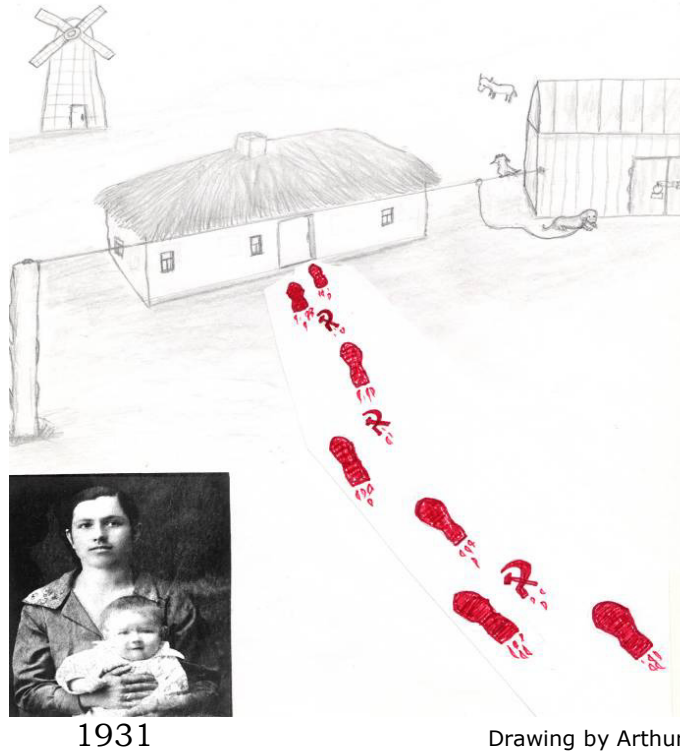
<http://www.i26forhealth.com>

**PROLOGUE: Hitler and Stalin in my Life  
“Legally Free”**

**Some Sixty Years from Kiev (Kyiv) Ukraine Soviet Union, Russia**

1942 at the age of eleven my Mother and I were conscripted as Nazi forced labor by the German Transport Regiment Shtrahlo's choice to either get shot or work in concentration camp! 1943 We were in retreat with our captors to Germany for the next three grueling years. The uniform of the German Wehrmacht was no match for the cold of a Russian Winter. I know this—I wore one. It began during the winter on January 31, 1943, when the siege of Stalingrad failed to bring Russia to its knees and Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus surrendered January 31, 1943 to the Russian Forces at the battle for Stalingrad. Hitler's fine plans had gone awry, and now it was the *macht* (the “might”) of the German Wehrmacht that was broken—first stalled and stymied by the stubborn Russian resistance. Now utterly broken by the brutality of winter in Russia, the German armies in disarray, fled through Ukraine frantic in their retreat back to the Fatherland. I've often thought of Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. On June 24, 1812, pontoon bridges were installed across the river Niemen, and on June 26 Napoleon met his generals there. The full-scale invasion of Russia had begun. But the vast terrain and logistics of supplies were beyond his control, and the horrible winter that year sealed his fate. March 1814 the allied forces of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia and Austria defeated the army of Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte of France and exiled him to the island of Elba. History had repeated itself 130 years later as if Hitler's fate was almost identical to that of Napoleon. My Mother, Nina, and I were there in the middle of it. At thirteen and no winter clothing with some other twenty labor conscripts, a German Officer Feltfel Klüwa ordered a Russian labor conscript to make me a jacket and trousers out of an old German overcoat. All I had and wore earlier trousers made out of a potato sack. Later when I briefly fell into Russian hands I told them that I was an orphan. The two Russian soldiers gave me a lift to the next Village. Thank god I did not have the German uniform on jet, this saved my life, it was not my time. I got back to the German unit and my Mother. Soviet Ukrainians of Polish descent now branded wearing the colors of the German Wehrmacht. I couldn't run away even if I wanted to. Josef Przegalinski, my Father, was no longer with us. In 1938, he had been taken from us by the Bolsheviks and deported to Siberia for the second—and final—time. He never returned. As I write this, I still don't know his fate though I have tried to determine from the post-Soviet authorities what may have happened to him. Today Tadeusz Przegalinski is a very different man from the boy who escaped from starvation; from concentration camps; from mortar rounds landing in my bedroom; and from a hundred other deaths in Russia, Ukraine, Bessarabia, Romania, Hungary, Poland, and Germany during the

Second World War. Even my name is different. In 1958, taking “Tad” from Tadeusz and “Galin” from Przegalinski, I became Tad Galin—a name that reflects both my European roots and my new life in America. **By Gods Grace my life was saved.**



1929 My Father Josef's first deportation to Siberia

My Mother Nina Przegalinska-maiden name- Piotrowska twenty one years old I am six months old. Sixty eight years later I drew this picture in Palm Bay, Florida of My Humble Estate in Yur'yevka near Kyiv Ukraine, Soviet Union.

1929 My Father's Estate was already taken by the Bolsheviks. All men had to register and join the new Russian Dictator Josef Stalin's Deal. As my Father Josef stood in line to join Josef Stalin's Communism, he told them that he was from Missouri; "You took my land, my horses, my entire Estate, everything we owned. I would have to see what you guys are all about." and he walked away. After My Father walked away, 70 men said that they were also from Missouri and walked away. Shortly there after at night my father was arrested and soon the rest of the 70 men were also arrested and many more. This was the first deportation of my Father Josef before I was born. The bloody footprints, usually appearing at midnight, that took my father away and the beginning of mass deportations to Gulags and liquidation of "Kulaks"- Landowners. Josef was sent to Dnipropetrovsk Prison first than to Khabarovsk, in far Eastern Siberia. My Mother, Nina, was three months pregnant with me. A family Doctor signed a certificate that she was pregnant in her seventh month and therefore she was not sent to Siberia with my father.

"This was my **FIRST** time before my birth that my life was saved. And at the age of six months my life was saved the **SECOND** time and the beginning of how



many times my life was saved to make sure that I will write this book. Only with Gods Grace! By the time I was 18 years old my life was saved **17** times.”



Drawing by Author

### PRISONER

1929 My Father Josef's first deportation to Siberia  
Winter 1930 .. My father, Josef Przegalinski,  
Cutting trees in the Russian Taiga, Khabarovsk, Siberia

I had to do this drawing from my memory of a drawing that was hanging on the wall in our house alongside a portrait of my Father. It was done by my Father's Brother, Pawel, when they joined my Father in this forsaken Russian Labor Camp for the purpose of passing to my Father a forged passport. My Mother and I were picked up by armed German soldiers in 1942. In a rush under the gun, we left these precious pictures hanging there. On January 31<sup>st</sup> 1943, Field Marshal Paulus surrendered to the Russian Forces at Stalingrad. This was the beginning of the end and the beginning of German retreat. We were leaving my Village of Petropavlovka for the first and the last time. As I watched the houses on fire, not knowing that the most precious two pictures were also going up in flames. I have tried and tried to render a picture of my Father. To my mind I could not even get close, but, how could I know if I was close or not. I will have to do it before this book is published. I finally figured it out as to why it is difficult to render a picture of my own Father. After my Father's escape I had a chance to spend with him my first seven years of my life. Many times my Father was telling us about the hard life in Siberia. He was pointing at this drawing most of the time. This brutal life and the scene were indelibly imprinted on my subconscious mind. So I got the message and the scene but not the messenger. I feel strongly that the picture above does resemble my Father very much. He is carrying a long timber cutting saw.



**ART RENDERING**

**Kaganovich**  
**As alleged,**  
**Stalin's**  
**Henchman**

**1935**  
**First**  
**NKVD**  
**Later**  
**KGB**

**Josef Stalin**  
**Russian**  
**Dictator**  
**And a Brutal**  
**Killer**

By some estimates, 40 million perished in the Soviet Union during the Purges. Including my Father Josef Przegalinski 1929 Bolsheviks sent my Father to Siberian Prison, one year later he escaped. In 1938 KGB (The Soviet State Security Police) arrested Josef and sent him back to Siberia for the second and the last time. I was 7 years old.

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

**JOSEF STALIN** (1879-1953): Stalin was born Josef Dzhugashvili on December 20, 1879, in Gori, a little town in the Georgian Caucasus not far from Tiflis. He won a scholarship to the Tiflis Theological Seminary at the age of eighteen and enrolled. He was studying to become a holy man. God should have kept him there. Instead, he joined a clandestine, local social democratic party while a student. He was expelled from the Seminary in 1899. Stalin's obsession with power grew over the next couple of decades, and on April 3, 1922, when Lenin was incapacitated by a stroke; he became General Secretary of the Soviet Union. By 1930 his opponents were exiled or dead. He was in total control and remained so until his death on March 5, 1953. Stalin was the number one exterminator of the human race in all history. His rampant paranoia and love of power led him to build hundreds of concentration camps from Moscow to Siberia, where anybody and everybody who disagreed with him was sent—most never to return. Roy Medvedev, writing in the semiofficial *Argumenty i Fakty*, reached a figure of 40 million, including victims of the 1929-33 purges of landowners and dissidents as well as those who had been deported during the Second World War and after. **ADOLF HITLER** (1889-1945): Hitler was born an Austrian, at Braunau, a German-speaking town near the German border. As a teenager, he dreamed of becoming an artist, to the anger and frustration of his father, a government worker. At eighteen, he left home and moved to Vienna, where he applied to the Academy of Fine Arts. But he failed the entrance exam. A year later he tried and failed again. Living in flophouses, eating at soup kitchens, and failing at his passion, Hitler learned young how to hate. He was in a cosmopolitan city that recognized eight official languages, and he felt that his German background was being eaten away. He began dreaming of reuniting all scattered Germans into a grand super-nation. In time, he realized that he had found a new passion. Art gave way to politics. He moved to Germany, fought in World War I, and found a willing audience for the ultra nationalism he preached. He attempted a failed coup called the Beer Hall Putsch in Munich in 1923, for which he was imprisoned. During his imprisonment, Hitler wrote his book, *Mein Kampf*,—My Struggle July 18 1925 Hitler published *Mein Kampf*. Within two decades he would be the master and Chancellor of Germany from 1933 to 1945 of a brainwashed race, and the eager executioner of millions. In another world, Hitler could have been a painter, and Stalin a man of God; and 170 million lives may have been changed. I know .. my life was changed!

**THE AUTHOR--TADEUSZ PRZEGALINSKI** (1930-present): Born December 8, 1930, in the small village of Yur'yevka near Kyiv (Kiev) in Ukraine. Soviet Union One year later, after Stalin had deported his father, Jozef, to Siberia, his father escaped in 1931, found his family, and fled with them to the village of Novosiolovka, in Southern Ukraine, Tad was 6 mo. old. In 1938—when Tad was not yet eight years old.—Through a cousins wife Helga the informant, the KGB arrested Josef and deported him to Siberia for the second, and final, time. In 1942, Hitler's army conscripted his Mother, Nina, and Tad as Nazi Forced laborers. In the end, through luck, bravery, and unlikely acts of kindness and mercy, they would survive the next three years to see the downfall of the Third Reich and the first chance for true freedom that either had ever known.



## DEDICATION

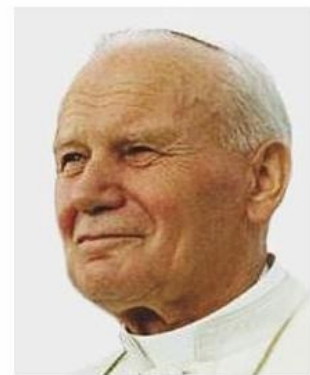
THIS BOOK is dedicated above all to those who died and those who survived—the greatest carnage and bloodbath that the world has ever experienced. That carnage would not only engulf the entire European continent as it raged, but also affect the lives of the living—throughout the world—for generations to come. This story is written with gratitude to all those who defeated the forces of an evil ideology and allowed a man like myself to live and write: **GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER**, (on page 217) whose brilliant deployment of troops made “Operation Overlord,” on June 6, 1944, successful; **ANDREW HIGGINS**, (on page 10) inventor and builder of the **LCVP landing craft** that carried U.S. troops to the shores of Normandy on that decisive day; self-thought genius in small-boat design. It turned out to be that those small boats saved this country of ours and us; to be sure, we would be speaking German and or Japanese by now. **WINSTON CHURCHILL**, the RAF and the British people, for “never, never” surrender. **GENERAL BERNARD MONTGOMERY**, (on page 13) whose leadership made the defeat of **FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL**-Germany's Best “**Desert Fox**” African Corps a reality; **GENERAL CONSTANTIN K. ROKOSSOVSKY** (on page 13) with **MARSHAL GEORGI ZHUIKOV** Planned to turn Stalingrad into a trap for the German Forces. Defeating **MARSHAL PAULUS** at Stalingrad and capturing his Sixth Army and Defeating the German Forces at the Battle of Kursk. **RUSSIAN, UKRAINIAN, POLISH, FRENCH, BELGIUM, NORVEGIAN, CZECH REPUBLIC**. 5,000,000 underground resistance fighters, who disrupted German logistics throughout the war; the persons who perfected the radar that virtually put Hitler's U-Boat fleet out of action. **ADMIRAL RAYMOND AMES SPRUANCE** At Midway in 1942, sank 10 Japanese warships, all 4 aircraft carriers, downed 275 aircraft and killed 4,800 Japanese. Even though outnumbered, SPRUANCE deployed his strength cleverly. SPRUANCE received the Distinguished Service Medal. With **ADMIRAL SPRUANCE, ADMIRAL HALSEY, and ADMIRAL NIMITZ**, they turned the tide of the Pacific War at the Battle of Midway; **MARGARET THATCHER, THE “IRON LADY”** Former Prime Minister of Britain. Along with the 40th U.S. President Ronald Reagan, Lech Walesa, and John Paul II they were major players in the Soviet Union collapse. Visit to Poland November 1988 the history changing visit, Thatcher with Lech Walesa in Gdansk Shipyard. “Thatcher the Author of *STATECRAFT*.”



Margaret Thatcher

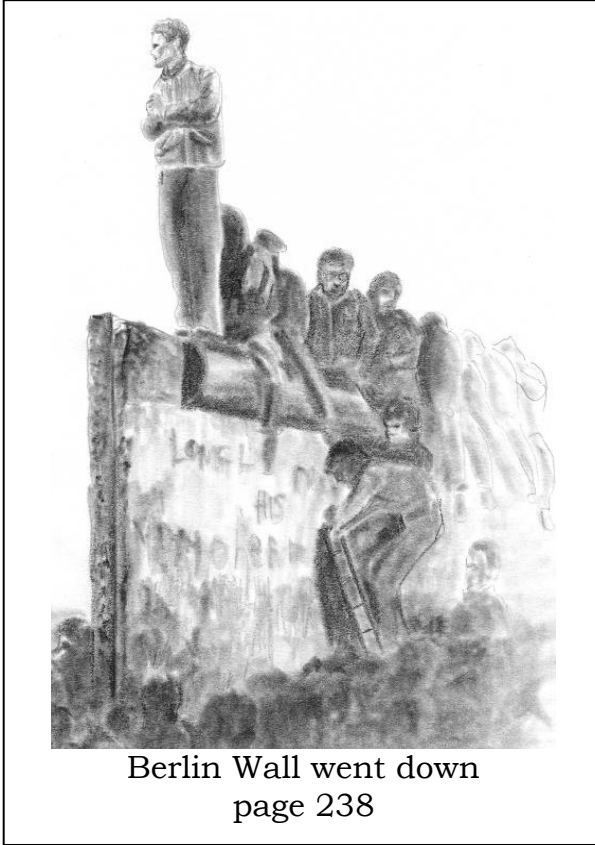


Lech Walesa



John Paul II

DEDICATION CONTINUES



Berlin Wall went down  
page 238



**Ronald Reagan, the Shining Simbol of Peace!**

**RONALD WILSON REAGAN** 2-6-1911 June 5, 2004 40th President of the United States. In his Famous Speech June 12, 1987, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this Wall." It Went down November 9, 1989. May 16, 2002 Ronald Regan was Awarded a Congressional Medal.

"According to the Galactic Years the caliber of these men comes to us only Every 300 years". When the World needed them they were there for us, the Likes of Winston Churchill, General Dwight D. Eisenhower and Ronald Reagan--"The fall of the Berlin Wall-and the fall of Communism." We and the world Needs them now.

At the end of his two terms in office, Ronald Reagan viewed with satisfaction the achievements of his innovative program known as the Reagan Revolution, which aimed to reinvigorate the American people and reduce their reliance upon Government. He felt he had fulfilled his campaign pledge of 1980 to restore "the great, confident roar of American progress and growth and optimism."



**June 1944 General Eisenhower Addressing the D-Day Troops in England.**

1944-45 At 13, retreating with the German captors through Budapest, to Rajka Hungary, from Rajka, in order not to get captured by the Russian Forces we continued retreating via railroad to Warsaw, Poland. The Warsaw uprising was in January 1943. We surrendered to the U.S. Forces in Germany in April, 1945. I was 14 years old.





**ART RENDERING**

Andrew Higgins Inventor and builder of the **LCVP landing craft** that carried U.S. troops to the shores of Normandy on that decisive day; and all other Pacific Invasions. Andrew Higgins was hot-tempered, loudmouthed, and given to drinking a bottle of whisky a day. He was also a self-taught genius in small-boat design. Dwight Eisenhower to call him “the man who won the war for us.” Higgins inspired his workers the way a general inspires his troops. A huge sign above the work floor announced: “The Man Who Relaxes Is Helping the Axis.” In his factory’s bathrooms, Higgins displayed pictures of Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito sitting on toilets. “Come on in, brother,” the caption, read. “Take it easy. Every minute you loaf here “helps us plenty.” Permission for above caption was given to me by National D-day Museum New Orleans, LA. E-Mail [info@ddaymuseum.org](mailto:info@ddaymuseum.org) In return I was asked for a copy of this book for the Museum. With great appreciation, I will be sending a copy of **Hitler, Stalin and I** as soon as it is published to be utilized as a resource at the D-day Museum.



ART RENDERING

The Japanese Navy had Corregidor Island in Philippines surrounded. On 22 February 1942 General MacArthur narrowly escaped Japanese capture, the General escaped from Corregidor Island by PT boat to Mindanao than fly to Australia from Del Monte on a B-17 Flying Fortress, His Farwell Words Were,

### **I Shall Return**

This General returned to Philippines and his words became history. Today every Filipino knows the history and who General MacArthur is. Sadly most people in U.S.A. Don't have a clue. For this, The History will come back, again and again!

On September 2, 1945 General Douglas MacArthur who was brilliant throughout his command in the Philippines and Pacific, accepted the surrender of Japan aboard the U.S.S. Missouri in Tokyo Bay, ending World War II.

### **Like Father Like Son**

His Grandfather emigrated from Scotland His Mentor was his Father, General MacArthur On November 25, 1863 at the age of eighteen his father led his Regiment up Missionary Ridge for which he received the Congressional Medal of Honor General Douglas MacArthur is also a Medal of Honor recipient in utter disregard of personal danger during the Battle of Bataan in the Philippines at the Beginning of World War II.

5 months earlier April 1945 I was 14 years old we surrendered to the US Forces in Germany.

**A FATHER'S PRAYER:**

“Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory. Build me a son whose wishbone will not be where his backbone should be; a son who will know Thee—and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge. Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail. “Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high; a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men; one who will learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past. And after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor, so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength. “Then, I, his father, will dare to whisper, ‘I have not lived in vain.’”

**—General Douglas MacArthur**





ART RENDERING

General Montgomery, center, with his aide to his right, General Rokossovsky to his left, and two Russian Senior Aides in the background. My deepest thanks to the Russian Ukrainian Soldiers, and the Russian people and the ones that went underground and became Partisans.

**5,000,000**

**A Salute to the Universal Anti-Fascist  
Resistance Underground Movement “PARTISANS—USSR”**

**IN SOVIET UNION ALONE 2½ MILLION CIVILIANS WENT UNDERGROUND  
TO FIGHT THE GERMAN INVADERS.**

Pictured above, “Ronald Wilson Reagan-the fall of the Berlin Wall” Andrew Higgins, General Eisenhower, General Montgomery, General Rokossovsky and General Douglas McArthur.

With the greatest gratitude and appreciation to these great men that freed the world and gave a man like me a country, a total freedom to raise my family in peace, build my family legacy and write my life story.



Galin's Library

My innocent youth was soon coming to an end.

Hitler and Hermann Göring, Chief of the German Air Force (light uniform), are enjoying the vastness of the European continent. England and Russia were in his way Hitler wanted "Das Lebens Raum.-Elbow Room" On June 22, 1941, Hitler invaded the Soviet Union under the code name Barbarossa.

### **Barbarossa**

One of Hitler's favorite warriors.

June 22, 1941 the surprise attack on Russia was named after the Emperor Frederick **Barbarossa** of the Holy Roman Empire, a leader of the Crusades in the 12th century.

### **Operation Barbarossa**

(Hitler's Code Name for the Surprise Invasion of the Soviet Union)

Sunday June 22, 1941. By noon Soviet Union has lost 1200

Airplanes Most of them never got off the ground.

Stalin is said to have had a "nervous breakdown" when told of the invasion he did not speak for 11 days.

### **"Blitzkrieg"**

**Savagely Unleashed on Russia.**

World War II had begun almost two years earlier, when Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939. But until now, it had not been our war. Stalin and Hitler were supposedly—if not cozy friends—at least not enemies. That changed. Chaos ran rampant when the announcement over the loud speakers at the rail station came; Germany invaded Russia. My Mother, Nina, was going home from a resort in Dniepropetrovsk a City on the River Dnieper in Southern Ukraine. Her first two-week vacation in her life given to her by the Hospital that she worked at. According to my Mother when she watched as people ran around trying to get onboard trains to get home and see their loved ones before they were sent to the front lines. Russian soldiers swarmed the train station. Some trying to get home and others determined to get to the front. Throughout the station the loudspeakers were calling out names. Mother managed to get into one of the crowded cars. On the journey home, the conversations around her were all about family members who would soon be sent off to war. There were tears in many eyes. I also remember that day, a Sunday. Since there were no churches anymore, one of the nurses living with us, Marusya—a petite girl with black hair and dark eyes who I was in love with at the age of eleven—took me to see a movie. I don't remember the name of the movie just that it was one of the old Soviet propaganda films talking about the five-year plan and showing people in the fields working singing and looking happy. This was the church that my father had worked on that was renovated into a theater several years earlier. When the movie was over people stood outside for a while talking like they normally did. But somebody came and spread the news of the German attack and it ripped through the crowd. It was like standing on the floor of the Stock Exchange while the Dow was tanking. People were all talking ten times faster and running around. It was crazy. Marusya took my hand we went to the hospital for the rest of the afternoon. I stayed until the sun was low in the sky and then I walked home so I could watch the beautiful sunset and wait for Mom to get home from her vacation I was 11, sleeping in front of our humble little one room house front cover page.



That was always my favorite time to be outside anyway. Marusya stayed at the hospital because it was her night to be on duty. When I got home I sat outside waiting for mother to come home. Neighbors would pass by and we'd talk about the news. Nobody knew any more than I did. I was worried about my mother but everybody would tell me not to worry, that she'd be okay and would be home soon. I fell asleep outside on the long bench like seat about one foot high across the front of the house that I made it out of clay, straw and sticks. It was comfortable to sit on it, shelling sunflower and pumpkin seeds with my teeth and eating them. On some evenings, with a small gathering of neighbors someone always starts singing. At the sunset when the workers would be coming home from the Government owned fields, *kolkhoz* would stop and join us. It seemed like the entire village would be singing. In a strange way those evenings were lots of fun and welcome for this was the only entertainment we had. But now, Germany invaded the Soviet Union and our lives were changed in an instant. I woke up late in the evening to see my mother stepping out of a carriage that had brought her home from the hospital. It was the longest I had gone without my mother around and I was glad that she was back okay. When mother had arrived back in town from her government-granted vacation trip, Baty'ko was waiting at the train station with the horse drawn carriage that would take her straight to the hospital. After a brief welcoming ceremony the bad news was announced that Dr. Yazura and all the single nurses had been called up for service on the German front. This is the same Dr. Yazura that operated on me three years earlier. There was a gloom of death hanging in the halls of the hospital that evening.



**GALINS LIBRARY**

Captured German War Equipment 1943  
Mechanized Artillery of the Wehrmacht, side view.

When Nina finally got home from the Hospital, Nina the girls and I all huddled and cried. The girls had all been drafted—called in to defend their land and the Russian Dictator Josef Stalin who had spent a decade murdering our people. These were my friends, like my sisters. And just like that, three more people that I loved went away. When we eventually said goodbye there was an awful sense of finality to it, followed by total uncertainty, fear and despair.



Galin's Library

December 11, 1941

Right to left: First Row: Hitler, Ribbentrop, Raeder, and Keitel

Second Row: Darre, unknown, Seldte, Frank

Occasion: Declaration of War against the United States of America.

The German Charge d'Affaires, Dr. Hans Thomsen, and the First Secretary of the German Embassy, Mr. von Stempel, called at the State Department at 8 A.M. on December 11, 1941. The Secretary, otherwise engaged, directed that they be received by the Chief of the European Division of the State Department, Mr. Ray Atherton. Mr. Ray Atherton received the German representatives at 9:30 A.M. The German Representatives handed to Mr. Atherton a copy of a note that is being delivered this morning, December 11, to the American Charge d'Affair in Berlin. Dr. Thomsen said that Germany considers herself in a state of war with the United States.



SELF PORTRAIT

### WORLD WAR II

In 1942 I was eleven years old. Under the gun, my Mother Nina and I were conscripted into **Hitler's German Army as Nazi Forced laborers**. I was named Adolf by the Company Commanding Officer Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa. At the age of twelve I was given a German tailored uniform. It never entered my mind when I had a chance to escape without my Mother. Then later, this German uniform that I wore did not make matters easier to go underground without my Mother. Escaping was not a choice the Germans our captors knew this.

**" All of the Original Hitler's Pictures in this eBook at one time were Highly Classified by U.S. Intelligence and may be the only pictures In existence today .. are Owned by the Author Tad Galin "**

### **3 Years Later**



When we surrendered in April 1945, I was fourteen years old and Anneliese was six months old. The clothing, pullover and trousers were given to me and Anneliese by the locals.

To our amazement we found that the Americans did not really care where we came from. The first thing they did, knowing that we had eaten little for weeks, was to provide meals for everyone. Among other foods that the Americans gave us, were *Corn Flakes*. I still remember the little box with wax paper lining inside. Just pour in milk and you could eat on the run. I love it to this day.

**6 Years Later**  
**1951 I joined the US Army in Germany ratified by the**  
**81<sup>st</sup> 82<sup>nd</sup> and 84<sup>th</sup> Congress**



The two Soldiers in the Center of the picture show “1917 and 1953 Uniforms”. Soldier on the left is Pvt. Joseph La Page of Lewiston, Maine, third generation of his family to come into the Army in Fort Devens Massachusetts. He is dressed in a 1917 uniform. The other soldier is the author, Pvt. Tadeusz Przegalinski of Ukraine, Alien enlistee from behind the Iron Curtain. The passage of the Lodge Act of 1950, Pentagon Requested 12,500 Bilinguals for 5 years of active duty for various Army Intelligence. Approved and Ratified by the 81<sup>st</sup> 82<sup>nd</sup> and 84<sup>th</sup> Congress Pvt. Tadeusz was attending the English Language School at Fort Devens. Looking on are: Ernest G. Seeley, first inductee of Camp Devens on 5 September 1917, and Mrs. Seeley, honored guests for Armed Forces Day.

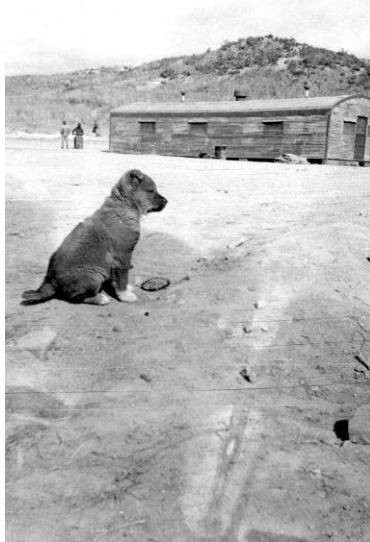
**(Official U.S. Army Photo by Pvt. Edwards)**

**THE LODGE ACT OF 1950**  
**Public Law 597—81st Congress**  
**(As amended by PL 51—82nd Congress, PL**  
**414—82nd Congress, and PL 149—84th Congress)**  
**An Act to provide for the enlistment of aliens in the Regular Army.**

Not quite a Vacation, this is Korea.  
Beautiful and dreary Sand like Mountains in the background



Green Beautiful young Forest in the foreground, very young.  
Just keep looking you'll see it.



Field Hospital  
and Company Mascot  
"Boots" 4 white paws  
40<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division  
625<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery  
Battalion  
A Battery on the 38<sup>th</sup>  
Parallel



We were soldiers and very-very young

1953 Guarding Perimeter in Korea and the simple life, lots of fresh air. It seems as if Siberia and Alaska met right here in the wintertime 5,000 miles from nowhere! Bottom right a half track that pulls 105 or 155 howitzer artillery pieces. They do not do well this deep in the river. It was a job to pull it out and make it operational again. I am working on one on page-272. Not far to the left during an alert I was injured while running to the machinegun position.



Dr. Layer Friesen and I red hat.

2009 Boca Raton Florida it has been close to twenty years since Dr. Layer Friesen and I put these first sixteen pages on his small computer.

1990 I was in a water refining business in Boca Raton, Florida. I loved to prospect for new distributors. It gives me that gold rush feeling. On this particular day as usual I was in a condominium complex Boca Linda enjoying myself, knocking on doors, never knowing when the right person with a good attitude is going to open that door. A gentleman opened the door. I introduced myself. He said, "I am Dr. Layre Friesen. Come on in." Layre is from a family of Mennonite's from Ottawa, Canada. His folks were originally from Crimea Soviet Union. We became good friends. Layre has an interesting background and a great heart. He said, "I, too, am writing a book. We will find lots in common." I spent most of my time with Layre in his office helping him. Layre helped me to start my first sixteen pages of this book on his computer. In return I would be helping Layre with some chores, like proof reading his book and running some errands. Now with sixteen pages in hand plus my hand written notes and tapes that Anne and I secretly taped our Mother Nina. In 1999 Melbourne, Florida as a Vice President with Legacy for Life I resigned, purchased a Compact Presario Computer and now; 20 years later and 488 pages with over 170 pages of photographs and documents.

**"MY NEXT STORY! THIS ALSO MEANT TO BE! "**

Again I was prospecting and met Alerte Robenson; his computer man was Ron Seenauth. Ron became my computer man also.

Ron and his Wife Evelyn residing in Boynton Beach, Fl a Web Site Guru, Ron and I we have set up my Web Site; [www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com) an e-Book it is live as of now-Wednesday, 10-21-2009 Thanks Ron! for being so persistent and insistent for all these months to start building my Web Site. Great to have you 2-as friends!

This story has been in writing well over 40 years.

62 years later

**Geneva Switzerland, Compensation for Forced Labor  
under Nazi Regime  
To put it in perspective:**

**As to on what basis my claim for forced labor  
Under the Nazi Regime was resolved and approved.  
Taken from the document page.**

**R-EVI -THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE PROVIDED BY  
YOU IN YOUR CLAIM.**




**R-ITS -THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT IOM  
OBTAINED FROM THE INTERNATIONAL TRACING SERVICE IN BAD  
AROLSEN, GERMANY.**

**R-BEG-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THE IOM  
OBTAINED FROM GERMAN AUTHORITIES UNDER FEDERAL  
INDEMNIFICATION (BEG) PROGRAMMES.**

**R-FAR-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT  
IOM OBTAINED FROM GERMAN ARCHIVES.**

**R-OTH-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT  
IOM OBTAINED FROM NON-GERMAN ARCHIVES.**

**R-CRD-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED AS CREDIBLE ON THE BASIS OF THE  
TOTALITY OF THE INFORMATION AVAILABLE.**

P.O. BOX 4037 BUFFALO, NY 14240-4037	Ordered By: INTERNATIONAL ORG FOR MIGRATION GERMAN FORCED LABOUR COMPENSATION CASE POSTALE 71 CH-1211 GENEVA 19 SWITZERLAND
 GALIN, TAD 900 LARCH CIRCLE N.E. #104 PALM BAY 32905 FLORIDA	Beneficiary: TAD GALIN IOM Claim Number: 1085444
	CLIENT ID: 83286 REF. NUMBER: L.0000075651 ISSUE DATE: JULY 13, 2004 CHECK NUMBER: 026310907 AMOUNT DUE: USD *****1,572.35
<b>NOTICE OF DECISION</b> IOM German Forced Labour Compensation Programme Date of receipt of claim: 16/05/2001 Award for Forced Labour for a Company/Public Authority Claim resolved on the following basis: R-CRD Awarded amount: DEM 5000.00 (EUR 2556.46) Previously received compensation from a German company, deducted from this award: DEM 0.00 (EUR 0.00) Net awarded amount: DEM 5000.00 (EUR 2556.46) First instalment amount paid through the attached cheque: DEM 2500.00 (EUR 1278.23) Please cash this cheque promptly upon receipt.	
	
Pay to the order of: TAD GALIN	CHECK NUMBER: 026310907
THE SUM OF ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED SEVENTY-TWO AND 35/100 U.S. DOLLAR *****1,572.35	CLIENT ID: 83286
Payable at: CITIBANK, N.A. THROUGH CITIBANK (NEW YORK STATE) ABA 0220 00868	CHECK DATE: JULY 13, 2004
	OR ORDER
	For: CITIBANK, N.A. (NEW YORK)  AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
⑈026310907⑈ ⑆022000868⑆ 99⑈83286	

May 13, 2004 I Received 2 Checks for \$1,572. 35 Each



Ripley's  
**Believe It or Not!**  
INCORPORATED

DOUGLAS F. STORER  
PRESIDENT

235 EAST 45TH STREET  
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.  
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 2-5600  
CABLE ADDRESS: BION, NEW YORK

March 15, 1956

Specialist Third Class  
Tadeusz Przegalinski RA 10-812-458  
Fort Devens, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Przegalinski:

We should like to confirm the following information  
which has come to our attention:

"That you joined the army at 12 years of age  
and had served in 4 different armies by the  
age of 24!"

Would you kindly let us know on the enclosed  
information blank the four Armies you served in,  
giving the dates of joining, and the dates of  
discharge, and any further explanations for a  
possible item in the BELIEVE IT OR NOT newspaper  
feature.

Thank you for your kind cooperation.

Sincerely yours,  
BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

*Helen K. Kish*  
Helen K. Kish  
Asst. to the President

HKK:k

**Old Soldier of 24  
Served Four Armies**

FORT HOOD, Tex.—Not many  
men have been 12-year-old front-  
line soldiers or have served in the  
armies of four nations before  
reaching twice that age.

Specialist Third Class Tadeusz  
Przegalinski of Bremen, Germany,  
now 24 years old, is the exception.  
He has served in the German,  
English, Polish and American  
armies.

**Basic Training**

**Ripley's had a tough time to catch up with me.**

On May 27, 1953, I was assigned to the 44<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division at Ft. Lewis, Washington for sixteen weeks of basic training. After Basic Training, Korea 38° was my next Military Duty of 13 months. Winter 1953 I was injured, 60 years later I became a disabled Korean Veteran



**From Strathmore's Who's Who  
Galin, Sr., Tad**



*To Teach The World  
To Prosper All Together*

Industry: Healthcare, Marketing and Consulting/New Biotechnology Legacy for Life Immune Support System i26®.

Born: Tadeusz Przegalinski  
December 8, 1930, in Yur'yevka, near Kyiv,  
Ukraine Soviet Union.

His Father was deported to Siberia  
by the Russian Dictator  
Josef Stalin before he was born.  
1941-42 during the advancing  
German Forces on Stalingrad.  
Under the gun, Conscripted  
from a small Village of Petropavlovka  
as Nazi Forced laborers  
with his Mother Nina at the age of eleven.  
In 1945. At the age of 14 surrendered  
to the U.S. Force In a small town  
of Tittling Bavaria Germany.

August 1950, Tadeusz Przegalinski Joined the U.S. Army in Germany ratified by the 81<sup>ST</sup> 82 and 84<sup>th</sup> Congress for five years of Active Duty. Univ. / degree:/Honorary degrees: 1952 Language School, Ft. Devens, MA. Set up by U.S. Armed Forces. 1953-54 while serving with 40<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> Division, was injured on the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel in Korea. August 27, 1954 I US CORPS Non-commissioned Officers' Academy at Camp Jecelin, Korea. 1954 US Army Intelligence in Seoul Korea. 1955 Heavy-Track-Tank Wheel Vehicle Specialist at Schofield Barracks Hawaii. 1955 G.E.D. Studies Honolulu Hawaii. High school Diploma from Austin Texas. 1956 Famous Artist School, Inc., Westport, CT. Tad changed his name from Tadeusz Przegalinski to Tad Galin on May 20<sup>th</sup> 1963, COURT HOUSE Cleveland Ohio. 1987 AL. Williams Regional Vice President Insurance and Securities. Recruiting and training Agents. Current organization: Legacy for Life Title: Presidential Director. Type of Organization: Distribution and Exclusive Marketing, Major Product: IMMUNE 26®, IMMUNE 26® COMPLETE SUPPORT and related IMMUNE products worldwide. Area of distribution: National and International. Expertise: Marketing and building distribution worldwide Honors/awards: Awarded by U.S. Army—Distinguished Unit Emblem, Army of Occupation Medal (Germany), Korean Service Medal, Presidential Unit Citation-the 40<sup>th</sup> U.S. Infantry Division by Syngman Rhee, President of the Republic of Korea 7/27/53, United Nations Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Good Conduct Medal; Letter from former President George H.W. Bush complimenting him on his book "**Hitler, Stalin and I**"; Listed also in the second Who's Who, Marquis Who's Who in America, 2002 edition. Hobbies/Sports: Soccer before Korean injuries. Art, classical guitar, chess, and the beaches.

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)  
<http://www.youngevity.com>

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to all who encouraged me and helped to make this book a reality: Dr. Lawrence Friesen, a great friend and great help in starting my first sixteen pages. Ellen Freeman, for her persistence as a cheerleader to write my book. And of course, my wonderful wife June, our sons Tad, Jr., Joseph, and my sister, Anne. A special thanks to Bill Ziegler, a long-time friend. A combat soldier in Germany during World War II, he represents the soldiers that freed my Mother Nina, my sister Anne and me at the war's end with their great efforts and sacrifice. Twenty years later, he himself helped me, in a roundabout way, to find my wife June. Thanks, Bill. A special thank you to Hellen Greenblatt Ph.D. an Immunologist, Microbiologist and Chief Science Officer Legacy for Life, for her giving character and her support to the entire field. Hellen was there when I needed the answers about the Immune System. I would like to thank Jeanne Hillenbrand, Jeff Thompson, Marie Mercer, Mara Bailey, Lorraine Concha, Chris Sullivan and Cathy Smith—librarians and public servants. Only in America can one get this kind of service for \$32.00 a year. Their dedication is incredible. Degroodt Library Palm Bay Florida. I also wish to say a thank-you to my parents: Josef Przegalinski, who taught me to stand up and fight for what is right; and Nina Przegalinska, whose love and countless sacrifices could not be repaid with a dozen lifetimes. I am also in debt to the Russian writer Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. His stories, *Gulag Archipelago*, and *Gulag Archipelago Two*, of Stalin's labor camps helped me to understand my father even though I only knew him briefly for my first seven years of my life during his escape from Siberian prison. Thanks also To Thomas Whitney, Solzhenitsyn's translator, and Harper & Row Publishers for bringing his writings to the western world. Finally, I would like to offer a special word of thanks to some great individuals whom I have never met in person, but who encouraged me to see this project through to the end: General John M. Shalikashvili, page 443 former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs Of Staff, Department of Defense for telling me, "You are telling a story that must be told"; General Charles A. Horner, USAF, Commander of the Air Forces during the Desert Storm Operation. Retired, for his review and suggestions ("I found your experience most unusual and moving. It would make a great novel. Our former 41<sup>st</sup> President George H. W. Bush, for taking the time to read and then write, "I can't begin to imagine the hell you as a 12-year-old kid went through. A fascinating read this is!"

**Rutledge Books, Inc.  
Danbury, CT**

## BOOK REVIEW

The following book reviews that have been received. The reviews follow herein:

In this harrowing memoir, author Tad Galin writes of his impoverished childhood. Growing up in the Soviet Union-Ukraine during the years of Russian Dictator Josef Stalin's reign and World War II. Before his birth, the Bolsheviks had already deported Mr. Galin's Father to Siberia. He did, however, make his escape and returned home to collect his wife and six-month-old child before fleeing to the Southern Ukraine. For eight years, the family barely survived, enduring the horrific famine of 1932-33 manufactured by Stalin as an attempt to eliminate the Ukrainian population. But sadly, Mr. Galin's father was eventually apprehended and sent to Siberia for a second time—never to be seen again. His mother, Nina, an attractive and resourceful woman, soon secured a job at the local hospital and managed to care for her son on her own, but when Hitler's army invaded Russia, life would change for them again. A German command post was established in the hospital in which Nina worked. Nina and her eleven-year-old son were conscripted by the Company Commanding Officer Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa as Nazi laborers to cook and work for them. As the Germans were forced to retreat from Russia, Nina under the gun was forced into accompanying the commanding officer as his companion. Nina, her son and eventually a newborn daughter became part of a German convoy that limped its way back to Germany. Mr. Galin tells his incredible coming of age saga in crisply expressive prose through which one can perceive the ineffable spirit that buoyed the author through his hardships.

---

**General John M. Shalikashvili**, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs Of Staff, Department of Defense for telling me, "You are telling a story that must be told";

**General Charles A. Horner**, USAF, Commander of the Air Forces during the Desert Storm Operation. Retired, for his review and suggestions ("I found your experience most unusual and moving. It would make a great novel");

**Wayne Green, Ph. D. Founder of Mensa**

Tad, you have a fascinating story of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's most bloody years, and told from being right in the middle. A suggestion: start from the present day. Legacy and your products, explaining their benefits. From there, how you got into this. And then to your story and tell it consecutively. Stalin's killing the teachers, businessmen, intellectuals, and army officers, plus his starving of the Ukraine, are stories few know today. Ditto much of the details of Hitler's murders.

**Cornelis Suijk, President Contemporary Holocaust Education Foundation  
New York, November 8, 2007**

Dear Tad, Your fascinating life story arrived in the mail and kept me reading it breathless. Your father's escape from Siberia, your conscription by the Germans, the retreat to Bavaria after their army collapsed "and your amazing integration in the American society, fulfilling convincingly the legend of the so-called American Dream. It constitutes as others already stated too, the ingredients for an epic novel." To find an author and also a publisher to undertake the funding, still requires a major effort, for which I regretfully miss the necessary contacts. However, as far as I know writers of biographies, I will share your manuscript with them and suggest contacting you.

Tad, I thank you and greet you warmly!  
Cornelis Suijk,

Our former 41ST **President George H. W. Bush**, for taking the time to read and then write, "I can't begin to imagine the hell you as a 12-year-old kid went through. A fascinating read this is!"

WALKER'S POINT, POST OFFICE BOX 492, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE 04046

PHONE (207) 967-5800 / FAX (207) 967-0255



GEORGE BUSH

June 3, 1999

Dear Tad,

I have just returned from a week in Asia, and your story *Hitler, Stalin and I* was on my desk waiting for me.

Thank you very much for forwarding along a copy, Tad, and for your thoughtful note. At my age kind words and gestures go a long, long way. Best of luck to you in whatever lies ahead.

Regards,

GB

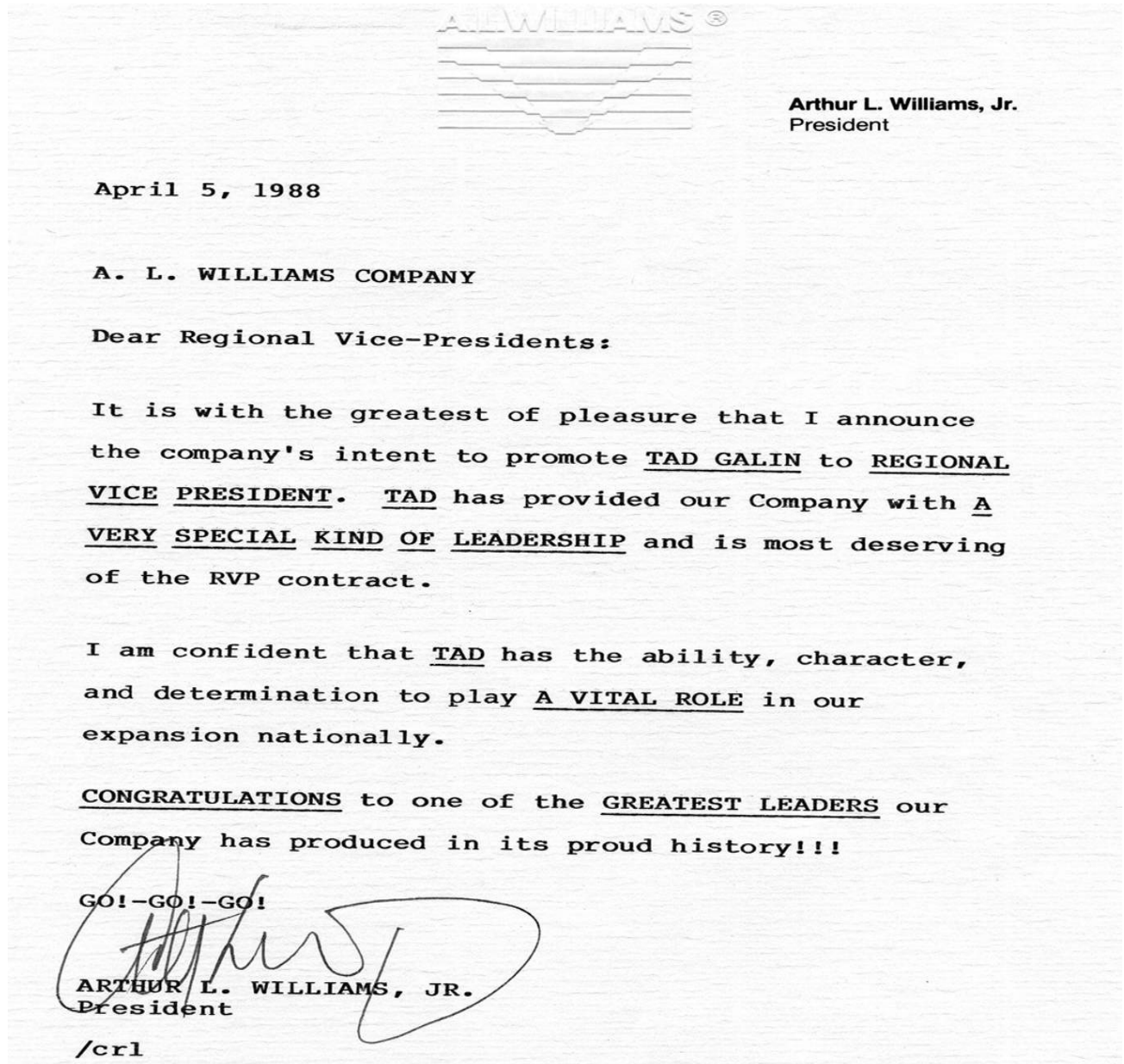
Tad Galin  
900 Larch Circle, N.E.  
Suite 104  
Palm Bay, FL 32905

I can't begin to imagine the  
hell you as a 12 year  
kid went through  
so fascinating read this is!

GB

WALKER'S POINT, POST OFFICE BOX 492, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE 04046  
PHONE (207) 967-5800 / FAX (207) 967-0255

**The Legacy of "Legacy for Life" Story 58 Pages through page 86:**



On June 10, 1989, for health and family reasons, plus \$313 million dollars, Art Williams sold the A.L Williams Insurance and Securities operations to Primerica also known as Milico. Again I was looking and praying for something to come my way,

Not knowing, that,

**Our future and Legacy was already started by Ralph Stolle in 1958**

Late spring 1992 I began to research and drink Stolly Milk. 1995 I was asked to c/o found with Tad Elias a marketing arm for DuPont ConAgra Visions. D.C.V. I started infrastructure on paper. 1997 moved from St. Augustine Fl to setup the operation in 300 sq. ft. in Melbourne Florida, I named the Co. Legacy USA Inc. July 23, 1998. Qualification Documents for Legacy USA, Inc. I filed in Tallahassee, Florida.

**“The Legacy” of Legacy U.S.A., Inc.**

Known today as Legacy for Life  
A History in the Making



A typical New Zealand dairy

**The Ralph Stolle Era Started in 1958**

Began with Ralph Stolle, businessman and owner-operator of the San Mar Gale Farm in Lebanon, Ohio. Stolle **Milk Biologics** International

**A Billionaire’s Passion Ralph Stolle**

Stolle Research and Development Corporation is a subsidiary of the Ralph J. Stolle Company and has been active in the field of immune milk and research into milk biologics for over fifty years. Stolle also formed a limited partnership with the New Zealand Dairy Board where uncontaminated milk reigns supreme. The Stolle torch was passed on to us, Via DuPont., DuPont no longer has any interest in Stolle Milk, DCV, or Legacy for Life.

*\*Since August 1997, Legacy for Life has not been affiliated with either DuPont or ConAgra. Neither DuPont nor ConAgra is the source or sponsor of any products of Legacy for Life, LLC.*



ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

FREDERICK J. CLOSE  
VICE PRESIDENT

Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

October 12, 1962

Mr. Ralph Stolle  
The Stolle Corporation  
1501 Michigan Street  
Sidney, Ohio

Dear Ralph:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for last evening. In true Stolle fashion, the dinner was delicious.

As you know, Ralph, I have made many trips to not only your plant, but your home, but I have never been on any more serious mission than I was last night. The complete assurance that you, Elton Kaminski, and Don Welty gave me with regard to your ability to produce the tear-out beer can end in the quantities indicated in your letter of October 9th, and in accordance with the time schedule also indicated in that letter, was the best news I have heard in a long time.

Some of us at Alcoa are pretty well convinced that if we can successfully manufacture this end in volume at the premium of \$2.00 per thousand over the cost of metal, with the exception of the tab, that there is a real market and your help in getting us first in the market with such a device is most appreciated. As you know, Ralph, we and you are in the same sort of a situation as a fellow jumping with a parachute. It's got to work the first time. I, personally, have great confidence in you and your organization and I am delighted that you have such confidence in making this end in volume with practically no defects.

I am asking Vaughn Chase to issue an order to you for 200,000 of these ends at \$2.00 a thousand, f.o.b. your plant, and I hope you will keep me advised as to how you are progressing. I am assured by Continental Can that you will receive ends ready for scoring and attaching the tab by November first, and that the volume they will have for you will keep your lines busy.

Many thanks, Ralph.

Sincerely,

F. J. Close  
Vice President - Marketing

FJC:aml

cc: Messrs. F. L. Magee, M. M. Anderson, L. Litchfield, Jr., J. Harper, C. Sand



The letter that started the  
aluminum can industry,  
over 100 billion cans  
produced in 1994.



### **The Beginning of our Legacy And the Historic Visit with Ralph Stolle**

Summer 1992, Ted Elias at that first momentous meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, said that he found his host to be very cordial, bright and interesting. "I was quite taken with him. He was a wise old man." Up until his nineties, Ralph Stolle had continued to be vigorous and active. People who saw him at his offices in Cincinnati or at his farm in nearby Lebanon, Ohio talked with wonderment about his energy. Elias recalls spending a whole day with him in meetings "and at the end of the day I was pretty much exhausted. He was still pumping." Stolle himself had no doubts about the source of his prodigious energy. It was the direct result of the scientific research he had been doing on his farm for thirty years. The research was aimed at helping the human immune system fight illness. It had resulted in a number of U.S. patents for producing hyper immune animals. One product was called Stolle Immune Milk. "Ralph Stolle was the living example of his own research," recalls Elias. "At ninety-one years old, he was running twenty-five companies, working fourteen hours a day and loving every minute of it," he adds. "His friends were benefiting too," recalls Elias. "He had all these elderly friends and all were incredibly dynamic and on the go." Stolle had told them about the amazing impact Stolle Immune Milk had on him personally and now they all were taking it and telling others about its benefits. "People joked that it was some sort of youth serum," says Elias. Getting some form of his "youth serum" to market in the United States had become one of Stolle's passions. As Elias observed, "Stolle had wanted to do this for years. He was a humanitarian. He felt this could improve the quality of life for millions. He did not need the money. He was a billionaire. He wanted to get the product out to the public."

### **Network Marketing – A Home Based Business**

As Stolle traveled about the world and ran his companies as if he were a nonstop dynamo, he told people about his product's remarkable benefits. From what Ted Elias could tell, Ralph Stolle seemed to have grasped a fact that had eluded many: For the kind of rapid, large scale market penetration he wanted, there could be no more powerful means of distributing a product like his than by telling people about it face to face, one person at a time. Stolle and his associates had heard the case for network marketing, and Stolle had wanted action. "He was getting frustrated. He knew time was running out for him," said Elias. However, the people in Stolle's company could not agree on the direction needed. Network marketing was too big and radical a step for some of them to imagine taking. Ralph Stolle died in January 1996 without realizing his dream of bringing Stolle's Immune Milk to market. Without Stolle's support, what had seemed like a unique opportunity for Elias—a chance to sell a remarkable health product by network marketing—slipped away. The likelihood of his picking up the pieces seemed remote.

### **A Quiet Man,**

Dr. Orn Adalsteinsson, a science prodigy from Reykjavik, Iceland, came to America as an undergraduate in 1969. He was recognized as one of the top ten chemical engineers in the country upon graduating from college. He then earned a Ph.D. at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was deeply impressed by the complexity of the human body's chemical interactions. The quiet, low-key Adalsteinsson ascended the austere and forbidding hierarchy of scientific achievement by illuminating the mysteries of molecules and securing valuable patents for his employers. By his early twenties, Adalsteinsson had risen high enough on the scientific pyramid to be on familiar terms with the luminaries at the very peak. In 1979, attracted by the company's technological prowess, he joined E.I. DuPont. Nemours.

### **On Fire with a Mission**

Despite his unassuming manner, since 1992, Adalsteinsson has been a man on fire with a mission. As vice president of D C V Inc. he is the person most closely associated with BioChoice® for the longest period of time. In spearheading its development, he had to overcome major scientific and technological obstacles. As a DuPont employee, Adalsteinsson had traveled to Ohio to meet Billionaire Ralph Stolle and evaluate the Stolle organization's work in creating products to support the human immune system. Adalsteinsson got to know Stolle. He admired his energy and vision. "I was fascinated by his love for science and his belief in hyper immune products," he says. For Stolle that belief included drinking daily doses of antibody-packed milk taken from cows. "Stolle was a pioneer in the domain of hyper immune products in spite of not being trained in science," says Adalsteinsson.

### **Rescuing the Technology**

But even the wealth and willpower of a self-made billionaire were not enough to get Stolle's product out of the floundering stage it was in and make it suitable for manufacture and sale in the United States. That step required the acquisition of the Stolle technology by the joint venture that came to be known as D C V, Inc. Mr. Stolle knew that his antibody-laden milk helped its users in the same way that mother's milk provides immune protection to a newborn baby. However, Mr. Stolle proposed a more powerful solution than cow's milk. Dr. Adalsteinsson said that initially "People at first were not receptive to the idea," he says. But Mr. Stolle knew that chicken eggs have almost twenty times more antibodies for their weight than cow's milk. In addition, egg antibodies appeared more effective than milk antibodies in eliminating infection. Dr. Hellen Greenblatt, Vice-president of Legacy and DCV Life Sciences, recalls "the whole new way of thinking" she encountered when Adalsteinsson told her about an egg based technology. "Extremely skeptical" at first, she too came to see that the egg was a powerful biological package precisely "because it is the chicken's only chance" to pass on immunity and nutrients to its offspring. Eggs could also be produced in huge quantities; they could be easily converted into powder form; and they could be economically packaged for convenient consumption. With D C V's egg technology, Hyperimmune products soared from being a product used only by a billionaire and his small coterie of privileged friends to one that was available to the world at large. Taking that step required tapping into Adalsteinsson's network of contacts in the scientific world. He knew that modern scientific progress relied on the work and knowledge of highly specialized individuals and teams. As he had seen all too clearly,

in complex areas like biotechnology, maverick geniuses and independent scientific gurus rarely had the intellectual or financial capital to make important advances. In describing the way modern science works, Adalsteinsson likes to quote a saying in his native Icelandic: “An individual alone is only half; with others he is more than himself.” Adalsteinsson had easy access to these “others” as a result of his brilliant scientific career. As if in preparation for his work at DCV, he had learned of the importance of “reaching out to others” to pursue multidisciplinary solutions. Working in collaboration with DCV, Inc., the U.S. Army did two clinical studies with BioChoice®, and researchers at two leading clinics in Boston and New York – Beth Israel/Harvard and New York Hospital have also studied the product for its joint health aspects. “I think that in many ways discoveries are based on exposure, breadth, and training, and the ability to integrate all the pieces,” Adalsteinsson says.

### **The Marketing Challenge**

Now a new challenge faced DCV, Inc. It perplexed him in a way that the science had not. Unfamiliar up to that point with network marketing, DCV, Inc. could not decide how to communicate accurately to the consumer the extensive benefits of their twenty-first century technology. One problem was that their new product was both more powerful and subtler than the pharmaceutical and medical solutions previously offered to the public.

### ***A New Approach to Health***

For example, BioChoice® was a natural product aimed at keeping people healthy rather than pumping them full of drugs and medicines after they became ill. Adalsteinsson knew consumers were rejecting the old approach to health. That approach often involved injecting the body with chemicals – with their deleterious side effects. Antibiotics killed not only the harmful, disease – causing invaders in your body, they wiped out many beneficial organisms as well. And their widespread use had led to the growth of super organisms that resisted all treatment. BioChoice®, by contrast, worked to complement and support the consumer’s own immune system, helping people heal themselves.

It helped the body support its self against viruses, bacteria, toxins, parasites, fungi, and other organisms. It presaged an enormous boon to people with autoimmune diseases such as arthritis and lupus. In the view of Dr. Hellen Greenblatt, it was also a product that enabled users to go beyond the old standard of simply “not being sick” and allowed them to improve the quality of their lives. Dr. Greenblatt and the others on the DCV team began speaking of BioChoice® as having the power to usher in “a new golden age” of health and well-being. Dr. Adalsteinsson believed that its benefits might continue to be discovered for years to come.

### **How to Tell Consumers**

The benefits, in fact, were so numerous that no conventional method of telling consumers about it would be suitable. It was a product with essential vitamins including 100% daily value of the all-important anti-oxidants. Its multivalent vaccine included organisms ranging from Salmonella to E. Coli to the organisms that cause tooth decay. Even a glance at the links on the DCV Web site shows the huge variety of potential users. The DCV Web site also links to sites on preventive medicine and sexual health. At the same time, Adalsteinsson was expending every breath on building support for BioChoice®. He was campaigning single-mindedly “to get buy-ins from others, to get people on the team, to do internal selling, to get others on board.”

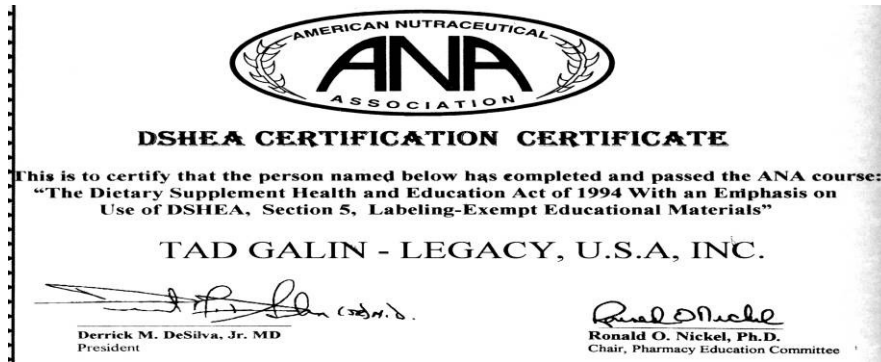
His campaign included sending BioChoice® to corporate personnel, including a key executive at ConAgra and his secretary, both of whom suffered from arthritis. The executive quickly found relief from the stiffness in his neck and was able to resume his passion for hunting. His secretary felt so much better she was able to put off her planned retirement and work for several more years. With such reinforcement, the stock of BioChoice® rose internally. Anecdotes about such dramatic results became part of the unofficial lore of the company, cited at meetings as proof of the power of personal testimonials.

1992 Boca Raton Florida I had traveled all around the country for almost forty years looking for the edge. I had even come close to finding it a few times. I didn't regret one minute or one choice but I was sure ready to have things fall into place. I do remember being so discouraged one day. It wasn't hard to slip down that spiral of depression and of feeling like a failure. Or worst yet, feeling sorry for myself. Some times I felt that I had done it all and yet success still eluded me; I was still struggling. I was thinking that God must have been at the craps table in Vegas, because he sure wasn't answering my prayers.

**“And then it happened”**

In 1992 it seemed that the big break for which I had toiled so long was about to become a reality. At the Wild Flower Restaurant on the Intercoastal Waterway in Boca Raton, Florida, I was having a drink during happy hour with a friend of mine during the years of Amway days. Ted Elias and I were discussing a new biotechnology that was being ushered in during the last decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Originally, it all started by Ralph Stolle out of Sidney, Ohio. It was known then as Stolle Milk. I loved it. This was before I named it BioChoice® or Immune 26® later. It is a story in itself. I may go there some day and continue the Ralph Stolle Story. I was excited about this breakthrough. It was a passive transfer of immune support system product for human concern, designed to help the human body maintain its immune system in top form in order to fight diseases that we come into contact with every day. It was going to be different than anything the world had ever seen with over 100 patents worldwide and it sounded like it was going to work. A bell went off in the back of my head. It sounded good and if it did work, the market for it could be bigger than anything I had ever come across. Plus, the idea of selling a product whose goal is to help people live better and longer, and if this was to be true, let's just say it grabbed my attention. For the next several years the researchers fine-tuned their formula. I started reading—a lot! I picked up several books at the library on the immune system, read and reread them, and then got some more. Finally, I chose six books, made copies of scores of handpicked pages, and made a study guide for myself. The more I read, the more excited I got. I studied the Dietary Supplement Health Education Act of 1994, DSHEA, with the American Nutraceutical Association (ANA). After completing the ANA course with an Emphasis on the use of DSHEA, Section 5, “Labeling–Exempt Education Materials,” I was issued DSHEA Certification and I became a member of The American Nutraceutical Association.





With the education I was giving myself, it became clear that new biotechnological breakthrough in human immune support could become a viable business venture. I was getting excited that my days as a Kirby salesman might be nearing an end. But unfortunately, the effort that was needed to move from idea, to product, to marketing was taking its toll, I watched this idea flounder and fade into obscurity, helpless to do anything about it. It looked like yet another dream gone bust. DuPont owned Merck Pharmaceuticals or majority of it, i26® was a threat to the Industry and decided to lock up i26® and throw the key away. Then in 1994 the breakthrough came. In a surprise move, the President of DuPont/ConAgra Visions (D.C.V.), Dr. Earnest W. Porta, formally a Chief Scientist with DuPont he knew too much and was not going to let it happen. Dr. E. Porter led a group of thirty-two scientists, researchers, and executives arose to save the day. They bought the rights to the product originally developed and held by DuPont and ConAgra, as well as a number of other products, along with a group of research buildings and manufacturing facilities. They created a new company, called DCV, Inc., DuPont/ConAgra Visions (D.C.V.), completely separate and free from DuPont and ConAgra, the former parent companies; and they dove into marketing in earnest. DuPont originally had spent over 20 years and \$50 million in research and development. DuPont had developed a formula Immune 26® that would provide a person with millions of naturally produced antibodies and other super immune co-factors to help balance one's own immune system to fight off harmful bacteria, fungi, viruses, etc. In short, it gives major support to Mother Nature's own extraordinary defense mechanism called Immune System. It continues to be researched to this day by a number of leading authorities, including Harvard Medical School, by the US Army and at many other sites around the world.

#### **Friends for Life**

August 1996 upon arrival at Ted Elias's home in Melbourne Beach, Florida, this time, for the purpose of discussing a partnership in this new venture that I later named Legacy USA Inc. June and I noticed that Ted's wife Arlene was somewhat uneasy. We were settled quite comfortably in the living room. After a three hour drive and a good meal, we got right into it. Ted said, "Ted, I would like for you to start our new venture as partner/founder and VP."

For no logical reason Arlene said, “Ted, I am serious, without Tad Galin, you will not do this.” Well, I was some what surprised because I had not said a word yet. Since I was doing already all of the necessary work to set up an infrastructure with no pay for about one year, to me this was just a formality discussion. I agreed to Tad’s proposal. Arlene was delighted. I trusted Ted and never asked for a formal business agreement. In retrospect I should have. Many a nights till 2:00 AM we would lie on the floor at Ted’s home working on the marketing and compensation plan. Ted’s wife, Arlene, would say to us, “Since I don’t know what you guys are doing I am going to bed.” Come to think about it, we didn’t either, but I wouldn’t tell her that. Even though I never worked with Ted before as a partner in a corporate environment, by this time, my relationship with Ted looked like we were a great team. It seamed like Ted and Arlene were a great couple. We would meet privately at their home in Melbourne Beach at times and discussed our many strategies, challenges, and the future of Legacy at dinners or at our private meetings and at Legacy’s parties also held at their home. Our first one small room rented office of approximately 300 sq. ft. was facing West next to the railroad tracks with one window on the back of the building. It was on the second floor at 102 S. Harbor City Blvd. Melbourne, Florida. This small, one room space was part of Tim’s corporate Offices, the Network Group. With lots of frustration, it took me almost two weeks to get our first telephone to work with Bell South. One Monday morning 11 AM; was my first contact with the Bell South top management in Miami, Florida. After giving him my opinion of their services to this brand new fledgling company, Legacy, by 1 PM had its first working telephone number: 321 951-8815. It does my heart good to see that even though Legacy has moved three times in Melbourne Florida since those days, and have kept the same phone number. For this phone # I promised a bottle of vine to the phone lady at Bellsouth that I never delivered, I could not get back in touch with her.



Art rendering

Victory signing. A triumphant moment for research into the benefits of DCV’s Breakthrough product occurred in 1994. We won a prestigious agreement for extensive testing of the active ingredient in BioChoice®. Örn Adalsteinsson, seated, with the Department of the Army, signed by Colonel David M. Penetar. For DCV, Inc., this was a breakthrough in health science for the 21<sup>TH</sup> Century.

Now DCV, Inc. needed a marketing arm to be built from the ground up. There was no funding at this time yet. Among other things, I decided not to wait for the funding and went to work on the necessary research and corporate documents, such as policies and procedures, compensation plan, corporate plan and structure. Including traveling six hours a week from St. Augustine to Melbourne, Florida, totally at my own expense. There was no company named Legacy, or the product named BioChoice®, no office, and there was no paycheck, just a living room floor working until early AM. Giving up a business SKY-WAY-HOME-THEATR Inc. and selling Kirby's Vacuum Cleaners, over two years of income this translates into well over \$100,000 It never occurred to me, that one did not have to pay for a vision, dream, and than success.

### **About DCV, Inc., and the Parent Company DuPont / ConAgra Visions (D.C.V.)**

DuPont and ConAgra formed D.C.V. as a group venture. Since August 1997, it became a new company called simply DCV Inc. DCV Inc. has not been affiliated with either DuPont or ConAgra. Neither DuPont nor ConAgra is the source or sponsor of any products of DCV Inc. or Legacy for Life LLC. DCV Inc. is comprised of leading scientists in the fields of immunology, rheumatology, chemical engineering, microbiology, DNA technology, physics and more in research, development and manufacturing facilities in the United States, Mexico, Canada, and Europe. DCV produces high-quality natural ingredients with almost \$200 million in annual sales and holds more than 400 worldwide patents pending or issued. They are the largest manufacturer of chitosan in the world, the largest U.S. producer of choline chloride, an essential B vitamin, and the largest North American producer of oat and dietary fiber. The principal and top DCV management, Dr. Earnest W. Porta, Ph.D., President and CEO. In the early days agreed with our thinking and decided to market this new immune technology via network marketing and is responsible in pioneering the combination of the corporate management with network marketing. This makes Legacy for Life a unique worldwide marketing operation.

### **A Short Overview of ConAgra**

Omaha-based ConAgra is an international diversified food company with a mix of business ranging from supplying farmers with feed and fertilizers to producing commodities like grain and beef. It also sells groceries brands such as Wesson (oil), Armor (meats and frozen foods), and County Line (cheeses). ConAgra is the nation's #2 food company after Phillip Morris and has 21 brands, including its 1 billion-flagship brand, "Healthy Choice," from which I got the idea for our Legacy product, "BioChoice." ConAgra, a Legacy former Parent Company along with DuPont. I have been eating DAVID Pumpkin Seeds for a long time, good source of protein and more; just recently I discovered that DAVID Pumpkin Seeds are also owned by ConAgra.

**DCV'S WORLDWIDE MARKETING ARM  
Legacy's Formative Years, Day One**

1992-94. Tad and June Galin and the Humble Beginnings of Legacy for Life. At the Wild Flower Restaurant, Meeting a friend, Ted Elias, at Happy Hour Time on Trans Coastal Waterway Boca Raton, Florida. Subject, New Biotechnology; Legacy was born. 1994 Starting with no funding by DCV, (DuPont ConAgra Visions) for the next some two years with my wife June We financed our own way. With the support of our two sons, Tad Jr., Joe and my sister Anne, We built Legacy USA Inc., known today as Legacy for Life. Spring 1997 funding by DCV began. We opened up and started



Legacy's first office at 102 S. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, Florida. Building # 1 and building # 2 pictures below. Building # 1. 300 sq. ft. office on the second floor back of the building with two little windows and no phone. It is here that I named Legacy USA, Inc. Legacy USA was born! We had two employees and growing. February 1998 we moved into 1500 sq. ft., next door # 2. a small freestanding building to the right, at 104 S. Harbor City Blvd. Here I named BIOCHOICE™, (known today as I 26® Complete Support was born here.) We had six employees. July 23, 1998. Qualification Documents for Legacy USA, Inc. were filed in Tallahassee, Florida. August 1998 we moved into 5,000 sq. ft. Building at 1333 Gateway Dr. Here we had sixteen employees. 2003 we moved into 21,000 sq ft. Building page 62. In July, 2003 Legacy for Life Inc., as it is known today, was still in its infancy. For me personally, at least for once in my life, I was right for founding and naming Legacy. I am getting excited building my "Family Legacy Estate". In a strange way, this is just a beginning. I feel the spirit of pioneering all over again. Since my goals for my family are high, I don't have much choice and I love every minute of it. Helping people to dream and to see the vision. Those that catch the true spirit of Legacy and become pioneers for the next several years will become well to do. For some may not see the humble beginnings of Legacy for Life and just how far Legacy has come. It makes June and me very proud and humble. LEGACY FOR LIFE TODAY From 300 sq. ft. office to 21,000 sq. ft. World Headquarters Melbourne, Florida. Francis Marino President, Connie Calvert CEO and Owner, Randy Calvert Chairman of the Board and Owner, Hellen Greenblatt Chief Scientist. With top Leaders In the field, Rich Morgan, Presidential Director, Will Therrien National Marketing Director. Today Legacy is shipping to 35 countries. April 1, 2007 Legacy was totally restructured for the 21st Century. The Legacy future is looking very promising. With today's leadership and great corporate support in place and one of a kind exclusive product in the world, a multi billion dollar worldwide operation is in the making. Legacy for Life, i 26® Trim Berry Extreme, and Balance for Life has created for us a Healthy Life Style and Prosperity with Purpose "Truly a Family's Legacy." Tad and June Galin Sr. Presidential Director.

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)

**Legacy For Life:**

<http://www.i26forhealth.com>

**A Billion Dollar Company in our lifetime, Legacy for Life.  
Happy 15<sup>th</sup> Anniversary July 23-1998-July 23-2009**



**Historically: Legacy for Life  
Was a Marketing Arm of (D.C.V. Inc.)  
DuPont /ConAgra Visions**

*\*Since August 1997, Legacy for Life has not been affiliated with either DuPont or ConAgra. Neither DuPont nor ConAgra is the source or sponsor of any products of Legacy for Life.*



The Humble Beginnings of Legacy started here at # 1. And # 2. Above. Spring of 1998 My Legacy first office at 102 S. Harbor City Blvd. Melbourne, Florida. 300 sq. ft. on the second floor on the back of the building on this side of the tracks with two little windows, with a picnic table 2 picnic folding chairs and no phone it is here that I named Legacy USA, Inc. Legacy was born. We had 2 employees and growing. February 1998 we moved next door into 1500 sq. ft. a small freestanding building to the right #2, at 104 S. Harbor City Blvd. BioChoice (known today as I 26™ Complete Support was born here.) we had 6 employees. August 1998 we moved into 5,000 sq. ft. Building at 1333 Gateway Dr. Here we had 16 employees. 2003 we moved into 21,000 sq ft. Building Legacy's World Headquarters, Melbourne Florida. The Legacy Future into The 21<sup>st</sup> Century looking very promising. July 23, 1998. Qualification Documents for Legacy USA, Inc. were filed with the State of Florida, Tallahassee. In July, 2003 Legacy for Life Inc., as it is known today, was still in its infancy. For me personally, at least for once in my life, I was right for founding and naming Legacy. I am getting excited building my "Family Legacy Estate". In a strange way, this is just a beginning. I feel the spirit of pioneering all over again. Since my goals for my family are high, I don't have much choice and I love every minute of it. Helping people to dream and to see the vision. Those that catch the true spirit of Legacy and become pioneers for the next several years will become well to do. For some may not see or understand the humble beginnings of Legacy for Life and just how far Legacy has come. It makes June and me very proud. With today's great corporate leadership and capable management in place, with top leaders in the field and one of a kind exclusive product in the world, a multi billion dollar worldwide operation is in the making. For June and me, it is just a matter of time. Legacy for Life, **i 26™** and **Trim Berry Extreme** creates a Healthy Life Style and **Prosperity with Purpose.**

TRANSMISSION VERIFICATION REPORT

TIME: 04/10/1994 01:47

NAME: TAD GALIN LEGACY DCV

FAX : 4079566671

TEL : 4079566675

ROGER LYON JR.

DATE, TIME 04/10 01:41

FAX NO./NAME 19017257706 + PH.

DURATION 00:05:36

PAGE(S) 10

RESULT OK

MODE STANDARD

TRANSMISSION VERIFACATION REPORT

16 years later. TIME: 04/10/1994 01:47 NAME: TAD GALIN LEGACY DCV. I recently discovered this document; these were the actual beginnings working out of our home in St. Augustine, Florida. Unofficially, I named Legacy DCV as the document states above; this was before I named Legacy USA Inc.

## **Legacy and the Price**

The price for the American Dream and Vision! As most expect only to receive. Even with a lack of understanding for the most part of it all, almost by instinct, I knew that this technology may be the best since the creation of the air itself. We know that one can not live with out these two conditions -- Air and Immune System. Yet, so many know so little; it is frightening. When it comes to writing a history, only few souls will stand up and be counted. I received much from this nation of ours. To me it is very important to be a part of these historic years. However without action, all else will not matter. Today sometimes, a prospective distributor will say, "\$499.00 for a business system and an exclusive distributorship worldwide is a lot of money." Is it really? Let's put things in perspective. Just to start a small and simple boutique store would cost you about \$25,000 dollars with a rent of over \$1,000 dollars a month. All this, then wait until someone comes in to buy a padded toilet seat. How many toilet seats do you have to sell just to pay the rent? And on top of it all, 90% of all new businesses go out of business the first year. Legacy's support to us in the field is enormous, a multi million dollar operation shipping worldwide to all of our customers and distributors; every one gets paid on time. Over 100 worldwide patents, the patent estate alone is valued at well over \$35 million dollars. For \$499.00 dollars you're in business worldwide. With some products and a free Web Site, it's a turnkey operation. Considering my monthly downline sales volume is well over \$50,000 per month working out of my dining room without even one employee, this is enough to make one humble. How is one to put a dream and a vision into someone that has no pioneering spirit, is not coach able or teachable, or has no confidence in their own ability? With no vision, all will parish. One needs the ability to see the value of the unseen fruits of labor to come. The key is! "Vision, plus Hard Work and Perseverance. Later I began to receive \$800.00 a month to cover some of the expenses. This helped a lot, as by this time we had depleted most of our personal finances to the tune of well over \$100,000. Then in 1997, Ted Elias asked me to join him as partner/founder and vice-president of marketing to set up the physical infrastructure of this fledgling marketing arm. We, took the leap of faith, and did it. June and I uprooted ourselves once again from St. Augustine, Florida and moved to Melbourne, Florida, the world headquarters-to-be for this start up Marketing Arm of DCV and its operations worldwide.



1. 2.

FLORIDA DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
Sandra B. Mortham  
Secretary of State

July 23, 1998

CTCORP

Qualification documents-for LEGACY USA, -INC. were-filed on July 23, 1998 and- assigned document number F98000004204. Please refer to this number whenever corresponding with this office.

Your corporation is now qualified and authorized to transact business in Florida as of the file date.

A corporation annual report will be due this office between January 1 and May 1 of the year following the calendar year of the file date. A Federal Employer Identification (FEI) number will be required before this report can be filed. If you do not already have an FEI number, please apply NOW with the Internal Revenue by calling 1-800-829-3676 and requesting form SS-4.

Please be aware if the corporate address changes, it is the responsibility of the corporation to notify this office.

Should you have any questions regarding this matter, please telephone (850) 487-6091, the Foreign Qualification Tax Lien Section.

Michael Mays  
Document Specialist  
Division of Corporations

Letter Number: 998A00039024

Division of Corporations - P.O. BOX 6327 Tallahassee, Florida 32314

7-17-96

TO: TED  
FROM: TAD  
RE: BUDGET FOR WILMINGTON DELAWARE.

① 2- OFFICES SIDE BY SIDE  
ONE OFF. FOR COMPUTER AND DEDICATED FAX  
2ND OFF. FOR TELMARKETING


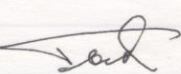
② 3- TELEPHONES (ONE INCOMMING) W/ ROLL OVER

③ EQUIPMENT

A COMPUTER W/MODEM TO TED ELIAS  
B DEDICATED FAX  
C BUSINESS TYPEWRITER  
D 3 TELEPHONES

TAD GALIN'S SAL.	\$3200	- CAR RENT \$2000	
		- APTMT 400	= -600
COMPUTER TECHNICIAN	\$3000		
MISCELLANEOUS	\$800		
AUGUST	7,000		
SEPTEMBER	10,000	COMPUTER LITERATE	
OCTOBER	15,000	ADD ONE PERSON (TEL MARK)	

ABOVE IS A (PILOT-SKELETON)  
FOR A BILLION \$ OPERATION

Formative beginnings; it can not get any more Formative.  
Starting in 1994 the beginning of what is known today as  
Legacy for Life.



# A<sup>BY</sup> A INC.

## PRODUCT LINE

### PHASE I

- ① IMMUNE: BEVERAGE IN 3 FLAVORS
- VANILLA
  - CHOCOLATE
  - STRAWBERRIES

- ② IMM: SPORTS ENERGY DRINK

ALL PRODUCTS 30 DAY SUPPLY	
HW	RETAIL
\$39.95	\$49.95
ENERGY BARS 60 PER BOX	
IMMUNE DRINKS 60 PER BOX	
\$1.65 PER DAY PER PERSON RET.	
\$1.33	" " " " " " WH

- ③ IMMUNE: DRINK FOR CHILDREN

IMMUNE: DRINK FOR CHILDREN	
HW	RETAIL
\$19.95	\$29.95
IMMUNE DRINKS 30 PER BOX	
" " BARS	30 " BOX

- ④ IMMUNE: WEIGHT REGULATOR  
GAIN, OR LOSE

- ⑤ IMMUNE: PRO-BIOTIC FORMULAR

- ⑥ IMMUNE: ENERGY BARS
- MACADAMIA NUTS
  - CASHEW NUTS
  - CARAMEL

- LEMON-LIME
- ORANGE
- CITRUS COOLER
- LEMON-ICE
- TROPICAL BURST
- WATER MELON
- FRUIT PUNCH
- GRAPE

- BLUE RASBERRY
- WILD APPLE
- CHERRY RUSH
- STRAWBERRY KIWI

- CARAMEL
- CHOCOLATE<sup>WITH</sup> MINT

- FRENCH VANILLA
- CHOCOLATE<sup>WITH</sup> HAZELNUT

Tad Galin

**In our second Legacy home at 104 S. Harbor Blvd. 1500 sq. ft.  
Free standing building the three flavors was finalized.  
Chocolate, Vanilla, and Strawberry.**

1998 there were several of us, (Brenda Ploetz, Bill Osborne, Ted Elias, Jack Davis, Dotty Kirkley, June and I tasting and deciding the flavors of today's BioChoice® three flavors.) Out of literally hundreds of different flavors that are available and many phone survey calls we finally chose the most popular three flavors, Chocolate, Vanilla and Strawberry. For several weeks, our DCV'S Research and Development Laboratories in Wilmington, DE. would send us the three chosen flavors. After tasting and discussions at the office during the day, June and I would bring some of these samples home and the tasting would continue, with some fun of course. We sent the results to DCV on a weekly basis, plus numerous phone conversations only wishing, that this tasting would continue indefinitely. Now at times when having a BioChoice® drink, inevitably, June and I go back to those precious tasting and formative years. For me, this was the opportunity to build a Legacy for my Family and for countless other Families. As tough as it was, it was one of my most exciting times; it was like a higher calling. I had this blind faith feeling that this is going to be a dream come true for those with pioneering spirit to build their own Family Legacy throughout the World.

We took a two bedroom apartment at the Riviera Terrace in Palm Bay, Florida. It was on a small lake. We watched small baby Sand Hill Cranes hatch every year and their growth to adulthood. We fed them daily with special bird seeds even though it was against the law. We did not know it then. It was an exciting several years to watch them and Legacy grow.



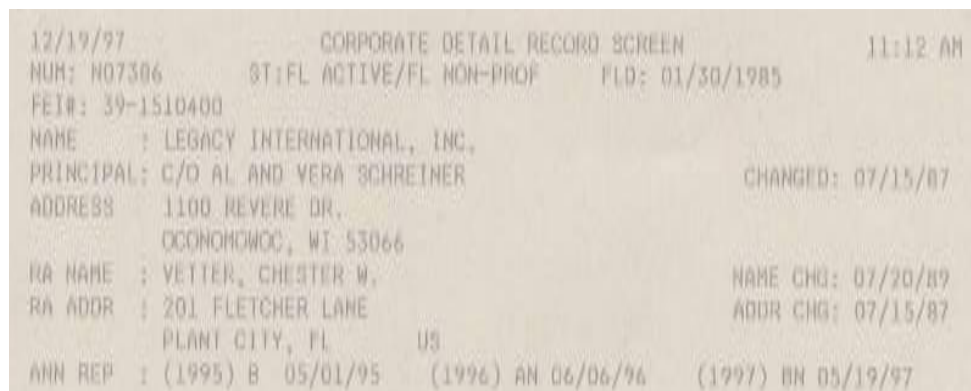
Our first two baby Sand Hill Crain's two weeks old



The two chicks in the middle to the left side-by-side  
Now about five months old with their parents.

**Stalin had confiscated our Family's "Legacy".**

All of my life I dreamed and wanted to build a "Legacy" for my family. In order for me to build anything, first I had to get here into this great country of ours. For me the name Legacy was easy to come up with. However, I had two challenges with it. One, when I submitted the name Legacy to Ted he did not go for it. (Because Ted did name his under contract Company with DCV Legacy Associates.) He said that he wants to submit it to a company in Ft. Lauderdale with several other names. I had a strange feeling if they chose Legacy; Ted would have liked it to be his idea. Legacy was chosen. Ted never said a word about it. My second challenge was a name search in Tallahassee. I was told that the name Legacy was taken by a fence company.



12/19/97 CORPORATE DETAIL RECORD SCREEN 11:12 AM  
NUM: H07306 ST: FL ACTIVE/FL NON-PROF FLD: 01/30/1985  
FEIN: 39-1510400  
NAME : LEGACY INTERNATIONAL, INC.  
PRINCIPAL: C/O AL AND VERA SCHREINER CHANGED: 07/15/87  
ADDRESS 1100 REVERE DR.  
OCONOMOWOC, WI 53066  
RA NAME : VETTER, CHESTER W. NAME CHG: 07/20/89  
RA ADDR : 201 FLETCHER LANE ADDR CHG: 07/15/87  
PLANT CITY, FL US  
ANN REP : (1995) B 05/01/95 (1996) AN 06/06/96 (1997) BN 05/19/97

My second choice was "Legacy International, **this was also taken on 12/19/97 by Al and Vera Schreiner out of Oconomowoc, WI.** My third choice was, Legacy of America, then a shorter version. Hence, it became Legacy USA, Inc. Having named the company, "Legacy U.S.A. Inc," and named the product, "BioChoice®", Life seemed to be good. The name "BioChoice®" came to me from studying ConAgra's Annual Report Magazine in which on the front cover was their trademark, HEALTHY CHOICE® The name BioChoice® was a natural. The word "Bio" tells a lot with just three letters as in Biotechnology or Biology. Hence, "BioChoice®" was born. At the very beginning of this fledgling company, along with the name of "Legacy USA, Inc.," Egcel came to me as a name for the product, or as a company name. During those long nights of reading and studying about the white and red human blood cells and their function as a part of the human immune system. Since, at some of the readings, it is often stated that the egg is the seed of life. "*Egcel*™" also became my choice.





Here came the idea-“BioCoice®”

In the earlier stages of Legacy evolvement, I had produced three complete presentation books of about eighteen pages each on the corporate infrastructure, with the front cover *Egcel Inc.* In 1997 I printed fourteen sets three booklets to a set, a total of forty-two individual presentation books. In 1998 we took them for our meeting with fourteen top DCV Management Team members in Wilmington, DE. Dr. Hellen Greenblatt was also at this fateful meeting. This presentation to DCV and this fourteen top management team was a crucial one. Working on this presentation at my home in St. Augustine, Florida without pay, I believe it saved Legacy, and helped us to win. That day we found out that there was a competitor to contend with. His name was David Lisonbee. As I understand David Lisonbee was C.E.O. with 4 Life in Provo, Utah. As I found out later, David had a friend on the Board of Directors. Therefore DCV had also considered David as well as us to set up this new marketing arm. Undoubtedly the headquarters would not have been in Melbourne, Florida if David Lisonbee from Provo, Utah had won this Marketing Arm, David was not prepared. We were! The name “*Egcel*” was later directed more towards the product. Today, it is appearing on our products as “*Egcel*™” with my blessings. I have asked DCV for return of all or a part of those 42 booklets for Legacy’s Library. To date, I’ve yet to receive one. Fortunately again to save the day, I do have a master copy.



**“The Legacy” of Legacy for Life**  
The Greatest Story Ever Told in Network Marketing,  
History in the Making.

**1930 the Life with Stalin,  
1941 the life with Hitler. 1994 the life with Legacy U.S.A. Inc.**

On the other side of the world, born in a small Village of Yur'yevka, near Kyiv, (Kiev) Ukraine, then Soviet Union. 1941-42 during German advancing Forces to Stalingrad. Conscripted under the gun by the Germans from a small Village of Petropavlovka southern Ukraine as Nazi laborers with my Mother Nina, at the age of eleven. Today, April 25, 2008 with my Home based Legacy Business and distributors worldwide have given me the financial freedom and enabled me to write and finish my story that has been in writing for over forty years, even though most of it was on the run. In the early 1990's knowing my limits, I knew that I had to be highly resourceful in gathering information to stay ahead. I got acquainted with then DCV Corporate Scientist We shared our life stories and became friends. I will highlight three areas that helped me with my decision to found Legacy USA Inc. for two and one half years without pay at a cost of over \$100,000 of our own money. One, just how powerful the i26® is. If and when an epidemic in the U.S. or worldwide should occur i26® will become a household word worldwide. Two, why DCV could not begin funding this marketing arm, this was because, of buyout negotiation with DuPont to form a Company known as D.C.V. (DuPont ConAgra Visions) I named unofficially Legacy DCV of which was this marketing arm that I later named Legacy U.S.A. Inc. Now Legacy for Life. As history tells us, one of DuPont's senior scientists discovered that since the end of World War II as we began to expand our industrial base with nuclear technology rapidly expanding U.S. also introduced chemicals into our environment at an alarming rate and is continuing to this day. At DuPont's board meeting he explained to the board members, "Because of all of the following factors, I have discovered that, our human immune system is being degraded on constant bases from minute to minute and year after year. There is no escape. We cannot go behind the Rocky Mountains and live happily ever after.

**“In Volume 1; November 1 in the publication of MEDIAVISION 2005  
“PREVENTION”**

It States, “In 1989, the U.S. produced its one millionth man-made chemical. While many of these chemicals have made our lives more enjoyable, most are finding their way into our bodies and reeking havoc. Of the 70,000 chemicals being used commercially in the U.S. the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) considers 65,000 of them to be potentially-if not definitely hazardous to your health. And that’s not all. More than 6,000 new chemicals are being tested in the U.S. every week. What is really frightening is that these chemicals aren’t just sitting around in warehouses. According to the Environmental Defense Group (EDG) more than 4 billion pounds of toxic chemicals are released into the environment each year, 72 million pounds of which are known carcinogens. So where are these cancer-causing agents ending up? In the air you breathe, the water you drink and in the food you eat. They are everywhere.” One of the DCV board members said, to the senior scientist conducting this meeting, “this is very frightening. “What can we do?” The happy ending to this story is that they gave him 20 years and \$50,000,000 for R&D. Hence. The break through came in 1994 It is known today as i 26® with antibodies and other Co Factors. They are live antibodies derived from chicken egg as egg powder. It was about this time, that I was asked to help set up a Marketing Arm and infrastructure for the world headquarters in Melbourne, Florida. My wife, June, and I moved to Melbourne from St. Augustine, Fl. In spring of 1997 and shortly thereafter, I named the Company Legacy USA, Inc. which is known today throughout the world as Legacy for Life.

**NINE YEARS AGO in 2000 I WROTE THESE LINES**

As if by fate, wouldn’t you know, as I am writing this sentence it is Tuesday 10 p.m. on Independence Day, the 4th of July 2000. The Boston Pops Orchestra is playing “America the Beautiful,” “The Star Spangled Banner,” and the other great traditional pieces that are dear to all of us. In watching the Tall Ships in New York Harbor, I am again reminded more deeply of my arrival to this beautiful city and country in January 1953. I knew that I was becoming an American when I first laid my eyes on the Statue of Liberty on page 246.

**AGAIN 9 YEARS LATER 2009**

Saturday 9:15 PM Independence Day, the 4th of July 2009 I AM preparing The Legacy for Life Story about 59 pages to President Francis Marino Legacy for Life and Rich Morgan Diamond Director, Will Therrien National Marketing Director Hellen Greenblatt Chief Scientist Legacy for Life. Happy 4th of July 2009 to all Legacies’ Family and God Bless America.



Spring of 1998, our first official Legacy USA meeting I conducted for 26 guests that I personally invited they came from all over U.S.A. They left with \$500.00 a Directors Kit, Legacy was born at 104 Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, Florida.



#### OUR FIRST WORLD WIDE WAREHOUSE

Inside of this 5 X 10 utility room in the above meeting room to the right is a closet with folding doors and one shelf for BioCoice® with lock and key. It was exciting to have a closet stocked (with BioChoice® even though at the very beginning this one shelf was half full, like 20 boxes, =20 months supply for one person. Or one months supply for 20 people.)

Proudly we were ready for the worldwide operations.

### **Starting a New Company**

Here for several months, among other things, I was looking and negotiating for a three months free lease with the Evans Butler Realty, Inc. at 1335 Gateway Drive, Melbourne, Florida at the Gateway Business Center. That would be the equivalent cost of new carpeting and interior painting at the cost of \$15,300. Well, after some sleepless nights, thinking on what to say or do, they blinked first. I got it. Included in this package was a \$3,000 dollar beautiful solid slate and walnut wood conference table. I got it for \$300.00 and it took four men to set it up. I just painted the interior and steam cleaned the carpet at the cost of \$800.00. As I indicated earlier, I had owned a carpet store and it was easy to figure precisely the cost before we would move in and it worked! At that time, for us, \$15,300 was a bunch of money. Including in this basement bargain, a permission to use a picture from their literature (below). The picture is the entrance to Legacy's World Headquarters with the U.S.A. Flag Flying High. Thanks to my wife, June, during all of these trying years, who continued working as a Registered Nurse helping me to build our Legacy. I sometimes thought that June had more faith in me than I did and thank God for that

OUR 3<sup>rd</sup> LEGACY USA INC. WORLDWIDE HEADQUAETERS



1998-2001 Legacy USA Inc. entrance to the World Headquarters,  
1333 Gateway Drive, Suite 2005 Melbourne, Florida”.

OUR 3<sup>rd</sup> LEGACY USA INC. WORLDWIDE HEADQUAETERS



The ribbon cutting ceremony at our new and third Legacy's 5,100 sq. ft headquarters. Here at 1335 Gateway Drive, Suite 2005 Melbourne, Florida we had 16 employees. First row from left to right: June and Tad Galin, Orn Adalsteinsson, Neal Kane, Ted Elias, Brenda Ploetz second row back of Ted Elias. Dr. Earnest W. Porta. Rick Stejskal is in the second row between Orn and me.

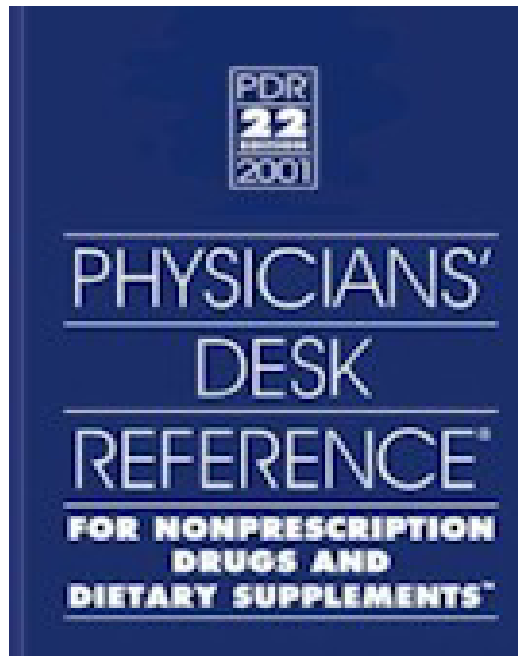


This is our second worldwide warehouse 10x15 totals 150 sq. ft. Bob Rodes our Computer Guru is also Legacy's warehouse person. Bob is on his lunch break.



Over the ensuing months and years, it was my job to assist and help in all areas on setting up the corporate infrastructure in Melbourne, Florida as well as the field operations and recruiting. Working non-stop and overcoming hundreds of political and two or three logistical challenges as a Vice President of Sales and Marketing, Now salaried at \$54,000, we built a solid base for marketing and distributing BioChoice® throughout the country. We're now poised to go around the globe. Legacy for Life, Inc., as it is known today, has come a long way. In June 2001 Immune 26 earned its place in the

PHYSICIAN'S DESK REFERENCE  
FOR NONPRESCRIPTION DRUGS AND DIETARY SUPPLEMENTS.



Listed in the PDR Since 2001

Even when the going was not easy it was easy to keep on going. After all, it's not every day that you get the chance to market a Human Immune Support System that will revolutionize the way people think of healthcare and health maintenance. It gave me a remarkable sense of pride to help bring something like this to the world. As far as I was concerned, Legacy couldn't help but grow.

At least once in my life I was right.

**“The reason a lot of people do not recognize opportunity is because  
It goes around looking like hard work.”  
Thomas Alva Edison**

**At the beginnings, the funding from DCV almost never came**

1994-1997 The real story of legacy's beginnings is the fact that DCV was negotiating with DuPont for the purchase of DCV and that, took almost forever. With this knowledge of it. Not wanting to loose any time, in 1995 I decided to continue the work on all of the Legacy's documents without pay for over two years. I understood that this was not DCV's fault they were simply not in the position to finance Legacy's operations. We submitted to DCV between \$800,000 and \$1,200,000 for the infrastructure and the Legacy launch. We received \$28,000 down payment for the purchase of computers, for the total of \$72,000. The server work was jobbed out to our General Manager of Legacy USA Inc. After several phone conversations with the president of DCV Dr. Earnest W. Porta and personal meetings in my office, he later resigned due to the conflict of interest running his own Computer Company, and Legacy at the same time. Earnest Porta accepted his resignation. From the very beginning, financially, Legacy was struggling.

**Finally at Home**

As 1998 drew to a close, I finally began to understand, inside, that I had done it. Years of hard work, always looking for the edge, uprooting my life and my family's lives time and time again, and suffering some very painful times were now going to pay off. The little kid from Petropavlovka was making good and living the American Dream. Legacy U.S.A., Inc., was beginning to spread its roots across the country and BioChoice® was beginning to take off. September 8, 1999, we had our first national conference at the Airport Marriott Hotel in Orlando, Florida. We had some 270 excited top network marketing distributors, of which I personally sponsored 20, which in turn sponsored 58 for the total of 78 men and women as Directors before this conference, who had been in those positions or higher, with their previous companies. This grew to over six hundred in a short time. It was a promotional program that I instituted called Lateral Transfer. The entire conference was successful and videotaped.

### **Computer Glitches**

1998 when the corporate politics, along with the computer glitches began to emerge. In time, this incredible excitement began to subside. The toll free number for Distributor Services was not working with regularity. Checks to distributors were not sent out on time, the most critical item in Network Marketing. This, more than anything else, was undermining Legacy's growth even though I hired some of these individuals myself, of whom some of them were extremely good employees. One of the first computer gurus that I hired was David Lumpkin. Since David was considering another job in Orlando at Disney World, I did not want to lose him. I hired David 15 days prematurely, because we did not have the finances yet. But David agreed and understood my situation at that time. He also became one of the most trusted Legacy employees. Later on, David brought on board another great worker, also a computer guru, Bob Rhodes. However, the very first computer operations person that I hired was Jack. I had known Jack from earlier days when I was a Regional Director with (N.T.C.) National Telephone Communications, Irvine CA which was a network marketing operation. Again, I never worked with Jack in a corporate environment. I was in the field and knew very little about Jack. Jack's knowledge and capabilities were what Legacy needed. I discussed this with Ted Elias. I told Ted that I would like to hire Jack on one condition. As soon as there is a problem he would be terminated. Ted agreed. Ted also stated to me that, if I gave any corporate employee living quarters, Legacy would pay for it. For economical reasons we took Jack in to live with us in our small 2 bedroom apartment. We gave Jack our second bedroom, gave up our privacy, this room and board lasted for the entire year. We never received a dime. Well, we never asked for anything. June and I were building a Legacy, so, whatever it takes to do it. By now we were not surprised at Ted's lack of integrity. At the very beginning, when Ted asked us to move to Melbourne Florida, he said that Legacy would pay the moving expense. This never happened. Then Jack brought his wife, from California and got settled on his own. Of course knowing all of this, we would do it all over again. Just to think, that with June's help I was instrumental in starting a multi billion dollar operation worldwide from a 300 sq ft. office. Jack was very capable and perhaps very frustrated as we all were with Ted's indecisiveness changing everything all day long. We had to draft things over and over again. Then, Jack finalized it on the computer over and over again.

**April 1998**

Two of those people that I hired were Network Marketers and friends of mine, Brenda Ploetz and Bill Osborne. I asked Brenda and Bill to join me in building our Family Legacy and a distributorship worldwide and also work with me corporately. They did. Brenda a single widowed mother with three children Melissa 17, Amanda 12, and Jon 7. Brenda made arrangements for her family without interrupting her children's school in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. With our friend, Bill Osborne, and a great pioneering spirit, Brenda and Bill packed their trailer and moved to Melbourne, Florida. Bill and Brenda were salaried at \$3,000 a month each. Among all of the other things, we also had some fun. This was Legacy's humble beginning to say the least. The distribution network was fanning out throughout the country. The product was being hailed and the sales were coming in. It was something to be very proud of. Then, Legacy computer glitches were evidence that, #1, someone is either incompetent, or #2, inadequate computer system, or #3; someone was sabotaging our work with no one to challenge or terminate them. The computer glitches became horrendous. I worked long hours to keep it altogether. For 27 consecutive weeks I was on the phone 12 hrs a day-7 days a week.

**This was the first time I saved Legacy Literally!**

Here for the first time I realized that Tad Elias was my biggest challenge and not the employees I was in for the survival of my family's legacy. One day I was proof reading our main original brochure that I, with others, spent so much time putting together. The misspellings and inconsistencies were horrendous. I showed it to Ted and asked him to go over it. Apparently it never got to Jack. Or did it? When all of these beautiful booklets arrived from the printer, everyone was excited until I and others started pointing out all of the mistakes, including the misspelling of the word immune with one m in it. \$7,500. Dollars was dumped into the garbage bin. As usual no one was reprimanded or fired. It was hard on my nerves and my stomach. Then the computer glitches began. Legacy's 800# was not working most of the time. There was no reason or excuse for this operation not to work properly. This is when I spent 27 weeks 7/days 12 hours straight on the phone and for the first time developed bleeding ulcers. THIS WAS A TURNING POINT FOR LEGACY'S SURVIVAL. ALL DISTRIBUTORS HAD TOTAL EXCESS TO ME, EVEN DURING MY FASTING FOR 30 SOLID DAYS. WHILE I WAS IN BED. I finally told Ted, "Either Jack or you have to go or both of you need to go if Legacy is to survive." As usual he just smiled and said that this operation would not survive without him. Perhaps this was Jack's way to get at Ted Elias. This made it difficult for all of us. Sometimes I feel that Ted knew it all along about his inactions and lack of leadership. As a vice president of marketing, I did not have the authority to terminate anyone, yet there were definitely some individuals who had to go, including Ted Elias himself. When discussing some important Company issues that needed action, and when I asked Ted to terminate Jack and his wife who were seriously disrupting the company's growth, he was totally distracted in a game of chess on his computer. I never got a decent and decisive business response. When I presented him with the status of our company and the failure in supporting our distributors who were leaving us at an alarming rate, he would say, "We'll just start it all over again."

"I asked him, "By "we" you mean me Tad Galin don't you?" I knew that I would have to start building Legacy all over again and I did several times. I would say to him, "Ted, there is talk among the employees that we need a better president than you are!" With a sort of conceited halfhearted smile, he would say, "They cannot do it without me." I would continue, "You are my partner in this and a friend. This is an affront, insulting and degrading to me." But his halfhearted smile did not change. He never realized just how serious several employees could, and did, undermine him and practically paralyzed Legacy. One of them was Jack's wife. Ted hired her against my better judgment because of conflict of interest. I was right. My understanding is that Ted's behavior and his attitude towards this business venture was, in general, that he had a permanent income of several hundred thousand dollars per year from Amway and should have stayed in retirement. In reality Ted did not need another income, but I did. There was no option for me. Legacy, USA, had to survive. I liked Ted and thought that I finally found a friend and a partner. Somebody that I can work, trust and build with. I had never worked with Ted in a corporate management environment before. We had only been together at the Amway meetings and functions as they were in those earlier days, and we seemed to get along quite well. I remember Boca Raton and our Amway meetings at Ted's house in the Sanctuary a real upscale living quarters. Also the gracious hostess Ted's former wife, Lisa Elias, was as the driving force in their business and still is. She has been a friend of ours for the past twenty some years. In time, however, I began to notice Ted's true character, his ego and greed. With his soft-spoken demeanor and great personality, one cannot help but like him and in a way I still do. I always will remember and appreciate that Tad Elias chose me as his full partner/founder of Legacy and presented me with this great opportunity. Legacy, USA, was in a struggle for its survival. It was simply devastating for me to have been loyal to him for so many years and not know his true character. But I had to move on in order to keep Legacy alive until Legacy could be handed over to a better management with good business acumen and good leadership both are a must. I had asked Dr. Earnest W. Porta, DCV President, several times to clean Legacy's house and, thank god, he responded in time. I later came to regret after I resigned that I had not had my hands on a computer; even though; I had some great help on how to use a computer I just never did as I was putting the fires out on the phone all day long. I had to learn the hard way, both the computer skills and to write this book at the same time. In retrospect, there was no choice for me. I had to be on the phone to keep Legacy together and could not do the job that I had to do on the computer. For me, it was incredibly devastating to have such a great product, with such great professional people on board as distributors whom I personally felt responsible for them. These people had faith and trust in me, some seventy years old drove seven hours one way, wrote out a check for \$1,500 they stayed for training and after the training they became Directors. With their Business System loaded in their cars they drove home full of dreams.



**“Legacy USA Inc. a DCV Marketing Arm”**

Legacy & Associates was incorrectly set up. Owned by  
Ted Elias as an Independent Contractor  
In which I had my partnership with Ted sharing in Legacy Associates

Before leaving Legacy without notice or explanation, Ted took away Brenda Ploetz and Bill Osborne downline from my downline and put them into “Legacy & Associates, Co.” without notifying any of us. With this move, my son Tad Jr. remained in my downline but it was a loss to Bill and Brenda. (Legacy & Associates was a separate company independent of LEGACY USA, INC., designed to build a distributor organization that would produce a residual commission check above and beyond Ted’s salary from DCV as President of Legacy USA Inc. This original setup by Ted Elias was a conflict of interest at its best and it was flawed from the very beginning) I worked and built Legacy Associates distributors and my own distributors at the same time. Also, without my knowledge, I was receiving only a fraction of the profit sharing and when I confronted Ted, his response was inappropriate and unacceptable. All of us, Bill and Brenda included, had such high expectations and worked so hard to make the American Dream happen. This is when Ted’s character, or lack of it, became quite obvious. Bill and Brenda with strong principles did stand their ground at our meetings with Ted Elias. Ted never appreciated their ability. Before Bill and Brenda left Legacy Ted without any decency or regard for another human being or conscience told Bill and Brenda that he would put them back into my downline if they would pay back the salary that they received for the past five months. This would have been about \$15,000 dollars. Each. Is this moral? To ask for five months salaries to be paid back? I felt that it was extremely unethical. Just before Bill and Brenda left for Sheboygan, Wisconsin. On one beautiful summer day Bill Osborne and I took a break, we set in a car with open windows and Florida ocean breeze we were solving some of our daily challenges. That day Bill had some serious questions and one of those questions really hit home, Bill said, Tad, don’t you think that Ted Elias has early onset of Alzheimer’s. Outwardly I was in denial; however, it shed some light on my relationship with my friend, partner, and the President of Legacy USA Inc.

**For 27 consecutive weeks I was on the phone 12 hrs a day-  
7 days a week.**

However, it was not without a price. I had for the first time developed a stomach ulcer. Without Ted's support or backing, I had to make the decision that for me, it was time to leave the corporate world for good. February, 2000 I took my small downline of distributors and started my family "Legacy" home based business. With my now relatively small downline and insufficient income, I came home and began to build it all over again. While my wife, June, returned to work as a Registered Nurse to supplement our income. I had been working on my autobiography, (this story), off and on for nearly forty years. Now it was time to finish the book in the comfort of my home and spend some overdue time with my family. I studied fasting and have fasted many times over the years before to keep my body in a state of optimum health and in top condition. The day that I got home after resigning as Legacy, U.S.A., Inc., V.P., giving up \$54,000 yearly income, the first thing that I did was to go on a 30 day fast. This time I literally had to fast in order to survive. I did not want to be at the mercy of the doctors and that could have been forever. As you may well know, once the doctors put their hands on you, you more often then not will be in their care for the rest of your life, or at least until you consciously chose to reclaim your health naturally. I highly discourage fasting for anyone who has not studied fasting thoroughly, extensively and/or without the advice and monitoring of a physician. Fasting is a great tool, but your knowledge of fasting is imperative. Even though I had resigned from Legacy corporate, I didn't leave Legacy – I brought it home. I never really resigned at all. I never felt that I was in Legacy; Legacy was in me and continues to be my destiny. After a week at home, with the difficulties that the distributors were having now, ordering products, signing up distributors and not receiving their checks on time, they were calling me at my home. Fasting and being on the phone all day and into the night was not conducive to healing my ulcers. My wife, June, now is also my Registered Nurse. Having a private RN 24/7 helped me survive. June was concerned about my health. I was in pain and I had no choice but to agree with her not to take any more calls. But first and foremost, I had to get someone into Legacy corporate office with some Network Marketing experience.

### **The Beginning of a New Chapter in My Life**

In 1995, Here, I was already involved, working with the Biotechnology Breakthrough by DuPont/ConAgra Vision (DCV). Through the conceptual state of building the infrastructure of what would later in 1998 become to be Legacy USA Inc. At the same time, I continued in my Network Marketing Business setting up locations contractually associated with UPS as parcel post shipping and receiving destination points much like M.B.E./Mail Box, Etc. (which we now know as UPS Stores) It was called "Package America." Here, I met Ken Demick and Chuck Vrael. While working setting up these stores all over Florida, having fun and hopes for a great future. As many adventures before, this great opportunity did not work either. I continued working with my D.C.V. Project, and when the funding from DCV became available June and I were asked to move to Melbourne, Florida to partnership/with Ted Elias and founding of Legacy as a VP of marketing and build a Legacy USA Inc. Infrastructure and Marketing Operations. In the spring of 1997, we did move. June, 1998, I signed up (PROGROUP)-Ken Demick personally and signed Chuck Vrael for Ken Demick in my Legacy business. We began building our Legacy distributorships. When I resigned in February 1999, I realized that Legacy and I needed some serious help. Sam Johnson had the background. I asked Sam, one of my distributors, if he would go Corporate. Sam had a Photo Studio in Gainesville, Florida and could not move. Chuck Vrael had some network marketing experience. I asked Chuck if he would consider joining Legacy Corporate to give the DCV management time to find a proper management team for Legacy, USA, Inc. I knew that it would affect my income by taking Chuck out of my downline and putting him into corporate. I had no other choice, Legacy had to survive. When the new management team would be in place, Chuck would return to the field, because that is where the income is substantially greater, and then we would continue building our American dream together again. Chuck agreed. Ted was losing his grip and authority in making decisions. I recommended Chuck to Dr. Earnest W. Porta, President and CEO of DCV, Inc., our parent company in Wilmington, DE. Chuck was hired as General Manager of Legacy USA Inc. I also suggested to Chuck that he would turn over his Legacy business to his brother, Mark Vrael, for safekeeping. September 1999 I signed Mark Vrael up for Chuck as a Legacy distributor for that purpose. Chuck Vrael was broke. After he was hired, June and I deposited \$100.00 into Chuck's First Union Bank account for him to be able to move from Anna Maria, Florida to Palm Bay, Florida and join us. These days are some times referred to as slim pickings days. Again, for economic reasons, we took Chuck Vrael in to live with us to give him a chance to get on his feet and establish himself. This lasted for four months DCV paid us a total of \$600.00 for his board and room. Of course, we also had fun with Chuck. He is a very likable guy to be with. Chuck became like a brother to us. During his stay with us, we had a meeting every day before Chuck went to Legacy office and again when he got back in the evening. I helped him all that I could and he needed all of it. For these were the beginnings of today's Legacy's great operations worldwide.

**Later, Chuck Vrabel reinstated Bill and Brenda back but the damage was already done and irreversible.**

To; Tad Galin

December 15, 1999

From: Chuck Vrabel  
General Manager  
Legacy U.S.A. Inc.

Dear Tad,

Subject: Brenda Ploetz and Bill Osborne. Your request for an audit of your income that was lost due to the fact that Ted Elias, at that time the President of Legacy U.S.A. Inc. removed without your knowledge or permission Brenda Ploetz and Bill Osborne from your downline and put it under Legacy and Associates which was his personal Company. As per your request, as the General Manager of Legacy U.S.A. Inc. I feel obligated to look into this matter.

First, I think it was the wrong thing for Ted Elias to do this to you especially without your permission and even though you objected after the fact that it was done. Ted Elias did not honor your objections. Therefore, I have reinstated Brenda Ploetz and Bill Osborne back into your down line. After the calculation, I found that during that period \$4,037 went into Mr. Ted Elias's Company, Legacy and Associates. This is the money that you would have received which was rightfully yours.

Legacy U.S.A. Inc.

General Manager Chuck Vrabel

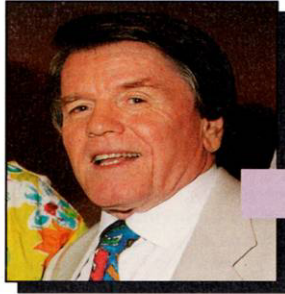
Now, Ted Elias had to work with Chuck Vrabel. Needless to say, it was not easy for either one of them. Especially. Since Chuck now overrides Ted's decisions via Dr. Ernie Porter. In time, Ted Elias was on his way out. Several months after I resigned as V. P., and went into the field, Ted's relationship with DCV was terminated along with some other individuals.

Ted Elias passed away in the fall of 2007 Fort Lauderdale Florida

## National Marketing Directors



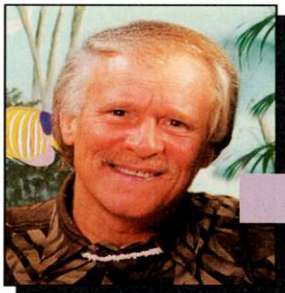
*Honored at  
FALL  
CONFERENCE*



*Tad Galin*



*Peggy Long*



*Mark Yarnell*

**September 1999 Orlando Florida.**



**Peggy Long Presidential Director**

When Peggy Long got downsized in early 1992 from a good corporate job, a six-figure income and all the perks that came along with it she decided she would never work for anyone else again. No one else would ever again own her calendar and paycheck!! Peggy almost lost her car and her home. Her credit cards were maxed out and Peggy owed family and friends a whopping \$40,000! Her father, an 87-year-old minister, introduced her to NWM. It was only the big “T” word—TRUST—of her Dad that overcame her skepticism. Determined not to repeat a prior bad network marketing experience, Peggy had her accountant and a lawyer check out this MLM before she started building. Her research confirmed that *Legacy* was very sound, ethical and debt-free, so she went to work. Peggy started slowly. It took 17 months for her to reach a livable income.

**Mark Yarnell, Legacy Presidential Director**

February 1999 Mark Yarnell arrived on the scene some six years after I started Legacy and managed to become Master Distributor and part owner of Legacy for Life, quite an achievement. I am actually looking forward to work on the movie script of my Book including Legacy for Life 59 page story beginning on page 23 a total of 59 pages. Mark is going to be in it with Will Therrien National Marketing Director and every body else including myself.

**July 2000 the New Legacy for Life Inc.  
Corporate Management Team**

The new corporate management team was hired and in July, 2000 they assumed their leadership roles. Jeffrey C. Piersall, as a President of Legacy USA Inc., Randy A. Kreiling, CEO, and, John K. Haines as a Senior Vice President. This highly experienced team in marketing and legal arenas, nationally and internationally, could not have been a better combination.

Dr. Hellen Greenblatt, PhD, is considered by many to be the foremost authority on Hyperimmune Egg Technology. Hellen as most of us call her was very helpful to me while I was reading and studying the immune support system in the earlier years when I needed it the most. It was a great addition, to the Management Corporate Team, Dr. Hellen Greenblatt, Executive Vice President.

With Legacy's growth and changes, came another great addition of Robin A. Cramp as Chief Operating Officer with superb credentials in the national and international marketing arena.

Later on, Josh Field, Director of Marketing, was added with an incredible background.

I consider Legacy for Life Inc. now to be a worldwide marketing giant worth watching as we approach our first billion dollars in sales. With today's growth of 20% per month, Legacy for Life Inc. is destined to become a billion dollar company just a few short years from now.

**ARKION RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT**

**Now, the best news yet;**

October 24, 2002 Legacy for Life Management announced that on Monday, October 21, 2002 Legacy for Life management completed the purchase of the controlling ownership interest in Legacy. Arkion will continue to own an interest in Legacy; however, all decisions will now be made at Legacy by individuals who can focus solely on the needs, goals, and objectives of Legacy and its distributors.

***Three key assurances;***

1. Long-term security of Legacy not being sold to a third party;
2. Legacy *for Life* controlling the worldwide rights to the patents and technology of hyper immune egg.
3. Capitalization for the continuing high growth rate of Legacy.

For many years, this is what I and many other entrepreneurs were looking for, a "Home". It has been fifteen years now since I began setting up Legacy for Life, Inc., infrastructure and the worldwide headquarters here in Melbourne Florida. We are now marketing and building Legacy in Canada and soon will be all over the world selling BioChoice®, marketing and signing up distributors from every walk of life, telling anybody and everybody about this fantastic product and opportunity. Each year and now each month, more and more

people are getting the message about the necessity of taking extra care of their immune system. Legacy is poised to take its message worldwide. Now, as a Legacy Presidential Director I have my family's future—and our “Legacy for Life”—firmly in my reach. I finally have the time to relax and enjoy it. For me, there could hardly be a better definition of the word “success.” It has been a long road and at times it's been a dark road. But in the end I have found success and fulfillment, and have built five lifetimes of incredible experiences in doing it. July, 2000 the new management was in place. July, 2001 Legacy USA Inc. became Legacy for Life Inc. For Legacy this was the fourth move into a 21,000 sq. ft. free standing building that Legacy outgrew it in four weeks. Probably sooner, rather than later, Legacy will have to move into a much larger facility as it becomes a truly worldwide operation.

**Historically: Legacy for Life  
Is a Marketing Arm of (D.C.V. Inc.)  
DuPont /ConAgra Visions**



The Humbling Beginnings of Legacy started here at # 1. And # 2. Above. Spring of 1998 Legacy's first office at 102 S. Harbor City Blvd. Melbourne, Florida. 300 sq. ft. on the second floor on the back of the building on this side of the tracks with two little windows and no phone. It is here that I named Legacy USA, Inc. Legacy was born. We had 2 employees and growing. We moved next door. February 1998 we moved into 1500 sq. ft. a small freestanding building to the right #2, at 104 S. Harbor City Blvd. BioChoice (known today as I 26™ Complete Support was born here.) we had 6 employees. August 1998 we moved into 5,000 sq. ft. Building at 1333 Gateway Dr. Here we had 16 employees.

**From Legacy USA, to LEGACY FOR LIFE  
From 300 sq. ft. in 1998**



**AND NOW 2003**

**To 21,000 sq. ft. Our 4<sup>th</sup> World Headquarters Melbourne, Florida**

With the new Corporate Management in place. Jeff Piersall, President, Dr. Hellen Greenblatt, Vice President, Robin Cramp, Chief Operating Officer, Josh Field, Director of Marketing. Mark Yarnell, Presidential Director, Rich Morgan Presidential Director, Tad Galin Presidential Director, Will Therrien National Marketing Director. In 2003 Total Presidential Directors in the field approximately 100. "Customers and distributors approximately 50,000" in 2003, Legacy is occupying a 64,000 sq. ft. Warehouse with UPS in Memphis Tennessee shipping to 35 countries. The Legacy future into the 21<sup>st</sup> Century looks very promising.

**"One Billion Company in Our Lifetime"**



**Just to put it in perspective what a Legacy for life a home based business is:**

From my humble beginnings in 1997 in a 300 sq. ft. rented office in Melbourne FL with no phone, no name for the company, and no name for the product. I named the Company Legacy U.S.A., the product BioCoice-and EgCel in its pure state i26®. 2003 the above organizational-group and personal yearly volume well over \$500,000 was attained from our dining room 9x7- 63 sq. ft. without one employee, without stocking of the product Immune 26™. Legacy for Life is shipping to 40 countries for us as independent distributors and all of the necessary paper work that goes with it. All of the independent and exclusive distributors are paid on time. It is a humbling experience to say the least.

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July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2003. After 44 years of writing, including the Legacy for Life story, now I have almost finished my book, **“Hitler, Stalin and I”**. The list of people I have to thank for bringing me to this place is beyond anything I could write. But a few names stand out:; [“In 1931 Brother Pawel and Cousin Michislaw,”](#) who helped my father to escape from Siberian Prison and gave me a chance to know him and learn from him for my first seven years of my life before he was apprehended again by the KGB, (Russian Secret Police) and sent to Siberian Prison for the second time, never to be seen or heard from again. Feltfebel Klüwa, German Commending Officer under the gun conscripted us as Nazi laborers that fathered my sister, Anne, who kept my Mother, Anne and me alive through horrible years; Benny Trembacz, who helped me bring my Mother Nina and Anne to this country while I was serving in U.S. Army in Korea; countless friends I’ve worked for and worked with, supervised and been supervised by; my wife, June, and my sons, Tad, Jr. and Joseph, My Sister Anne who has loved me and supported me every step of the way; and of course, my Mother, Nina. God bless you Mom.



Nina, at her eighty-fifth birthday, my Sister Anne would always have a great party for our Mom. Anne is the best gift that ever happened to Nina and me. Thanks to Anne for being the best companion and friend to our Mother. Anne was always there when I needed to come home. She never moved in thirty-five years. In contrast, in the same period, I moved well over 30 times. In 1990, My 60th Birthday at Disney World, we gave Mom a \$1000.00 dollars.

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### **Nina's Testimonial**

This book is not an infomercial for BioChoice®. (i26®) Although I hope it is! Nevertheless, it is through BioChoice® and Legacy that I got to spend time with my Mother Nina in her autumn months, and I got a chance to repay, in the tiniest of ways, what she did for me and gave to me. Nina was a remarkably healthy person especially considering what she lived through in her younger years. In 1990, at the age of eighty, she survived surgery for uterine cancer. The operation was a success and her health lasted for almost eight more years. But one day late in 1997 I received a call from my sister Anne. She said that Nina might be checking out soon. Old age was settling in on her, and it didn't look like much could be done. I was on the next plane to Cleveland. By now Nina weighed eighty-nine pounds. (She was 5' 4" tall.) I arrived on Friday. On Saturday, Anne and I made all the funeral arrangements. Nina's digestive system was failing her. She was complaining about awful headaches and that the left side of her head was numb. Her left arm was covered with red spots. Anne tried aloe, and anything else that might work, only to find that it made the rash worse. The next day, Sunday, I decided to have Nina drink some BioChoice®. We had tried giving her some before but she was always wary of any new treatment that was not prescribed by a doctor and always refused to take anything. This time Anne and I agreed to be sneaky. If she complained about the taste or anything else we would tell her that it was her favorite Ensure chocolate drinks, except that this one had been improved. Nina drank it without saying anything. Anne and I looked at each other as if we just had some kind of a breakthrough. Monday morning at breakfast—this is only twelve hours later—I noticed that the red spots on her forearm were less pronounced. I was not expecting any changes in such a short time. I kept it quiet not wanting to hope too much. But by Wednesday morning I knew that the red spots on her arm truly were disappearing. That evening Anne mentioned something about it. I asked, "What do you mean?" She said, "You know the spots on Mom's arm are almost gone." I wasn't just wishing. We were delighted! I had to leave my family on Friday. There was work to do and it was important. I also needed more BioChoice® for Nina, so I kissed Annie and Mother Goodbye and left. The first thing I did when I got home was to look for BioChoice®. I found nineteen packets. The trouble was I couldn't ship until Monday and it would take more than a day to ship it. I didn't want mother to miss even a day when it was obvious that it was working. I overnighted what I had on Monday, first thing, and then I called DCV and asked if they would ship it overnight directly to Nina and Anne. They did. My heartfelt thanks to DCV! I was shipping the BioChoice® to Ohio from that point on.

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After a couple of months, I decided to take some time off and spend some quality time with my mother. I drove up to Parma, Ohio, and for the next twenty-eight days I was with her day and night. I would lie down next to her, play the guitar, and sing one of our favorite Russian songs. This would encourage her to sing with me and she did. Nina had an exceptional voice even at eighty-seven. I was marveling at her voice, and how she still remembered all of the lyrics.

### **Volga-Volga**

Volga is a Russian river. It is also a song of a mother and her son who was imprisoned in a Russian prison.

“On a Sunday morning, an aged mother approached the gates of the prison, with a small package of food to be passed on to her son by the guards. I have heard that in all of the prisons, all the prisoners are hungry.” Her son replies from the prison, not having seen his mother or known that she had come, “Take these chains off my hands and my wings; give me the freedom to fly. I would leave my present destiny and would fly to search for another one. I first would visit my mother to see how she is surviving the hard Russian way of life—or is she dead by now in an unmarked grave all grown in with no one to care for it”

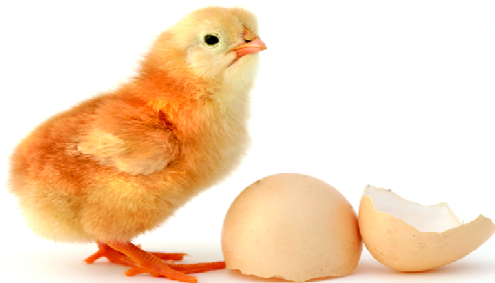
To Nina and me, this was a very appropriate song. While singing, Nina and I cried a lot. It was a beautiful time. For the next twenty-eight days I wrote everything down. Nina was taking three BioChoice® formula's a day. Sometimes I would even give her a fourth one. She started feeling stronger, her headaches subsided, and her quality of life was immensely improved. I decided to tell Mom that she was not drinking Insure, she was drinking BioChoice®. One night as I was lying in bed with my Mother, I told her about the work I was doing with Legacy, how much I believed in BioChoice®, how nice it was to have found something I really believed in. Nina said that she wasn't surprised because she had heard of similar things when she was a young girl. The old ladies would always tell her about herbs and home remedies and how they would go into the woods and gather them. I said, “You know Mom, DCV is doing the same thing as those old ladies did years ago.”

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She looked at me with a little smile on her face and said, “Son, you will see to it that I never run out of this BioChoice® (i26®) won’t you?” Anne and I had gone through a lot over the years to get her to take anything. For her to want to take the BioChoice®—and to get better by taking it—this was a wonderful reward for countless years of hard work and frustration. She always would have it, every day. I went back home to Florida to dive back into our work at Legacy. What better inspiration could I have had? Some months later. On February 23rd, 1998, I called Nina and talked to her on the phone. She was in good spirits and she still did not have any pain. It was 5 p.m. According to my sister, Anne, after the conversation with me, she hung up the phone, and passed away. The final months of her life were passed without suffering and she died at peace. With all Nina’s hardships, and the sacrifices she had made for me, so little meant so much to me. I always will believe that if Nina had BioChoice® a few years earlier, it would have saved her lots of pain and perhaps she would have been with us for a few more years. Yet, just those few months on BioChoice® did so much in improving her health and helping her with the quality of her life. I knew that for me, I had reached my dream. Today my family is on BioChoice® i26®. For the past ten years not one of us has had even a cold.

#### **Marvelous Technology**

These are not regular chickens, nor are these regular eggs. These are “Hyperimmune” or “Immune” eggs laid by hen’s that have been stimulated with whole or parts of inactive microorganisms, or purified antigens. Since the chicken immune does not recognize that these antigens are inactive and harmless it only recognizes the markings and goes to work to put all of the vitamins, minerals, antibodies, and other co factors into the egg so that when the chick hatches it can survive. These chicks as they hatch for generations have been on special organic feed with their temperature constantly monitored from generation to generation. The product-or powder egg can be taken in many ways, water, oat milk, skim milk, juice, on your salad, on empty stomach, or with any meal.



#### **Analogy**

Snake poison as we know of could be deadly, and if we get bitten by a poisonous snake we don’t have much of a chance to survive. Until we are given the same snake venom, and than life is good again.

#### **Potbelly Stove**

Heating oil would be dangerous and deadly to drink for us humans. So, we heat the potbelly stove heat exchanger, then the bad smoke and deadly carbon monoxide goes out the chimney, the clean air circulates and gets heated thus we have hot air, hot water, cooking, hot shower and the life is good.

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**“Immune Egg”**

By stimulating the chicken’s immune system with harmless identities, now, it packs everything it can into the egg so that the chick after it hatches will have a greater chance to survive. Of course, we harvest the eggs and all of the good stuff for our own human consumption. My entire family including me has been on **i26®** for almost ten years. The health and life has been good to us. Thousands of other health conscious individuals that we directly and indirectly

***The Physician’s Desk Reference / PDR States:***

have introduced and continue to introduce Worldwide.

***I 26® Supports and Balances:***



- The Immune System
- Cardiovascular Function
- Healthy Cholesterol Levels
- A Vital Circulatory System
- A Fully Functional Digestive Tract
- Auto Immune Responses
- Flexible & Healthy Joints
- Energy Levels

**i26®** takes care of your digestive system, lower track, and your colon; balances your Immune System and PH. As you may know, death begins in colon. If the colon looks like a concrete pipe your body is not getting any nutrients no matter how many vitamins or minerals one is taking. Minerals transport vitamins all over your body, if your colon is not clean and functioning properly the body is not getting any of it. No matter of illness, the autopsy will show that they died of malnutrition even if they weigh 200-300 lbs.

**Other co factors;**

These little guys travel via our circulatory blood system, monitoring all of the pathogens, or the bad guys. They communicate back to our immune system all of the specific markings of these multiple bad guys, their location and how many of them. Also, the different receptors so that the good antibodies can doc with the bad guys and kill them. Just like the Shuttle docking with the International Space Station, if the docking receptor is not precise, no docking will occur and the bad guy can not be killed. How do these co factors communicate with our immune system? Do they have meetings around a round table or what?

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### **This is a marvelous invention!**

Once this information is received, the immune system goes to work. It begins to mobilize all antibodies. It also starts producing new ones from bone marrow. These new born guys are dumb, naked and don't have a clue who they are. Now they are sent to the thymus, an organ near the heart. I call it, compassionately, the Harvard University. Once they graduate, they know every thing and go to work taking care of those bad guys. I know this first hand as I have been on i26® for well over ten years.

### **Hyperimmune Eggs**

"Hyperimmune" or "immune" eggs are laid by hens that typically have been stimulated multiple times with whole or parts of inactivated microorganisms, or purified antigens. The preparation may contain different species or strains of organisms (polyvalent "hyperimmune" egg) (1), or pathogens of a single group (monovalent "hyperimmune" egg (2). Stimulating the hens results in eggs that contain immunoglobulins (antibodies) of many classes, with the dominant class being the unique avian IgY\* class (3). Upon ingestion, much of the immunoglobulin is apparently still able to bind antigen despite exposure to digestive enzymes (4). Along with the production of antibodies, stimulation of the hens results in Generation of small molecules that appear to have pro-, and anti-inflammatory properties (5). By up- or down-regulating immunological responses, especially those of an autoimmune or inflammatory nature, these factors appear to help the body initiate defenses against pathogens, mutating cells, and help maintain immune homeostasis. [During inflammatory responses, different categories of effector immune cells communicate with one another via biological mediators (e.g., cytokines, eicosanoids) to modulate inflammatory processes (6). Inflammatory processes appear to be the hallmarks of many acute and chronic conditions (7) including atherosclerosis (8-11), diabetes (8-10), and obesity (9-13).] Polyvalent hyperimmune egg appears to have immunoregulatory properties that modulate autoimmune (14, 15), joint (14, 15), cardiovascular (16), and gastrointestinal (17, 18) function. Hyperimmune egg appears to "balance" immunologic responses, rather than "boost" or unnecessarily "enhance" these processes. Additionally, major quality of life changes are experienced by individuals with HIV/AIDS (19, unpublished). Of note also are the dramatic differences seen in athletic performance, endurance, recovery and strength in individuals consuming hyperimmune egg (20, 21). [These results may be due to down-regulation of proinflammatory cytokines, which have been shown to result in fatigue (22)]. Interestingly, the total antibody content of eggs from hyperimmunized hens as measured by ELISA is essentially identical to the total amount of antibody found in conventional table eggs. However, individual titres to selected antigens may vary between the two types of eggs [unpublished studies]. Although both table eggs and "hyperimmune" eggs contain identical immunoregulatory factors, there is evidence that eggs from "hyperimmunized" chickens contain many-fold greater concentrations of certain specific factors compared to typical eggs [5, unpublished].

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## Discover Legacy's New Super Juice TRIMBERRY EXTREME

- Greater Appetite Control
- Increased Energy
- & Metabolism
- Great Mental Clarity
- Overall Improved Health
- Super Antioxidants
- Anti-Aging
- Hoodia Gordonii
- Cha de Burge
- Goji Berry
- Green Tea
- Pomegranate
- Caralluma Fimbriata
- Açai Berry
- Noni Berry
- GAC Seed
- Wild Blueberry
- Bilberry
- And much-much more!

**A Promise Kept**  
**For over twenty nine years**  
**1980 Pompano Beach Florida, Superior Interiors**

It was in the year 2000 when I was in the final chapters of this book that I was able to reconnect with a long time friend of 29 years now and keep a promise that I had made to him as a young man twenty nine years ago. In 1980, as an Amway distributor, I offered frequent seminars to recruit new distributors in the Fort Lauderdale area. At one of those meetings a young man of barely twenty arrived, eager and bold. He had picked up and left his home in Massachusetts the previous winter ready to take on the world in the land of fun and sun. I knew right away that there was something special about this guy, that with the right training he could go places. His name was William Therrien. I took Will under my wing, teaching him everything I knew about cold prospecting, selling, closing, recruiting, and surviving rejection, and staying focused on the goal of success. I also taught him what I had learned about life to that point with its ups and downs. Together we pounded the pavement, prospecting for distributors and customers day after day. I came to think of Will as my brother. Will broke up with his girlfriend Linda in 1981 and didn't have any place to go so my wife, June, and I took him in to live with us in our 2 bedroom condo amidst an inventory of Amway products, cases stacked to the ceiling of SA-8 Laundry Detergent, LOC and a mountain of household cleaning products. I promised Will that I would help make him financially independent beyond his wildest dreams. Fortunately, I did not tell him what year that would be, because unfortunately, Amway went through some rough times in the early 1980's with the FTC and got some bad press, in the end, the company was exonerated but the damage was already done. Will wasn't about to give up however, he came across an interesting ad in the news paper for sales people to sell "Laser Photography" since his family had been in photography for decades and went to check it out. The company was selling framed laser photography prints, lithographs and artwork office to offices and businesses, marking them up to ridiculously inflated prices. He went to work for them long enough to learn the ropes, then ventured out on his own running an ad in the local paper for sales people to canvas offices and business with a higher quality product for less money. The ad read "\$100 dollars a day guaranteed for sure!" The phone rang off the hook and the applicants came out of the woodwork. Not only did the sales people make the \$100 a day that the ad guaranteed, but some made two and three times that a day. He bought stack of lithographs at wholesale, sold them to his salesmen at a reasonable markup and sent them out into the world to sell them at whatever the market would bear. Within a week he had a dozen salesmen, and he was telling me about this new thing he had hit on. What can I say, I was intrigued. The next day I joined him with my Toyota truck, helping Will haul dozens of lithographs a day to his sales force. Within

30 days we went from holding group interviews in the back of a Sambo's restaurant to 2,200 square feet, a sales force of 62 sales people and Superior Interiors was born. It seems as though there would be no end to the demand for our products, we were selling them faster then the supplier could frame them so we would take our assemblers to their warehouse to help assemble them so we would have enough products for our sales force. What we didn't anticipate was how dramatic the Ft. Lauderdale off season would be. Sales dropped off as did the sales people down to 30 and we were trying to hold out until the snow birds came back. It was then that Ben Klassen came into the picture, a man I met in a drug store while prospecting for my Amway business. He looked at our operation and must have been impressed with these two ambitious young men. Ben was a former Congressman and was successful in his own right. We needed to expand our business to carry us through to the next season and Ben offered us \$20,000 with our signature on the promissory note. We later realized his ulterior motives and recognized his radical racial extremist views and that he authored a book called "The White Man's Bible". He wanted us to hold meetings in our store after hours with our contacts and train them in martial arts especially how to use the numchucks. We did not sign up as members, so 90 days later he called on the promissory note to be paid. We could not pay it and he knew it and took us to court. Will left town. In 1987, June and I had to file a bankruptcy here in Boca Raton, Florida. Finally, after some few years we met with Will again for a short time while in NSA, a network marketing business selling water filters. Then in the spring of 2000, out of the blue, I got a call from him. He was looking for me and I was looking for him. I told Will about Legacy and that he should stay tuned. We stayed in touch off and on through the next several months. Then in April, 2001, I sent him a tape, "This Tape is banned", about i26® Hyperimmune Egg. Will happened to pop the tape into his car stereo while on his way to a nutritionist.

### **I let Will tell you his story**

It was a fortuitous day in April, 2001 in route to the mall to speak to a nutritionist at a health food store in my pursuit of a natural remedy for a health issue that I was suffering from and was of great concern to me. For six months, I was experiencing the symptoms of Crones Disease which is from what I understand incurable. I was having significant amounts of blood in my stool and having intense abdominal pains. This came as a surprise to me, being that I had been on a nutritional plan since I was a child eating a hand full of vitamins, minerals and herbs every day, watching my diet eating my fruits and vegetables, very little beef, no fried food, getting plenty of fiber and still nothing I tried seemed to work. Although I was not at the panic stage I was, however, less petrified of the possible diagnosis than terrified of succumbing to the doctor's drugs and scalpels than the condition itself. I opted for a natural means and for self-treatment.

Ironically as it was, in my journey to the mall my attention was drawn on the padded envelope on the seat beside me which I had received days earlier from my mentor and respected friend, Tad Galin. Enclosed was a cassette tape, "This Tape Is Banned". Not knowing its related content, I popped it in the tape deck and to my surprise and pleasure, it was just the natural answer to my problem or so I hoped. On arriving at the mall the tape concluded and so did my venture to the would be nutritionist. I immediately turned around and anxiously returned home and promptly called Tad Galin to get the low down on what seemed to be unprecedented technology that the narrator was speaking of, that it might have a positive effect on my condition. After speaking with Tad, I was confident but skeptical that it would work for me since nothing else did. It was worth a try but I never anticipated the dramatic results. After just three servings (4.5 grams) of BioChoice® i 26™ the first day and one the next morning, to my astonishment there was no trace of any blood for the first time in months. Surely I thought, this is too good to be true. Surely, it was just coincidence and the symptoms would be back, but to my amazement they never did. To this day, now nine years later, I haven't experienced a trace of blood and no pain. That was all of the convincing that I needed. I immediately got my mother, Connie Therrien, who had allergies, high blood pressure, arthritis, etc. and some other family members & friends on the formula. They are also experiencing great results I was first a skeptical customer now I am a staunch advocate and Associate for Legacy for Life. In the nine years since, I have seen remarkable and sometimes miraculous results with thousands of people, but the really amazing thing to me is that the results are always different for everyone, depending what their health issues are. I can honestly say without exception that EVERYONE I know that has taken i26 religiously every day gets results, most life changing, and some life saving, as proven by hospital blood tests. What I do isn't selling; I'm merely a messenger, sharing the knowledge of hyperimmune egg technology truly revolutionary science. In the words of one world renowned doctor; "One of the greatest discoveries of modern science". I have literally seen, up close and personal, it got people out off their death bed, after being in ICU with a friend of a friend for three weeks, and after the doctors had given last rights and hours to live. In just 48 hours it did what the hospital couldn't do in three weeks, with all of the millions of dollars of equipment, drugs & experience. It's all about touching and changing lives of thousands both physically and financially. The money becomes a bi-product of sharing, because there is no amount of money that can compare to the gratification of such heart touching stories, and everyone has one. This is Heart to Heart marketing, and if you focus on the "Money" you will never get the "Vision." I share it with almost everyone I come in contact with. It is truly "Prosperity with Purpose" Now I would like to take this opportunity to give Thanks on this Thanksgiving Holiday 2009 to God which created me and my incredible mother who gave me life, love, direction, principles and encouragement to be whatever it is that I want to be. To my beloved Tad and June Galin;. June, my dear sweet friend, who has always been so kind and giving. She is the Rock upon which Tad stands. She is the spine that keeps him straight and she has always been unwavering in her support for ALL of his endeavors.

To Tad my staunch ally. He has always been there for me through the good and the bad. He is not just a great friend and mentor but the big brother I never had. He has taught me so much about life and business over the years with his wisdom, knowledge



and experience. He has picked me up when I was down, encouraged me when I need encouragement and rattled my cage when he thought I needed shaking. Tad and June aren't just fair weather friends that you can find on any street, but they are "Bad Weather" friends who have been there with me and for me through many storms and have always stayed the course. Always & Forever your friend, Will Therrien.



Personal carry out service  
To the car, SA-8 "What a Country!"  
1981 Fridays product pick up.

Our Amway Days. And Now.

Will Therrien, our long-time friend, a National Marketing Director, soon-to-be Presidential Director with Legacy for Life Glad to have you back in our life Will!

### **Going Beyond Nutrition with i<sup>26</sup>® COMPLETE Support**



Hellen Greenblatt Chief Science Officer

Will Therrien National Marketing Director

Join **Dr. Hellen Greenblatt**, Chief Science Officer of *Legacy for Life*, on Tuesday, January 29, 2008 in a live, Product Information Call as she describes the benefits of using COMPLETE SUPPORT. National Marketing Director, **Will Therrien**, will co-host this live call. Dr. Hellen will answer questions and explain how you can free yourself from constant stress, fatigue, morning joint stiffness, and digestive problems with regular use of i<sup>26</sup>®, and how immune components work together to maintain optimum balance of the body's immune system.

[A Sleeping Bag for the New Year January 6, 2008](#)



Dr. Hellen C. Greenblatt Chief Scientist  
Legacy for Life

- ❖ RESPECTED WORLD-WIDE AS AN AUTHORITY IN HYPERIMMUNE EGG TECHNOLOGY
- ❖ HAS MADE PRESENTATIONS THROUGHOUT THE STATES, EUROPE AND ASIA ON THIS NATURALLY BASED TECHNOLOGY
- ❖ HOLDS A DUAL DOCTORATE IN MICROBIOLOGY AND IMMUNOLOGY
- ❖ FROM DOWNSTATE MEDICAL CENTER, NEW YORK CITY
- ❖ PUBLISHED IN NUMEROUS SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS
- ❖ INVENTOR OF THE GASTROINTESTINAL HEALTH PATENT
- ❖ A MEMBER OF THE DELAWARE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

AMONG A FEW SELECT INDIVIDUALS DR. HELLEN'S BIOGRAPHICAL PROFILE HAS BEEN INCLUDED IN: The Millennium Editions of Who's Who in: MEDICINE AND HEALTHCARE SCIENCE & ENGINEERING WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN WOMEN EMERGING LEADERS AND OUTSTANDING SCIENTISTS OF THE 20<sup>th</sup> CENTURY

Dr. Hellen as we call her is a great part of Legacy's History.



WE DID IT... YOU CAN TOO!

What's the key to success? Find the right company, put in consistent, persistent effort, and don't quit.

We found that right company to be Legacy for Life. We've been involved with Legacy for Life for over 10 years, and thanks to Legacy we have enjoyed a lifestyle most only dream about.

We live in our dream home. We have no boss or daily commute. We take vacations when and where we want... we've traveled to Mexico, the Bahamas, Canada and all over the US... some of the most beautiful beaches and vacation spots in the world! Best of all, we are able to spend quality time with each other and our four kids; we have our health, more energy, and very little stress in our lives! We are living proof that average people CAN succeed. It doesn't take super sales abilities, a Ph.D. from Harvard, or other special skills to succeed in our business. We are just an average Mom and Dad in Northern WI that wanted a better lifestyle for our family. We did it. You can too!

Legacy for Life is YOUR chance for a better lifestyle, more time flexibility, and true "Prosperity with Purpose!"

Rich & Colleen Morgan Presidential Director  
Eau Claire, WI                      Legacy for Life.

Rich and Colleen Morgan for over 10 years have been a part of the Greatest Story ever told in Network Marketing, "Legacy for Life".

**The History of Legacy USA and Legacy for Life Continues.**

October 21<sup>st</sup> 2002 a controlling interest and ownership was purchased from ARKION RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT by Mr. Randy Calvert and his group of investors. Legacy USA became Legacy for Life LLC No question, hopefully this was a historic and the best move for Legacy, also perhaps the most important, the stability for the distributors out in the field. Perhaps some profit sharing for the field in the future.

April 5, 2004 10:00 PM at a live conference call it was announced, that the president of Legacy for Life Jeff Piersall was terminated. Unexpected, but not surprised.

Robin Cramp was promoted from Chief Operating Officer to the President of Legacy for Life LLC.

In May 2007 Larry Spark became the new Legacy President replacing Robin Cramp. Robin Cramp was terminated.

2007 November 19<sup>th</sup> 9:00 pm New Legacy announcement, Larry Spark has resigned.

February 14, 2008 the owners of Legacy for Life have taken over the management at Legacy Corporate.

Coney Calvert became the Owner & President of Legacy for Life LLC.  
Randy Calvert Owner & Chairman of the Board.

April 6, 2009 Legacy Announced  
Francis Marino our new President Legacy for Life



Francis works to create successful, practical strategies for Legacy and is deeply involved in their day-to-day implementation. He combines his extensive experience of building winning organizations with equal experience of running them. Francis began his career by selling products door-to-door and progressed to work with Fortune 500 companies to create successful product advertising and marketing. A graduate of the University of Oklahoma with a degree in Communications, Francis spent his entire adult life connecting people with products and services. Today, Francis has award-winning experience, based on understanding and implementing what inspires customers to buy and what motivates people to sell – business development, consumer products, publishing, franchising, management and sales leadership. These successes are developed with vision, planning, common sense and teamwork, grounded in a practical understanding of what makes business work.





## ***Connie Calvert, Owner & CEO***

Legacy *for Life* Owner and CEO, Connie Calvert, is passionate about providing the best care and support for Legacy's world-wide family of Distributors. In her previous banking career, Connie was one of the youngest persons promoted to Senior Vice President. Under her leadership, Connie's division consistently won every sales competition. She credits the training and experience she received in sales and sales management for her ability to effectively organize and manage a corporate staff. Connie's mission is to organize and empower the Legacy corporate staff to achieve excellence in each of their roles. Connie says that Legacy is the most fun and rewarding job of her life. She sees a world of opportunities to improve the Distributor experience and promises to never stop in her quest to make Legacy the perfect opportunity for its Distributors. Connie and her husband, Randy, are committed to helping Legacy Distributors achieve health and financial success with Legacy *for Life*. Connie, Randy, and their three children, Rachel, Chase and Madison, live in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.



## ***Randy Calvert, Chairman & Owner***

Legacy *for Life* Chairman and Owner, Randy Calvert, is an entrepreneur who brings an innovative approach to all of his business dealings. A successful lawyer and CPA with over 10 years of MLM industry experience, Randy possesses a unique skill set with the operational, analytical and legal skills necessary to make good business decisions that positively affect Legacy *for Life* and its family of Distributors. Randy and his wife, Connie, are committed to helping Legacy Distributors achieve health and financial success through Legacy *for Life*. Randy practices law and manages a successful law firm. He and Connie live in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma with their three children, Rachel, Chase and Madison.

## Legacy for Life

### **Our Eleventh Year Anniversary July 23, 2008**

#### **Mission:**

At *Legacy for Life*, we are passionate about enriching people's lives around the world with an enduring home-based business that creates wealth and improved health.

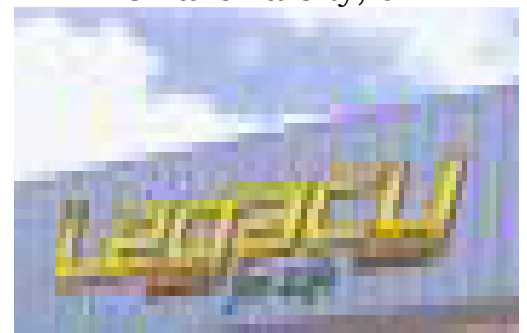
#### **About Us:**

1992 Tad and June Galin, the [Humble Beginnings](#) of Legacy for Life at the Wild Flower Restaurant, meeting a friend, Ted Elias, at Happy Hour Time on Trans Coastal Waterway Boca Raton, Florida. Subject, [New Biotechnology](#); Legacy was born. Founded in 1994. July 23, 1998. [Qualification Documents for Legacy, USA, Inc.](#) were filed with the State of Florida. *Legacy for Life* is a world leader in the health and wellness arena. Through our rich history which began with two of the nation's largest and most respected companies, DuPont\*, and ConAgra. We have gone Beyond Nutrition to bring you the most natural, cutting-edge nutraceutical supplements available. Today, *Legacy for Life* is helping hundreds of thousands of people around the world to live a better life. We proudly distinguish ourselves from every other company because we start with unique, credible and proprietary products that offer value to everyone. The newest addition to our family of quality products is the i26 COMPANION dog chewables; are a unique extension of the i26 line, specially formulated for dogs! Specially developed to support your dog beyond nutrition, so don't wait another minute. Act now. Discover how *Legacy for Life* is positively changing lives with products and an opportunity unlike any other.

*\*Since August, 1997 Legacy for Life has not been affiliated with either DuPont or ConAgra. Neither DuPont nor ConAgra is the source or sponsor of any products of Legacy for Life, LLC.*



**World Headquarters  
Oklahoma City, OK**



Back to my story. And World War II Legacy Continues



Galin's Library

This was the beginning of our second dramatic change in our lives. In 1935 when Adolf Hitler broke the military terms set by the Versailles treaty on June 28, 1919. And began rearming Germany.

Five years later 1940 with hand shake, World War II and Pearl Harbor began here.

“The original agreement, the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis Vs Allies in World War II, was signed in Berlin in 1940.

From left to right: Von Rintelen (German Minister) Oshima (Japanese Ambassador in Berlin) Ribbentrop (German Foreign Minister) Stahmer (German Ambassador in Tokyo)

This “Troika Axis” of 1940 gave Hitler an encouragement for his dreams to conquer the world.”

March 12, 1938 Germany invaded Austria. September 1, 1939 Germany invaded Poland, also my country. May 12, 1940 Germany invaded France. July 10, 1940 the battle of Britain begins, first major dogfight over English Channel. June 22 1941 Germany invaded my Country than, the Soviet Union Code named Barbarossa. December 11, 1941 Germany and Italy declared war on the United States of America. December 14, 1941 U.S. Declares War on Germany and Italy.



Galin's Library

The beginning of World War II June 22 1941. Hitler's Invasion of the Soviet Union.

Steengracht of the Foreign Office Secretary of State, shaking hands with Japan's Ambassador Oshima in Berlin 1940. On his left is Ribbentrop.

On the surface these meetings rather looking friendly and cordial, the timing for Hitler and Japan must have been just right. Several months later on December 7, 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

**Many of the World War II pictures and photos**  
**Especially of Hitler found in**  
**“ My Life Under Hitler And Stalin “**  
**Within the Book Version**  
**And Within the Website**  
**are the sole property of**  
**The Author Tad Galin**

## **CHAPTER ONE: A Visit with Nina**

It's a beautiful spring day in May 1990. I am visiting with my mother, Nina, in her two-bedroom apartment in Parma, Ohio, that she shares with her daughter. As we listen to her tell her stories, my sister, Anne, and I remember some of the stories with her. Contrasting sharply the harsh peasant life in a humble *chata*\* in Petropavlovka, Ukraine, sixty years before, her life now could be considered comfortable, middle class, and very American. Deprivation and oppression, fear and loss have all taken their toll. Yet, even now at eighty, Nina is agile, well groomed, and exceptionally keen in her memory. Americanization has not altered the inner fabric of her life, woven from Old-Country traditions, holiday customs, and European meals. Watching Nina move around doing chores and caring for the house, it is not easy to see the hardships that have shaped her life and memories. However, when she is asked to talk of the war years, the tears come easily and pain is clear as she speaks. "I watched as another mother's son was shot. I thought, 'It will be a long time before a mother realizes that she is waiting in vain for her son to return.'" She drifts off, the tears welling again. These words are doubly haunting to me, because she is telling us of an event that I also clearly remember myself—the deaths of two young German soldiers as we were looking out through a tiny, ice-encrusted window. I had to defrost a 3"x 3" square with my warm breath to see out of it as we witnessed the executions right in front of us in the back and north of our chata in our neighbor's yard. Two other young German soldiers fled from our chata and how they crawled on their stomachs for a mile-and-a-half and survived, later came back and told us of their ordeal. My mother and I are indelibly shaped by the war. But my sister, Anne, is even more than that; she is a product of it. Both Anne and I feel that the richness of our family heritage and the powerful experiences of our mother's life, with all its grinding hardships, are something that should be known and remembered by future generations. Now, not wanting a single thought or phrase to be forgotten, wanting even the slightest nuances to be preserved, we have placed a tape recorder quietly beneath the kitchen table. What the tape recorder hears is Ukrainian, but suffering and joy are the same in any language. My mother speaks reluctantly at first, as she tells of her humble beginnings; but she soon opens up as she warms to her subject...

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\* A *chata* is a small, simple rustic thatch roof house, dirt floor, no running water, electricity, or a bathroom. The pronunciation is with an aspirated hard "h", not the normal "ch" as in chew.



and even as the tears flow down her cheeks, the tales flow with them. She was born Janina\* Piotrowska in Yur'yevka, near Kyiv in Ukraine on May 25, 1910. Her parents, Jon and Victoria Piotrowski, could have hardly imagined the life Nina would live as a result of the Communist expansion, and the following upheaval that World War II would bring about. Her father, in fact, had died two weeks before she was born, and Victoria was left with the burden of caring for a newborn and a four-year-old son, Stefan. Poverty-stricken in 1912, Victoria Piyetrowska gave Nina to her well-to-do sister, Viktusia and Felek Guliszevski, to be adopted when she was two years old. Felek Guliszevski was in charge of an *Ekonomia*, a large tract of farmland usually covering a great many acres, and owned by a Jewish man named Alperin in Zevotiv, not far from Yuryevka. Felek hired and cared for the farm workers, and oversaw production. For quite a while his position provided security and stability for his family and he in turn provided something of a family for his workers, many of whom had traveled a long way from home to live on the *Ekonomia* in season. When World War I broke out and his men were being called up to the front lines, Felek hired a dozen tailors to make winter jackets and trousers for each of them before they left. He also gave each of their wives a young calf that would grow up into a milking cow by the time their husbands returned home. He was a good man, leading a good life. But in 1918, following the October Revolution of the year before, the political climate and the mood of the country was changing. Ukraine had come under the sway of the U.S.S.R., and the *Ekonomia*'s and *kulaks* (landowners) began to be harassed by the Bolsheviks. Many of the locals in Yuryevka were becoming very upset at the presence of this rich landowner in their midst. The harassment continued as Nina grew up. Josef Stalin became General Secretary of the Soviet Union on April 3, 1922. He unleashed his own godless, ruthless version of the ideology called Communism—an ideology that was ultimately to devastate Russians, Ukrainians, and Poles alike, to name just a few peoples. Even in 1918, there were signs of the coming storm. The Guliszevski's decided to leave Zevotiv and the *Ekonomia* to find a little more peace. By the time they were done emptying their home, they had ten full wagonloads of furniture and belongings, all harnessed each to a team of oxen. When the locals saw this, they couldn't stand it. They turned into a mob, surrounding his wagons, yelling and cursing at him for being a rich kulak, and getting more out of control each minute. They even tried to close in and physically drag Felek out into their pack...

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\* Throughout this book the names of people are often given in various diminutive forms, which is a common practice not only for Slavic people, but is typical in most parts of the world.

But his former workers heard the commotion and came out, yelling at the mob and telling them of the things that Felek had done for them. In the end, his friends shamed the mob, and they apologized and let the Guliszevski leave with all their belongings. They moved to Osichnia, a small village a few miles away. Nina was eight years old. Her mother, Victoria, stayed in touch with Nina over the years. Struggling to keep food on the table, she did manage to raise her son, Stefan, and even put him through the University of Leningrad in Russia, doing whatever menial tasks were available. Eventually he graduated from the Military Academy, becoming an officer in the Soviet Army. My mother, raised by her aunt and uncle, did not suffer the poverty that was the lot of most Ukrainians at the time. Felek and Viktusia ran in prosperous circles. However, since her real mother was only a "poor peasant," as she grew up she was not able to share her background with any of her friends or her adoptive family's associates. This for her was a frustration and made life very difficult in its own way. When Stalin came to power in 1922, life would become even more difficult. Stalin was determined to wipe out the kulaks; he was outraged that anyone would dare to own private land in a communist state. Life for the Guliszevski's grew worse year after year as they tried to hold onto what they had. When Nina met Josef Przegalinski, my father, she glimpsed an opportunity to begin a new life. She had no idea that he belonged to her church, that the two had both been christened as babies within this large congregation of eighteen communities. She had no idea that he had first noticed her years before she noticed him.

### **How Nina Met Josef**

When Nina was fifteen years old, she was asked to be a maid of honor at the wedding of one of Josef's brothers. In rural Ukraine in those days, communities were small and tight-knit among the few families there. Josef's family lived back in Yuryevka. The Guliszevski's had known them for years. It was the winter of 1925. The Guliszevski's went on a horse-drawn sleigh to the Przegalinski home. This was one of the worst winters ever. The snowdrifts were as high as the house chimneys. To keep warm, the sleigh was outfitted with a large sheepskin cover, called *shlaban*, the kind that you actually slipped into so it would keep you warm and cozy. Nina's family stopped the horses close to Josef's house. Their footsteps crunching through several feet of soft snow they trudged up to the house. There were some people drawing water out of Josef's well. He shared it with all of the neighbors. Nina was dressed well for the occasion with a *karakul* (a muff) to keep her hands warm and snow boots that were made by Adam Halicki (pronounced "Halit-ski"), a local shoemaker and Josef's cousin. Adam actually kept a room at the Guliszevski's. In return for room and board, he made all of the shoes and boots for the entire family. (Just a few years later, same Adam Halicki secured a job for Josef in Novosyolovka after his escape from Siberia.) In this high snow bank, Josef had gone out earlier and carved out a set of steps to go down into the yard and into the house. He came to the door when he heard them coming down this snow staircase. (This is not a joke. You haven't seen a winter until you've seen a Ukrainian---Russian winter.) A little dog next to him was barking at them. Josef said to the dog, "Go ahead, and bite the girl that will be getting married soon." (This was a saying in Ukraine in those days: "When the dog bites the girl, she will soon be married.") Nina's answer was that one girl was already bitten—Ruzia, who was getting married just then—and it would be a long wait for the second one. Josef was an independent kind of person. He must have sensed right away that Nina was of the same mind. He walked up to her and kissed her hand. He then took a broom and brushed the snow off everybody's coats and boots as they came into his home. When they walked into the house, Josef's mother and several of his sisters greeted each other with the traditional "Glory be to Jesus Christ." Josef's mother said, "My children, you must be freezing." Next to the bake oven was a long bench filled with fresh baked bread. Everyone was already hungry from the grueling trip, and the aroma from the bread made their mouths water instantly. She said, "Children, come to the bake oven and warm yourselves up." (Besides baking all the bread and all the cooking, a Ukrainian oven also radiated heat to warm the entire house.)

They sat down. Josef's mother asked one of his sisters to bring in a big pot full of kielbasa filled with lard as a preservative. (As my mother described this scene, I could taste and smell that aroma, and all that fresh bread with fresh sausage. I know those smells well. I was raised on Nina's cooking.) They put the pot into the bake oven until the lard melted, took the kielbasa out, cut it up in pieces and served it with fried eggs, fried sauerkraut, and pigs' feet. Everybody washed their hands, each got a glass of vodka, and there was a toast. Nina at fifteen years of age, with long black hair past her waist, was a beautiful young lady. Nina sat next to Josef's mother who raised her glass and said, "Let us drink to health and a good life, and all of the best for you all." Then, she poured another glass and gave it to Nina, saying, "Let us have good health, and hopefully you will become my daughter-in-law." [Nina paused in her story and said to me, "I just held my tongue. Jozef was twenty-four years old! I wanted to say, 'But you don't have a son that is my age for me.' But I did not say that."] They went to the church for the wedding, and then they went to the reception where Josef danced and stayed with Nina until morning. Even with the age difference, Nina knew that she liked Josef. At one point, Josef's mother and Viktusia were sitting together and Josef's mother asked her, "Is that your daughter, Nina, sitting in my son's arms?" She said reluctantly, "That is my daughter." Josef's mother said, "Holy Mary, I wish that they could sit like this together for the rest of their lives." She repeated this two times. She had fallen in love with Nina. And Jozef apparently was well on his way to doing the same. One sunny winter day, Nina had been feeling stressed and decided that a nice walk would be just the thing for her. So she decided to go down to the local bazaar a couple miles down the road. On the road, she saw Josef and some of his friends behind her, heading to the bazaar as well. She tried to increase her pace to out-walk the young men so she could daydream and not be interrupted. But they increased their pace too. When he got close enough, Jozef called ahead to Nina to ask if they could join her. Nina finally said, in effect, "If you can't beat them, join them." They all spent the rest of the walk together. Nina decided that she enjoyed the company so she invited Josef to walk back home with her after she was done shopping. He eagerly abandoned his other friends for the chance to be with Nina.

The weather turned into a blizzard. Walking in the snow was very trying, and talking to each other was impossible most of the time. Jozef carried most of the produce. Felek Guliszevski was standing on the patio under the windmill watching them as they were trudging through the deep snow. Jozef kissed Nina's hand and said goodbye when they got close to her home. At this point Felek called out and asked Josef to come inside. After introductions, Nina's adoptive mother served hot *chayi* (tea) and some food, as was the custom\*. Josef's family was considered to be kulaks just like the Guliszevski's. Thus, socially they were equals and consequently they were favorably predisposed to him. Josef came from a large family; he had two brothers and seven sisters. John and Pawel and seven sisters: Ruziya, Ludviga, Karoliya, Marceniya, Marina, and the twins, Jagusiya, and Victusiya. With several acres of land, the Przegalinski family was considered well off, although their father had died some years earlier. Josef's mother had raised the ten children by herself. Josef was the eldest son and became the man of the house at an early age. He was well known and respected throughout the surrounding eighteen communities. Moreover, he had Felek's blessings. It wasn't always so. One day Nina was in the church when she was about fourteen years old, a year before she had formally met Josef. It was a beautiful morning and Nina was standing outside next to the church with her father when Josef and a friend walked toward them. Jozef took out cigarettes and gave one to his friend. Mr. Guliszevski said, "Aren't you two cavaliers ashamed to be smoking next to the church?" Josef replied, "What business is it of yours?" The look on my grandfather Felek's face, according to Nina, indicated that the first meeting hadn't gone well! Much later, when Jozef was visiting the Guliszevski's home, he asked Nina, "Was that your father with you at the church that day when I made that crack about smoking?" Nina said, "Yes." Josef had remembered the incident well. And he had remembered Nina, too. He had noticed her at the church long before the two ever officially met. He was patient in courting her, and his patience won out in the end.

### **Another Suitor**

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\* *Chai* literally means tea, but as a custom is much more important and almost always includes food provided to the guest, to whom it is an honor to be the host. The guest could often supply entertainment, news, and diversion in an otherwise under-stimulating environment. In some Sense, the only real news, in the days before telephones, radio and television, could come from a stranger. This is why a stranger is welcomed so warmly.



But he wasn't the only man who had fallen in love with Nina, and actually wasn't Nina's first love either. Ambrose was a well-educated mechanical engineer who had built a beautiful home next to the Guliszevski's property. He was kind of the self-appointed repairman for the communities in the area. When the thrashing machine broke, Ambrose saddled up his horse and rode to the nearest city, made a replacement part himself at some workshop, and returned the next day to install it. He would often walk up to Nina while she was attending her orchard and her flower garden and ask her to rest a bit and talk. They would sit on the bench beneath an apple tree, take in the fragrance of its blossoms, and visit for a while. Ambrose was in love with Nina and wanted to marry her and take her to Zolotiye Priskyi, in the far eastern Russia. He had a very respectable job waiting for him there with the government. But Felek Guliszevski was against it. Felek wanted a son-in-law that would work on his fields, or a kulak like himself. One day Nina was at a neighbor's house celebrating the New Year. Ambrose was also there, delighted that he was celebrating with Nina. The two of them were laughing and having a good time when a young girl knocked on the door and told Nina to go home right away. Ambrose walked Nina home and then he went back by himself to the party. Nina walked into her home singing. As Nina walked into the kitchen, she saw Josef sitting with her father. Her mother already had the *samovar* (an ornamented tea kettle or urn used for special occasions) brewing and told Nina to be quiet. She knew that a decision had been made for her. She greeted Josef as he got up and kissed her hand. Nina stayed home and celebrated the New Year with Josef and her parents that night. "That is how it was, my son." Nina said to me. As we listened to her, I realized that Stalin had changed my own life before I was even born. Felek Guliszevski, proud Polish landowner, didn't want his adopted daughter seeing a man who stood for the government that Felek opposed. So Nina ended up marrying the man that was to be my father instead. One day a couple months later, Nina was sitting with two friends plucking chicken feathers for pillows and perinas (feather bed covers), and quilts. It was about the time for the stock to be fed. Nina looked out the window and saw Josef drive up with horse and sleigh. This was the evening before *Popeletz* (Lent), and the time for another celebration, called *Zakuski* (more food and vodka just before Lent—the Ukrainian *Mardi Gras*). When Jozef showed up, the Guliszevski's had hardly any vodka in the house. So Felek had to swallow his pride and go to Ambrose—who had the keys to the store—and ask him to get him some vodka. Ambrose was a good man. He came with a supply of vodka, and even visited for a few minutes with Jozef, his rival, and with Nina's father. Then, he said "goodnight" and left. The celebration went on for the rest of the evening.

Ambrose knew that he had lost, that he was not welcome by Nina's father so he left for Zolotiye Priskyi without Nina. One day Mother Viktuscia handed a letter

to Nina. It was from Zolotiye Priskyi, from Ambrose. The letter said, "Janusiu ('Janina' or 'Nina'), when you stand next to your orchard, and your flower garden, remember those apple blossoms, our lovely and blessed evenings together as we sat on that bench beneath the apple tree, and how all too soon you had to leave because we were always watched by your father." After Nina read the letter she cried, and her mother Viktuscia noticed Nina's teary eyes. She said to her husband, "Felko, why did you separate these two kids? You cannot find a husband for Nina; she has to go her way to where her heart leads her." But the deed was done, and Ambrose was gone. Jozef, however, was still around, and Felek approved of him. So after Ambrose went away, Josef and Nina started seeing more of each other. She eventually got over Ambrose, and fell deeply in love with Josef. He was, after all, strong, handsome, funny, and independent. But on the day she tells her tale to my sister and me, she keeps coming back to how different her life would have been if other people hadn't run it. If she had been able to stay with Ambrose, and move with him to Zolotiye Priskyi, life may have been better than the poverty, turmoil, and fear that lay ahead of her. I think to myself, if she had stayed with Ambrose, she may never have reached the United States, where she can now sit and tell her tale in freedom. How much better, really, would her life have been in the end? One day when Nina was not yet nineteen, she was returning from carrying milk to the centrifugal a mile away. The centrifugal separated sour cream from the milk and sold back the sour cream; you would buy what you needed and bring the milk back for the little piglets and calves. When she got close to home, her cousin was standing by the gate all excited, hollering, "Janusiu, come hurry up! You have a guest." "Who is it?" Nina asked. "Josef Przegalinski. I opened the gate for him." A suitor coming to pay a visit at a girl's house and waiting for her to get back from her errands—that was a big deal. Nina acted like she did not believe Josef was there, but as she got close to the door she started singing a song, "Why did you make a trail, when you didn't mean to walk on it. Why did you start a love affair when you didn't mean to love?" She hoped he was there, and that her little good-natured jab didn't go unnoticed. Her mother opened the door and said sternly, "Be quiet. You have a visitor." Inside, Jozef was indeed there, sitting by the table, dressed in his finest. Nina excused herself to go and change her clothes. Jozef stood up and said, "It doesn't matter how you're dressed. I love you anyway." That was the first time that he ever said that he loved her. Never in four years did he mention that he loved her, or make any sign that he wanted to marry her. Nina changed her clothes quickly and came back out. She sat with Josef on a couch-like wooden storage chest with a closed top, called *Sonduk*.

Josef and Nina sat there for a long while and talked. Eventually Nina stood up to go get the tea ready. Jozef asked her to wait for a while, saying, "I have

something to tell you.” They stood, and Josef said, “Nina, I want to tell you something. I would like to marry you—but I want you to live in my house.” He said, “I want you to be the lady of your house and I want to be the man of my house on my own land. I want to have a quiet life, just us.” This was big. The Guliszevski’s never thought that Nina would marry and move away. They thought that she would marry and live and work on their estate. It was part of why Felek was so fond of Josef. How would Nina react? Nina took no time to think about it. She said right away, “I am ready to marry you.” She then said, “And I am ready to live in your house.” All these years later, Nina didn’t tell Anne and me the reaction on Josef’s face, but it’s not too hard to imagine. When it sank in that she had said yes, Josef asked her to have her mother come in. Nina called to her mother. Mrs. Guliszevski came in, and Josef told her that he wished to marry her daughter and take her to live with him under his roof. “My son,” Viktuscia smiled, “You have my blessing. But you have to go to the prison and ask her father for Nina’s hand.” You see, before Josef had asked for Nina’s hand in 1929, Stalin had already taken her father, Felek Guliszevski from her.

### **Nina’s Marriage Began in Prison**

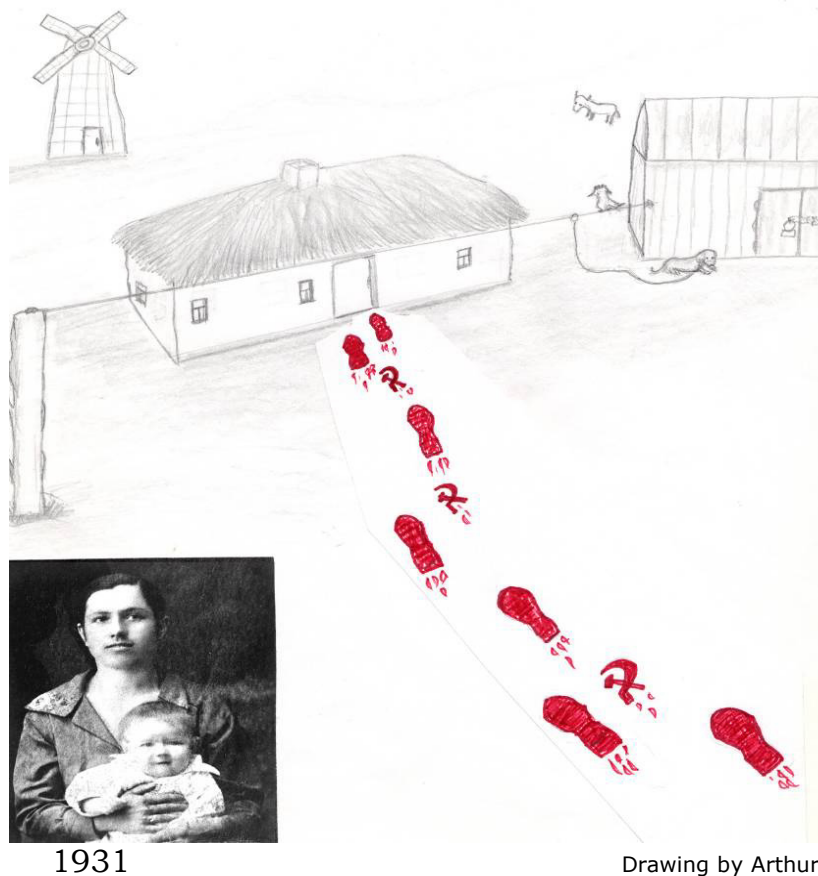
From the very beginning there were indications of Nina and Josef’s future life under Stalin. By 1929 Stalin’s cruelty and paranoia were beginning to show. Felek Guliszevski was imprisoned for the crime of being a kulak, a private landowner in a Communist state. The prison was in Bardichyev, forty miles from Yuryevka. Josef and Nina went to the prison so that Josef could ask her father for her hand in marriage. The prison guard brought out Felek Guliszevski, and at a distance he blessed Nina and Josef, wishing them a good life with God’s blessings. Did he know, or understand, the life that his adopted daughter was choosing? Or, was it he, Felek, that choose it for her?

### **1929 - The First Deportation of Jozef**

September 24, 1929 Nina and Jozef were married at the church where he had first laid eyes on her many years before. The reception was held at his house in Yur’yevka. Josef’s family was large; Jozef was the first son, born on October 31, 1902. He was 27 years old and Nina was 18. There was no shortage of cooks. Nina says that the feast they had was wonderful—fresh oven backed bread and everything from borscht to pigs-in-a-blanket to kielbasa, all the veggies you could name, and of course plenty of vodka. It lasted two days. Finally the celebration ended, and Jozef and Nina were beginning their life

Together. She was happy to be in her own house with nobody looking over her shoulder. Life looked really good for a short while. But, no thanks to Stalin,

that was going to change soon. Stalin had brought the Communist revolution fully to bear in Ukraine. By 1929, a year after Jozef and Nina were married, Stalin's rule had become virtually absolute. The Communist Party now demanded that all able-bodied men living in and around Yur'yevka be registered. My father, Jozef, was the first to refuse to register. When the authorities confronted him, Jozef told them that he didn't need to be registered, because he was from Missouri. He of course, wanted to see first what this so called Communism had to offer; after all they have confiscated his inherited estate, land and property. Wish I had seen their faces! Josef was tough and independent. The only way that Stalin would deal with spirited people like Josef is to liquidate them. Thus, in time some 500 DESTRUCTIVE PRISONS WERE SET UP. After Jozef, seventy other men refused to register with the local government. But these dissidents soon learned that Bolshevik Communism had no room for nonconformists and dissenters. Their homes and lands were confiscated and turned over to the state to form *kolkhoz* (collective farms), which would be operated jointly. Those who opposed such a plan—and even those who didn't seem wholehearted in their acceptance—were placed on a list to be liquidated. Although this liquidation plan was not yet common knowledge, it soon became reality for the Przegalinski's family. In 1929, the NKVD (the early predecessor of the dreaded KGB) made their arrests predominantly at night. At midnight they came to our home and arrested my father, giving no reason and showing no mercy. He must have known that his arrest was imminent because before they came he had taken all the family's gold and jewelry and buried it where it would not be detected.



1931

Drawing by Arthur

### 1929 My Father Josef's first deportation to Siberia

My Mother Nina Przegalinska-maiden name- Piotrowska twenty one years old I am six months old. Sixty eight years later I drew this picture in Melbourne, Florida of My Humble Estate in Yur'yevka, near Kyiv, Ukraine, Soviet Union.

1929 My Fathers Estate was already taken by the Bolsheviks. As my Father Josef stayed in line to join Stalin's Regime, he told them that he is from Missouri, you took my land, horses, my entire Estate, everything we owned I would have to see what the Bolsheviks are all about and walked away. After My Father walked away, 70 men also walked away. Late that night my father was picked up. This was the first deportation of my Father Josef before I was born. The bloody footprints, usually appearing at midnight, that took my father away and the beginning of the mass deportations to gulags and liquidation of "Kulaks"-- Landowners. Josef was sent immediately to Khabarovsk, in far eastern Siberia. My Mother was 3 mo. pregnant with me. A family Doctor signed a certificate that she was pregnant 6 mo. There for she was not sent to Siberia with my father. **This was my first time before my birth that my life was saved.** And **At the age of 6 Mo. My life was saved the second time and the beginning of how many times my life was saved to make sure that I will write this book.** By the time I was 18 years old my life was saved 17 times.





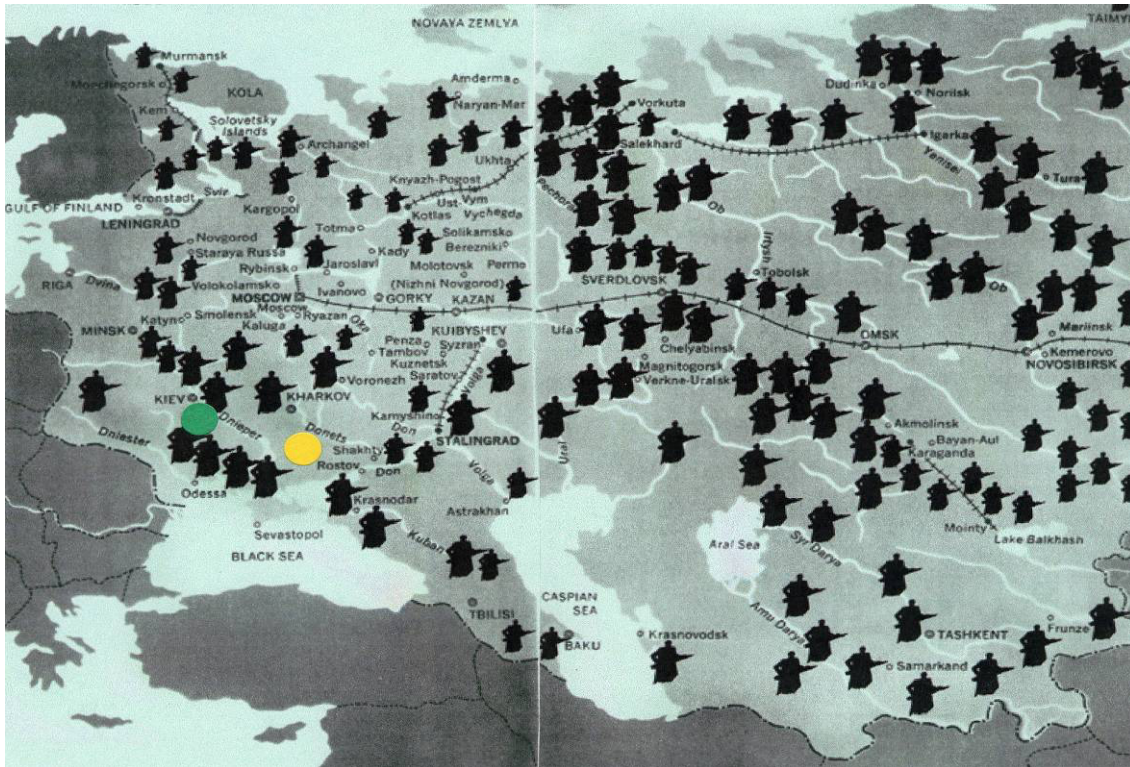
Drawing by Author

### PRISONER

1929 My Father Josef's first deportation to Siberia  
Winter 1930. My father, Josef Przegalinski,  
Cutting trees in the Russian Taiga, Khabarovsk, Siberia.

I had to do this drawing from my memory of a drawing that was hanging on the wall in our house alongside with a portrait of my Father; it was done by my Fathers Brother Pawel when they joined my Father in this forsaken Russian Labor Camp for the purpose of passing to my Father a forged passport. My Mother and I were picked up by armed German soldiers in 1942. In a rush under the gun we left these precious pictures hanging there. Then, on January 31<sup>st</sup> 1943, Field Marshal Paulus surrendered to the Russian Forces at Stalingrad. This was the beginning of the end and the beginning of German retreat. We were leaving my Village of Petropavlovka for the first and the last time. As I watched the houses on fire, not knowing that the most precious two pictures were also going up in flames. I have tried and tried to render a picture of my Father. To my mind I could not even get close, but, how could I know if I was close or not. I will have to do it before this book is published. I finally figured it out as to why it is difficult to render a picture of my own Father. After my Fathers escape I had a chance to spend with him my first seven years of my life. Many times my Father was telling us about the hard life in Siberia. He was pointing at this drawing most of the time. This brutal life and the scene were indelibly imprinted on my subconscious mind. So I got the message and the scene but not the messenger. I feel strongly that the picture above does resemble my Father very much. He is carrying a long timber cutting saw.

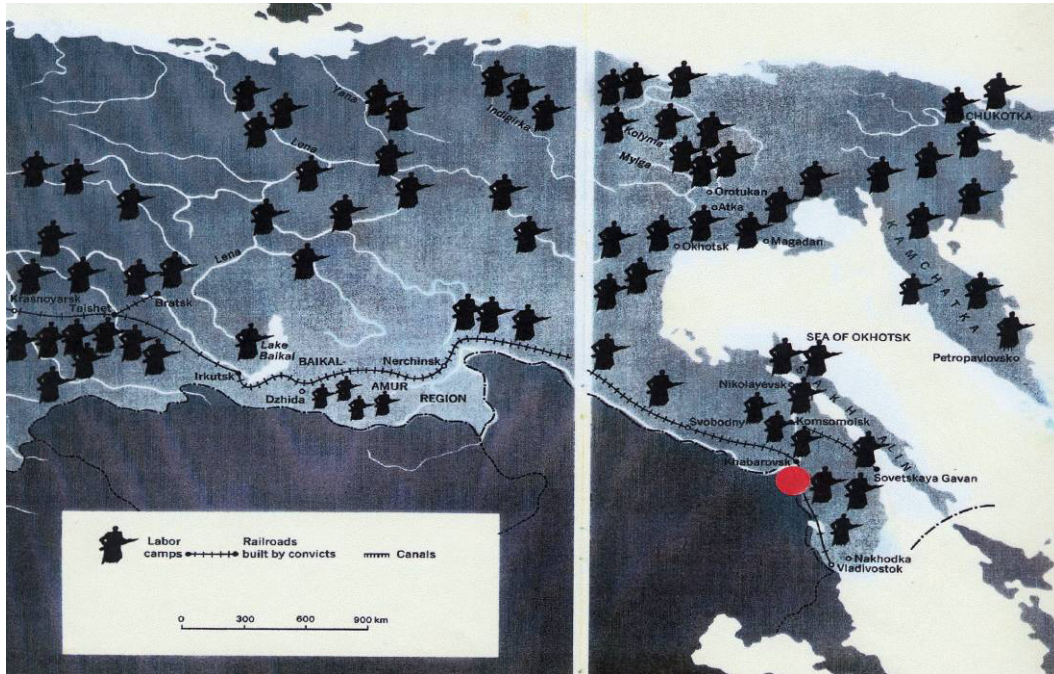
News spread quickly, and soon everybody in the nearby villages learned of his fate. My uncle Pawel Przegalinski, who worked at the city hall in Yur'yevka, immediately began making plans to rescue his brother. He skillfully forged passports, one for my father, one for himself, and one for their cousin Miyeczyslaw. In earlier and happier days, the three of them had been almost joined at the hip. Now two of them were about to risk their own lives to save the third. After months of planning, the two set out with my father's forged passport safely tucked away. They rode for days some 9,000 Kilometers or 6,000 miles on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, crossing some eleven time zones, leaving their own lives and families behind—maybe for good. When they finally arrived at the Khabarovsk prison camp, they snooped around and found that the security was light. The camp was surrounded by hundreds of kilometers of wilderness; the only way out was by a solitary one-way railroad. There wasn't much need for security. Without passports, no escapee could get far. By now Stalin had clamped down so hard that even going from town to town required a passport. In order to slip my father's passport to him, they first had to become prisoners themselves. They had to be extremely careful as to how they did this. After the prisoners left to cut the trees, they watched two prisoners and their activity for a while. Couple of prisoners chopping wood to be burned in the iron stoves inside these primitive wooden PRISON barracks. You see, that all there was for hundreds of miles around them was dense pine forest, called Taiga one of the daily tasks. When no one was around, they just snuck in, started chopping wood themselves, and took it back inside the barracks. They had their own blankets with them and made their beds on the floor with the rest of the prisoners. When Jozef returned from cutting trees in another part of the camp, he was disbelievably startled to see his brothers, but he kept a cool head. He didn't greet them or say anything at first. That evening they joined together in the chow line, waiting to get a bowl of soup with maybe a small chunk of black bread where they finally were able to talk quietly. Pawel and Miyeczyslaw told Jozef what they were up to. They spent some time at the camp, working twelve-hour shifts at hard labor to earn their meager bowl of soup and bread at night. At first, they would only talk with Jozef while cutting trees. A few days later, once they had blended in, they then communicated more freely but they never drew any attention to their camaraderie. The plan was that when the two brothers escaped, Jozef wouldn't be questioned. Because as far as anyone was concerned, Jozef didn't know them. The three men memorized the sequence of the train arrivals and departures over the next few days. If their first escape attempt was not successful, there would be no second chance; none of them would ever see their families again. After all the plans had been made, Jozef had secured his forged passport and some rubles, Soviet currency, to get him home. The two brothers left, fearful that a party of three would raise suspicion on the journey home. It is hard to imagine the courage and dedication that it took for these two to leave their families to travel to Siberia with forged passports, and then to become prisoners to rescue their brother. How many people today know someone who would do that for them? This reminds me of the old line from the movie "Boys Town" and later became a popular song in the late '60s: "He ain't heavy, he's my brother!" The reason that my Mother Nina was not deported to the Siberian prison with my Father was that Nina was 3 months pregnant with me. A family doctor and close friend gave her a signed examination that Nina was 6 months pregnant. If this doctor, who put his neck on the line for my mother, had not done this, Nina would have been deported along with Josef and this story would not have been told. This doctor saved me from being born in a Siberian prison to die there along with Nina and Josef.



Every armed guard above represents one “Destructive Labor--Camp”

YELLOW DOT IS MY VILLAGE OF PETROPAVLOVKA IN SOUTHERN UKRAINE MY FATHER FLED TO AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA. FROM HERE WAS HIS SECOND DEPORTATION.

My Father’s first deportation occurred in 1929 from Yur’yevka “Green Dot” my birth place, near Kiev (the second, and final deportation, would come eight years later). The Czar of Russia, Nicholas II, originally set up the “Destructive-Labor Camps”. When Stalin rose to power, he built many more of these camps to be able to liquidate more of his presumed enemies. With the Czar and Stalin combined, from 1894 to 1954, 66 million people were liquidated by hard labor, executions, starvation, or the bitter Siberian cold.



My Father's first deportation was to Khabarovsk "RED DOT", Siberia in 1929, and 6,000 miles from home. Almost 500 Destructive Labor--Camps were built by Dictator Josef Stalin, spanning over 6,000 miles (9,600 km) and 11 time zones across the entire Soviet Union. One day when studying the map of Siberia I remember my Father telling us from where he actually escaped. According to his explanation about the time and places as a prisoner in Siberia, I noticed the single railroad to and from Khabarovsk to Moscow. Looking north of the railroad tracks for hundreds of miles are the prisons and forest. No roads of any kind. This was the only place considering one wanted to escape. The rest of the 400 some prisons all across the Soviet Union perhaps were not as close to the railroad. Now I am sure that brother Pawel with his cousin Michislaw and three forged passports saw the chance and possibilities when they looked at the map and recognized that the prison and the railroad was one and the same place. Incredibly they decided to join my Father as prisoners and pass him his forged passport.



**The Great and Daring Escape**  
**How was it Planed and done!**

The original sketch of my Father was done by his rescuer brother Powel shows a brutal winter in Siberian prison. And was given to my Father Jozef after they all three escaped. Again, my Uncle Pawel rescued all three of us by notifying Jozef that the City Hall is getting ready to ship Mom and me six months old to join Jozef in Siberian prison, while Josef escaped and was living at home on a baking oven. Once out of the prison it was easier for them to mix in with the villagers to buy some food for the journey because they didn't looked like prisoners like my Father did besides, they had the passports, even though these were forged passports never the less it gave them some flexibility if not much comfort. One night after the two, brother and cousin, Pawel Przegalinski and Miyeczyslaw, had escaped; my father slipped into the surrounding forest and made his way, concealed, to the far side of the train station. When the train started to roll, Jozef slipped out of the forest just in time to catch one of the last cars. He settled down in a brake booth, and began his journey of some 6,000 miles (9,000 Kilometers) home. Just because he had a passport didn't mean he was in the clear—not by a long shot. Picture yourself after a year of hard labor, without a single decent meal in all that time. Josef was by then a gaunt, dirty, exhausted-looking man. There's no doubt that he looked like an escaped prisoner. So he had to hide at least until he reached some kind of civilization where he could blend in better. The first leg of the trip was the worst. Once he had gotten some distance covered, if discovered he might be able to get away with saying he had hopped on at the last station just in time to catch the brake booth. He might be able to joke with whoever found him, thanking them for a cheap ticket and sharing his small sack of tomatoes with them. But during that first leg, there were no "last stations" other than the prison yard. I can only imagine the relief he must have felt when the train pulled into the little village of Yarmurka, and then continued a few minutes later without incident. He now at least had that name under his belt. And so it went. Even after he had put hundreds of miles between him and the prison, he was still terrified of being caught and sent back—or worse. So for most of the journey my father lived in hiding, either in the brake booth, or if too many... people were milling about the rear cars of the train, sometimes actually under the train car—the rail bed hurtling by just inches below him. When his little bag of food ran out, he ate whatever he could forage from the surrounding fields when the train would make its stops. If the train hands got off to the right to pick cucumbers, he would sneak off to the left to grab tomatoes, or a watermelon, or whatever was there. Finally the train pulled into its final destination, Kuibyshev, a town about 500 miles east of Moscow and the beginning of a real civilization again. Josef slipped out of his hiding place, washed up as best he could, and then blended into the hustle and bustle. He hopped onto another train heading into Kiev like a normal human being even though he had a forged passport. Yet, he finally was starting to feel somewhat safer. Later, as a child I would listen to father repeat the story to mother. They



thought I was asleep but I was always so fascinated to hear him tell about his “great escape.”

### **Escaped and Reunited**

When the Bolsheviks had arrested my father and confiscated his land, my mother had been reported to them that she was six months pregnant with me. A family doctor and close friend fudged on her actual condition, because she really was only about three months along in her pregnancy. If this doctor, who put his neck on the line for my mother, had not done this, Nina would have been deported along with Josef and this story would not have been told. The Bolsheviks allowed Nina to stay in her house because of her condition and so that she could keep working the land for the government. One night almost a year later, she thought she heard a familiar scratching sound at her window—a sound she remembered well from the nights when she and my father had been courting. In disbelief, she looked to the window and saw my father’s face with his nose pressed against the window pane just like he used to do when he would come for a visit. Her heart leaped! She wanted nothing more than to run to the door and throw it open to let him in but she did not dare do anything that would draw attention to the new Communist Government armed guard pacing and guarding my father’s inherited estate. A guard had been placed at the property to keep watch over the livestock and equipment due to rampant theft. He made systematic rounds of the property, even peering in the windows of our home when he felt like it. My mother had to wait out the long agonizing minutes for a signal from my father to open the door when the guard was at... the other side of the house. When the familiar scratch was heard at the door, she opened the door as quickly as she could in silence. My father slipped in the door and she into his arms. They spoke only in whispers, afraid that waking me, now six months old, would be enough to alert the guard. Think how it would be to feel back safely in the arms of the woman you loved after such an ordeal, gazing for the first time ever at your baby son and not being able to shout for joy—or even say a word out loud. Nina did not reveal what her husband’s reactions were but she does say that their whispers soon fell silent, and my father was soon sound asleep—the first real sleep he had in a long, long time. What a strange twist of fate this had to be: in his home on the farm that he had been raised on with nine siblings by a widowed mother, Jozef was now a fugitive hiding in the house on the bake oven that he inherited and was rightfully his. Even his relatives in the area could not be told of his presence. Worse yet, in a few days we would have to escape the watchful eyes of the guard to disappear into the countryside, leaving Yur’yevka and our families forever. Such were the times. One day before mother and father were ready to leave there was a knock on the door. Nina opened it to find two men standing there. One was an official from city hall; the other was a Communist Party official from Kiev who was visiting Yur’yevka. Nina was told that she had to prepare a place for him in her chata for the night. Nina found herself in a terrible quagmire. Inviting a State official into her house would put father in grave jeopardy. But if she refused the demand they certainly would search the house and find him. Nina was petrified but she had to invite them in. My father had heard the conversation and was already hiding on top of the bake oven

before Nina opened the door. The top of the oven was higher than eye level. Jozef stacked blankets and pillows at the foot on the sides of the oven so that he couldn't be seen. Once the unwelcome guest had settled in, Nina crawled up with me head first into the space. This was not as odd as some may think. The oven was a warm place in a typically very cold house. More than one poor Ukrainian family was known to pass the awful winter nights in such a way. The official never suspected a thing. Nina carefully crawled through the blankets and pillows and curled up next to Jozef. This time they could not even whisper. She held Josef's hand until the guest started to snore. Thank God for snoring—it was the most welcome sound in that room. As long as the man slept he couldn't discover Jozef. Funny how there can be times when even snoring is a blessing. However, Jozef could not afford to snore. Nina saw to it. She stayed awake through the night. At the slightest sound from him, she would squeeze his hand and he would stop. She would pretend that it was she, just in case the official guest became suspicious. The next morning the man left, and Jozef was again relatively safe. One day a short while later, when my mother was out of the house on an errand, there was a familiar knock on the door. Thinking it was her, my father opened the door. But there, to his great surprise, stood his brother Pawel, the same brother that had rescued him from Siberia. Seeing Josef's look of worry, he assured my father that his secret was still secure but he had other bad news. He had come to tell Nina that she and little Baby Tadeusz were soon to be deported to Siberia to join him. Communications being as primitive as they were in Russia, the news had not yet arrived in Yur'yevka that my father had escaped from the labor camp. Only Pawel knew of my father's presence. He had already risked his life once for him. Now, coming to the door with this news, he risked his life a second time trying to save my mother and me, six months old. Time was now crucial. The buried gold would have to be retrieved and we would have to leave almost immediately to find a safer hiding place before the NKVD came for my mother and me. So she took every opportunity to keep the guard occupied with her "tea service," while my father dug up the gold that he had hidden in the yard long before. One night after the gold was recovered the move was made. My father slipped away first. He waited for Nina under the tree they always used to meet at in happier times. Nina had to time the guard through a window. When the guard was almost at his farthest point, Nina, with breast in my mouth to keep me from crying, slipped out of the house, closing the door behind her so as not to alert the guard. Mother and father walked under the cover of darkness, keeping hidden as well as they could between the rows of corn on the collectives. Mother kept her breast in my mouth to keep me silent as we made our way to the home of my aunt, several miles away. But staying with them created further problems. For one thing, as soon as mother was discovered missing the relatives' houses would be searched first, of course. But worse, since they had no baby in their house, it was necessary that no one in the village become suspicious of the presence of a small child. Fear was strong in those days. Your best friend one day might turn you in the next. The house was sealed for noise as well as possible, the curtains were kept drawn and visitors were discouraged. Soon arrangements had been made for the second stage of our

escape. The journey now took us to the tiny village of Novosyolovka In southern Ukraine, some 500 miles where a room and a job on a housing project site were waiting for my father, secured by his cousin, Adam Halicki. Father thought that maybe he had beaten fate. By the time I was eight years old when father was taken away for good, I had learned much from him. I had heard him talk many times about the harshness, brutality, starvation, and bitterly cold life in the Russian prisons. Most prisoners never survived over five years. Systematic beatings, torture, and inhumane cruelty were a way of life in some 500 prisons all over the entire Soviet Union in the 1930's. I remember vividly cities and places discussed: Khabarovsk, Solovki, Novosibirsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, Nikolayevsk, Vladivostok, and Kamchatka. I wonder which one my father ended up in. And I wonder if that's where he finished his days. According to estimates gathered by émigré professor of statistics Kurganov, the decades of this internal repression cost us a total of sixty-six million—66,000,000—human lives. My Uncle Pavel warned us that deportation of me, 6 months old, with Nina was imminent to join my Father Josef in the Siberian prison. The authorities did not know that my Father Josef has escaped and was living on a bake oven at home. Communication those days was practically non existent.

This was the second time that my life was saved by my Uncle Pavel



Solzhenitsyn, 1946 as a prisoner in the  
Kaluga Gates Camp, Moscow.  
Born December 11, 1918—August 3, 2008

I am also in debt to the Russian writer **Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn**. His stories In “GULAG ARCHIPELAGO, and GULAG ARCHIPELAGO TWO,” of Stalin’s labor Camps helped me to understand my Father even though I only knew him briefly. Thanks to **Thomas Whitney**, Solzhenitsyn’s translator and Harper & Row Publishers for bringing his writings to the western world. I regret that I did not meet him as I wanted to and planed to meet with this great freedom warrior before he left us on August 3, 2008 He left us with inhumane hart wrenching Insights of Russian Pinal System KGB and Stalin’s Brutal Legacy close to 500 Concentration Prisons.

**Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn**  
**Russian Writer**

Mr. Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn as a prisoner himself explains the life in the “Destructive-Labor Camps” of Russia very eloquently in his book: The Gulag Archipelago and Gulag Archipelago Two.

“There is no limit to what should be included in this part. To attain and encompass its savage meaning one would have to drag out many lives in the camps—the very same in which one cannot survive for even one term without some special advantage, because they were invented for destruction”. “And from this it follows that all those who drank of this most deeply, who explored it most fully, are already in their graves and cannot tell us. No one now can ever tell us the most important thing about those camps”. “And the whole scope of this story and of this truth is beyond the capabilities of one lonely pen. All I had was a peephole into the Archipelago, not the view from a tower. But, fortunately, several other books have emerged, and more will emerge. In the Kolyma Stories of Shalamov the reader will perhaps feel more truly and surely the Pitilessness of the spirit of the Archipelago and the limits of the human despair...” “[For,] to taste the sea, all one needs is one gulp.”

**CHAPTER TWO:  
Stalin's War against the Peasant's  
Fear, Horrors and Suffering**

I've said a lot about what Stalin did to the kulaks and the likes of Writers like Solzhenitsyn. I should take a minute to say why. The power struggle begun when Vladimir I. Lenin, founder of the U.S.S.R., died in 1924 the struggle ended in 1927 Stalin quickly rose to lead the ruling body, the Politburo. Through the 1920's he used rhetoric, lies, and charm to win over the left and the right and become the supreme head of the nation, answerable to no one. He also employed the ruthless skills of Felek's Dzerzhinsky, head of the NKVD, the precursor to the KGB. A Ukrainian grain shortage in 1927 and 1928 helped his cause. Ukraine was the heartland and the wheat basket for the country's grain. Ranting against what he called the greedy "Kulaks," (Land owners) Stalin sent 100,000 of his henchmen into the countryside, confiscating grain and imprisoning thousands. Soviet peasants loved him for this. And his power grew. But at the same time, he was making plenty of enemies, not only among kulaks, but in cities too. Hell-bent on industrializing and modernizing the Soviet Union, he imprisoned entrepreneurs and businessmen for their skills, and he tortured many of them to get their buried gold. Before long, anybody with land, gold, or brains saw Stalin as a dangerous threat. And by the end of the 1920's, he saw them as a threat too, one he had to eliminate. During Stalin's purges over the next decade, *millions* of people were killed. The whole Bolshevik old guard supporters of Stalin's political rivals like Trotsky (Lenin's former right-hand man) — were wiped out. A Soviet agent assassinated Trotsky in August 1940 in his living quarters in Mexico City while in exile. Many were ruthlessly eliminated and many foreign Communist leaders were also murdered. In fact, Stalin had more German and Polish Communist leaders killed than Hitler did. This event is unique in history.

**Stalin's Purge of the Military**

Although during World War II some 1,000 Soviet generals were killed, more perished in peacetime under Stalin. According to Todorsky, 3 out of 5 marshals, 15 out of 16 army commanders, 60 out of 67 corps commanders, and 136 out of 199 divisional commanders were murdered. Even members of Stalin's own NKVD leadership were not safe. Those not killed outright were sent to the labor camps, like Felek Guliszevski and my father. Official figures state that around 2,500,000 people were exiled from 1929 to 1931 alone, including 400,000 Kulak families. It was a true time of terror and horror.



**GENOCIDE--HOLODOMOR:**

**Ukraine Famine, of 1932-33 I was two years old.  
The Tragedy of 10 Million Deaths**

Seventy years ago the people of Ukraine, along with a small Polish population with their own Catholic Churches, were part of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Dictator Josef Stalin felt that the Ukrainians have been disloyal, and began to teach obedience and punishment to the entire nation of the Ukraine. Stalin seized food to force peasants to give up land. Famine was Horrific. It is estimated that 10 million Ukrainians and Poles alike died during that famine, even though our land was capable of feeding all the people—with plenty left over for export to other Soviet Republics. Yet as terrible as these executions, purges, and deportations were, even more people may have perished during this horrible famine 1932-33 than in those purges and Hitler's systematic murders combined. In two short years, the traditional Ukrainian village was completely destroyed. It is estimated that 4,000,000 children alone died, not to mention their parents. "Those were hard years some of the hardest times of our lives," my mother told Anne and me, shuddering. As Anne and I listened to our mother's story, we sensed her deep horror. I had some vague memories of it, but what we were hearing now made it so much more real. How terrible and incredible it was. "Starvation was everywhere," she continued. "It reached like tendrils from a weed into every house in the village." The Przegalinski house was no exception. By the end of 1929, Stalin realized that America's Depression and Europe's post-war rebuilding efforts left him on his own financially. Stalin wanted to—and had to—industrialize the Soviet Union. And in order to pay for it he had to increase agricultural exports to pay for the heavy industrial equipment that was needed. Land was confiscated and all were barbarically forced to work on the communal farms—the *kolkhoz* serving the government. Ukraine may have been the breadbasket of the Soviet Union, but her people did not sit by and let this ruthless government dictate their destiny. They protested, they refused to register and work on the collectives, and they stockpiled their grain. And so Stalin began to despise everything Ukrainian. By 1931 the true terror of what he was capable of came out. Not only were kulaks and their families deported, but the rest of the Ukrainian population also was starved. The local Communist authorities inaugurated a systematic plundering of all food supplies. They would come into every household regularly, searching the premises for any food that might be hidden in the home.

After confiscating whatever food could be found, they would then probe the grounds with iron rods to try to uncover anything of value, especially food that might have been buried. During the winter, knowing that anything stored outside would be frozen and difficult to locate, the guards would simply come into the house, take whatever there was, even if it was only a potato, and leave the family with no sustenance whatever. There was no transportation available. All travel was on foot. In the summer the dust was hardly bearable; and when the rains came the mud was ankle deep. However, the winters were the worst with their unrelenting sub-zero weather. Temperatures of 30 or 40 below zero were an everyday occurrence. Many of the *chatas* were not built very high, so that often blizzards would cover a house completely; only the chimneys could be seen, poking their smoking heads out of the snowdrifts. Lack of firewood or any other fuel meant certain death for many. The winter of 1933 my family, like many, chopped down the last tree on our property, trying to keep warm. Many were not so fortunate, and when the spring thaws finally turned the snow to trickling streams, the stench of thawing bodies that had been frozen through the winter would fill the air for miles around. Father would get up in the frozen mornings, and taking a small piece of bread that had been saved from the previous day, would dip it into hot water, and breakfast would be over. However, he never failed to give thanks for the few crumbs of bread that he had received. Then he would leave for the sawmill several miles up the road where his cousin Adam Halicki had managed to secure him steady work. Sometimes later in the day my mother would find something, a shrunk potato perhaps, and would boil it and then trudge the miles through the snow to the mill with it, so that my father would have something to help him through his day's of hard labor. The working days were difficult. The men worked in pairs, each pair handling a saw ten or twelve feet in length, with a handle on each end. One of the partners would climb on top of the log while the other remained below. The logs were often more than three feet in diameter. At the end of the day, my father would be given a portion of a loaf of black bread about four Inches Square. (Stalin had made a pact with Hitler to send Ukrainian wheat to Germany, while the masses living in Ukraine were fed a substitute made with a black berry that grew abundantly in the region; this came to be known as "black bread.") This small piece of bread that my father brought home was a meager portion for one person. In our home, all three shared it. I, as the youngest and weakest, received the largest portion.

Since I was too young to chew the bread, my parents would chew the bread first and then feed it to me. There was very little left for them. Starvation always hovered in the shadows. One day, my father made the hard decision to sell all the gold jewelry and other gold items his family owned (except for his and mother's gold wedding rings, which I still have today). He went to the bazaar to try to sell them for food and clothing that we needed. But his pockets were picked there, and he lost everything. This was very prevalent in Ukraine in those days. There were lots of desperate people, and lots of them became very good thieves. They could take your wristwatch while you lit their cigarette. When Jozef walked in to the house with his face white as a sheet, Nina knew there was something wrong. Jozef had a tough time telling Nina how he lost every thing. Mother didn't need to tell us how hard that had been on Jozef for a long time. Another day, my mother, desperate to barter for food at another bazaar, gathered a few last trinkets and set out with a friend on the two-mile journey. On the way home, weakened by starvation and exhaustion, she simply sat down in the snow, unable to go any further. Her friend left her and went to a house in the distance for help. After bringing her into the house, they rubbed her body with snow—their cure for frostbite—and let her rest for a while. The peasant woman who lived in the house where my mother had been brought told of how she herself had gone to the same bazaar just the week before, looking for food, and how she had bartered furiously for a container of meat that was labeled "boiled pig's feet." Feeling fortunate to have won such a prize, her family began their meal happily—until they noticed a fingernail protruding through the jelly-like substance that held the meat together. Digging further, they found a whole finger. She did not tell whether or not they had finished their meal, but the pain of hunger and the need to survive shades the vision in such days. That evening, after arriving home, my mother took the one potato and the one red beet that she had bartered for, and made a soup that was supposed to be the famous Ukrainian *borscht*. For this thin soup of one potato and one red beet, she had nearly given her life; and she could not eat it without shuddering to think of what others might be eating that night, or not eating at all. Later, my mother told with stark simplicity of another time early one evening, when she went to visit a neighbor woman. The woman was barely recognizable, her head swollen and water-logged with the edema that comes with starvation; yet she was quietly humming a song to herself as she attended the bake-oven, never paying any attention to my mother.

As my mother drew closer, she saw that the woman was preparing her dead child for the evening meal. Mother left that home, but that vision has never left her. So as spring came on, the stench of rotting human flesh hung in the air and would not dissipate. Fortunately I was too young to remember it but Mother was not. She said that the entire countryside felt dead. Livestock was unheard of, having been either slaughtered or confiscated before starvation set in. A person could walk for miles and see no life anywhere. Cats and dogs were gone, having been eaten before they, too, starved. Everything edible had been confiscated, and even birds and wildlife were gone. Those still living no longer seemed to care. There was no help to be given or received. People could be seen sitting propped up against their little chatas in lifeless positions, unrecognizably bloated from starvation. The weeds around the chata were two-to four-feet tall, so high you could hardly see the person until you came closer. Stalin's program for Ukraine was succeeding. "It was faith that kept us alive," my mother told me. "Faith! Angels watched over us. They came into our life like sometimes angels do! They come in the shape of people. Like the night watchman at the collective—maybe he was an angel." The house in which we lived neighbored the collective. Sometimes, late at night, we would hear a pebble strike against the window. When father would get up to investigate this noise, there would be the night watchman from the collective. Silently, he would hand my father a bucket of tomatoes, and just as silently, he would fade away into the shadows. This would happen time and again. My mother would make the sign of the Cross taking whatever was given; then she would pickle it in a small wooden barrel or a clay crock and put it in a hole under the bed. There it would stay hidden and kept from freezing during the winter. I don't know why we got food when so many others didn't. But I'm forever grateful to that man.

**As Gandhi said, "God dare not appear to a hungry man in any form other than food."**

**This was the **third** time that my life was saved**

Directly by Nina and Josef. They knew that if they die I, now two years old, would die also.

### **Renovating a Church into a Theater**

Somehow we survived the famine. By 1934 people were eating again, and things were slowly returning to normal poverty after that long nightmare changes were in store for the Przegalinski family. The housing project that my father was working on was finishing up and a new project was beginning in the village of Petropavlovka, about twelve miles away. He was offered a job at the new location and so we moved once again. On this job my father was renovating a church into a theater. Imagine having to survive by watching your government desecrate your holy sites. I remember one story, when he was on top of a steeple dismantling the church bell. The supports gave out and the bell fell to the ground before its programmed fall almost taking father with it. Obviously somebody above didn't like what father was doing! The bell ended up buried so deep that they had to use several teams of horses to pull it out of the ground. This was a frequent topic of discussion in our home for quite some time, and one of my earliest memories. But in a way life at Petropavlovka was so much better than Novosyolovka. It was still a small place but it was definitely bigger than Novosyolovka and with more opportunity. The famine was over and life was returning to the countryside. It was here that we were able to purchase our first *chata*. My father's boss was moving into an apartment and he offered my father his old home. With help from his cousin, Adam Halicki, who always managed to save the day, my father was able to purchase this little *chatka* (a diminutive, meaning "like a small peasant house") for a deposit of 25 rubles, with 100 more rubles due over time. That sounds cheap and it would have been in better times. But in those days when a worker's salary might be paid in crusts of black bread, it was unheard of. After all, even in such times houses couldn't be bought with bread. Nina never forgot the many kindnesses of Adam Halicki. It is unfortunate that the last memory she had of the Halicki family was a bitter one. But I'll tell you about that in a little bit. Father and Adam sacrificed much to scrape the down payment together, but they did it. The house was located on the outskirts of the village known as Pyiski, which translates as "sand dunes." It was a one-room house, built out of sticks held together by sun-dried clay, with a roof of straw thatch and a dirt floor. To us it was a home. It came with a bake oven like the one in our home in Yur'yevka. The bake oven even had a sleeping loft over it like the one where my father hid when he had escaped from the Siberian labor camp. As a young lad I was now allowed to sleep in that loft where I could pretend I was hiding as my father had hidden. Father was an ingenious handyman. It was a good thing because the *chata's* only room somehow had to accommodate us not only as living quarters—with room for dining, sleeping, and food storage—but also provide a place for a new and priceless addition to our family. We had acquired a cow as a reward for my father's excellent work and production. The same government that wanted him imprisoned—or dead—was now giving him a cow, of course not knowing that he was a prison escapee. They would discover that later. So to make room for the cow in a space of less than 600 square feet my father divided the house with a couple of partitions. When we entered the dwelling there was a wall immediately to the left with a



door. This door led into a room about twenty Feet Square, which served us as living room, dining room and a bedroom. All there was in this room was a bake oven and a cooking oven on the right as you walked in. Living room, bedroom and dining room were all in one; the dining room was a little sliver open to the rest with a little table that would barely seat the three of us. It was cozy, compact and well organized. Still standing at the front door, straight ahead was a hole about four feet square and four feet deep, covered with a trap door. This was our food cellar, which would hold enough produce to take us through the winter and keep it from freezing. Just now! It reminds me as to why Mother and I were not using this for cover during the German assault. When a Russian Mortar landed next to my left foot and did not explode. I think of it often, that food cellar 4x4 is where Mom and I should have been. Then, immediately to the right when you entered was another wall. This space was the residence for our black cow that we had named Zuchka (which means "black beetle"). Being under the same roof would give us the benefit of her body heat as well as keeping her warm through the winter and assuring us of milk for ourselves. "This was the first great improvement since the day of our marriage," my mother said. We had an-acre of land for a garden, and it fed us through those years. After my Father was deported to Siberia for the second time, Nina had another story to tell me later during the war as conscripts. Very late we would finally lie down on the kitchen floor and Nina would tell me a story. I knew this particular story but not all of it. I remember late one night Nina, as usual, was telling me about our cow Zuchka. On this particular day, Zuchka was tied up outside late in the afternoon when all of a sudden it became very cloudy and rain was imminent. Nina walked out to get Zuchka inside but the cow was gone. Night was falling and it began to rain as Nina walked through all the neighbors' cornfields to find our cow. As she put a rope around her neck and was leading her home, lightning struck nearby, frightening the cow. Nina held on for her life, but after a short run Nina had to let go. That was the last time that Nina saw our cow Zuchka. Nina was also pregnant at the time. A few months earlier she had lost Jozef for the second time and now the cow was also gone. Nina had a miscarriage and lost a baby boy and I would have had a brother. These memories do not sit right with me. What would our lives have been like if not for Stalin's cruelty to humanity and his own people? We were a hard working family. Our family would have been together and I would not have had to be on the run for most part of my life.

**This, I believe is the **fourth** time that my life was saved.**

**1.** Because my Mother Nina chasing our cow Zuchka aborted and lost my baby brother. **2.** My Father was in Siberian prison. This left Nina with just me, 11 years old. So the German Commanding Officer Feltfebel Klüwa in his mind accepted my Mother Nina as almost baggage free. I was 11 and also could work and I did. Otherwise, Klüwa would have found another companion. And again we would never have gotten out of Russia and this story would never have been written. Bad situations, later in life show up as a good thing.



Stefan Piotrowski born in 1906 in or near Yur'yevka near Kyiv Ukraine He was educated in Leningrad in Soviet Union now Petrograd as a Metallurgist and also attended Soviet West Point there. In 1939 when the Soviets invaded Finland, my uncle and his wife a Medical Doctor were sent to Finland during the invasion. This may have been the only couple that did not go to fight. If they didn't get killed they certainly would rather become prisoners, this was their chance to escape the brutal system of the Soviet Union. I just hope that they did make it. I will never know. One thing is for certain they made it dead or alive to get out of Stalin's grip on their lives.

**My Uncle Stefan, was also a Russian Army Officer**

Though living under the harsh Communist yoke, mother and father had managed to make a life. My Father Jozef had dyslexia from childhood he was unable to read and was not able to acquire even a formal education Josef was a farmer and a very skilled handy man and always managed to find work. Years passed and our family was still surviving. I was seven now and going to school regularly. One hot summer day I was home by myself after school. My father was working and my mother was at the bazaar and I remember seeing a man approaching our chata. He was not too tall, but he was very big in the shoulders.

He somehow looked familiar, as if I should know him. He asked me if my name was *Thadzyu* (a diminutive version of Tadeusz, like Teddy). I said, "Yes." He said, "I am your uncle Stefan Piotrowski." This was the first time I had ever met my Uncle Stefan. I was excited to finally meet another relative of mine! I think Uncle Stefan was also very happy to meet me. He came inside picked me up, and just carried me around for a bit. We played out in the garden until mother came home. When Nina saw him, she dropped everything and ran to hug him. There were tears coming from her eyes as she told him, "You're my only brother. Why can't we live together?" Uncle Stefan was Emotional and teary-eyed too. He knew that it would be impossible. Just coming to visit us was dangerous enough. After the hugging and crying came to an end the three of us played and talked the rest of the day until father came home. Jozef was as surprised as the two of us and very happy that my uncle had made the journey to come see us. It wasn't long before the talk turned to serious topics. We all went inside. These kinds of conversations had to take place inside the house with all the windows closed. I remember discussions that went into the late night hours. The subject was how to escape to America—through Finland, Japan, or China. Uncle Stefan was in the Soviet Army and had some familiarity with the routes our family could take. I remember hearing them say that they were waiting until I got older and more able to handle the hardships of life on the run. I wish they hadn't waited. They also discussed with reverence their patriots and heroes, Jozef Pilsudski and Tadeusz Kosciuszko, after whom my father named me Tadeusz, my father Josef was born in 1902 he was named after another Polish hero Jozef Pilsudski. Tadeusz Kosciuszko had been trained as a military engineer in Warsaw some 150 years earlier. Kosciuszko had left his country of Poland to help the American Revolution when the Colonies needed him the most. In 1777 he laid out the fortifications along the Hudson River and build the fortifications of West Point. After being promoted to the rank of general, Kosciuszko took an active part in fighting during the American Revolution. Kosciuszko helped to win the battle of Saratoga and turn the tide of the war. He remained in the army through June 1783, and received two gifts from General George Washington personally: an engraved sword and two polished pistols, which can still be seen exhibited in Polish museums today. Those formative years of my development as a young lad and overhearing those conversations would leave an indelible print on my mind, body, and soul. I came into the world at a time of upheaval and revolution, Kosciuszko and Pilsudski, are two of my ancestral country's greatest revolutionaries. This bit of my family's thoughts and philosophy gave me the strength to persevere on my sometimes very rocky road to freedom in the years to come. Jozef Pilsudski and Tadeusz Kosciuszko also became my idols, great role models that I could look up to, instead of Stalin.



With Permission

Entered according to an act of Congress, 1839 by A. Gerard in the Clerk's Office of the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Thad. Kosciuszko  
THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON  
"Hope for a Season Bade the World Farewell  
And Freedom Shrieked as Kosciuszko Fell."

I often think of my Uncle Stefan's poor, clothes-washing, widowed mother, Victoria Piyetrowska, who gave his younger sister, my mother, Nina, to her well-to-do sister Guliszewski for adoption. This allowed her to raise her son with her meager income and manage to send him to the University of Leningrad. Stefan Piotrowski was the only one in the family who was educated. He became an officer in the Russian Army, educated as a military engineer with a degree in Metallurgy and Heavy Weaponry. My Uncle Stefan was totally influenced by Tadeusz Kosciuszko. My Father also named me Tadeusz. Uncle Stefan stayed with us for a little more than a week. He met only one of my friends only because it was unavoidable. We tried hard to discourage our friends from even knowing that he was visiting us. The reason was so that no one could connect his relationship to us, because, after all, his brother-in-law was a state enemy, an escaped prisoner from Siberia. This is all we had, living under Stalin. "Pilsudski, Pulaski and Kosciuszko as the only heroes in our family and Poland".

a deportee on the run. He would tell us stories about the West Point-Officer's Academy in Leningrad and to me that was a big deal. Up to that time I did not know that there was such a thing as a university, and in the evenings he and my mother and father would talk late into the night trying to make plans for our escape to America. It was fascinating to listen to while I was supposed to have been sleeping. But I had been trained right—life under those subsistence conditions was an excellent training in itself. Finally he had to leave and return to the army but he gave me a toy gun he had brought with him. I cherished it because that was the only toy anyone had ever brought me. My father taught me how to make my own toys, including ice skates out of wood and heavy wire, a snow sled, and snow skis. But he never had the money to buy a toy. The gun is one of two things I remember most from the years in Petropavlovka. The other was one day when I was at the bazaar with my father. He bought me an orange. He paid two rubles for it, half a week's salary in a good year—and these were hardly good years. I don't know why he did it; he must have just wanted to treat me to something special. But I remember that it was delicious. That was my first and last orange until I got to the U.S. fifteen years later, and if I think hard enough I can still taste it. Those were strangely happy times for me. I was happy indeed to have food and shelter, and a mother and father. I was happy to have met my "Officer Uncle," as I used to call him. I only met Uncle Stefan that one time and never met his wife, Zina, a doctor in Leningrad. He was, after all, a Soviet officer and his brother-in-law, my father, was an escaped Siberian deportee. He didn't want the authorities to notice his relationship to us. In 1939-40, Russia invaded Finland. Uncle Stefan and his wife were both sent there, one to kill, the other to heal. We never heard from them again. I hope that they did make it to America as they planned; I try not to picture them lying silent on a snow-covered battlefield with thousands of other Russians and Finns.



### **1938 Survival at Seven**

For more than half a decade, after my Father escaped Siberian prison Father, Mother, and I lived in Petropavlovka together. But my father knew that it would not last, that he would not always be with us. As soon as I was old enough, he began teaching me many things about survival. He would take me out in the fields where we would gather dry coarse straw and weeds that would stoke the fire. He taught me how to scrounge for firewood where there was none; to dig up old stumps, chopping through the roots with a hatchet, and drag them home to dry and store for the winter's heat. The things that he taught me then helped my mother and me to survive later, when we were on our own. But for a few years, life was good, almost normal. Then before the orchards bloomed, my Father was picked up by the KGB to never see him again. It was in Petropavlovka that I started school, and that I learned about friends. We were Poles—Russian citizens for generations, but Polish by blood—and for that, there was discord. Our neighbors, who were Jewish, had a son about my age named Boris. We became good friends. As a Jew he had the distinction of being the only kid in the neighborhood who was as disliked for being Jewish as I was for being Polish. (Racial tension is hardly unique to America.) This we had in common, our need to fight the other kids on occasion. We were a great support for each other. However, I liked the other kids too. I thought we were all in the same boat on this Planet and that we should all get along. One day I had an idea. I organized an apple raid on a nearby orchard. There were five of us: Misha, Kostyik, Sasha, Boris, and me. This orchard was about a mile away from my house. We would walk by it every day after school and our appetite kept increasing. It all looked so good! So one day I made a plan. We stopped for a few minutes at the orchard to size everything up. There was a big dog guarding it and the owner's house was visible from everywhere except the far back corner of the lot. That corner would be our target. The next day after school I got the kids together again and we decided to make the raid that night as long as the wind was blowing toward us so the dog wouldn't pick up our scent (I learned that one from my father). I told everybody to bring a sack and meet at the corner after the sun went down. When we got together again in the evening the wind was right. We decided to do it. I put Boris on one side of the orchard to watch for the owner and signal us if the owner came out. Sasha was to watch the dog on the other side of the orchard; if he had to, he would make it bark at him to keep it away from us.

(Sasha wasn't on their property, so it would look like the dog was just barking at him as he is walking by.) Misha and I were the fruit-pickers. Kostyik came into the orchard, too, to help, but his big job was to keep watch for Boris's signals. We crawled in on all fours, filled up our sacks as quickly as possible, and made our escape clean! This operation was very successful. The only trouble is that we couldn't be seen walking down the road with huge sacks of fruit. So we walked through the fields and hid most of it in the far corner of the garden at my house. The next day all the kids came to my chata and then to

the corner of my garden. We would uncover the hidden juicy mouth watering apples and have our own little feast. I still can smell and taste every bite of it, sort of red striped on one side of the apple that was facing the sun. One day, one by one we split our precious loot and to tell our parents that some kid with a big orchard shared these apples with us. I thought that my Mother would look at me as if she had a question about my apple story, I would leave before she had a chance to ask anything. From that day, Boris and I sort of got bonded with all of those kids and our fighting stopped. We became very good friends. This was to be one of my greatest lessons. Stalin tried to make his own peoples hate each other. By instinct we didn't have to let him have it his way. I miss those kids and that time in my life to this day. It's all still a part of me. I have now been away from the land of my birth for more than sixty years. I am an American and extremely proud of that. But I still feel that I am also Ukrainian, Polish—and even Russian. I speak all three languages. I sometimes reminisce, strumming on my guitar some of the beautiful melodies of my former country's songs, such as "Dark Eyes."

### DARK EYES

"Ochyi Chorniye" in Russian

Dark entrancing eyes, dark as Russian skies  
Tell me why you crave me to be your slave  
Though my heart rebels, still your charm  
Compels  
I cannot say no Led on by your glow  
I go on like a slave to your dark eyes brave  
And I am once more by the Volga shore  
Crying out my love to the stars above  
Giving all my sighs to your brave Dark Eyes.

**CHAPTER THREE:**  
**June 1938 the Second Deportation of Jozef to Siberian Prison**  
**I was seven years old**

One-day father brought home a baby kitten and puppy dog. Somebody at work had given them to him for me. I was thrilled to get little playmates! I named the puppy "Sharyik" and the kitten "Brother." (I didn't know Brother was a girl.) They were adorable, always playing and attacking each other. My Father had made me a little stool with a hole in the middle so that I could carry it around, Sharyik would hop on top of the stool while Brother would lie on her back underneath the stool and stick her paw up through the hole at Sharyik, they had a great time together and so did I. But one day Sharyik was outside romping around when he was attacked and bitten by a mad dog. The neighbors reported the dog to the police, and the police came to my house. They told me that mad dogs hurt dogs and people because they're sick, and there's no way to make them better. They told me that Sharyik would become sick too, so they had to take him away. I had no choice. Mother held me while I cried as the police took Sharyik away. She tried to cover my ears, but I heard the gunshot down the street. I suddenly really knew what it meant to lose something I loved. A couple months later I was outside playing with Boris and all of the other kids. It was right after a big rain, and there were many big water puddles. We were pretending we were riding on a horse with a stick between our legs galloping through those puddles as fast as we could run. As I saw my father walking home from work I was anxious to go home and play with him or listen to some stories. Then we saw a *Tachanka* (a horse carriage), pulled by a pair of horses, turning into my yard. I remember getting a knot in my stomach. This looked too official to be friendly. The driver sat in the front, and two men were in the back seat. They were armed. The two-armed men got out of the carriage and went to the door. My mother let them in. They told Nina to pack an extra change of clothes; "Jozef Przegalinski will be going with us." With no more said than that, they got into the *Tachanka* and drove away. It was the last time that I saw my father. One of the kids said, "I think your father just got arrested." Another kid said, "For what?" I wasn't listening. I ran to the chata. My mother was just coming out looking for me. Nina always embraced me when I came home but this time she was trembling and crying. I felt hopeless. We sat outside. Nina was shaking, not saying anything. I asked her if that was the police. She said, "NKVD." Then, in a comforting way, she added "Those men said that he would be back in few days." Neither of us believed that statement.

Nina was convinced that Adam Halicki's wife, Felka, turned my father in to the NKVD. Adam and his wife had a tense relationship. Felka was not a good housekeeper and Adam was not good at keeping his criticisms to himself. He always told her how neat and clean Nina's house was always kept. That constant critique, combined with something mother called Felka's natural "instability," may have been more than she could handle. Mother even said later that Adam had told Felka more than once that if she told anyone about Jozef he would personally kill her. I don't think anyone ever knew for sure who turned my father in but I do know whom mother blamed for the rest of her life. Weeks passed with no word. Each day I would come home from school to find mother alone. When I started to apply the skills that my father had taught me, such as gathering dry weeds and wood stumps for the winter, I finally began to realize that I, not yet eight, was now the man of the house. Before I was always just helping my father. Now I was on my own. Taking advantage of being alone in the fields I could cry all I wanted to cry, and I did. Sometimes I would look in the direction of our chata, looking for my father as he used to meet me on some digging site and help me. I missed him terribly. Finally my mother managed to track him down. She took the train to Dniepropetrovsk, some ninety miles south of Petropavlovka, where my father was being held temporarily before being shipped to Siberia. When she inquired at the front desk why they had arrested Jozef Przegalinski, the commissar simply told her, "You know why," and slammed the window in her face. A lady, who worked there overhearing this, came to my mother and told her quietly that she would give her a chance to see her husband. She had to come back to her chata next to the prison at a certain time of the day when he would be let out in the exercise yard. Mother returned at the time she was told and saw my father laying on a small grass hill supporting his upper body with his right elbow facing directly my Mother. But she could not speak to him or even make her presence known. This was the last time she ever saw her husband. It was during that long ride back to Petropavlovka and the two-mile walk home from the railroad station that the grim realization slowly sank into my mother that she would now have to raise her eight-year-old son by herself. That was all, there was nobody to appeal to and nothing that could be done. It was late that night when she finally arrived at home to find me sleeping soundly outside, having dozed off while waiting for her to return.

### **Life without Father**

Like I said earlier, mother had strength inside her and she wasn't yet that far removed from the willful, independent girl she had once been. The day after she got back, she found a job as a cook at a restaurant that catered to government officials. But in only a few days a party official demanded that she be dismissed immediately because Josef had been deported. He reasoned that Nina could, out of anger, poison every person in the office. We had become pariahs. On the way home that evening, passing the village hospital, she took a chance to see if any jobs might be available there. The night watchman, Baty'ko as he was called (meaning "father" in Ukrainian), recognized her and opened the gate to let her into the hospital. She related her request to the head nurse, who told her to wait. A tall man with a kindly smile approached, and the nurse introduced him as Dr. Yazura. When my mother told him why she had just lost her former job, and that she was trying to raise me, Dr. Yazura shook his head with disgust and said, "A wife should not be responsible for her husband." He not only offered her a job but he told the watchman to go to the kitchen and get some food for her to take home for us. During the privacy of her walk home she offered a prayer of thanks for the kindness she had received. At first her tasks weren't specific. Dr. Yazura was just a good man who was determined to help out someone in need. So for the first few days Nina was sent around to where she was needed most, cleaning, taking care of patients, whatever. But soon she was taking charge of the patients' diets, making sure the kitchen prepared the best things for each person. She even stepped in to cook on days when the cook was out sick. She was a very loving and compassionate woman, helpful qualities in a place for the sick and dying. Late one evening Nina was on duty making rounds of the patients. She saw a high-ranking commissar come down the hall. It was strictly prohibited for visitors to come after hours and Nina was respectful of the rules. So she told this senior Communist officer apologetically but boldly that he wouldn't be able to see anybody that evening. The *Commissar* disobeyed her, saying he had traveled quite far and would just peek in for a second to see his father. He didn't give her a chance to argue as he pushed past her. After he peeked at his father through the door for a minute or so, he at least said "thank you" to Nina on his way out. Always truthful, she wrote everything that happened into her report at the end of her shift. Then she spent the next several days worried about losing her job either because she had



let a visitor past her at a restricted time or, on the other hand, because she had tried to stop a commissar from seeing his father. So when Dr. Yazura called her one-day and said, "Nina, you have a phone call in my office, from the daughter of Ivan Pashchenko the patient, [the father of that commissar]," she was terrified. But the female voice on the other end told her wonderful news instead. "My name is Nyusia. My brother tells me you are taking care of my father. I want to express our appreciation." She then asked if Nina was in need of a heavy winter coat for the coming winter. Nina said yes [she must have mentioned it in passing to Ivan Pashchenko one day while talking with him, and he told his daughter]. Nyusia told her that she was the general manager of the government store; that Nina should go there at a specific day and time where there would be something special for her. Nina went to the store when she was asked to and stood in the huge line that everybody always stood in at Soviet stores—200 people trying to get the last 10 items on the shelf. But one of the attendants picked her out of the line and brought her inside. Nyusia was there to greet her. She thanked Nina again for being so good to her father, and gave her one of the three remaining coats at half price—and let Nina pay for it a little at a time. Nina had her first real winter coat since she was a girl.

### **The New Man of the House**

Mother made friends quickly at her new job. Although our living quarters were limited she rented out half of the remaining room for extra income to three student nurses, Halya, Shura, and Marusya, who also helped to look after little "Toliya" (me). I liked their company very much; we became very close friends. This was a tremendous uplift for my mother; not only did it help to keep food on the table and take care of me, but their company helped to soothe her sorrow. At the age of eight, I was a young handyman thanks to my father. My earliest accomplishment was to build an outhouse out of sunflower stalks, mud, and thatch roof. (Digging for stumps, I was already good at digging holes.) I also learned gardening from my mother. I would help her till the soil by hand with the shovel. Later, Baty'ko, from the Hospital—bless his heart—began coming over with a team of horses and would plow the garden in minutes. In season we lived off the garden. I learned a lot. I would dig with my hand underneath a potato bush and feel for the larger ones, letting the smaller potatoes grow bigger. It was fun to find a cucumber under the leaf; it seemed... as if they played hide and seek with me. With radishes one could see that they were ready to be plucked out when they got pretty and colorful and a huge, juicy tomato could often be found hidden on the other side of a bunch of leaves. I found it exhilarating to discover the magic of a garden. I would brush the dirt off a freshly plucked vegetable with my clothes, and then I'd sit or lie on my side between the rows and munch on a veggie or two in the early evening. Sometimes that was the best meal of the day. The evenings were often spent singing Russian and Ukrainian songs with mother and the nurses, or in welcome conversation, or telling stories. You didn't need radio, or even electricity, when you had good friends. Workers, coming home from the fields, would hear the singing and they would stop by the chata. Sometimes the entire

village would burst into song. Those days, too, were happy in their way. My father was gone and that was a terrible ache, especially for my mother; but she was not one to dwell on what could not be changed. There was much to keep her busy with her new work—which she loved—and with our nurse companions and with me. And truthfully, in a small way, my father was still there. The things that he had taught me served us in good stead. I knew how to keep our little house together, and I knew how to find fuel to keep us warm in the winter. And most importantly, I learned from stories of his courage and craftiness how to be creative to keep us fed. If I wasn't gardening, I was foraging. When the wheat was being harvested, I would go to the fields and gather the loose grain from the ground. I would fashion a makeshift bag from my shirt to bring it home, and then I would grind it between two smooth stones as my father had shown me. The resulting coarse grain I would mix with water to make a sort of rude pancake, which I would bake it on the oven top. These I would have ready when my mother came home from her long workday.

A tribute to All Mothers:  
The Builders of Our Character

My mother Nina was highly devoted and got her strength from her faith in God. All of her waking hours she was constantly a living example of nurturing, never wavering from her principles and her character, and she was trusted and admired by everyone. Is it any wonder that we survived through all of those dark and treacherous years? Our mothers are the unsung heroes, the glue of the family, and to a larger degree are responsible for our character. Only now am I beginning to appreciate my heritage and her unconditional caring through all of those tough yet loving years.

## CHAPTER FOUR:

### Getting Street Smart while Growing Up

As the son of a landowner (Kulak) my Father was deported to Siberia by Stalin's NKVD (PEOPLES COMMISSARIAT INTERNAL AFFAIRS) later to be known as the KGB (COMMITTEE OF STATE SECURITY) I had to grow up fast.

Do not remember the school I went to in the Soviet Union, the class, or the teacher; it must have been my first year in school in Petropavlovka near Pavlograd, Southern Ukraine. Only remembering, my walking to school and having to fight the kids that wanted to take my small and meager lunch away from me and sometimes they did, but not without a fight. At the beginning I got beat up and did not care much about the school for the rest of the day because I was mad and hungry. I never told my mother or the teacher because whatever else they called me, I did not want to be called a crybaby. Somehow I knew that I had to do it myself. One day as usual, two kids approached me and were smarting off. The bigger kid was right in my face. I went right for the big kid's diaphragm because I knew from experience that's where it hurts the most. The rib cage was so convenient for my left fist while he was leaning forward and the fight was over in a heartbeat. The other kid ran away as I continued on my way to school uninterrupted. I knew that I was not going to be hungry that day and I knew that I was going to be in control of my life. Looking back, I was feeling good with who I was. Later on, a Jewish family moved into our neighborhood and I teamed up with their son, Boris. He too, was not quite accepted among the kids for being Jewish. Now, I had a partner and not too many fights. Boris was an excellent partner in crime. When we were alone in the long afternoons after school, we sometimes pooled our survival efforts and sometimes we just liked to make a little mischief. We would sneak into the neighbor's orchards and pick as many apples as we could carry in our shirts. We got quite good at avoiding the dogs. Afraid to be seen bringing our loot home, we went instead to a nearby sand dunes. There we would sit together in the late afternoon sun and eat as many apples as we could. The rest we would bury there in the sand to be spirited home in our clothes a few at a time. In the end we all became good friends raiding apple orchids together. It was lots of fun in growing up and becoming street smart and that is a lesson only learned in retrospect. I will always miss those kids.

### “Watermelons after the Sunset”

But sometimes I pushed things too far. There was a large vegetable field on the collective across the River Samara about a mile from our chata. During the harvest times I would swim the river and gather whatever vegetables were to be had; sometimes tomatoes, other times carrots or cucumbers—whatever were ripening at the time. The river was cold and wide, and the current was strong. But I felt that whatever I could bring home would be a help to mother. Sometimes I would swim with a watermelon under my chest to keep me afloat, and sometimes I got really greedy and would push another watermelon along ahead of me while I was swimming. All of this I had to do without mother’s knowledge of course. She would be horrified to know that I was swimming across that river; she would have never let me do it. Whenever she asked where I had gotten something I would say, “It’s a secret. He told me not to tell you.” And mother would smile and say, “And you want to protect your friend, don’t you?” thinking it was from my friends garden. I would say yes, and walk away from the conversation hoping that that was the last question. Usually it was. My raids had to be done in the evening so I would not be seen by anyone. One evening in late autumn while swimming back, hugging a watermelon to my chest and holding a small sack of potatoes with my teeth, the river was frigidly cold. Halfway across I suddenly got very tired and I noticed I could not move my legs. I started flailing my arms trying to stay above water. There was no moon and I couldn’t see how close I was to the shore. I started to panic. All I could think about was my mother—how, if I drowned, she would get mad at me! I managed to make a little headway, but then my strength gave out. It was like jagged icy fingers were crawling up my legs sucking the life from them. I clutched the watermelon to stay afloat, but my limp legs lowered under me—and dragged against the riverbed! I was close to the shore! I found the strength to put one foot in front of the other, and somehow dragged myself to the edge of the river. In the process I lost my potatoes and I was so tired that I had to leave the watermelon—my makeshift life-preserver—at the shore until the next day. That was the last time I swam that river. The garden, the wheat and the apples would have to be enough.

#### **This was the fifth time that I survived by the Grace of God.**

When my lower body got numb, I lost my sense of direction I was scared. Thank God I was at the shore by now. I could feel my legs were dragging. With my hands, I crawled onto the shore. Again, too close for this book not being in existence today.

1939, Tadeusz fell in love with a nurse at eight.

Her name was Sonia Artyiomovna

He was destined to marry June a nurse 29 years later.

One day after school, I got a terrible pain in my stomach on the lower right side. Thank God two of the nurses were home and they were getting ready to go to the hospital to work. They took me to the hospital, and my mother stayed with me overnight. Doctor Yazura decided to operate on me for appendicitis, but did not tell Nina. In fact, he didn't want her to be around at all during my operation because he knew she would be worried sick. So he told her to go home because the hospital was going to drop off a wagon full of hay for our Zuchka, the cow. She obeyed. Once she had left the hospital the doctor told the wagon drivers to take their time getting there and unloading the hay. By the time Nina came back to the hospital I was in a recovery room. An operating nurse, a friend of Nina's, had assisted Dr. Yazura during the operation. I was just a boy but that did not stop me from falling in love. Her name was Sonia Artyiomovna. Growing up I was blessed to be surrounded by the love of many nurses. I think all of that love and kindness healed me. (Now, I have been married to a nurse now for over thirty years. Wanting to be honest at all times, of course, my friends would call to ask what I was doing and I would tell them that I am in bed with a nurse, and not only with a nurse, but also with a former nun! Laughter and as much fun as one can put together during the day, makes one healthy and young. My Mom used to tell me that I inherited my sense of humor from my Father. In company, he was always humorous. Before long I was up and around stealing fruit and making mischief again! I think back on that time, when so much oppression happened to my family and my country. The funny thing is, what stands out most for me are the little daily acts of love, kindness and courage that surrounded us. After I recovered, my mother threw herself into her work at the hospital with heart and soul. The hospital had an appreciation sign-in book where the patients could name the staff person they preferred most. The hospital was allotted one vacation for the entire staff per year so whoever got the most votes in this book, plus other considerations such as the vote of the staff, would get just this one ticket for a two-week vacation to a government resort near Dniepropetrovsk.

Nina was the most appreciated not only by the patients but also by the entire staff. On June 8, 1941, a commission of senior staff people elected Nina to get the vacation she was the newest employee of only three years and some of the others had been there twenty-five years or so. But she was the most loved. Baty'ko, the watchman, harnessed the horses to the Tachanka and took her to the railroad station where she boarded the train that took her to Dniepropetrovsk to the resort. At age thirty-one Nina was about to begin the first vacation of her life. All of the guests at the resort were either government officials or persons like Nina who had earned the right to be there. Food, saunas, massages, and walks through the woods were all standard fare. For the first time in many years she actually put on weight. Those two weeks passed all too quickly but the memories stayed with her forever. She would also forever remember her last day there. Even as she was boarding the train home, on June 22, 1941, her quiet idyll was shattered. The sudden blaring of loudspeakers informed them of the news: Germany had invaded Russia!



Galín's Library

Captured German War Equipment 1943  
Mechanized Artillery of the Wehrmacht, front view.



### **The Early Months**

The early Russian losses were horrendous. Germany invaded the Soviet Union with 3-million men and 3,350 tanks. The *Wehrmacht* was highly mechanized and organized; they rolled over everything in its path. It met with virtually no opposition on its way to Moscow destroying 1,200 airplanes on the ground in the first hours. Retreating Russian Forces burned everything behind them, leaving nothing for the Germans. It was here that Hitler made what would eventually prove a fatal mistake. Taking Moscow was the key to German success at that time and not later, because later never came. The Soviet Army, in disarray over a vast front of over 2000 miles, did not have the time to regroup. Moscow's defenses conceivably would have been overrun if Hitler's micromanagement had not slowed down the German offensive on Moscow. Had he rather pushed the assault on the capital at full strength, leaving Stalingrad to be dealt with later? Taking Moscow and Leningrad would have put German Forces in a strategic and psychological winning position. Seizing a good stretch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad east of Moscow that led beyond the Ural Mountains, denying the Russians to dismantle factories and transport it beyond the Ural Mountains and beyond Hitler's reach. This would have stopped Russia from producing most of its war supporting equipment. Most of the T-34 Tanks and Katyusha, Truck-Mounted Rocket launchers, Josef Stalin affectionately nicknamed it "Katyusha"—after a Russian song and a girl named Katyusha. it was an awesome weapon. The German Forces totally feared and despised Stalin's Katyusha rocket launcher and named it the "Stalin's Organ." Somewhere around 61,000 of these T-34 Tanks were produced. This City was affectionately called *Tankograd*. But Hitler missed this opportunity. The siege of Leningrad lasted 900 days, close to 1,000,000 killed, frozen or starved to dead.



Galin's Library

**Für den Pressegebrauch (For Press Release)**

“October 15, 1941. German Forces fighting for the small Soviet city of Wjasma on the road to Moscow with Shtuka bombers supporting our fighting machine in pursuit of the Soviet Forces” This picture reminds me of my house and our village being set on fire.

In mid-summer of 1942 Stalin, was in control of all the front lines. Before the winter German troops were fifty miles from Moscow. Stalin moved his Head Quarters to Kuybyshev, some 500 miles east of Moscow, on the river Volga. All the factories were shipped to the City of Chelyabinsk behind the Ural Mountains via the Trans Siberian Railways. This was beyond Hitler's reach. These Russian resources proved to be devastating to the German Reich. The heavy fighting continued on other fronts—(at Leningrad, now St. Petersburg, the siege lasted 900 days almost 1,000,000 died.) Smolensk, Rostov, and Sevastopol. December 1941 was one of Russia's hardest winters on record. German troops under Field Marshal von Bock near Moscow were snowed in. These Russian winter battles were tough; especially for the Germans who did not have winter combat gear and clothing, and that unprepared ness was due to Hitler's over confident belief that Moscow would be conquered before the onset of winter. Field Marshal Von Bock asked Hitler for permission...

...to withdraw his forces to rear defensive positions but Hitler refused. Von Bock disobeyed the order and retreated anyway. "In the battle for Smolensk alone, by July, 16 1941, which was 250 miles from Moscow, Army Group Center had captured about 580,000 men and 4,700 tanks." Later Hitler relieved Field Marshal Von Bock from his Command and called Bock's retreat an establishment of a better defensive position. Hitler could not stomach the word-retreat. Similarly, in Stalingrad in January 1943, General Paulus asked Hitler for permission to retreat to prevent his entire 6<sup>th</sup> Army from being encircled by the Russian Forces. Hitler refused, Paulus obeyed. Hitler promoted General Paulus to a Field Marshal and told him that never in German history a field Marshall ever surrendered. On January 31, 1943, twenty days later, Field Marshal Paulus was encircled and taken prisoner along with twenty of his Generals and his entire German 6<sup>th</sup> Army. German Forces never recovered from these losses. When Hitler relieved his Chief of Staff Von Braushitsch, Hitler was in total command—again one of Hitler's strategic blunders. By the time the German Forces Spearheaded by 3<sup>rd</sup> SS skeleton head of Panzer Divisions began advancing on Moscow again, the Soviet forces had gotten entrenched in the cities and the approaches. By November 1941 the Germans were stalled 12 miles just outside Moscow. The assault bogged down again as the fabled Russian winter of -20° descended on the land. This is reminiscent of Napoleon Bonaparte's failure when he ventured to conquer Moscow and Russia some 130 years before. Stalin gave the Moscow Command to General Georgi Zhukov, the most able General in the Soviet Forces He proved himself in the defense of Moscow and Stalingrad. Later Stalin promoted him to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Department of Defense. This also gave the Soviets time to ship some forty divisions of hard core winter troops from Siberia and from the Soviet-China borders, all transported on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. These troops were hard-core winter fighters with the newest Russian built T-34's tanks and Katyusha truck-mounted rocket launchers built deep in Eastern Russia where the German *Luftwaffe* (air force) could not reach them. The industrial city of Chelyabinsk in the southern Urals was nicknamed *Tankograd* during the war years. Now the Soviet Forces had begun their counter-assault along the 2000-mile front line. At the very beginning of the German onslaught Hitler laid out a strategy, a three-pronged attack against the Russian heartland. Leningrad, (Saint Petersburg) and Moscow to the north; Smolensk and Kursk to the center; Sevastopol, Stalingrad, and the Caucasus to the south. Petropavlovka, my village, stood right in the path of the southern assault. The day the German Panzers rumbled into our village with their tanks and infantry I knew my life was going to change.



ART RENDERING

***1942 German troops on the road to Stalingrad Hitler committed 500,000 Men for the battle of Stalingrad January 31, 1943 he lost the battle and over half of his best fighting force To the Russian Forces.***



ART RENDERING

### **The road to Stalingrad**

And through my village of Petropavlovka in Southern Ukraine.

My house upper row first from the left with a direct hit by Russian mortar directly under the window as it is shown

On the cover page.

August 23 1942 the Battle for Stalingrad began.



### ***Captured German War Equipment in 1943***

It was terrifying. The Soviets tried to hold our Village but they were no match for the tank bombardment. Unfortunately we did not have a basement. I remember lying on the floor of our *chata* huddled with my mother when the explosions started. They were so loud and coming from all over the place. We felt that any one of these explosions would be the last one for us. I had my ear pressed to the ground listening to the earth rumbling and the squeal of tank tracks turning as they advanced on our snow-covered street. When finally there was a break in the fighting I went to the window because I just had to see what was going on. There on our street where I walked and played with my friends every day I saw German *Panzers* (tanks) with their commanders peering out from turrets, black uniforms with helmeted and radio headsets on their heads. That's not something you ever want to see outside your window.



Fighting started again, and one of the tanks started turning its turret. It looked like it was turning toward our house! I got really scared, ran to mother, and hit the floor but we weren't shelled. I kept hearing explosions outside, some near and some far away. But in the end the tanks rumbled off past our house. We had made it through the attack and only a couple windows had been broken from the explosions. The Partisans had been killed, or run off, and now Petropavlovka was crawling with soldiers of the Wehrmacht. In time most would go off toward Stalingrad leaving just a small contingent in town as an outpost. Surprisingly, the Germans were friendly enough during this opening siege. Over the next few months as winter descended on us, the horrors we had heard from the locals were confirmed. It seemed like the fighting was further north of us. For now no one was shooting. One-day two young German soldiers, who could not have been over nineteen, came to our house with a live chicken and told Nina to cook it for them. Of course there was no choice but to do it. In return in the face of such mayhem they shared their meal with us when they left in panic, which was our first meal in months. Nina was trying to explain to them through a big language barrier that they were too young to be away from their mamas. Understanding the word "Mama," they pulled out their wallets and started to show pictures with great joy. It was a strange moment, beautiful in its absurdity. Our enjoyment was short-lived. Even as we ate gunfire erupted. Without finishing their meal in panic our impromptu guests left through our only entrance with out their weapons to join their comrades. In looking back I feel very strongly that two factors saved those two young German soldiers: one, our only door was facing south; it was not in the view of the partisans and two, they were not armed and had to run, or I should say, they crawled on their bellies through the deep snow without a fighting. Later we were able to piece together what had happened. The Germans had occupied a large warehouse in the sand dunes on the western edge of town, which they were making their headquarters. A small group of Russian Partisans had attacked and retaken the east side of town and were fighting through the village to get at the headquarters—and they succeeded. Our neighbor Masha knew the Partisans and led them to the small German rearguard in the village center where they could mow down the Germans. But at that moment nobody knew what was going on. Nina and I ran to the window that was facing to the north where we saw two German soldiers shooting at a group of Partisans who were trying to make their way to the west side. They were quickly shot—one running and the other on his knees begging for mercy. He got none.



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**December 11, 1941. Right to left: First Row: Hitler, Ribbentrop, Raeder and Keitel. Second Row: Darre, unknown, Seldte, Frank. Occasion: Declaration of War against the United States of America**

Hitler invades Russia on June 22, 1941 six months later Hitler declares war on the United States of America. Winter 1941-2. On about the same time Partisans launched an attack to retake my village of Petropavlovka from the Germans. By declaring war on the United States of America, Hitler just committed another blunder that enabled us to escape the Stalin's terror and ultimately Hitler himself. There were several ways for the war to end; "BUT THE HITLERS BLUNDERS CHANGED EVERYTHING FOR THE BETTER. I CAN SEE IT CLEARLY NOW. WITH EVERY HITLERS BLUNDER WE WERE GETTING CLOSER TO ESCAPE TO FREEDOM".



PLATE 9.—M.G. 34 on Heavy Mounting.  
Note the dial sight with which this weapon is equipped.

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**German Heavy machine guns like this far outmatched the light arms the Russian Partisans had to defend and than retake our village with, than lose it again to the Germans. 1942 this is when we, Mother and I were under the gun taken by the German Army as Nazi laborers.**

Winter 1941-2. If you've never seen a man shot and killed in front of you—and I hope that you never do—then you can't know what a wretched feeling that is. However, as an eleven-year-old boy at that particular moment when one is in total fear, helpless and totally disarmed from rendering any help to any one. There are no feelings for another person, dead or alive, only where to hide and how to survive. There is too much commotion and everything is happening too fast. Only later, and for the rest of your life, these scenes will present themselves without invitation and in slow motion when you are at relative peace: Dead German soldiers and Russian Partisans strewn around in crimson contrast against the two-to-three feet of white snow. Inevitably I begin to think of their mothers and the loved ones who will wait for years in vain for their return. The Partisans' mission was to kill and destroy. Their very survival depended on hit-and-run tactics. Mercy and taking prisoners were not viable options if they were to be successful. The two German soldiers who were in our chata had run outside to join their comrades without finishing their meal and had left the door open. In a little while one of the Partisans shouted, "Are there any more German soldiers in your house?" I screamed back, "No, there are none!" He came to the door and asked me again, dangerously, "No German soldiers? Or weapons"? Shaking, I said "No" again only the rifles they left He looked big to me and raged he grabbed the two weapons grunted and ran off to join the fight. Fighting continued as the Germans were dug in. But in less than an hour all of the German soldiers at the warehouse were killed. No prisoners were taken. A few miles southwest of Petropavlovka a Wehrmacht tank contingent was told of the assault by a few of the German soldiers who had

escaped the village. Though the snow was incredibly deep, they lumbered down the roads and came into Petropavlovka bent on revenge. I stared through the south facing window as several of them lurched down the street. One of them stopped only about fifty feet away from our house. It turned its turret to face the warehouse down the street that was now occupied by the Partisans. Soon it was blasting shells into the building, shaking the ground each time and making a terrible roar that echoed off the buildings around it. A fierce battle took place. The Germans concentrated their firepower on the dunes around the warehouse and the Russian Partisans returned fire with heavy mortar (*Minimiyot*) bombardment. My mother and I were cowering in the bedroom against the bake oven corner which faced the incoming Russian shells. Suddenly there was a loud thud, and a cloud of dust burst into the room. As the dust cleared we saw that a mortar round the size of a piglet had landed on the dirt floor close to my left foot in our bedroom within arms reach to my left as (Saved 6<sup>th</sup> time) Mom and I held each other tight, praying moment-to-moment before the explosion. But the room remained eerily silent. The mortar didn't explode. Only sheer luck, which seemed to run with us even in our darkest days of desperation, saved us time and again. We couldn't get out of our chata fast enough. Our neighbor Myishchanko took us in and helped Nina and me repair the front wall after the German Troops removed the Russian unexploded mortar round. Our house had taken a direct hit from a Soviet mortar intended for the tank that was parked next to our chata and had landed next to my left foot. The entire front wall below the window was gone, now just a pile of rubble in our living room. The dirty snow bank outside had also collapsed into the room and dust was heavy in the air, but we were still alive. (Again, Our food cellar comes to mind) it would have been much safer. "I knew, once again, that angels were watching over us," my mother told Anne and me, a half-century later. It wasn't long before more German tanks rolled into Petropavlovka. The Partisans either fled or were killed and the Germans reclaimed the village. Two German soldiers came toward our house. They rapped loudly on the window and demanded to know if there were any Russian Partisans in the house. Terrified again I shook my head said no and that was all. They left without coming in. Earlier, before the German tanks arrived, Masha and Tosyia with others had gone to the edge of town to notify more Partisans of the Germans. One woman walked into the hospital where a Russian doctor was attending a critically wounded German soldier. She ran out of the hospital and told one of the Partisans with horror that "one of our own doctors is saving a Nazi!" The Partisan ran into the hospital and opened fire on the doctor and the wounded German soldier. My God, It was a doctor, sworn by oath and by human decency to help the injured and now he was dead! I've had all these years of reflection and I still don't know who the good guys were in those days. When the Germans occupied Petropavlovka again they rounded up all of the people, about twenty of them, who had alerted the Partisans of the whereabouts of the German soldiers. Included were Masha and the lady Tosyia who had told the Partisan (underground resistance) about the doctor and his wounded German soldier, most of them were women. They were shot in my village square **loaded on** a two horse-drawn sled with two driver men, frozen

stiff some feet and hands sticking up in the air with their hair dragging on the packed snow. I watched take them past my house window **ART WORK from the holocaust picture below to be rendered with winter clothing on and inserted! HERE** Into the dunes cemetery, where they were dumped into the snow bank. Petropavlovka was back in German hands after the executions now the town fell into a horrible silence. The relatives of those who were shot found the mayor and asked him if they could bury the dead. The mayor told them to go to the German commandant and ask him. Bravely, they did. The commandant told them that as long as the bodies were frozen, there was no reason to bury them. He then agreed that before spring thawed the bodies they would be allowed to bury them; but for the time being, they would stay in view, as a reminder for all! The two German soldiers that had fled our chata came back several weeks later and told us their incredible story of how they survived since they were not armed and could not defend themselves. Out the door they hit the snow on their bellies and crawled straight towards the dunes to the southwest. It was obvious they had recovered from the cold and frostbite. They told us how they crawled on their stomachs for about a mile-and-a-half and were recovered as they were attempting to explain this all with one of their bayonets on our dirt floor, for this time they *were* armed. I only later understood that these were the same two German soldiers that notified the German Tank contingent of the Partisan counter-attack, which came and decimated the Partisans.



Holocaust-Picture from Jewish Archives

**A chilling resemblance, from this Scene the art work will be rendered with sled and horses as I saw it from my window on a freezing Russian winter day some 67 years ago!**

1943-1944 winter, German Soldiers Executed some 20 locals mostly women on my Village Square in Petropavlovka as informers to the Partisans

It was deep into the Russian winter 3 feet and more of white valleys and hills. On any other day it would have been a beautiful Russian winter day. We were

right in the middle of it all. The fight between the Russian underground Partisans and German forces. The Russian mortar round intended for the German tank sitting right next to our house was a direct hit into our one room house, landing next to my left foot and lay there unexploded like a small piglet. This time I believe that God himself was there to make sure that I will write this book. **This was the sixth time; again by the grace of God we were spared.**

### God was there

I finally figured it out; I had to have been anointed by God when I was born in 1930 to have been saved 17 times before I was eighteen years old. In 1929 when my Father Josef was standing in line and refused to join the Bolshevik Party 75 men after him also refused to join. This was the beginning my Father was the first to be arrested at night and sent to Siberian Gulag. My Mother was pregnant three with me; her doctor a family friend gave her a certificate that she was six months in her pregnancy therefore, she was not sent to Siberia with my father. The doctor had his neck on the line; this was the #1 first time that my life was saved before I was born. Brother Pavel worked in City Hall he forged 3 passports and cousin Michislaw with forged passports one for my father and 6,000 miles on Trans Siberian Train became prisoners them selves to pas the forged passport to Josef. They escaped first than Josef drove 6,000 miles under neath the railroad car. Now at home living on a bake oven brother Pavel comes to the house and informs Josef that the City Hall is preparing to send my Mother and me six months old to Siberia to join Josef in prison. Now before I was six months old I was saved second time. It is all predestined it just had to be. 1932-33 Ukrainian Famine I was two years old saved third time by my Mom Nina and Father Josef from starvation. At 7 in 1938 I swam across a river with stolen potatoes carrying in a shirt and a water melon after dark potatoes holding with my teeth laying on a watermelon and swimming back it was cold I lost my feeling in my feet and was drowning. This was forth time saved by God. Water melons after dark.



**1942 Nina and Son Labor Conscripted  
By the German Transport Regiment Shtrahlo.**

In the springtime of 1942, the Germans began to tear up one of the railroads leading to Stalingrad to the north and to Dniepropetrovsk south so that a motorized army could travel deep into the Soviet territory. Rail beds were the only things resembling roadways in those days. When they began the road building, the local police and German soldiers went house-to-house conscripting locals into the labor force. There were no men left, only women. They came to our house and told Nina to report to work. There was no pay or food of any kind and it was backbreaking labor, to say the least. The conscripted women—my mother among them—spent long days ripping up iron rails and wading through deep mud, all the while wondering if and when a gun barrel would be leveled against the back of their heads. By late spring, most of the troops in the area had moved on toward the direction of Stalingrad (now Volgograd). However, a Transport Regiment, called *SHTRALOH*, moved in and set up its command post in our village hospital. This regiment would mark another change in our lives. The Regiment's Commanding Officer was called by his rank only; Her Oberst (Colonel). The company commanding officer was, *Feltfebel* (Lieutenant) Edwin Klüwa, he asked the German commandant to summon the village mayor. Klüwa told the mayor to find him a middle-aged woman, clean, loyal, and who knew how to cook. The mayor went to the local butcher house and asked the butcher, Zmurenko, if he knew anyone that could fill the requirements. The only name that came to Zmurenko's mind was Nina, who had a reputation for kindness and who was also an excellent cook. When the mayor came to our house neither one of us was home. One of our neighbors informed the mayor that my mother had been conscripted to dismantle the railroad. Shortly thereafter, my mother heard her name on the loud speaker: "Nina Przegalinska, report to the commandant immediately." As she was walking toward the loud speaker, she saw the mayor standing with a German officer. She was petrified. As if dismantling a railroad was not bad enough, now what? The mayor said to her without any ceremony, "This is Feltfebel Klüwa. You now will work for him." They told her to get in their car, and they took her to the German command at the hospital—the same hospital where Nina had worked for the past three years. When she was informed of her new responsibilities, this was Nina's second conscription she had no choice. Nina would be under the direct command of Unter Oficier Klüwa. She was given her orders: she must feed the transport company, including ten German soldiers and twenty truckers. It would be a lot of work but not nearly as much as ripping up railroad ties. The mayor was responsible for supplying the produce from the collectives that Nina would cook to feed the company. Most of the truckers were conscripted Ukrainians, Russians, and Gypsies. There were also four Austrian men as German soldiers —Karl, Fonzy, Ludwig, and Otto—who the Germans hired with their private trucks and paid for their work. All in all, they all were big men with big appetites! Immediately, Nina was driven back home to round me up. At eleven years of age, I was considered old enough to be

useful so I was conscripted too. I was boiling something on the stove, putting dinner together for mother before she got home from the railroad—not knowing yet all that had just happened. I saw a German truck pull up into our yard. Nina got out with two armed German soldiers behind her. I was scared; I knew they had come to pick me up. One of the soldiers came inside with Nina and the first thing she said to me was, “Don’t be frightened, Tolya.” She said to the soldier, Waniya, in Ukrainian, “This is my son, Tolya. “I am Waniya. You must come with us.” I wasn’t expecting to hear a German soldier speaking Ukrainian but I obeyed him. In a hurry Mother and I picked up a few belongings and left the house. Waniya drove us back to the hospital, now under German military command. When we arrived, two soldiers started walking toward us; a Sergeant in charge of the Company Noncom mission Officer (Unter Oficier Edwin Klüwa.) Klüwa was a short and stocky man, in his late 40’s, with somewhat of a respectable belly. In a way, my memory of the way he looked reminds me very much of the famous comedian Don Rickles. He carried a sidearm, and with his infantry hat perched just so, he looked sharp. His face had a ruddy complexion and had a puffiness that matched his belly. He looked like someone who was strict and disciplined but who also had a human heart and soul. The transport company that he was in charge of was not a combat fighting unit, so overall he was the right choice and had the leadership for this job. While this was not an easy assignment, he did have what it took to do the job especially since most of us were conscripts and there was a language barrier. When Nina introduced me to him as her son Tolya, he said to Nina that from now your son’s name would be Adolf. He greeted me curtly, I thought, and then told the two of us to get started on dinner. By 11:00 p.m. With me peeling the potatoes and mother cooking the dinner, the entire company had been fed. That night my mother and I slept exhausted on the kitchen floor. In the coming months, we lived, worked, and slept there, day after day, week after week, and month after month. This was now our living quarters. Mother gave the old chata to Tosyia, another single mother she knew, in return for a pair of winter boots. In the end, the boots served her better over the next few years than our house would have.

That was burned down by the retreating German Forces. We partitioned the space with several blankets to try to make it as home-like as possible. For the next three years I never slept in a bed, never ate at a dinner table and did not go to school. Nina would wake up at 2:00 a.m. each morning to start preparing the day’s meals. She would let me sleep until she was ready for me to work. Truthfully, my mother and I were more fortunate than most of the villagers. By working in the kitchen we at least had access to food for survival. Clothes, however, were another matter. We owned what we wore on our backs, which was precious little. Beyond that, we owned nothing. In order to have something to cover my body, we would take a potato sack, cut a slit up the middle, and with a little sewing—using the threads of the sack—we would make a pair of trousers. Most of the time my clothes were infested with lice.

**There Where Other Embarrassing and Irritating Times  
Lice Infested Living**

Even though my mother Nina was an excellent housekeeper, there is something to be said about an impoverished lifestyle with all of its nutritional deficiencies and living with lice. We had no running water or electricity and we knew when to go to bed—with the chickens. I remember sitting down on the floor, or anywhere else for that matter, picking lice out of the seams of my trousers or my shirt, killing them between my two thumb nails, squeezing them to death with my blood squirting all over my thumb nails. I had several boils on my body because of malnutrition and no band-aids or antiseptic. The open sores would stick to the shirt or trousers and dry and I tried not to pull them away because it would reopen wounds again. After my mother and I were conscripted as Nazi laborers by the Germans to work in the kitchen, our nutrition changed dramatically. We were told by Company Commanding Officer Klüwa not to ever speak the Polish language since the entire country of Poland went underground. The Germans, in particular the Klüwa himself, did not want the Regiment *SHTRALOH* and the High Command to know that we were Polish. Faced with the constant fear of being sent to a concentration camp was horrifying. Looking back, those would be some of my best years in accumulating a life's personal library of skills and experiences, which has helped me to survive to this day. Today it gives me an insight glimpse as to why so many people have so many personal and other problems; they don't have their own mental library to go to when in a need and when things are tough all around.

***“Life itself, by far, is the best teacher”***

By now our captor was promoted to Feltfebel Klüwa, (Second Lieutenant) seeing my plight, he took one of his military topcoats and had it tailored into a uniform to fit me. Even this heavy German Wehrmacht uniform was no match for the terrible Ukrainian winter, but it was an improvement over potato sacks, to be sure. In my young life I had seen and met evil men, yet somehow I knew that Feltfebel Klüwa was not an evil man. Nevertheless, the officer's kindness towards me was not innocent kindness. My mother, Nina, at this time thirty-one years of age, was exceptionally attractive with her long black hair that flowed past her waist and a gleam of pride and determination always in her eyes. She was a beautiful singer and a beautiful woman. She was spirited and she was independent and Feltfebel Klüwa was smitten. His feelings would later present Nina with a dramatic choice.



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1935 Picture of Walther Darre and a hand shake from Hitler at the reception of "the Füh-rer," Richsbauerntag in Buckeberg.

1932 Adolf Hitler rejected the post of vice chancellor of Germany saying he was prepared to hold out for all or nothing.

1933 March 23rd, Hitler became the Reich Chancellor of Germany.

1934: A plebiscite in Germany approved the vesting of sole executive power in Adolf Hitler.

## **Epilogue:**

The journey that saved us from life in the Ukraine and communism on which Feltfebel Klüwa started Tadeusz Przegalinski, my mother Nina, and eventually my little sister Anneliese, who was fathered by Feltfebel Klüwa, a German Commanding Officer was providential. Klüwa gave Nina some choices under the gun. Nina and son to be shot or Concentration Camp proved to be only the first leg of an odyssey westward into a different culture and indeed a different world. The experiences, the changes, and the learning that occurred in the years between the moment that young boy took off his second-hand German uniform and the writing of this story seem hard to compress into one lifetime. It has been a strange journey and at times a harsh one. It has taught me well the values of freedom and independence that have made this country, for me, truly the land of opportunity. But as I think about it, the strangest part of it all is that the journey—from Stalin's cruelties to here—might have never begun, were it not for Hitler's madness.



My Mama Nina



WITH PERMISSION FROM POLISH EMBASY NEW YORK

**The Black Madonna  
On Jasna Gora  
(Mount of Light or Clarus Mons) pg.438**

In 1942 at the age of 32 during the German Occupation of the Soviet Union, my Mother Nina was conscripted by the German Army two times. First to work on the railroad, then, the second time by the Transport Regiment Shtralo as a Nazi laborer. I was 11 years old. Nina was also fleeing with a baby child Anneliese during World War II almost ceaselessly praying to Madonna. Remembering that Madonna also was fleeing with a child, Jesus. This gave Nina courage to survive. During the Holy Week of 1430, the neighboring Hussites attacked the Pauline Monks who were forced to flee. One of the bandits slashed two times at the Madonna with his sword; the two slashes on the Madonna's right face are also still visible today. Madonna's History is on page 438 complete book 485 pgs. And on CD coincidentally, the right side of Nina's face has also two scars. This is the only wartime picture of Nina. It was damaged by broken glass of the portrait during the final retreat and the hard years that followed.

### **God's Stealthy Works:**

My life was saved when my Mother was three month pregnant with me and then again when I was six months old, total my life was saved seventeen times before I was eighteen years old. How God does his work!

### ***The Mission: Dismantle and Confiscate***

The mission of this German transport company was to confiscate all food items, to dismantle factories, and to ship all usable materials and food essentials such as wheat, sunflower seeds, potatoes, etc., back to Germany. Through all of this I was kept busy. Besides helping my mother in the kitchen, I was also working on the trucks with mechanics and shining shoes for the German officers and soldiers. At the age of 13 I was also told to drive a truck when the unit was short-handed—that is, when one of the drivers had disappeared the night before. I remember the first time. One morning we were short one driver. Feltfel Klüwa said to me, “Adolf, today you will drive that truck.” It was a two and a half-ton German Krupp, a real monster. Klüwa said, “Do not worry if you wreck it. We’d have to destroy it anyway since there is no other truck driver available.” So I did it. Soon I got good at driving. I was too light to push the clutch down, so I would get on the clutch with both feet. When it was down, I would reach back for the gear lever and shift the gear, then get off the *clutch one foot at a time while moving at 20-30 mph*. At first it was even kind of fun but it was a novelty that soon wore off. We were given two cigarettes a day as thanks. That was enough for me to start smoking but it was a novelty that took a little longer to wear off. I did finally quit smoking some eleven years later in Korea, when I was a twenty-three year old US Soldier. After I started driving, the truckers accepted me as one of them. Before this the drivers would always say, “Hey guys, watch what you say—Toliya is here.” But now, to them, I was a man—and one of them.

### ***The Other Mission***

In the evenings some of the drivers, against orders, would stay out to do the town. Most of them spoke the local language so they wanted to find out things; especially what kind of women this town had to offer. They would return the following evening at the end of their mission, getting picked up by another driver and brought back so the Germans were unaware. This was an elaborate operation. Upon their return we would gather together and listen to their stories. It was about women, moonshine drinking, and more women. They let me join them when recounting their tales and I heard all of it—and I mean all of it! It was a shameless bunch. For a while I thought that truckers must be the pinnacles of virility. But these crude conversations did not last long. The discussions always switched to more serious topics. You see, in addition to sowing their oats the drivers were also getting information from the outside from local people and perhaps even from the Partisans. For whatever reason, this elite group of professionals accepted me into their confidence. An operation had been devised to get some of the wheat to the locals instead of taking it all to the railroad station to be shipped off to Germany. The Germans didn’t trust the drivers (with good reason), so the trucks were weighed after each trip. To



circumvent this obstacle, we would unload one bag of wheat at a house then put a couple of boulders on the floor of the passenger seat that weighed approximately the same as the sack of wheat. We would cover it with an overcoat and some tools, pass the weight inspection with the boulder, then unload the boulder, fill the truck with wheat again, and repeat as much as we could. It was simple, and it worked! Looking back, it's a lot more frightening now than it was then. If we had been caught it could have been instant death, depending on who caught us. There were many German soldiers in town that didn't care much for the local people. By this time I understood the German language quite well and at times I did translate between these strange bedfellows, relating orders from commanders to truck drivers and vice-versa. I would also overhear the Germans of all ranks talking among themselves. They would say that England has to be fought, that winning the war with Britain was imperative for the German Reich, that the Eastern (Russian) Front was getting wobbly. The end of the year was actually very memorable for us because it was the first time Nina was free to put up a Christmas tree. Living in a proclaimed atheist state had meant no Christmas celebrations, no trees, no caroling. Mother, father, and I used to have a small celebration each year inside our chata with the shades closed, afraid of neighbors finding out and reporting us. Now virtually imprisoned by Germans—who happened to enjoy *Weinachten* (Christmas)—we were free to celebrate our faith. Still, it was a very somber quiet Christmas that year. The Soviet defenders were overwhelming the German forces on all fronts. Stalingrad was not doing well. It was becoming obvious that the Germans were in real trouble on their eastern front. We were losing our conscript driver friends almost every week to the underground, what would that mean for us?

### ***Early Evidence***

The “Hindenburg” zeppelin explosion exacerbated the tension between the United States and Germany. Already the Americans had banned sales of helium gas to the Germans for their zeppelin fleet, and when the “Hindenburg” approached the landing port in Lakehurst, New Jersey, on a high-profile propaganda mission of “German technological superiority”, the message from der Fuhrer was clearly designed to impart a sense of awe and to divide the sentiment of the American public. It worked for over two years after the start of the war, on 1 September 1939 with the invasion of Poland. On December 8, 1941. The Germans conducted an elaborate Nazi funeral in New Jersey for the victims and blamed the United States for the tragedy. The “Hindenburg” provided a sinister psychological edge during the 1936 Olympics in Berlin for German athletes as it hovered over the games.

**This Nazi funeral was conducted on my 11<sup>th</sup> birthday December 8, 1941, just three days later December 11, 1941 Germany declared War on the United States of America.**



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Funeral ceremony for the victims of the Zeppelin "Hindenburg" on 19 May 1937 at the Hapag Pier on the Hudson River in New Jersey. Many Americans were very sympathetic to, and taken in by, Nazi propaganda. Captain Lehmann Von "Hamburg" gives the Nazi salute to the coffin of Captain Ernst A. Lehman's the top airship pilot who had been along for a training mission. Even earlier in the war some of the German high command knew the predicament that Germany would be faced with just ahead of them. Rudolf Hess tried to ally Germany with the UK as fellow Nordic Nations against the Soviet Union.



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Frick, Darre, Rosenberg, Hess

The Rudolf Hess Mystery:

Unauthorized Secret Peace Mission to England May 10, 1941

Rudolf Hess, on July 1<sup>st</sup> 1920, while listening to Adolf Hitler speak at a Nazi Party in a beer hall in Munich Germany, Hess, became the sixteenth member of the Nazi party. In 1939 Hitler named Hess his second successor after Herman Goring. Unbeknownst to the world, Hess made peace overtures to his counterpart in England, but Hess failed to be convincing that these overtures could either be realized or the conditions were not, for want of a better term, honorable. With no positive reply from the UK, apparently, Hess took this peace mission onto himself. He was reported to have declared that he was to present his plan to King George himself; after all, the royal family was German and had changed their family name from Hanover to Windsor in 1917 during World War I. The plan was that the UK and Germany would ally themselves against the Soviet Union. After consulting and some discussions with one of his most trusted officers, Hess took off alone for a destination that was only known to him alone in May 1941 in one of the earliest German jet fighter planes. After some five hours of flight on a dark night and some 900 miles later, Hess was over Scotland. He bailed out and gave himself up to a farmer after suffering a broken leg. Winston Churchill considered Hess as a prisoner of state and refused to talk to him. Hitler was enraged over Hess's mission and declared Hess insane. In 1946 at the Nuremberg trial, Hess was sentenced to life in solitary confinement. He died in prison, either by suicide or murder, in 1987 at Spandau Prison in Berlin, never having shared a word with another person since his sentencing. As I read and study these historic events with intense and great personal interest, I am struck with apprehension and gratitude. 42 days later June 22, 1941 Hitler invades Russia.

Rudolf H~~ö~~ss Hitlers Henchman at Auschwitz. His Daughter Brigitte H~~ö~~se

Now 80 resides in seclusion in Virginia.

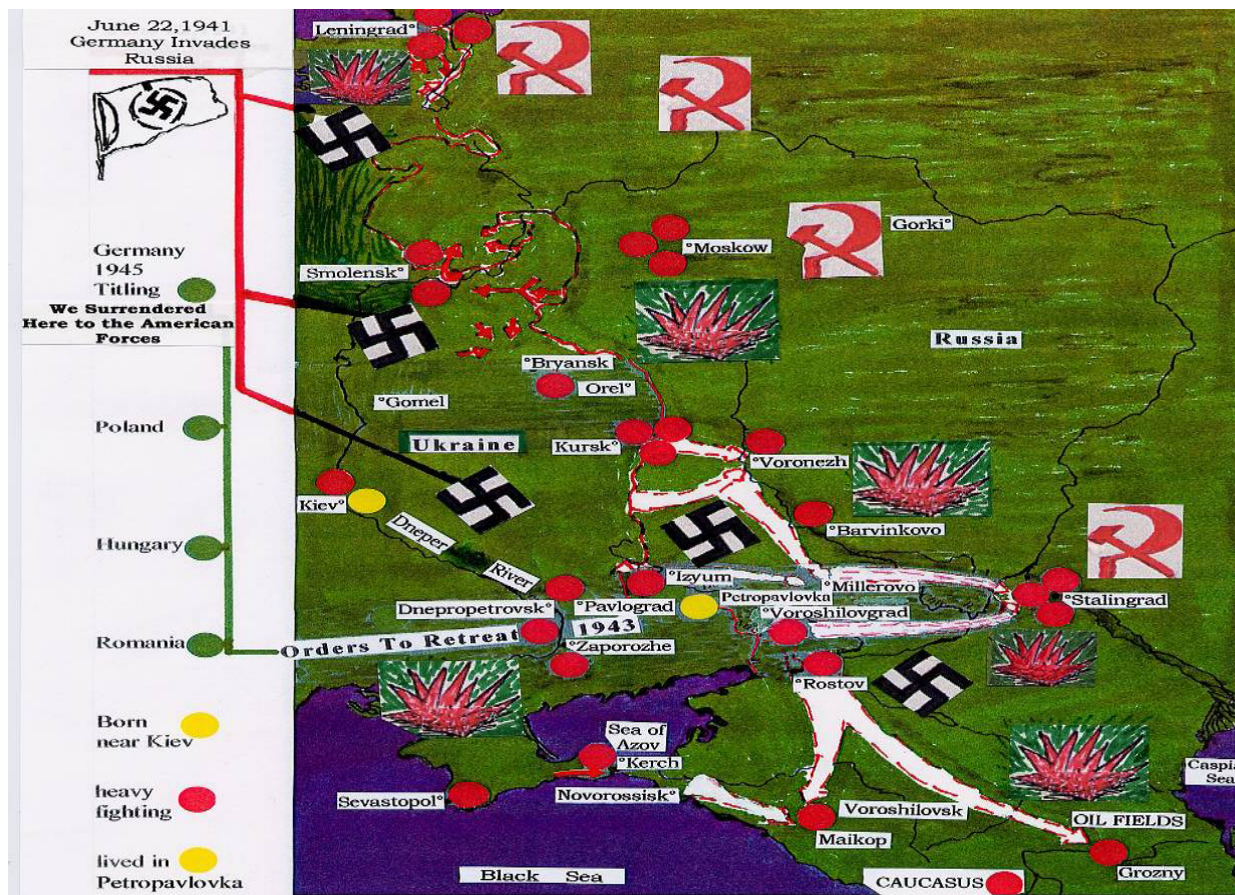
This was the beginning of my survival for the next three years. I wonder "what if"—if any of these events were changed in a different direction, and there were many of them, I would have never survived. However, thanks to Hitler's myriad of blunders it was possible for me to survive and write this book. If H~~ö~~ss's

overtures had succeeded, or if von Stauffenberg's bomb assassination on Hitler had succeed, or if any one of countless other circumstances had gone the other way, I would have not survived. As a Ukraine born from Polish ancestry serving, however involuntarily, in the thrall of the Germans, I would have had no chance of escaping death from any camp by which I was surrounded. The Germans would have killed me because of the accident of my birth. The Russians or Poles or other Slavic people would have killed me because of my involuntary servitude with the Germans. Because of my father, the Russians would certainly have sent my mother and me to the labor camps. It is only the fortuitous juncture of the German invasion of my village, our enslavement at their hands, our retreat from Soviet territory through eastern Europe, the overwhelming wave of American troops into Germany and the perspicacity of Feltfebel Klüwa to march into the American sector to surrender, and of course the blunders of Hitler, that allowed me to survive. The price for that survival however, weighs heavily on me; over 400,000 U.S. Troopers never returned home for so many others suffered and died. I feel that it was a destiny for me to go trough it all. Survive; learn the language, and than write this story. Come to think of it, it was a lot, but I didn't know it than.

**August 23 1942 the Battle for Stalingrad began.**

Our Retreat with our German captors. Escape Map and Route to Germany and then to Freedom

June, 1943 the beginning of our three year retreat. This red route on the map shows, the three prong invasion attack by Germany on the Soviet Union. From my Village of Petropavlovka that my Father fled to after his escape from Siberia. The yellow dot on the map lower center to green route to Hungary, then Poland, and on to surrender in Bavaria, Germany to the U.S. Forces.



DRAWING BY AUTHOR

**Russian-German Battle Map of the Soviet Union**

July 5, 1943, six months later, after the Germans lost the battle for Stalingrad-extreme right, began the biggest tank battle for the City of Kursk-pg. above center in history, Russian and German tanks numbering somewhere over 5,000; Massive Air Power, tens of thousands artillery pieces on both sides. Hitler knew and told his Generals that on this battle, Germany's future hinges. By July 16<sup>th</sup> the Germans also lost this battle for Kursk) About the same time

that summer, our H.Q. called "STRALO", A TRANSPORT REGIMENT gave my Company the order for us to retreat from my Village of Petropavlovka located in Southern Ukraine about 150 miles Southeast from Kursk and about 300 miles West of Stalingrad and NE of the City of Dniepropetrovsk. The battle for Kursk about 150 miles west of my Village of Petropavlovka. For the next three years, we were in constant retreat. I was twelve years old. Among all of the other things, to numerous to mention, 99.9% of the time baiting was not an option, it would never enter ones mind when you're in a survival mode. In times like these, one really gets to appreciate God's given life. Food, shelter, clothing and water, hot water too, the shower kind that is. I never had a shower until I was 14 years old in 1945 when we surrendered in Germany to the U.S. Forces.



**ART RENDERING**

January 1943, Hitler promoted General Paulus to Field Marshal Hitler told the General that no Field Marshal in German Army ever surrendered. 30 days later Paulus surrendered on January 31 1943 to the Russian Forces at the battle for Stalingrad and became the first German Field Marshal to surrender.

At the end, total German losses, for Field Marshal Paulus at the battle for Stalingrad, 300,000 only 6,000 German soldiers ever returned home. Altogether at Stalingrad, the Red Army collected an enormous amount of armaments: over 709 planes, over 1,500 tanks, over 660 large guns, over 1,400 mortars, 8,110 machine guns, over 89,000 rifles, some 60,000 automobiles and trucks, over 7,300 motorcycles, some 470 traction engines and transporters, about 310 radio installation stations, 2 armored trains, And over 210 dumpsters of arms, supplies and ammunition. The Germans never recovered from these loses. Field Marshal Paulus remained a Russian Prisoner Long after World War II. Released 1953 to only reside in communist East Germany. He died on February 1957. For us it was the beginning, an incredible three years of retreat with our captors to Germany and than to freedom.



With a total desire for peace and for avoiding unconditional Surrender to the Allies, the German high Command resorted To the highest treason against their Füh-rer. Assassination!



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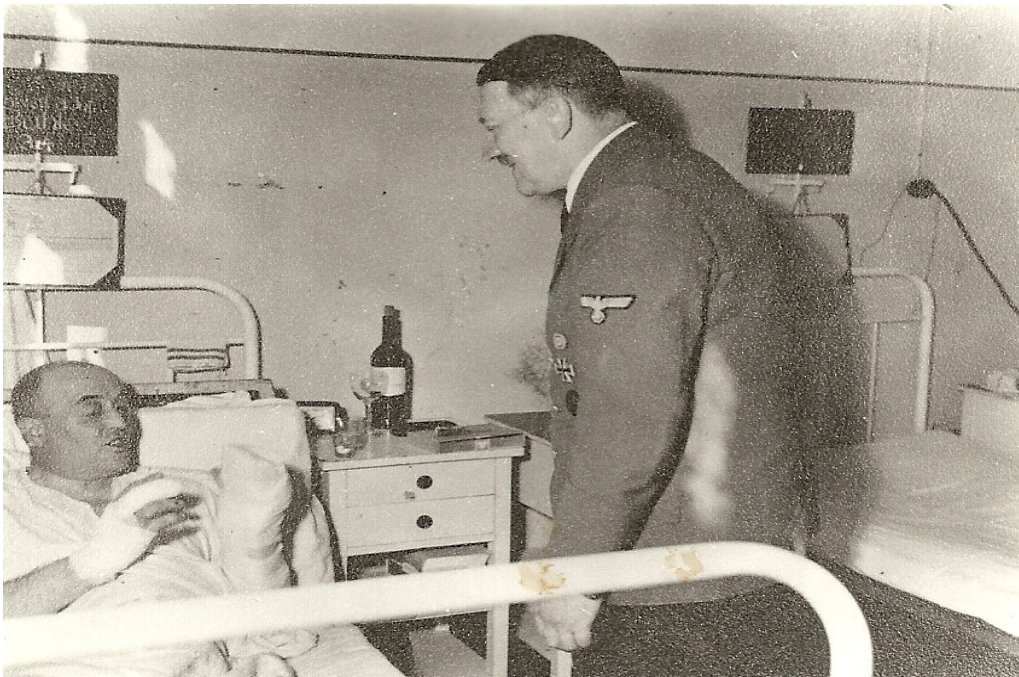
On July 20, 1944, a courageous Conspirator Colonel Klaus Von Stauffenberg was trying to save his country Germany from devastation and from unconditional surrender to the Allied Forces. Colonel Klaus von Stauffenberg became the Assassin; his bomb laden briefcase caused this devastation inside of Hitler's Headquarters in Rastenberg, Germany. Another Officer inadvertently moved the bomb laden briefcase out of his way away from Hitler and changed the history and my life with it. If Hitler had died, we would have never got out of Hungary. The immediate action of Joseph Göebbels against the conspirators is another dot that I can connect to my survival. Many of Hitler's blunders also helped us to survive. As cruel and devastating as it was, some how, the road to freedom was constantly open, without us knowing it at that time. With all of Hitler's blunders, miscalculations and mistakes that were made, the process, and outcome of World War II could not have been more perfect considering our escape. The cost, 405,399 US Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, Guardsmen and women that never came home to live in freedom and raise a family.

For me now, at times it seems as if, God had his hand in it all along.



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Hitler visits the Hospital and the injured from the blast that was intended to kill Hitler on July 20, 1944. On about the same time 1944 we were retreating from Budapest to Rajka Hungary and than Poland.



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For this act some 5,000 individuals were hung with a piano wire, and or executed before sunup, striped naked. Many of them were high ranking officers.

**Aside on Heroism:  
The Three Unlikely Conspirators**



ALL THREE PICTURES-ART RENDERINGS

**Admiral Wilhelm Canaris    Colonel Klaus von Stauffenberg**



**Field Marshal Erwin Rommel  
The Desert Fox**

Because these men did not succeed in assassinating Hitler, my mother and I had another chance to survive and this made it possible for this story to be told. On Hitler's orders, Marshal Rommel was picked up from his home by two Generals and was forced to take cyanide while in route. To avoid disgrace, Rommel took the cyanide capsule.

**Admiral Wilhelm Canaris** was the chief of the Nazi counter-intelligence service. But as Hitler's madness and the hopelessness of the Nazi cause became obvious, he helped the British with intelligence information and worked against Hitler. Canaris then organized the failed assassination attempt on Hitler on July 20, 1944. Afterward, he was arrested and taken to Flossenburg concentration camp. As the end of the war approached, and Allied

gunfire was heard in the background, Canaris, his deputy Oster, and the pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, were stripped naked and hanged before sunup.

**Colonel Klaus von Stauffenberg** was the man who actually had the courage to place a bomb-laden briefcase underneath the heavy oak table next to Hitler at a Staff Meeting on July 20, 1944. Then, on the pretense to make a phone call, he left the Staff Meeting Room to his nearby parked airplane and flew to Berlin, planning to set up a new German Government he was certain that Hitler was dead this would bring an end to the war. But, another Staff Officer saw an opportunity—a spot next to Hitler just moments after Stauffenberg left. Because bomb-laden briefcase was in his way he moved the briefcase, and the ferocious blast that followed failed to kill Hitler. Stauffenberg was arrested by Joseph Goebbels upon his arrival in Berlin, put against the wall with the light of military trucks shining on him, and shot. This incident by the Staff Officer that moved that bomb-laden briefcase, because it was in his way, alone changed the course of the war. If Hitler had been killed, as was intended, Stauffenberg would have succeeded in setting up a new German government and a conditional surrender treaty with the Allies. We would have never made it to Germany and subsequently to the U.S.A. Such a small incident, like moving a briefcase that has been forgotten by the rest of the world, made it possible for me to survive and write this book.

**Field Marshal Erwin Rommel**, though the best soldier and general in the German Army, was not a fanatical Nazi. When he recognized that Germany was going to lose, he—with others—wanted to negotiate a conditional surrender with the Allies to save his country. He knew about the assassination plot, and agreed to support the new government with his divisions. When the plot failed, on Hitler's orders he was arrested while with his family at home; on his way out he told his family he was not coming back. *En route*, the two Generals who arrested him gave him a choice: go on trial for treason and humiliate his family and the German People, or take a cyanide capsule right then and have a state funeral with all the honors befitting a great German Field Marshal. Rommel took the cyanide capsule. These men, among others, put their lives on the line in an effort to save thousands of lives and save their country Germany, from destruction. Their commitment to their country can make one humble. And in the end, it showed their greatness.

### **Uprooting and Upheaval**

We found out soon enough when Field Marshal Paulus surrendered what remained of the Wehrmacht's Sixth Army to the Soviets at Stalingrad on Jan. 31, 1943. Shortly there after, the call for retreat came. The Germans began retreating from the Caucasus and they ended their two-and-a-half-year siege on Leningrad. The tide had turned and the Soviets pressed their advantage. It was during this crisis that Feltfebel Klüwa received the call to also begin a retreat. We were to move down South to the Town of Pavlograd, about fifty miles South of Petropavlovka, where the company would stay and collect the traditionally large harvest during the summer months. Mother and I had lived intimately with Germans for a year. We knew names, missions, supply inventories, and plans. We couldn't be set free. We knew they would force us to go, too. What if we managed to escape? Where would we go? If the Partisans found us, all they would see is two Ukrainians who had spent time aiding the Germans. We would be killed instantly. It was here that Feltfebel Klüwa showed his dark side and here my mother was to face the most traumatic ordeal of her life. Klüwa, pistol in hand, gave her a choice: she could be shot, we could both be sent to a concentration camp, or she could be his companion until they reached safety in Germany. It wasn't enough to keep cooking meals. She had to give herself to him and she had to choose it now. Nina was a strong, decisive woman. She chose to keep her son alive because she still wanted to see me get to America some day. Because of what she did, I survived to tell this story and before the war was over she was pregnant with a German officer's child Anneliese-my sister Anne. After a hard day of forced labor and as we bedded down for the night after everything was quiet, Mother would tell me stories about my father, what she was doing, and why she was doing it. Only much later I began to understand Nina's explanations relative to our plight and that our survival was her biggest concern and responsibility. She would say to me on many occasions "Toliya, you are young and deserve a better life. Your father and your entire family have tried to get to America. Now you have to survive and get there and be a free man." In a strange way, by fathering my sister Anne, Feltfebel Klüwa gave me the chance to later roam around looking for such an opportunity to fulfill her wishes.

If Anne hadn't been around, I probably would have stayed with my mother to comfort her and keep her from being all alone. To this day I probably would be in Germany in some stone quarry somewhere as a *steinwerker* (stone cutter), hammering out cobblestones for a living. Sometimes it still frightens me just to think about it. I didn't know about all this at the time. I didn't even realize at first that we were being forced to evacuate Petropavlovka. I remember hearing that we had orders to head out somewhere really quickly and were told to pack now and fast. Mother and I packed all the pots from the kitchen—some of them still warm from cooking. It was kind of a novelty to be riding on the back of the truck with some of the other drivers and armed German soldiers. But then I looked up and saw the fires back in our Village. Everything was being scorched to the ground. As I watched my chata, where I had played and grown up with all of my friends, getting smaller and smaller and now nobody has a home left. Hidden behind my village were the blazing, setting sun and the billowing smoke. Suddenly, I understood and it became very real to me what was happening to us. I kept my face turned from the soldiers so they wouldn't see my tears. When we arrived in Pavlograd we set up base in an old school that had been bombed out and abandoned—we always looked for some type of building with a working kitchen as our base of operations. When we got settled in, the conscripted truckers resumed their intelligence-gathering jaunts and we all resumed our covert diversion of wheat and supplies. As I became more involved in the tasks, my co-conspirators coached me constantly on how to answer any questions that the Germans may ask me. Mother helped too. She would pretend to protest to the commanding officer about my working with the truckers because my ears were too young for their kind of language. Or she would tell him she worried about me driving such a big truck while still a boy. She tried to throw him off my trail—and she was good! Feltfebel Klüwa never suspected a thing. He would say to her, "Look, everybody said that Adolf was too young to drive a truck. Look at him now! He has not wrecked one yet." I was enjoying my role as a young double agent. And I always enjoyed the stories the men would tell of their "nights on the town." However, there was often a heavy price to pay for a woman, a bottle of Moonshine and some information. On some mornings a man or two would not return from their "evening out." Sometimes the Partisans did away with them, thinking of them as Nazi collaborators. Sometimes they joined the Partisans themselves. And sometimes they just fled for their lives, usually never to be heard from again.



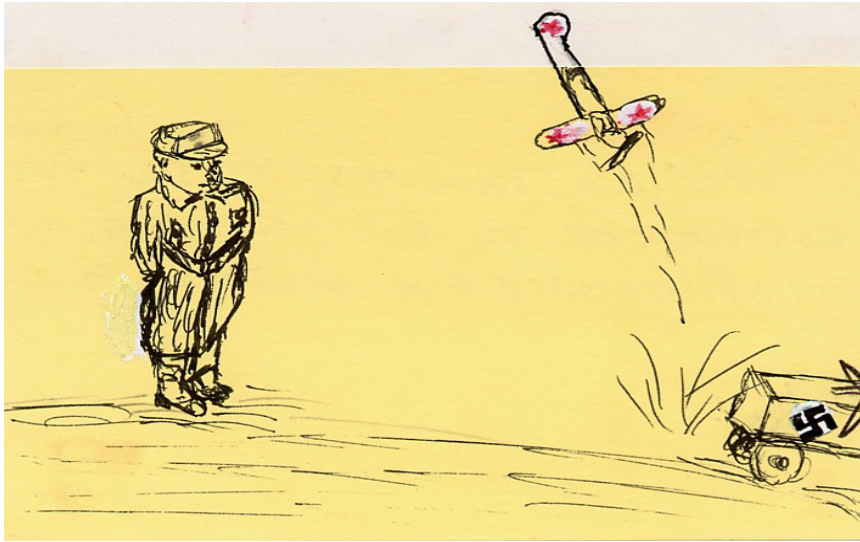
### **A Rite of Passage**

But in general, everything went smoothly. Spring turned to summer; and summer turned to harvest time; and for a while it was business as usual. It's funny that what strikes me all these years later is that in the midst of war and Chaos and acting like a big shot with grown-up responsibilities; I still had a chance to be a kid sometimes. I remember one incident especially. The local kids here at Pavlograd would always hang around us. When I would be out working on one of the trucks one of them would always come up and say to me, "Hey Toliya, let's you and I *stuknimosiya*." This was a custom, a friendly fight between a local and a new kid. It was like a rite of passage. They especially wanted to get at me since I was with the Germans and couldn't run around with them all day. Finally I got sick of them challenging me every day. I convinced the trucker I worked with, Misha, not to tell my mother; and the kid who challenged me, a redheaded guy named Yurek, promised not to hit me in the face so there wouldn't be any marks. One afternoon I slipped through some bushes and met Yurek and his friends at a bombed-out house with no roof. We stood on a big pile of rubble. Yurek took the first swing but he wasn't on good footing. He missed me and stumbled a bit. I caught him with a punch to the gut and then followed it up with another to his rib cage and he went down. Growing up Polish in Petropavlovka had taught me some good moves. Just like that our *stuknimosiya* was over. I helped Yurek to get up we all shook hands, and the challenges stopped. For the rest of the time I was in Pavlograd, we were sort of strange friends—at least there was respect. I miss those kids today, too...

### **Unconsciously Trained. Was I?**

This part of my life during my conscript years literally as a boy frequently comes back, over and over again. In order to have something to cover my body, we would take a potato sack, cut a slit up the middle and with a little sewing – using the threads from the sack –we would make a pair of trousers. Most of the time my clothes were infested with lice. These clothes on this day saved my life.

1943-several months later at the age of thirteen I was given a German uniform. If I had been dressed this time in German uniform I would have never



returned. Quite often I was literally lectured by some of our Conscripts Troopers and by now, very good friends. Most of the time it was during our pick up of a load of wheat and drop it off at the nearest railroad station, or at other locations to be picked up perhaps by Germans themselves. This training was

short but frequent. What to do, what to say, never to be scared so that you can think right and how to behave if captured by the Russian Troops. On this particular day one of the drivers that I was with, besides Shura (page 105) who I was driving with quite often was Aliyosha. Aliyosha would say, “Toliya, you know you’re young and just a boy. You have a much better chance to survive, if it should happen, when you see the Russian soldiers don’t run sit down with your back leaning against a house or a tree with your knees up head down and cry a little, when asked, say that you lost your Mom and Dad in the war or, that you’re a “Siyerotah”, meaning simply an Orphan--“homeless. ” January 31, 1943 Field Marshal Paulus surrendered to the Russian Forces at Stalingrad, just in a few short months the entire 2000 mile German Russian frontline became very unstable mostly for the Germans. It was during the harvest time beginning of the end of summer, some where near the City of Pavlograd Ukraine. We had to fix the truck first and left late in the morning on our routine pickup mission we found everything was eerily quiet. The pickup place was empty and the fields were empty too. Not a living soul around. Aliyosha said, “Let’s go and see the folks at our last drop off.” But it was due north in the direction of the frontlines. I was excited because I could see some of my very new friends whom I met a few weeks earlier. Visiting was fun. We drank some kvass made from soaking bread in water in those days nobody had much of anything. I went to visit some more friends a few houses down. When I was walking out eating a big piece of a watermelon; I noticed that the truck

and Aliyosha were gone. This was very unnerving to me. I began to walk and shortly I was leaving the Village. I noticed three tanks quite a distance ahead of me the fourth tank was moving and than also stopped. I couldn't tell if they were German or Russian Tanks. This is when I realized that I was heading in the wrong direction and I remembered Aliyosha and others have said when in danger play like a boy. Use it to your advantage since you're just a boy anyway... I stretched my arms out and began to fly like a plane zig-zagging this dirt road. It was easy to start flying in the opposite direction. Leaving the Village on the opposite side heading south now, I noticed a Jeep like vehicle to my left heading southwest then changed its direction and was heading directly towards me I immediately sat down facing them. Soon I recognized that these were two Russian soldiers. One was an Officer. The soldier was driving. The windshield was down on the hood with two machines guns on top of it one on each side. The Officer said, "Malchiyk (Young man) what is your name?" I said, "Toliya." Where are you going?" he asked. I pointed towards the Village ahead of us. I was told to climb in on the back. I did. The back was loaded with ammo metal boxes, so I sat next and held on to the spare tire. This time the driver said, "Your Mom and Dad will be glad to see you." I said. "I don't have either one of them." The driver said to the Officer, "Too bad we can't take him with us." (On Yes'th Siyerotah) "He is homeless." I could not believe what I was hearing. I did not have to pretend. I was crying, scared, and shaking. I could hardly talk losing my Mother Nina this way. Nearing the Village the Russian Officer said "Isn't it great to have some tanks in our Battalion?" (Mu seychas Imeyem Tanki wnashem Palku) Apparently, they just got these tanks and were somewhat exuberant about it. All of a sudden the Officer said, "Stop." I was told to jump off. The driver handed me a piece of real home baked bread. They went to the left of the Village heading southeast. I was relieved it was the best moment for me. I had a chance to see my Mom again. As I was walking for a while really enjoying my bread leaving this Village and the sunset behind me. Just over a small hill to my right I see Aliyosha and no truck. A little further down a small wooded area as we were walking I gave him a piece of my bread I could tell he enjoyed it. I almost had to run behind him to keep up. He backed the truck into the woods over small trees. When the trees stood up with his help it gave a cover for the truck. He asked, "Did you see a vehicle with two solders? Were they Russians?" I said, "Yes, they brought me to this Village. He said they turned and went directly northeast. Aliyosha said some lady came in to the house and said that there are tanks coming, that he was looking for me and decided to leave that I would make it back and that he wouldn't if he was captured by the Russians. He asked, "Were those Russian Tanks?" I said, yes.

**This was my seventh time that God wanted me to write this book.** Actually I was in Russian hands but they did not know that. Thank God I did not have my German uniform on yet.

" Way after the sunset it was still fairly light when we came into the base at about 9:00 PM. Mom was waiting and concerned. She fed us as usual. Mom never was told. It would have broken her heart and the fear would have stayed with her long after my fateful day that I had. But, Feltfebel Klüwa did know and

asked lots of questions. To this day I wonder was it a setup for me to get the information to be forwarded to the headquarters. I am sure it was passed on this time because we received orders to retreat during the Shura's capture incident the next day early AM. Just after this, our close call and the debriefing. I could tell right away that things were not normal. They never were from minute to minute anyway, but this time it was different. Everybody was tense and quiet. My Mother Nina had grief in her eyes. I asked what had happened. She said, "The *Feldgendarmerie* caught Shura [one of the drivers] unloading one sack of wheat at privet *CHATA* The German command wants to hang him in front of everybody." Nina was devastated and so was I. Shura was by then a good friend. I also was often a part of this subversive unloading, except for this time.

### ***An Act of Humanity***

That evening, Nina was told by the Commanding Officer Klüwa to prepare a dinner for the Her-Oberst (Colonel), the regiment commander of *SHTRALOH*, and our commanding officer, Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa. She pleaded with them for Shura's life. The Oberst told her that she was endangering her own life with that kind of talk but she didn't stop. She said that she spoke as a mother. Shura was just a twenty-year-old boy! Boys make mistakes! Nina also told them that his father had been killed and that Shura was all that his mother had left in the world. Later that evening Nina asked one of the Russian Gypsies, to come and play guitar. He was the best. Alcohol flowed, music played, and Nina softened a few Nazi hearts. I was supposed to have been sleeping around the corner on the floor. But instead I listened and even sang to myself with Zehan's (Gypsy's) music as the guitar and Zehan were singing late into the evening. This was to be a night to remember for more than one reason. Klüwa received new orders at 4:00 a.m. We were to retreat from Pavlograd to Dniepropetrovsk, about 100 miles northwest of Pavlograd, as the Soviets had gained more ground. It was the beginning of the end for the Third Reich, though nobody really knew it then. What they did know was that the front line was retreating so we had to start retreating too. Klüwa released Shura from the guards and told him to drive his truck. I was to go with him as a second driver. We loaded the trucks, this time with some experience under our belt. Dawn broke with scattered fog in our midst and neither one of us had much sleep. Shura was awake through the night afraid that, at the young age of twenty, it was his last night to live, thinking about his widowed mother losing her only son, too. We talked about our diversion-of-wheat operation and how he got caught by the two German *Feldgendarmerie* troopers on a motorcycle with a sidecar and armed with a machine gun (as it appears below). Shura was the only one that I shared my close call with, with the two Russian Troopers. These *Feldgendarmerie* troopers were new to us. They operated and controlled the front lines now that the Germans were in retreat. We would later meet them again just before the end of the war, where our lives would hang in the balance. They ordered Shura to continue to his company base. Upon arrival under their guns, Shura dismounted his truck and was turned over to Feltfebel Klüwa. When Klüwa pointed his revolver at Shura, the two troopers got on their (bi-wagen)-motorcycle and left. Shura, seeing his captor Klüwa with a pistol

pointing at him for the first time, was really frightened. Shura was locked up in a small room with a German guard at the door. No one could see or talk to him. By about 9:00 a.m., working on little sleep, we were approaching the city of Dniepropetrovsk, just before the bridge crossing the River Dnepr. It was the second time I had seen this “big city.” One month earlier, I was taken to this City’s German frontline Field Hospital from Pavlograd for an operation. I had a big swelling under my chin and throat probably from malnutrition. This time it was somewhat foggy and in its own way, simply beautiful. Suddenly the convoy came to a stop for no apparent reason. As we waited to get moving again Shura sat for a while lost in thought. On the outskirts of the city that was his hometown. Just before the convoy started rolling again he asked me to drive. I felt intuitively what he was planning. We changed seats. I shifted the gears and started to move. I looked at Shura. He was looking at me with tears in his eyes, he said, “Thanks for being a friend.” He opened the door, looked at me one more time and said, “Say thanks to Nina, and Feltfebel Klüwa. I think that he is a good human being after all.” Shura jumped and rolled down the slope into the fog and bushes. I hit the gas pedal, the truck lurched forward, and the door slammed shut. Shura was home and I had lost another friend. I wonder if his mother was ever told how close she came to losing her son. He had talked with me a lot about his family. His father a Russian Soldier had been killed by the Germans. Shura was all that she had left. Feltfebel Klüwa knew that Shura was from Dniepropetrovsk and deliberately helped him to get home. There didn’t seem to be any other reason for stopping the convoy where he did and when he did, and why did Klüwa told me to drive with Shura? When we got settled in at our new camp, Klüwa asked me where Shura was. I told him that Shura had asked me to drive and when he got out of the truck to switch sides he disappeared. The Feltfebel then asked if I was okay and said nothing more. Looking back, what a day it was. My Mom did not lose me to the Russians and Shura’s Mother didn’t lose her only son either.

**My life was saved 8<sup>th</sup> time with operation above**



Area 12. German Captured Equipment 1943 German Combat Motorcycle at Matuer. JICAA #28. 001687. OSS 88053. Hitler’s elite German Feldgendarmerie policed the German-Russian frontlines using this Bi-wagen (combat motorcycle) in favorable weather conditions or not.

### **Retreat via the City of Pavlograd and Dniepropetrovsk**

Ukraine, Soviet Union, a Russian territory, Pavlograd was our first stop during our retreat from my village of Petropavlovka, some fifty kilometers south west of Petropavlovka in Dniepropetrovsk Oblast (province), Ukraine. It had only been a minor trading center before the October Revolution (1917) and was

incorporated in 1797. It is now a major railway junction and center of the West Donets Basin. Its varied industrial base includes the manufacture of machinery for the chemical industry and for foundries and the production of bricks. There is a linen mill and consumer industries include the processing of foodstuffs and the production of clothes and furniture. Population (1993 EST.) was 137,000.

**The City of Dniepropetrovsk  
During retreat and crossing the Dnieper River for the  
First and the Last time.**

“Dniepropetrovsk, oblast (province) southern Ukraine on the River Dnepr, comprises of three reservoirs dammed for hydroelectric power. The oblast consists of rolling plains of moss-covered sedimentary rocks, dissected by erosion gullies. In the valleys are outcrops of underlying ancient crystalline rocks. The fertile soil was originally in grass-stripped vegetation that has been almost entirely removed by the plow. Only on the Dnieper and Samara flood plains are there forest groves, mainly of oak. The climate is continental, with hot summers and cold winters; the warmth is modified by incursions of warm air from the Black Sea. The oblast, formed in 1932, is important for its mineral wealth. Around Kryvyy Rih are huge deposits of iron ore, and in the Nikopol-Marhanets areas are rich manganese deposits that are estimated to be among the largest in the world. Titanium is mined at Vilnohirsk; natural gas is extracted at Pereshchepyne; and some coal is extracted in the east. These minerals are the basis of large-scale heavy industry in the oblast’s four large cities. Dniepropetrovsk City (the oblast headquarters), Kryvyy Rih, Dniprodzerzhynsk, and Nikopol-which engage in iron and steel production and a wide range of heavy engineering. Agriculture is also important in the oblast, especially the cultivation of winter wheat, corn (maize), spring barley, sunflowers, fodder crops, and melons in an area of 12,200 square miles (31,800 square km). Pop. (1991 EST.) 3,900,600.”

1943 early spring leaving Ukraine-the Soviet Union for the first and the last time for two years in retreat the Russians were advancing rather rapidly behind us. Most of the time they were too close and we were always in fear of being cut off and captured by the Russian Forces. Since I was the youngest and worked with the German soldiers in close proximity such as, cleaning their weapons and shining their shoes, I learned the German language rather fast. It was enough to act as a translator for Feltfebel Klüwa as well as my Mom, Nina, also did some translating. For quite some time I tried to figure it out as to why Feltfebel Klüwa was sharing certain information with me, including, right out of his maps. The heavy battles, the names of the cities-such as, Kursk, Voronezh, Smolensk, Leningrad, Moscow, and of course Stalingrad. It was not until I began to write this book, mostly notes particularly when I was in Korea; much later connecting these dots. These briefings were almost always before he would have me translate these events to the troops, so that I had the time to digest it all and than do a better job of translating hearing it for the second time. Most all of the conscripts were Russians and Ukrainians. After all, most of us were semi loyal out of necessity, his information carefully crafted held our



morale from sinking. Klüwa liked his schnapps and at times had his share of it. Privately he would say to us, "This-idiot corporal, referring to Hitler, is running the war and we are about to lose Stalingrad and perhaps the war it self with him in Command, then, reaching for another drink. Somehow, when I think of Klüwa I find a soft spot in my heart. After all, he fathered my sister, Anne. That was the best thing for our Mom, Nina, in her later years. Whatever he was, he was not a Nazi, was he an angel that got us out of the Soviet Union, even though it was under the gun? After all, Edwin Klüwa, German Officer, in so many ways is responsible for our survival and this book being in existence. Winter 1943 it must have been in Bessarabia I remember the city of Kishinev between Ukraine, and Moldavia, deep into Russian winter during German retreat on all fronts. Our convoy could not move. We settled in on the outskirts of, perhaps it was Kishinev itself. The locals because of the bitter cold took us into their little and humble homes. I was asked to bunk in with a girl to keep us both warm, It did! The little house was crowded every body was slipping with somebody. Her name was Katiya, diminutive for Katyusha my favorite song named Katyusha. She must have been eighteen years old. I was thirteen. She had a skirt on made out of stiff canvas like material every time I, or she moved, it sounded and felt like sandpaper. Well, I made it through the night. We talked by whispering into each others ear a lot. I would say she was somewhat bold. I finally began pretending that I was asleep, and finally I did fall asleep. In such a short time we became friends. I wonder to this day, why something like this never happened to me again. The next day we had to continue our retreat. Early AM there was something going on coming from a makeshift German Air Field. Unbeknownst to us we were next to it. Maybe 1000 yards from us or so, we did see the German airmen rather loud; too far to understand or to recognize, the Air Strip was covered with snow, the air planes were snowed in, Farther to the West several planes took off and landed. A gasoline was poured and then ignited until the entire take off strip was on fire due West. Some 50 or more Luftwaffe crewmen would pull and push the plane to this burning strip. When the fire was almost out, the planes would take off one by one. Some had their landing wheels still on fire. The next day the message from the German Command was, we were told by our Commander Klüwa, that it was Hitler Himself. He ripped off the insignias off the uniform saying, that there is no such thing in German Luftwaffe as, can not be done. I was in aw when the commotion erupted not knowing that it was Hitler doing it too far to recognize any one. To this day I some times wonder was it Hitler!



**WAS IT HITLER HIMSELF GIVING THIS ORDER? I BELIEVE IT WAS.**

Snowed in German Makeshift frontline Air Port somewhere between Kishinev, Bessarabia and Bucharest, Romania. It may have been on the outskirts of Kishinev it self. During the night the snowing stopped. Orders came to retreat. Me at 13 my new girlfriend was 18 that I slept with last night; it was warm and cozy. As before and after in my life, I had to leave my little girl in Kingston Town. In a way, I was glad we left.

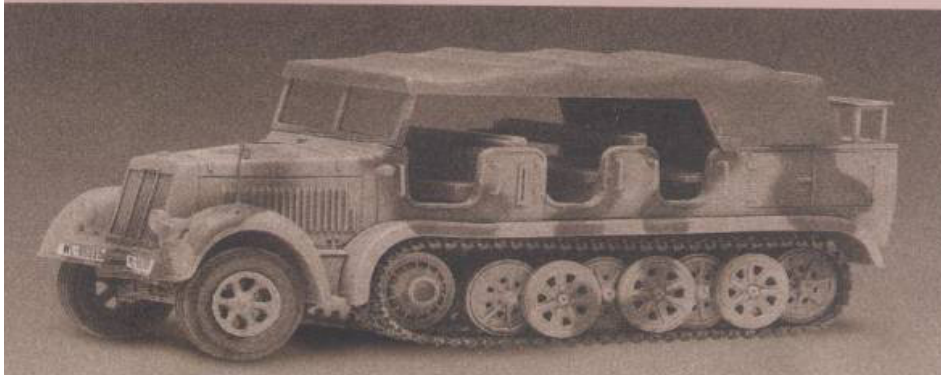


Our  
Escape  
Route to  
Germany

1944 The massacre of the Jews during our retreat with our captors Took Place somewhere in that **V** shaped rout Between Bessarabia, Moldavia, Bucharest, Walachia and Transylvania.

## **Chapter Five: AIR ATTACK**

Spring, 1944 after a heavy rain during our retreat, it was somewhere between Dnepropetrovsk, Ukraine and Romania as we were struggling pushing our trucks through the mud. Then just in time, one of the German combat (Raupenshleper)-Semi-Track showed up. Timing could not have been better. We had in our convoy about 9 trucks and one by one we were pulled out to a higher ground. We were sitting ducks. Our being captured by the Russian Forces was imminent. This Half-Track, just one incident of many that saved our lives.



Raupenshleper-Semi-Track  
German Army-Hermann Göring Panzer Corps

Rapid machine gun fire broke the relative calm struggles on this muddy stretch. We were attacked from the rear by the Russian ISTRYEBITIYEL one pilot attack fighter. As we scrambled for cover, there was none. It is either under the truck or hit the ground on the open. I ran and hit the ground on my right side and saw the pilot with a smile and a hand wave not more than three hundred feet from us to my left at two o'clock, banking his airplane to his left, just a glance of his smiling face and two red stars on the wings. It was over in less then five seconds. What is so puzzling that he never returned for another strike? No one was hurt. Several trucks were hit but not disabled. Certainly, the pilot looked friendly; the fact that he didn't come back - maybe he was friendly.



Drawing by Author

1944 It must have been somewhere near Kishinev Bessarabia

The City of Kishinev had its share of heavy fighting.

Looking back now at all of the tight spots where we got out alive, there had to be more than just the angels. It may have been that God was there himself for us. In a race against time and the advancing Russian armies, we were retreating to the German Fatherland via Romania, Hungary, and Poland. For the German Wehrmacht the noose was drawing tighter and tighter

## **Retreat and Surrender**

The fighting had now become more desperate for the Wehrmacht. For Hitler the noose was drawing tighter and tighter, our orders had changed. We were now no longer to load up wheat, just supplies—munitions, factory parts, assembly line parts, metal, and fuel. Rather than supporting a strong army, our company was now trying more and more to shore up a collapsing one. Because of that, the mood in our company became much darker while we were retreating via Dniepropetrovsk, next to Kishinev, Bessarabia. It was before we entered Bucharest, Romania that the majority went underground and we became a “ragtag” transport regiment that now was on the run. The next day we got the order to retreat further, into Bucharest, Romania. It was in the spring of 1944 and the Russian Forces were right behind us. Soon we had to continue to retreat. The Romanian people were kind to us in stark contrast to the hatred and the revenge that we had seen from the Soviet Partisans and the German soldiers alike, most vividly illustrated by the case of the Russian doctor back in my Village Hospital operating on a wounded German soldier and who were murdered by the Partisans. Now we were dealing with the locals of Romania and here they displayed the natural courtesy for us as individuals—regardless of what they thought of the governments that had brought this terrible war to their land. They treated us well, knowing that the newly arrived soldiers—mostly just kids themselves who had been forced to leave their own mothers and families—probably did not ask to go and fight anybody. It was an overwhelming experience to have been shown kindness even though in their eyes we could have been the “enemy.” It’s just one of those fleeting moments of how men can and should behave. This is one of the many places that I would like to visit one day. I remember one example. On Easter 1944 Nina was preparing a meal for the troops. She wanted to make something nice to celebrate this solemn day but didn’t have the facilities or the ingredients that she needed. The local people, according to their Romanian traditions and customs, brought eggs and Paska (a special Easter bread) and gave it to Nina so she would have something to pass out. It was a small gesture but a permanent memory. For a little while it felt like everything was okay, like the world was at peace again. The same hospitality lured some of the conscripted drivers away into freedom in Bucharest’s underground. There were no able-bodied, skilled men left to replace the ones who vanished. So while we were there we became a “ragtag” skeletal transport regiment that now was on the run. Still we kept doing our job of stripping factories of anything useful and sending parts back to Germany. Again, orders came to retreat. Shortly there after Romania gave up to the Soviet forces. Almost in constant retreat to Budapest, Hungary. Italy was surrendering in droves to the Russian Forces, then gave up and went home, perhaps, to defend their own land of Italy.



**The Massacre of the Jews**  
**1944 On a Beautiful Warm Summer Afternoon. It must have been**  
**somewhere between May and August**

The Soviet forces were decimating the Axis. The Allies were bombing oil fields in Ploesti Romania denying Hitler the precious oil that was so essential for his Wehrmacht. Later while in Budapest, every night we would be watching the Ploesti Oilfields and the sky on fire. The setbacks only brought out the worst in the Nazi ranks. As our convoy retreated through Romania and then Hungary As we were driving on a rural road to my left and right the bodies of Jewish men, women, and children, shot by the marching retreating S.S. troops **ART WORK to be inserted HERE!** Just minutes or hours ahead of us. These scenes and the Star of David on those bodies are always on my mind when I think of my boyhood. I remember in particular one girl—maybe five years old—lying on top of her mother's stomach, still clutching her sides. My Mother Nina under the gun, by now was several months pregnant with Anne. I remember her watching the scene in silent horror. We both did. What was there to say? This kind of scene would make one speechless. Some of the bodies were still holding hands or embracing each other, as if they had been hugging each other as a farewell. I often thought of my childhood Jewish friend, Boris. Whatever happened to him and all of my other friends? *Those were our innocent and formative years.* We were moving at about twenty miles per hour. I was trying desperately to see if I can spot my friend Boris and or his family I was frustrated with tears in my eyes. I could not see most of the time. I looked at my Mom, Nina, Her face was somber. She had tears in her eyes also. The atmosphere among the German Troops in our convoy was also quite sedated. They were not proud to see what the German Third Reich was all about. It took a lot of time to come to grips with what I saw there. For a long time I wanted to block those memories out; to erase them. It was too hard to make sense of this horror. But as the years went by, I finally began to realize that I had no answers as to “Why them?”—And that I didn't have to figure it all out. I realized that blocking those memories was a dishonor to those who died. In a way, I came to feel privileged to be able to witness and remember these tragic sufferings, and that it was my responsibility to live and to tell about it. What happened cannot be reasoned away. These men, women and children were marching from and through a hell into disappearance from this planet earth, as we moved on past the carnage. Later, Feltfebel Klüwa saw that Nina and I were extremely shaken up. He told us to remember that all of our lives—his as well—were on the line. I remember him saying with disgust in his voice as he walked away, “I never believed that Germany could win the war by killing children.” For all his faults, Klüwa at least was no Nazi. At times he referred to Hitler as “that little Corporal who doesn't know what he's doing” (but only out of earshot of High Command). I feel strongly that it was only because of his seasoned and cunning behavior that we as a battered Company actually survived.

**Some 60 years ago! When the world went mad and the Genocide of 27 million Russians, Ukrainians, Poles., 6 million Jews, 10 million Christians, 1,900 Catholic priests, some 600,000 Gypsies and many others were Humiliated then Murdered by Hitler's Reich**





Holocaust-Picture from Jewish Archives

**The Massacre of the Jews. From this scene the Art work will be rendered**

**1943-1944 Woman and child execution at Ivangorod Ukraine, my Country**

**Our First Night in Budapest  
Was Not Friendly.**

Not long after we arrived in Budapest we realized that this city, too, would soon fall. Our convoy had just pulled up along side of the railroad station when the air raid alarm went off at 9:00 p.m. The Allied bombing had begun. We knew instinctively that the railroad station was no place for us. We ran away from it and then I saw a lady and two teenagers at the corner of a building waving at us to come to them. They led us into a cellar where a few of the German soldiers followed us into this shelter too. We all huddled together with the local folks. It was cramped and babies, children and some of the adults were crying or screaming. It was terrifying because we all knew that one direct hit and we would all die together. Each of us was on a plain level field, soldiers and Civilians alike. We tried to stay cheerful and keep our spirits up. The bombing lasted for several hours. Sometime after 1:00 a.m. we returned to the convoy. A paper mill, a library, and some factories had been hit. Everything was on fire. The streets were a chaotic litter of smoke and ruins. We had to move our trucks fast to get them out of the area. We were fortunate to have lost only one truck, which had caught fire. This was only the first of many such nights. The next day our Company moved into a building with a similar shelter facility. Soviet forces were closing in on Budapest from the east while the American and British bombers hammered the city night after night. Every night around the same time the sirens would start to blare, warning of the next onslaught. Concussion bombs were the most terrifying, their awesome power was frightening to behold. During these bombing raids I do not remember being frightened of dying, but rather of how I might die either by being buried alive

and unable to move or eat or drink until I finally succumbed, or burned to death from the terrible incendiary bombs. Our basement windows were blown out by some of these concussion bombs. I remember the feeling of hearing agonized cries from under the mounds of rubble between each explosion helpless, hopeless, despairing and totally scared! Aside from German troops the streets of Budapest were empty. Allied bombers would come in formation after formation by the hundreds. The U.S. would bomb at night while the British took the day shift. The city took an incredible beating. The early waves of bombers dropped slow descending flares that lit up the sky and made the German searchlights and *Luftwaffe* air defenses almost useless. When we weren't being bombed we could watch the incandescent glow of the oil fields in the Romanian city of Ploesti go up in flames. On the same Sunday that Mr. Horthy, the Imperial Administrator of Hungary and puppet of the Nazis, fled the city of Budapest, we began the next stage of our retreat. October, 15 1944 This Imperial Administrator had fled his capital city—and his very country! I remember so vividly the sense of desperate finality of his leaving, it was close to “the end” of the Nazi occupation of Hungary. Immediately another German puppet Ferenc Szalasi, Prime Minister was installed.

----- Original Message -----

**Subject:**FW: **Holocaust List 2012**

**Date:**Mon, 4 Feb 2013 19:48:54 -0700

**From:**Helga Tronrud <htronrud@cox.net>

**To:**Alan Schwarz <avonal131@sbcglobal.net>, Mary Lee  
<mlb47@cox.net>, Tad Galin <tad\_galin@bellsouth.net>

**From:** Hank and Dianne Mahoski [mailto:hdmahoski@cox.net]

**Sent:** Sunday, February 03, 2013 7:59 PM

**To:** Helga Tronrud

**Subject:** Fw: Holocaust List 2012

Unbelievable story!

The Holocaust List 2012 finally opened up to public

Incredible The Holocaust List found.

This story was aired on CBS on "60 MINUTES" \*\* about a long-secret German archive that houses a treasure trove of information on 17.5 million victims of the Holocaust. The archive, located in the German town of Bad Arolsen, is massive (there are 16 miles of shelving containing 50 million pages of documents) and until recently, was off-limits to the public. But after the German government agreed earlier this year to open the archives, CBS News' Scott Pelley traveled there with three Jewish survivors who were able to see their own Holocaust records. It's an incredibly moving piece, all the more poignant in the wake of the meeting of Holocaust deniers in Iran and the denial speeches in the UN. We're trying to get word out about the story to people who have a special interest in this subject.

It is now more than 60 years after the Second World War in Europe ended.

This e-mail is being sent as a memorial chain, in memory of the six million Jews, 20 million Russians, 10 million Christians and 1,900 Catholic priests.....who were murdered, massacred, raped, burned, starved and humiliated with the German and Russia peoples looking the other way! Now, more than ever, with Iran, among others, claiming the Holocaust to be "a myth," it is imperative to make sure the world never forgets.

This e-mail is intended to reach 40 million people worldwide!

Join us and be a link in the memorial chain and help us distribute it around the world.

Please send this e-mail to 10 people you know and ask them to continue the memorial chain.

Please don't just delete it. It will only take you a minute to pass this along

<http://www.cbsnews.com/video/watch/?id=2972691n&tag=mncol%3blst%3b9>

THIS IS 11-12-13

JUST ABOUT EVERY ILLNESS OR TYRANNY ON THIS PLANET IS  
MAN CREATED

OR SELF INFLICTED

THISE FOLLOWING PAGES

WILL GIVE YOU THE INSIDE AS TO WHY OUR SOCIETY IS STILL  
SICK AND SO IS THE REST OF THE WORLD!

READ AND KNOW WHAT YOU EAT AND DRINK!!!

Prevention

Volume 1 Number 1 publication  
of MEDIAVISION 2005

Cancer. Nothing drives fear deep into the heart of men and women like the word cancer. And what's worse, this life-threatening, debilitating disease is on the rise. Every year, 10.9 million people across the globe are diagnosed with cancer, and 6.7 million die of the disease. In fact, in any given year, cancer is responsible for 12 percent of all global deaths. And less you think that the bulk of the people with the disease live in third - world countries, consider this: the U.S. ranks in the top three countries with the highest rates of cancer in both men and women. Is it something in the air? Is it something we are eating or drinking? Is it something that we are

applying to our skin? Is there anything that we should be avoiding, doing or taking? Yes. Yes. Yes. There are things you can do.

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Progressive or pro-Cancer?

The U.S. is one of the most progressive countries in the world. We are one of the leading industrial nations, our citizens drive tens of millions of cars, our homes are insulated, we have central air conditioning and indoor heat, we produce more food than any other country in the world and store it in refrigerators, our floors are carpeted and our lawns are weed-free. We have makeup to make us more beauty-full, Botox to make us look younger, strips to make our teeth whiter and prescription drugs to make us live longer. So why are so many Americans getting and dying from cancer? As it turns out, the very aspects of modern life that have supposedly made life easier are, in fact, making life more dangerous. And these "aspects" can be summed up in one word- chemical.

In 1989, the U.S. produced its one millionth man-made chemical. While many of these chemicals have made our lives more enjoyable, most are finding their way into our bodies and reeking havoc. Of the 70,000 chemicals being used commercially in the U.S. the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) considers 65,000 of them to be potentially-if not definitely hazardous to your health. And that's not all. More than 6,000 new chemicals are being tested in the U.S. every week. What is really frightening is that these chemicals aren't just sitting around in warehouses. According to the Environmental Defense Group (EDG) more than 4 billion pounds of toxic chemicals are released into the environment each year, 72 million pounds of which are known carcinogens. So where are these cancer-causing agents ending up? In the air you breathe, the water you drink and in the food you eat. They are everywhere.

[Download Article](#)

You're Surrounded

According to the 2005 report from the Centers for Disease Control's (CDC) environmental health laboratory, there are currently 148 chemicals - 38 of which have never been measured in the U. S. population - currently found in the blood / or urine of Americans. Similarly The Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York, in collaboration with the Environmental Working Group, tested the blood and urine of nine volunteers. They found a total of 176 industrial compounds in the volunteers, with an average of 91 chemicals per person. Of these 167 compounds, 76 are known to cause cancer in humans, 94 are toxic to the brain and nervous system, 82 affect lungs and breathing, 86 affect your hormones and 79 cause birth defects and/ or abnormal development.

#### COMMON TOXIC CHEMICALS FOUND IN HUMANS:

\* PCBs (industrial insulators and lubricants): PCBs were band in the U.S. in 1976 due to their connection to increased cancer rates and central nervous system disorder.

\* DIOXINS (by-products of PVC production, industrial bleaching and incineration): Dioxins are known to cause cancer in animals, and there is some concern that even low-level exposure over long periods of time can disrupt normal functioning of the endocrine (hormone) system, resulting in reproductive or developmental effects.

\* FURANS (pollutants, by-products of plastics production): Furans cause cancer in humans and are toxic to endocrine system.

\* PHTHALATES (found in many cosmetics and personal care products): Phthalates cause birth defects in male reproductive organs.

Additionally researches found other critical-and highly toxic- compounds, including heavy metals (such as lead, aluminum and mercury), as well as numerous pesticides and herbicides. It's not just adults that are affected. According to a bench mark study conducted by the Environmental Working Group, unborn babies may be negatively affected most. Researches tested the umbilical cord blood of ten children (the samples were collected by the Read



Cross after the cord had been cut). They found a total of 287 industrial chemicals and pollutants in each cord, with an average 200 per cord. And of the 287 chemicals, 180 are known to cause cancer, 217 are toxic to the brain and nervous system and 208 cause birth defects in animals. Clearly something needs to be done. We are overdosing on harmful chemicals right from birth.

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Prevention

Volume 1 Number 1 publication  
of MEDIAVISION 2005

**Eat, Drink and be Wary**

For years we've been told that America is the land of plenty. And while we have plenty of food available to eat, as a rule, most of it is very poor quality and is lacking in trace minerals because our soils are becoming more and more depleted. After World War II, farming practices changed radically. Manufacturers of war time chemicals needed new markets for their products. These chemicals became the raw material for producing fertilizers. By 1960, 97 percent of all crops were treated with chemical fertilizers that used salt-based nitrogen. While this method of farming created perfectly shaped and colored produce, it created weak plants. And just like weak animals that are preyed upon by wolves and other predators, these plants are preyed on by pests, necessitating the need for more pesticides. Early in 1990's, researchers set out to determine if these pesticides penetrated the skin of the fruits and vegetables, so, they peeled them and had them retested. Much to their surprise, that these same chemicals were also in the meat of the fruits and vegetables. So, not only we are eating poor quality food, but this same food is laced with pesticides. And it's not just our fruits and vegetables. The animals we consume are contaminated with the same pesticides and herbicides (from their feed), as well as growth hormones and antibiotics. And don't think you can turn to the Chicken of the Sea. According to a study by two psychologists from Wayne State University in Detroit, pregnant women who ate fish from the Great Lakes (known to contain high levels of PCBs passed these chemicals onto their unborn babies. The researches found that children who were exposed to the greatest levels of the PCB-

contaminated fish in utero were showing IQ scores than their peers by age four. They retested these children at age eleven and found that their IQ scores were, in fact, 6.2 point lower than less-exposed children.

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### Choose or Loose

Clearly, toxins are an unfortunate, but very real, fact of modern-day life. Study after study has been done on urine and on blood, showing that most people are indeed loaded with toxins. Even toxins such as DDT, which has not been used in 30 years, show up regularly in urine testing. Obviously, we are living in a toxic world. That's why it's so critical that you do everything you can to cleanse your body of these killer toxins and eat organic food and drink filtered, purified water whenever possible. An organic product is grown, stored and processed without the use of synthetic fertilizers, pesticides, or other harmful chemicals. Organic farmers must only adhere to a strict set of standards, they must also undergo regular inspections to insure they meet these standards - including no hormone use in animals, and no genetically - engineered seed or stock. By letting the focus of your diet center on healthy, organic whole foods - salads, steamed vegetables, whole grains, legumes, and lots of fiber - you can help move toxins through your body more efficiently. When choosing animal based protein, eat cage-free eggs, grass-fat beef, wild salmon and other fish, or free-range turkey and chicken. But that's not all. Chemical-leaden pesticides can contaminate ground water, too. So, be sure you are drinking pure, filtered water.

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### Exercise Your Right to Be Cancer-Free

And while we're on the topic of breast cancer, researchers at Harvard Medical School and the Harvard School of Public Health have found a direct correlation between frequent moderate to vigorous exercise and a reduced risk of breast cancer. After analyzing data provided by 1966, 388 women, researchers found

that women, who engaged in moderate or vigorous activity for seven or more hours per week, had a nearly 20 percent lower risk

Of breast cancer; compared to women who exercised at the same level of activity but for less than one hour per week. Studies have also shown that exercise can also reduce your risk of developing other types of cancer, including colorectal cancer.

of breast cancer; compared to women who exercised at the same level of activity but for less than one hour per week. Studies have also shown that exercise can also reduce your risk of developing other types of cancer, including colorectal cancer.



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Mrs. Charles Lindbergh talking with the Imperial Administrator from Hungary, Mr. Horthy, during happier days: October 14, 1938. The Lindbergh's were Nazi sympathizers.

Under the cover of darkness the convoy rolled out of Budapest, continuing on to dismantle Hungarian factories in Hegyeshalom, Kecskemet, and then on to Rajka. There in Rajka we had a bit of a break. We got to stay there for a while. We spent some time with the *Magyar Katonak* (Hungarian soldiers) who would take us to the big wine cellars with huge barrels of wine on both sides as far as you could see. Their way of introducing us to their culture was by tasting the wine. By the time we got to the other end of the cellar we did not feel any pain and couldn't tell which wine was which! The Magyar Katonak were very friendly and called me *Kicsi Gyerek* (Little Boy). I learned the language enough to be able to communicate. I was well accepted by the Hungarian community. Even at the age of thirteen-I thought that Hungarian Lanyok (girls) were pretty, with black hair and dark eyes. They all looked like my mother. Some nights we would get together and sing my favorites "Csardas" or "Dark Eyes." Of all the places during the war, if I had to choose a place to stay for a while it probably would be Rajka. One day I would like to go back and visit. My deepest desire is to retrace the three years that my mother and I spent in retreat with our

captors from Petropavlovka Ukraine to Tittling Bavaria Germany. And then to stand in the places my father stood when he too was on the run. If only his journeys had ended as happily as mine did. The good times didn't last, of course. After a month in Rajka, in Magyaróvár Hospital on November 28, 1944, my mother gave birth to Feltfebel Klüwa's daughter, Anneliese. There could have been no worse time to have been born or, for that matter, to be alive. But at the same time this was to be the best gift Nina and I could have had. Even though the times were so hard my little sister brought a lot of joy—for everybody. It was a pleasant diversion from our daily survival to experience the awe of the presence of a baby. She was so innocent and she was just beginning the journey that we had already been on—both good and bad. This little baby, Anneliese, as it turned out, perhaps saved Nina's life after the war by giving her a reason to live. Anne also took care of Nina until her last days at the age of eighty-eight.

### **Orders to Retreat via Railroad**



Russian T-34 about 61,000 of these Tanks were produced beyond Ural Mountains and beyond Hitler's reach. Page 127

This City was affectionately called *Tankograd*.

It wasn't long before Budapest fell to the Soviets. We had to move fast as we were now at risk of being overtaken by the Soviet forces that were catching up to us quickly. Everyone worked frantically. A very familiar quiet panic set in. Nobody knew just where and when the Russian troops would encircle us and cut off all possible retreating routes. Mother and I were scared too. It wouldn't matter to them that we were Ukrainians and conscripts. We knew what was in store for us if we were captured. As usual, everyone threw themselves into trying to make our escape. The roads were unsafe by now and perhaps too slow for a fast escape and the German Command knew this. The orders came to retreat via railroad to Warsaw Poland. We loaded all of our trucks onto the flat train platforms. The transport had to be well camouflaged, yet there was little time and it was difficult work. By now we had only fifteen troopers left and ten trucks. These men were experts in this kind of warfare. Once our trucks were secured with several other German military units, we were on our way to *their* fatherland by nightfall via Poland, *my* fatherland. During this kind of traveling there were restaurants to stop for a good meal and no semblance of any of the conveniences of civilized life. All of the work had to be done in complete darkness, as usual, and at night not even a cigarette could be lit. The locomotive engines were cloaked in total darkness the conditions on the train were normal for being in retreat and for survival every second counts, basic

and dismal. There are never any bathrooms on this type of train. But it's been said that a bathroom and God are always with you right where you are. After almost all night on the run, at about 3 a.m., the train stopped amidst hills and pine forest on both sides of the tracks. It was pitch dark so everybody that needed to jumped off the train. It was one big bathroom on both sides and there were no usual lines to wait in. I don't think the train stood still for more than a minute or two. In combat nothing is inconvenient—except being critically wounded, killed or captured. At any rate, it was not a joy ride even though it was free. To this day I wonder why the Russian airplanes did not spot us as they did once before, because we were sitting ducks on that rail line. Nina always had her answer—because the angels were always with us.



1944 The Red-Russian Army chasing the Nazis back across the Ukraine toward the Hungarian border.

1944 in Retreating from Ukraine through Hungary and my Ancestral Polish Homeland as Labor Conscripts with our German Captors. For me now, some two years later in constant retreat at the age of fourteen, caught between the two fiercest opposing enemies on the planet, witnessing the Jewish massacre, laboring under the gun looking for some freedom not knowing what freedom was, I was glad that Hitler was losing the war.

Poland, Warsaw up rising against the Nazi began on April 19, 1943, and ended on May 16, 1943.

February 1945 we were unloaded in Warsaw, Poland.

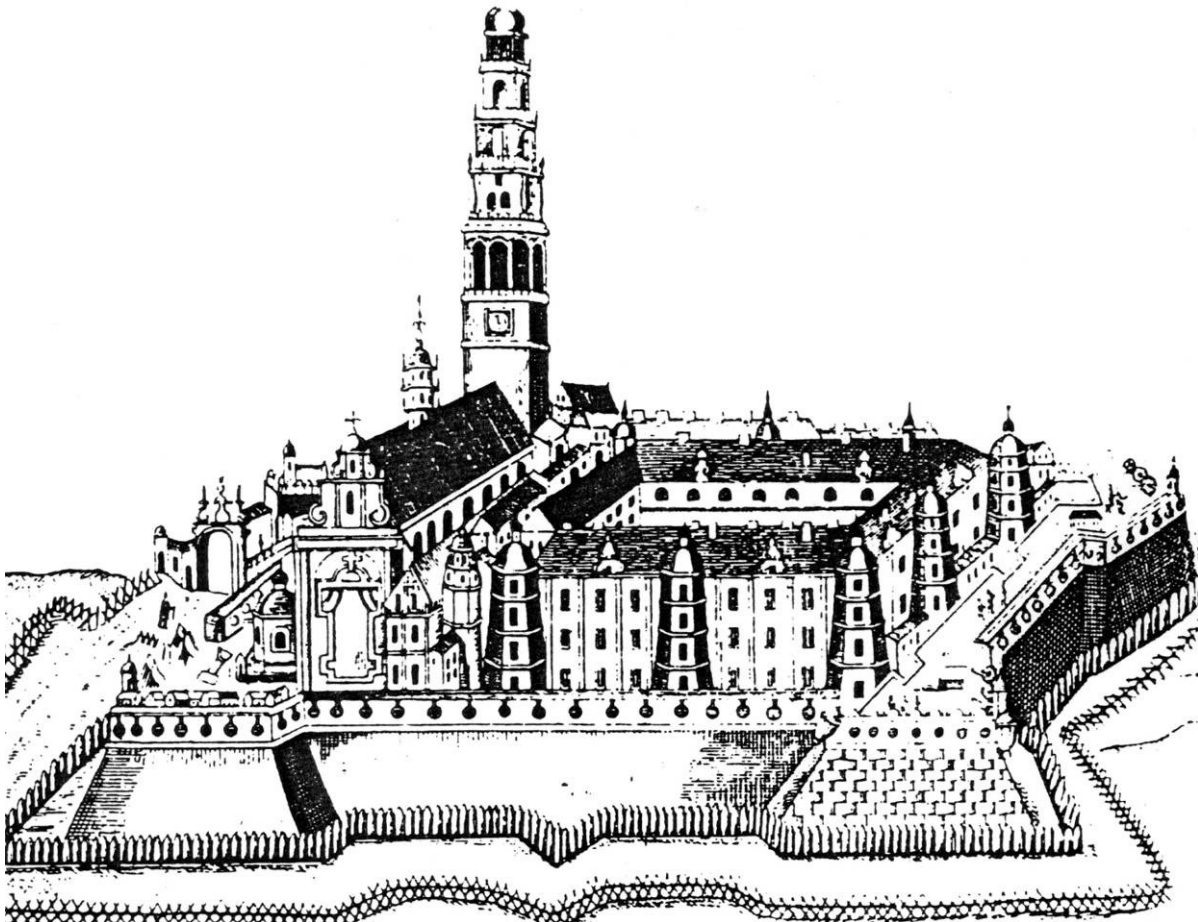
Now a small truck convoy retreating to the Village of Rendziny

As Labor Conscripts with *the* German Captors our First Time on Polish Soil

As we found out later, we would have never made it out of Hungary had it not been for the train transport. The German defenses were collapsing on all fronts. We were unloaded in Warsaw, Poland. It was a bittersweet moment for Nina



and me. Polish by blood and for the first time in our homeland, we were not even allowed to speak with our Polish brothers. Once the trucks were off the train we had to keep moving. The path of our retreat took us to the nearby small village of Rendziny and into an abandoned school where we made temporary headquarters—until the next retreat. Late one evening Feltfel Klüwa walked in with his driver Waniya. They came into the kitchen and called 4487 for Nina. She didn't answer so they searched for her, finally finding her in a corner behind the stove. They asked her what she was doing. Nina said she was praying. She wanted to get to Jasna Gora Monastery with her son, Tadeusz, and baby daughter, Anneliese, to pray to the Black Madonna for safety to wherever we all were going. Jasna Gora, with its Black Madonna, has been the center of Polish faith for seven hundred years. It is considered the holiest of holy sites to my people. This was no small request. In the years we'd been labor conscripts with the German transport company we had never been allowed to leave the company premises for fear that we would flee. But just before our next—and last—retreat, Klüwa exhibited his human side again. With his driver, Waniya, and one other German soldier, he took my mother, my baby sister, and me to the Monastery at Jasna Gora, a good 60 miles away.

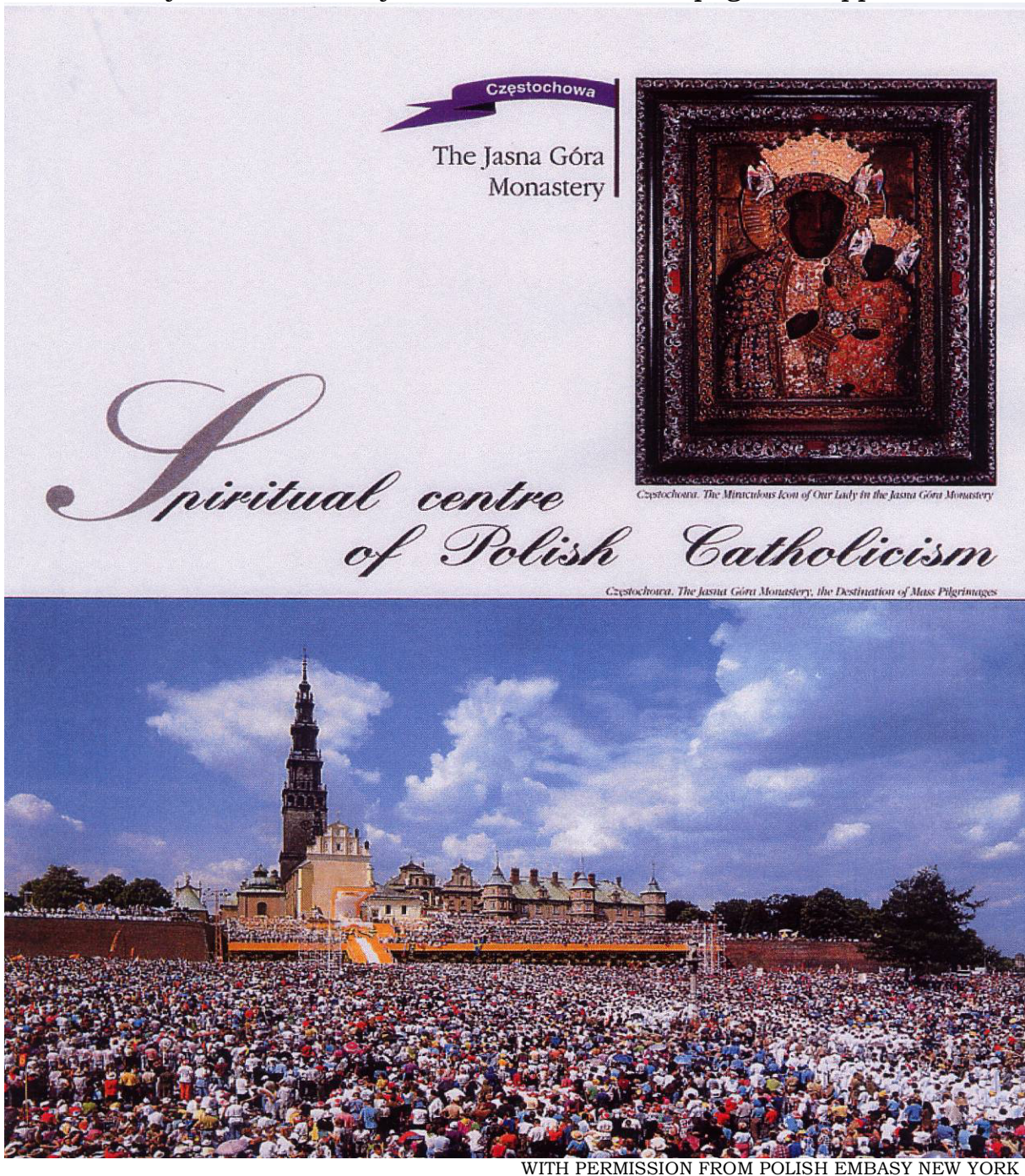


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The Pauline Monastery at Jasna Gora, a drawing, from 1664.



The story and the History of Black Madonna on page 450 Appendix B



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Modern day Jasna Gora Monastery, "The Spiritual Center of Polish Catholicism." In 1944 I entered a church, this church,  
For the first time. I was thirteen years old.

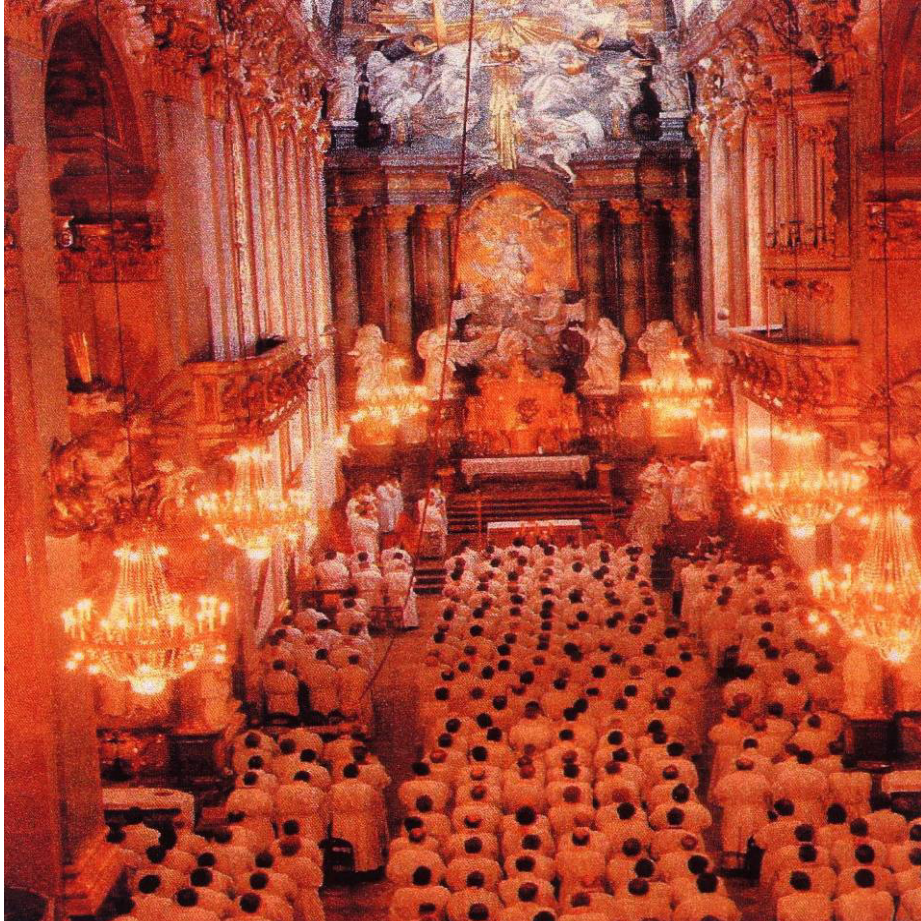




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### The Black Madonna Jasna Gora

Nina was crying with joy as we got out of the truck near the monastery. One German soldier stayed outside with the truck. I was very aware of the armed German soldiers who walked behind us. There were a few people looking at us as we approached the main entrance to this magnificent Cathedral. A bell keeper carrying a key saw us coming and opened the door. The soldiers dispersed out of respect once we entered the monastery and stayed at the rear against the wall with Feltfebel Klüwa. They were armed. Nina took my hand. She was on my left side, holding Anneliese in her left arm. I was in awe at the size and the colors of this magnificent cathedral. As we entered, I looked up and around. With my eyes fixed on the ceiling we walked to the altar and knelt. Nina prayed to this Madonna in Polish as I listened—I had listened to her prayers all of my life. I tried to follow and pray with her this time.



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1944 It was appropriate that my mother would bring me and baby Anneliese 6 months old to this holy place, Jasna Gora, the first church that I entered in my life, in the midst of the calamities surrounding us. My indelible memories of it all are like a movie playing over and over again. I feel so fortunate for all of the surviving years and find it very beneficial to have such a mental library to draw upon. Wishing everyone would have such a personal library. This would be a much better world to live in.

Nina was breast-feeding Anneliese so that she would not disturb this once-in-a-lifetime precious moment at this magnificent altar, just as she had suckled me at that same age when we made our escape from being deported to Siberia to join my Father in prison. Just like Anneliese I was six months old



Just as my Father fled in 1930 with me six months old as an escaped prisoner. Fleeing now from Yur'yevka, with his family deeper into Ukraine to Novosyiolovka and then to Petropavlovka. We must have been kneeling for half an hour. Suddenly a sense of warmth and peace coursed through my body. I had never felt that way before. I had this great feeling, as if everything was going to be okay and that there was no war or hardship or pain going on. Eventually, Nina took my hand again. I wanted to stay but I knew that we had to go. As we left the cathedral I was overwhelmed because now it looked twice as big as before. Approaching the truck, Nina looked at me with a gentle smile that I had never seen before. Now I understand that she was happy and at peace to have taken my sister and me to this holy place that she had told me about most of my life. I turned around to look once more at this breath-taking monastery. I wanted to go back. I felt a strong desire for freedom just to stay at the altar a little longer and that everyone should have the right to do so. I had never experienced that right because I had grown up a pawn in two dictators' hands. At the age of thirteen I hardly knew what freedom was but as if by God-given instinct, I knew it was not right for a human being to be stripped of dignity and freedom, love and compassion that everyone so desperately needs. However, war had its own rules. In a heartbeat everything could change and seldom for the better. Life at that moment revolved around survival not freedom, so I got back into the truck. Nina, with baby Anneliese, sat in the front; Klüwa and one soldier sat in the back all armed with me. I was facing the monastery, admiring this holy structure as it faded in the distance. As mother and I had walked out she told me that she had prayed that everybody would be blessed for the rest of our journey to get safely to wherever they were taking us. I have to confess that later in life, though my faith in God was strong, my faith in the Church faltered. I know this was hard for my mother to watch. It's only been in recent years that I fully understood Nina and her unwavering beliefs. Our Mother Nina was upset on many occasions that June and I had never baptized our two sons, Tad and Joe. Not long before mother passed on, with my sister Anne, and their parish priest, Father David, we conspired to surprise Nina. My wife, June, and I had never baptized our two sons, Tad and Joe, both of whom were now adults. To surprise Nina we made the arrangement with Father David to baptize our two boys, Tad Galin Jr. and Jozef Przegalinski Galin. Of course on purpose, we were driving around the area of Parma, Ohio and it just "happened" that we were passing Nina's church, and Nina said we should stop in to see Father David we were hoping she would. It was a perfect setup. So we went in and took a pew. Shortly Father David came out to deliver a service. At its conclusion, he called Nina's grandsons up for their rite of baptism. Nina was really surprised she cried and cried and so did we. This day must have been one of the most joyous days of her life.

**\*1974 A BREAK THROUGH\***

FROM JAPAN, FIRST A MEDICAL DEVICE FOR HOSPITALS THEN THE  
WORLD

CHANGE YOUR WATER--CHANGE YOUR LIFE  
THE SECRET IS OUT, IT'S THE WATER

KANGEN WATER GENERATOR IS RECOGNIZED AS A MEDICAL DEVICE IN  
JAPAN

"ACTIVE HYDROGEN"

IONIZED-ALKALINE-RESTRUCTURED-WATER IS THE  
HEALING WATER AT LOURDES, FRANCE FOR THE PAST 150 YEARS

150 YEARS AGO ST. BERNADETTE WAS A 15 YEAR OLD SHEPHERD GIRL IN LOURDES, FRANCE WHEN BLACK MADONNA (HOLY MARY) APPEARED TO HER, TOLD HER TO PULL UP THIS CLUSTER OF WEED AND EAT IT AND A HOLY WATER WILL FLOW FROM THIS SPOT TO HEAL THE BLIND AND LAME. A SHRINE WAS BUILT ON THIS SPOT. TO DATE SOME 4500 MIRACLES HAVE BEEN DOCUMENTED. 150 YEARS LATER, 1943 IN RETREAT WITH OUR GERMAN CAPTORS I WAS 13 YEARS OLD IN THIS HOLY PLACE PRAYING TO THE HOLY MARY FOR SAFETY AND MERCY WITH MY MOTHER NINA. TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER-8,-2011 I AM 81 YEARS OLD. WE HAVE BEEN DRINKING THIS 9.5 ALKALINE HOLY WATER FOR THE PAST 3 YEARS. TODAY, WE ARE IN GOOD HEALTH THANKS TO HOLY MARY AND ST. BERNADETTE AT LOURDES, FRANCE.

**Near the End of the Road**

To this day I wonder how Nina convinced the commanding officer, one German soldier, and Waniya the driver to take her, Anneliese, and me to this magnificent cathedral. I believe that somebody heard Nina's prayers. The fact that we survived the rest of the journey to freedom is proof to me that at least her prayer at the cathedral was in fact answered. From this little village of Rendziny, we were supporting and delivering German troops assigned to guard a communication outpost on the outskirts of the city of Warsaw. This was after the Warsaw uprising, Warsaw was heavily guarded and the strong presence of Polish partisans throughout the countryside made our time there all the more dangerous. No one ventured outside the compound alone without at least three to five armed soldiers. One soldier by himself would never get back. Fear and tension ran high. Feltfebel Klüwa warned us repeatedly that if anyone in the high command found out that Nina and I were Polish we would be sent straight to a concentration camp. This was no idle threat. Even in our personal conversations, we spoke in Ukrainian, German, or Russian; we never dared to speak Polish. One late afternoon Feltfebel Klüwa said to me, "Adolf, tonight you will drive with Waniya." Waniya, Klüwa's trusted personal driver, was a Russian mathematician in his thirties. Through the years on the run, whenever we had time he would sit down and teach me math. I'm forever grateful for the

doors he opened for me. Waniya drove an Opel Blitz, which is a 1-1/2 ton truck. It could seat ten troopers, five on each side. Waniya, very sharp and innovative in most everything, added some extra features to this truck for Klüwa's benefit. One of these features was a gripping handle on the passenger side for Klüwa to get into the truck easier. Right above it, Waniya attached a spotlight. When the door would open, the light would shine on the grip handle. We left for Warsaw in the evening with eight German troops. When we arrived at the outpost and dropped off the troops, we loaded on a few more that were to be dropped off closer still into the city. There was hardly anyone along the dark streets on the outskirts of town, and then, "It was quiet; too quiet," but that's exactly how it felt. Like the calm before the storm, my gut said, "Let's get out of here." I think Waniya felt it too. It must have been 9 p.m. when we were finally on our way back to our base. It was a cloudy night. The road was jet-black asphalt cutting through thick forest like driving through a tunnel. We were close to the base, maybe half a dozen kilometers left to go and we hadn't passed a single car or a German truck since we left Warsaw. Waniya asked me if I was hungry. I said I was. He said Nina would feed us when we got back. I smiled just by hearing "Nina" and "food." It was very comforting. After seeing nothing for miles, up ahead a broken-down German combat Volkswagen came into view. It had a Red Cross and the usual swastika. A German lady nurse in full German uniform was standing next to it. Waniya slowed to stop, but I noticed he passed her by a lot before he brought the Opel to a halt.

Waniya left the truck in gear, the clutch down, and the brake on. I looked in the side mirror, and saw the nurse running toward the truck waving with joy, lit up by the brake lights. I asked Waniya to back up for her. He said, "Be still!" Finally, she was close. I opened the door. Waniya stopped me from moving to the middle to make room for her—rather sharply, I thought. The nurse reached in and grabbed the handle, her hand illuminated by the light Waniya had installed there. Suddenly, Waniya grabbed me by the neck and threw me down on to the passenger seat floor. He nailed the gas pedal, the Opel took off. The nurse fell away to the ground, and the door slammed itself shut from the forward thrust. I looked up to see what was going on but he just yelled, "stay down!" Just then, gunfire erupted mostly from the rear, glass shattered and exploded all over us. I realized that my head hurt badly. I stayed crouched down for an eternity, the Opel now in fifth gear, flying down the narrow road. Waniya was screaming, "Are you alright, Tolya?" I was beyond terrified, and couldn't answer. But I finally realized that my head hurt from slamming into the rifle that was secured in its stand when Waniya threw me down onto the floor, not from a stray bullet. I yelled, "Yes!" back to him. Finally the gunfire stopped, and we were safe. I lifted my head, and I saw Waniya crouched down, almost sitting on the floor. He was holding the door open with his left hand and looking through the crack of the door in order to see ahead of him. Eventually he moved in and closed the door, but his head stayed down. He was looking through the steering wheel. He yelled at me, "Stay on the floor; the seat is full of glass!" One very tense minute passed like an hour, until he finally told me,



“We are home now.” I saw the German guard letting us into the base. Nina fed us as usual. We tried to act normal. My head was throbbing, but I stayed quiet about it. She never found out what happened. Waniya briefed the captain that night. The next day when I was by myself, Feltfebel Klüwa walked up to me with a smile. He said, “Good to have you back, Adolf.” He never asked me one question. That evening, Waniya briefed everybody. As we were approaching the Volkswagen, we saw the German swastika with the Red Cross next to it. But Waniya had noticed that it was not painted on—it was a banner tied to the back. Waniya got suspicious. This is why he passed the nurse by about three to four hundred feet—he wanted to be as far as possible from any direct fire should his suspicions be proved correct. When the nurse put her hand on that handle inside the truck, and the light shined on her hand, Waniya saw hair growing on her knuckles, this was a man. He knew this was no nurse; women don’t have hair growing on their knuckles. He also knew that once the ambusher got inside, it was all over. So in a split-second he made his decision and saved our lives. The rear window of the Opel was totally shattered. The front windshield had two bullet holes, right through the middle of it. The rear dual wheels had one tire on each side shot out. Thanks to Waniya and his keen sense of observation, we had survived a Partisan attack at very close range. His background and his little engineering addition of the illuminated handle saved our lives. *His* experience was priceless.

**This was my *ninth* time. This time, Waniya saved my life.**

Most of these conscripts were highly educated. Waniya was a Russian Physicist. Most of the conscripted truckers in the company were educated professionals. They were from all over Russia and Ukraine. In reflecting upon this time, I feel fortunate to have had the opportunity to serve with this elite group. We were almost a family, stuck in a lousy spot together, none of us with any choice. We could not go back because death was certain—be it at German or Soviet hands. Our future was only what we could see ahead of us and most of the time it did not look good. We looked out for each other because if we did not hang together, we would certainly hang separately. Meanwhile, as we watched each other’s backs through years of retreat, the Third Reich was collapsing. All of the industrious activity we were doing to bolster Germany with equipment and supplies soon ended. The next order was to retreat directly to Linz, Austria. Once again we packed up and got back on the road. Feltfebel Klüwa received notice *en route* that the Russians had advanced so far that they were now even close to surrounding Linz. We changed course to Passau, Bavaria, Germany. Over two years and more than 2,000-mile retreat from Petropavlovka, Ukraine was a race for survival. We were under constant pressure to move while we stripped bare the facilities in our path and appropriated all the foodstuffs we could find. Our mission essentially followed the line of Germany’s Eastern Front as we went from Romania, Hungary, to

Poland, and eventually into Germany. Finally my mother and I arrived in our captors' Fatherland after three years on the bumpiest, muddiest, coldest, most life-threatening roads that anyone could imagine. Our once-mighty transport company had no more factories to disassemble. It had outlived its purpose and had become obsolete. Germany was going to lose the war; it was just a matter of weeks—or even days—now. Yet, the ordeal was not over. We had just a few miles yet to go in order to play the last card in our hand and achieve what we all knew we must do, but could not speak about. However, those precious few last miles to freedom almost cost us our lives once again in one of our closest calls ever. Commanding Officer Feltfebel Klüwa would earn credit once again for saving our lives and managed not to give up to the Russian Forces. However, earlier when we were conscripted under the gun the same Officer told my Mother Nina that if she did not cooperate that we will be shot or send to concentration camp. That Germany needs to produce Tanks, and more Tanks.



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**WERKGRUPPE SCHARNHORST  
PANZERWERK 123 B  
A TANK MANUFACTURING FACILITY IN GERMANY**

Already by the time of this photo and later, dated 8 August 1939, Thousands must have perished who went through this door of the Scharnhorst tank works 123 B. During the time of Concentration Camps.

Mom Nina and I at the age of twelve have lived in fear and told that we would be sent to concentration camp. Scenes like these from the underground stories that we heard. This is what the war was to me. At the age of fourteen, I was petrified of becoming a prisoner of war. There was so much rage and anger on all sides; we were terrified of the revenge that would be carried out on us—either by instant death or by slow torture and starvation like this. I discarded my German uniform, pictures wearing a German uniform, and my conscript labor ID, into an outhouse and blended in with the local German populace.

CHAPTER SIX:  
Close to the End of the War  
Confrontation with Two Pistols Pointing at Each Other's belly.

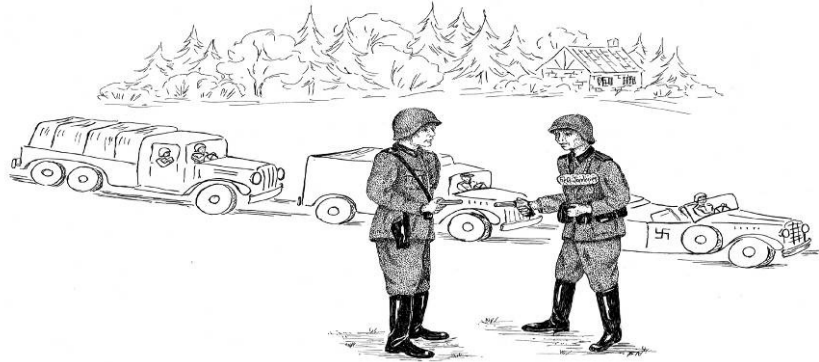


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Writing below the Eagle  
“Feldgendarmerie”  
Hitler’s special front line Police Forces  
Our life and many other lives were in their hands  
Answering only to Hitler

We had many close calls, but this one was almost an imminent death to us all I was only 10 ft. from this confrontation sitting behind the wheel of a Krupp, a German Truck I was 14 years old. I heard every word and I knew that our life was barely hanging by a thread and that it was ending right here. My first encounter with these German elite front line troopers, shown above and the story on page 86, with my friend Shura, who was almost executed for stealing a sack of wheat. I often think that I could have been with Shura at that time too; we drove many times together on these divertive missions. Originally we were moving in the direction of the City of Linz but the Russians got there first.

Changed course. Shortly after starting for Passau, Bavaria Germany. To my front left I saw this frontline motorcycle with by-wagon and two *Feldgendarmerie* crossing our path. One was driving and the Corporal was manning a fixed machine gun on the by-wagon side, pointing the machine gun at the staff car holding his left hand up. We stopped our convoy of about seven trucks. He got out of the by-wagon and the other soldier took the seat behind the machine gun. All of our four German troopers had their hands on their weapons also. Within ten feet or so from my truck, this German Corporal of the Hitler's Special Forces *Feldgendarmerie* confronted Feltfebel Klüwa. After all, this corporal was confronting a Lieutenant, the company commander. These troops were the front line Military Police and they were Hitler's elite troopers, controlling the fight and flight on the Russian-German frontlines. They wore special metal badges on their chest to indicate their supreme authority and their decisions could not be questioned regardless of one's rank. They were known to be ruthless, cold, and completely loyal to the orders of their Füh-rer. The Corporal ordered Lieutenant Klüwa to turn back to the Russian front lines, regroup with other broken up units and fight the Russian Armies. Thus, confrontation ensued. **Saved 10<sup>th</sup> time.**



Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa on the left, the *Feldgendarmerie* Corporal was first to draw his side arm. With pistols drawn about 10-15 ft. from me driving the Krupp truck with open windows behind the staff car, I was fourteen years old.



(Captured German combat motorcycle). This Corporal with the second trooper that was driving it. Patrolling the Russian German beleaguered 2000 mile frontlines.

We watched in horror as the corporal drew his pistol from the holster and ordered Feltfebel Klüwa to turn back to regroup what was left of our company into a fighting unit. It was crisis time for Germany and they were recruiting old men, boys, and transport companies to go to the collapsing front lines. This confrontation was incredibly frightening for us. I watched the expressions on their faces. These were uncompromising in a screaming tone orders. Feltfebel Klüwa made his choice—a choice that put the chance of his own death against the certain death of us all. Drawing his own pistol, he pointed it directly at the corporal. Once the pistols were drawn their voices subsided. It was almost normal conversation. Apparently with a pistol pointing at your belly things changed. This was one of the longest 3-4 minutes during our conscript years. We all knew now that the end of the war was just a matter of time. This was no time for heroism, or blind patriotism in defending Hitler. To be taken prisoner by the Russians would mean certain death as far as anyone was concerned. The only hope that remained for us and this straggling German unit was to surrender to the advancing American troops, who were a short distance of perhaps one day away to the West. With the two pistols pointing at each other, the Feltfebel told the *Feldgendarmerie* corporal that he had already lost his entire family to Allied bombing in Leipzig Germany, and that he did not intend to lose his life fighting in a useless, hopeless cause. (His story was true.) I remember the day months earlier when I saw him break down and cry after reading a document that a soldier had delivered to him. It was a heart-breaking, horrible thing to see.) The corporal paused, unsure of what to do. But after a few moments, which felt so long to all of us, he then told an identical story, having lost his own family in the Allied bombings of Schweinfurt. The Feltfebel took his chance. He put his pistol back into his holster and turned on his heel. Slowly he walked towards his staff car, giving his orders for the convoy to proceed as originally ordered. We watched all of this frightened beyond words. The corporal, watching him walking away, put his pistol in his holster got in his side wagon and left. No shots were fired.

### **The Last Leg**

Thus we came to the final battle of the war for us. The company now had to surrender to the Americans at all costs, not the Soviets, if we expected to stay alive. It was for this reason that the Feltfebel had just risked his life. That evening, on the outskirts of a small German village, Klüwa turned his command over to his *Unter Oficier* (Master Sergeant), saying he would travel ahead to find a suitable place to surrender to the Americans. But here he did something strange—heartless even. He instructed the *Unter Oficier* to leave Nina, Anneliese, and me in this village. I don't know what he was thinking.

He had saved our lives so many times yet he must have known that the Russians would overrun this village soon and what our fate would be. Maybe he wanted to put his connection to us—to the daughter he had fathered—behind him. Maybe with the struggles of the past three years he just wasn't thinking clearly. At any rate, his decision to leave us behind is a black mark on my memory of him, including the ultimatum he had given to my mother.

Thankfully the *Unter Oficier* (Sergeant) took pity on us. He knew the Soviets were close and knew what would happen to this family—who had traveled with them, cooked for them, helped drive their trucks and kept them running—if we fell into the Soviet hands. He simply disobeyed the Feltfebel's command and personally took us the last miles to the little town of Tittling, on the edge of the American front line, where the Feltfebel had gone to surrender. You see, even though we had been virtual slaves to this German contingent, there had been growing feeling of camaraderie amongst us, German soldiers and conscripts alike. We had worked and traveled together, and had shared the same hardships and fears. That is why the Commanding Officer Klüwa final order stunned us so hard.

**April, 1945. This was my 11<sup>th</sup> time when this Company German Unter Oficir (Sergeant) under Klüwa's Command, he disobeyed Klüwa's orders and personally Saved our lives in April, 1945. And took us to surrender to the U.S. Forces.**





August Laschker, 40 years old, locksmith, father, soldier in the German Army, part of a defense team. As a member of the armed forces He had been taken prisoner by the Americans on March 15, 1945, transferred in good health to the French. Transported in July to Andernach via Schirzig (or Virzig?) to a camp called Épinal. Sent to emergency sickbay with nutritional edema on September 9. On December 1, 1945, he was sent to the American POW General Hospital in Bar le Duc. He was one of many

similar cases recuperating there (information from Laschker). Laschker recovered relatively well and was able to travel in January 9, 1946 in a hospital train under the command of Capt. Isaac Handwerker, an American physician, from Bar le Duc to Pfarrkirchen. This trip claimed the lives of three other comrades who although apparently well enough to make the trip could not survive. Dressed only in pajamas these bedridden patients had only three woolen blankets for warmth against the biting cold in the unheated train. Laschker's medical diagnosis: extreme malnutrition resulting in edema of the stomach cavity (dropsy of the abdomen) ( 8 liters ). The tissue under the skin was completely atrophied and bunched into large folds. Weight 32 kg, height 168 cm. Laschker cannot get out of bed. Circumference of the upper arm around the triceps= 19 cm. His digestion is severely upset, internal organs, particularly the liver and kidneys, are damaged, nutritional edema. Laschker is one of many similar cases. Signed Luther, assistant physician and department physician. More severe cases were sent to Bar le Duc; some became very apathetic. Many others failed to survive the trip from the camps to the field hospital. Many died in the camps because they were in such bad shape that they could not be transported from the sickbay. (Dispensary).Walt Millrich (?) GALINS LIBRARY

Translated from original document, with some degree of difficulty. Hand written in outdated old German style. Mom Nina and I at the age of twelve have lived in fear and told that we would be sent to concentration camp. Scenes like these from the underground stories that we heard. This is what the war was to me. At the age of fourteen, I was petrified of becoming a prisoner of war. There was so much rage and anger on all sides; we were terrified of the revenge that would be carried out on us—either by instant death or by slow torture and starvation like this. I discarded my German uniform, pictures wearing a German uniform, and my conscript labor ID, into an outhouse and blended in with the local German populace.

## **Surrender**

We arrived in the small town of Tittling, Germany, in April 1945. Spring had come and the weather was getting warmer. The mountains had turned green and the landscape was in bloom. Feltfebel Klüwa wasn't happy to see us arrive with the Unter Officer. Although the war was still raging in various parts of Germany, as far as he was concerned his role in it was about to end. On this little town of Tittling Square Klüwa decommissioned his company with one last order: "Thanks, and good luck! Go and blend in with the farming community. I hope that all of you get back to your families. That is where you belong in the first place." By this time we had maybe like three trucks left, including Klüwa's Opel Blitz, and about six men left. That is all that was left of our company. In the final weeks and days of our retreat, when a truck ran low on gas, it was abandoned. There was no refuel. The Feltfebel kept the Opel Blitz for himself, and told the drivers that they could take the other trucks and offer them as gifts to the farmers that would hopefully take them in. Klüwa then got into his Opel Blitz and disappeared. Some of us stayed overnight in the basement of a large building. That night there was heavy shelling as the Americans descended to take the town. Around 2:00 a.m., when the constant explosions had become almost a bizarre lullaby and all in the basement had drifted off to sleep, my mother—thank God—was still awake. She noticed an unusual display of light outside the door upstairs. When she got up to investigate she found that it was flames. An American shell had made a direct hit and ignited the building. Nina ran back down inside screaming that the building was on fire. In a panic everybody started running out. She couldn't get back in to grab her baby. Nina screamed, "Does any one know where my baby is?" but nobody answered I was frantically looking for my baby sister. Eventually Mom managed to run back into the basement. It was pitch-black, crawling around on our knees, crying and screaming out for Anneliese. The building above was a total inferno. Finally a voice upstairs cried down, "Nina! Your baby is safe up here!" Somebody had picked her up and ran out when Nina gave the alarm. Baby Anneliese was reunited with us and everyone made their way out of the burning building safely. The next day the American forces moved into the town of Tittling. The war, for us, was finally over. I was very frightened, however, because I was still wearing the special German uniform that had been tailored for me at Feltfebel Klüwa's orders. I knew that the Americans were supposed to be more humane than the Russians, but still I had no idea what to expect. I discarded not only the German uniform, but also my ID and any pictures that showed me wearing it. Some of the German kids in town gave me trousers and a pullover to help me blend in. The locals also dressed up Anneliese. I am wearing it in a picture holding my six-month-old sister, Anneliese. I was fourteen years old. Of all that we lived through during those savage years.

**The last minute of the war was too close for me not to be**

Humble, now 14 years old this is the **12<sup>th</sup>** time that my life was saved, this time by my Mother Nina again. It makes me think of this book! It is to this day my chief regret that I did not keep my German uniform, ID, and the pictures wearing it as mementos by discarding it all into an outhouse, from fear of becoming a POW to the U.S. Troops. So, I did this drawing from memory.



55 years later I did this drawing of me in 1999 in Palm Bay, Florida along with the cover picture, and the bloody foot prints on page 91.

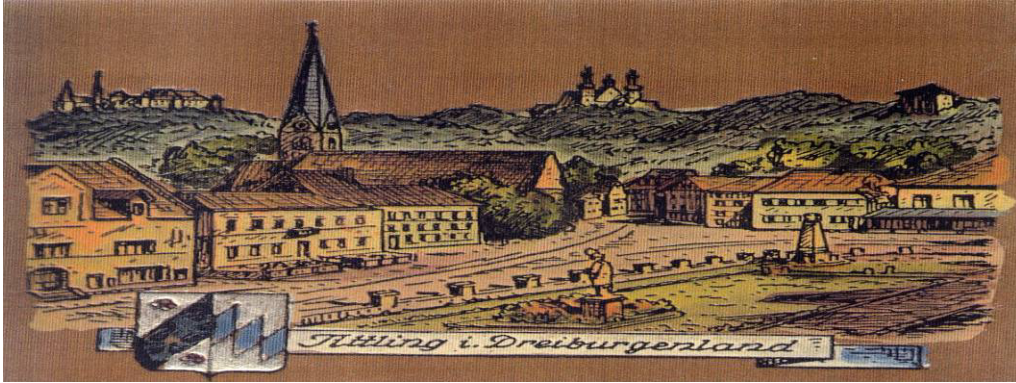
During our close to three years of retreat, I somehow

knew that we would survive. Most of the time we were on an open terrain like sitting ducks except at night traveling with no lights. I remembered often our humble one room Chata with a bake oven that we slept on, dirt floor, no running water, no electricity, and no bathroom, I thought that it was a luxury living. We seldom knew where we would be sleeping the next night, or no sleep at all. Mother Nina was constantly praying to Matka Boska Czestochowska-the Black Madonna at Jasna Gora Monastery. I only prayed when our life was threatened and was scared. I envy my Mother Nina to this day for her dedication to prayer. I am convinced that Nina's prayers got us through the worst of times when it seemed that there was no return to life as we know it, when you were left with only hope and a prayer.



April 1945, when we surrendered, I was fourteen years old and Anneliese was six months old. Regrettably, out of fear I discarded my German uniform and my German labor ID card into an outhouse. The clothing, pullover and trousers were given to me and Anneliese by the locals

To our amazement we found that the Americans did not really care where we came from. The first thing they did, knowing that we had eaten little for weeks, was to provide meals for everyone. Among other foods that the Americans gave us, were *Corn Flakes*. I still remember the little box with wax paper lining inside. Just pour in milk and you could eat on the run. I love it to this day. Another thing they gave us was corned beef in a tin can, complete with its own can opener. Wow! I have been eating corned beef ever since. Of course there were pancakes. I have never since had pancakes that were that good. Now I have to settle for IHOP or make them myself. There is nothing better than hot Pancakes with maple syrup, or any syrup—or even honey. Soon the American occupation of Tittling came to be normal. The townspeople had long since resigned themselves to the fact that Germany was going to lose the war. When they found the Americans friendly and helpful they were grateful. The GI's all had a great sense of humor; we actually had a good time with them around. Soon the initial US front line troops that took this little Bavarian town of Tittling continued their advance. The second wave of US Troops are the ones who we had the most fun with probably because they had more time to spend with us. This was the fun part besides the food that we were given.



April 1945, Tittling i Dreiburgenland Bavaria Germany On this square, we surrendered I was fourteen years old and for the first time I became a free man. Mom, little Anneliese and I were taken in by Mr. Habereder, He was extremely good to us, especially 6 months old Anneliese. He was a Berger mister he also owned a Guesthouse and a movie theater. I worked as a (Knecht) farm hand we were fed very well and got to see a movie for free. The Guesthouse is the first Building on the left. The first building on the right had a direct hit by the US Forces caught on fire; 2:00 AM, Mother Nina was awake and saved us all.



1952 I returned 7 years later as a U.S. Soldier. I was 22 years old.

On this Square in this small Bavarian Town of Tittling, 26 kilometers Northeast of the City of Passau in Germany with what was left of our small convoy, we surrendered to the American Forces in April, 1945 It also was here in 1951 when I came back on leave after I joined the US Army to visit my Mom and my Sister, Anne, before I was shipped to the U.S. And than Korea. Walking from the railroad station through this same square to surprise my Mom and Anne. Now a U.S. Soldier. I stopped and looked around. Frankly, I was choked up. Regrettably, out of fear I discarded my German uniform and my German labor ID card into an outhouse. And now six years later, I am one of the U.S. Forces that I surrendered to after the war. Needless to say, this was one of the most joyful moments in my life. It was tough to walk the rest of the way to my Mom's door without tears in my eyes or face someone that I recognized I just said, "Hi," and kept on going. I needed some time to put myself together before reaching Mom's door.

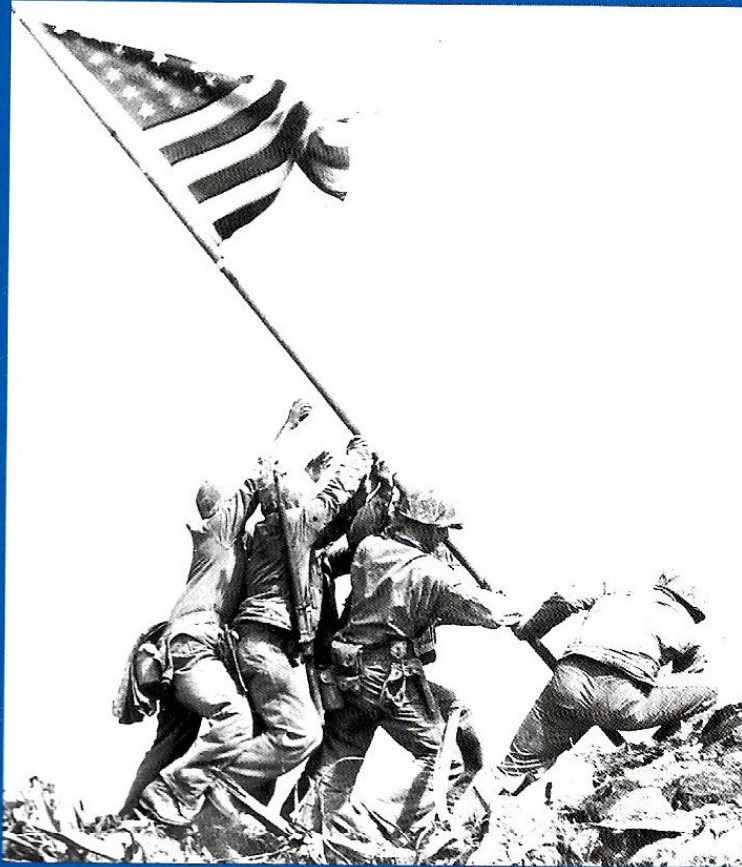
### RED BALL EXPRESS

Was created on August 25, 1944. It stopped November 1944  
It had delivered well over 500,000 tons of supplies to the front.

The second waves of US Troops are the ones that we had the most fun with probably because they had more time to spend with us. The fun part, besides the food that we were given; was that the majority of these US Troops were Black Americans. They told us many funny stories, one of which was that they were night fighters. Once we put two-and two together we had lots of healthy laughs. They also had chewing gum, but to us it looked like they were chewing cud, like the cows do. We had never seen chewing gum until then and that alone was lots of fun. Majority were driving deuce-and-a-half, 2½-ton trucks. Only after I became one of them and served five years in the US Army, worked and maintained these trucks in Korea that I began to put some of these pieces together. These troops were with the RED BALL EXPRESS. These black troopers were writing history with their dedication and critical service to this nation and an incredible role in winning the war. It was not enough for the US Armed Forces 6,000 Cargo Ships to go by the only route available, 5,000 miles from shore to shore through the most treacherous parts of the Atlantic Ocean; to be preyed upon and many of them sunk by the German U-Boats; to supply Day One, the day after D-Day for the entire US and the Allied Forces. All of this precious military cargo would have been sitting on the beaches at very critical moments. The US Forces were moving rather swiftly towards Berlin. The war material at times was in critical shortage. On certain days, from jeeps to tanks, over 800,000 gallons of gasoline was consumed. In addition, some 6,000 Aircraft were taking part in the Normandy invasion. For every soldier on the front line it takes three people to supply and sustain him. August 25 1944 the Red Ball Express was created, to supply the ever fast-advancing US Armed Forces towards Berlin. These Black US troopers with the Red Ball Express are a part of our history and deserve our highest respect. With close to 7000 trucks they drove around the clock with little sleep or maintenance on those trucks. They had to keep supplying in order to win the war, and win the war they did. These were the US Troops that left a positive impression on this fourteen-year-old kid and a memorable positive picture of the U.S.A. Again, before long, this second wave of American troops moved on. The war was officially over in Europe on May 8, 1945 and the long process of putting lives back together began. Even though we were Polish Ukrainians living in Germany just after the war we were generally accepted. My mother was known throughout the war and in the aftermath as Lina to the Germans another alteration of our names. Everyone in town knew that Anneliese was Feltfebel Klüwa's daughter.



That made it easier for Nina to find a place to live and to receive a small *Unterstützung* (subsidy) from the German government over the next few years. And while I stayed in Tittling, the locals continued to call me Adolf—a name that stuck with me for a while. At any rate, Tittling treated us well. When Mom, Lina, began to receive some help from the German Government we rented one room and moved to Marille's Parent's House 7½ Siebenhasen Strasse in Tittling, Bavaria. Erik was my first true friend with my new freedom. Erik's Father, Herr Ernthaller owned a barber shop Erik was also Ein Frizzier. In the evenings in the barber shop with open windows with Erik playing zither we would sing and yodel, our followers, which was the whole Town of Tittling was gathering one by one. Some with baby carriages, everyone was quiet. Cigarettes glowing in the dark except when they joined us and sang on a beautiful summer nights. We also would impersonate these two comedians Hans Moser and Tiolingen, when we went to a guest house, inevitably we were asked to do the number. The locals had a blast and so did we.



## DECEMBER 7

### AIR WAR, PACIFIC

*A Japanese force of six carriers launch two strikes on the US Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor on Oahu Island, Hawaii. Over 183 Japanese aircraft destroy six battleships and 188 aircraft, damage or sink 10 other vessels, and kill 2,000 servicemen. The Japanese lose 29 aircraft. Five midget submarines are lost during a failed underwater attack. A planned third strike, intended to destroy totally the harbor and oil reserves, is not launched for fear that the valuable Japanese aircraft carriers might be attacked by the remainder of the US Pacific Fleet. Japan then declares war on the United States and the British Commonwealth. Despite information from code-breaking operations, diplomatic intelligence, radar detection, and other warnings, the raid is a tactical surprise. The failure to take appropriate precautions at the base, which is exacerbated by failures in interservice cooperation, is severely criticized. Despite the attack's success, the US Pacific Fleet's aircraft carriers are at sea and thus survive, while the fleet itself is quickly repaired. In the United States there is widespread outrage over the attack and popular support for declaring war.*



## **Flag Raising At Iwo Jima And Musselini with Hitler**

Written Here by Tad Galin, the author, and Dale Neumann, my dear friend and web designer:  
Italian Dictator, Musselini pictured to the left of Hitler, 1944,  
as we were Nazi Forced Labor, my Mama Nina and I, retreating to Germany .. Russian Troops were on our heels .  
Musselini then surrenders to the Russians making it very difficult for us not to be captured by Russian troops .  
Because of God, with our remaining 4 trucks loaded onto a train, we escaped from Russian troops to Germany,  
where we surrendered to U.S. Forces in Tittling I. Dreiburgenland, Bavaria, Germany,  
on April of 1945 .. meanwhile war officially ended May 8, 1945 .

The Italian people never forgave Musselini for joining Hitler . Now Musselini is on the run .  
Underground partizans ( Italian Freedom Fighters ) caught Musselini in a truck . He was covered up .  
They dragged him out and hung him on a city square by his heels for everyone to see .  
The Italian People exclaimed "From dust to dust, El Duce ( Musselini ) is gone" .  
He was buried in his own family mausoleum .



### **DECEMBER 8**

#### **POLITICS, UNITED STATES**

*The United States, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Holland, the Free French, several South American states, and Yugoslavia declare war on Japan. China declares war on the Axis states.*

#### **EASTERN FRONT, SOVIET UNION**

*Adolf Hitler reluctantly agrees to issue Directive No. 39, which suspends the advance on Moscow for the duration of the winter. Army Group Center begins withdrawing to less exposed positions farther west, much to the anger of the Fuehrer.*



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1949 British-Polish Special Forces after World War II. British Sector in Germany; I am dispatching Documents from Headquarters to a Post Command. British Matchless 350 heavy terrain motorcycle, I also had a BSA 500 for leading convoys on a friendlier terrain. Young and foolish would be a gross understatement. It was a role and I played it to the fullest. Many times it was so close it frightens me much more today than it did then.

**There were too many close calls to mention, at least # 12 I was young and careless.** But, I was good. This one really makes me think of this book, what if?

" Young men [ to all young people ],  
never give up.  
Never give up!  
Never give up!!  
Never, never, never-never-never-never! "

**Sir Winston Churchill**



My best Buddy (Erik) Ernthaller   Marille Bauer and Max

As the war wound down, no one knew where Feltfebel Klüwa had gone. Several weeks later, however, a local woman informed Nina that he was living about six kilometers from Tittling on a farm with a lady friend. One sunny day near the end of May, my Mother and I took Anneliese in a baby carriage that was given to us by a German family. We walked the six kilometers to this farm. When we found the place, my Mother, suddenly shy, stopped with Anneliese about two hundred feet from the house. Going on ahead, I knocked on the door. Klüwa opened the door, and it was with great shock that he saw my Mother and then me and Anneliese in the distance. Hurriedly, he told me to wait with them, and then went back inside and shut the door. The Feltfebel came back out and joined us in a while, carrying bread, milk, and blankets, calling us his family. He laid out the blankets on the grass for us, and we all settled down on them. Anneliese was asleep but he continually talked to her, calling her “my pretty, beautiful daughter.”

He asked us if we were doing all right and getting enough to eat. We told him we were. We talked for a little while, and then he lay down, facing Anneliese. He stayed out with us through the entire evening and night, until early the next morning—and then, suddenly, without a word, he got up and went back into the house. When dawn came, we walked silently back to Tittling. Most of the terrain was hilly, with many pine trees on both sides, very peaceful. I was pushing the carriage with Anneliese in it. She was quiet. Nina was quietly crying as she walked behind us. This was the last we ever saw Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa, the man with whom we had survived so much; the man who had forced my mother at gunpoint to be his “companion,” and so fathered my sister, Anneliese; the man who had given me the uniform that had kept me from the cold through all those terrible years. A very big chapter in our lives was over.



### **Just a Word about Anneliese**

It is true that a newborn baby will upset a family's normal routine in their house. Then it also must be true that during our retreat in the last year of World War II, the responsibility of caring for Anneliese must have been incredibly difficult for my mother. She was, after all, the daughter of our captor. But it has been said that the bigger the responsibility and the difficulties, the bigger the rewards. In our case, it could have not been truer. This baby gave Nina another reason to survive. And she loved her with all her heart. But Anne—as we call her now—has given so much more back to our family. From the day she graduated from high school in Cleveland, Ohio, she took over the household. She had a short marriage that sadly ended in divorce after her husband came home from Vietnam: It was evident that he had left some of his faculties there. He frequently would be playing on the carpeted living room floor, a Smith & Wesson .38 revolver with bullets strewn all around. It was very unsettling to say the least. It was a hard decision for Annie to make but it was the right one. Anne would take care of our mother for the rest of Nina's life. Nina died at home in Anne's care on February 23, 1998. Nina was 88 years old. I often thought what life would have been for Nina and me if it were not for Anneliese. I've had wanderlust ever since I was a boy, hearing my father's tales of escape and, as horrifying as our times as German conscripts were, it also fueled the adventurer in me. Over the years I have tried, it seems, every job and sales position that crossed my path, traveling state-to-state, far and wide. I couldn't have given my mother the home life that she deserved. But Anne could and did. Nina was in good hands with her. And because of Anne, Nina never spent one day locked away in a nursing home.





GALIN'S LIBRARY

The day of the German Reich in the Realm Capitol. 12:00 noon, September 4, 1938. Traffic is quiet as an airplane squadron thunders over the Memorial Church of Berlin. Today, the Church itself is a memorial site. It was heavily damaged during World War II and never rebuilt. Its ruins stand now as a ghostly reminder of terrible times.

In 1938 my Father Josef was deported to Siberia for the second time by the dictator Josef Stalin of the Soviet Union I was seven years old. Not knowing that by the age of eleven Mom Nina and I will be conscripted as Nazi laborers by the German Army. The airplane squadron above would become a very memorable and frightening sight.

**HITLERS BLUNDERS**  
**And my Perverse Debt to Hitler for his blunders.**  
**1940 Dunkirk France**

Hitler's blunders may have saved our lives and lead us to freedom. In May 1940, France fell to the Germans. The British and the French were pushed in to the sea but instead of wiping out the helpless British and French troops, May 26, 1940 Hitler ordered his ground forces to halt and allowed Göring's air squadrons to finish the job. Why did he do it? Cockiness? Madness? As a consequence, the R.A.F. saved the day by inflicting heavy losses on Göring's squadrons. Seven day "Operation Dynamo" began to save the trapped troops, May 27, to June 4, 1940 Over 150 British Military Ships, over 300 fishing boats of all sizes plucked out of the sea and bringing home 338,226 men over the treacherous 95 mile of British Channel to fight Hitler once again. This was British courage at its best. What if Hitler *had* occupied England? Who would have been left to resist him? From where could the U.S. have launched the assaults that would help turn the tide of the war four years later—certainly not from across the entire Atlantic! There would have been no invasion of Normandy—or anywhere else for that matter. It was remarkably costly and a strategically wrong move to let England out of his grasp. This, I believe, is where our destiny took the harder road and took us to freedom. Hitler would have invaded the Soviet Union for sure, but if he had taken England first, there would have been no freedom for many people on this globe. Even as late as February of 1942, when the Soviet Union was on its heels amidst the Nazi invasion, Stalin offered Hitler a separate peace being negotiated between SS General Karl Wolf and Vsevolod Merkulov of the Soviet security apart in Mtsensk, Byelorussia. Stalin would have to "solve the Jewish question" in the USSR, meaning the murdering of all the Jews—murder being something that did not trouble the conscience of the Soviet leader. Fortunately, this pact did not come to pass. But his madness didn't end there. It expanded to the East and it brought my mother and me into its sphere. By ignoring the lessons of history, Hitler encountered the exact same fate as Napoleon did in 1812 Napoleon met his generals at Niemen River the pantones were already in place across the rive, Napoleon gave the orders for the invasion into Russia 130 years earlier. 130 years later June 22, 1941 Hitler invades Russia and got bogged down in its terrible winter as Napoleon did. Hitler's army's hasty retreat set the stage for my mother and me to get out from under Stalin's vice-grip and begin our strange road to freedom. For us it was the strangest fate. We had to leave under the gun, and yet we did not know that we were actually being freed and leaving for America, as my family had always wanted to do.

Our freedom was via German Army and then Germany itself. Only life itself can manifest its sometimes-cruel irony. Next, by Göbels labeling all Slavic peoples, Gypsies, Romanians, Hungarians, and Jews as “*untermenschen*” (sub-humans), Hitler gave his conquered peoples a very good reason to resist him with all their strength. The alternative was all too clear. At the age of eleven I saw the Partisans’ resolve and dedication to rid the Soviet Union of the German forces. At thirteen, I saw the Poles’ resolve as my transport truck I was driving in as a second driver was shot to pieces on a desolate highway outside Warsaw. The German cause was hopeless in the face of such resistance, and yet, on Hitler went. Finally, by drawing the U.S. into the war, Hitler made an enemy of the largest industrial superpower on the planet and sealed his own fate. When American troops rolled through the heart of Europe to restore peace, my family and I got this extraordinary chance at a life of freedom and opportunity. When I look back at the war years, it’s sobering how lucky I was. It’s sobering to realize how many people I owe my life to—the R.A.F., British “Royal Air Force,” the British people, the French, Polish, Russian, and Norwegian Resistance, and some 405,399 American GI’S that never returned home to their loved ones. British Pilots were endowed with an incredible fighting spirit. In a four-day period, in dogfights including German bombers, they shot down over 360 German combat airplanes over England and over the English Channel. British Spitfire fighters, even though they were outnumbered ten-to-one, did win over the German Luftwaffe. Hitler stops his Air Force from the attacks on London and continued his attacks on London with V1 and V2 rockets, their version of the cruise missile. In saving his Air Force for the invasion of Russia, Hitler sealed his fate once again. Therefore much of the credit should be given to the Spitfire Engines—Rolls-Royce Merlin and Griffon. Merlin Air Craft Engines produced by Rolls Royce literally saved Britain and the world from the German Reich.

### **Thanks to Hitler’s Blunders**

By not releasing some of the Panzer Divisions from Calais, France to Normandy Beaches, at Field Marshal Rommel’s request. Calais was a bogus invasion, a deception set up by the US and the British Forces to keep Hitler’s Divisions at Calais while the actual invasion would take place on Normandy Beaches France. In command of this bogus operation was General Patton. Hundreds of rubber tanks were produced by Good year and by Goodrich tire Companies in Akron, Ohio and shipped to England. The British O.S.S. (The Office of Strategic Services) and the US had an outstanding deception operation in place, including air insurgency into Hitler’s territory. Marshal Rommel did not believe In Calais invasion, Hitler did, Hitler was wrong Rommel was right.

With blunders, the war for Hitler was losing ground right from the beginning. General Manstein, one of Germany's best Combat Tacticians, walking out of Hitler's bunker, said to one of his staff Officers "That little Corporal is an idiot." March 1944 General Manstein was dismissed for standing up to the Fuehrer. Thanks to Winston Churchill, especially for the creation of O.S.S. Not enough was said about the Polish Underground Spies. Polish born men and women trained in Britain, they were flown with a special build airplane with special fuel tanks to fly them to Poland, drop them off in a special area and return back non stop. This was an 800 mile trip in those days. It was no small accomplishment, especially, the fact that this plane was highly dangerous to fly. It was highly unstable on take offs until some of the fuel was used up before it was comfortable to fly. These fuel tanks were built into the planes entire underbelly. At times Great Britain had only two weeks of fuel supply left. It was Hitler's for taking it. God and courage has to have been with the British.

**By not occupying England Hitler lost the war.**



**Jewish Archives**

**Anti-Fascist Resistance Partisans.**

A group of Jewish Partisans in the Rudninkai Forest near Vilna 1942-1944

**A Salute to the Universal Anti-Fascist  
Resistance Underground Movement “PARTISANS—USSR”**

IN SOVIET UNION ALONE 2½ MILLION CIVILIANS WENT UNDERGROUND  
TO FIGHT THE GERMAN INVADERS.

The universal and mass nature of the anti-fascist resistance movement was reflected in the fact that the centers of underground struggle sprouted in all of the occupied and subjugated countries and that all social classes and strata had joined in the secret effort. It was the largest in size on the German-occupied territory of the USSR. The Soviet partisan movement, an extension in the enemy's rear of the Red Army operations and a component part of the Great National War, brought together in its ranks more than two million Soviet citizens. About one million people took part in the fight against the Nazi occupiers on Polish territory. Moreover, there were about 70,000 Polish people (among them members of Polish communities living abroad, wartime exiles, POW's and those deported to forced labor) fighting outside Poland. A total of 800,000 partisans took part in the liberation struggle waged by the people of Yugoslavia. The resistance movement in France rallied together about half a million people, in Italy – 250,000, in Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Greece over 100,000. Several tens of thousands of members each numbered the secret and partisan organizations in Albania, Denmark, Holland and Norway. All in all about 5 million people joined the European resistance. This was a big problem for the German Forces and for us. As we were retreating for over two years, the partisans were a constant threat.

**“For Your Freedom and Ours”**

The winds of war 1939-1945 scattered Poles to all fronts in the struggle against fascism. They were fighting on Polish soil, in the East and West, in regular and irregular formations, wherever the do-or-die battles against the Germans were raging. Many of them gave their lives, their most precious offering, in that struggle. Wherever they happened to be, they were fighting for the freedom of “the one that has not perished yet”– the freedom of Poland. The Poles who joined in the resistance of the Western European nations went to battle. Fascism continued the proud traditions of their 19<sup>th</sup> century predecessors – generals Jan Dabrowski and Walery Wroblewski, both fighters of the Paris commune, or Jan Skrzynski who along with a group of anti-Russian 1830-1831 November Uprising officers, had organized the armed forces of independent Belgium. All Polish participants in the struggle of the West European resistance, those who were killed in action or murdered by Nazi hangmen, as well as those who survived the times of contempt, barbarity and extermination, commendably fulfilled their patriotic and internationalist duty of struggle “For Your Freedom and Ours”, for the common cause of the nations of the anti-Nazi coalition. For that they deserve lasting memory and respect from those for whom they had fought and died even if far from Poland, but always with Poland in their hearts. It's somewhat sickening to think that also, in a way, I owe my life and freedom, as I know it, to a man who caused so much death and suffering.



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German soldiers visiting das Schloss von Versailles during the German Occupation of Paris. France signed an armistice with Germany on June 22, 1940. These were the glory days of the Reich.

June 22 1941 one year exactly to the day Germany invades the Soviet Union. Less than one year later 1942 my Mother Nina and I were conscripted as Nazi laborers into German Army.





Eagle's Nest at 5,500 ft.



Eagle's Nest and Parking Lot  
Berchtesgarden, Bavaria, Germany  
South of Munich



Eagle's Nest  
Entrance Elevator



Eagle's Nest at 5,500 ft.



Dining Room

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## **Hitler's Eagle's Nest Retreat**



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### **Hitler's Retreat**

**Adolf Hitler 3<sup>rd</sup> from left returns the salute of his guests at Berchtesgarden, in Bavaria Germany.**

Sinister plans would soon play themselves out that would directly affect us and some 175,000,000 people and then the rest of the world. March 12, 1938 Germany invaded Austria. September 1, 1939 Germany invaded Poland. May 12, 1940 Germany invaded France. July 10, 1940 the battle of Britain begins June 22, 1941 Hitler invades Ukraine and Russia (Soviet Union) Code named Barbarossa. December 11, 1941 Germany and Italy declared war on the United States of America. December 14, 1941 U.S. Declares War on Germany and Italy. *At 11 under the gun I became a laborer in German Army. In retreat for the Next 3 years seldom ate at a table or slept in a house.*



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**Hitler with Goebbels in better times.**

Dr. Joseph Goebbels, October 1897-May-1 1945 Hitler's Reichsminister of Propaganda. On May 1, 1945, he committed suicide with his wife Magda. They first killed their six children by Injection. April 30, 1945 Hitler committed suicide with his wife of one day Eva Brown.

Also same month in April, 1945 we surrendered in Tittling Bavaria, Germany to the U.S. Armed Forces. Hitler was dead and I was a free man for the first time in my life. This was a good year for us and the world.



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Hitler with Mussolini in their better and short-lived times.

1940 Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini met at the Brenner Pass where the Italian dictator agreed to join Germany's war against France and Britain. Benito Mussolini, the Fascist Dictator of Italy for over 20 Years, was captured by his people-partisans and executed the next day with his mistress, Claretta Petacci on April 28 1945. Eventually, the two mutilated bodies were strung upside down by the heels for public view in Milan. The next day he was buried in the family tomb in the Village of Predappio. From dust to power, from power back to dust. (Duche) was gone.

January 27, 1943 the U.S. first air attack began bombing Wilhelmshaven, Germany.

January 31, 1943. At the battle for Stalingrad, Field Marshal Paulus surrendered his 20 devastated, starving and freezing divisions  
To the Russian Forces.

By spring, under the gun we were forced to leave our homeland and retreat with our German captors for the next two grueling years. In our midst, the Italian Army also was surrendering in droves to the Russian Forces.



Hitler's House  
1937



Hitler's House Destroyed  
25, April 1945



Front view



Hitler's House  
Seen from Goring's House

GALINS LIBRARY

**This was the end of Hitler's 1000 yr. Third Reich in 6 years.**

On April 8<sup>th</sup> 1945. Two weeks earlier we surrendered to the US Forces.





Galin's Library

### The End

1. Robert Ley—suicide in Nuremberg prison 2. Karl Brandt—death by hanging 3. Adolf Hitler—suicide, April 30, 1945 along with his wife of one day, Eva Braun. 4. Walther Darre- sentenced to prison April 14, 1949. Released in 1950, he died in 1953. 27,000,000 Russian Men Woman and Children died. Some 6,000,000 Jews Men Woman and Children died. "Total some 65 Million perished." Orphaned 5,000,000 May 8<sup>th</sup> 1945 Germany officially surrendered to the U.S., British, and the Soviet Union Forces. This was a good year for us and the world. I was fourteen years old. April, 1945. One month earlier, we and our German captors Transport Co. Regiment Shtralo surrendered to the American Forces in a little town of Tittling in Bavaria Germany. I was fourteen years old. For us it was the most joyous and frightening time. Joyous because we were now free. Frightened because we did not know what to expect from the Americans until we actually met them. The first thing they did was feed us pancakes. I love pancakes to this day. I will never forget this day. These front line troopers were so cordial and friendly that this was really sinking in that we were actually free at last. However I did get stuck with my first name Adolf that the Commanding Officer Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa gave me after I was picked up by my Mom Nina and German Troopers from our home and brought to the Company Head Quarters occupying our Village Hospital where my Mother Nina worked before the German Invasion. Strange as it is I became a U.S. soldier six years later. For me and hopefully for many others, the picture above with the rest of the Nazi pictures in this story is a final closure of a nightmare that is now very far and long-long ago. And yet, like a movie I am seeing every day and perhaps will see it for the rest of my life.



### **World War II Statistics**

The following is only a rough estimate of the casualties that resulted from the reign of terror that swept Europe during the brutal reigns of Hitler and Stalin.

Civilians, dead or missing	<b>37,000,000</b>
Military, killed in battle	<b>25,000,000</b>
Wounded, military and civilian	<b>38,000,000</b>
Imprisoned	<b>35,000,000</b>
Homeless	<b>30,000,000</b>
Exterminated	<b>12,000,000</b>
Orphaned	<b>5,000,000</b>
<b>Lives destroyed by Hitler and Stalin</b>	
(Approximate)    LIVING AND DEAD	<b>182,000,000</b>

### ***Military Killed in battles***

<b>Russian</b>	<b>10,700,000</b>
<b>German, including 1,000,000 missing</b>	<b>4,500,000</b>
<b>Americans Wounded-671,846</b>	<b>Killed 407,316</b>
<b>British</b>	<b>271,000</b>
<b>French</b>	<b>210,000</b>
<b>Italian</b>	<b>279,000</b>
<b>Polish</b>	<b>240,000</b>
<b>Other Countries</b>	<b>Unknown</b>
<b>The WW II Cost to the US \$ 350-Billion</b>	

INCLUDING 65 MILLION WHO'S VOICES WERE SILENCED BY THE MACHINATIONS OF HITLER AND STALIN: THEIR SILENCE SPEAKS MORE THAN ANY MAN'S WORDS EVER COULD. With the deepest sense of obligation and gratitude that I, Tad Galin, write this story. May 8<sup>th</sup> 1945 Germany signed an unconditional surrender at Allied headquarters in Rheims, France.

One month earlier April 1945 we surrendered to the US Forces in Bavaria  
Germany I was fourteen years old.



WITH PERMISSION

**RAISING THE FLAG ON Mt. SURIBACHI A 556—FOOT VOLCANIC CONE LIKE MOUNTAIN.**

**Attack on Iwo Jima: February 19, 1945**

**495 ships—including 125 amphibious and 75 seagoing landing craft.**

Iwo Jima, a Japanese Territory an Island of eight-square-miles. Iwo Jima was a major obstacle to the strategic bombing of mainland Japan by B-29s based in the Marianas. Iwo-with strategic airfields within fighter range of Tokyo and the doorstep to Japan. By winning the battle of Iwo, this increased the bombing effectiveness by B-29s eleven-fold. Over 24,000 crewmen from crippled bombers would owe their lives to the Marine seizure of Iwo, when shot up and crippled B-29s from the bombing raids on the mainland of Japan could limp back and land at Iwo, even if it was for some a crash landing. Five weeks later the battle for Iwo was over. At a cost of over 25,000 total casualties with almost 7,000 Marines killed. 22,000 Japanese killed. Including Lt. General Tadamichi Kuribayashi, commander of Japanese Forces on Iwo Jima.

Two months later, April 8<sup>th</sup> 1945 we surrendered with our captors to the American forces in Bavaria Germany. I was 14 years old.

***The book statistics-word count***

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PART II: IS IT A DESTENY OR A DESTINATION TO BE ON A CONTINUOUS JOURNEY TO BECOME AN AMERICAN?

## **CHAPTER SEVEN:**

### **Independence**

**Yankee Ingenuity actually came from across the oceans, the emigrants!**

Tom Brokaw's book, *The Greatest Generation*, is a must read. It highlights the acts of heroism, bravery, and sacrifice made by so many American men and women during World War II. In addition, it should always be recognized that such acts crossed borders and time zones, languages and cultures. I am alive because of countless such instances, some performed by the people around me that were not Americans and some by US troops, but the cause was just the same. U.S. Troopers from thousands of miles away whom I never knew and whom I will never have the chance to meet and thank them. What we as Americans have come to value over the years—hard work, ingenuity, strength of character, innovation, cooperation, sacrifice—are traits brought together by a dozen generations of European, Asian, African, and South American immigrants, as well as by the indigenous peoples of this nation. The United States is what it is because of the efforts of people from one hundred-plus nations from around the world. I am an American. I feel it in my blood and in the pride that grows inside me when I think of the freedoms and opportunities that have been made available to me in this land over the past several decades. But what does it mean to be an American and what debt do we Americans who are able to live in comfort and security owe—and to whom do we owe it? The years after our surrender to the American forces in Tittling in 1945 set me on the road to begin asking those questions. It's only now, with a lifetime of experience behind me, that I'm beginning to understand the answers as I associate the dates, places and the important events in my life with the history others were making. Piecing it together is a life long dedication so that others know that A HIGH VALUE OF ANY THING COMES WITH A PRICE therefore! "Democracy was never, and will never be Free"

## August 19, 1942 the raid of 6,000 men on the French port of Dieppe on the English Channel

The Allies staged an amphibious assault on the town of Dieppe. The major attacking force was comprised of 6,000 Canadians with 1,000 British Commandoes and fewer than 100 US Rangers launched a disastrous raid against the Germans at Dieppe France suffering about 50% casualties. The losses in Operation Jubilee were horrendous; when it was over, they had to retreat and rescue all they could. By some accounts it was a useless slaughter, others say that it was necessary to the successful invasion on D-Day. The Dieppe Raid was closely studied by planners and credits it for the fewer than expected casualties in the D-Day invasion at the Normandy Beaches two years later. I was eleven years old on this date my mother and I had just been conscripted as Nazi laborers into the German Transport Regiment called SHTRALO while the Canadians, British, and American Troopers were dying on those beaches to begin freeing us and Europe itself. For me at eleven, this was the beginning and a reason to survive, ten years later I joined the US Army in Germany and served 5 years for the country that gave me the freedom to do so. Including 1953, 13 months in Korea where I was injured. This long past history is closer to my heart today than ever before.



### **World War II June 1944 General Eisenhower Addressing The D-Day Normandy France Invasion Troops.**

All of the men and more on these pages including Mt. Rushmore  
Made a statement in their lives, that freedom is not free.

This Author was freed at 14.

U.S. Military men and women killed 407, 316 and Wounded 671, 846  
Never returned so that we can raise our families with liberty in peace.



**WITH PERMISSION**

**ENGLISH CHANNEL – JUNE 5, 1944**

**American Servicemen take part in a final prayer service aboard this landing craft as it travels to Normandy for the D-Day invasion the morning of June 1944, and continued for 75 days.**

Years of planning and training led up to June 6, 1944. The allies used 5,300 ships and landing craft, 1,500 tanks, and 12,000 airplanes. But at the end, it all came to this: 150,000 scared kids—most not yet 20 years old—who entered a nightmare so they could save the world. “One of those kids was a young infantry Captain Milnor Roberts” June 6 will mark the anniversary of the largest battle in the history of the world that took place that day – the D-Day landing at Normandy.

**June 6, 2005 D – Day Anniversary 60 Years**



**WITH PERMISSION**

June 6, 1944. Soldiers helping others ashore during D-day Invasion  
Members of an American landing party lend helping hands to others whose landing craft was sunk by enemy action of the coast of France. These survivors reached Utah beach, near Cherbourg, by using a life raft

“These are the Troops that freed us from the brutal carnage that engulfed Europe and than the entire world.”





WITH PERMISSION

**Normandy, France – June 1944  
American troops continue to come ashore  
After the beachhead is secured**



WITH PERMISSION

Normandy France – June 12, 1944

In gratitude for their sacrifice, a French girl places flowers on the Freshly dug graves of American soldiers killed in the D-Day invasion.

I never had the chance or the opportunity to say thank you to the troops that participated in the 1942 the raid on French Port of Dieppe, or those above in the June 6, 1944 the D-Day invasion. World War II,-Some 405,399 men who left their families and loved ones in support of country, duty, honor, principles, and our freedom, who never returned to have a chance to raise a family I was a mere thirteen years old at that time, labor conscript in German Army on the Russian frontlines and in a frantic retreat, not knowing that these men were paying the ultimate price for our freedom.

## **Tittling and Beyond**

Of course, in 1945 I couldn't give any answers to the Occupation Forces because I didn't even know the questions. At fourteen years old, saddled with the new name of Adolf, all I knew is that I was beginning a new period of my life—a new level of independence and that brought with it new responsibilities. Although most kids my age were going to school, it was not an option for me. I had to help provide for my mother and sister. My first job was on a farm tending cows for the owner, Mr. Habreder. Mr. Habreder also happened to be the owner of a local guesthouse and of the town's movie theater. On top of that, he was mayor of Tittling too! He took a liking to us and took us under his wing, renting a room to mother and giving me work on the farm. I worked from 3 a.m. until 7 a.m.—four solid hours of work before breakfast. I remember sometimes waking up in the middle of the night, trying to figure out where I was, whether we were about to get bombed or had to get back into the transport trucks and get on the road again ahead of some assault. It took a long time to really understand that the war was over. Soon enough I adjusted to this new life. I made some great friends in Tittling over the next couple of years. I remember one lad, Erich Ehrenthäler\*, whose father owned a barbershop. I got to have my haircut for free every week to look good for all of the local girls. Erich played the zither exceptionally well. In the evenings we would open the windows in the barbershop, play the zither, yodel and sing songs about the Tyrolean Alps. People wandering by, some with baby carriages would stop to listen and stay to the end of the performance. Before long we had gotten to be a pretty popular act! There was also a comedy duo from Austria that was big back then, Hans Moses and Theolingen. Erich and I would hang out in the town square in the evening and do a parody of them while people laughed and egged us on. Erich and I knew that the girls in town always used to go out into the neighboring beautiful pine forest and pick blueberries on a nice summer's day. We'd follow them there, stuff grass and straw into a couple of buckets and placed a handful of blueberries on top to make it look like we had been hard at work picking berries, too. We were hard at work but it had nothing to do with *those* berries! We were a couple of young lads on the make. I remember especially Rezel Neumeir. Rezel was a beautiful brunette with huge blue eyes. She stood about 5' 5". I know girls develop more quickly than boys do, but any more development on her and she would have busted at the seams.

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\* Throughout the book, most names are spelled as I remember them sounding. I had no idea at the time how they were properly spelled, so I try as best I can.

She caught my eye, and apparently I caught hers. One day, she invited me to go alone to the fields with her. How could I refuse? She and I spent the entire day together, talking, laughing, singing, and horsing around. After filling our baskets we then turned to other matters. I remember everything about that day, picking blueberries with her, lying together on a blanket under the forest canopy, watching the sunlight dance on her face, kissing her like the two of us had known each other forever and sharing experiences with her that neither of us, at our young age, had ever shared before. If there had been any person who could have kept me in Tittling it would have been her. Those were great times. Can you imagine being sixteen or seventeen years old, and for the first time in your life being free to run around in the forest, singing at the top of your lungs, flirting with pretty girls, and laughing almost non-stop? I think if a sick person had come out with us, they would have come home healthy as a horse. I was a teenager going on forty. After being through so much I felt like I owned the whole world. But what was I going to do with it? I was like a dog chasing a bus. When the bus finally stops and the dog catches up, he doesn't know what to do with it. I somehow knew I wouldn't find the answer in Tittling. I had to move on, to meet and see as many people and places as I could. At sixteen I started by looking for work in the nearby "big city" of Passau. I found a job as a delivery driver. But I was too young to get a license to drive a truck. Just two years earlier I was driving around the countryside in a huge Krupp being chased by Soviet troops and Polish Partisans. Now I had to get special permission from Mr. Habreder, the village priest, and my mother to be issued a chauffeur's license! Nina also had to sell one of her dresses for 16 Deutsche Marks to pay for the license. But once I got the license it was not long before I was driving a small truck delivering soft drinks to various business establishments all around Passau, and earning more money for our family.





Passau, the Three-River City (Danube, Inn, and Ilz). At sixteen, I was driving a soft drink truck to businesses all over this city.

I eventually outgrew Passau and the small paycheck of a delivery driver. My next job, at seventeen, was at a steel-fabricating factory, MAX Hütte in the city of Regensburg. It was hard saying goodbye to my family and my friends especially to Resal—but it was something I had to do. At MAX Hütte I was an overhead crane operator. I lived communally in the barracks on-site. We did our own cooking. I was living totally on my own, away from my family, for the first time in my life. On weekends some buddies and I would go out to Hamster where we followed an old German custom, going from farmer to farmer asking for food. Here is where I fell in love with another German girl, Erika—so much that I could not concentrate on my job. I asked the foreman to relieve me to another job before I injured someone. I told the foreman that I was getting dizzy from the heights. Well, at least it was true that I was dizzy. After a little while longer, I knew that I had to keep moving on. Leaving Erika was also hard, even though there was no intimacy in our relationship. Maybe that is why I thought I had better move on while I was ahead. I had a strong feeling that there was a whole world to see and I was far from ready to settle down. So from Regensburg I went to the industrialized Ruhrgebiet in the British Sector of Germany and spent a year mining coal. Living quarters were again communal. The working conditions were extremely trying. We were sixteen hundred feet underground and it was six hours of backbreaking work lying on your side or stomach at high temperatures. It was exhausting to work in those dark, cramped, and dusty conditions but the pay was good—so good in fact that for the first time in my life I was able to purchase a complete wardrobe. My face and body were pitch black by the end of a day and I was coughing up black stuff from my

lungs. But I thought I was at the top of it all because now I had money from my pay and could actually buy things! The wages I was now making allowed me to be able to support my mother and sister. I even bought and shipped them a cast iron coal heating and cooking stove and some coal in the winter to keep them warm. I fell in love with a Hungarian Movie Star Marika Rök I even imitated her tap dancing and took tap dancing lessons. It finally felt like things were coming together nicely. I was bunking at the barracks with a [coworker, Helmut Götze](#). He was from East Germany in the Russian Sector. He hardly had any clothing at all so I felt sorry for him and let him wear my clothes sometimes. He seemed like a nice enough guy. I was working day shift and Helmut worked the night shift so we hardly ever saw each other.



Looks like Mafia Boss is Growing up

Ruhrgebiet Yakoby Zeche Coal Mines near Bochum Germany, 1947. My first wardrobe, which I was soon parted with. Even here I could have been a serious threat to Colombo.

Well one day I came back to the barracks from work. It had been a few months since I had been back to Tittling and I was looking forward to going again soon. It was always exciting to go visit my family and friends I was proud to show off my new wardrobe to everybody as if to say, "Look at me now!" But on this day, to my dismay, when I got to my lockers they were open and empty and Helmut had vanished. He must have really liked my wardrobe—or he didn't want to work for it for an entire year like I had to. Since he lived in the Russian Sector, which was by now tightly behind the Iron Curtain, notifying the police was useless. My stuff was gone for good. I couldn't go to visit my mother and sister now. I was back to where I had first started a year earlier. I felt like I had nothing to show for a year's work. It was heart breaking. I talked about it to a friend at the mine, [Hans](#), and found that he had also had a similar incident. After bitching about our situation for a while, we decided we were...

1948, Rothenburg; from this Historic City my destiny to U.S.A. began





In 1988 God must have told them there is a story that is not finished yet. Send this picture to Tad Galin the Author of " Hitler Stalin And I ". My Brother and Sister in law Ken and Jeanette Barks did not have a clue, while vacationing in Rothenburg sent us this post card. I walked these streets wondering how to start my life again. Today 40 years later, January 17<sup>th</sup> 2013 I have inserted this postcard picture in my book. Making my journey from this historic City complete. Here in 1948, City of Rothenburg, St. Marks Tower with Roederbogen, in Germany. It was here that my destiny was playing itself out. First, it was here that I joined the British Polish Special Forces, then in 1959 I joined the U.S. Polish Special Forces and than finally from here in 1952 I joined the U.S. Army and became a U.S. Soldier for 5 year's of active duty. 1953 13 mo. In Korea was Injured and became Disabled Korean Veteran and than to U.S.A. 1957 I became a U.S. Citizen I was discharged on November 18<sup>th</sup>



...Ready to leave the coal mine. It had lost its charm. Late that day, we went and purchased two bicycles and biked to his home city of Rothenburg, about 40 miles east of Bremen, still in the British Sector. The trip was about 120 miles one-way and it was good exercise, let me tell you! At the end of the first short day we collapsed in a cornfield and decided to sleep there that night. The next morning, as the sun was just coming up and I awoke, I was itching all over from the corn stalks, wondering: *Why am I here? Where am I going?* You never really know when and where the big questions are going to hit you and they hit me like a bull's eye. My immediate responsibilities were that I had to find decent work so I could send money home to support my mother and sister. But I also knew that I had no real, formal education so I began wondering whether I had a real future. The coalmines had been good money at the time but it was terrible work. What was the point of making money if the stuff you bought would be stolen anyhow? I started realizing that I needed something to focus on. I stayed at Hans's home with him for a while. His parents were extremely hospitable. After a short time of bumming around and looking at our options, [Hans's Mother said one day, why don't you guys check out the British Occupational Army, I heard that they are enlisting volunteers.](#) I thought what the hell? I had pretty much grown up around armies. If there was one thing I understood and was qualified for, it was army life. Hans thought it sounded like a good idea as well, so we went down to the local recruitment center to sign up. Hans was a German, and was not originally from behind the Iron Curtain. He was not accepted but I was. For me, it was yet another lesson of losing one thing and later gaining so much more. [Thanks, Helmut Götze, wherever you ended up, I wish you well. You stole my clothes which made me then examine my life and my choices and that pushed me forward!](#)

### **Life with the Occupational Forces**

At eighteen, in early spring of 1949, I joined the British-Polish Occupational Army in Kirchheimbolanden, Germany, about halfway between Frankfurt-am-Main and Kaiserslautern. My unit was stationed in the small town of Trauen, in the British Sector, about halfway between Hamburg and Hanover and close to the notorious Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. These people were from all over Europe. During the war the German forces had taken most of them as Nazi laborers like me. Now they didn't have any place to go back to. There was a lot of camaraderie amongst us volunteers. Every one of us was, in a way, a refugee ourselves. But we had each other; I always felt this spirit that we were working together for a great cause. It's only now that I fully appreciate what was happening in the world and around me at that time, and the fact that I could be a part of it totally of my own free will.

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)



**GALINS LIBRARY**

1949 British-Polish Special Forces after the Word War II. British Sector in Germany; I am dispatching Documents from Headquarters to a Post Command. British Matchless 350 heavy terrain motorcycle, I also had a BSA 500 for leading convoys on a friendlier terrain. Young and foolish would be a gross understatement. It was a role and I played it to the fullest. Many times it was so close it frightens me much more today than it did then.

**There were too many close calls to mention, at least # 12 I was young and careless.** But, I was good. This one really makes me think of this book, what if?

### **1948-49 Berlin Air lift.**

Russian Communist Forces from East Berlin cut off all land and water routes between West Germany and West Berlin. Confronting and challenging the United States and its western Allies to organize the massive Berlin Air lift. Supporting the Berlin Air Lift. We were picking up life supporting cargo from all around and dropping it off at a major distribution center that was specifically destined to the airport for a final Air Lift to Berlin. We felt that it was for a great cause. We did it with long hours and with pride.



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Working on BSA 500, this was one of my most joyful times, also one of the most dangerous. Driving at night leading the convoy with no lights over rough terrain with barbwire fences that had to be avoided at all cost. I filled up backpacks with 15 lbs of rocks on each side to add some weight. On British Matchless 350 motorcycles for high terrain, three or four of us were trying to catch rabbits in the woods. Today people of my age call it young and dumb. Just to think of it, it's frightening, how did I ever get out alive? I was 18 years old.



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**1948-49 Trauen, Germany; British Sector British Polish Command  
Special Forces, Berlin Air Lift.**

*I was eighteen years old. From Here at 18 years of age I decided to move to American Sector to Join the U.S. Polish Special Forces. This event changed my History. This ultimately would lead me to U.S. Army and than to U.S.A.*

Among other duties, for several months with these Special Forces, our job was to support and transport supplies and material round-the-clock for the "Berlin Air Lift." The Cold War was in full swing, and the Soviets had clamped down on West Berlin, trying to take it over. They had blockaded roads and checkpoints, hoping to starve the West Berliners into submission but the Allies wouldn't have it. They flew continuous runs of food and supplies into the Russian Sector of Berlin and into the Tempelhof Airport, day after day, week after week, helping to keep the city running. I was part of that effort finally having a chance to work *for* the good guys and *against* the bad guys! We drove around the countryside, picking up life supporting cargo in one location, transporting them to another, over and over again. The hours were long, but it was exciting. In the end, as history shows, it was a success. I'm grateful for having had a small role in it.



**GALINS LIBRARY**

1949 Osnabrück British Sector Germany  
I am the 5<sup>th</sup> from the right





Showdown over Berlin: Berlin Airlift began June 25, 1948. West German Children at Tempelhof Airport (looking on so called affectionately later, as candy bombers). These bombers would rain down candies for the children as they watch U.S. planes bring in supplies to get around the Russian blockade of the city. The Airlift continued for over 15 months—462 days. Even the Americans, who did it, could not believe they managed the heroic effort. They flew 278,228 flights, an average of 599 a day, 25 an hour—often in the worst weather. It was not without costs: Through accidents, the Americans lost 31 lives. They delivered 2,326,406 tons of cargo to two million West Berliners in the American and British Sectors. The Air Lift ended September 1949. Spring 1949 I joined the British Occupational Special Forces in British Sector. And I got a chance to play a small part in it. 1961: Berlin was divided as Russian Authorities in East Germany sealed off the border between the city's eastern and western sectors in order to halt the flight of refugees to the American Sector. 2008, The German history and ours 950 acres Tempelhof airport was shut down and became a shopping center and amusement park.



Art rendering

On November 9, 1989, the Berlin Wall, along with the Iron Curtain, went down. Beginning with the Berlin Airlift, running through President Kennedy's famous speech "Ich bin Ein Berliner", running through President Reagan's visit to Berlin on June 12, 1987, where he said, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall" America never gave up the fight for freedom. And I got a chance to play some small part in that. 1991: Soviet hard liners announced to a shocked world that President Mikhail Gorbachev had been removed from the power. The coup collapsed two days later.

Most days, when our shift was over, we would drive in from work, gas up our trucks for the next day's trip, and then clean up, get dressed in civilian clothes and figure out how to spend the rest of the evening. The economy throughout the country was still a mess. The pay was not that great for you to buy any luxuries, but it was better than any of the civilian jobs that one could find at that time. Everything valuable—cigarettes, coffee, sugar, butter and meat were on the black market, sky-high, and beyond most people's reach. The same went for drinks at an average bar. At the few bars that we could get into, our late hours meant that we'd only have enough time to have a drink or two and then help the bartender close down for the night. It was rare to walk in late to the bar and still find a single girl to buy a drink for. I had some help in that department though. On my first day with the army I met my best friend-to-be, Benny Trembacz. I was standing in the chow line, and he was a cook. He looked at me and said, "You're new, aren't you?" I said yes, and he said, "New guys get more chow." He smiled and loaded my chow tray. That night, as luck would have it, I found that he was one of my hut-mates (Quonset hut that is). He came in, asked me if I had enough to eat, and the conversation started. We talked about our backgrounds. Benny was originally from Galicia, a region in Ukraine that had once belonged to Poland. So he spoke Ukrainian and Polish as well as I did. We sang a song or two in Ukrainian, and really hit it off. Then he said, "Let's go out, have a couple of drinks, and I'll introduce you to the rest of the world."



"Regina Bar", in Trauen Germany. This is the world Benny had in mind. 1949 Benny Trembacz, light suit, with me and front center with young lady Shprotka in the British-Polish Army, British Sector, Germany. Benny later helped my Mom Nina and my sister Anne to immigrate to the U.S.A. while I was serving in Korea.

Boy did he ever introduce me to the world! Benny was suave and confident. He had his mind together and was full of conviction and character. We became like brothers. He knew everybody in town, and introduced me to all the bar owners, the bartenders, and of course, the girls. Leaving Rezel and Erika had been so hard that by now I had mostly learned to keep my wits about me, but there were a couple times when one of the girls knocked me head over heels. It was easy to fall in love. You meet a petite, quiet, blonde, blue-eyed girl from one of the little villages and your life can evolve much differently from what you had planned! I'm glad that things didn't work that way for me. The things I have experienced in life since those days are priceless to me. Benny wasn't the only good buddy I met. A lot of times, rather than go out for a drink, some of the troopers, like Ivan the Gypsy and I, would instead head down to the local refugee camp. We had a lot in common with the folks there. Ivan was from Minsk, Belarus, and was a trooper just like myself but somewhat older than I was. We went down to the camps together a lot and became very close friends. The refugees loved him because he could help lead them in the songs of their old countries. He was a true artist on the guitar—not surprising, given his heritage.

## The Gypsies Solution Romany Culture the Curse of the Gypsies And Refugee Camps

One of the most interesting histories to be researched and studied is that of the Gypsies, today known as Romany or the Roma. Their language, their ability to adapt and survive, their ability to observe and learn, and their talents in music and entertainment are instilled in them as children. They can observe a person's behavior, tell them their fortune, and usually get it on the money. Gypsies are non-conformists. They have their own language and keep no records in writing in order to preserve their unique, wandering culture. Oral teachings and on-the-job training pass everything from generation to generation. Because they choose to live differently, Gypsies are among the most misunderstood and abused social order in the world. I remember vividly when a Gypsy caravan would come to Petropavlovka. Some villagers would say, "Watch everything, because it may disappear." But nothing ever happened. We heard rumors from time to time of everything, from missing chickens to missing garden goods to missing children. However, we enjoyed their company, their ability to play the guitar and sing and tell stories. Throughout history the Gypsies have gotten a bad rap. Gypsies and Jews had lots in common. They shared their music with the Jews and vice versa. They also shared with the Jews the concentration camps. It has been estimated that between 600,000 and 1,500,000 Gypsies died in German labor and concentration camps because Hitler had put both groups, as well as many others, on the list of *untermenschen*-subhuman. Thankfully Ivan survived. The Gypsy's beginnings have been hard to trace. My knowledge about this subject is very limited. It is believed that their origin started in the southern parts of India. Twelve thousand Gypsy slaves were given to an Indian Monarch. They were highly skilled musicians and entertainers. The monarch told them to go and roam all over the country and entertain all of his subjects. They have been roaming around ever since. It was in 1948, when I joined the British Polish Occupational Army in Germany. Here I began using my Polish name, Tadeusz Przegalinski, once again. My duties ranged from driving trucks, extensive motorcycle training and leading convoys, to being a document dispatcher. It was here I met Ivan, the Gypsy (in Russian-Zehan). We became very close friends. Trauen, where we were stationed, was a small town in the British sector and close to a refugee camp, before I got here there was an airport that was used for Berlin air lift operation it was moved else were. The people in the camp were from all over Europe and were there because the German Forces had taken most of them as Nazi laborers just as I was taken. Ivan was a true artist on the guitar. His playing mesmerized me and so was every one else. The guitar got into my blood and since then I have been taking guitar lessons off and on. Sometimes I wish that I had some of that Gypsy blood in me so I could play the guitar like they, and the great Gypsy guitarist, Django Reinhardt, did.

In the evenings we would drive in from work and gas up our truck for the next day's trip. Then we would grab a bite for supper and shower and dress up in our civilian clothes to go out to one of the refugee camps. Ivan would play the guitar and we would sing together in Russian and Ukrainian. The melodies and lyrics are breathtaking. Most of them were composed either in prisons or under hard living conditions. They reflect sadness and yet a strength and pride you don't see much these days. Ivan and I would start singing "Dark Eyes: (in Russian it's *Ochi Chorniye*) or we'd sing "Katyusha," a song about a young Russian girl thinking about her soldier-lover. Sometimes everyone would listen quietly as Ivan and I sang. Other times, under the full moon and the stars above, one by one the camp refugees would join us. There would be hundreds of people. Most of them would be looking out their windows and on a dark night all you could see would be the glowing ends of cigarettes that most everyone was smoking. It was like the whole place was either mesmerized or perhaps they had drifted off into thoughts of past and future. These refugees were all waiting to find a home and start a new life. In a way, I was too. But in another way I had already begun.

**"Katyusha"**

**A girl**

**In love with a Russian soldier**

When the apples and pears were in bloom with the fog above the  
Rivers Katyusha walked along the beach and on to a high ocean  
Cliff singing a song about a girl in love and the one that she loves.  
For him she is saving this song, asking the song to soar like an  
Eagle Above, to be guided by the trail of the Sun Give a message  
to the Valiant Soldier on the distant front Tell him to remember a  
simple girl and to Remember how she used to sing. Protect our  
precious land Katyusha's love for him will be here when he Returns.





I got the guitar into my blood from Ivan the Gypsy he was the master.  
1949 Occupational British-Polish Special Forces British Sector in Germany. I  
am with the guitar. My friend Ivan the Gypsy is dressed in black.



**1948-49 Berlin Air lift**

One day, I was asked to drive as a back up driver for a 7,000-gallon gasoline tanker. I was not driving at the beginning, just learning the routes and the ropes. A guy named Khozer was driving. We got filled up with gas at what seemed to be a large German gas depot. After an hour's drive or so, as we were approaching what looked like a gas station, I noticed that the overhead door of the garage building was going up and we were heading right for it. The minute the tanker stopped, the door behind us closed. The men inside were apparently right on the job, I thought, that before the door was shut behind us the discharge hose was connected. Khozer flipped the switch and a few minutes later the tanker was empty and we never left the cab. Two mechanics were also under the hood checking it out just in case somebody was nosing around. I found out later that this was also a repair shop but to me it seemed that this

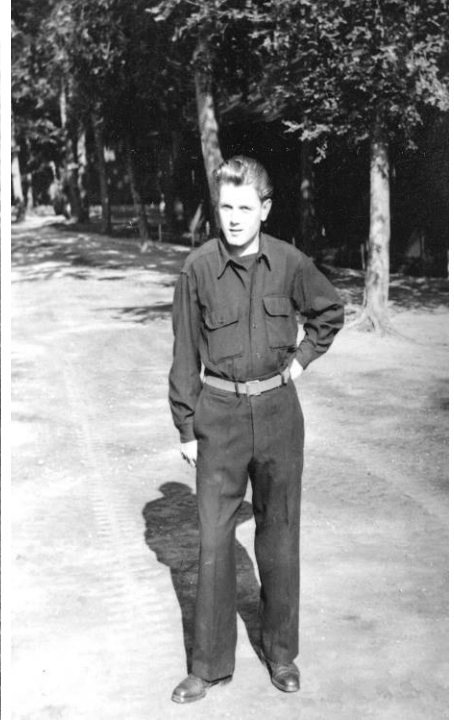
was a regular routine job. Then the front door opened and we were on the road again. Our next load of gasoline was delivered to a distribution depot. After a while I knew all the stops and I liked my new assignment, especially, when on some evenings I would be given some cash. It was called pocket money. It was so slick (and I was so naïve) that the first time around I did not notice anything unusual until the pocket money was handed to me. Then I was briefed on this entire operation. They were selling this apparent German gasoline actually belonging to the British Occupational Forces on the black market. Now I knew that I was part of some high rollers. Long before I had joined this slick operation the top guy had purchased a German bar-restaurant that we frequented and spent our pocket money. This was a competitive life style. One had to be a really sharp dresser, the best dancer, and be with the best-looking lady at his arm. My buddy Benny was a cook so he could not be pulled into an operation of this sort. From the very beginning I shared it all with Benny and on more than one occasion Benny would say to me, "Tolya, be careful—nothing good can come out of it." This must have been another fortuitous juncture for me that could have kept me in Germany. Worse yet, if caught, I would have never been accepted in to the U.S. Army. Sometimes I get chills, when I reflect on this episode. More often than I can remember I have fallen victim to my naïveté.

### **Working with the Americans**

By 1950 I was restless. The Airlift was over and I began to feel that this may not be the right place for me. I felt that I was not serving in good stead and that I may over stay my welcome. I decided to make a switch and join the U.S. Polish Occupational Army. It was a more official position with more responsibilities and it was a chance to actually work directly with the Americans. Not to be prejudice just working with the British. It was my destiny. I talked with Benny about it one day and told him that I was planning on leaving. I wanted him to come along, too. He was my best friend and my first true friend in a long time. Benny was encouraging me to leave but he was happy where he was. He enjoyed Trauen and the life and relationships he had there. My drive for adventure was too strong to keep me there so I had to move on. It may have been that the life style that I would have continued to lead, if I stayed, was what I was not comfortable with. Several months before I left this once elite fighting force, our liberators against the German Forces in World II War, I felt that I was becoming one of them. At eighteen I was now an adult serving with adults. When I was a conscript with the German Forces since the age of eleven, most of the time I was treated like a kid but not for long. Now I am in the British-Polish Special Forces. I went through rough terrain motorcycle training and drove every thing we had on the base, including a company staff car as a personal driver for the Commanding Officer.

### **The Lodge Act 1950**

Serving with these forces led me to my ultimate destiny of reaching the United States. The opportunity that was to change my life dramatically came in August 1951. My Polish soldier buddies, Yazek and Bronek, and I were reading the news announcements on our bulletin board like we always did. But on this day I read a simple note: "The Pentagon requested 12,500 bilingual men from behind the Iron Curtain for various intelligence operations in the United States Army." The Lodge Act had been passed June 30 1950 I left Trauen in 1950 and joined the U.S.-Polish Occupational Army, in Kaiserslautern, in the American Sector of Germany. This occupational army existed because so many former soldiers from the Polish forces—thousands of them—were looking to serve again. These Polish soldiers had fought side-by-side with the Allies against the Axis at Tobruk in Libya, Calais in France, and Monte Cassino in Italy. After the war, to distinguish these fierce commandos and allow them to continue serving, the U.S. and Britain, along with the Polish High Command, formed Special Forces units. In addition, the ranks were open to others of Polish descent, or any one else who was from behind the Iron Curtain, like myself, who wanted to do our part to keep the new peace, honor and our national heritage. To be recognized as a distinct force, we were issued black uniforms with white helmets, white scarves and white gloves—it was a pretty sharp look! We served as honor guards at U.S. Army Headquarters, and other installations, and also as guards at key munitions and fuel depots in the region. I liked the honor guard duty. The U.S. Army troops were very appreciative that we were pulling their guard duty. In fact, one Master Sergeant used to come out and spend some time with me, helping me to learn better English, telling me about his family and his hometown. He was from New York City. Imagine what stories about life in New York City could do to an adventure-seeking kid from Petropavlovka, Ukraine! And I was even more impressed with his brand new beige 4-door Chevrolet. I fell in love with it and the concept that in America, if you worked hard, you could hope to own something like that. I knew America was for me.



I was twenty years old

**1950, Kirchheimbolanden, Germany American Sector.**

**U.S.-Polish Command Special Forces.**

I Moved from British sector to U.S. Sector. Guarding special ammunition located in old abandoned Silver mines used by **U.S. Military** after World War II as secret storage deep in the German forest 40 miles from nowhere. I was twenty years old.

**Here at 20 years of age One year later I was on my way ...  
I joined the U.S. Army Ratified by the 81st 82nd and 84th Congress.  
This was my destiny, to build my Family's Legacy,**

**To prosper, raise my family in U.S.A. in freedom,**

**The Land of the Free**

**and The Home of the Brave,**

**and to write my life story,**

**"My Life Under Hitler and Stalin".**

My positions in this army were not always so glamorous. Night watch at the munitions Depot was a different story entirely. In Germany up in the mountain forests forty miles from nowhere there were ammunition storage depots in some old abandoned mines, which it was my honor to guard. Night duty in a forest guarding such a place required all of your senses and nerves of steel. We were only a few years past a horrible war and there were still plenty of angry people wandering around looking to get their hands on some weapons and cause a little havoc. I had spent the first month guarding this area during the daytime as training. I memorized every tree, the distance from one tree to another, and several places where I could stand or sit completely still to listen to the sounds of the forest night. One had to be able to distinguish a man's

footsteps from the numerous animals—such as wild boar—that roamed through the area. The forest floor was thick with leaves and twigs and animals often foraged under this brush, making noises as they moved through the area. I had a semi-automatic rifle with several magazines of ammo holding thirty rounds each, and a flashlight mounted at the front of the muzzle. That was all cold comfort when it's pitch-black and you start hearing "crunch, crunch" Out in the darkness, getting closer to you. The flashlight would never be used unless you were ready to shoot. If you turned it on just to see what was out there one of two things could happen: it could be something like a fox or a boar and there would be no harm done; or it could be an intruder—somebody who's out to kill you—who will have just seen the exact position where you are standing or sitting and hardly breathing. Each night it was a compromise between your nerve and your anxiety. During such encounters I always had one finger on the trigger and the thumb of my left hand on the flashlight button. Fortunately for me my worst encounter was with a group of wild boars trudging through the area looking for acorns. In the daylight it's a neat sight but on a dark night it is nerve-wracking! Even though you think that you know what the sound is you can't see it—and that makes all the difference. The noises in the dark can really play tricks on your mind and your vision. The nights out in those German forests are vivid memories of how to prepare you psychologically.

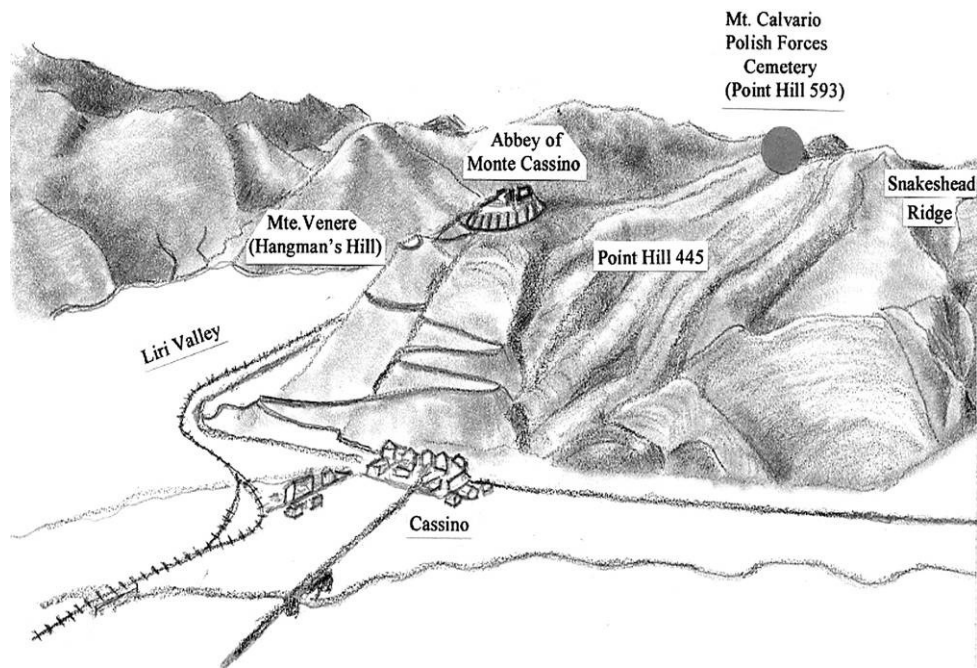
#### ABBEY OF MONTECASSINO ON APENNINE MOUNTAINS ITALY

As if my fate was sealed, I was on my way to the U.S.A. but not before I had the opportunity to serve with and learn first hand from the Polish veteran fighters a great deal about Monte Cassino and the beautiful abbey on top of the Apennine Mountains. It was destroyed on February 15, 1944 by B-26's, B-25's and B-17's during World War II. For those of us who did not participate in conquering the Abbey of Monte Cassino, we were eager to listen to our Polish veteran buddies that fought and conquered Monte Cassino from the German Paratroopers 3<sup>rd</sup> Regiment Forces. The Allied Forces attack units at Monte Cassino were 36<sup>th</sup> & 34<sup>th</sup> US Divisions, New Zealand Division, and the 4<sup>th</sup> Indian Division including several battalions of Gurkhas. "2-Polish Corps-the 3<sup>rd</sup> Carpathian and Kesowa Divisions". In May the night of 17/18, 1944 with heavy losses, the Polish forces led by General Wladislav Anders captured the Axis stronghold 30 miles South of Rome. It was slow, hard, and bloody work. Thanks to the effort by the Poles and all of the Allies were finally able to open the road to Rome after this fierce and costly battle. Allies now had footholds on the Continent to Hitler's West and South. He was being surrounded and his defeat would become just a matter of time. Several days after Monte Cassino fell to the Polish Forces. On May 25, 1944. Polish Forces 2<sup>nd</sup> Corps with the support of the 2<sup>ND</sup> Polish Armored Brigade did take the Piedmont Italy. British, Canadian, and US Forces invaded the Normandy Beaches on D-Day, June 6, 1944. The same Polish Forces who had captured the strategic positions at Monte Cassino and Piedmont were shipped to Calais, France, and continued to

fight the German Forces there. We shared the bond of nationality surviving the war even though I was on the other side in the German Army as a labor conscript by the Nazi. These Polish Troopers that I served with were brave and valiant heroes. When we weren't on duty, the other Polish soldiers and I liked to relax from the nerve-wracking nights guarding secret underground storage depots in the pitch-dark German forests and share stories. Those like me, who did not or could not participate in fighting to free our homeland during the war, were an eager audience for our veteran buddies who had. I learned, a lot about bravery from those troopers. The men who captured Monte Cassino wanted to go back where they lost lots of their buddies and look at it when all was quiet. I wanted to go too.

**This was my dream for many weeks and to this day.**

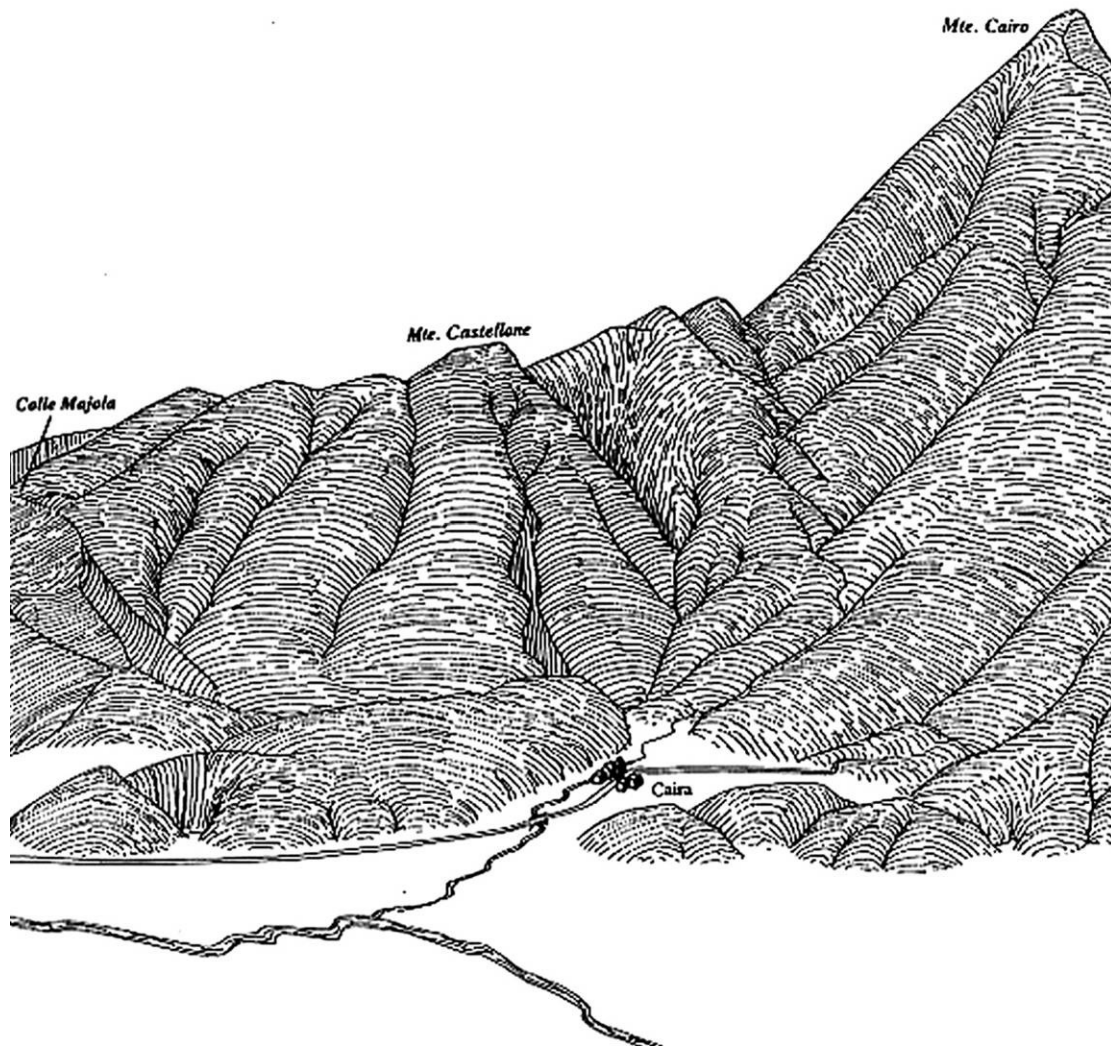
1949 Three of us went on a short leave pass and we took a train, but the journey was not joyful. My two buddies were mostly somber and unusually quiet. Upon arrival at Monte Cassino we bought some bread from the local people and some other food to go. Food in those days was still scarce and costly, we did some barter. We walked and walked and claimed to the Monte Calvario (Point 593) Polish Cemetery. I watched as these tall, handsome men, with tears rolling down their cheeks, recalled and explained every cliff and "point map" numbers of the strategic hills where the battles took place as they and their fallen comrades fought for victory and survival itself. In a consoling way, we huddled in tears as we began to descent back to the railroad station and our still, every day Special Forces Army life. One day I will have go there.



**The Memorial on Point Hill 593, expresses the Polish Forces Heroism.**



We the Polish Soldiers, for our freedom and yours, have given our souls to God, our bodies to the soil of Italy, and our hearts to Poland



Monte Cassino in profile (looking Northwest toward Rome). From a sketch drawn by a Polish Artilleryman. Straight up, Monte Calvario (Point 593) Polish Fighting-Falling Soldiers Cemetery.



THE ABBEY OF MONTECASSINO  
BEFORE THE DISTRUCTION ON FEBRUARY, 15 1944



THE ABBEY OF MONTECASSINO  
AFTER THE DESTRUCTION ON FEBRUARY, 15 1944 BY US BOMBERS  
B-26's B-25's and B-17's

JUNE 25, 1950 WAR BROKE OUT IN KOREA AS FORCES FROM THE COMMUNIST NORTH  
IVADED THE SOUTH KOREA BY CROSSING THE 38<sup>TH</sup> PARALLEL.

JUNE 30, 1950; THE 81<sup>ST</sup> CONGRESS APPROVED PENTAGONS REQUEST FOR THE  
ENLISTMENT OF 12,500 INTO THE U.S. ARMY OF ALIENS BILINGUAL FROM BEHIND THE  
IRON CURTAIN.

**THE LODGE ACT OF 1950**

**Public Law 597—81st Congress**

**(As amended by PL 51—82nd Congress, PL**

**414—82nd Congress, and PL 149—84th Congress)**

**An Act to provide for the enlistment of aliens in the Regular Army.**

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That, with the approval of the Secretary of State, The Secretary of the Army, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Army may prescribe, is authorized until June 30, 1957, to accept original enlistments or reenlistments in the regular Army for periods of not less than five years of not to exceed twelve thousand five hundred qualified unmarried male aliens (without dependents as defined in section 4 of the Act of June 16, 1942 (56 Stat. 361), as amended, who are not less than eighteen years of age or more than thirty-five years of age; and, with the approval of the Secretary of State to accept reenlistment of any such alien upon the expiration of his original term of enlistment for such period or periods as the Secretary of the Army may determine: Provided, that persons enlisted under the provisions of this Act shall be integrated into established units with citizen soldiers and not segregated into separate organizations for aliens. Sec. 2. Provisions of law prohibiting the payment of any person not a citizen of the United States shall neither apply to aliens who enlist in the Regular Army under the provisions of section 1 of this Act nor to their dependents and beneficiaries. Sec. 3. So much of section 2 of the Act approved August 1, 1894 (28 Stat., ch. 179, 216; 10 U.S.C. 625), as amended, as reads; “and in time of peace no person (except an Indian) who is not a citizen of the United States or who has not made legal declaration of his intention to become a citizen of the United States, shall be enlisted for the first enlistment in the Army” is hereby suspended until June 30, 1957, with respect to enlistments made under section 1 of this Act. Sec. 4. Notwithstanding the dates or periods of service specified and designated in section 329 of the Immigration and Nationality Act, the provisions of that section are applicable to aliens enlisted or reenlisted pursuant to the provisions of this Act and who have completed five or more years of military service, if honorably discharged there from. Any alien enlisted or reenlisted pursuant to the provisions of this Act who subsequently enters the United States, American Samoa, Swains Island, or the Canal Zone, pursuant to military orders shall, if otherwise qualified for citizenship, and after completion of five or more years of military service, if honorably discharged therefore, be deemed to have been lawfully admitted to the United States for permanent residence within the meaning of such section 329 (a). —Approved June 30, 1950.

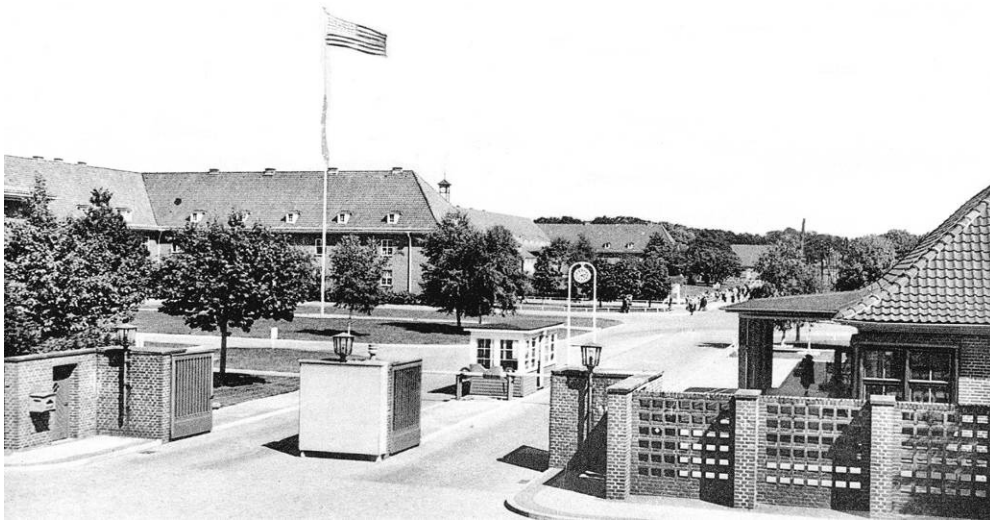
Aliens could enlist in the U.S. Armed Forces for five years, after which provided they received an honorable discharge—they would be able to apply for U.S. citizenship. It was an opportunity of a lifetime! Yazek, Bronek, and I jumped at the chance. We went to a canteen, purchased a bottle of whiskey; we sat down under a big oak tree talking about America. It was sunny and breezy. We sang some Polish songs, drank some more, and basked in dreams of a bright future. After we finished the bottle, we stumbled to the command office and met our Polish Commander. I informed him of our decision. I still remember his sort of half smarty-smile, saying, “Don’t tell this to anyone else; we may lose the entire company this way!” After extensive investigations by the C.I.D., C.I.A., and the German criminal authorities—and at the same time I.Q. tests and other tests over fourteen grueling months, on November 18, 1952, I was accepted and inducted into the U.S. Army. I felt like I had finally done it, what Mother and Father, and my uncles on both sides, in what seemed an eternity ago, had sacrificed so much, so that I could find this chance to emigrate to America, to fulfill a dream they all held dear. Now I could finally make good on their hopes. One of my happiest memories in my life is when I received leave to go and say “Goodbye” to my mother Nina and my sister Anne. I had visited Tittling a few times over the years, but it had by now been probably a good two years since I had been back. I remember that it was a long train ride—I was excited and impatient. My United States Army uniform was well tailored, and I looked very sharp, everyone on the train thought that I was from the U.S.—until I would start a conversation with them in fluent German. My mind and heart were on getting to Tittling to see my mother and sister. Just the thought that this little town, where my family and I had surrendered, frightened of U.S. forces six years earlier, was now going to be receiving me back as an American soldier in a crisp new uniform was simply overwhelming. My mother and sister did not know of my new venture and my new uniform. They only knew that the American and German authorities had come around to investigate me. My mother was visited and interviewed at length on numerous occasions. They also interviewed the local authorities and my friends. People knew something was up. But still, as I walked from the railroad station, meeting my old friends along the way, they were all in disbelief that little Adolf, their old friend, was now a U.S. soldier. I paused for a moment at the exact place where we had surrendered in 1945, being so afraid of the American troops. It was so surreal because the Americans had treated us so well. I hardly remember walking on from that spot when suddenly I was knocking at my mother’s door. She opened the door and became white as a sheet looking at her son. I could see the pride and the love in her eyes. I had an incredible feeling of joy in seeing her response because we had traveled so far for so long together. As it happened, Anne was getting ready for her first Communion when I arrived. With her long brown braids, she was pretty as a picture. I couldn’t believe how big she had gotten. My return to Tittling was the big event in this little town. My old friends and I got together and went to the Gasthaus. Of course we drank lots of beer and shared new stories and our old memories way into the night.

## Goodbyes Came Too Soon

It wasn't long before I had to leave Tittling to get ready for my trans-Atlantic journey. I hugged my mother Nina and sister Anne promising them that it wouldn't be too long before we were all together again because I would make sure they would become Americans, too. I waved goodbye to Nina and Anneliese as the train left the station knowing that an old part of my life was coming to an end and a huge new part just beginning.



November 1952, Bremen, Germany.  
Just before I was shipped to U.S.A.



Bremen Hafen, Germany. I was shipped from here.



1951. on .U.S. NAVAL SHIP MARINE LYNX Crossing the Atlantic a new chapter and a new life. This picture reminds me of the movie, "COMING TO AMERICA" I was really coming to America. Most people will not know the feeling.





“REALY COMING TO AMERICA” I am in the middle, Marek on the right and Ivanuk that saved me from being washed over board one day earlier by a huge wave. 1951 I joined the U.S. Army in Germany as Tadeusz Przegalinski for 5 years of active duty. I left Germany under Army orders December, 1952. I was excited, full of Hopes and Dreams.

Building a Legacy for My Family



I arrived in New York Harbor January 1952 I was 22 years old. For the first time in my life I was free.

The most beautiful sight in the world.

As if by fate, wouldn't you know, as I am writing this sentence it is Tuesday 10 p.m. on Independence Day, the 4th of July 2000. The Boston Pops Orchestra is playing "America the Beautiful," "The Star Spangled Banner," and the other great traditional pieces that are dear to all of us. In watching the Tall Ships in New York Harbor, I am again reminded more deeply of my arrival to this beautiful city and country in January 1953. I knew that I was becoming an American when I first laid my eyes on the Statue of Liberty.

**This was about the thirteenth time that I was saved.** This time by a friend soldier. Ivanyuch was from Ukraine. We became good friends. In December 1951, I left Bremer Hafen, Germany, under U.S. Army orders to New York on U.S. Naval Ship U.S.N. GEN J.H.Mc RA. From here I would be shipped to Ft. Devens, Massachusetts to receive intensive language schooling set up by the U.S. Army. I was crossing the Atlantic in December, and yes, I learned about the fury of Mother Nature on this voyage! One day I was standing on top of the deck with a buddy of mine, Ivanyuch. We were talking, excited about going to our new home and country. The wind and waves were so strong that we had to scream at each other to converse. I was about two feet from the ship's left sidewall and the handrail. Ivanyuch was at the rail. Suddenly I heard this thundering noise, as if something huge had hit the ship. The next thing that I knew, Ivanyuch grabbed my overcoat pocket and pulled me toward him. I hit the sidewall hard, off-balance. By instinct, I grabbed the rail. Thank God Ivanyuch had pulled me over to where I could reach it. The wave that had collided with us came at least five feet over and above the deck and splashed into us hard. If I hadn't been holding onto something I would have been blasted into the sea. I had been a strong swimmer, but no one would have been able to survive the pounding surf and the freezing water. The door to go below decks was open, and it started taking in water. A couple of soldiers had run up to close the door when they saw us. The ship was rocking back and forth. The wave that had drenched us was ice-cold, and more were on the way. The soldiers at the door screamed, "Hold on!" They threw a safety line to us and pulled us in. At the same time we heard over the loudspeaker, "Now hear this; now hear this; all personnel are to clear the deck!" It was good advice but for me, it was almost too late. I still think about that big wave, and that I could still be there a couple of miles submerged in the briny deep if it had not been for Ivanyuch. I had dodged death plenty of times already in my short life; and I thought what a dumb way this would have been to die. The ship, its crew and the cargo survived, and eventually the shores of the U.S. came into view. I remember seeing the coast growing clearer off in the horizon. I remember staring in awe as our ship passed the Statue of Liberty. It was everything I had dreamed of and it was a moment of awe that I will cherish for the rest of my life. With some excitement and apprehension about my new country and new language, I had a feeling that this was the beginning of a great adventure.



**“Freedom is the Strength of our Nation.”**

As before, many inheritances were squandered. Do we have enough principles and courage in us to maintain our inheritance? I lost my inheritance to the dictator of Russia, Josef Stalin. As for most Americans and the world at large, the United States of America is all of the free land and hope that is left. Reading the history about these four human beings and others, their personal lives, amidst insurmountable challenges and tragedies, how did they do it? Passing on to us such an incredible Legacy. Was God there for them in those difficult hours? Amongst others, these are my heroes! The strength and faith that they emanate is enough for a life time for any individual that reads and understands our history, their works, and their accomplishments.

**CHAPTER EIGHT:  
A Polish Ukrainian in Korea**

New York City, with all those skyscrapers, came into view as if it was some wonderful fantasy world raised from the depths of the ocean. Just the thought that this was going to be my home, the country that my father, and then my mother, tried so desperately to help us escape to, so that we would be able to live in freedom made me feel overwhelmed. To have arrived in New York Harbor in one piece, after that rough voyage, was the best gift of all! We were shuffled over to Navy buses once we docked and began our journey up to Fort Devens, Massachusetts. I felt like a kid on Christmas morning looking all around at all the sights; there were people everywhere, huge skyscrapers, and finally the endless rows of cars on the highway. It was amazing to see such huge highways nice and dry and packed with cars, in the dead of winter. Everybody on my bus was talking, laughing and having a great time, but I was glued to the window not wanting to miss anything. It was so much to try to absorb in such a short time. It seemed like a movie running at twice the regular speed. I just could not get it through my head that this land was now going to be *my* land! Finally the buses arrived at Ft. Devens. We were assigned to barracks, had our dinner that evening, and I settled into my new quarters. Then the race began with twelve weeks of schooling to learn everything—including the English language! The early weeks were a crazy time, but after five weeks of intensive special schooling, I passed the fifth grade education tests and received a weekend pass. I had two options; one was to go on the Garry Moore show, “What’s My Line,” where the participants were to guess that I—at the age of twenty-two—had served in four different armies; or two, go and see my buddy from the British Army in Germany, Benny Trembacz, who now lived in Providence, Rhode Island. I never forgot about Benny, and how he had taken me under his wing and shown me the ways of the world. We had kept in touch through my mother and I was thrilled for him when he made the big choice to come to America—especially because for so long he had seemed content with small-town German life. I was doubly thrilled now to be able to visit with him. Going on the Gary Moore show would have been fun, but the chance of seeing my old friend in this new country was too good to miss. I opted to see Benny.



### **Julie Williams**

I noticed a lady across the aisle as I was riding on the bus, struggling to get a lighter out of her purse. I obliged and lit her cigarette. This was my first encounter with an American girl. We started talking. Granted, my English was only at the fifth-grade level, but she didn't seem to mind. We improvised, and managed to converse with hands and feet, which we both thought was hilarious. She and I hit it off. Her name was Julie Williams. She was about 5'5", brunette with hazel eyes, good-looking, and very open and friendly. I liked that she really seemed to be interested in making conversation with me. I asked her for her telephone number before she got off the bus in Worcester. She did not have a pen, so I gave her mine, a nifty German one with red ink. She handed me the note, with a big, inviting smile, and got off the bus. What can I say? I must have had *it!* That weekend I was introduced to Chinese food in Boston for the first time. Benny drove me up there to wander through the city. I liked it, and I still do. Benny wasn't the only one from Germany that had come to Providence. He had managed to bring some of his buddies over too, many of whom I also had met and hung around with back in Germany. I enjoyed the weekend with my old comrades from Germany-days. We talked about lots of memories and ate lots of borscht and other Ukrainian dishes. The alcohol flowed quite freely and we sang and told stories. It was a really nice time. However, one of the stories that Benny told me stays vividly in my mind to this day. This was not an exciting tale to me. In one of those quaint little German towns, there were so many of them, during my time of transporting all sorts of cargo all over the British sector, and I was introduced to yet another Erika at a family dinner. At eighteen it seemed like every time I turned around I was in love with some cute little thing. Erika and I soon became good friends and had lots of fun going out together. On one summer evening we went out dancing, having fun with all of the German music and songs. We sang and danced most of the evening and obviously we also had done our share of drinking. Some time around midnight, some times it's called the witching hour, I began walking her home. It would have been much simpler if we had a car but nobody back then just after the war had one. What would have been gas money we spent on the drinks and walked a lot. As we walked and sang a little, we decided to take a short cut and go across a rising hill. Memory at this time apparently also took a holiday.

I remember we agreed to take a little rest on a beautiful grassy crest. We thought that since we were approximately half way home we deserved a rest. I don't remember ever being tired those days, but you know when people take a good long walk they need to take a rest, and it was just a good idea. We were awakened by human voices with the sun already up and the morning was picture-beautiful. I looked to my left and saw the people that woke me up. They were visiting with their old friends or family. Suddenly we realized that this was a cemetery and Erika and I fallen asleep right in the middle of it. I looked at Erika who was staring wide-eyed at me. I said, Erika don't be afraid, we are right in the middle of a cemetery. Let's go home before they bury us, or think that we were raised from the dead."





Erika is probably the only girl that could have kept me in Germany if I only had known.

Now, the rest of the story. As Benny and I sat somewhat away from the rest of the party, Benny said to me, do you remember Erika? I said yes, tell me about Erika! He said, "After you left our British-Polish operation in 1948 for the American sector in Kaiserslautern Germany, Erika found out that she was pregnant. There was no way to communicate with you, so she had an abortion." I was floored, heartbroken, and devastated. This alone, if I had known it, it probably would have meant that I would never meet the destiny awaiting me in the U.S. Army, and the U.S.A., Home of the Brave, my home. I could not have left Erika had I known that she was pregnant. When I got back to Ft. Devens, I dove back into my schooling and basic training. I wanted to get up to speed as quickly as I could. If I wasn't in class, I was studying, all the way up to the time the lights were turned off each night. I never called Julie, though I thought about her more than once. The 12-week school that was set up for us at Ft. Devens was for the bilingual people from behind the Iron curtain that joined the US Armed Forces for 5 years of duty to be assigned to appropriate areas of Intelligence. None of us spoke *the English Language*; therefore we had to be focused on the necessities at hand. The subjects were; English, American History, Math, and Army Terminology. This, incidentally, at 22 years of age, was the first time I entered a real school. As disciplined as it was, we found enough to have fun with during the classes. One of our teachers was a Lady Captain with Army Intelligence. She was a bilingual like us, extremely good looking, as cute as a button and sharp, in more ways than one.

She had a great sense of humor. On one of our first days, she was trying to explain what a hole looked like so she put her finger into a doorknob hole; the entire class had a great laugh. There were frequent explanations and incidents that were funny. The study of another language lends itself to so many jokes that revolve around language and a lot of those have to do with mistakes that are easy to make. Many of those involve bodily functions and reproductive processes. She enjoyed all of it just as we did. She would say, "You guys picking this up rather fast, you will be speaking good English soon enough." Well, five weeks later, I past the fifth grade of elementary schooling. That was when I got my first pass, and I chose to go to see my friend Benny in Providence, RI, instead of going on "What's My Line" on the Garry Moore Show. On the bus, on the way to see Benny, I met Julie Williams, one of my wives that were not to be.

## U. S. Soldier 1953 Model

Tadeusz Przegalinski was born December 8, 1930. Had he been born in the United States, he would probably have been nicknamed "Teddy" and have grown up living a normal, happy American kid's life.

Unfortunately for him, he was born in the Ukraine in Europe, meaning that from early boyhood his family was pushed out of their native land and harried all over Europe by German, Russian and other armies. Too young to be a soldier, and classified for most of his life as a refugee, he didn't get such a good deal for the first 15 years of life.

In 1945 he met his first American soldiers and became friendly with a

*Continued on Page Two*



## 1953 Model . . .

*Continued from Page One*

few of them. He decided that they looked "sharp". The more he saw of them, and the more he heard about the United States, the more he said to himself "That's for me." He was still too young to join the army, but he had the idea firmly in his mind.

In 1952 Tadeusz achieved his heart's desire. He enlisted in the U. S. Army at Kirchheimbolanden, Germany on February 7th. On January 19, 1953 he came to the United States; first to Camp Kilmer, N. Y. and a few weeks later to Fort Devens where he attends the English Language School - the only school of its kind in the Army.

Says Tadeusz: "I am very happy - I can truthfully say I've found a home in the army. I am not alone - there

are about 150 men like myself, all from countries now behind the Iron Curtain, who are proud and glad to be enlisted in the U. S. Army. Our five years will be good years. We like this army - we like the freedoms here - we like America."

The English Language School is part of the Language Qualification Unit of the 1013th ASU of Fort Devens. It has been in operation since 1951, and has graduated more than 300 men since it was first opened. The men enlist for five years, in Europe, and are eligible for American citizenship at the end of their enlistment. All come to this country under provisions of Public Law 597 - the Lodge Philbin Bill establishing their right to enlist and become eligible for citizenship of the United States.

For 14 months of CIA CID and German Criminal investigations and IQ tests, I was accepted for 5 years of active duty of which 13 months was in Korea, 1953 was injured on the 38 parallel 40 Division.



The two Soldiers in the Center of the picture show “1917 and 1953 Uniforms”. Soldier on the left is Pvt. Joseph La Page of Lewiston, Maine, third generation of his family to come into the Army in Fort Devens Massachusetts. He is dressed in a 1917 uniform. The other soldier is the author, Pvt. Tadeusz Przegalinski of Ukraine, Alien enlistee from behind the Iron Curtain. The passage of the Lodge Act of 1950, Pentagon Requested 12,500 Bilinguals for 5 years of active duty for various Army Intelligence. Approved and Ratified by the 81<sup>st</sup> 82<sup>nd</sup> and 84<sup>TH</sup> Congress Pvt. Tadeusz was attending the English Language School at Fort Devens. Looking on are: Ernest G. Seeley, first inductee of Camp Devens on 5 September 1917, and Mrs. Seeley, honored guests for Armed Forces Day.

**(Official U.S. Army Photo by Pvt. Edwards)**

### **THE LODGE ACT OF 1950**

**Public Law 597—81st Congress**

**(As amended by PL 51—82nd Congress, PL**

**414—82nd Congress, and PL 149—84th Congress)**

**An Act to provide for the enlistment of aliens in the Regular Army.**



Voice of the..

# FIRST ARMY

Published  
for the  
Information  
of All  
First Army  
Personnel

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GOVERNORS ISLAND, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

APRIL 15, 1956

## Joint Chiefs of Staff



Left to right, Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations; Gen. Nathan F. Twining, AF Chief of Staff; Adm. Arthur W. Radford, chairman; Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, and Gen. Randolph McC. Pate, Marine Corps Commandant, in a recent pose in Washington.

## EM Travels 'Rocky Road' to Freedom

**Fort Devens**—When a man is after freedom, his quest may take him to many lands and dress him in many uniforms. Tadeusz Przegalinski is living proof of this.

Recently assigned to this post's 74th RCT as a wheeled vehicle mechanic, SP2 Przegalinski gained a sober knowledge of war at twelve years of age and has served under the military aegis of Germany, Poland, England, and now the United States.

He grew up on a wheat farm in Kiev, Russia, and knew the sharp pinch of hunger when his family's land was collectivized and they were allowed barely enough food for subsistence.

When the Germans invaded the Ukraine in 1942, Tadeusz was one of many who followed them, hoping they might gain relief from the oppression they

(continued on page 5)

## Road to Freedom

(continued from page 1)

were under. Now twelve, he labored as a truck driver, skirting the front lines, for clothing and a salary of two cigarettes and twenty-five cents a day.

The labor company was part of the unit that surrendered to American troops near Passau. Tadeusz, war weary, discarded all identification and fled to the American Zone where he found work and the chance to acquire an education in mathematics from a professor he had known in Russia.

After service with a Polish Company incorporated into the English Army in Germany, he joined a Polish contingent of those who had found refuge in the American sector.

Finally, his Odyssey reached its final chapter with enlistment in the United States Army in November of 1952. His tours of duty took him to Fort Devens for an English language course, and then to Fort Lewis, Korea, Hawaii, and Fort Hood.

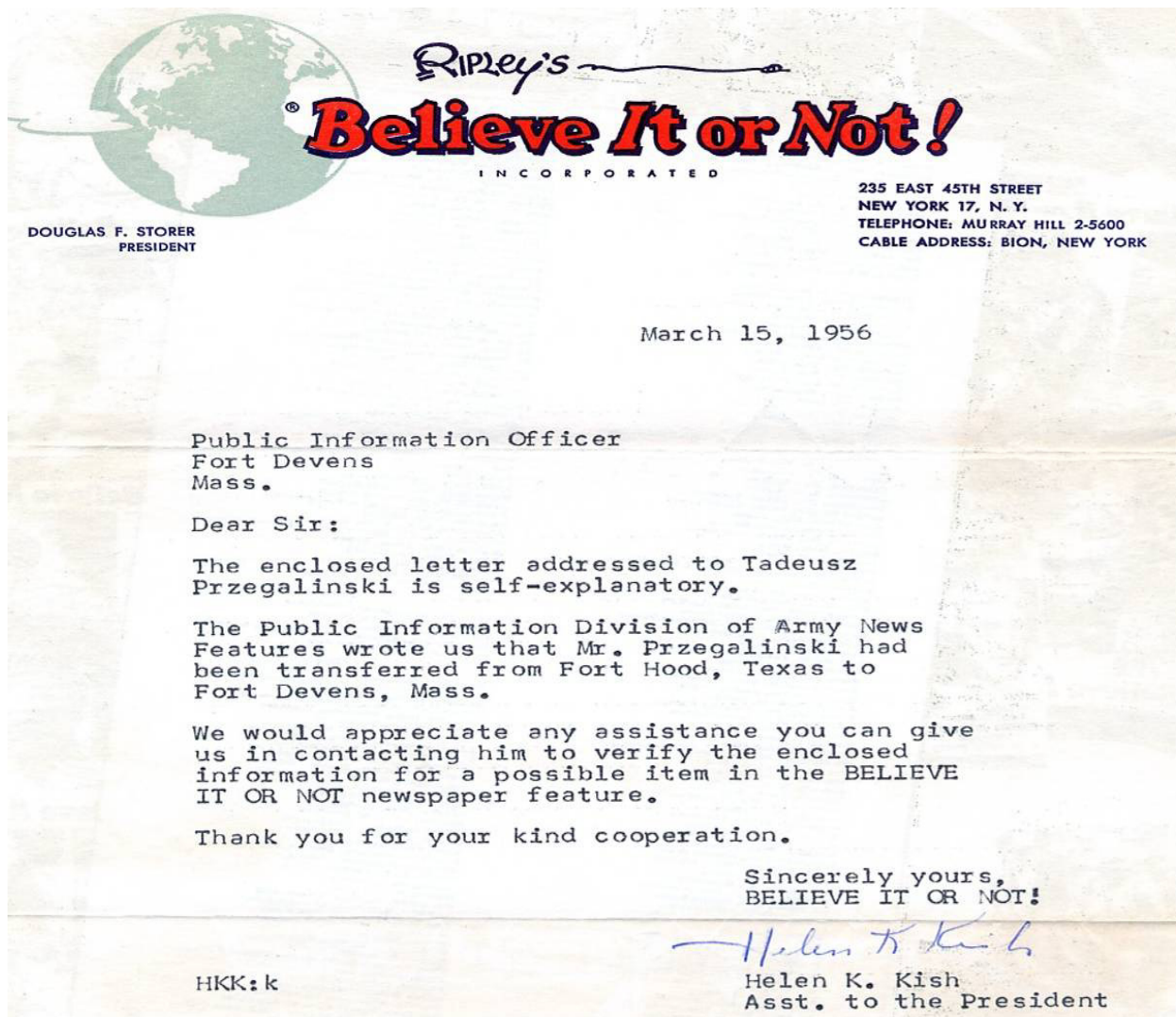
**Specialist Przegalinski, denied educational advancement as a boy, plans to attend college and study construction engineering at the completion of his military service. He has already attained a high school diploma through USAFI.**

Of more immediate importance to him, however, is the American citizenship which he will acquire next year. He has come a long and hard way for it.



**Basic Training**  
**Ripley's had a tough time to catch up with me.**

On May 27, 1953, I was assigned to the 44<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division at Ft. Lewis, Washington for sixteen weeks of basic training. Upon arrival at Ft. Lewis, I had just enough time to have some chow, make my bed and to settle down. The next morning I was asked to report to the Company Commander. The Captain had my file laid out in front of him. He said, "At ease, good to have you." Sergeant Bow was also present. "I enjoyed looking through your military record and your background." He asked me about my service in the British Polish and the American Polish Occupational Special Forces in Germany. Out of respect, I just answered, yes sir and no sir and kept it short. My first encounter was cordial to say the least. The Captain's voice and demeanor he spoke with discipline and pointed ness. He said, "I have asked Sergeant Bow to appoint you as the Third Platoon Leader. After Basic Training, Korea was my next stop.



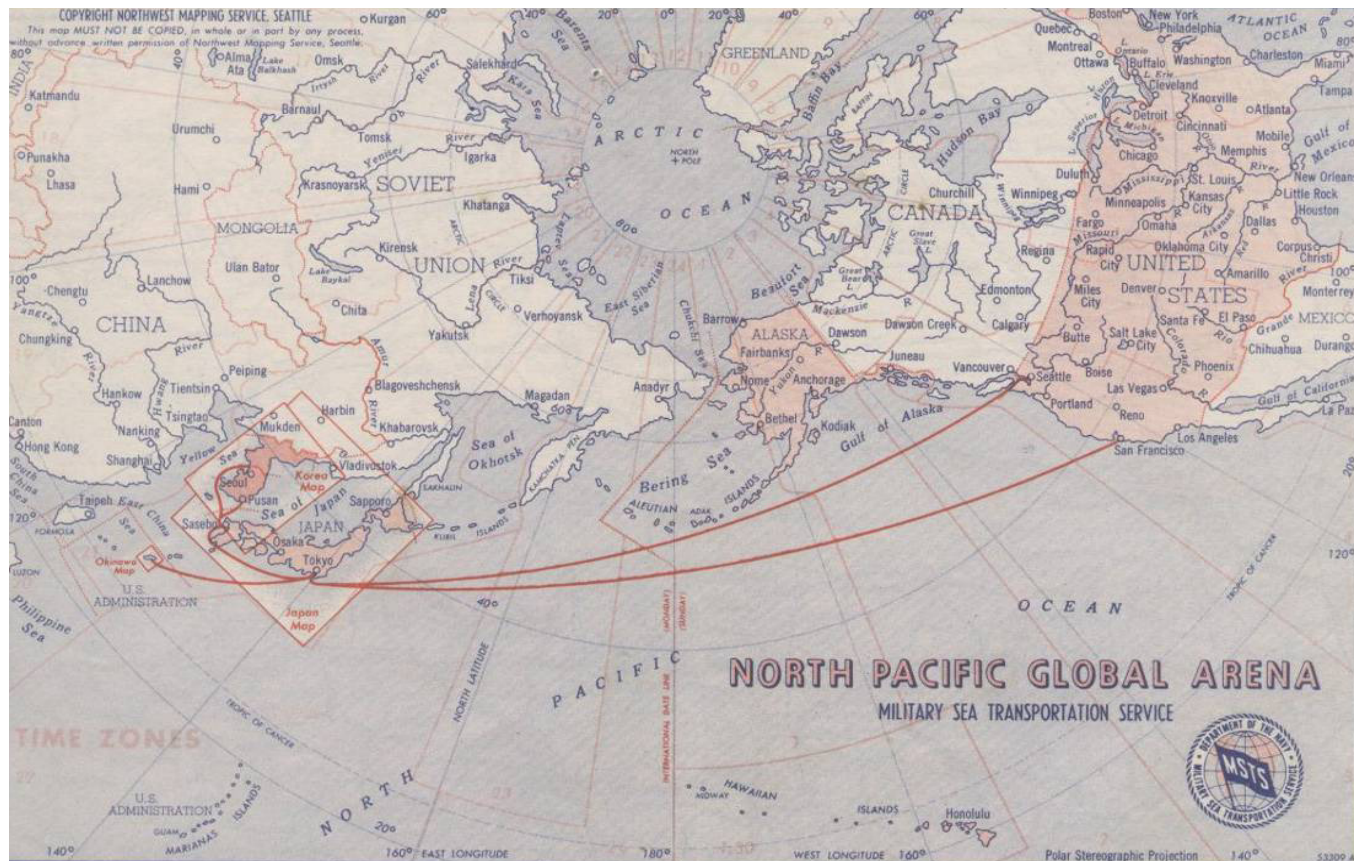


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Barracks I was thinking of my three buddy troopers that were combat veterans at their young age, also from behind the Iron Curtain and from the same school and background as I was. When I saw these three buddies of mine sitting on their footlockers conversing and joking in Polish, I was delighted. I said to Vladek, Murek, and Bronek, You are the First, Second, and Third Squad Leaders. Next, I knocked on Sergeant's door and all four of us walked in. The introduction was short; the Sergeant was pleasingly surprised that we had put our marbles together that fast. As the trainees were getting ready for their first inspection the next day, among other things the Sergeant spent the remainder of the day briefing the four of us. These were some tough enlistees. They were from New York to Kentucky and they did not know their left foot from their right foot, but it did not last long before they marched in unison and we became the best platoon at the end of the basic training. It was almost overnight that on 1, July 1953 I was on the U.S. Naval Ship General W. H. Gordon. We left for Sasebo Japan, and from there I was shipped to Korea. Our ship broke down *en route* and we limped into Port Whittaker, Alaska. For one day I watched Alaska-the-beautiful from the ship. For the next sixteen or so days there was nothing but the Pacific Ocean which at times was anything but pacific, but that came with the territory. It was not a joy ride. Other than the breakdown and the endurance, the journey was uneventful. From Sasebo, Japan I was shipped to Inchon, Korea. Finally, I was assigned to the 40th Infantry Division, 625th Field Artillery Battalion A Battery on the 38th parallel in South Korea, as a heavy track mechanic, working on the half-tracks that pulled the enormous howitzer cannons and all the rest of the Army vehicles. I also pulled guard duty. And I remember it being extremely cold, especially scrunched in a foxhole behind a cold fifty-caliber machine gun at 3 a.m. When the nights were pitch-black, and every sound kind of rattled your senses. It

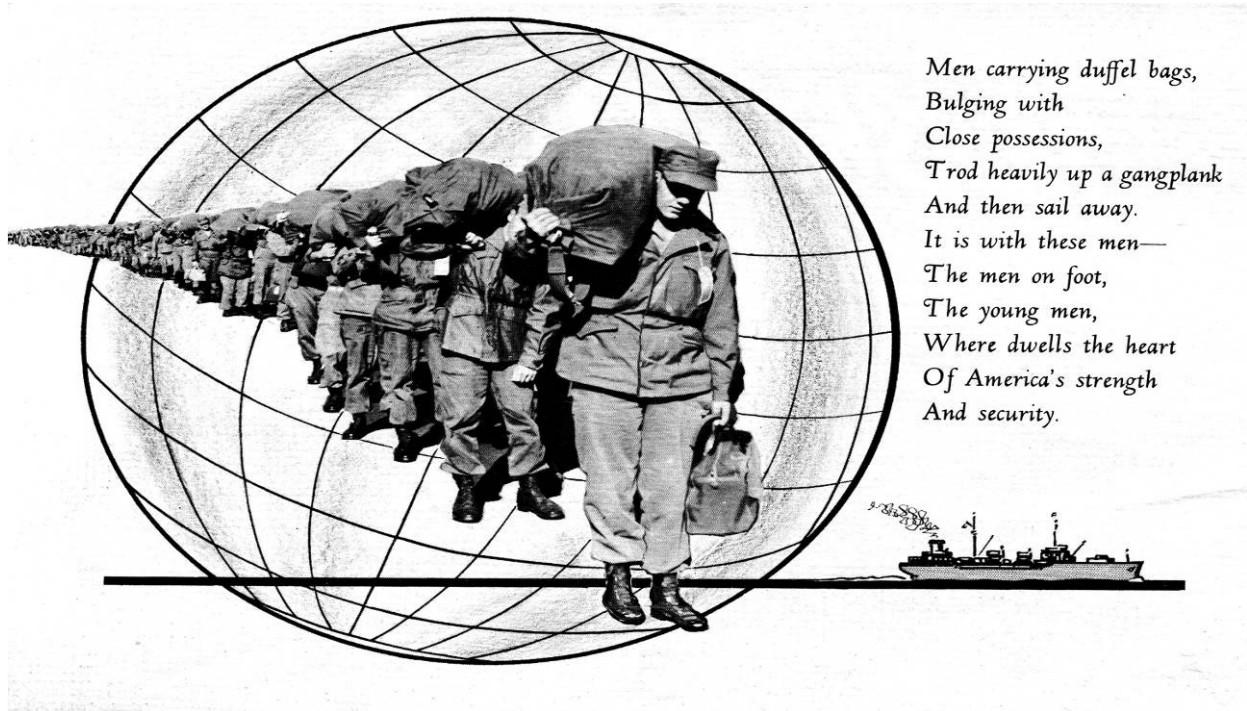
reminded me of my days guarding the munitions depots in Germany with the US Polish Forces.



**This was our Blood Line.**

The Blood line from U.S. to Tokyo, Okinawa, and Seoul Korea. And back!! We left from Seattle, and came back to San Francisco. In my case it was 13 months later, to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. When I was on the 38° Korea, this was the closest that I ever got to my Father. My Father was in Khabarovsk Siberian prison just north east of Vladivostok. On many a cold night, behind a 50 caliber machine gun, I prayed. Remembering when he bought me my first orange at 7 that he paid with his last \$ 2.00 Rubles for it

## 1953 Korea Bound



Men carrying duffel bags,  
Bulging with  
Close possessions,  
Trod heavily up a gangplank  
And then sail away.  
It is with these men—  
The men on foot,  
The young men,  
Where dwells the heart  
Of America's strength  
And security.



Sailing time. The ship slowly pulls away. Good-byes have been said. The hurried last phone call was made; the last letter was posted. Soon land will fade from the horizon and for days to come the sea will be a mysterious and treacherous companion.

Korea Bound: This waving beautiful girl reminds me of Julie Williams.  
I am sure that every one of those troopers felt the same way  
About leaving their sweethearts behind.





*The MYSTIC Order of the Golden Dragon*

Korea-Bound October 16, 1953

USNS MARINE LYNX

By crossing the 180<sup>th</sup> Meridian Line

Every Trooper on this ship received the

Golden Dragon Ruler of the 180<sup>th</sup> Meridian Document

A Credit to the US Armed Forces for a wonderful sense of humor

At times of war. It also makes a great Historical Document.

"When we were Soldiers---and very-very Young."

Not quite a Vacation, this is Korea.  
Beautiful and dreary Sand like Mountains in the background  
Green Beautiful young Forest in the foreground, very young.  
Just keep looking you'll see it.



Field Hospital  
And Company Mascot  
"Boots" 4 white paws  
40<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division  
625<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery  
Battalion  
A Battery on the 38<sup>th</sup>  
Parallel



We were soldiers and very-very young

1953 Guarding Perimeter in Korea and the simple life, lots of fresh air. It seems as if Siberia and Alaska met right here in the wintertime 8,000 miles from nowhere! Bottom right a half track that pulls 105 or 155 howitzer artillery pieces. They do not do well this deep in the river. It was a job to pull it out and

make it operational again. I am working on one on page-272. Not far to the left during an alert I was injured while running to the machinegun position.

**1953 INJURIES RECEIVED IN KOREA 40<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION**

**TADEUSZ PRZEGALINSKI CPL RA-10812458 ALIAS-TAD GALIN**

1953 At about 3:00 AM during alert, I ran through the field towards 50 caliber entrenchment and stepped into an old barbwire round fence post hole with my right foot. Similar to the one round fence post seen left bottom picture by the 50 caliber machine gun. My right foot was wedged in and my toes were touching my shin bone. In extreme pain, I could not pull my leg out falling back onto my right side injuring my right shoulder, neck and my back. I must have been for a short time temporarily passed out. When I came out of it, it was in a Field Hospital my buddies with some digging and difficulties pulled my leg out. Medics and a Doctor straightened my foot out with some tight bandages. It seemed like a semi cast of sorts. I heard one of them saying that my right leg Achilles' heel tendon was torn to more than 85%. I was on crutches for several weeks. Later on I did not go back for treating the pain and discomfort that I was living with for fear of a medical discharge.

I had a commitment to the U.S. Army to serve 5 years of active duty, after honorable discharge I would become a U.S. Citizens. After my discharge, I would be starting a new life in the U.S.A. As per my records, I came to the USA on Army orders January 19, 1952 from Germany. Getting a job in civilian life with disability would not have helped me. I was mentally convinced and committed at that time that I was not going to have a medical discharge. On July 12, 1973 My Military Personnel Records were destroyed in a fire at the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri. Supporting page National-Archives info on page 222. Through all these years, I never had any intention to ask V.A. for help. As the years went by, as simple as shopping is, parking at a given distance is not. Not to mention the cost of living.

As of October 3, 2005. I have put together some 43 pages of my military records including thirteen months in Korea. Enclosed a medical record of 1968 from Dr. Edward Drogowski, MD Orthopedic Surgeon, 248-651-3323. The records and X-Rays from SHORE CHIROPRACTIC Marilyn Shore D.C. 561-278-2727. Also the records of being a patient since 1982 of Dr. Ronald Drucker 954-486-1923.

BROWARD CHIROPRACTIC CENTER, INC. Fort Lauderdale Florida.

Richard S. Kleiman, M.D., F.A.C.S. 954-765-3200 Orthopedic Surgeon.

50 years later with this letter, 43 pages of my Army documents enclosed on October 3, 2005. I am applying for my Veterans disability status.

Sincerely,

Tad Galin

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)

**Legacy For Life:**

<http://www.i26forhealth.com>



***This Is The Day  
I Beat The C.I.A.  
( also known as Black Ops )  
At Their Own Game***

One day I was asked to report to the Commanding Officer. Without any ceremony, he handed me my orders stating that a helicopter would be picking me up in twenty minutes. I was being transferred to Intelligence Operations in Seoul, Korea. I was ready: minutes later a helicopter landed, my Company Commander was standing outside by his Command Office. He returned my salute and seconds later I was in the air. The idea behind the Lodge Act had been that bilinguals like me would at some point be assigned to the intelligence operations within the U.S. Armed Forces. That's where I originally was supposed to go, but bureaucracy kept me on the front lines for all those months before the orders came through. But now, Seoul was my next home. It was the nicest home I had ever had up to that point! I had a private room with a maid. She would mop my wooden floor, make up my bed, and iron my scarves and uniform. This sudden change in my lifestyle blew me away! To go from a pitched tent on an open desolate countryside, 8,000 miles from nowhere—or so it seemed—to living like this! I said, "Well, this is for my country; *somebody* has to make a sacrifice." It took me all of the five minutes to get used to it. I had not had a real shower in months. They gave me time to take a shower and put myself together to fit in with the Intelligence structure. I went downstairs for my first dinner at a real table in months, complete with white tablecloths, a menu and choice of three different soups. I found myself sitting with a Brigadier General and other high-ranking men and women officers, all speaking in familiar foreign languages with me. I settled into my new responsibilities quite quickly. Looking back, still and forever naïve, but I caught on fast; it seemed that everything I did there was a set up as a test, whether it was a one-on-one conversation or a group setting. They certainly were taking their time. Apparently I was becoming one of them.

One day I was asked to see the Commanding Officer. He asked me if I would consider transferring to Monterrey, California, for two years at the Intelligence School, training in five languages plus Army terminologies, however specializing in Russian language only perhaps for "a spy mission in Moscow my assumption is taking out of a story on page 223." Upon completion, I would receive my Officer's Commission. I had just been tapped to get into the work big-time. It was a *huge* opportunity. The downside was that it would mean that I would have to re-enlist for another six years and with my injuries I felt that it would be very difficult without detection and a medical discharge would follow. I asked, "How much time do I have to make a decision?" He said, "Three hours." I needed those short hours to be by myself so I went up to my room. My mind was racing. I was twenty-three years old now, ten years of which I had spent in four different armies. I had never had a home of my own, indeed, I did not even know what a home was like, but I was homesick all the same. I was yearning for civilian life and the freedoms that come with it. I was already working at getting visas to bring my mother and sister to America. When that finally happened I wanted and needed to be with them to help start a new life. It was very tempting I recognized that it was a great opportunity for me, but what I was concerned most of all was my injuries could I go through two years of training without being detected that I was disabled and medically discharged, my answer was no. So with as much gratitude and appreciation as I could express, I declined the offer to go to Monterrey CA.

Even now I have a funny feeling when I think about it, like how could I have had that much courage to decline such a chance at security in favor of the unknown.

When my stint in Seoul was up I was flown back to the 40th Division on the 38th Parallel, back to tents and foxholes and rations. I missed intelligence work, the environment, and the lifestyle. But in the end, I believe that I have made the right decision and did get my Honorable Discharged. This to me at that time was very important. When the 40th Division finished its tour of duty in Korea; they were shipped to their home base in California. I was transferred to the 25th Infantry Division, which was also on the 38th parallel, to finish my thirteen-month tour of duty. By this time the hostilities had stopped, and a relative peace had begun to take hold. However, the atmosphere was still plenty tense. My company was surrounded with barbed wire, booby traps, and flares. The surrounding terrain was hostile, to say the least, and bitter cold as winter descended. Here I was also maintaining the M46 Tanks and "Low Boys" Trucks including working on their carburetors; fixing leaky fuel lines in the dead of winter was not fun. Barehanded, you could work for only seconds at a time before the chill bit into you. But with bulky gloves on, it was useless even to try.

### **Julie Williams Again**

During my downtime, I kept studying and learning English on my own. I frequently used my dictionary, trying to build my vocabulary and I wrote notes to friends. One day, I found in my dictionary a little note with an address and phone number scrawled in a familiar red ink. It had been from my German pen, and the address was Julie Williams's. At first I couldn't think who the heck Julie Williams was, so I set the note aside and went back to my studies. Then it hit me—hard! Julie Williams, the girl from the bus! I had never written her. It had been months since we had met, but I took a chance and wrote her a letter anyway. To my amazement, she answered, and our correspondence began. Another soldier, Lake Andrews, was a good friend of mine. Since my English was not what it is today, I asked him to help rewrite my letters to Julie. He agreed. Lake would also read her letters to me. It wasn't long before we were both looking forward to receiving mail from Julie. She'd send pictures, news from home, and she'd tell me what she did during her days. She'd write stories about her life, and I'd do the same back. We were really falling for each other. In time, things got very serious. Julie even started talking about marriage, planning a life together that we would have her parent's house for us to live in when I got back to the U.S. I liked her—I liked her a lot. But in the end I felt that it would be unfair to Julie because while in the 40<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division in South Korea I sustained injuries to my right leg, right arm shoulder, neck and several places on my back. I dreaded to have a medical discharge, and look for a job as a disabled Veteran. I never told Julie about my injuries, I didn't think I was a good candidate for marriage, and at any rate did not have much to offer her. So with much pain, one day I asked Lake to help me write Julie a "Dear John" letter. Even so, I still continued to receive her letters for months to come.

When I look back now, because of my injuries it sure seems like I was running from getting married all those years. I never answered Julie's letters. Julie continued writing to me. I continued to enjoy her letters to the very end; the letters were very comforting and precious. Some nights I would be relieved from my fifty caliber machine gun nest at 3 a.m. By then there was always someone in the kitchen fixing the companies' breakfast, on crouches I would walk to the kitchen pick up half a dozen raw eggs and half a loaf of bread and walk to my tent. The potbelly oil stove inside was cherry hot, a beautiful and welcome site on many nights. Put my crouches to the side against the tent next to Julie's picture take off my boots and parka, I would eat my raw eggs, crawl into my sleeping bag. The stove gave enough light for me to see the picture of Julie on my tent wall. She was in her bathing suit looking beautiful. It was hard for me not to answer Julie's letters. I would lay and think about the idea of marriage that she was constantly talking about trying to find out if I was ready for it. But I just did not think that it would be fair for Julie to wait on this guy and that she should be looking for a better future. This was one of my toughest decisions. Amongst other precious items, loosing pictures of my injuries while on crouches with many other things. I deeply regret losing Julie's pictures. I remember those nights thinking about her—thinking about a lot of things while convalescing my injuries. There wasn't a lot else to do. The radio would be playing just loud enough to hear Eddy Fisher singing, "O My Papa." It was one of my favorites, as I would always think of my father. I was geographically about as close as I would ever get to Siberia as the crow flies. I wondered if he was still alive. Then, Patty Page would come in with her song, "Cross over the Bridge," and I'd think about Julie again and fall asleep for the rest of the short night. I still wonder, "what if," to this day,

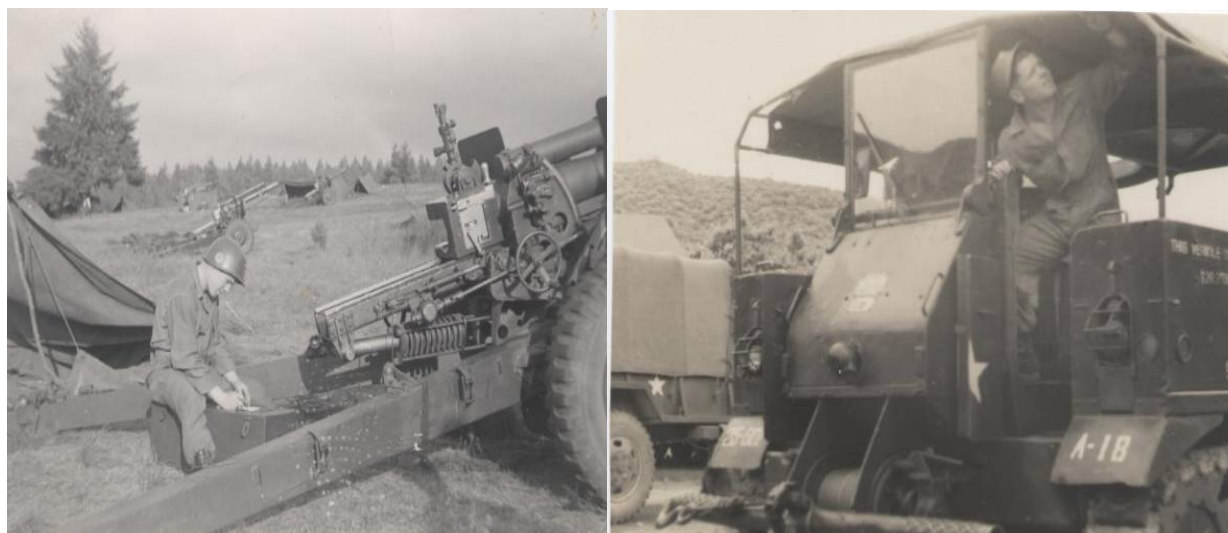


Some where 8,000 miles from home 38° Korea

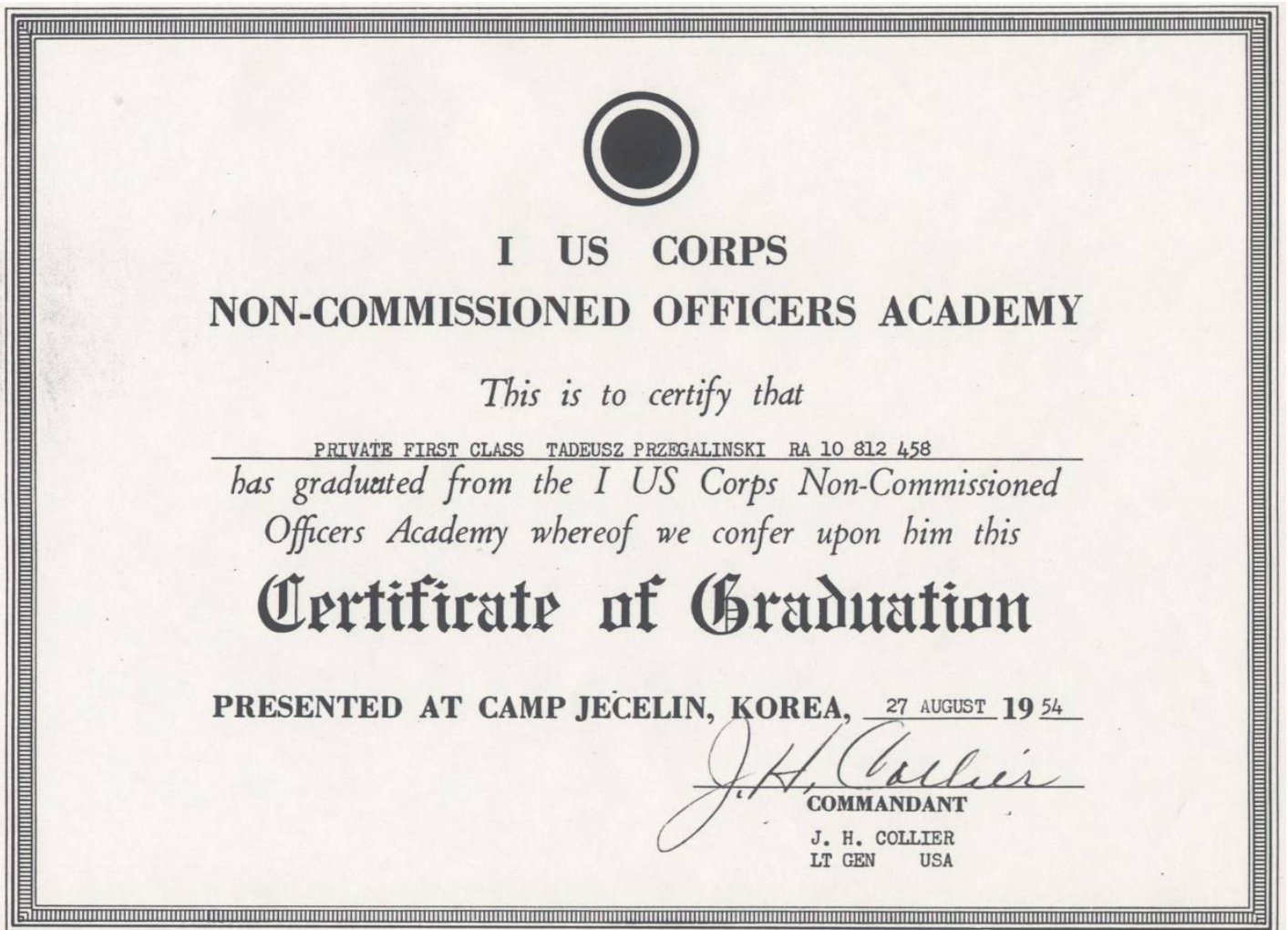


February 28, 1954

1953--Huge dining room Korea. Duce and a half--2½ ton truck unloading barrels of fuel. Lake Andrews on the left I am in the middle. Lake Andrews helped me to write love letters to Julie Williams. We both looked forward to receiving her love letters to me and shared the joy together. After returning from Korea, my buddy, Lake Andrews, and my girl, Julie Williams, got married to each other! This is before I ever heard the famous story of Cyrano de Bergerac I always wished them well.



ON THE RIGHT M-4 HALF TRACK PULLING 105 & 155 HOWITZER  
ARTILLERY PIECES.



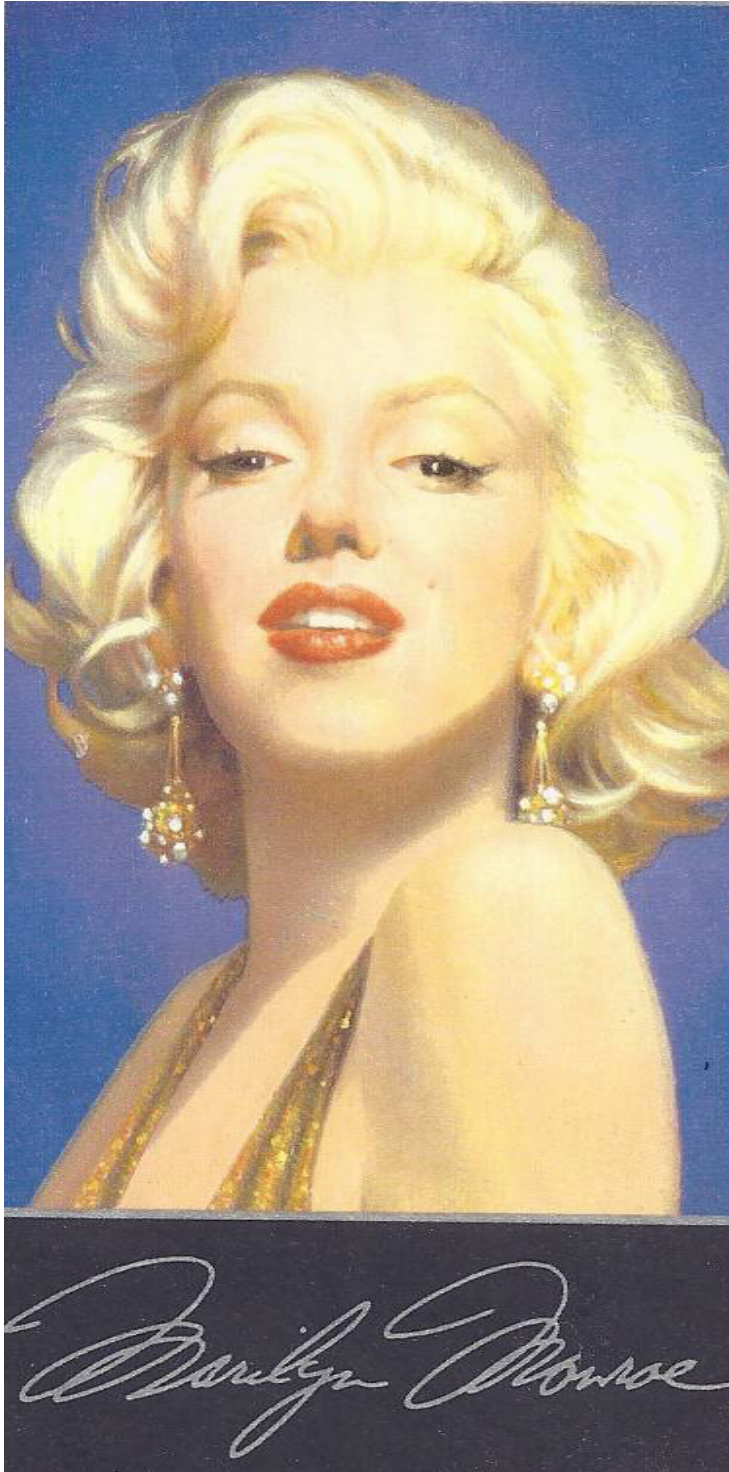
Here I worked hard to graduate without being noticed by the staff or my fellow Troopers that I was injured while serving with the 40<sup>th</sup> Division to make sure that I would get my Honorable Discharge and be eligible for my United States Citizenship. According to the Lodge Act of 1950 and my agreement with the U.S. Army. To me it was very important at that time.





Once we were assigned to guard Marilyn Monroe. With my  
Commanding Officer in the center. Marilyn interrupted her  
Honeymoon in Tokyo with Joe DiMaggio to visit American  
Troops in South Korea in 1954  
We were one excited audience.

LEGENDS OF HOLLYWOOD



Marilyn set  
The motion  
Picture Standard  
For  
Glamour  
And  
Sensuality  
in film favorites  
Such as

*Some like it Hot,  
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,  
Bus Stop,  
And  
The Seven Year Itch.*

Few other actresses  
personified  
The phrase  
“Hollywood movie star”  
as did  
Marilyn Monroe  
(1926-1962).

**Classically beautiful.**

Personally,  
I always felt  
that Marilyn Monroe  
Was a good omen  
For me,  
Since she left Joe DiMaggio  
In Tokyo  
And came to see me,  
  
To every one of us,  
She was U.S.A.,  
Some 8,000 miles  
From home and left us  
With life long memories.

1953 40<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION  
625<sup>TH</sup> FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION  
A Battery on the 38<sup>th</sup> Parallel South Korea.



To: THE DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

As I can read it, according to the Army Orders, copies were given to me by the HEADQUARTERS 44<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY DIVISION Fort Lewis, Washington SPECIAL ORDERS NUMBER 187 1 July 1953 (In addition SPECIAL ORDER 213 EXTRACT) DATED 11 September 1953) I was shipped on U.S. Naval Ship General W.H.Gordon to Sasebo, Japan. From here I was shipped to Port of Inchon S. Korea. From here, I was assigned to the 40<sup>TH</sup> Division SPECIAL ORDERS NUMBER 153 11 August 1953. SO 197 HQ 625<sup>th</sup> FA Bn. 12 Nov 53 par 2 cont 38 Parallel. My injuries occurred somewhere between November 1953 and May of 1954 before I was transferred to The Intelligence Operations in Seoul Korea. Here I was asked to go to Monterey CA. for 2 years of Army Intelligence School. Regretfully, I declined the offer because of my injuries. I could not serve another 6 years with out being detected with my injuries; therefore Medical Discharge that I tried to avoid would have followed. I was sent back to 40th Division on the 38th Parallel, back to tents and foxholes and rations. I missed intelligence work, the environment, and the lifestyle. But in the end, I believe that I have made the right decision and did get my Honorable Discharged. This to me at that time was very important. Since my 40<sup>th</sup> Division was leaving for their home base in CA. With the short remainder of my Army time I was transferred to 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division (Tropic Lightning) APO 25 90<sup>TH</sup> Field Artillery Battalion 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment on the 38<sup>th</sup> Parallel. From here when the time was up for me in 1954 and for the 25<sup>th</sup> Division. With 4,500 Troopers we were heading home that was to the 25<sup>th</sup> Div. Schofield Barracks Hawaii. On the way to Hawaii, we ran into a Typhoon that broke a Japanese Ship in two about 200 miles from us we were on stand by to abandon ship for hours, and had two Submarines guiding us. THESE EVENTS, TIME AND DATES, THE HIGHT OF THE WAVES, in general the history of this event on that fateful day. Once you confirm this, if you would, I AM ASKING YOU; PLEASE SHARE ANY AND ALL INFO WITH ME. I WOULD LIKE TO INCLUDE IT IN MY BOOK **"HITLER, STALIN AND I"** For the American history to preserve it for future Generations. Thank you.

Tad Galin. November 16, 2005

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)

**Legacy For Life:**

<http://www.i26forhealth.com>

1953 A PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION WAS ISSUED TO THE 40TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY DIVISION AND TO EACH INDIVIDUAL SOLDIER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA, SYNGMAN RHEE

SYNGMAN RHEE  
PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA

(Translation)

27 July 1953

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

The President of the Republic of Korea takes profound  
pleasure in citing

THE 40TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY DIVISION  
for exceptionally meritorious service to the  
Republic of Korea

during the period 30 June 1952 to 27 July 1953

The 40th United States Infantry Division arrived in Korea in January 1952 and assumed control of the Kumwha sector on the central front. Consolidating their positions along the entire line assigned to them, the troops of this Division maintained the security of a broad segment of the battle area and successfully contained the enemy. On 30 June 1952, the Division was relieved on position by the 2d Republic of Korea Army Division with artillery elements of the Division remaining on position in support of the Korean troops. Intermittently assigned to reserve and to front line positions, the Division continually rendered active support to various Republic of Korea units and made evident its superior combat and training proficiency. On 27 April 1953, the Division received the responsibility of defending part of the

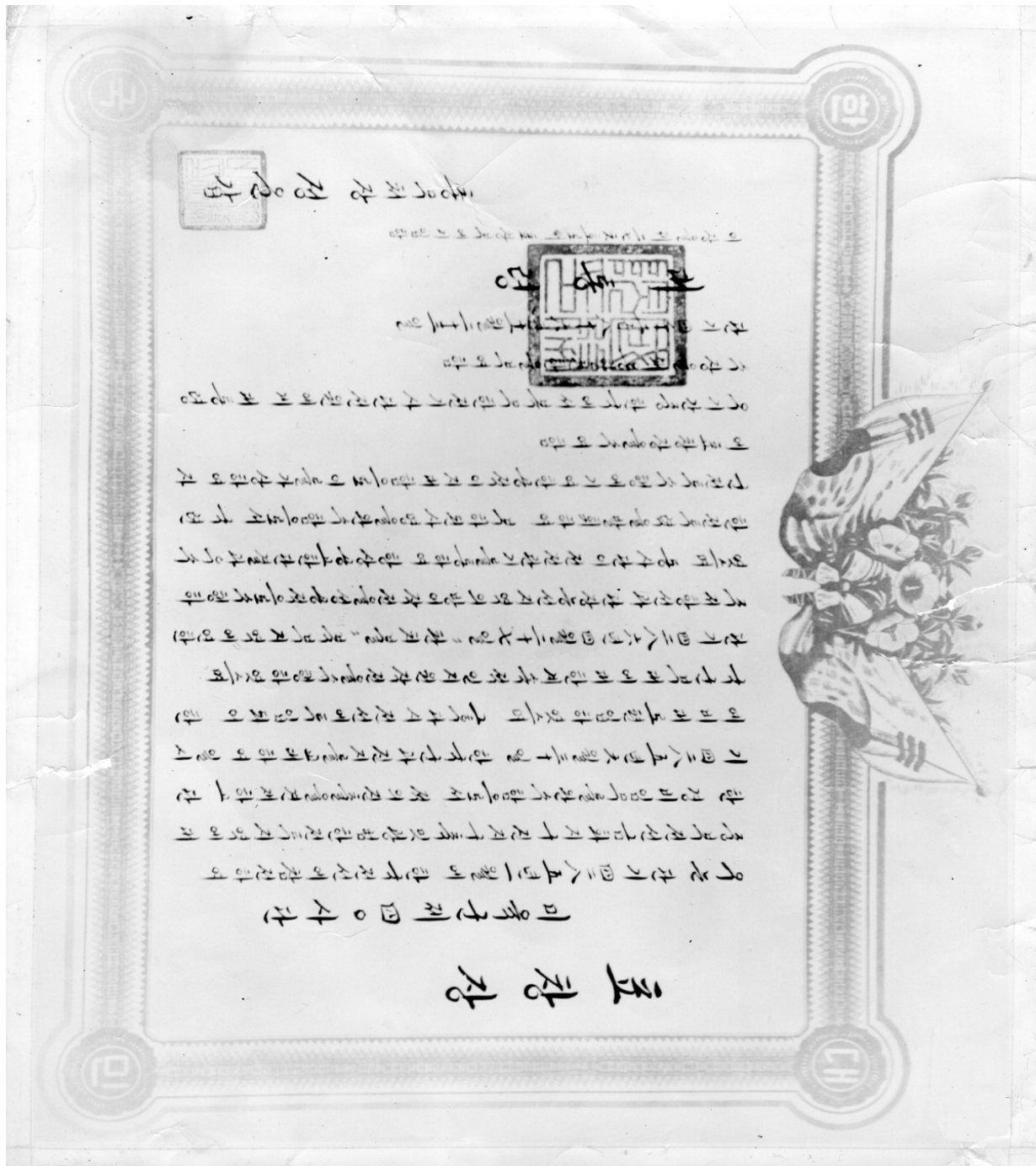


main line of resistance along the northern rim of the Punch Bowl and later was assigned to protect the Heartbreak Ridge sector. Division units such as 143d and 981st Field Artillery Battalion, and many others continued with their mission of supporting the 12th Republic of Korea Army Division. During the entire campaign, the Division displayed superb solidarity and combat effectiveness in performing the many vital duties assigned to it and exhibited outstanding resoluteness in its training and supporting of Republic of Korea forces. The individual concern of all member of the Division in aiding their Korean comrades-in-arms and the consistent efficiency prominent throughout the Division's service in Korea reflect great credit upon the Division, the United States Army, and the entire United Nations Forces.

By this citation each member of the 40th United States Infantry Division who served in Korea during the period 30 June 1952 to 27 July 1953 is entitled to wear the Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon.

*Syngman Rhee*



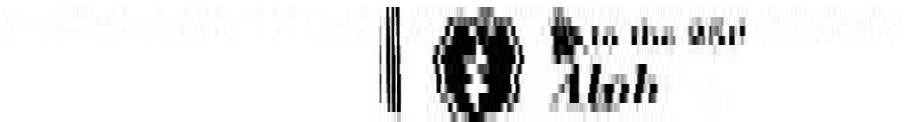


In Korean





25<sup>th</sup> Heads Home—Men of the 35<sup>th</sup> Regiment do their last marching on Korean soil as they board a lighter at Inchon for the first lap of their long trip to Schofield Barracks Hawaii. I believe I am the 6<sup>th</sup> from the right. My duffel bag hanging down from my left shoulder, my right shoulder, right leg and my back were injured.



**Leaving Korea, 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, Tropic Lightning,**

**25<sup>th</sup> Division has served in the following theatres.**

PEARL HARBOR-GUADALCANAL-NEW  
GEORGIA-LUZON-JAPAN-KOREA-VIETNAM

After its return to Hawaii from Korea in 1954, the Division established and conducted extensive training programs in jungle warfare techniques and the study of foreign languages and became the only trained counter-guerrilla unit in the U.S. Army.

**IN HONOR TO THOSE THAT GAVE IT ALL.  
The Congressional Medal of Honor**



The Medal of Honor, established by joint resolution of Congress, July 12 1862 (by act of July 9<sup>th</sup> 1918 and act of July 25 1963) is awarded in the name of Congress to a person who, while a member of the Armed Services, distinguishes himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while engaged in an action against any enemy of The United States; while engaged in military operations involving conflict with an opposing foreign force; or while serving with friendly foreign forces engaged in an armed conflict against an opposing armed force in twitch. The United States is not a belligerent party. The deed performed must have been one of personal bravery or self-sacrifice so conspicuous as to clearly distinguish the individual above his comrades and must have involved risk of life. Incontestable proof of the performance of service is exacted and each recommendation for award of this decoration is considered on the standard of extraordinary merit. The President, in the name of Congress, has awarded more than 3,400 Medals of Honor to our nation's bravest Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen since the decoration's creation in 1861. The Medal of Honor was first issued during the Civil War; it was the only military award for valor during that war 1,527 medals were awarded. During the military action in Vietnam, a much longer conflict than the Civil War, 238 medals were awarded.

**WE OWE SO MUCH TOO SO FEW. SOME GAVE,  
SOME GAVE IT ALL.  
BUT OUR FLAG THROUGHOUT THE NATION AND  
THE WORLD  
WILL BE ALWAYS FLYING TALL**

**1943 GUADALCANAL, SOLOMON ISLANDS,  
LUZON PILIPHINE ISLANDS,  
KOREAN WAR.**

**25<sup>TH</sup> division Medal of Honor recipients**

Lewis Hall	Guadalcanal 1943	Bloom, OH
Charlton H. Cornelius	Korea 1951	East Gulf, WV.
John W. Collier	Korea 1950	Worthington, KY
Raymond H. Cooley	Luzon 1945	Dunlap, TN
Reginald B. Desiderio	Korea 1950	Clairton, PA
Benito Martinez	Korea 1952	Fort Hancock, TX
Charles L. McGaha	Luzon 1945	Crosby, TN
Lewis L. Millett	Korea 1951	Mechanic Falls, ME
Laverne Parrish	Luzon 1945	Knox City, MT
Jerome A. Sudut	Korea 1951	Wausau, WI

**VIETNAM WAR: 1965-1975**

**During the Vietnam War, 22 Medals of Honor were awarded to 25<sup>th</sup>  
Division Tropic Lightning soldiers—more than any other Division.**

SPC Daniel Fernandez	Albuquerque, NM
CPT Riley Pitts	Fallis, OK
SPC Danny J. Peterson	Horton, KS
CPT Ronald E. Ray	
SPC Nicholas J. Cutinha	Fernandina Beach, FL
1LT Russell A. Steindam	
CPT Robert F. Foley	Newton, MA
SSG Paul R. Lambers	Holland, MI
1LT Rupert L. Sergeant	Hampton, VA
SGT John G. Backer, Jr.	Davenport, IA
SSG Melvin R. Young	
SSG Kenneth L. Stumpf	Neenah, WI
CPT Joseph X. Grant	Cambridge, MA
1LT John R. Warren, Jr.	
SGT Charles C. Fleek	Petersburg, KY
SGT Ted Belcher	Accoville, WV
SSG Robert W. Hartstock	Cumberland, MD.
CPL Thomas W. Bennett	Morgantown. WV.
1SG Maximo Yabes	Lodi, CA
1LT Stephen H. Doane	Beverly, MA
1LT Stephen E. Karopczyc	New York, NY
SSG Hammett L. Bowen, Jr.	Lagrange, GA

## **Another Ocean Crossing Homeward Bound--Hawaii**



### **The Story of U.S. Naval Ship General W.H. Gordon**

The USNS GENERAL W.H. GORDON, operated by the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service, was built in 1944 by the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Co., Kearney, New Jersey, and was named in honor of Major General Walter Henry Gordon who served in the Philippines, China, and France. Following construction the Gordon operated out of New York as a troop transport and during her many voyages in the Atlantic reached ports at Cherbourg, Plymouth, Marseilles, Oran, Mers-el-Kabir, Gibraltar, Naples, Casablanca, Le Havre, Southampton, and Trinidad. Shifting to the Pacific she sailed to Ulithi, Batangas, Manila, Leyte, Yokohama, Pusan, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore and Bombay. The first American ship to stop at Shanghai after the Communists took over; the General Gordon evacuated more than 1200 Americans, Britons, and Jewish refugees caught in China. On a following voyage the Gordon stopped at Tientsin for the evacuation of all American consular officials from north China. When the Military Sea Transportation Service was set up under the Navy, the Gordon was among the many transports turned over to MSTS in March 1950. During the conflict in Korea the Gordon carried thousands of United Nations troops between the West Coast and the Far East, and between ports in Japan and Korea. A P-2 type ship, the Gordon is 623 feet long, 75 feet wide, has a gross weight of 17,833 tons, and a cruising speed of 19 knots. She is equipped with modern navigational devices and life saving gear and her up-to-date facilities enable all to follow recreational, religious, and educational pursuits while at sea. Crewmembers of the Gordon are civil service employees and member of the military department are personnel of the U.S. Navy.

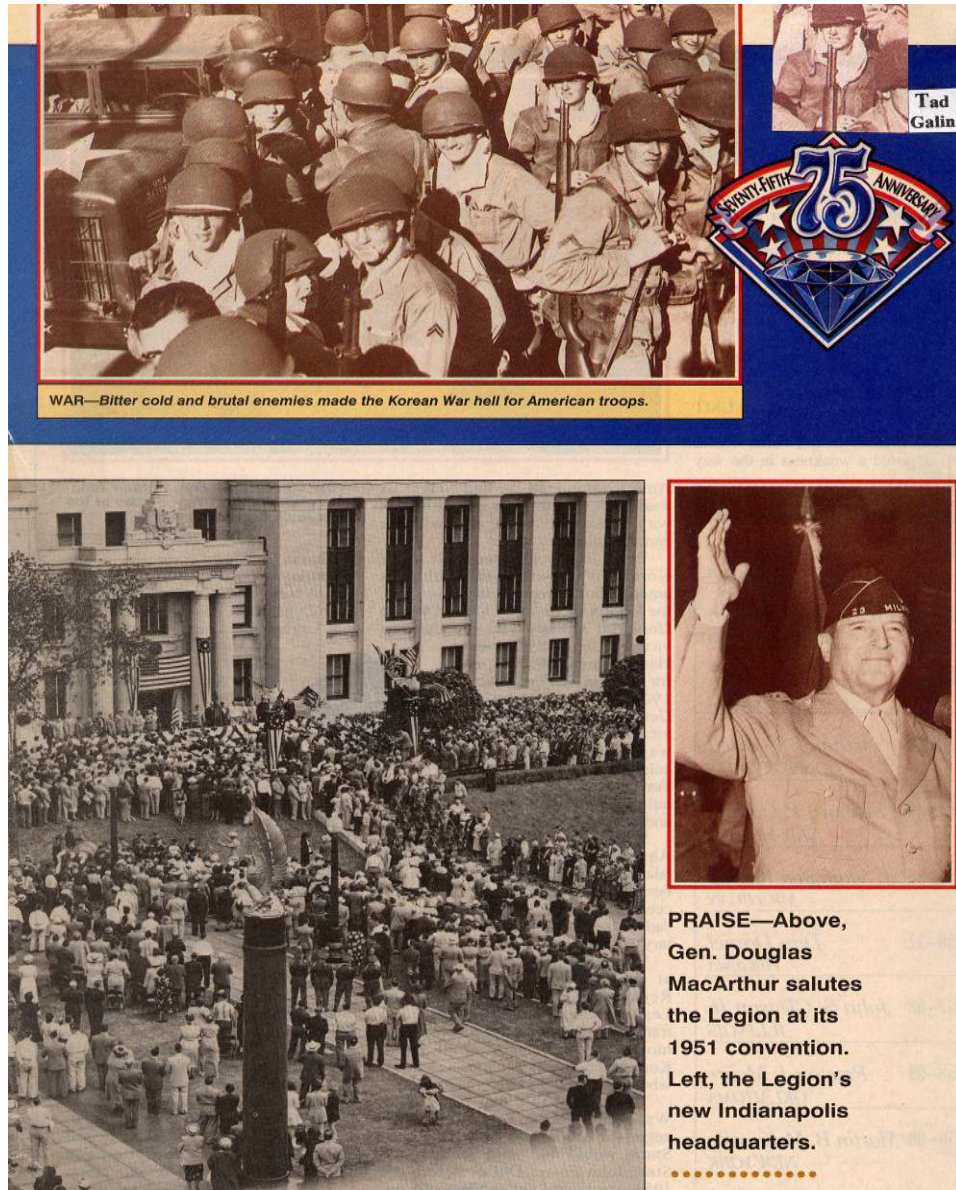
### **Homeward Bound:-Hawaii Through the treacherous Typhoon**

1954. When the 25th Division finished its tour of duty in Korea, the 25th returned to its home base, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. I was one of the 4,500 troopers on the U.S. Naval Ship sailing across the Pacific. We encountered a treacherous typhoon *en route*, one that had already broken a Japanese ship in two a couple hundred miles from us. It was moving too fast for us to change course. We had no choice but to tough it out. It was rough enough that we were on standby to abandon ship for hours. Two submarines had been called in to guide us and keep watch in case we got broken up. One of the most unfriendly places one would ever want to be is in sixty-plus feet of waves towering above you, pitch dark, with nothing but two or three miles of ocean under you if you went overboard. According to the instruments on the bridge, the ship was pitching at least 48 degrees up and down, slamming through the monstrous waves, and jarring your teeth with each impact. You just had to hang on to anything you could. At the beginning of it all, I was so seasick that I was lying between the duffel bags during a roll call. When my name was called, I raised my hand weakly. No one saw it, and I was reported as man overboard. It took a while before they realized where I was! It seemed like everything that we had eaten for the past two weeks was all over the walls, floors, sleeping bunks, and stairways. Everyone was sick. But it could have been much worse. If the ship had gone down, the fact that I had a life jacket on didn't give me any comfort; the sharks don't care what you're wearing. I was too sick to pray, but I sure had God on my mind. Suffice it to say, when we finally made it through and reached Hawaii, I discovered it was truly a paradise if only in contrast to the conditions we had been through. I, for one, promised to cherish the ground that I am walking on for ever.

**Another number fourteen a very close call. This one keeps me** away from any ship, including a cruise ship.

**1953 served 13 months in Korea; I was injured, right leg, right arm, shoulder and back.** It was not life threatening.





Above, beneath the troops the caption reads  
**WAR—Bitter cold and brutal enemies made the Korean War hell for American troops**

**American Legion, September 1994 issue Page 65**

This was an event for me when I recognized my Company and my buddies from Korea—with me in the middle with the rifle muzzle at my chin in above picture (see inset of me above top right)! Going home to Hawaii)! I found it in this Special Issue of the American Legion Magazine celebrating the 75th anniversary of the American Legion, September 1994 issue, page 65.

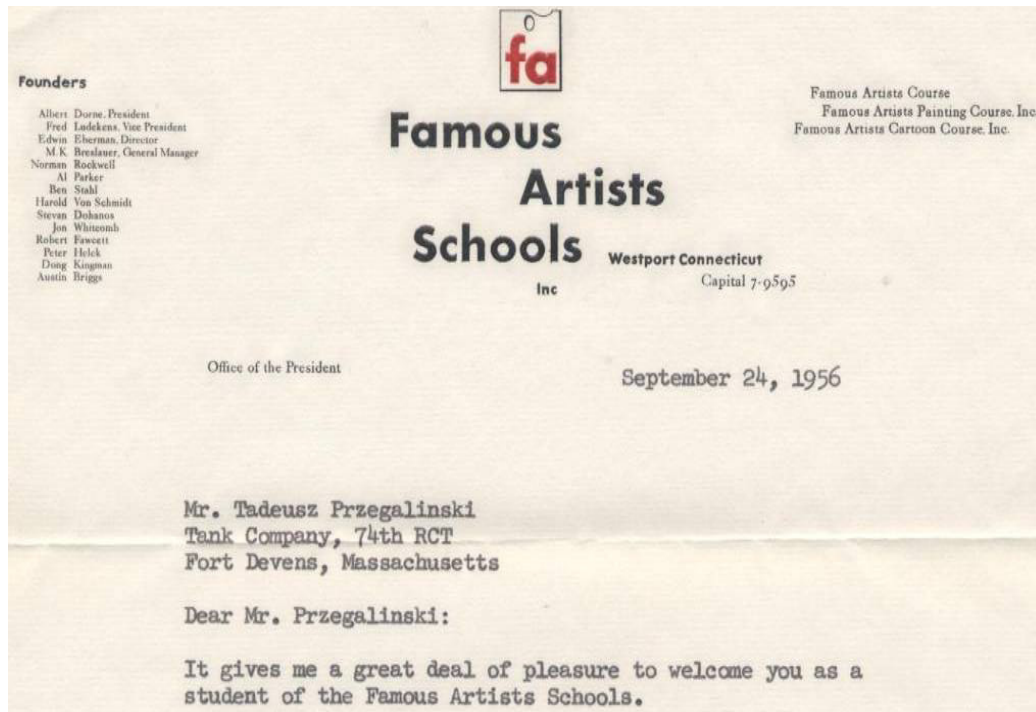


Here I was assigned to the 90th Field Artillery Battalion “A” Battery at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, continuing as a mechanic. I felt it was time to upgrade my education while in Hawaii because I had already seen the value of schooling. I went through the chain of command to see the Division Commander, Major General Powell. He already had my records and had apparently looked through them quite a bit before I visited him. We discussed my future in the armed forces and the need to obtain more education for my future promotions. I decided that I liked the idea of “future promotions”—as long as it didn’t mean another six-year enlistment. General Powell was very cordial, taking a lot of time to talk about my background and the future. At the end of the conversation I was dismissed without any firm commitment on what steps to take but the next day my Commanding Officer informed me that I was relieved of all other duties. A jeep and a driver were assigned to take me to a high school in Honolulu where I would study intensively for several weeks. At the end, I took and passed the examination to get my General Education Diploma, the G.E.D. Somewhat later on I received my high school diploma from Austin, Texas. But it wasn’t all work! While at Schofield Barracks I enjoyed drawing and I got pretty good at it—good enough to be the talk of the barracks when I did a charcoal of Debra Paget, who everybody seemed to be in love with at the time, myself included. It turned out to be a great diversion.



Charcoal on brown cardboard box drawing of Debra Paget rendered at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, 1954, a little damaged over time.

General Powell was very cordial, taking a lot of time to talk about my background and the future. At the end of the conversation I was dismissed without any firm commitment on what steps to take but the next day my Commanding Officer informed me that I was relieved of all other duties. A jeep and a driver were assigned to take me to a high school in Honolulu where I would study intensively for several weeks. At the end, I took and passed the examination to get my General Education Diploma, the G.E.D. Somewhat later on I received my high school diploma from Austin, Texas. But it wasn't all work! While at Schofield Barracks I enjoyed drawing and I got pretty good at it—good enough to be the talk of the barracks when I did a charcoal of Debra Paget, who everybody seemed to be in love with at the time, myself included. It turned out to be a great diversion.





DRAWING BY AUTHOR

1954 Hawaii, Schofield Barracks





DRAWING BY AUTHOR

1954 Hawaii, Schofield Barracks



**Tito Gonzalez**

A young soldier named “Tito” Gonzales was assigned to my company. Tito was from Chicago and he was very street-smart. I asked him if he was a mechanic. He said, “No, but I can drive a car.” I said, “Then you’re going to become a mechanic one day.” We hit it off. I asked Tito if he would like to be assigned to the motor pool and work with me. His face lit up. We became a team. Tito and I spent many evenings on the town in Honolulu looking for the soldier’s favorite people, the girls. Our favorite place was Kaw-Kaw Corner in Honolulu, and Hilton on the Beach. These places were not your average bars. They charged us money—and lots of it—to go there. We had to be innovative. First, we’d buy a bottle of whiskey for four dollars at a local store. We’d drink it down before heading into the bars so we’d be ahead of the game when we got there and could still afford to buy a drink for the ladies. Tito was a great guy and quite an operator. He always found a lady and hanging around with him meant I was pretty much guaranteed a date too—though, of course, I was suave enough to have done it on my own. It was so much easier to score if two guys are suave and synchronized when cruising for dames. A couple of unsophisticated hicks looking for chicks might be a case of the blind leading the blind. They might get lucky, on a really good day, but it would then be a case of the blonde leading the bland.

Eventually Tito got lassoed in. Her name was Mimi. She was blonde and she owned a new Ford Thunderbird convertible that was cherry red. She and her friend Liz started coming to the base to pick us up when we were off duty. Now we could enjoy a nice evening without having to spend any money at all and it was a good thing, too, because by then we were out of it!

I remember that our Company Master Sergeant Wilson even had to ask us to have the girls pick us up elsewhere. He said, "It messes everybody up." I guess we were just lucky guys. Tito is one guy that I would like to reunite with some day.

Eventually the time came to go back to the mainland. When I arrived at Ft. Devens the first time from Germany in 1952 I did not really have any time to look around and see much of my newly adopted country. This time I was looking forward to seeing it *all*. I had put in a request to be reassigned there. So it was a great disappointment that on August 27, 1955, I was assigned to the 4th Armored Division Tank Battalion in Ft. Hood, Texas. The big reason that I had put in a request to return to the 1st Army area at Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, was to be closer to my mother and sister when they arrived from Germany. I was in constant contact with the U.S. Immigration Service trying to obtain visas for them. I figured it was only a matter of time before everything would come through and I was looking forward to spending some time on the East Coast ahead of time so that I could secure living quarters and be of some help to them when they arrived. Ft. Hood, Texas, is about 2000 miles from Providence, RI. After this rather disappointing news, my not getting to be stationed in the 1<sup>st</sup> Army area and close to my Mom and Sister Anne, and before I left for Texas, I went out to have a consoling drink—which lasted all day and night. Here, with two of my ocean crossing buddies, we were doing the town. First, we went into the city of San Francisco. After several drinks and chatting with some local folks, we ended up talking with a guy named Mike. Mike said to us, "I know some nice ladies that would like to have a drink with you guys." We thought that was exactly what we were missing, *ladies*. Mike said, "Lets grab a taxi and I'll introduce them to you." We were in the right state of mind by this time for this kind of adventure. We pulled into an apartment of some kind after a short drive and this place looked pretty upscale to me. It had a beautiful lobby and a curved stairway. We were following Mike up a couple of steps when Mike turned to us and said, "You guys wait here. I'll be only a minute but I need the money upfront. The girls will not even talk to me without the cash." We gave him \$20 each and he asked us to wait.

After a good while waiting, we were getting thirsty and realized that we were in a big city, that the girls were not there in the first place, and we had been conned. We had some fun discussing it back in the taxi again and the cab driver got in on the act, too. My two buddies decided to go back to the base so the cabbie and I dropped them off. Now I have the city all to myself. The cab driver, Joe, said to me, "Mack, do you want to have a real good time? I know of two young ladies that just started in a home-based business. It is a private home and it is in Oakland." I did not have a clue where Oakland was and I was still brooding somewhat about my having to leave for Texas the next day.

I thought Oakland might be a better place to have some fun than 'Frisco. We drove and talked for about an hour so I asked Joe if he is taking me to Texas? I had begun to wonder since we were way out in the country.



Joe laughed and said “No, but we're almost here, in a minute or so.” Joe was pulling his cab into a private driveway out in the country somewhere. I was relieved when I saw a beautiful country house and a nice lady greeted us. I didn't want to ask where in the world we were. Besides, they probably did not want me to know and I was not looking for real estate anyway. As soon as the “coffee” was served two beautiful girls joined us. Now I really felt better and I felt much safer.

We were introduced. The pretty red head with blue eyes was Mary Lou. The other girl had pitch-black hair to her waist. Her name was Joann and they could not have been much over 18 years old. I was called Teddy in those days because “Tadeusz” as a name seemed hard for a lot of people to grasp—I had given up on trying correcting their misunderstanding and mispronunciation. So the house lady said to me, “Teddy, which one do you like?” I said, “That is a tough question. Both are so pretty.” She said, “You know, you can have both of them for \$100.00 an hour.” Now, this was hard to refuse what a deal! I think my psychological rationalization was that I was getting even with the Army since the Army had not honored my request to go to Ft. Devens. I knew that I had to blame somebody and the U.S. Army was the closest on my mind. Besides, I had several hundred dollars in traveler's checks with me and I felt I deserved a little treat; life had been hard, after all. I vaguely remember writing checks for “coffee” for the rest of the night. Joe the cab driver was a nice and easygoing type of a guy. He drank lots of coffee that night. On the way back to the base, Joe told me, “You know those two girls; this was their first night on the job.” Joe got me to the base on time; I was shipped out to Texas that morning thinking to myself, “What the Army can do to a man. It can ruin a man even if he was raised in the nicest of families.”

In May 1955 I was assigned to the 508<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion at Fort Hood, Texas, where I was a Heavy Track and Tank Mechanic. However disappointed I was in this assignment, I still enjoyed myself. Soon after arriving I met Jim Stupka, an Army Tank Gunner, and as such he had the responsibility to keep his weapons in good working order. We worked side-by-side on M-48 tanks and became good friends. Repairing these big babies was a serious job because there was so much riding and depending on them. The job was never done until the road testing was complete. This was one of our favorite times, driving in a demanding terrain listening to these giants perform as combat ready and it was very rewarding to get a misbehaving beast to settle down and drive right. The road tests gave Jim and me time to get away from it all. After we finished our reports we would literally bask in the sun, talking and joking about our accomplishments.



**Jim Stupka on the left. The handsome guy on the right is the author.**

My first arrival in America was November 1952. Heavy emphasis on language school at Ft. Devens, Mass., immediately followed by basic training at Ft. Lewis, Washington, and Korea was next via Sasebo, Japan. It did not allow me any time to see the U.S.A. or get the feel for any of the civilian life. From Hawaii, I was assigned to a 508<sup>th</sup> Tank Battalion at Ft. Hood Texas. I believe America began to reveal to me her cherished liberties through Jim Stupka, a U.S. Soldier with family ties and his freedom and liberty to pursue his happiness. I began to see it through association and friendship with Jim. At Ft Hood, Texas, two U.S. Soldiers met. I was from a little burg in the Soviet Union, Petropavlovka, near Kiev, Ukraine. Jim was literally from a little burg, Boalsburg, Pa. Real life was unfolding for me. Jim, a U.S. Soldier, was bringing his family to live with him. I was bringing my family from Germany. I thought, "What an opportunity and what can I do once I am discharged and have this kind of freedom?" I was excited, and my mind was in over-drive. I knew that I would build a Legacy for my family, even though I did not have a clue, what, or how. I was over at Jim's rented little house one day to help him strip it completely down, paint it and make it comfortable. Jim was moving his wife, Billie, and his three-year-old daughter, Cathy, from the Pittsburgh area and wanted the place to look good for them. He was excited in anticipation of his family being with him again. It was Christmastime so there was lots of enthusiasm in the air, and he was fun to be around. He talked mostly about his little girl Cathy, of course. I talked about my mother and sister, and about how nice it would be to get them to America.

I had been painting this little one bedroom house that Jim had rented, with a beer in hand sitting on the floor looking at a Christmas card that I had received the previous day. I did not recognize whom the card was from so I had set it up on top of the television set. After a gallon of paint and several beers, I finally associated the name on the card. It was from Mr. and Mrs. Lake Andrews. Mrs. Lake Andrews was the former Julie Williams! I realized then, that after all of those months that Lake Andrews spent rewriting my love letters to Julie—and reading her love letters to me—he had fallen in love with her, too. She must have reciprocated, and they got married when he got back from Korea. With all

my heart, I wished them the best. All the different people you meet in a lifetime have an effect on you, and it's interesting the ways you change and grow for having known them. I've known some truly great and amazing people over the years and I feel blessed for it. It has been some 40 years since our last contact. I recently found a letter from Jim dated January 23, 1957. Writing this chapter rekindled in me a desire to try to find him so I started my search. I left my phone number with everybody with the name of Stupka all over Pennsylvania. Jim called me on January 12<sup>th</sup>, 2002 at 10 a.m. We talked for three hours. Jim said he was going to be in Florida on February 23<sup>rd</sup> visiting their daughter, who's attending Rollins College here in Winter Park, Florida. After 40 years, I am looking forward to our meeting. Finally on Sunday February 24<sup>th</sup> Jim Stupka, his wife Phyllis, and daughter Franny paid us a visit. I was glad to reminisce over the details with Jim. He had clarity of memory about things that I did not know or even remember from when I was at Camp Polk, Louisiana, some forty seven years ago during the SAGE BRUSH Maneuvers. They were told that my leaving the company was Top Secret and not to discuss it with any one. Thanks to Jim Stupka, the Louisiana maneuvers story is now more complete. However, Camp Polk is a story in itself. One early morning right after my usual breakfast, two officers paid me a visit, my company's First Lieutenant and a Captain from Intelligence Operations with a jeep and a driver. The Captain asked me to leave with him without notifying anyone, and that this was Top Secret. Minutes later, with only a toothbrush, and a few personal articles in my pockets, I met them in a predetermined area and then I was taken to Counter Insurgency Operations for briefing and training. This was totally out of the blue and I had no preparation or warning for what was about to happen

HEADQUARTERS 704TH TANK BATTALION		
4TH ARMORED DIVISION		
EXERCISE SAGE BRUSH		
Fort Polk, Louisiana		
SPECIAL ORDER NUMBER 131	24 November 1955	
1. UP of para 9 and 10, AR 624-200 and Ltr Hq 4th Armd Div (AKDFA-AG-PA 220.2) dtd 18 Nov 55 fol temp appointments of enlisted personnel are announced.		
<u>TO BE SERGEANT FIRST CLASS (GRADE E-6)</u>		
SGT WELLS, TYREE G	RA18261993	H/S
<u>TO BE SP2 (E-5)</u>		
JONES OSCAR JR	RA53176464	H/S
PRZEGALINSKI, TADEUSZ	RA10812458	H/S

**The War Games**  
**1955 Maneuvers “SAGE BRUSH” in Louisiana.**

Fort Polk was named in honor of the Right Reverend Leonidas Polk, the first Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Louisiana, known as the “Fighting Bishop” for his role in the Confederate Army. Fort Polk is located in west-central Louisiana, built in 1941 on over 7000 acres, 11 square miles into the Kisatchie National Forest at a cost of \$22,000,000, the largest military installation in Louisiana. It is 7 miles southeast of Leesville and 45 miles from Alexandria. It was established to support the Louisiana Maneuvers from 1940-1944. In 1944 it was closed but in September 1950, the Korean War necessitated the reactivation of Fort Polk. The post was closed again in June 1954 and reopened in 1955. It was renamed Fort Polk to serve as Headquarters for Exercise SAGE BRUSH Maneuvers involving some 85,000 soldiers, including training with a 280 millimeter cannon capable of projecting an atomic warhead at the enemy on the battlefield it was affectionately called Atomic Anne. Atomic Anne was first unveiled in May of 1953. Of course, there was some embarrassment when this heavy canon was *en route*. The driver was trying to avoid an oncoming vehicle and the cannon was turned over on its side in the ditch off the road. Our 508th tank Battalion Headquarters was in Fort Hood, Texas. Fort Polk was about 200 miles due east. By mid-summer of 1955 I was assigned to take part in the counter-insurgency war games.

Fort Polk, Louisiana, was to be the staging area for one of the biggest maneuvers since the Korean Armistice, or WW II, for that matter. After extensive training and briefing, I received an issue of survival gear. One-day Sea rations with a first aide packet, poncho, knife, compass, a map and a sidearm. The sidearm was to be strictly for my own protection from the wild inhabitants such as wild boars and only in self-defense or a life-threatening emergency. One would get an immediate response by firing a weapon because everyone on these maneuvers had a weapon, but no live ammunition. I was given my mission. I was to be dropped behind the “enemy lines”—a marsh, with some hills and wooded area in beautiful rural Louisiana. Being in the marshes and woods at 4:30 a.m. certainly looked like the real, primeval Louisiana. I was carrying “sensitive military secrets.” I had documents written in Russian and encoded in my possession, a set of dark-black glasses and several military maps. I also had to make sure that I was captured with all of these documents intact. The Opposing Forces were then to;

1) capture me; 2) pinpoint the precise language that I was speaking without my help as I was to communicate and speak only in Russian and avoid any indication that I understood or spoke English; 3) get the right personnel to interrogate me; 4) determine why I was in possession of all these documents and other materials; 5) decipher all of these documents; 6) use this information with precision and speed to form and execute a counter battle plan.

I was in a Jeep at 4 a.m. and before I knew it I was in a helicopter flying over pitch-black forest. One of the troopers on board was kneeling on one knee holding onto a handle at the door. I yelled above the rotor's noise, "Where is your survival equipment?" He yelled back, "I don't need it. I'm not going where you're going." I told him I'd be happy to hold on to the handle for him if he wanted to take my place. He laughed and said, "If I did, we definitely would lose this war!" I wanted to have a little fun before I jumped. I knew that soon I had to get serious because I'd be on the highest state of alert till the end of this mission. I would be the only person for miles in this wild animal environment, focusing on accomplishing this mission: to get captured and get back to civilization. Eventually the chopper descended into a clearing. My new buddy said, "I'll tell you when to jump." I replied, "Now I know why you really didn't want to take my place; you didn't want me to tell you when to jump!" He gave me a big smile and a thumbs-up. Just then the light went on. He hollered, "Jump!" It was not a graceful jump as it was during my training. The chopper lifted up, veered off to the left and disappeared. Suddenly I felt like I was back in the German mountains. I was very glad to have had that experience behind me. Otherwise, being left alone in complete and utter blackness without a friend for several miles or so would have been pretty disturbing. My eyes slowly adjusted I immediately slipped in to the nearby wooded area to take cover. For me the operation had begun. According to my compass I was to be heading southwest in the direction of a Military Headquarters or a Post Command.

Approximately three-four miles as the crow flies My Mission was, 1) to get as close physically as possible to this Military Command and to pinpoint its location on the map; 2) to surrender with all of my documents intact and not to communicate in any other language but Russian. This meant that from the minute that the helicopter dropped me off, the opposing forces went on alert and the search began. I immediately was heading into the teeth of the Opposing Forces and became the haunted one. Their mission was to capture me in a specific time frame. I had to get cover immediately and lay low until the first wave would pass me without being detected. All of my documents were secured underneath my uniform in a special waterproofed holster-like vest with my side arm. Dawn was just breaking but it was still pretty dark with some small patches of fog mostly close to the water. I was crouching at the edge of a small body of water that may have been fifty feet wide. I knew that I had to cross it and that my time without the cover was running out. At first the water was knee deep, then it got to my waist as I was getting close to a big tree on my left that was laying half in the water with its big branches protruding up and down at all angles. Wading successfully through the water is a crucial skill. Your concentration and hearing are somewhat impaired and you're exposed; yet you cannot move too fast or too slow. In real combat either tempo could get you killed. Slow movement means longer exposure but less noise. Fast movement means less exposure time but it creates more noise. You got it? As the saying goes, fortune truly helps those who are of good judgment. I had just emerged from the water and as I was walking up the little slope, reminding me of swimming the river back home in the Ukraine where I almost drowned.



Concentrating on not splashing, I heard a definite something to my extreme left. I froze, knelt, and moved slowly to my left underneath a big tree trunk that fell into the water long time ago, I thought of it many times how that fallen huge tree saved me from being captured before my actual mission was accomplished. My face was well painted for camouflage, my helmet secured with the strap and I was pressing it against the tree trunk above. I could see to my left and my right. I slipped back into water up to my neck, between the big thick branches standing almost straight up and down. According to my waterproofed watch by now I had been in the water exactly four minutes; it was cold, but bearable. The sound of something approaching it was coming from my left and seconds later, at about eleven o'clock, I saw two troopers approaching my position. This was the time to almost quit breathing. The troopers would stop and listen while others were still walking. I could assess that there were 6 to 9 troopers walking in a northeasterly direction about 10 to 15 feet apart they passed me within twenty feet to my front, left to right. There were some troopers on the other side of the marsh where I just came from, also moving in the northeasterly direction. One of the troopers with a commanding voice, you behind that tree! Come out in the open with your hands up!" I knew that this was a smoke out command I did not move, one- I was in the water, beneath a tree, two-I couldn't have come out with my hands up because I wasn't supposed to speak English. It got very quiet. I did not hesitate for long, leaving my cover a minute or so later since I knew that it was my time to move. I began to move slowly to higher ground going from one tree to another, heading southwest and using the trees for cover. I began to wish that I was back in the water because I was wet from my neck down and dry from the chin up. Now I was cold. Thank goodness it was summer. I moved methodically from tree to tree, stopping for seconds at a time to listen for any movement and absorbing the terrain and my path ahead. Several hours later, ahead of me through a semi-clearing, I heard and then spotted two tanks moving in an easterly direction from right to left, it may have been a half-mile or less from me. I looked at the map and noted that I was right on target. I continued towards the clearing and watched my back. I saw some movement ahead of me before I heard anything and I knew that I did not have much time to find a cover. I continued moving forward quickly and quietly to get to cover. I felt like I was in the movies and it was actually kind of fun, except for the marsh crossings, water up to my neck, and being on constant alert to accomplish my mission before capture. For several hours I managed to slip away and hide undetected. The sun rose higher in the sky and I was close to the opening and the target itself. I stopped when I heard sounds very close by. Crunching twigs and rustling leaves brought back familiar memories from years before of guard duty in the German mountain forests. The troops were advancing in my direction. Yes, these were the footsteps of two-legged animals. I was surrounded—but not yet seen. I hid close to a large tree in a thick undergrowth with bunches of leaves and branches. I stayed completely quiet, hardly breathing, with my face down. I knew that I had to be captured now in order to complete my mission. My time was up. By about late morning the game was over. A soldier finally yelled, check that pile of brush, it was second Lieutenant,

a sergeant turned this brush pile over I was totally exposed I was told to get up, "I was not to understand any commands" I did not move, he grabbed me behind my neck pulling me up I cooperated, hands up, I did not, Another soldier came into view, his rifle trained on me and he gestured for me to raise my hands up. *That* I understood and I obeyed. I had eluded capture for several hours. I was stripped of everything and then they marched me to the Command Post that was also my mission target. The commanding officer was very glad to see me. Apparently, they hadn't expected to have to hunt for me this long. The interrogation began; one of the Officers was frustrated during the interrogation and said to the others, "I think that we need to understand him fast." Another Officer said, "Let's not feed this son of a bitch and see if he can't speak English." Some of the language these guys used could make one break out laughing and some times I was laughing inside. One of them said, "Well, its chow time, let's feed him," another one said, "Let's feed us." I was more ready for a break than anything else; I ate everything I had earlier and hid everything under the brush undetected. The food was the next best thing to a nice, warm shower. The Lieutenant went out and returned with some c-rations, I thought that I got a pretty good portion of it. It was as though for the next fifteen minutes or so, they were talking and joking about the maneuvers and what they were going to do with me. Sometimes it was enough to crack me up. I avoided eye contact at all cost and concentrated on the food at hand. One of them asked about where the guy is that speaks those foreign languages and the Lieutenant responded that they went to pick him up. Several minutes later a Capitan walks in. After introduction and small talk amongst themselves, he started to talk to me in German. I did not look at him. Then he came up pointing his finger at me and said, "Russki!" I said, "Da, ya Russki. He spoke German rather well, to which I would not respond, but he did not speak Russian. However, now they knew that my language was Russian. Within a few minutes a helicopter picked me up and I was back at Fort Polk Headquarters. They had flown in a Russian-speaking officer that day who could translate with other bilinguals from the Intelligence Branch. Minutes later I was interrogated by a Major, two Captains, and a lady First Lieutenant. Why was I there? "Separated from my unit." What is the name of your unit? "21st Battalion." How many men? "Don't know." What were the dark glasses for? "In case of a forest fire." That was not true. The glasses were to shield me from an atomic blast and of course they knew it. In the next two weeks we formed a good relationship and perhaps a friendship since we all had so much in common. The Major and the lady Lieutenant were also from behind the Iron Curtain. I was told that my job was done rather well, the opposing Forces were somewhat slow in apprehending me, but over all that the mission was a success. For the next two weeks I was working with the counter Intelligence mostly on translating and decoding foreign documents into legible English documents. I have just now begun to put some of the pieces together that stem from my initial acceptance into the US forces all the way to my departure. I was picked up from the 38 parallel in 1953 and assigned to Intelligence Operations in Seoul, Korea. I was working with a lady Captain who was from Russia, very good looking, petite, and very bright. I really began to enjoy working with these

types of people. Contrast that with being on the DMZ with my trooper buddies who did not take a shower for three months at a time and everything else *would* look like heaven to me. I formed a good friendship with her. When I was asked to go to Monterrey, California, for two years, that young Captain was very much on my mind. However, the two ladies in Germany were much more important to me—I was bringing them to America, my mom and sister, Annie. I was working again at Fort Polk with a lady 1<sup>ST</sup> Lieutenant who was extremely sharp looking in her uniform. She was from the Ukraine, but also spoke Russian fluently. I was not assigned any specific job at Fort Polk but mostly worked side-by-side on her assignments comparing notes, among other things. I felt at times that they could do rather well without me here. Why was I there as a guest for almost two weeks with my own bed and all of this comfort? I again was asked to reenlist for six more years and to be assigned to the Intelligence Operations. I declined the offer for the second time. I recall now that I was questioning my friendship with this young Lieutenant. Could this have been a relationship if I stayed? Were these two recruitment situations just a coincidence? I know I must have been somewhat naïve those days. God, would I know what to do with these types of decisions given my mental status today. Yes, this book would have been somewhat different. Once I declined the offer, I was back the next day to my 508th Tank Battalion and my buddy Jim Stupka. The “SAGE BRUSH” Maneuvers lasted close to three months. My compassionate transfer to the First Army Area was approved shortly thereafter with nine days of travel time. I purchased a 1951 Packard and left for Providence, RI, to visit my friend from the British Special Forces days in Germany, Benny Trembacz. All I had on my mind was to be there when my Mother Nina with Annie would arrive from Germany. My time and the great experience in the Army, was coming to a close. After 47 years I have finally figured it out why my request was not approved when I requested while I was stationed in Hawaii, to be assigned to the First Army area in Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, so I could be close to my family when they arrived from Germany. Unbeknownst to me, I had already been tabbed to participate in the SAGE BRUSH Maneuvers from the Head Quarters Fort Polk, Louisiana, in the counter Insurgency Operation behind enemy lines.

### **What If?**

#### **This has been haunting me for all these years:**

What if I did go to Monterrey and got my Officers Commission? This was actually why I was accepted into the US Army in the first place. How different would my life have been? For one thing, I would have majored in Russian Language and Army Terminology in both English and Russian, and other languages as well. There was another wife that was not to be somewhere in Russia, like Julie Williams, the sharp looking Captain, or the 1st Lieutenant, Young Lady that I was strongly attracted to and with whom I had a great rapport. Knowing my adventurous character, if the opportunity would have presented itself to be a spy I would have taken it. Had it not been for the sense of responsibility that I had for my mother and my sister. I sometimes visualize myself after completing all the training at Monterrey and specializing in one

specific area and my best guess is that I probably would have been sent to Moscow as a Spy in Counter Intelligence Operations. Some nights, my mind comes up with some sobering and interesting scenarios. One of them is that I would have met another Sonia Artyiomovna in Moscow, the beautiful Russian Nurse that I fell in love with when I was seven years old in the hospital in my Village of Petropavlovka, except that this Sonya would have been a Russian spy. Let's just suppose for a minute one of us would have fallen in love, or worse yet, both of us did. Now this is what most of us would call a serious and life threatening conflict. I truly think that I would be missing this kind of challenge. This would really test one's loyalty to your Country, Honor, and Duty for both of us. The one that is stronger, with greater principles and commitment would win. What if one would persuade the other to stay in Russia, or both escape to the U.S.A. Knowing that in those days you could not buy two airline tickets one way from Russia. Oh yes, we know that being in love does not count. What if the escape was a set up? The communists could have a loyal and dedicated housewife living and working in the U.S.A., passing out sensitive information to her beloved country. Would Sonya convince me that this was a love at first sight? With this kind of scenario, would I like to have had this sort of challenge? This I will never know. I have had my Sonya now for over thirty years. Her name is June. Yes, we have had some challenges, but nowhere nearly as harrowing as it could have been. Perhaps I made the right decision not to reenlist for another six years to be reassigned to the Intelligence Operations. I know for certain that this book would have been somewhat different, perhaps with an additional chapter, thoroughly sanitized, of course, or not! If I would have not survived the ever-demanding encounters in the intelligence world there would have been no book at all. By the time the US Army came and asked me to join Intelligence work and get into the fold where I originally should have been in the first place, it was too late. I had already decided to take on civilian life and had to decline the offer both times. It feels like destiny that I have made these series of choices.

**No matter how treacherous the sea may be, if the Captain stays the course, his ship eventually will find his Port of Call.**

### **“What If” and “Why” Continue to Haunt Me**

The answers do not come easy. While I was assigned to the intelligence in Seoul, Korea, I was asked to go to Intelligence Operations School in Monterrey, California, for two years. I would have received my Officers commission. Was I destined for Counter Insurgency Operations in the Soviet Union, my former country, and perhaps in Moscow itself? In short a probable long-term spy mission for the US? I declined because of my injuries. “Why” were my Military Personnel Records destroyed in a fire July 12, 1973, at the National Personnel Records Center St. Louis Missouri? Was it a coincidence?

National  
Archives WASHINGTON, DC 20408

June 13, 1990

Dear Mr. Galin

This is in response to your letter of May 1, 1990, to the Vice President, concerning your military record. Your letter was received in this office from the Department of Defense on June 5, 1990.

The records of most former members of the armed forces are located at our National Personnel Records Center (Military Personnel Records), 1 Archives Dr., St. Louis, Missouri 63138. It appears, however, that your record was among those destroyed in the fire that occurred at the Center on July 12, 1973. 866-272-6272



Military  
**National Personnel Records Center**  
**314-801-0800 \*\***

May 1, 1990

Tad Galin  
1400 N.W. 13<sup>th</sup> St. Apt. 29  
Boca Raton, FL. 33486  
(407) 394-2334

Vice-President Dan Quayle  
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Vice-President Quayle:

This letter is a request for your help in obtaining information regarding the past records of my military service in the United States Army, as well as the records regarding the investigations conducted over a fourteen month period by the German Criminal Investigation (CID and CIC) at the time of my enlistment in Bremen, Germany on November 18, 1952, under the Public Law 597-81<sup>st</sup> Congress.

I enlisted under the name of Tadeusz Przegalinski  
RA 108124458.

I have attempted to obtain this information previously, but my efforts have been to no avail. I am enclosing a number of my Army documents that might be helpful in pursuing this matter.

It is of utmost importance that this material be sent to me as soon as possible since I am in the process of gathering information that will be used for the publication of my book.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Tad Galin", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the left.

Tad Galin



OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT  
WASHINGTON

May 21, 1990

Mr. Tad Galin  
1400 N.W. 13th Street  
Apartment 29  
Boca Raton, Florida 33486

Dear Mr. Galin:

I am writing in response to your letter of 1 May to Vice President Quayle requesting assistance in obtaining information regarding your record of military service in the U. S. Army.

On behalf of the Vice President, your letter has been reviewed. As you can imagine, the Vice President receives many requests for assistance each day and his schedule simply does not allow him the time to become personally involved in each case. Therefore, your letter has been forwarded to the Department of Defense for further review and appropriate action. Please be assured that the Department of Defense will give your case every consideration.

Thank you for writing the Vice President.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "W. A. Grimes", with a stylized flourish extending from the end.

W. A. Grimes  
Staff Assistant for  
Correspondence



Eugene Chorosinski

Bronze Medal-Air Medal Recipient-Vietnam February 5, 1971  
September 2000 my wife June handed me an article written in Senior Life,  
Orlando, Florida. Under the heading:

### **Veteran's Life: Salute to Their Service**

A more unlikely United States Military Hero would be hard to find in Eugene Chorosinski. I continued reading that he was born in 1930, as was, in Siennio, a rural town in Poland. I began to feel that Eugene and I might have some things in common besides our age. His father was a loyal member of the elite Polish Military Organization (a secret force that organized the underground resistance movement in the province of Kielce in Nazi-occupied Poland.) The elder Chorosinski was arrested and three months later was executed by a firing squad and buried in a mass grave on July 6, 1940. I can relate to this story very well. With Communism casting its shadow over the land, events were set into motion that would change Eugene Chorosinski's life forever. In 1953 Chorosinski chose to escape from the totalitarian state. He escaped and settled in Berlin, Germany, then Frankfurt. I knew then that we would have lots in common. Chorosinski joined the US Army as I did in Germany in 1954 and went to the same language school in Fort Devens, Massachusetts, as I did, although I joined the US Army in Germany in 1951 three years earlier. The similarity is incredible. We both joined the US Army in Germany under the Lodge Act of 1950.

I began to look for Chorosinski. In April 2002 I finally found him and his wife Annie in Eustis, Florida. We had a long and a heart-warming phone conversation. Now, it was just a matter of time. On May 4<sup>th</sup> 2002, Eugene Chorosinski visited us with George and Wanda Stenzel, a Polish couple that live near us. Our conversation led us to Siberia, as George told a story about how his mother, too, had been deported and escaped from Siberia. We had an exciting get-together reflecting on the 50 years since Eugene and I, by faith, struggle, and necessity, were seeking freedom in our own way. The tough road was the same for both of us. After all these years we had a chance to share our experiences and how our lives have paralleled each other. I served five years with the United States Army as per my agreement. Eugene Chorosinski served twenty years. Since our fateful meeting, it now gives me more of a glimpse into the "What ifs", I had been pondering had I stayed in the Army. Eugene served, among other duties, in cartography/intelligence. From Germany in 1968, he went to jungle training in Fort Lewis, Washington. He was assigned to Vietnam in 1969. Eugene has flown over 1000 hours in combat in a helicopter relating to intelligence operations. He received the Bronze Star on February 5, 1971 for his outstanding and hazardous Military Intelligence missions. He also received the Air Medal on March 12, 1971 for participating in aerial courage on these extremely dangerous missions. He also received a Joint Service Commendation from the Department of Defense. Chorosinski served two tours in Vietnam, volunteering for the second combat tour. It is a common knowledge that the United States Army is always in a need of personnel for the intelligence, covert operations and counter insurgencies. In 1960, Eugene was asked to go on a new mission for a counter intelligence operation in Moscow, commonly known, as an intelligence mission, or more plainly, "a spy mission." When the mission was explained, that if Eugene were to be arrested for whatever reason, the United States would not acknowledge any part of it and that he may not return to his family. Eugene declined the offer. It is obvious that a single person like myself without a family best serves these sensitive missions.

### **When I joined the US Army**

1951 One of the conditions when I joined the US Army was that one could not have any dependents. I, frankly, never thought of my mother Nina and sister Anne as dependents even though I was supporting them. When I realized that I could not send them much of my Army paycheck while in Korea, I requested an allotment for my mother. This was approved. It was quite a relief for me because as I was not expecting the request to be approved. My mother was receiving monthly checks from the US Treasury Department while they lived in Germany

### **A Deserving Tribute to the United States Army**

In my five years of service, I was asked three times to get back into the fold of the Intelligence world. Not once was there any pressure put on me, or Eugene Chorosinski in his twenty years of service. The US Army displayed this courtesy and many others, indicative of their commitment to personal freedom and civilized behavior. The opportunity that they gave us, Tad Galin and Eugene Chorosinski makes both of us humble to have had the privilege of serving the US Army and this great nation of ours, The United States of America.



HEADQUARTERS

CENTRAL FINANCE & ACCOUNTING OFFICE, USAREUR

7752ND ARMY UNIT

APO 403, NEW YORK, N. Y.

31 OCTOBER 1955

NOTICE

NOTICE

NOTICE

1. EFFECTIVE WITH THIS PAYMENT YOUR MONTHLY CLASS "Q" ALLOTMENT CHECK WILL BE IN FORM OF A U.S. TREASURY CHECK AND WILL BE STATED IN DOLLARS. THIS CHECK IS PREPARED BY THE FINANCE CENTER U.S. ARMY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, AND IS MAILED THE CENTRAL FINANCE & ACCOUNTING OFFICE, 7752ND AU, APO 403, U.S. ARMY, HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

2. IF YOU ARE AN INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS AUTHORITY TO POSSESS MILITARY PAYMENT CERTIFICATES AT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

A. U.S. DISBURSING OFFICES WHERE U.S. BANKING FACILITIES ARE NOT AVAILABLE IN THE IMMEDIATE AREA.

B. AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY INC.

C. CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

D. BANK OF AMERICA (DUESSELDORF BRANCH)

3. IF YOU ARE AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IS NOT AUTHORIZED TO POSSESS MILITARY PAYMENT CERTIFICATES YOU MAY CASH TREASURY CHECK FOR DEUTSCHE MARKS AT ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

A. AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY INC.

B. CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

C. BANK OF AMERICA (DUESSELDORF BRANCH)

D. ALL GERMAN BANKS, IF GERMAN BANKS ARE UTILIZED

IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT THE CHECK BE PRESENTED AT ONE WHERE YOU ARE KNOWN. THIS WILL PREVENT ANY DELAY IN RECEIPT OF PROCEEDS FROM THE CHECK,

M. E. RICHMOND

MAJOR, FC

CENTRAL FINANCE & ACCOUNTING OFFICER

## Reunion with Nina and Anneliese

Back on the East Coast, my buddy Benny Trembacz was helping me with the immigration proceedings for Nina and Anne through a Ukrainian Church Organization in Providence. In 1956, I was notified that clearance had finally been obtained and that my mother and my sister would be coming to Providence, Rhode Island. That was a great day! Now that I knew they were coming, I requested a compassionate transfer to be stationed again at Ft. Devens. This time it was approved. With some help and a co-signer, I purchased my very first car, a 1951 powder blue 4-door Packard. I was given 9 days for my travel time from Ft. Hood, Texas, to Ft. Devens, Mass.

I raced 2000 miles in 2 days. The only pit stops were for gas, coffee, and emptying the ashtray because at 25, sleep was not a priority. I wanted to spend as much time as possible with my buddy Benny and all our friends before reporting to the base. I thought my baby blue Packard was rich riding. I remembered the Master Sgt. in Germany, with his beige 4-door Chevrolet that I fell in love with. My first surprise came when I was speeding along at about 70-80 mph. All of a sudden the engine lost some power and a strong hissing noise was coming from the top of the hood. There was a big hole where a sparkplug had just rocketed through the hood. Well, I needed a pit stop any way so I put a new sparkplug in, left the hole as it was and hit the road again. When I arrived in Providence and knocked on Benny's door, Benny said, "What happened to you, you look like you haven't slept or eaten for a week!" I said, no, it has been only two days. The itinerary was food, sleep, and then fun for the next seven days. I was full of anticipation when I got back to Ft. Devens for the second time. My duties didn't keep me occupied enough. I enrolled in the Famous Artists Schools, Inc., of Westport, Connecticut (whose principals were Norman Rockwell, John Whitcomb and Albert Dorne, among others) on August 22, 1956, for a correspondence course. I had always wanted to go to some kind of an art school as long as I remembered. The fact that I was on the run most of my life and the schools don't move with you was inconvenient. I enjoyed drawing and I did continuously, time permitting, including while I was in Korea and Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. The benefit I got out of it was the discipline of following a lesson plan, doing the assignments, and getting feedback from an instructor. For a guy whose only schooling was in the US Army as an adult, I took any opportunity to learn seriously. Mother and Anne flew in from Germany to New York in the summer of 1956. I had just purchased my second used car, a four-door Buick Dynaflo, and drove down in it to pick them up. I was so proud to have my own car to pick them up—I must have polished it for two days. I was twenty-five and a veteran of sorts, but I was still mother's little kid and I wanted both to please her and make her proud of me. When I got to New York to pick my family up from the airport, I got lost—hopelessly lost—in the city. I turned right onto a one-way street, and all of a sudden I saw three or four lanes of cars coming toward me! With my various army experiences behind me I thought I was ready for anything, but New York City ate me alive. Thankfully, after many u-turns, reverses, honks, and really rude gestures from the locals, I finally got to the airport in time to meet my mother and sister.



My sister Anne at 12 years old with me shortly after her arrival in the United States and my highly polished Buick Dynaflo.

The reunion was incredibly emotional. After four years of separation, my little sister had become a young lady. She and mother were both dressed up for the occasion. For the past four years I had requested and received an Army allotment to send to them so that they had the financial means in post-war Germany to live comfortably and own nice things. Mother looked beautiful in black and white, and I could not get over how my little sister had changed. Four years really is a long time. We hugged and cried. The joy was enormous to be together again—in America. I was very proud to take them in my own car to their apartment that Benny and I secured on Sherborn St. in Providence, Rhode Island. Since I was now stationed only a couple hours away I could spend time with them on weekends. Benny and I certainly enjoyed Nina's cooking—all of the Ukrainian, Polish, and German dishes. Benny would say to Nina, "Nina, would you please take us away from the borscht, or the borscht away from us!" He couldn't get enough of her cooking and I was thrilled to be eating it again. Needless to say, my mother and Anne were overwhelmed with life in the U.S. in general. They had gotten used to relative peace and freedom, and the Marshall Plan was well on the way to putting Europe back together. But the U.S. was a whole different ballgame! Benny and I would take them for a long ride through Woonsocket, Pawtucket, Narragansett, all over the city of Providence, and into Fall River, Mass. We did Lincoln Park and the Rocky Point Amusement Park, with its famous clambake at the Shore Dinner Hall and we would drive to the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Mother and Anne had never stood at the edge of an ocean before and certainly not one that looked to the East. Benny and I would dig for clams on the beach and eat them while Nina and Anne watched us in amazement. Getting the three of us back together, especially in America, meant the world to me, and being able to at least start repaying mother for the sacrifices she had made and the sufferings she had endured for me is a debt that a thousand years of servitude couldn't repay. During those "Sunday drives" it really started sinking in—that we were Americans.

**AGAO-Ct 201 Przegalinski, Tadeusz  
Ra 10 812 458 (31 Jul 57)  
Specialist Third Class Tadeusz Przegalinski  
RA 10 812 458  
Company E, 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment  
Fort Devens, Massachusetts**

Dear Specialist Przegalinski:

Department of the Army records indicate that you will complete five years of military service in the near future. With the date of this event so close at hand, I am sure you will be interested in learning about the steps you must take to gain the United States citizenship that you will have earned at that time. Citizenship is not automatic and certain actions must be taken to obtain it. The purpose of this letter is to advise you of the necessary steps. I am sending this through your commanding officer in order that he may be better able to help you. I want to explain the reason behind the Department of the Army ruling that Lodge Act soldiers may not be discharged overseas, except for the purpose of immediate reenlistment. This measure, contrary to the apparent belief of some Lodge Act enlistees, was not taken with the idea of forcing any of you to reenlist. The reason was that until you have attained United States citizenship, you are essentially a stateless person. As such, if you were discharged overseas and thus became a stateless civilian in a foreign country, you would experience many difficulties. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for you to get a passport and a visa for return to the United States, and in order to obtain your citizenship you must be physically present in the United States to file your petition for naturalization. Therefore, as you see, this ruling was made to protect you. One requirement I wish to point out before proceeding to the actual steps of obtaining naturalization as a United States Citizen is that Section 262 of the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 requires every alien over 14 years old who remains in the United States thirty days or longer to register and be fingerprinted before the expiration of such thirty days. If you have not complied with this provision, you should register at the nearest office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service as soon as possible. Outlined below are the steps you should be prepared to follow and the information you should be prepared to furnish the Immigration and Naturalization Service to obtain United States citizenship upon completion of five years of honorable service in the United States Army: You must first apply to file a petition for naturalization on Form N-400, Application to File Petition for Naturalization. Application may be submitted 30 days before you will complete your five years of service or at any time thereafter. For your convenience, two copies of Form N-400 are enclosed; one copy should be taken to an office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the other copy may be retained with your personal records. The attached map (with addresses

listed on the reverse side) will assist you in locating an office near you. Your application must be accompanied by three copies of Form N-426, Certification of Military or Naval Service, three identical photographs of yourself taken within 30 days of the date of application, and a record of your fingerprints. Copies of Form N-426 are enclosed for your convenience. You should furnish this form to the Immigration and Naturalization Service with only the top half completed. The photographs submitted must be 2 x 2 in size, with distance from top of head to the point of chin approximately 1 in. on thin paper with a light background, and clearly show a front view of your face without hat. The photographs must not be signed nor pasted on a card nor mounted in any other way. Your unit or post provost marshal can provide your fingerprints on Form FD 258. After you have submitted Forms N-400 and NN-426 to an officer of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, a representative of that Service will help you file your actuarial petition for naturalization in a court having naturalization jurisdiction. The fee for filing the petition is ten dollars. When your petition is accepted, you must be ready to undergo a test of your ability to read, write, and speak words in ordinary usage in the English language. You will also be tested on your knowledge and understanding of the fundamentals of American history, as well as the principles and form of the Government of the United States. A publication entitled, "Federal Textbook on Citizenship, Our Constitution and Government" is considered by the Immigration and Naturalization Service to contain the basic information necessary to qualify an alien for citizenship. This book is used in training sessions held by the Immigration and Naturalization Service for prospective citizens. You may obtain a copy from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., for \$1.50. The Government Printing Office will pay postage. A simplified edition of that book may be purchased from the same source for \$1.00 a copy. These publications may also be reviewed at any office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. In addition, it is possible that the above mentioned or similar books on citizenship may be obtained on loan from local libraries. I strongly advise you to obtain a copy of one of those publications and study it now. I trust the above information will help you attain your long-awaited and well-earned United States citizenship. Before closing, I want to tell you something which you may not have realized and which I consider very important. It is not necessary for you to leave the Army in order to be naturalized. You may, if you wish, provided you are physically and otherwise qualified, reenlist on the day following discharge or, if you choose to leave the Army for a while, you may still retain your present grade provided you reenlist within 90 days. Your Unit reenlistment officer or NCO will be able to explain all the various reenlistment options available to you, as well as the many benefits, financial and otherwise, to be derived through reenlistment. The Army needs you and your special talents more than any other agency of which I know. I hope you will decide in favor of making the United States Army your career as a United States citizen. In closing, I want to congratulate you upon the completion of your five years of service and to wish you every success in the years ahead.

Sincerely yours, 3 Incl Herbert M. Jones

1. Form N-400 (dupe) Major General, USA
2. Map I & NS Areas the Adjutant General 3. Form N-426 (trip)

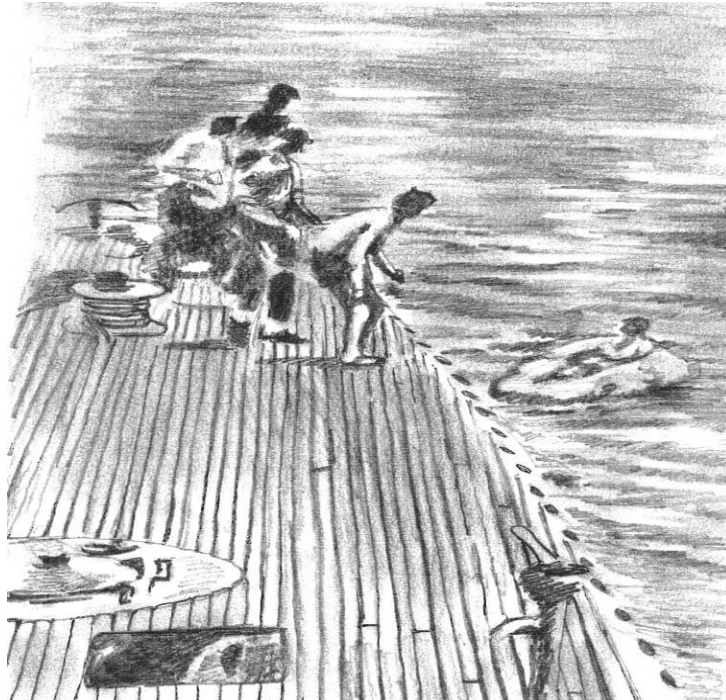
## **1957 Oxana**

Just as in Germany Benny would introduce me to all of his friends. One of them was a Ukrainian Family, Mr. and Mrs. Gaydalo, in Pawtucket, RI. I liked to visit this family. We spoke Ukrainian, sang, drank, and of course, nothing ever is without good Ukrainian food. But there was something else, besides food and singing, they had a daughter, Oxana. Oxana just turned twenty. She must have been there when God was giving out all of the appropriate free gifts to be a good-looking young lady. She was 5'1" or so, black somewhat curly hair, white complexion and great pearly white teeth, which made her, smile very attractive. I thought that we had noticed each other since we were the best looking couple in the house. I enjoyed catching a glimpse when she was looking at me. I tried hard not to be caught with my glimpses at her and I never conveyed to Oxana that I was very fond of her. With my striving and forging ahead, here too, I was at a crossroad. I instinctively knew that Oxana did not have to convince me to fall in love with her and perhaps I would have stayed in Pawtucket to this day. As usual with my approach to life, I had lots on my mind. My mother, Nina, and Anneliese had just arrived from Germany. I had my mindset on going to NASA at the Cleveland Hopkins Airport as an educational processor for Flight Proportion Mechanic. I thought that I might have not conveyed to Oxana my feelings for her. I have recently called her after some thirty-four years and had a sort of a warm reunion on the phone. Oxana never got married, she is still petit, and apparently in good health. Here too—I sometimes think *"What If"*.

## **Becoming an American**

12,500 men bilingual from behind the Iron Curtain, like me, became U.S. citizens thanks to the Lodge Act of 1950. They left their countries behind in order to serve the U.S. Army five years of active duty and build a life in this great land of ours. Like generations before them, they brought memories of hardship, war, want, pride, and hope. They brought different cultures and different ideals and different languages and they brought their life experiences, all to blend in with and add to the melting pot of America. "Yankee ingenuity," the "American Dream"—where did all these ideas come from, if not from our forefathers and ourselves, who at one time called some city, town or village on the other side of the globe "home"? Put another way, being an "American" is a state of mind, not a pedigree. It's a belief in freedom, liberty, tolerance, ambition, guts, and glory. It's a belief that humanity is at its greatest, when every man, woman, and child does have the opportunity to take themselves as far as their talent will allow. To me it's about reinvesting a little bit of who you are into the nation that gave you the chance to become who you are and, through your own efforts to become all that one can be, and be proud to utter the words in God we trust.





Art Rendering

George H.W. Bush volunteered for World War II and served as a naval aviator as the youngest pilot in the service when he earned his wings. He flew 58 combat missions in the Pacific until his Avenger torpedo-bomber was hit by Japanese fire during a strafing run on Chichi Jima in September, 1944. With his plane on fire, Bush completed the attack before bailing out and earned the Distinguished Flying Cross. The sketch above shows him being rescued from the Pacific Ocean by the submarine U.S.S. Finback on September 2, 1944, after being shot down by the Japanese. George H. W. Bush was elected as the 41<sup>st</sup> US President in 1998. This newspaper picture, when it was shown to me by my wife, June, immediately reminded me of crossing the Pacific from Korea to Hawaii. In 1954 encountering a huge typhoon, we were led by two submarines. I wonder sometimes if one of them was U.S.S. Finback. Some two hundred Miles from us it broke a Japanese ship in half. We were on standby to abandon the ship for hours. With all of the 4500 troopers on board, we were lucky and did not have to swim. This aviator almost paid the ultimate prize. Some men just don't remember, his Mom saying, George be home by midnight honey! Because of stories like this one, this country is free today. My gratitude and respect is at it's highest for those that pay the price, for they know,

DUTY. HONOR. COUNTRY.



Art Rendering

General George Marshall was another great American. Instead of brutalizing a defeated foe, Marshall instituted the European Recovery Program (The Marshall Plan) in 1948, rebuilding Germany and strengthening the bonds of friendship. Because of him, Europe has been mostly at peace for more than half a century now. Unfortunately President Roosevelt started them on a Socialistic type of Government and yet to date democracy of sorts is flourishing throughout the land.

General George Marshal received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953.

I was a beneficiary of the Marshall Plan, and I am forever grateful.



Art Rendering

Colonel Susan J. Helms, USAF, NASA Astronaut is one of the younger generation of American heroes, proving that there are still heroes among us. She looks just like any other young American lady. Launched on March 8<sup>th</sup> 2001 and returning back on August 7<sup>th</sup>, 2001. Currently representing all of us rather well as she orbits in the International Space Station Alpha at 233 miles altitude and at the speed of 17,188 miles per hour with her colleagues, Astronaut James S. Voss Colonel, USA, Ret. NASA Astronaut and Russian Cosmonaut, Yuri Vladimirovich Usachev. Her dedication to help lift the world to an ever-loftier plateau is a tribute to her and to America. Americans and Russians—once blood enemies—are now living together in harmony in the vastness of space above us. Having been raised and lived in the Soviet Union, I have never envisioned the fall of the Iron Curtain, nor this kind of cooperation between these two formerly antagonistic superpowers.

Born behind the Iron Curtain, I could have never envisioned this type of cooperation in my lifetime.

“Is this a great country or what?”

## **CHAPTER NINE: Beginning a New Career**

Compared to the first two sections of this story, this final section might seem, in a way, commonplace—the story of a John Doe off the street. Well, in a way, that’s the point. You don’t really know the value of living a normal life until you experienced the chaos of an abnormal one. In other ways, this section of my story is the most exciting for me to write about. It’s the part of my life where I made tough choices, took big risks, achieved huge accomplishments, and suffered some devastating setbacks along the way. And it’s also the part of my life that taught me many, many lessons. Though I’ve titled this section, “What Is Success?” I don’t intend it as a guide. It’s just my thoughts and experiences over the past forty-some years as I’ve slowly learned about what “success” means to me, and how to find and hold onto it. I hope that the up’s and down’s I’ve had might hold some truths for people besides myself and that if there is any lesson to be drawn, it is that perseverance wins out over the adversities we will certainly face.

### **Crash Course in Civilian Life**

When my tour of duty was over on November 18, 1957, I decided to leave the service and enter civilian life. Mainly because of my injuries in Korea I did not want a medical discharge, I was asked to go to the Intelligence School for 2 years to get my Officers Commission in Monterey CA by continuing my service they would have ultimately found that with my injuries I would have had a medical discharge. The military had been very good to me and I was certainly used to it. I felt now that I was ready to start taking the reins of my own life, to get out in the workforce and live my life my way. Having mastered the English language—and with all my former mechanical experience under my belt—I decided to enroll in the NASA School at Hopkins Airport in Cleveland, Ohio as a flight propulsion mechanic. I miss intelligence work. I was never really that attracted to work with academia because it felt like working for someone else forever, counting on promotions, and living most of the time by someone else’s precepts. Most of those people, particularly in the civilian sector, couldn’t get out of the rain if they had to. I was an entrepreneur even before I knew it. I wanted something with lots of challenges, lots of learning, lots of work and lots of success. NASA looked good, and with my drive and ambition, I thought that I could eventually buy NASA since I already would know how to fix and maintain airworthy aircraft. To me it looked exciting and after graduation it would be good-paying work and I was eager to get into it. I said goodbye to Benny and my other buddies on the East Coast and brought my mother and sister Anne to Cleveland, Ohio with me. However, to my disappointment, I found I had to postpone the program indefinitely.

It was expensive and time-intensive. I was the breadwinner for my family and it was my job to provide for them. So in the end, I decided that higher education would have to wait, as it always has been in my life. While hotfooting around town looking for work, I ran into Mr. Benson. Mr. Benson owned a driving school on Euclid Avenue that had a large immigrant clientele. With all the languages I had on my tongue, he thought I'd be useful there. So he asked me to teach the students in English, Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, and German! It was fun because it was helpful to many people. The students who had a tough time passing their drivers tests were assigned to me. Soon Mr. Benson revealed his bigger intention. He wanted me to purchase his driving school for \$10,000 and for him to be a silent partner. I was thrilled! The school did a good business I was given a chance to buy and own it! I went to the Cleveland Trust Bank and applied for a loan. The first thing they asked about was my credit. I did not have a clue what "credit" was. Needless to say, my loan was not approved. This was my first lesson in capitalism. I later found out that Mr. Benson was not in good standings with Mayor Celebrezze of the City of Cleveland, or with the police for that matter. Apparently he was hoping to make me a front man for his other, shadier, operations. This was my second lesson. I thought I was a big shot and yet I was nobody to the banks and a pawn to my employer. I realized that if I was going to make it in America I had to start using my smarts and move on until I found them. I soon got a chance. My next job was in a foundry. I learned fast how to make sand cores and to pour hot aluminum alloy into a mould, the finished product was a hydraulic pump for the dump trucks. Soon I was pouring as well as the owner Ray. Ray was very impressed with the work I did—I was promoted to foreman in twenty-eight days! I guess I just didn't realize that pouring these castings was supposed to be so tricky. Apparently, I just had the feel for it. I could sense the mould heat temperature with my face and my body, and that told me how and when to pour this molten aluminum. It was also in the wrist, moderating the speed that it was poured. Every fifteenth casting was cut in half and checked for air bubbles to determine the quality of the casting. Before long, because of my skill and speed, I was the only one besides Ray allowed doing this job. It was uncomfortable at times because the old-timers who had been employed there ten and fifteen years were now shifted elsewhere. But it was also exhilarating to realize that by ambition and hard work one could actually be recognized and rewarded. This was powerful for me.

### **A Civilian in Army Fatigues**

When I moved to Cleveland in 1958 all I had was a great attitude. I didn't know it then. I know it now. When you boil it all down, all there is to life is an attitude; hopefully it is a good one. What I did know from my early weeks at the foundry was that I was now ready to take this country on big-time. I was out of the Army; I was free to make choices and decisions on my own. And I was ready—I was sure of it. Unfortunately, my clothes weren't. For a while all I wore were my Army clothes, because it was all I had. The foundry job kept mother, Anne, and me fed and housed, but that was about it. However, I knew "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." I had to blend in with this new society that I was now really becoming part of. To do so, I took a page from my European upbringing—if you wanted new clothes, you just simply dyed the old ones every year or so in a different color. I bought some black dye and began the process of turning my Army trousers and my dark green Army trench coat black. The trousers came out okay. However, the coat had some green stripes sprinkled on it. But by redoing it, the second time it was almost perfect. Now I was really, really ready. After work, I'd swing home, run "A Little Dab Will Do Ya" through my hair, put on my black trench coat, and make my way to the Aragon Ballroom down on 25th Street. Today, when I think about it, Peter Falk in "Colombo" was lucky that Hollywood did not get hold of me first because I had the real trench coat! Picture on Pg. 116 the Aragon was fun—good music, good drinks, and lots of pretty girls. One evening I asked a young lady to dance. Of course she said, "Yes." I thought that I was very suave and debonair. I must have looked like a young Godfather coming of age. This dance lasted all night and ultimately into a relationship. Her name was Tania. One evening we were sitting on her porch, watching the moon and the stars on a very cloudy and somewhat rainy night—you know when you see the moon and the stars on a cloudy night you're either in love or about to be. Tania was talking about love, our wedding, flowers, and maids of honor. I started getting that old feeling inside, the same one I had felt when thinking about Julie Williams. I had to make a decision and I decided that I was not ready for all those flowers. This was at least my third or fourth wife that was not to be.



### **The Next Lesson in Capitalism**

1958 Some months later another job was offered to me as a foreman at the Cleaners Hanger Co., a coat hanger factory. This meant bigger paychecks and other benefits such as insurance. I accepted. As foreman on the second shift I was responsible for highly intricate production machines that produced coat hangers, including ones with latexed paper tubes for trousers to hang on. I also worked in a machine shop with a German fellow who was called Yoshka. I learned a lot about the business from him and we became good friends. We were building coat hanger machines for our plant and ones to be shipped to our other company operations in the U.S. I needed to know how to make parts and repair a breakdown and Yoshka taught me. I also had approximately thirty people who I was responsible for and most of them were women working the production lines. Part of my job was training a new foreman every six months to be sent to other sister manufacturing facilities through out the country.

### **1959 UFO**

I was sitting outside on a break with my new trainee, Bill Slusher, one evening around 9:00 p.m. The sky over the City of Cleveland was all lit up. One can see the skyscrapers all in full view about ten miles due East from us. It was a clear, starry night. Bill and I were enjoying our rest and the view with a little snack. Bill had just lit a cigarette. All of a sudden, on the horizon above the city we saw a long, orange object blazing through the sky from North to South, barely clearing the city skyscrapers. We were fixed on it and mesmerized. It was like 3-4 long fiery Goodyear Blimps put together it was moving at about 20 miles an hour for about 10-15 seconds. Then, it gained incredible speed and disappeared in an instant. Several years later, I realized that what I saw was my first U.F.O. However, from that unforgettable evening I have become a student and believer in most of it including the String Theory, the 11 dimensions. One of them is us. Some dimensions are paralleling along side with us but we're too physical to see any of its inhabitants or their activities. The fact is that for centuries certain individuals have been able to experience as it sometimes referred to, something out of this world. Most of these experiences are either at night or during our sleeping hours or while one is ill or during a fast. Dreams have to be another dimension. I believe that it is an out of body experience; of course, we all have had this experience. Such as the fourth dimension, in the theory of relativity,

**This is for fun only**

Time is regarded as this dimension. Here is how I figured this entire thing out. Fish is living in its own dimension. Let's look at it this way. One fish saying to another fish, I just saw something out of this world. It is tall and upright with two legs and it is huge. It was standing right at the edge of the water. We are not alone said the other fish. We are being visited. Well fish have no clue that some of these human visitors are good people. They are raising families, driving cars and all the rest of it all. And some people are bad. Some are barbarians. They abduct fish and eat it. Sounds familiar? UFO abducts humans and mutilates livestock. All animals are in a different dimension. They all live here with us side by side. However, they don't have a clue as to our intellect, the size of this world or the universe. Come to think of it we don't either. A lion will kill a man in a heartbeat because he is being visited. I know a man will kill a man too. But who's to say that the killer is not in a different dimension It has been said,"Oh, he is in another world." Well, we came from another dimension too, namely Ocean, that is if we are talking about evolution, creation, would be another subject. From here we are evolving into another dimension and another and another, nothing is leaving this earth. It just changes into another form. We don't have a clue either, like the fish. Our galaxy is 70 thousand light years across. Light travels 186,000 miles per second 60 seconds, one minute times 186,000 = 11,160,000 per minute x 60 minutes, one hour = 3,600 seconds, 3,600 seconds X 11,160,000=401.76000E.? 24 hours= 86,400 seconds in one day. 86,000 seconds X the speed of light 186,000 miles per second=31,104,000E per day. This cannot be correct! My calculator did not go to school like me it stopped working. Lets put it another way. Then you figure it out your self. It takes 8 minutes for the sunlight to travel to reach earth this = 93,000,000 million miles per every 8 minutes. Divided into 1,400 minutes in one day = 175 X 93,000,000 = 162,75000E NOW X 360 days = No answer from my calculator. However this last figure would be = One Light Year then, X 70,000,000 light years across our Milky Way gives you the distance in miles from one end of our Milky Way to the other end. The Hubble Telescope took a picture of 1,600 Galaxies. Our Galaxy happens to be one of the smaller ones. This kind of reading may get you into Quantum Physics, String Theory and all 11 dimensions and you too may become a student like I did some years ago. You also will have fun for the rest of your life. Above figures are not accurate. It took me 46 years to write this book; it probably would take me as long again to figure all this out. But in 46 years some of these theories may change, and then I would have to start all over again. As humans how much do we know? Oh, we don't ! I didn't know that

**What if a cow asked, another cow,” What do you think?” “I think”, said the other cow, “That we were abducted by these human beings to provide them with Milk.”**

### **Back to UFO**

Neither Bill nor I have ever figured out what it was we saw. Up until this time I had never heard of UFO but it turned out to be quite the conversation starter. We started chatting for a while, and became friends. It turned out that Bill's father was high up in a union where he worked, and eventually Bill and I started talking about unions. I had come to believe that the workers at my factory were not being treated fairly. I was even told once to dismiss most of my ladies because they had to have too many breaks and that I had to replace them with men. This didn't feel right to me but I didn't know what to do about it—until I met Bill. Not having any knowledge of unions myself, I asked Bill if he would arrange with his father a meeting for me. The subject was to organize a union at the factory. I would organize the inside to bring the union in and Bill agreed to help. The entire operation was to be secret. I thought that I was well suited for such an operation and having been raised in secrecy, I rather enjoyed it. We had our meetings in a park on weekends. With some food on the grill, it was fun sprinkled with a feeling of freedom, at least for me. Inside the plant, our signals were set up with the technique of a raccoon. This is a story of raccoon hunters at night with the dogs. When a raccoon is chased to the top of a tree and the dogs are barking at it from below. The raccoon will cover one of his eyes with one of his paws, so that the dogs won't see his two eyes together. The illumination of his eyes would give him away; but with one eye covered, it looks like just another star blinking in the sky. So, at our plant, if you approached someone and the person put a hand over one eye, it meant that they were in and one of the gang. It was so funny, especially, when you see one of your bosses walking around covering one of his eyes with his hand with out knowing the meaning of it. You know when you see the top management covering one eye just for the fun of it and didn't know just how serious this operation was, it is enough to crack you up. I felt like I was in control. Every one was serious and knew that, as a team, we couldn't let the cat out the bag. The months that followed were fun. I was able to organize a union knowing well that I would not be sent to Siberia like my father. It gave me a wonderful sense of freedom. The Union was voted in but it had been hard and tense work. I felt a sense of accomplishment and an insight of just how strong an idea can be.

**My Second Encounter with UFO**  
**1976 UFO in Loch Lomond Pompano Beach, Florida.**

But after the union was firmly in place I was dismissed for having formed it. I thought that the union, and my friends, would be able to fight for me and get me back to work but in the end they could not reinstate me because I was a Forman and a “company” man. I learned very quickly about unions. My actions may not have cost me my freedom, but they did cost me my livelihood. The lessons were by now definitely piling up.

**Back at the Aragon**

In the meantime, my personal life had taken quite a turn. I was still a frequenter of the Aragon. Every night, at about midnight, it was the ladies’ turn to ask the gentlemen for a dance. One night, a young lady in an evening gown tapped me on the shoulder and said, “Let’s dance.” Thinking that I was hesitating at first, she said, “I know that you’re not shy. I saw you dancing.” I said, “It’s not that I’m shy. I’m just worried about scuffing your shoes.” She said, “My name is Alice, and I promise to step on your shoes too.” I said, “It’s a deal.” This dance lasted all night. Alice and I were dressed to kill. I had bought a sports coat in a Salvation Army store to match my dyed Army pants. But you know, if you’re good-looking no matter what you wear it always looks good on you. My mother always told me that I was good-looking, so I decided, “You know, mothers are always right—at least in this case.” Alice was older than I by a bit, but we really hit it off. I fell in love with her, hopelessly. This time I could not get away from all those flowers. After about a year of ball-rooming, Alice Soroki and I were married in St. Michael Church on 25th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Before long, we had moved out of the city and bought a house in Parma, Ohio.



1959 my first home on corner of Snow Road and Hauserman Rd.  
In Parma Ohio

## **Closing the Sale**

So now that I had a wife and a mortgage—as well as a mother and sister to provide for—losing the factory job to the union I’d helped create made it that much harder. Alice owned a beauty salon. I told her that I could learn to be a hair stylist in two days. But Alice would not have it. She said, “You may get funny on me.” So, the country lost a great beautician, and I had to go out and look for another job. In the end, my dismissal turned out to be a blessing in disguise. I had always had a desire to be in sales and just such an opportunity now opened up for me. My first interview was for Dray Cool Awnings with Lou Brenton. I will never forget it. Mimi, the secretary showed me in and introduced me to Lou. Lou was sitting behind his desk with a big cigar in his mouth, a spitting image of a Mafia capo. He asked me to sit down. I told him about my background and the fact that I spoke five languages. Lou zeroed in on that. Now remember, this closing business was a brand new game for me. Lou knew how to close me. Later, we had lots of fun with this interview. Lou really built me up; I thought that I was already the best. Lou would say, “You know, with all the languages that you speak, and we have lots of people that are hard to close because of the language difficulty, you would be our official translator. You would get all of those leads and make big bucks.” He gave me an example: “Look at Patrick Green, his specialties, amongst others, are the single ladies and he is the best.” Then he put his legs on the desk and said; “Tonight, I am going to let you ride with Patrick.” I was pumped up full of butterflies in my stomach. I stood up reached out and shook his hand. Lou said, “Let’s go and meet Patrick.” A “closer” is the person who would “close” the sales with the leads that would be generated by the “Boiler Room” as it was known those days (today it is called telemarketing). I was very fortunate to have had one of the best closers in the field as a trainer. Patrick had been a disk jockey and an Arthur Murray dance instructor. He had an appealing baritone voice, and he was exceptionally good-looking. Patrick made sure that he got all the leads of widows and available single women. Although he was married, he had his ways with the ladies. During my training, we traveled together. I remember vividly my first sale, in Akron, Ohio. The lady was single. We entered the kitchen and—against all of the rules—Patrick asked her if she had any beer. She said, “Sure, I will have one with you guys.” Next, he asked her if she would turn on the music. Before you knew it, Patrick was teaching her dancing in the kitchen. He was extremely good. We drank some more beer and sold her \$4,000 worth of siding for her house! Now, did she *really* need the house improved? Well, maybe, maybe not. But after we left, it was improved by \$4,000 dollars.

When I got home that night, I could not sleep, thinking, “How in the world am I going to do all that?” But I was thrilled to get the chance. I felt like I had found my calling. On our next appointment, I was dancing in the kitchen with the house lady while Patrick was teaching both of us. Patrick and I became very good friends and worked well as a team. That was my break. Patrick wasn’t without his flaws. Thanks to a love of the bottle, he had acquired the nickname “The Maalox Man.” It was hard to see where the salesman ended and the man began. However, he took me under his wing; and thanks to him, I became one of the best. I enjoyed Dray Cool Awnings for a while. At first it was exciting driving around, making the pitch, closing the sale. I made pretty good money at it. But eventually I decided that this lifestyle—closing sales until midnight, driving fifty miles away from home in the winter when it is two degrees below zero—was not in keeping with the plans I had for my life. I saw no point in having “success” if it meant having to drive all over Hell and back to chase it down. I was ready for a change. But it wasn’t just my job that changed. No one could pronounce or spell my name, Tadeusz Przegalinski. So it was at this point, in 1960, that I changed my name for the last time to *Tad Galin*. With my new name, I also found my personality taking on new dynamics. I felt I needed a new job with more opportunities for advancement. So I took a big leap. I interviewed for Felker Manufacturing Company in downtown Cleveland for the position of industrial sales representative—a diamond cutting tools specialist to be precise. The job required five years in industrial sales and four years of college. I had neither but I knew what Les Craig was looking for. I wanted this job and now was the time to show to myself just how good I was. I had to close Les Craig! Les was a Company Sales Manager for Felker Manufacturing out of Torrance, California and he did all the hiring. At the interview, where I was the last of 14 people he had seen that day, he sat down with me and explained a lot about diamond tools, their applications, and the job description. This was going to be big-time sales doing five- and six-digit contracts with large companies, and not just scraping together a bunch of individual sales. I knew that my chances were slim to none but I knew the job sounded great. I took a chance and I told Les the blunt truth. If he was looking for a college grad I was not the man. We were wasting our time and I should be getting on to the many sales leads I was working on that evening. But if he would give me the education that I needed at their lab in Torrance, California, I would not need him to hold my hand for too long and I would knock his socks off. Les looked at me. I thought that his answer was quite fast and short. He said, “We are done. You may go. Good luck tonight and close one.” We shook hands, and I was on my way to the elevator. I was apprehensive. I thought that I had been too strong or too cocky and had blown it. On the other hand, I reminded myself that I did not have any other choice. At any rate, I didn’t feel like spending any more time there. I got on the elevator and left the building as quickly as I could. About 10 p.m. my wife, Alice, called me.



It was the worst possible time—I was right in the middle of closing of a sale. But Alice was excited. She said, “Tad, Les Craig called. You got the job!” I was stunned. Alice continued. “He wants us to meet him at the Holiday Inn for dinner. He wants to turn over to you a brand new Chevrolet with some diamond tools, and then have us take him to the airport!” It started sinking in. I had gotten the job! My current lead was a single lady who was wavering on whether she really wanted storm windows. If a closer ever needed a good reason to cut someone a deal, it was now. I told her that I needed to leave for the airport so I wrote my last offer on a sheet of paper and slid it to her. I watched her worry disappear into a big smile as she saw the number. She got a full set of storm windows and doors and she paid in cash all \$3,900 of it. This meant no financing papers to fill out! In no time I was out the door. I hid the money under the car seat and fifty miles later I was home. Going home that night with all that money under my seat on the way home, I remember thinking, “What did I get into now?” I had never even heard of “industrial diamonds”—how would I be able to learn about them and sell them? But it was too late to back out now. I gave Lou Brenton the \$3,900 sale from the previous night personally. I shared with Lou my interview with Les Craig and told that I didn’t have a clue what industrial diamonds look like. I was still trying to figure it out what I have really got myself into. Lou said, “You know< Tad, you did not know much the day we first met and you have managed to become one of my best closers. I know that you will do well where ever you go. I wish you all the best.” Out of necessity we have become friends. I did not want Lou to notice that I was close to getting choked up. I initiated our last handshake and left. My several years of home improvement days were over. Dray Cool Awnings was now a memory. We met Les Craig shortly after midnight at the Holiday Inn. We had a nice dinner and a drink, and had some laughs about the interview. Les told us that after the interview he asked the owner of the employment agency, Peter Peterson, who had arranged for me to come in for this interview, if I had already left the building. Les told him that he had decided to hire “that little Russian.” They ran to the elevator but *Elvis* had left the building. As Les and I talked, I realized that this was an entirely new industry and that no one else knew anything about such diamonds either. I would be plowing new fields and this harvest had tremendous potential. Before I had even left for training at Felker’s lab in Torrance I had already scheduled a meeting with a potential client for right after I got back. It was not just any client, but Burk Construction and Supply Company, the biggest contractor in Detroit, Michigan! In two weeks I would be sitting in front of a dozen salespeople as a Felker representative demonstrating our line of machinery and industrial cutting tools. I remember it vividly. I was petrified but thought you never go anywhere if you don’t take chances and that all this guy needs is guts. How else could I have come so far, to Parma, Ohio, from Novosiolovka and Petropavlovka, Ukraine? It was another lesson in life and finally it was a completely positive one. It was then that I started learning that attitude really is everything. Think big, take risks and believe in yourself. When you come down to it, what other choice is there.

## **Closing the Sale, Part II**

The lab work went well. In fourteen days, we put in a month's worth of work. It was intense. I would call Alice at the end of the day, explaining to her about these diamond-cutting tools and everything I was learning. The blades were round circular cutting blades, some up to fourteen inches and more in diameter. They were impregnated in a special combination of metal matrices with certain grit (size) of industrial diamonds on the outside rim. Each blade would be mounted on a special machine spinning at high r.p.m. The whole thing had to be water-cooled or the diamonds would burn up and turn to carbon when they hit 2000°F. A big use of the equipment would be for road construction. The blades could cleanly cut through asphalt or concrete to create relief joints, so that when the concrete does crack (there is one thing you can say about concrete—it *will* crack) it will more likely follow the pre-stressed groove and the two sections will rise and fall in unison. I enjoyed learning all of this. I also learned—and told Alice—that industrial diamonds are one and the same with jewelry diamonds, except the diamond becomes “industrial” when it has too many impurities in it to be used for jewelry. Industrial diamonds cost as little as \$2.00 per carat back then. Alice would get excited when I called her and explained to her about my new training. She would say, “It sounds good. I’ll buy one! Maybe we can cut our concrete driveway with it.” Her enthusiasm made me excited, too. If I could sell my wife one, I was getting somewhere. The two weeks passed quickly. An interesting conversation developed when I made the flight reservation for Sunday back to Cleveland. I was supposed to have been playing golf with Fred Stockinger, the President of the company, and his wife on that day, but I was so anxious to get ready for my appointment on Monday with Burk Construction, that I completely forgot about the golf date and took the first flight back. Later Fred said “I don’t think that anything is going to stop him from selling our diamond tools.” Alice picked me up from the airport and after several hours at home, headed off once again to Detroit. Already acting like a professional, I checked into my hotel and prepared the next day’s attack. Monday morning at 9 a.m., I had my stage set. I was ready. However, my heart was beating double-time. I kept thinking things like, “These guys are going to tear me apart” The twelve sales reps and I had our coffee and took a few minutes to get acquainted. That helped me somewhat. Finally, I dove into my presentation, telling them why they needed what Felker could make. After about twenty minutes, I took time out for questions. Ten minutes later, I knew that I was a Diamond Specialist. I didn’t know much about industrial diamonds or the cutting application, but I found out that everybody else didn’t know *anything*. So I realized that I knew 100% more than they did. A lesson like this can last one for an entire life. I became a diamond specialist that day. As I described all of our diamond tools (some were for industrial use, others for highway construction, masonry construction, and lapidary trade, or “Rock Hounds”), I got into my groove. By the end, they were excited and so was I.

They asked me to stay for a week and demonstrate the equipment in the field. I-94 was being built from Detroit to Kalamazoo, and this contractor was doing the work. I would spec-out a diamond blade with the lab's help and it would be overnighted to me, then we would proceed with a round of tests the next day. Everything went so well that we got the contract the following week. The company purchased \$64,000 of diamond tools! It was my first big sale and I was on my way. The second or third night I was in my Detroit motel, I got a knock on the door. Standing there was a beautiful young lady and she said a few things like she and I were a traveling sales agents. She said something about a dance later in the evening, so I asked her in and poured us a drink. I think she said her name was Kathy and she had a calm and relaxed manner to her, and I was entertaining some *innocent* thoughts that she might be here for an all-night party. After about 30 minutes into this game her demeanor changed and she said that this would not work out for her and that she is looking for a long-term relationship and the fact I was married didn't fit with her future, so she abruptly left. I was already uncomfortable with the situation and was glad to see her go. There had been no contact between us, not even a handshake. I opened the door for her and said goodnight. This party was over. Early the next morning I went to put something in my car on the way to breakfast. The car was missing, along with some very expensive diamond tools! At the breakfast there were maybe 10 people, and when I announced to the management that my car was gone, everyone heard me. One of the guests came to me and said, let's go see where you parked your car last night. I thought that this kind, good-looking man, about 10 years older than I was, looked familiar, but I just couldn't place him. As we walked all over the parking lot together, I broached that subject with him and asked him if we had met before. He stuck out his hand and said, "I am John Broomfield. I played Frank Morgan on the TV series 'Sheriff of Cochise'." He was being modest, because he was the lead and star of this popular TV show that ran from 1956 to 1958, and he was totally unaffected and a great, great guy. At any rate, the police found my car later that day with a broken window and a damaged door handle, and although almost everything else had been stolen, the diamond tools were still intact in the trunk. They probably didn't have a clue as to what they were! Alice and I sold our home in Parma and moved to Dayton, Ohio, in order to be more centrally located, purchasing a beautiful three-bedroom home in Washington Township. It was a great feeling to be making real money and selling to big clients. The best part was that I was doing it because I took a chance and believed that I could do it, like the saying goes, *God helps those that help themselves*.

**Living Big around Beautiful People  
Roaming around in Las Vegas and Hollywood**

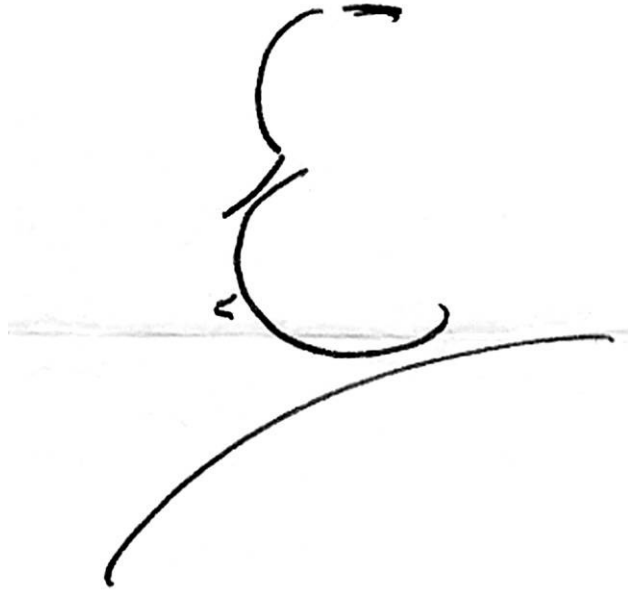
I settled into my new job well. As the business grew the company would periodically fly us back out to Torrance for more lab training. The first trip out, four of us—Dick Peterson, Karl Schweikhardt, Dick Lassiter, and I—flew to Las Vegas two days earlier to do the town our way. This place was a Mecca for four country boys like us. We at least tried to act like we were civilized. We gambled, drank, flirted (*innocently*, of course), and had a great time. We then rented a car and headed for Palm Desert, looking for Desi Arnez and Lucille Ball's home. Well, we saw quite a few of them, if one believed the tourist signs out there. Toward the evening, we stopped at the Desi Arnez Indian Wells Hotel where we crashed for the night. I was up early the next morning. I did not want to miss anything. I glanced out the sliding doors, and I was surprised at what I saw on the porch. I was looking at a bunch of oranges dangling over the rail. Instantly I was a little kid again at the bazaar in Petropavlovka where my father had bought me my first orange with all the money he had in his pocket. The memory slammed into me hard. It seemed like an entirely different life. I choked up, but I held back the tears. My buddies didn't need to see that. After all, it *was* a different life and I was growing into a very different person from the scared kid on the run I once was. Back in Las Vegas at the end of the day, we felt at home again. Frank Sinatra and Joe E. Lewis were performing at the Sands Hotel. We were sitting right at the stage next to Kim Novak, dressed in a black fur coat, with Frankie's drink on the table. He was nursing it frequently. The ladies would throw their hotel room keys to Frankie on the stage. As we would try to catch one of those keys, Frank Sinatra would come up to us and say with a wink, "Even if you caught one, you wouldn't know what to do with it." Everyone roared with laughter at that line. After a while it even looked like we were a part of Frankie's act. Frankly, I never had liked Frank Sinatra (I can say that now that he's gone) to me on that evening he became the "King of the Kings." It didn't take long for the four of us to fall in love with the glitz and glamour of Vegas. But by the time that we had gotten blended in it was time for us to leave for the lab. This was, after all, why we had come here. Monday morning, not so bright and bushy-tailed, were we in the lab. As long as we walked and moved around we were fine, but the minute we sat down in a classroom the sleep deprivation set in.

We had to use toothpicks to keep our eyelids open. Karl Schweikhardt had Dick Lassiter paint eyeballs on top of his eyelids so that when he had his eyes closed it looked as if he had his eyes open. Our corporate trainers also had lots of fun with it once they caught on. We were all great salesmen; they knew we'd learn what they were teaching us—between catnaps, of course. On our next trip to the lab the company gave us a car to roam around in. (If you hadn't notice, we did like these lab trips!) We ended up getting lost as we were driving around. Boy, am I glad we did. Up ahead at the entrance to some big hotel or ballroom we saw a fleet of limousines and people milling about dressed up in evening gowns and tuxedos. Wow! We had to check this out. Fortunately, we were in suits and ties so we could blend. As we got closer to the crowd it

became clear that these people were different somehow—more elegant and glamorous. I felt like we were at the Kentucky Derby; all of these people looked like thoroughbreds and they were all beautiful. We entered the building. This was before the days of mega-security and crazy stalkers, so we had no trouble getting right in. All the beautiful people were going up the stairs, shimmering in their evening gowns. I followed them, careful not to step on one of their gowns as I climbed the stairway. Although I have to admit, I felt like I wanted to step on a gown and have one of those beautiful ladies fall back right into my arms! The boys followed me. Upstairs we were sort of standing in the middle of it all, gazing in awe like bumpkins, still not knowing where we were. I looked to my right and a gorgeous lady started walking by. Noticing me noticing her, she said, “Hi.” That helped me to start the conversation. I said, “Hi. I’m Tad Galin.” She said, “Pleased to meet you, Tad. I’m Jane Wyman.” Her beautiful blue eyes were looking directly at me and it almost unraveled me. But I played it cool and kept talking with her. She was so sincere and attentive. I told her that we were diamond specialists from various parts of the country visiting the labs at Torrance. Her smile got bigger. I could not believe that she was spending such quality time with us. I thought that maybe diamonds had gotten her attention as well as my looks. I asked her what this gala was all about. She said that this was the “movie stars and producers’ guild awards” that took place every five years. Only four country boys like us could run into these festivities—and only in America. Eventually Jane had to move on and mingle. I told her it had been a thrill to meet her. I was so mesmerized I didn’t even ask her for her autograph. Looking straight ahead where the stairway met the floor, one of my buddies hollered, almost too loud, “I think that’s Cary Grant coming up the stairs!” By this time we really knew where we were. It was amazing to be rubbing shoulders with the stars of the Silver Screen. This was back when movies and movie stars were still elegant and magical. We were in heaven. Someone then said, “Look! That’s Alfred Hitchcock following Cary Grant.” This was too much. I *loved* Alfred Hitchcock.

I walked right up to him with a big grin. He turned his head to his left towards me with a somber look. No smile. He had a Beverly Hilton scratch pad in his hand, and before I even said anything, he drew his famous signature and handed it to me as if he knew that this was precisely what I wanted. It was a thrilling moment for me and, to this day, his autograph is a part of my library and a part of this book. All of the stars that we saw there are too many to mention. Everyone should have the opportunity to spend even a short time among such a group of people. It was a great experience.

*THE Beverly Hilton*



The autograph of Alfred Hitchcock, now in the library of the Galin Family Trust. 1960

### **The People You Meet**

As a diamond specialist I was covering five states: Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and West Virginia. I spent two weeks at project sites away from home for every one week I spent near home. But I found that I actually liked being on the road now that I was making a good living at it. I was exploring my new country and meeting some great people along the way. Plus, home life was turning out to be not so great. Interstate 75 was being built at that time from Michigan, through Ohio and Kentucky, and into Atlanta, Georgia (and later down to Naples, Florida). My time spent following the work through Kentucky gives a pretty good slice of what life was like. In Lexington, R.V. May Co. was my distributor of diamond tools. Bob DeMoss was a salesman that I trained and worked with. Bob was a slow-talking, slow-walking, and slow-thinking kind of a guy, but he knew all the contractors and all the job sites, and his well-known credibility made my introductions that much easier. My job was to work with the contractor cutting the expansion, transverse, and longitudinal joints on the new I-75 Highway concrete pavements. I would spec-out a diamond blade, give all the specs to the lab by phone, and get the blade the next day. It wasn't as simple as it sounds. Designing and specking these concrete-cutting blades was a constant challenge because the aggregate and quarry rock was changing from stone quarry to stone quarry, meaning that we had to keep changing the blade specs to get the cost mileage ratio and be



competitive. Before Bob and I would leave the hotel in the morning for the highway site, we would pack the bathtub full of beer and ice. We'd spend the entire day out with the contractors, making sure everything worked, and specking out the next day's blades. In the evenings, when we finally reached the green concrete that was not cured enough to cut, we called it a night. It might be 4 a.m. before we'd get back to the Holiday Inn. I had two rooms—one to take a shower and change in, and the other room was for the bathtub full of beer. It was lots of fun talking about how the competitors could not "cut it." Sleep wasn't really part of the equation. On the road I learned that there was more to being a good salesman than having a good, competitive diamond blade. P.R. was an important, sometimes-crucial, aspect. Building a relationship with the contractors was key to keeping the competitors out and it gave me some great experiences and memories. There were dinners with their families and visits to Calumet Farms on a Sunday.

In Lexington, Kentucky, as the backward saying goes, "They have fast women and corn-fed horses." Since both of them are fast, I think, I rather enjoyed the horses more. Just being close to one of these majestic creatures once is a memorable experience for life. Their entire body shimmers against the morning sun, every inch trembling and twitching, dancing like a wound-up doll. It was like every fiber in their being was built for the race, the chase. I felt I could relate. For most of my life I was in the race just to survive. This job as a diamond specialist had some rather good job perks. I had a full expense account. I had real freedom to use my discretion and I knew that it was my work that meant the difference between success and failure on a job. I personally chose and set up all of my distributors and hand picked the individual salesmen to properly represent my product line as a specialist. I never left a territory without having someone who had a good attitude and whom I personally trained—even if it meant working with them every night until midnight. These guys could call me any time, night or day, to ask me questions. I attribute my success to early on picking the right guy with the right attitude. I also set up my own appointments and always, always found ways to have fun.



### ***Life at Felker***

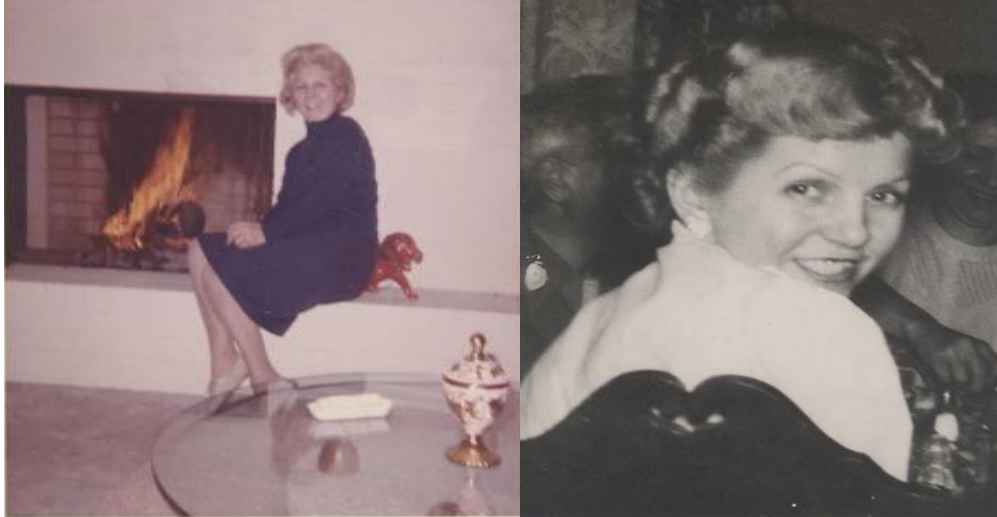
May 1964 at Felker Mfg. Co. Laboratory, Torrance, California that's me standing first on the far left. Dick Lassiter on my left, Dick Peterson fifth on the left standing, Karl Schweikhardt standing third on the right, Les Craig first sitting on the right. Fred Stockinger sitting Center right.

**1964: Cassius Clay—later became Muhammad Ali**  
Became World heavyweight boxing champ by defeating  
**Sonny Listen** in Miami Beach Florida

After my last day at the Lexington site I was headed for Louisville, Kentucky. Mohammed Ali, then still known as Cassius Clay, was fighting Sonny Listen in Louisville on a big center stage screen. It was less than a hundred-mile trip to get there but I was bound and determined to catch the fight. The second I finished up my work I was in the car and on the way. One of my Right Way Equipment, Inc., distributor/salesmen met me there. He had the tickets for the fight. We were a little late and the usher found our seats just as the bell rang for the first round. I turned to my right to put my overcoat over my seat. Suddenly I heard uproar behind me. As I turned back to the ring, I saw Sonny Listen on the canvas, flat on his back. He would not get up. For a second I thought he had a heart attack and fell down. But he hadn't. The fight was already over, and I never saw a punch. I never even sat down. I met with my distributors the next day for lunch in downtown Louisville, where I watched some of my guests down as many as four or six martinis! One could hardly tell that they had any. Talk about being in a different world.

As we were walking out of the restaurant, there was a small gathering to our right at the curb where a car was parked with the trunk open. A white-haired man in a white suit and hat, sporting a distinguished-looking white goatee, was handing out literature to passers-by. I asked what was going on. A lady said, "That is the Kentucky Colonel, selling Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises." I asked how much one cost. She said, "\$7,500." Everybody was laughing, "Ha! Ha!" I looked at this crazy man thinking he was nuts. We know the rest of the story. That crazy Colonel laughed all the way to the bank. That would be a lesson that I would only learn many years later, looking back on a lost opportunity. So, yes Kentucky was fun. So was Toledo, Ohio, believe it or not. In Toledo I had a distributor, Alsbaugh Construction & Equipment, Inc. As usual, the salesmen and sometimes the contractors would go out in the evenings. John, one of my sales people with this equipment supply company and a friend, lived in Toledo and knew all the right spots to hang out. He said, "Let's go to some place that we have not been to yet." I said, "Sounds good to me." I asked where his wife was, since she usually joined us. He hesitated, and said that she was with the kids. I asked, "Didn't I offer to pay for a babysitter?" He said, "Yes, but one of the kids is sick." I thought that it was normal so I never gave it another thought. Little did I know what John had in store? We pulled up to this swanky place. I thought, so this is the famous River Boat. Sure enough, when we got inside, there was a beautiful oval bar right in the middle of the room, with girls dancing around it. We headed right for it. It was rather early, like 7 p.m. John said that he was not hungry and that he just wanted a drink. This was okay with me. Soon the River Boat started coming alive with beautiful girls slinking around all over the bar. The show was just about to begin. On stage the curtain opened, and a dozen girls were dancing. We were having a blast buying drinks for the ladies at the bar. I thought that we had hit the jackpot for a nightspot! The ladies on the stage had these different colored tassels attached to their breast nipples, and by moving their bodies in a certain way those tassels would rotate in the opposite direction from one another. The girls were flirting with us and we responded in no lesser measure. It was great! But when the show was over, these ladies did something bizarre. They took their breasts off! My jaw hit the floor but everybody was applauding, including John. I looked at him. He could not stop laughing. By this time it was dawning on me what the S.O.B. had done. John looked at me, still laughing, and said, "Tad, Welcome to Toledo's finest gay bar!" I asked, terror-stricken, if the girls that we had been buying the drinks for were guys. John said, "All of them!" As I was heading for the door, John was right behind me, still laughing. He said, "Let's go and see Mary and the kids." When we arrived I noticed that Mary also was laughing. She was in on the joke and was waiting for us to come back so we could all go to dinner. We laughed for the rest of the evening. For months to come they had fun talking about my introduction to the *nightlife* in Toledo. Those were some pretty wonderful days.

**CHAPTER TEN:  
Loss and Recovery**



**Alice Galin in our 2<sup>nd</sup> home 64 Lander Lane Dayton Ohio**

Together with Alice, we moved to Holly, Michigan, in 1966, where we purchased a property on eighty acres of land. The place had a running creek, two lakes, and, nestled among the rolling hills, a 135-year-old farmhouse together with a Michigan garage (Made out of small boulders gathered from the land) and a red barn. In addition to being beautiful it felt like a wise investment since it was located at the foot of Mount Holly Ski Resort. Near Flint Mich. Alice and I were looking forward to a long, happy time there. Alice died on 9-22-1967



First thing, Alice and I did, we got a Motel room on Telegraph and Dixie Highway in Pontiac, Michigan, 15 miles from Holly. Alice and I immediately began remodeling our farm house. Everything was gutted. The 135 year home built with old oak logs inside was so tough that we burned lots of drills. In the walls we found some interesting articles, such as old Coca-Cola bottles, everything was old. It took us almost two months to renovate our farm house.

From our Motel across the Dixie Rd. on Telegraph and Dixie, there was, very conveniently a Chinese Restaurant, "Joy Gardens". I was introduced to Chinese food when I first came to America, I love it ever since.

### **The Home Front**

Unfortunately, while my life on the road was hard and fun, my life with Alice wasn't great. Sometimes it actually wasn't even good. She was always secretive about everything—the income from her beauty shop, how she spent her time, even her age. She couldn't have children, which was a big thing to me and I know that didn't help the relationship. But what really bothered me is the fact that she never accepted my mother and my sister, Anne, when we lived in Parma, Ohio. I loved the two of them to death. We had all been through so much. My family was very important to me and the fact that there was friction between them and Alice was painful. Alice and I had plenty of room in our newly purchased home in Parma those days and I wanted to bring Mom and Anne to live with us. Nina was working in downtown Cleveland as a cleaning woman, riding a bus to work every day, living in old apartments, usually without air conditioning, while I was living in a comfortable home in the suburbs. But Alice was against them living with us and rather than putting my foot down and insisting that we do something for my family, I let her have her way. This is my toughest story to tell out of this entire book—I feel like I am talking to a priest, confessing a very old sin. It's amazing that in the midst of growing personal success, I felt like I was failing so badly the people I should have been supporting above all else.

### **New Horizons**

I decided to pack it in for a while with Felker Mfg.Co. In those five years I had explored more of the country and met more people than most people get to do in a lifetime. I was ready for a change. Omark Industries in Michigan offered me a position covering a smaller territory with more income. I would get the chance to handle more of the precision tools used for core drilling of things like glass for the auto industries.



**The OMARK INDUSTRIES KOLLEGE of KNOWLEDGE  
July 17, 18, 19—1966 A fun cruise with my salesman buddies.  
The author is the fourth from the right in the first row.**

It was a good life. Life in Holly, Michigan, went well for a while. I spent time with Omark, then moved on to Central Pipe Co., and then got creative, founding my own venture, Galin Heating Co. This would be the beginning of numerous other business ventures including purchasing 50% of Lake Heating and Air Conditioning, complete with a full sheet metal shop in Pontiac, Michigan. It was truly great being a master of my destiny, at least for a while. But my life was to be interrupted by an event that would change it completely. August 1967 One day Alice returned from a trip to Cleveland, Ohio. She was in good spirits, telling our neighbor that she had lost a few pounds and that she felt great. The next day, September 22 1967 when I arrived home from work late in the evening, I found our house unusually dark. The dogs were not barking as they usually did. Walking in and turning on the lights, I found my wife, Alice; face down dead on the floor. The autopsy revealed a cerebral hemorrhage. Just like that.

### **The Unraveling**

After calling the ambulance, I called our neighbor, Charlotte Thompson. She rushed over to the house and stayed with me, eventually taking care of the funeral arrangements and everything else that I couldn't bear to deal with. Our dogs, a collie named, Pushkin, and a wire-haired terrier named, Laddie, were lying on the kitchen floor through all of this with their faces in their paws, and not moving a muscle. They knew that something terrible was happening and seeing them in their state made things that much harder for me. I stayed with friends for the next couple of nights as the reality of Alice's death started to sink in. In the end I decided that I needed to get away for a while.



I rented an apartment called Fifth Avenue in Detroit, Michigan, with a golf course that I never intended to play on it. I just wanted to get away from Holly and Pontiac.

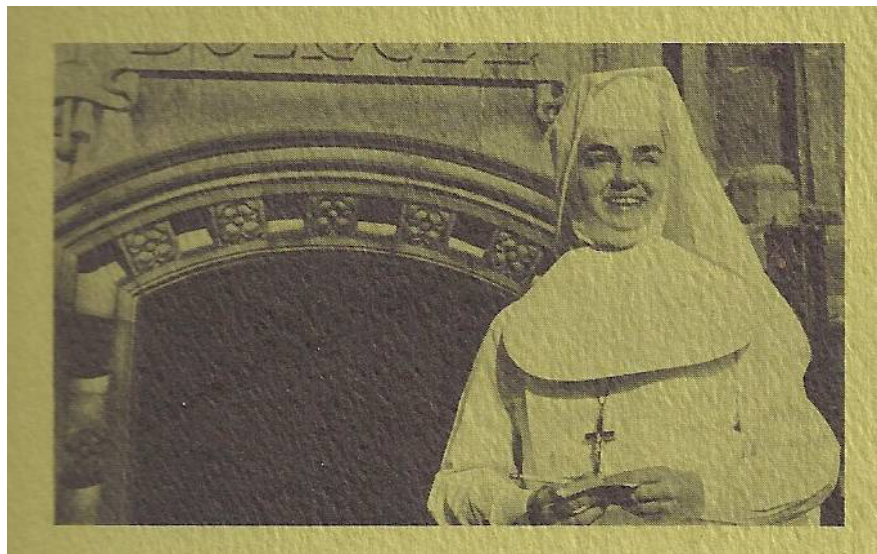
I rented out the farmhouse to a comptroller with Montgomery Ward and his family. They were a nice couple with children and it was a great place for them. I also left the two dogs, Pushkin and Laddie, with their children. My next stop was my company, Lake Heating and Air Conditioning, in Pontiac. When I walked in I saw my partner Jr. playing cards by himself as usual. A year earlier Jr. went deaf from a treatment of antibiotics. This was when I purchased ½ of the company and later I realized that due to my partner's hearing condition, I was running everything; I had to learn it fast right on the job. I said to Jr., you see all of this, pointing to everything including the sheet metal shop. Jr. couldn't read the lips that well yet and asked me to write it out for him as I always did. I told him that I would not write it all out and pointing to the entire place again. Jr. picked it up and said to me this whole place, I said, yes, this whole place, when I walk out of here it is all yours. He said, and yours. I said no, I am leaving it all to you. I reached out shook his hand, said goodbye to Norma, his wife and everybody else and walked out the door. Me, walking away from my company. I figured it was enough loss to my partner Jr. If I had asked for my half, with his family to support, he would have never made it. To this day I feel that I have done the right thing. So, I turned the heating business over to my partner, bought me a bottle of Crown Royal from ILO next door. (This is the same ILO that got me a Justice of the Peace later on when June and I got married, with her boyfriend John as my best man.) I left for my apartment. Here with Crown Royal and some Maalox, I saddled in and tried to sort it all out. However, this was not as secluded and quiet place as I thought it would be and sleep would not come. On top of it all, I had a couple above me. They were from Germany and the way I knew this is when they got in one or two a.m. they would start to argue. Of course it was all in German and I could hear and understand every word of it through the heating vents and besides the apartments were not well insulated. After several days without sleep, or very little of it, I went to the manager's office and told them that they had to insulate my apartment by that night, or give me my deposit back. I left the area that afternoon to join my mother and sister at their apartment back in Parma. Ultimately, I did get my deposit back. Now was the time to start picking up the pieces. Back in Parma I got reacquainted with some old friends. They helped me to overcome my grief and eventually started making plans for a new beginning. But it was a long road. It was hard going through all of our personal belongings. I began to discover what I was already suspecting, that Alice was leading almost a double-life, with investments and dealings that she never trusted me enough to tell me about. It took a long time before I came to accept that she had made a choice to protect herself and not keep all her eggs in one basket. Like my former training partner, Patrick Green, I now found myself drinking lots of Crown Royal and Maalox. My time with Alice had had its bumps, but without her I really was lost.

I learned the biggest lesson ever: nothing in life are certain and even the most secure parts of your world can be taken away in an instant. While you're alive, **live!**

**A New Love**  
**This was to be yet another blessing in disguise**

Friends were concerned about me as the months went on. They saw—before I did—that the only way to move on was to move on. Bill Ziegler, whom I met in Indian Lakes Resort in Ohio while honeymooning with Alice, took the plunge. I thank him for that, because what he did helped turn my life in an amazing new direction. Someone once said that God never shuts all the doors—he always leaves one open for you if you have enough faith you'll find it and walk through. Bill knew Miss Vaka from the days when she was his caseworker and was a help to Bill and his family at that time. Bill must have been impressed with her. So Bill set me up on a blind date with Miss Vaka, who was in charge of the upcoming *Mardi Gras* dance in downtown Cleveland. It had been many months since Alice had died, but I still wasn't sure I was ready to start dating again. But Bill insisted. Miss Vaka agreed to have me as her date at this dance. I was so disorganized and apprehensive that I couldn't find my cufflinks, so Anne went out and bought me a pair. On my way over I forgot the address at home to where this dance was taking place. After meeting Miss Vaka, I decided early on that we didn't have any real chemistry. For one thing she was quite a bit taller than me. I suggested that on our next date, I should wear the high heels and she should wear flats! To her credit, she had a good sense of humor and agreed. Since she was in charge of the dance party, she left me on my own through much of the evening, which was fine with me. As the evening wore on I started getting restless. I was beginning to realize that I really did miss the company of the fairer sex and maybe was ready to start trying again. Miss Vaka wasn't the one but maybe someone else. I was noticing a young lady standing all by herself, so I decided, "what the heck." I walked up to her, introduced myself, and asked for a dance. She accepted. Her name was June Ashton. She was studying at Case Western Reserve University for her master's degree in nursing. As we started talking, I mentioned that I had come from Pontiac, Michigan, the week before. June replied that she had left Pontiac fifteen years earlier. This started a conversation—a real fun, amazing conversation. Well after midnight we went for a bite at the Circle-K in Parma, Ohio, and then we sat in the car—and steamed up the windows—until the early morning hours. After I took her back to her dormitory at Case Western, I felt tingly all over. I realized there was something different about this young lady—something honest and sincere, without any of the usual pretentiousness that accompanies a first date. I really wanted to see her again. June apparently felt the same way. When

I called to ask her out to a nice steak dinner at Borroglis Restaurant in Parma Ohio the next Saturday, she readily accepted the date. I wanted to prepare for any eventuality that might develop. So with the experience of a traveling salesman, I made a reservation at the Holiday Inn, "just in case." Should the encounter develop into a relationship, a dormitory was not the place to be, especially traveling on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland Ohio at night. One should stay off this street at all cost. Sitting at our dinner table, enjoying a great second date, I asked June what she had been doing since her departure from Pontiac fifteen years before. Then, June lowered the boom. She had spent the last fifteen years in a convent. She had been a nun. This was something that I had not expected! Stunned a bit, like the dog chasing a bus, after the bus stops the dog does not know what to do with it. Well, after a while I put my self together. This lady was something special.



***1952 June became a Sister of St. Joseph Nazareth, Kalamazoo Michigan.***

1957 Sister June the Nun 23 years old Graduated and became a Registered Nurse

1965 graduated from Boston College School of Nursing.

**1967 Met the Author, Tad Galin Sr. at the Mardi Gras dance in Cleveland Ohio while studying at Case Western Reserve University for Masters Degree in Nursing.**





Christmas 1951 June Lenora Ashton Pontiac Michigan



Sister Paul O.S.B. Sister M Gosetti O.S.B. Sister June Ashton S.S.J. Sister Muriel G.N.P.A.

Ice Skating on Boston Gardens. Prudential Center in the background. Before Sister June's Graduation from Boston College, School of Nursing.



**Summer of 1963. Sister June Ashton, Clarkston, Michigan,**

Sister June was studying at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio for her Master's Degree in Nursing

1968 At 12:00 midnight I Met Sister June at the Mardi Gras Dance in Cleveland, Ohio

Taking June to dormitory was not the place to go, especially traveling on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, Ohio at night. One should stay off this street at all cost.

I made a reservation at the Holiday Inn.

I knew that I was a good closer, however, this time I chose not to be one. Excusing myself under the pretext of going to the restroom, I called the Holiday Inn to cancel the rooms. After all, I did not want to ruin my standing with the Pope John II. But I knew inside there was something different about her. She was so honest and sincere; it was refreshing to the heart of a salesman. So I took June home and introduced her to my Mother Nina. I was reminded of Martin Luther's advice: "Happy is the man that marries a nun." I would soon test the wisdom of that statement. I courted June for several months and fell deeply in love with her. As soon as the college semester was finished in June 1968, we decided to get married and start our new life together, with all of its adventures. June, having lived a convent life for fifteen years, (1952-1967) was more than ready to take on the adventure of building a new life. June was seventeen years old when she decided to dedicate her life to God and good works as a nursing nun. She worked in a pharmacy and a physician's office during her high school years, and was drawn to taking care of the sick. What better way to do this than as a Sister of St. Joseph of Nazareth, in Kalamazoo, Michigan? After finishing two-and-a-half years of novitiate study, June and four of her classmates, Mary Lou, Joe Ann, Betty Jean, and Mary Jane, were sent to a hospital owned by the Sisters of St. Joseph to live and study nursing. That story by itself could fill a book. Today, fifty years after entering nursing, June continues to care for the sick as a Hospice Nurse as a R.N. She also takes care of me daily, with all *that* entails, after some forty years of marriage.



### **A Word from Junie, the Nun**

Tad has been writing this book and telling me about it from the day that I met him. The contrast between convent life and life with Tad Galin, well, to use Tad's term: "June did not know life with all its trimmings from a brick in the wall." I was born in Detroit, Michigan, the third child of four, during the great depression. My parents lost their wealth to the banks and we moved to Pontiac, Michigan when I was two years old. Catholic Schooling along with a strict Catholic Home upbringing for seventeen years prepared me for a life dedicated to God and humanity. I entered the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth, Michigan after graduating from St. Michael High School. After two years of religious studies I was assigned with four other nuns to start Nurses Training in our Diploma School of Nursing, Borgess Hospital Division of Nazareth College in Kalamazoo, Michigan. After two years, I was assigned to complete my third year of nurses training in St. Joseph Hospital School of Nursing in Flint, Michigan. I graduated October, 1957, and took my Michigan State Nursing Boards, passing them number one in the class of sixty four. I was assigned to the Medical Nursing Staff at St. Joseph Hospital, Flint, Michigan for three years and then in 1960, I was transferred to Borgess, Hospital Kalamazoo, Michigan as Head Nurse of a forty-eight bed ortho-neuro unit. This included teaching student nurses in the clinic area. I loved it. The orthopedic staff included, world renown, Dr. Homer Stryker, and Dr. James Scholl, who conducted a four year Orthopedic Residency for Surgeons. They also did the formal teaching of the student nurses and the clinic teaching with me. Really a great setup for learning. In 1964, I was sent to Boston College in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts to obtain my B.S.N. in Nursing which I did in 1965. I was then assigned to our hospital in Detroit, Michigan. In 1967, after fifteen years, as a nun, I was given three months time off for a religious renewal. During this time of evaluation, I decided that I would leave the convent life for a secular life in the world. In December, 1967, my dispensation came from the Vatican in Rome, Italy, and I was released from my vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience to venture out into the World. I was given a stipend for clothes which I bought at Goodwill Industries and my, Sister Jeanette, took me to Merle Norman Studios and bought me Makeup and took me to a bank to open an account as these basic life affairs I had not done for fifteen years. A girl friend of mine from Detroit took me with her for a two week vacation to her friends in California. This helped me reorient to the "other world". We rented a car and drove from San Francisco to San Diego visiting friends and many beautiful places including Disney Land. Such eye openers after fifteen years of convent life. In January, 1968, I started studying for my Masters Degree in Rehabilitative Nursing at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. I lived in the dormitory and nursed at University Hospital in the Respiratory Acute Unit to pay my tuition. This was a WHOLE NEW WORLD----A story in itself. I had lots to learn. I joined a health spa, The Young Republican Club and the Alumni Association

for socialization along with my schooling. The Alumni Association had a Mardi Gras Dance in downtown Cleveland Sahara Club, February 27, 1968 I took a bus down Euclid Ave. by myself and found the party and met Tad Galin. We

have owned and operated twelve businesses together and numerous home-based network-marketing businesses. We have raised two sons, built a home on eighty acres, and a golf course. When I said, “yes” to his proposal, I really did not know what I was getting into. But in retrospect, I was fortunate and very lucky that I did not miss any of this. And as I see it, this is only the beginning. We now are ready to build “Legacy for Life” worldwide. But I’ll let Tad tell you all about that!

### **The Wedding**

Although June’s family wanted a large church wedding—since she had been a nun and had many friends who would want to be in attendance—June did not want a large affair. She had already been through enough big celebrations and ceremonies during her years as a nun and a Nursing Sister of St. Joseph. After discussing this with the family, including the priest, everyone agreed to a wedding in June’s mother’s house in Pontiac, Michigan. June and I went to Pontiac General Hospital to get our blood results. The test was good. I called the priest, Father Brady, and told him the good news. Then I talked to him about the wedding date at the house. But now Father Brady had changed his mind. He didn’t want us to be married in June’s house! I could not believe what I was hearing. Here was someone who was never married, with no family of his own, trying to tell us how to start our life together. June was also listening in on the conversation. I was courteous and said, “Yes, Father,” many times, before finally getting him off the phone. June and I were steamed but we were also resourceful. We went to see two of my friends, ILO and her boyfriend John. ILO had a grocery store next to my Lake Heating business and that is where I bought the bottle of Crown Royal after my wife passed away. I asked if they knew a Justice of the Peace. They said, “Yes.” An hour later, with our rings in my pocket, John and ILO as witnesses and without notifying our families, June and I were married on June 6, 1968, by a Justice of the Peace in Pontiac, Michigan. This was the most important day in my life! I was thirty-seven, a widower with lots of life experience behind me, and I knew that now I had finally found my soul mate.



Just got married June 10, 1968 at John McClellan's home in Dayton Ohio



June 5, 1968. Sister June the Nun is leaving Case Western Reserve University, about to join Tad Galin's University.



June 6, 1969. Grand Blanc, Michigan. Mrs. June Galin.  
It has not been easy; some body has to do it. But with lots of training and coaching, look at her now!



June 6, 1968, in Pontiac, Michigan. June the Nun and Tad Galin Sr. were married by the Justice of the Peace. Cost: \$20.00. The shotgun on the wall is for display only!



June 6, 1968. “Reception” at the Hawaiian Gardens Holly, Michigan, Cost: \$180.00 for four—most of it was Mai Tai’s. We just look sober.

As the photo indicates, we were married in front of a fireplace decorated with a shotgun and two pistols. Being of a religious background, June wants me to make it clear that the symbolism of the shotgun wedding was pure coincidence! June and I invited her mother to the apartment we had rented in Grand Blanc, Michigan, to break the news to her. Her reaction was one of utter disbelief. When I assured June’s mother that I would take very good care of her daughter, she said, “I’m not worried about June. I’m worried about you, Tad!” Needless to say, my mother-in-law, Nora Ashton, and I became good friends.

### **Instant Credit: The Beginning of the Era**

Life was coming back together on all fronts. I was selling carpet and furniture in Grand Blanc and building a good reputation. I had made a bunch of new friends, including Vern Stevens. Vern and I were selling furniture together at Ross Furniture Warehouse. This was a huge mega store with hundreds of individual rooms fully furnished with every make of furniture in the country. We drove our customers around in golf carts in order to show them everything. Vern and I helped each other a lot. If one of us was having difficulty closing a sale, we would introduce the customer to the other one, calling him a “manager.” The “manager” would then proceed to offer a slightly better deal and usually close the sale. Vern was great to work with. One day he called me and asked me to buy a franchise with him. (We always talked about opening a store of our own together.) It was a new craze called

### **Instant Credit.**

This was a heavy paper credit card that the businesses were providing free to their customers. The customer could then walk into any store that was set up with Instant Credit and purchase one hundred dollars of any goods, and pay the home office in Atlanta a little at a time every month. I was kicking myself by now for having missed the Kentucky Fried Chicken opportunity when I was in Louisville, Kentucky. I had been leaving a restaurant and saw the Kentucky Colonel selling a franchise from the trunk of his car. It looked hokey to me so I just laughed and missed the opportunity. I sure didn't want to miss out on another one! June did not know one brick from another when it came to business and less about anything like owning a franchise. Come to think,

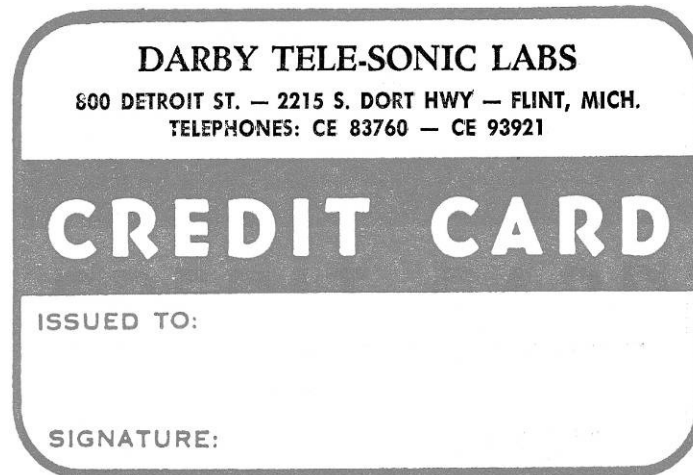
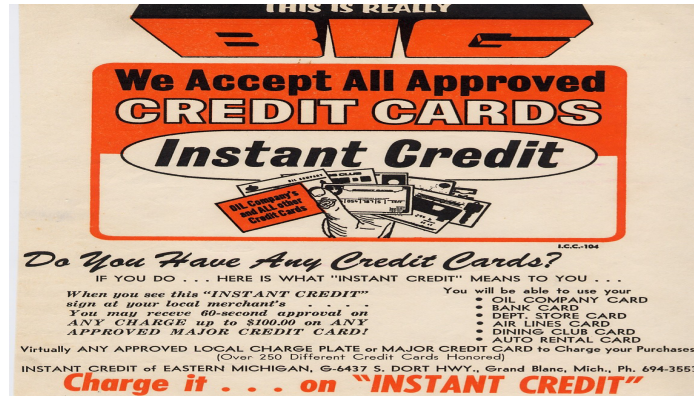
I didn't either—I just thought that I knew it all. She was a good adventurous soul and agreed to go for it with me even though we were still just newlyweds and still on our honeymoon. How many ladies would jump into a franchise while on their honeymoon? Well, I can think of only one other lady who interrupted her honeymoon, Marilyn Monroe, when she came to visit us in the US Forces in South Korea in 1954 Marilyn was on her honeymoon with Joe DiMaggio. Joe DiMaggio, I believe, stayed behind somewhere in Japan Pg. 194

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**1422 West Peachtree Street Suite 320 Atlanta, Georgia.**

### **DISTRICT FRANCHISE AGREEMENT**

THIS AGREEMENT is entered into this 25<sup>th</sup> day of June 1968 by and between Instant Credit of Michigan, Inc. whose street address is 1076 Carrier Creek, N.E., IN THE city of Grand Rapids, State of Michigan, (hereinafter referred to as The Master Franchisee) and Tad Galin, 1910 Woodsley Drive, Apt. 10, Flint Michigan. (Hereinafter referred to as The District Franchise) Vern and I put up \$6,000 each and bought the franchise. June and I, we jumped right in and we went to work. We set up shop in all the stores, gas stations, beauty shops, etc., that we could find and generated an incredible amount of business. We hired a radio station to broadcast the new deal and herald the arrival of the new instant credit era. The radio station broadcast the message on August 7th, 1968, and the response was terrific. It looked like we had hit on something big.





June, Vern, and I were at a gas station finishing up work one afternoon about 4 p.m. We were leaving for the day and Vern decided to go with another friend of ours, Ronnie, in his convertible. A little bit later June and I got in our car and went home, too. Up ahead, we saw a bunch of people milling around. June said, "There is an accident. Let's go see if everyone's okay." We stopped the car and tried to get through the crowd to see it closer. It was a convertible, lying upside-down. My heart sank. We recognized Vern, lying right in the middle of a puddle of gasoline next to the car. His face was up but he was motionless. Ronnie, the driver, walked away without a scratch somehow. June's instinct as a Registered Nurse took over and she went to work on Vern with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. She was kneeling in a puddle of gasoline—her shoes, stockings, and her skirt were soaked in gas. I was terrified. I yelled for everyone not to smoke or light a cigarette anywhere near the accident. The ambulance finally came. We rode in it with Vern while June was still working frantically on him. But upon arrival at the hospital, Vern was pronounced dead. We lost our partner and I lost a friend. June and I kept at the business—we threw ourselves completely into it, partly as a distraction, partly to honor our friend, partly because it was enjoyable work. In fact, maybe we worked too hard. We sold so much business that in the next few months INSTANT CREDIT CORPORATION declared bankruptcy. They hadn't planned their cash reserves well enough to pay out the business that the promoters, like us, produced.

ARK/bks

TELEPHONE  
456-3577

A. RAY KALLIEL  
Attorney At Law  
416 HALL OF JUSTES  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN 49502

September 5, 1968

Instant Credit Corporation  
Suite 320  
1422 West Peachtree Street N.W.  
Atlanta, Georgia 30309  
Mr. C.R. Gloson, Sr., Chairman of the Board  
Mr., L.L. Thurmond, President  
Mr. C.R. Ward, Vice President  
Mr. James W. Hames, Director

Gentleman:

I have just returned from another four hour meeting, with our sub franchisees, Tad Galin Sr. Mr. Vern Stevens, Sr., and Junior Stevens. It's the same the same old discouraging story that has been characteristic with Instant Credit from the date of its introduction into Michigan. They are practically beside themselves with worry and frustration over the lack of help, lack of supplies, and lack of the service to the merchants, promises, and representations made and broken. We have all invested with I.C.C. substantial sums of money, tremendous time and effort, a very heavy out-lay of time and effort and money for good will and advertising, only to have all these efforts destroyed by lack of fulfillment on the part of I.C.C. of its contractual obligation. Ever since I first became involved with I.C.C. I was plagued with lack of service, supplies, and only after many costly phone calls, letters, and delays, did we receive any supplies. This has continued to the present time. We have listened to all the excuses we can bear.

The merchants are forever unhappy with every payout and few, if any, can be used for references. Except for an occasional one, they express total dissatisfaction with the program and if they did not have their money invested would discontinue the program. They are often not supplied for two or more months. At least sixteen "old" accounts in Flint do not have the metal signs promised them. They believe, and so do we, that every excuse and subterfuge is used by I.C.C. to recourse payments to the merchant for illogical or flimsy reasons. Certainly a poor way for a financial investigation to grow or create good will. Salesmen are sent out without anything but zeroxed sales kits because they can't be obtained from you. They are hardly, if ever, able to be supplied with starter kits for longer than a day or two because of lack of any supply in the office. This problem has been discussed at least twenty to thirty times by me with I.C.C. and all we get are promises of future correction. These

matters, together with lack of service from you, because the salesmen to have to return over and over again to the merchant to pacify his anger, take him supplies, and make excuses for I.C.C. As a result, salesmen float in and out of the sales force because they are unable to believe in the progress or the financial integrity of I.C.C. I know Mr. Ward will retaliate at these comments by his standard arguments that the contracts on two or three merchants came in late to I.C.C., not eh merchants don't know how to fill out tickets, but this hardly explains complaints we receive from at least eighty to ninety percent of our sales. They can't all be wrong.

The net results of the conduct of I.C.C. has hampered the growth of the sub franchisees to the extent that it was necessary for me tonight to have to give to them the master franchises share of the sales price of the merchant's contracts and all of the residuals due the master franchises for a period of months so they can continue to operate financially. Surely you know we could not afford to do this, and it creates a financial hardship on us. I.C.C. has reached nearly every important promise contained in the master and sub franchisees contracts on the part of I.C.C. to be performed. I refer you to the Franchise Agreement, Master Franchise Manual, District Franchise Presentation Manual, the Sales Manual and the countless representation made by the present and previous personnel of I.C.C. in promotion by the sale of this Franchise. Your discontinuance of metal signs, failure to send an adequate supply of materials to the merchants and franchise holders, failure to assist in training Sales forces and failure to service and properly honor the merchant contracts has totally jeopardized our investments and future growth.

I can only assume this occurs for one of two reasons: either you are simply neglecting to honor your commitments; or you are financially unable to back your operation. I have asked about the financial position of several I.C.C. officers, employers, and directors, and they, at one time or another, have assured me that you have the financial support to carry on this function and on that I have relied. Mr. Hames representing Instant Credit and the Cobb Exchange Bank, in his letter of January 26, 1968, further supports this position, and we strongly rely on that. I do trust that you will not attempt to continue this business if the I.C.C. position is financially unsound. If so, I ask for that disclosure at this time. Obviously, we do not wish to jeopardize any merchant fund or our reputation in this area. If you are financially strong, there should be no reason why we cannot have an abundance of material and supplies in the offices at all times and a constant supply flowing to the district franchises together with better merchant service, starter kits, metal signs, indoor signs, decals, charge tickets, promotional materials, sales manuals, kits, and so forth, should be available to them in quantities sufficient to run the operation successfully. Tad Galin does not even have a sales kit for himself. He had to give his to a salesman. They badly need seventy-five starter kits – not ten or fifteen dribbling in after many letters and phone calls and two to three week delays.

They badly need at least twenty sales kits for salesmen. They need twenty to thirty metal signs to supply merchants sold and merchants to be sold. They need charge tickets, etc., to supply the merchants when they run out and encounter a two or three week delay when ordering from I.C.C. If they can't have these supplies on hand at all times, why did they invest \$12,000.00? I want you to make reimbursement to me for the financial assistant I have to give to the district franchises because of this dilemma and give financial concession to the sub franchisees to assist them. After all, we have sent and paid thousands of dollars to I.C.C., and this problem is not of our making. Most important of all, I demand that you honor your commitments, so this matter may rest at this level rather than in a court of law, where none of us, I'm sure, wish to be. Your breach of contract results in difficulty in our ability to fulfill our obligations to you.

Sincerely,

A. Ray Kalliel, President  
Instant Credit of Michigan, Inc.

Cc: Mr. Galin & Messer's Stevens

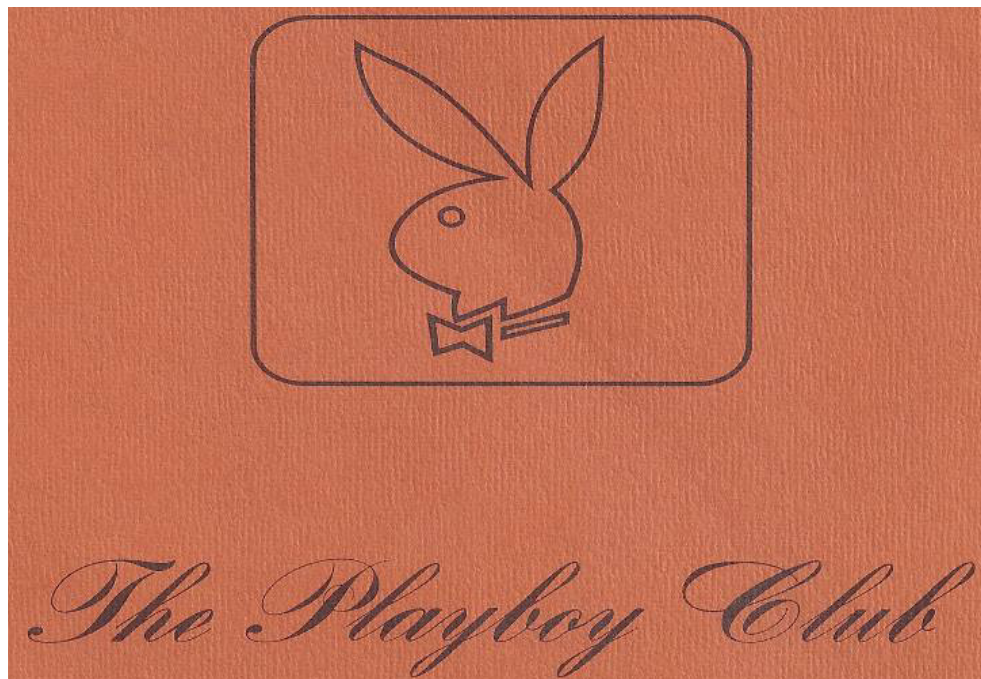
**TODAY IT IS KNOWN AS VISA  
AMERICAN EXPRESS AND MASTER CARD**

Later another credit card company purchased the bankrupt Instant Credit. From here on the credit industry grew to today's level. Today we know these conglomerates as Master Card, Visa, American Express, etc. August 1968. The beginnings of this multi billion-dollar industry were on G-6434 S. Dort Highway, Grand Blanc, Michigan,

I HAD A SMALL PART IN IT. TO HELP IT TO CATCH ON.



1969 I believe, that this was the first Play Boy Club in U.S.A. We were there in Chicago, my wife June first right, Author left 3<sup>rd</sup>



1969 first Play Boy Club Chicago

### **Home Life and Legal Wrangling**

We were now starting from scratch again. After June and I got married we moved back on the farm, and started our family. Of course, as a backup for Michigan winters, we purchased a Franklin stove. Among other things, like a guitar and winter coats by Grand Ma Nina. June and I moved back to my farm in Holly, Michigan, and I got back into the carpet business.



### **My third real estate property On 80 acres**

**Tad Jr. 3 years old playing in snow, in his favored red snowmobile suit.**

I was continuing to learn the ropes of the business. As I was talking about going into the carpet business, Bruno Jandasek, an acquaintance of mine asked me if he could join me. He was from Europe like me but he did not have a clue about the carpet business, but he knew a Bank Manager, Bob Palmer, who would lend us \$5,000. Thus, the Oxford Warehouse Carpet Outlet in Oxford, Michigan, was born. Then June and I started our family. Tad Galin, Jr., was born on October 21, 1970—a dream come true. A couple years later, on September 6, 1972, our second son, Joseph Przegalinski Galin, was born. Now I had the family I had always longed for. I had two sons to continue my bloodline, and a wonderful wife to share my life with. After June and I got married we moved back on the farm, and started our family. Of course, as a backup for Michigan winters, we purchased a Franklin stove. Among other things, like a guitar and winter coats by Grand Ma Nina.

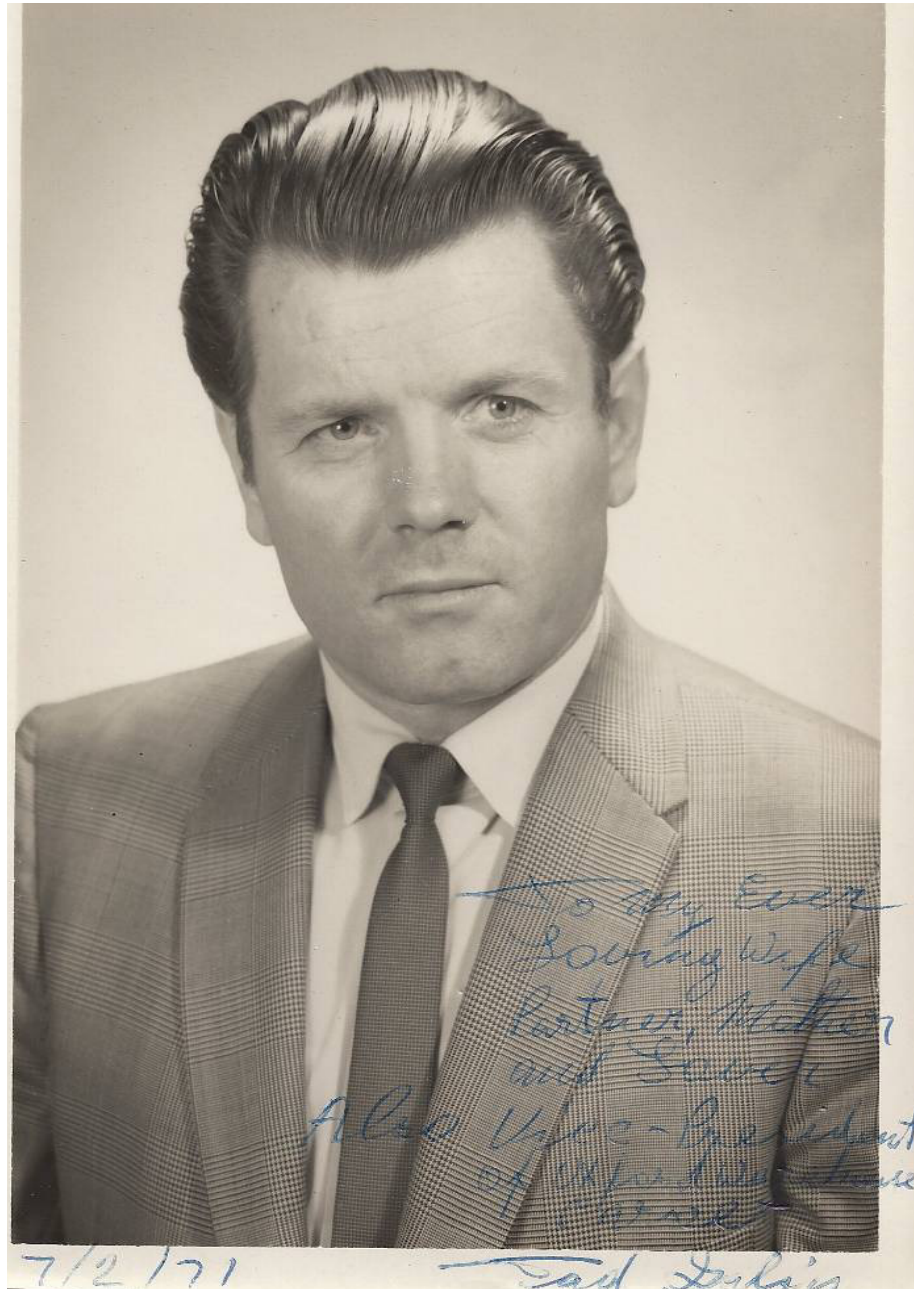




1973 Tad Jr. 4 and Joe 2 Holy Michigan at the old farm House here, Tad Jr. 3 year's old playing guitar, Joe one year old learning to walk.



Home Life, winter of 1970-1971. Junie and Laddie the dog Mt. Holly, MI. This 135 year old white farm house in the background with red corn crib and a Michigan garage behind it in the middle, and a typical country red barn to the right, this was my third 80 acre homestead purchased in 1965. Tad Jr. and Joe were born here.

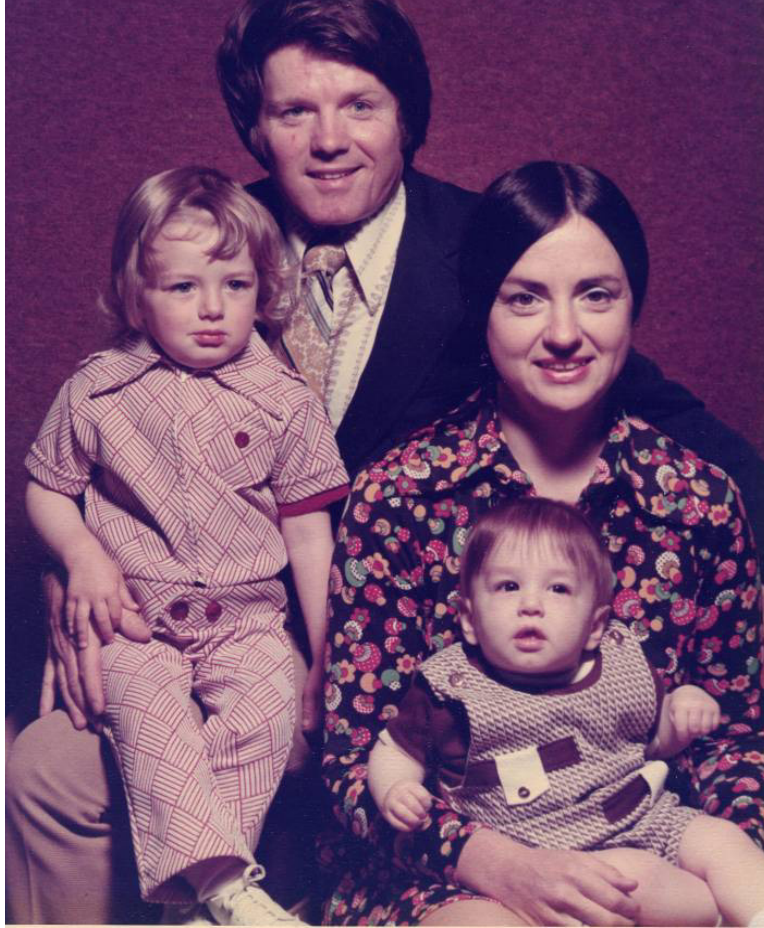


The Author, 41 years old on 80 acres 135 year old home and red barn, build A, 5,000 sq ft. home on 2 lakes 2 boys 2 dogs quarter horses, and short horn cattle.



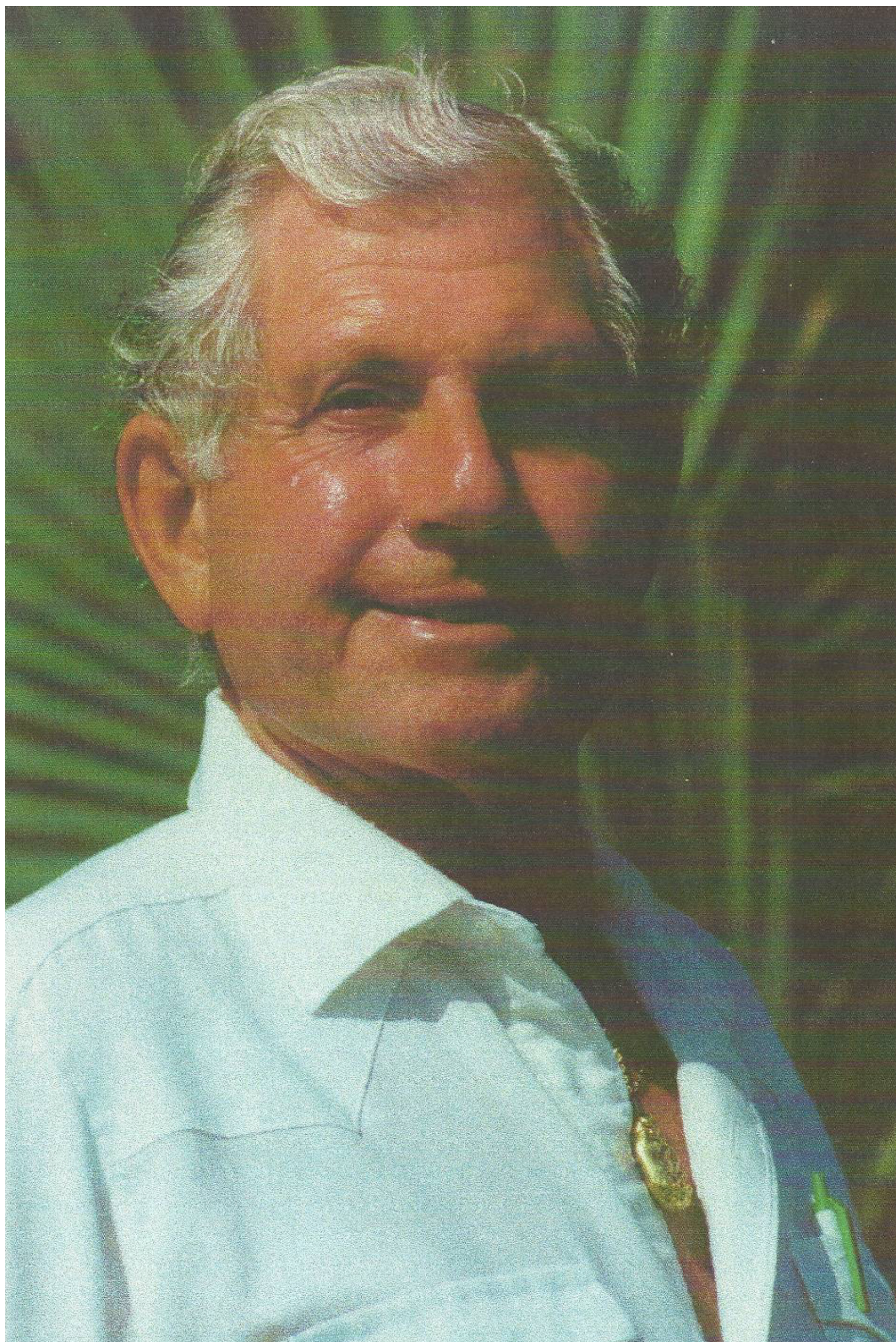
1971- Our Store, "Oxford Warehouse Carpet". Junie, Tad, Jr., and me. Oxford, Michigan.





The Galin Family, my wife June with Joseph and Tad Jr. 1973. All we needed now was the white picket fence—and maybe a dream home on our 80 acres and 125 year old farm house where we did build a 5,000 sq. ft. our dream home. This picture was taken inside our Oxford Warehouse Carpet Store in Oxford Michigan. Now I learned for the third time that I have to live with my partner every day. My command of the English language even those days was reasonable, but his English was heavily accented. To top it all off, he had no sales ability. It would frustrate me to watch him with a customer showing the lady a roll of carpet, kicking at it with his foot, and calling attention to his shoes that badly needed polishing. I had to do all the house measurements and layouts in print, including the stairways, to avoid any waste. In the basement I had a drapery production line with several seamstresses. Measuring and installing draperies is an art, not to mention selling them. One day I received a call from a customer. She said that the 30 ft. drapes that were installed a week ago were on the floor now with lots of big holes in the walls of their new home.





Dr. Jack Crichton AQUACCION, LLC ELECTRONIC FARMING INC.

I was always running an add for carpet and drapery installers. That day a man walked in to my store. I said, "May I help you?" He said, "No, I am here to help you, my name is Jack Crichton. I am a contract drapery installer with Sears." Well, I thought, this is the best way to find out just how good he was. Within a half an hour we were on the job—and the lady was right, there were lots of holes in the wall in this beautiful new home. This turned out to be a big job and all of the profits from that sale were wiped out. Minutes later I knew that I had the right man and we became good friends. Jack walked in to my store again one day and said to me, why don't you become a minister like me? We would travel, preach, and spread the word. I really thought that he was joking. I was laughing and said that would be great but he was not joking. He said it is accredited and it's legal as anything. I asked, what denomination is it, and he said it is non-denominational. Jack pulled out his wallet and showed me his ID card as an ordained minister. Those days I was game for any thing, of course. He said, ask you secretary to write me a check for \$20 dollars, I asked Joyce to go ahead and do it, she asked whom to make the check out to. He said, to UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH INC., Modesto, California. Several weeks later, July 17th 1973, I got my minister's credentials, the kit, and the entire "how to" booklet to perform the necessary ceremonies. The irony of this story is that several years later I was living on the East Coast of Florida and Jack was living in Florida on the West Coast. Again, one day Jack pays me a visit with his girl friend Dona. He said to me, Dona and I, we want you to marry us. I said, you know I have been out of practice lately. Besides, come to think of it, I have never married any one before. You sure you don't mind being the first one? He had this big grin on his face and said, you know, this is the first time for us, too. Of course it wasn't. Remember when I said that this was no joke? I went through my reading and got myself updated. We rented two suites at the Howard Johnson Hotel in Deerfield Beach, Florida. Tad Galin, Jr. was the best man and June and Joe were great supporters of this occasion. We had a truckload of fun. That Monday I went to Court House in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and registered the marriage. For the first time I realized just how official and legal this marriage was. But you had to know Jack to appreciate his lifestyle and sometimes I envied him. Jack has been married several times since. He would go to Russia and come back with a new Russian wife, or go to Colombia and come back with a new wife.



The latest new wife that I know of was from the Philippines. I thought that I had performed an excellent marriage ceremony, but I have never had anybody ask me again to marry them! Maybe Jack will decide to marry some lady here in Florida. Later on, I have figured his scheme out, too. Jack had in mind to get married all along. So, to know someone in higher places, and then to have your own minister to boot, that's pretty slick, I'd say. In time I got to know how Jack's mind operates.



**1987 Jack Crichton visiting us in St. Augustine Florida**

Then one day I found out that I had two partners in Oxford Warehouse Carpet. The other partner was Bob Palmer, "the banker". He was the Bank Manager with 1<sup>st</sup> Union Bank in Lake Orion, Michigan, who lent us the \$5,000 to open the store. One day the banker and my partner, Bruno, came into the store and said that they decided to buy me out for \$5,000 dollars. Either that or I'd have to buy *them* out for \$5,000. Of course they knew that I did not have the cash and that this was a convenient way to get my store. I think that this was a set up from the very beginning. That day, June and I called everybody. When everything failed, we went to see Mrs. Murkley. June knew her when she worked in a hospital as a nurse. Mrs. Murkley was a big donor and on the board of this Hospital. This lady was in her seventies, and of course, this is why she was well-to-do in the first place. She wanted to know every thing about our store and how we ran the operations from day-to-day. We were drilled for several hours and she did not miss much, if anything. She finally gave us a check for \$5,000. We changed the banks. The next day, about 4 pm Bob and Bruno came back into my store.

When I handed them the check they were shocked. I asked them to leave like gentlemen without any additional conversation and they did. Now, I just got rid of my third and fourth partner. We will always admire and appreciate Mrs. Murkley and her thorough business dealings. I even might have learned something. Some time later that year June and I were reading in a newspaper a shocking and gruesome story. Bob Palmer, the banker that wanted to buy me out at a price of the original loan of \$5,000 dollars, had been arrested for the shooting and killing of his brother. Police found, during the search of his home, wigs, make-up, and masks. It was enough to indict him. Bob Palmer died in prison of cancer. How do you choose partners? We had become friends with Bob, his wife, and his entire family. They were typical American folks that you could trust, or so it seemed. Was I just being naïve? When visiting with the Palmers, Bob would show me his gun collection displayed on the wall under glass and key. Bob would hand me a gun and explain all the details about it. I think he even memorized all the serial numbers. I often wondered, why would a man have all those guns? I also often wondered which one of those guns that I held in my hands and admired had killed his brother. Meanwhile, that nice secretary of mine had embezzled enough money from me that she purchased my carpet store. I discovered that later as my children were playing with the company checkbook and I noticed several checks were missing. She was a single mother struggling with the store. I decided to pay for the lessons. Experience does cost money, and sometimes lots of it, many times over and over again, I can attest to that. Anyone that does not know this will have a tough time on the road to success. My friend, Jack Crichton, in the mean time, had moved to Florida and in January, 1976, my family and I also moved to Florida in Pompano Beach.

**Detroit Edison Company  
To Condemn a Right-of-Way for its  
Majestic-Cohoctah-Black Foot Transmission Line Corridor**

PRESENT: HON: EUGENE ARTHUR MOORE PROBATE JUDGE.  
November 22, 1972 Court House Tower Pontiac Michigan.

September 1971 before leaving for Florida, I also got the joy of fighting a big corporation—and winning! Again, only in America! While living on our eighty acre farm house property, one summer morning at 7:00 AM there was a knock on the door. It was rather early, I thought. “Good Morning”, said the young man. “My name is Ed Knudsen.” “I am with Detroit Edison Company.” He informed me that they needed twenty-six acres for an easement for a double circuit 345 KV overhead transmission line and one 765 KV overhead transmission line. The offer was not genuine. I spent long hours digging through law books and forced Detroit Edison to exercise an eminent domain claim in court. I hired Morris, Stark Law Firm Detroit, Michigan. My Attorney was Ramon Regan. April 29, 1973 I filed a complaint to the “Michigan Bar Association Law Building Detroit, Michigan” and fired my attorney R. Regan.

Another Attorney was representing himself in identical condemnation. His Law Firm was, Elsmann, Young & O’ Rourke. We joined forces. His name was James L. Elsmann, Jr. I did the bird-dogging finding out who settled and for how much. At the hearing, I would stand up and tell the Judge, your honor I concur with the council. At the end, Judge Moore with a smile, said to me, “Mr. Galin, If this case lasted a little bit longer, you would be ready to take the bar exam.” It was in good spirit of course. We had some laughs. I learned so much from Jim and the courtroom proceedings. Edison’s original offer was for \$26,000. However, by fighting them in court on and off for a couple of years, I got \$75,000.00. The best part was that even with all of the attorneys at Edison’s disposal, they didn’t take the time to learn the terrain of my property. Thanks to a creek running through it, they could not physically get to their easement. They now had to settle with me personally for another easement to get to their first easement. Again, one early morning a contractor knocks on the door. He said, “I am just a contractor for Detroit Edison and at the rate that I am going I won’t be able to support my family. I have been trying for two days now to get onto the easement to locate and drill for the tower footings. “Would you please let me go with my rig through your property?” He was very nice about it and sincere. I said, “Go ahead.”

I knew it all along that there was no way for them to get on their easement other than through my property, so I was expecting a visit from them. June and I were the only two people that knew that they will never be able to get to their easement after they paid us \$75,000.00 dollars. I had a nice view from our tall bathroom window. Watching the contractor that I just let in, I had a hunch that he was off the easement and drilling on my property. With a map and some drawings I went to check it out. Sure enough he was off by eighty feet. Embarrassed and apologetic he started it all over again. Once again Ed Knudsen shows up. By now I had some time to walk through the property again as I did many times before. I was ready and waiting for someone to show up. Ed seemed almost apologetic about it. Ed said, "You know, Mr. Galin, Detroit Edison needs your permission to go through your property to proceed with the Kohoktah-Black-Foot Project. I said, "Yes they can, but first they have to put in a county spec 60 ft road with all of the proper banks and drainage with a cul-de-sac to turn around." You see by now I have done some serious home work.

### **Dreaming Big**

Detroit Edison had agreed to cut a sixty-foot wide road in compliance with the County specification through my property to get to their easement—at their expense of course. My estimate of this road cost project must have been some where between \$200,000 and \$300,000 or more! Once this was done, it set off a bell in my head. Now that there was road access to the land, I started toying with the idea of putting it to good use. The carpet outlet and some other business ventures in the years following had been good to us. June and I had started thinking about how nice it would be to build our "dream home" there on the property. Getting a county road built on our land gave us the momentum we needed to really get started. Now that I had my dream family I was about to build my dream house, and I wasn't going to stop there. I was already thinking about what to do with the rest of the land so I decided that once our house was done, I'd create a 5-10 acre lots subdivision with ten quality homes and me as the general contractor! Leave it to a Polish-Ukrainian-American not to think small right? Well, at least one of my plans bore fruit.



1973 This preparation work for Majestic-Kohoktah-Black-Foot Heavy Electrical Transmission Towers easement that Detroit Edison was doing totaling 26 acres through our property, for an easement for a double circuit 345 KV overhead transmission line and one 765 KV overhead transmission line. cutting these beautiful oak trees was a part of it. My wife, June, is right on the job, inspecting it. I love it !

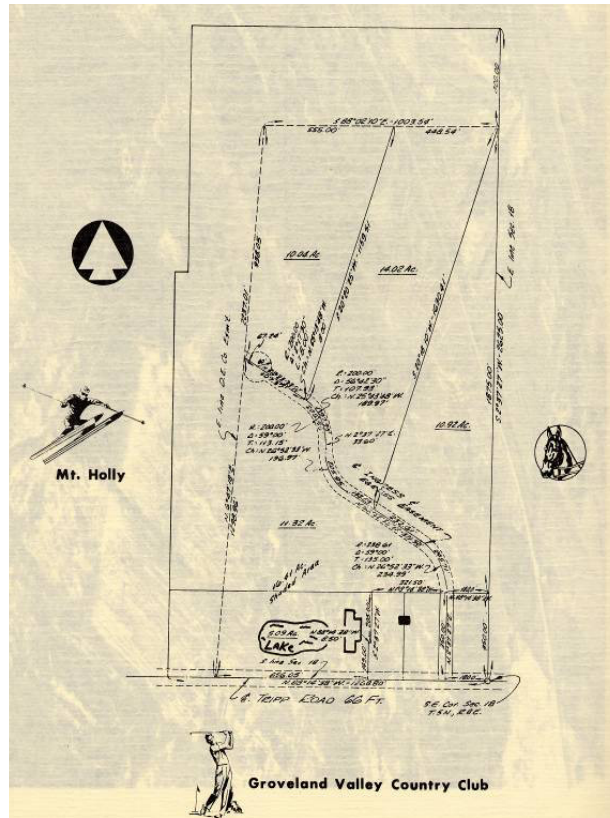
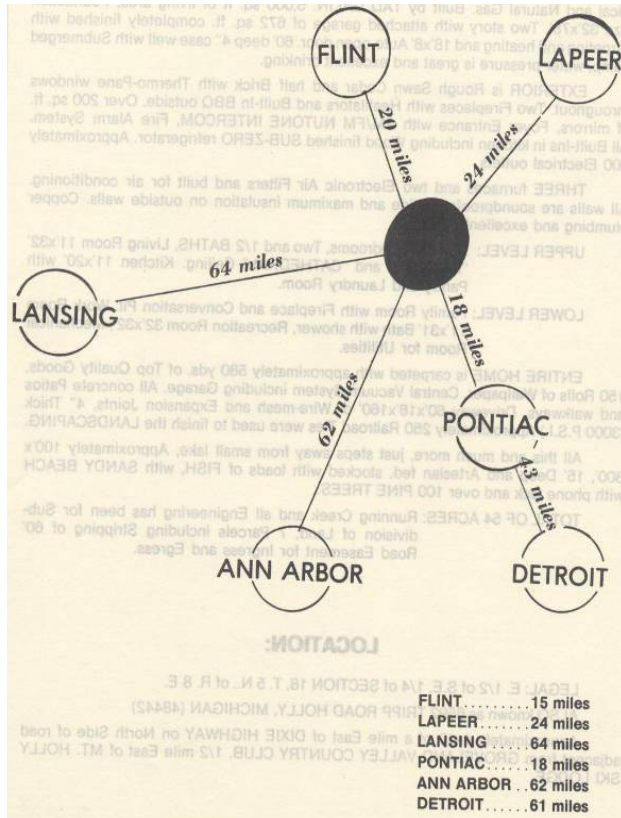
**CHAPTER ELEVEN:  
New Horizons  
1973 Oil embargo**

June and I spent several months planning our dream home on our 80 acres estate. It would be a 5,000-square-foot beauty at the edge of one of our lakes at the foot of Mt. Holly Ski Resort. The rooms would be open and huge. The kitchen would have all the latest appliances and the largest refrigerator we could buy. The dining room would have two sliding doors looking out over the acreage and the master bedroom would have a twelve-foot sliding glass wall that faced the lake and the ski resort slopes behind it. All the bedrooms were to be large enough to support king-sized beds so that our boys could flop around, use the mattress as a trampoline, and have space to grow in their rooms. Overall, the place was going to be a real beauty. We broke ground on the project in November 1973, just before the Arab oil embargo started. It wasn't until I could not get roofing materials delivered that I comprehended the consequences of the embargo. Prices soared, availability disappeared, and the project became something of a nightmare. I covered in the roof with tarpaper, enclosed the entire house with plastic, and used space heaters in order to continue building through the winter. It didn't take long to realize just how big this undertaking was:

1. A 5000 sq. ft. home;
2. It was in the dead of winter in Michigan;
3. It was my first building project ever since the days of building outhouses in Petropavlovka;
4. The oil embargo was disrupting the entire world economy;
5. I learned fast that anyone who has any sense at all should not adopt this building technique.

Our house had 300 electrical outlets and two floodlights on the rooftop to light up two lakes, of which one was used for ice-skating. In winter I would make snowmobile trails and clear snow off the lake for skating. The house was entirely carpeted, as was the garage, believe it or not. The second level was all cathedral ceilings with recessed lighting; and we installed over 200 sq. ft. of mirrors. All the walls were wallpapered. It was a dream, and a nightmare, all wrapped up in one. Even with all the hassle and frustration, June and I watched our place take shape day by day. On the Fourth of July, 1974, my family moved into our new home. We invited our entire family and friends for a steak cookout on our lake, Jeanette and Ken Barks and their four children and Marie and Dave Burt and their three children came to celebrate. Everybody was swimming and jumping off the pontoon and some were off fishing. June's mother, Nora Ashton, was also celebrating her 78th birthday. My mother Nina and my sister Anne also came from Parma, Ohio to celebrate our open house. It was terrific to host this house-warming party for our family and friends and completing the house was, for me, one of my most satisfying accomplishments.





Dixie Highway and Mt. Holly Ski Lodge. Frontage 656' Ft. by 1875' ft.  
On Tripp Road Holly, Michigan



Dream home on our 80 acres. These MOO MOO'S are short horns  
I always wanted to be a  
Gentleman Farmer

**The details of the dream house from our prospectus.**

REAL ESTATE

ESTATE, Zoning residential, utilities underground, Electrical and Natural Gas. Built by TAD Sr., June & Tad Jr. GALIN. 5000 sq. ft. of living area, Foundation size 32' x 78', and Two stories with attached garage of 672 sq. ft. completely finished with carpeting and heating and 18' x 8 Auto-open door. 60' deep 4" case well with Submerged Pump, water pressure is great and excellent drinking. EXTERIOR is Rough Sawn Cedar and half Brick with Thermo-Pane windows throughout. Two Fireplaces with Heatilators and Built-In BBQ outside. Over 200 sq. ft. of mirrors, Foyer Entrance with AM/FM NUTONE INTERCOM, Fire Alarm System. All Built-Ins in kitchen including Wood finished SUB-ZERO refrigerator. Approximately 300 Electrical outlets.

THREE furnaces and two Electronic Air Filters and built for air conditioning. All walls are soundproofed inside and maximum insulation on outside walls. Copper plumbing and excellent Fixtures.

UPPER LEVEL: Has Four Bedrooms, Two and ½ BATHS, Living Room 21' x 32' "FIRELITE" and "CATHEDRAL" Ceiling. Kitchen 11' x 20' with Pantry and Laundry Room.

LOWER LEVEL: Family Room with Fireplace and Conversation Pit. Work Room 11' x 31' Bath with shower, Recreation Room 32' x 32', Mechanical Room for Utilities.

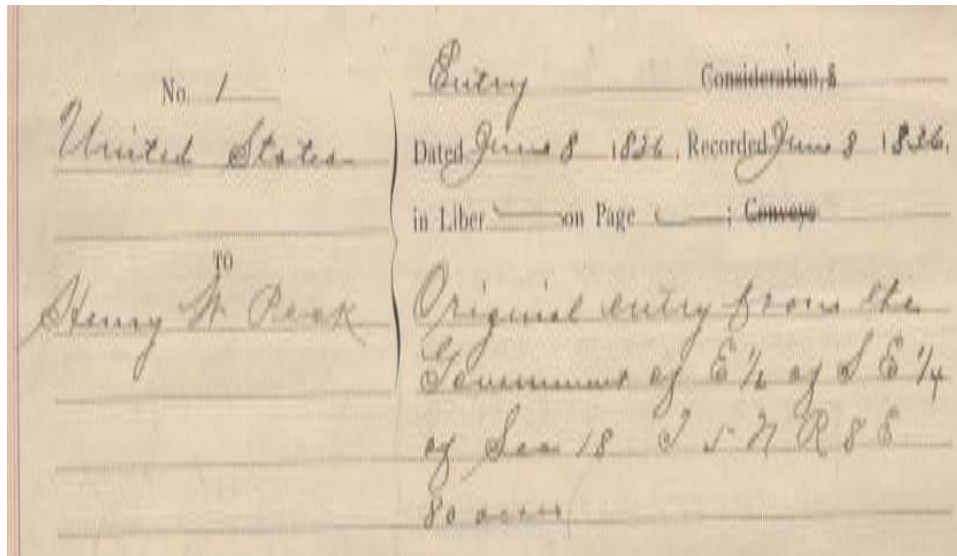
ENTIRE HOME is carpeted with approximately 580 yds. Of Top Quality Goods, 150 Rolls of Wallpaper, Central Vacuum System including Garage. All concrete Patios and walkways, Driveway 60' x 18' x 160' of Wire-mesh and Expansion Joints, 4" Thick (3000 P.S.I.) Approximately 250 Railroad Ties were to finish the LANDSCAPING.

All this and much more, just steps away from small lake, Approximately 100' x 300' 15' Deep and Artesian fed, stocked with loads of FISH, with SANDY BEACH with phone jack and over 100 PINE TREES.

TOTAL OF 80 ACRES: Running Creek and all Engineering have been for Subdivision of Land, 7 Parcels including Stripping of 60' Road Easement for Ingress and Egress.

LOCATION:

LEGAL: E. 1 / 2 of S.E. 1 / 4 of SECTION 18, T. 5 N., OF R. 8 E. ALSO known as 6592 TRIPP ROAD, HOLLY, MICHIGAN (48442) Approximately 0.4 miles East of DIXIE HIGHWAY on North Side of road adjacent from GROVELAND VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB, 1 / 2 East of MT. HOLLY SKI LODGE.



June 8, 1836 this original 80 acre track of land was given by United States to Henry W. Peck for being a Veteran of Foreign Wars.

TITLE COMPANY	Milton A. Moss and Etta M. Moss, his wife, to in her own right, Ted Galin and Alice S. Galin, his wife, 6401 Lander Lane, Dayton 51, Ohio.	Warranty Deed \$1.00 etc. Liber 4802, Page 559, O.C.R. Dated October 29, 1965. Acknowledged October 29, 1965. Recorded October 29, 1965.
	Conveys land in the Township of Groveland, Oakland County, Michigan, described as the East half of the Southeast quarter, Section 18, Township 5 North, Range 8 East. Subject to highways, easements and rights of way of record. The above described premises contain 80 acres, more or less. Subject to easements and restrictions of record. \$42.35 Revenue.	
TITLE COMPANY	Tad Galin and Alice S. Galin, as his wife and in her own right, to The Federal Land Bank of Saint Paul, a body corporate, 346 Jackson Street, City of St. Paul, Ramsey County, Minnesota.	Mortgage \$17,100.00. Liber 4802, Pages 560-2, O.C.R. Dated October 18, 1965. Acknowledged October 29, 1965. Recorded October 29, 1965.
	Subject to highways, easements and rights of way of record. The above described premises contain 80 acres, more or less. Power of Sale contained.	Mortgages land in Oakland County, Michigan, described as the East half of the Southeast quarter, Section 18, Township 5 North,



**ABSTRACT OF TITLE**  
FROM  
**Oakland County Abstract Books**  
**CRAWFORD & CRAWFORD**  
Pontiac, Michigan

**Description:** All that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the Township of Groveland in County of Oakland, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows:  
The east half of the southeast quarter of Section 18, in Town 5 north of range 8 east.

**OFFICIAL RECEIPT** **GROVELAND TOWNSHIP** **No 632**  
**OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN**

RECEIVED FROM Tad Galen \$ 82 <sup>64</sup>/<sub>100</sub>  
Eighty-two <sup>64</sup>/<sub>100</sub> DOLLARS  
IN PAYMENT FOR Building permit # 1116  
(check #5 - Tad or June Galen)

TO BE DEPOSITED IN	ACCT. NO.	AMOUNT
GENERAL FUND		

9-25 19 73  
James H. Phillips  
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

FORM NO. TUA-12 Order from DOUBLEDAY BROS. & CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

**PROMISSORY NOTE**

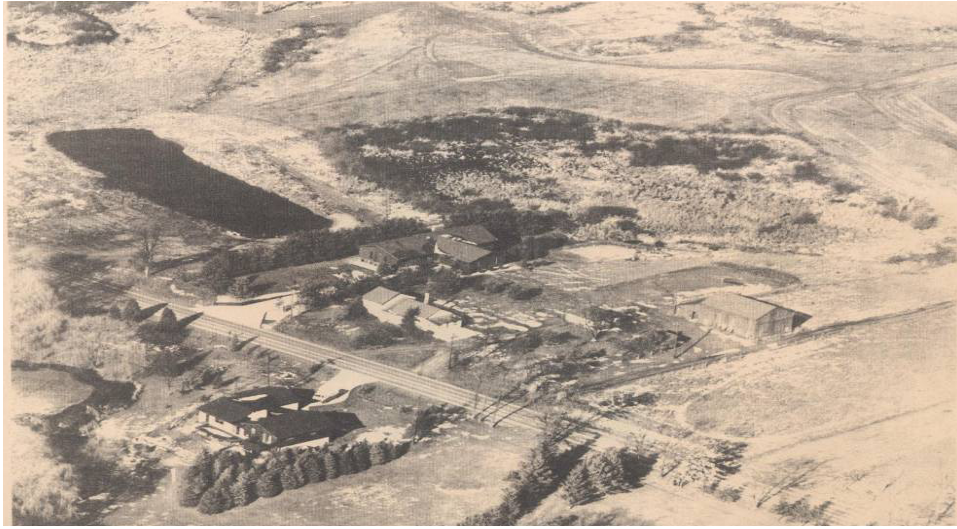
(Secured by a mortgage dated December 26, 19 73)  
\$ 47,500.00 338996-0  
Loan No.  
Springfield December 26, 1973  
Payment Plan Date of Note

FOR VALUE RECEIVED, the undersigned, jointly and severally, promise to pay to the order of The Federal Land Bank of Saint Paul, (hereinafter called "Bank") at its office in the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, the principal sum of \$ 47,500.00, with interest on said principal sum or the unpaid balance thereof from date at the rate of 7 1/2 percent per annum (designated as the basic rate), payable as follows:

\$791.75 on the principal on October 1, 1974, and a like amount semi-annually thereafter with the final installment, be the same more or less, on April 1, 2004.

In addition thereto, accrued interest shall be paid on April 1, 1974 and semi-annually thereafter.

FEDERAL LAND BANK OF ST. PAUL  
**PAID**  
Van Galen  
JUNE L. GILLEN



1974 Aerial view of the ½ mile deep property 80 acre estate to the right of the Tripp Rd. And the finished 5,000 Sq. ft. home “Whispering Pines” facing the lake. The 135 year old white Farm house is sitting perpendicular to the Tripp Rd. To the right of the farm house is the garage and also the red barn. To the right of the lake is a larger body of water it was never dredged. In winter time I would plow the snow off and make a skating rink,. On top of the house we had two huge spot lights, one for the lake and the other for the skating ring. Nights were so delightful winter or summer. The house in foreground left of the Tripp Rd. was one of our neighbors Burkhardt’s.

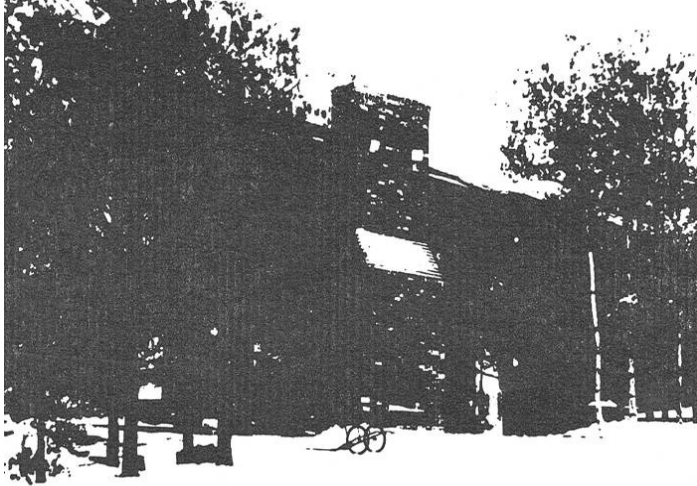


June a personal ski instructor for Tad Jr. and Laddie, the dog.  
Telephone on the beach, 2' x 2' round Oak tree block with phone jack  
Just to the left of the snowmobile.



**“Freedom is the Strength of our Nation.”**

1952 never went to school, got of the boat in NY Harbor from Germany as a U.S. Soldier could not speak or read English. **33 years later** I was my own General Contractor building my Estate on 80 acres Whispering Pines.



*Whispering Pines*

**Summer-Time Winter-Time**

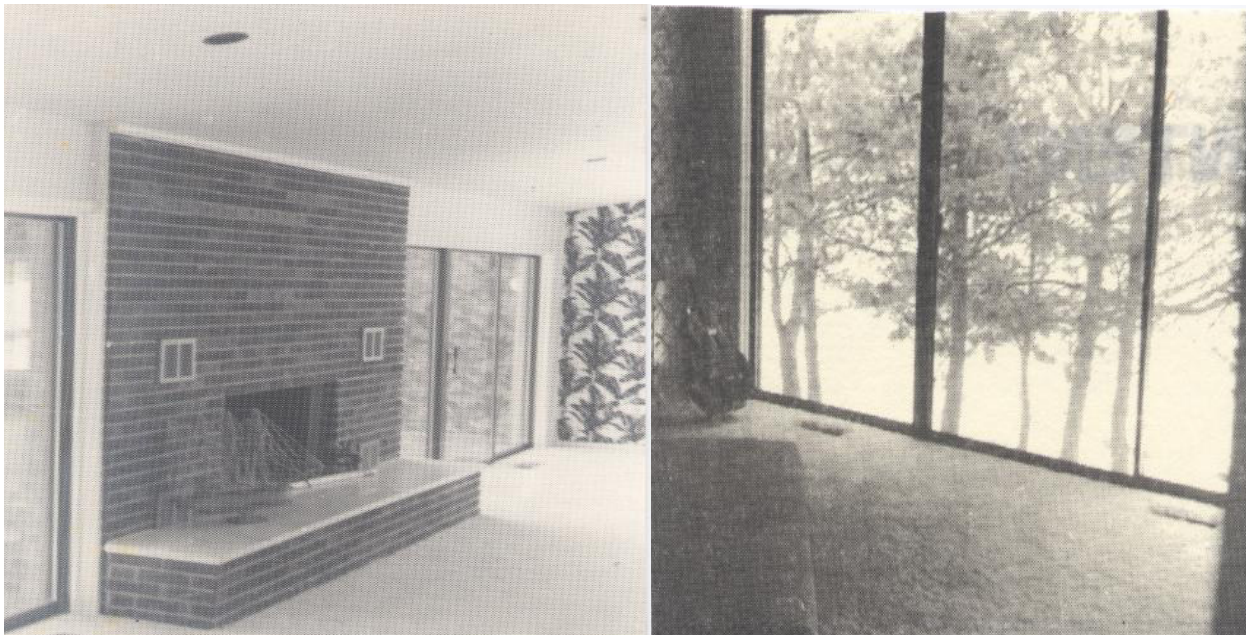
July 4<sup>th</sup> 1974 we moved into our dream house 5,000 sq. ft. and called our 80 acre estate “Whispering Pines”. Facing the lake is a grill-fireplace. We grilled some Steaks, to each ones taste; all at the same time celebrating Grandmother Nora Ashton’s July 10<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party. All family members present were: Dave and Marie Burt, Brenda, Jeff, and Carolyn; Ken and Jeanette Barks, June, David, Maryanne and Michele; Our Grandmother Nina Przegalinski Sister Anne; and us, Tad and June Galin, Tad Jr. and Joe. In view is a rickshaw. My boys loved it when I pulled them around in it. Quite a place! This is my fourth Home. I built it myself. Lots of history here. With our boys white bunny



Dave Burt our brother in law.



This fire grill is just to the right of the rickshaw in above picture.



Crackling logs in the fire place---Listen to the Whispering Pines  
Snow on Mt. Holly, winter at---And soft waves from this Master  
Bedroom at Whispering Pines



June, Tad Jr. Laddie and Pushkin the dogs.  
View from master bedroom—from the living Room  
By the fire place up and down and from other bedrooms.



***Our Family, Me, Janet and the kids. Tad Jr. Looking up to his Mom.***

**The Next Phase of the Adventure  
Recruiting-Recruiting  
We became  
AMWAY DISTRIBUTORS**

The oil embargo of 1973 prevented us from continuing to build our additional ten homes. Some things just couldn't be helped. This was okay, though. The years since I had first met June had really opened my eyes to just how big a world this is and to all the opportunities and experiences waiting to be seized. The little kid with big dreams of adventure was alive and well. I had gained confidence in myself first by besting a corporate giant and then by building my own home. The lesson was simple: If you want it, *do it*. Since then, sometimes it seems like I have done almost everything. Noticing a small, classified blind ad in the Flint, Michigan *News*, I made that fateful call. Glen and Joyce Leighton invited us to their home to look at the opportunity. At a kitchen table on a piece of paper, I was shown the Amway circles for the first time. I had heard of the big money to be made in network marketing and decided to go for it, so in the spring of 1975 we became Amway distributors. My Whispering Pines 5,000 ft. sq. home on the lake was a great place to start a meeting. I invited 30 people and seven showed up. Well, this was enough to start my 12-year Amway career. From getting seasoned and learning standpoint, this was one of my best moves. Between Amway, NSA and A.L. Williams, I was ready, when called upon in 1997 to set up an infrastructure and to co-found Legacy USA in Melbourne Florida. Network marketing is where you market a product directly to end users and sign up distributors under your mentorship who then continue the process. You get a percentage of the sales you make. The people you recruit to distribute a product and sign up other distributors, with your help, distribute the product, too. In addition, you get paid a percentage of what your distributors sell and on their distributors' volume, up to seven levels deep, plus bonuses and profit sharing, depending on the company. Moreover, this system that you have established is transferable to your family and heirs. The plan was for Legacy for Life to issue profit sharing beginning January, 2003.

**The history of Network Marketing and its beginnings**

The entire structure and design of M.L.M. Multi Level Marketing and its humble beginnings were started in late 1940's out of Harvard and Stanford Universities. A DOUBLE X® vitamin-selling company by the name of "NUTROLITE®" in California was the first to adopt this new marketing strategy. A much larger scale operation started in the late 1950's when Jay Van Andel from Grand Rapids, Michigan, signed up as a NUTROLITE® Distributor. Somewhere, at about 4 PM Jay visited his high school buddy, Rich DeVoss, with whom he shared a Model T Ford. One was paying the other 25 cents a week to defray the gas money. Jay was drawing circles for Rich for the rest of the night. One would think Rich DeVoss was from the Show Me State of Missouri; rather, he just lived in Grand Rapids, MI. By 6 AM Rich had signed up. This was to be one of the greatest partnerships in network marketing. The two began to sell DOUBLE X® Vitamins door-to-door.



They became so successful that they were put on the board of directors with the company. However in time, they realized that the compensation plan was one sided and in favor of the company. When they approached the owners and asked them to change the plan more equally between the company and the distributors they were told that it will never happen and that they were going to have to like it. As a part time venture, these two partners started a true free enterprise in Rich's basement, mixing in a bathtub and producing product called L.O.C.: Liquid Organic Concentrate, an all around cleaner a product derived from coconut oil. It makes water wetter by 300 times by breaking water's surface tension thereby allowing pesticides and herbicides to be removed and washed off. L.O.C. is, by far, the best product to wash your vegetables with to-date. Rich and Jay named their company "The American Way". They went to the bank in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to borrow \$20,000 to capitalize their new company. When asked why they need the \$20,000 they told the loan officer that they were going to manufacture and sell soap. That product later would be named S A 8®. With Proctor and Gamble, one of the largest soap producers based in nearby Cincinnati, Ohio, the loan, needless to say, was declined. Rich and Jay, when asked, when did you became millionaires, their answer was, while we were still working out of our basement. They purchased a gas station in Ada, Michigan, on the ancient and beautiful Thorn Apple River and renamed their Company "Amway".

They hired a building contractor without signing a contract, which, to my knowledge is still there. It is also interesting to note that Rich and Jay purchased the bank in Grand Rapids, Michigan, that declined their original \$20,000 dollar loan. They also bought out NUTROLITE® for \$50,000,000, including buildings and many acres of land in Buena Vista Park, California.

### **Network Marketing What do you do first, sell, or sign up people?**

This is the age-old chicken-and-egg question. As the two words imply, network marketing is selling on a much larger scale and it is a step above retail selling. It involves establishing a small distribution center called a home-based business. Selling by yourself you are limited as to how many customers you can sign up and service. On the other hand, signing up distributor's means taking on responsibilities that some people are not willing to do. This system requires that everybody sells and services their customers and distributors, and you get support from your "up line" (the distributor who recruited you) and the company. Thus, lots of people sell a little, like the big boys do. As with Wal-Mart, AT&T and just about anybody else in the marketplace, they have lots of people work a little, just enough not to get fired and the company pays them just enough so they don't quit. However simple this business plan is, some people make it difficult at times. Some individuals would rather just sell the product than sign up distributors, believing they don't have to deal with people as much or be involved in actual leadership, training and mentoring of people.

Where on this earth can you start a business for less than 50.00 dollars to build your individual business and succeed in a great home-based business? Through your own initiative and hard work you can become financially independent. However, your customers will eventually realize their limitations in working by themselves. Then one day the call comes in, “How do I become a distributor? I am ready to build this thing.” So, in the end, the *customers and distributors* are using the products and are one and the same. They both are important spokes in the wheel of prosperity. Today my attitude is sell first; build a customer base than every thing will happen from here. Most customers will become distributors.

**The building of a marketing organization.  
“Home Based Business”**

The right company, the right products and the right people running the company. This is by far the hardest thing to find. After looking for some twenty years, in 1997 I received that fateful call. One almost has to bump into it by sheer luck because a company with an opportunity for growth like Legacy for Life, with incredible products and corporate support in building your legacy for you and your children, comes only every 30 years or so—and this is supposed to be good odds! I definitely was in the right place at the right time and thank goodness I had enough courage to go for it. One needs a so-called cookie cutter, meaning, a building system that can be duplicated by anyone who has a burning desire to become successful. Among other reasons, one strong characteristic stands out. If one has the courage to dream big and one must act on that dream! Like, buying a home for their parents who perhaps never owned a decent home in their lives, or any home for that matter. One needs to be teachable and coach able. Look and listen to your up line. Your up line is the person that brings you personally into the organization, and so on, like a genealogy. If your immediate up line is new in the business continue to go up the line until you get a mentor that will train you and help you through his or her leadership and your hard work. If you are dedicated you certainly will reach the top of the marketing structural hierarchy. Master the fundamentals at the beginning. In this business you will never be by yourself. However, at some point you will begin to do it your way and this is when you begin to display your leadership and lead your down line your way. Then you can sing with Frank Sinatra, “I did it My Way.” You see, we as individuals cannot be someone else. We have to be free to do it our way as long as it is in compliance with all of the company’s policies and procedures.

**As Napoleon Hill, stated so eloquently, “No matter how great a thing is, you have to make it work for you.”**

**Do what is Duplicable! Building a Dream**  
**30 Day Commitment: you can do anything for 30 days**  
**RECRUIT BY DAY AND FOLLOW UP BY NIGHT**

The greatest recruitment success is in the home with the Mr. and Mrs. at a kitchen table. People feel comfortable in their own home and it is a great place to build a dream and a personal relationships. This is where training and future leadership is built at its best. One needs to learn how to be comfortable with cold prospecting; this, however, is not duplicable with some people. But this is where you transform a cold market in to a warm market. People will not start a conversation with you on their own accord even if you pay them. However, if you start the conversation they are more than willing to talk to you and tell you all about themselves, their jobs, and even their children. So, by now you have found lots in common. They might ask what you do for living. I think to myself, what took you so long to ask? My response is that I own an exclusive marketing business worldwide. The name of the company is Legacy for Life. The product is BioChoice® Immune Support System for human concern. It is a home-based business and I don't have any employees. When I travel, the company will send me my checks to any bank I want them to. And I like it this way! So, now, I am still wondering, what was here first the chicken or the egg? As long as you do what it takes to build your business at the same time, you may ponder this question all you want. You cannot build your business on emotions and excuses because success does not take that into account. Your crutches, manias, and denials like, "today I am too busy," or, "as soon as I am done with this project." You will always have different projects. If building your business seems too confrontational you will gravitate to email and the web where you don't have to talk to people. But if you row your boat with one oar you will go around in a circle and never reach your port of call. Think of everything around you as a tool, use it all and go to the public instead of waiting for the public to come to you. The ultimate challenge and reward is when you do it on your terms. As a bonus, aside from the great income, you will have a truckload of fun doing it. After a while another bonus, prospecting, will get in to your blood just like prospecting for gold. Some people bungee jump from a bridge to get a high. I rather prospect for people. For one thing, it is safer and in interim you will become financially independent. This alone can become a very healthy high for you and your family. I liked people and I liked marketing, marketing is selling but on the next level up it is building a relationship this is that simple. I was natural for me although I admit there were some rough times in this learning experience; yet I felt that it was the best move of my life. It gave me the exposure that I needed to sharpen my human engineering skills, working closely with distributors and meeting a lot of great people in the process. I took my new distributors to Amway's Corporate Headquarters in Ada, Michigan, every week. It is true free enterprise to share with others.





1975-85 Our Amway Warehouse in our living room Pompano Beach Florida  
In our Loch Lomond Condo. June must have been an Angel.

1981 November 26 on a cold Florida day on Friday after Thanksgiving I was driving around prospecting, To my left it looked like a High School, I noticed a man about 6' tall up to his ankles in concrete trawling cement I pulled over and I asked him, "What is a man like you doing on a cold day like this?" He replied, "Making a living. I have a large family." I said that I own a business and if he joins me we are going to become rich. It was not a lie because I did not tell him what year we are going to become rich. He invited me to his house. His name is Joe Brison. I met his Wife Gladys and their seven sons. This is to the day 30 years ago. Today, 2010 November 25 another Thanksgiving. After several years we got reconnected again. After the Holidays Joe and Gladys are coming to our humble apartment to visit. This time again I own a Business MPB (My Premier Business) Only this time I am committing myself to a date we will become rich in 2011.

1985. Amway Corporation Headquarters Profit Sharing Direct Distributors Convention, Ada, Michigan. The background statues are of Amway founders Rich DeVoss, right, and Jay Van Andel. Amway was a great experience for June and me. We enjoyed the work and the lifestyle for some years, but it was only a matter of time before the desire to take on new conquests began to stir again within me. I was in my 40's and I realized that I wasn't ready to rest content in my "dream home" for the remainder of my life while there was still so much else to see and do. I talked with June and we agreed to make a change. We sold our Michigan property and moved to Pompano Beach, Florida. We put our entire property for sale. This was during the oil embargo of the 1970s and the real-estate market was very slow. After several months we got an offer, but it included a provision for us to take another home as part of the deal. We accepted the offer and put that house on the market the same day with the same real-estate agent, who was also a friend of ours, whom we could trust. We sold our dual-wheel 4-door crew cab and left some of our personal belongings locked up inside the new house with the new owner agreeing to look after our things. Well, we lost it all. Later we were told that there was a break-in and our storage room was cleaned out.

So it was that early in January 1976, from our heated and carpeted garage, we put our two boys in their safety seats in the back of a brand new, weeping willow green Cadillac. I pushed the remote button on the garage door opener and I slowly pulled out onto a one-inch layer of new snow. Stopping at the end of our driveway for the last

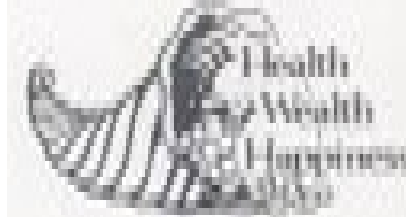
time, June put the garage door opener in the mailbox and we were on our way to Florida. We had never seen the house that we took in on trade even though it was in Grand Blanc, close to our home, but we wanted to get a look at it, for the first and last time, before we left. We drove by it on our way out of town. It looked as great as our agent friend had told us, with a fence all around it and a beautiful American flag waving high atop the flagpole. We were leaving yet another beautiful home. I don't know who started crying first—June or me. Joe was three, Tad Jr. was five years old, and as I looked in the rear view mirror I noted that each one looked like a prince. Tad had on a fur coat with a matching hat and Joe had a light-lined trench coat with a matching hat that Nina, their grandmother, had purchased for them with all the money that she had to her name, as I later found out. Our two boys were happy to go for a ride, but June and I, well, we cried I looked wistfully at June, with big tears running down her cheeks, but by the time we got to Toledo, Ohio, we were ok. It is my goal and desire to repurchase Whispering Pines one day and place it in the Galin Trust. There is just too much memory locked up in that property to leave to strangers. We soon joined in the excitement of the trip to Florida with our boys. We settled in Pompano Beach, Florida. We put our boys in a private school through the eighth grade; here we purchased a 2 bedroom Condominium at Loch Lomond, than lost it in bankruptcy with this home below. Tad Jr. and Joe went on to Boca High School.



1985

My 6<sup>th</sup> home on 6<sup>th</sup> Ave. Boca Raton Florida 4-bedrooms on Canal with Heated swimming pool. It was here that we filed our bankruptcy.

**“Science of Life the Prosperity Church Inc.”**  
**“Science of Life Reach Out Inc.”**  
**D.B.A. “Science of Life Center”**



In Pompano Beach in 1976, June and I would enter a truly new phase of life. We met Dr. Ray Cameron through an ad in the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel News*, and for \$15,000 we purchased a 50% partnership in a non for profit church, “Science of Life the Prosperity Church Inc.” in Fort Lauderdale, Florida as filed in 1976 Court Records. D.B.A. Doing Business as “Science of Life Center”, along with all of its separate divisions—the Meditation Institute of America, a travel agency, and even advertising agency—espoused a faith called “Science of Life.” I was impressed with Dr. Cameron’s intellect, but I was still like a sponge absorbing the myriad facets of American culture and still somewhat naïve. I needed all of the education that I could get, of course, in this and any other area. I was fascinated with his knowledge and his big thinking. This is why we bought to this Church in the first place. I never had a mentor or a spiritual master and I always wanted to get me a guru. Well, for \$15,000 I got myself a guru. Dr. Ray Cameron became the eighth partner I had taken on in my entrepreneurial quest. I got trained and ordained again, for the second time, as a minister. With June’s experience as a former nun of 15 years, we became a great team in teaching meditation and healthy attitudes towards prosperity, and also in training other ministers. It was less about organized religion and more about a certain attitude towards life and religion, I liked people and I liked sharing philosophies with them. Our Headquarters address was: Penthouse One, 3000 East Sunrise Boulevard, Fort Lauderdale, Florida. I liked the sound of “penthouse.” Ray was a talented writer. He would do all of his creative writing from 3 a.m. until June and I would meet him at a restaurant for breakfast. He would share with us his creative work and I would read everything, including his writings and his philosophies from years before. Ultimately we wrote and brainstormed together. I was learning so much and it was the closest thing I ever had to a real education in Theology and Philosophy. I felt like it was a good venture for us.

**Some insights of our teachings at “Science of Life”.**

**Work Smart! Not hard  
Source of all Wealth within the sound of your voice**

If you sincerely want the FINANCIAL SUCCESS in BUSINESS, the first thing to take onto yourself is this all-important fact: IDEAS ARE THE CREATIVE SOURCE OF ALL WEALTH! However, an equally important thing for you to remember is: IDEAS ONLY WORK IF YOU MAKE THEM WORK! FOR YOU. The Harvard School of Business has established simple guidelines for evaluating the moneymaking possibilities of an idea. If you will evaluate your ideas by this simple method, you will promptly know which of your ideas to put to work making money for you, for clearly, not all ideas are money makers These guide lines known as 3 P’ s”.

1. Is your idea PRACTICAL?
2. Does your idea have POTENTIAL?
3. Can you market your idea at a PROFIT?

WHAT TO DO: before you think of putting any idea to work for you, any idea that you think has possibilities of MAKING YOU \$1,000,000 OR MORE, put it through “the 3’ p” test. Make certain you have a WINNER before you go ahead.

**Wealth within the sound of your voice**

In the next 15 seconds you can master the most effective as well as the most practical Economic Principal for FINANCIAL SUCCESS in business. No degree in Economics at Oxford, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, M.I.T., Cornell, Princeton or any other top university could serve you more advantageously than this simple FINANCIAL SUCCESS PRINCIPAL:

**WORK SMART!**

BIG “IF” Number one: If there exists around you a NEED... IN VOLUME

BIG “IF” Number Two: If you can supply THE ANSWER TO THAT NEED IS AT A PROFIT RESULT: THERE IS WEALTH WITHIN THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE!

**WHAT TO DO NOW:** Knowing now that IDEAS ARE CREATIVE SOURCE OF ALL WEALTH...Knowing now the FINANCIAL PRINCIPAL FOR SUCCESS in creating wealth...YOUR FIRST STEP is to look around you! Observe! Study! Think creatively for there undoubtedly is an EXISTING NEED IN VOLUME that you could FILL AT A PROFIT! So the FIRST STEP for you to take on your personal ROAD TO FORTUNE is to survey your home area. Observe what the existing need is. Then determine if that need exists in volume. Required of you now is to think creatively HOW YOU CAN SUPPLY THE ANSWER TO THAT NEED AT A PROFIT!

**OBSERVATION:**

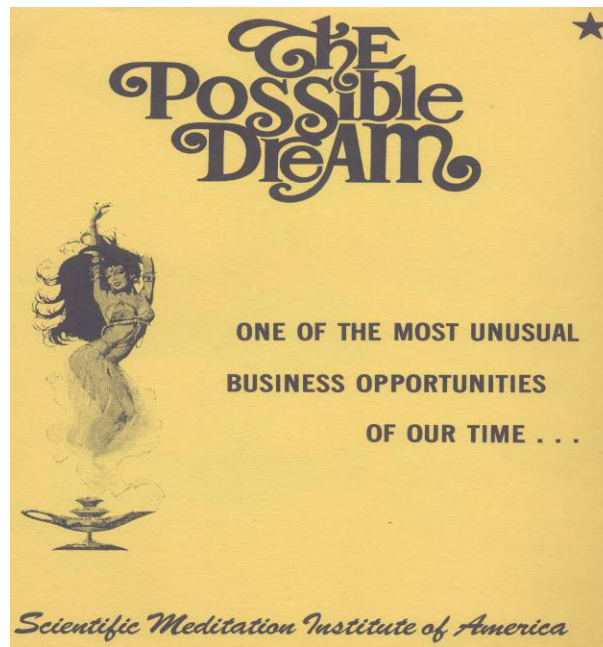
***“The man who acquires the ability to  
Take full possession of his own mind  
May take possession of everything  
Else to which he is justly entitled.”  
Andrew Carnegie***

**IDEA IN ACTION:** THINK CREATIVELY! IDEAS ARE THE BASIC SOURCE OF ALL WEALTH.





Science of Life Headquarters in the Penthouse of the Chateau Royal on Sunrise Blvd. The Holiday Inn is in the foreground, right on the Ocean.



I reflect on the past quite a bit because the contrast of American life today with where I came from is so very dramatic. I never saw a toilet with running water until the age of sixteen, and never knew the sense of having any measure of control over my own fate. As a young man in the US, I wanted to conquer the world. However, I instinctively knew that there was no free lunch that a price had to be paid for any level of success.

Even after I joined the US Army I couldn't speak or write English. So what no one else could do for me I had to do for myself. All I needed was freedom. This second go 'round as an ordained minister in a nonprofit Church was aptly categorized because for me there was no profit, plus a year in court. As with every learning opportunity, I look on it as a great experience. This was a well thought out operation \$15,000 for a half ownership or \$5,000 to be ordained and have your own church franchise. For yet another \$5,000 you could become a teacher in your own school of Scientific Meditation, the American way, without getting cramps in your legs. For a while it was fun.



However, one day as we were discussing daily business and finances, Ray said that he—and he alone—would make the decisions about the separate divisions and finances. June and I were not allowed, or have any say in, decisions regarding how the money should be spent. Yet our contract clearly spelled out all of our involvement in and responsibilities to the Corporation as our Attorney recorded it at the Court House. June and I looked at each other, I asked June to pick up the corporate checkbook and we walked out. This resulted in another court battle, which lasted an entire year. The court declared that Dr. Ray Cameron did not properly spend our money. After which, the entire operation of the church was turned over by the court to our control and ownership. And to this day it remains in the Galin's Family Trust. By then the joy of building the not-for-profit church was gone. Looking back now, June and I have asked ourselves about Dr. Ray Cameron, then in his late seventies: was he beginning to be mentally affected? We thought that the three of us had such a great relationship. But during the time that we were active in it, June and I learned a lot about people and about ourselves. To us, well, June spent fifteen years in the Convent and she didn't have a clue about business. As for me, well, looking back on some of the dealings, at times, it looked like the blind leading the blind. In our case, one success was winning in court and another was the spirit of strength and faith in God that June and I had developed together. One never should stop growing. "Growing is also winning." I went back into the Amway Distributorship business. June joined me and helped me to build our network marketing operation. Meanwhile, I took other jobs along the way to supplement the Amway income, selling electronic gates, roofs, and even lithographs.

**"The knowledge of the Science of "Self" is one of the greatest treasures a man can discover and poses." Julian P. Johnson**

### **CONCLUSION:**

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE 17<sup>TH</sup> JUDICIAL CIRCUIT IN AND FOR BROWARD COUNTY, FLORIDA

TAD GALIN and JUNE GALIN, Plaintiffs. VS. RAY CAMERON, SCIENCE OF LIFE, THE PROSPERITY CHURCH, INC. Defendants.

By court and AFIDAVIT: by RAY CAMERON on August 5<sup>th</sup> 1976 hereby assigns, grants and transfers ONE HUNDRED PER CENT of the Corporation and all of its assets to the Galins. I went to the Archives and printed 120 pages of court proceedings.

June 20, 2007. Now thirty-two years later we have paid back the necessary corporate yearly fees for the past 32 years of \$2,073.75 and have reinstated Science of Life, the Prosperity Church Inc.

**MISSION STATEMENT**

SCIENCE OF LIFE, THE PROSPERITY CHURCH, INC.

Science of Life, Reach Out Inc.

D.B.A. Science of Life Center.

**To minister and teach! All men Created by God.**

We are committed with passion for the progress of humanity to help all children and young people in need to Be Someone. and those with substance abuse, the Homeless Veterans of Foreign Wars and everyone who is in need by charitable means and spirituality through education. That man was created in God's Image and Likeness. Therefore, man is a winner with potential to achieving higher enlightenment. Success and greatness is his and limitless. It is important for man to develop his potential that he may be in readiness for all upheavals and all opportunities to Health, Wealth and Happiness!

Be Yourself, Know Yourself, Believe In Yourself.

**TRUST YOUR HOUSE  
HAVE FAITH IN GOD  
LISTEN**

**HONORARY MEMBER:  
Science of Life Center**

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Signature

Date

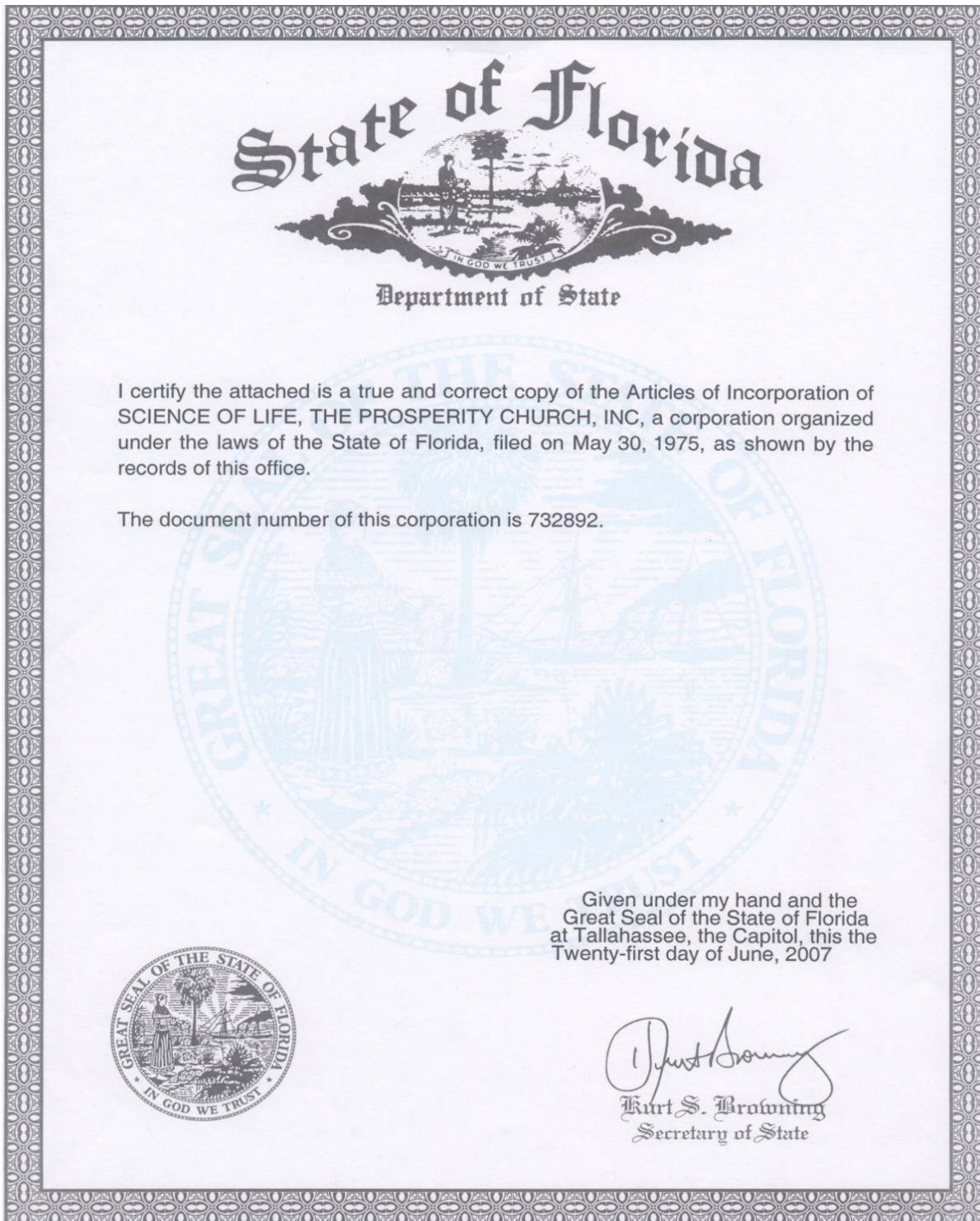
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Print

Pastor Tad Galin, Sr. DD  
561-362-8788

[tad\\_galin@bellsouth.net](mailto:tad_galin@bellsouth.net) Author [www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)







FLORIDA DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
Division of Corporations

June 20, 2007

SCIENCE OF LIFE, THE PROSPERITY CHURCH, INC  
1300 NW 15TH AVE  
7  
BOCA RATON, FL 33486

Re: Document Number 732892

This will acknowledge your reinstatement for SCIENCE OF LIFE, THE PROSPERITY CHURCH, INC, a Florida Corporation, which was filed on June 20, 2007.

Should you have any questions regarding this matter, please telephone (850) 245-6059.

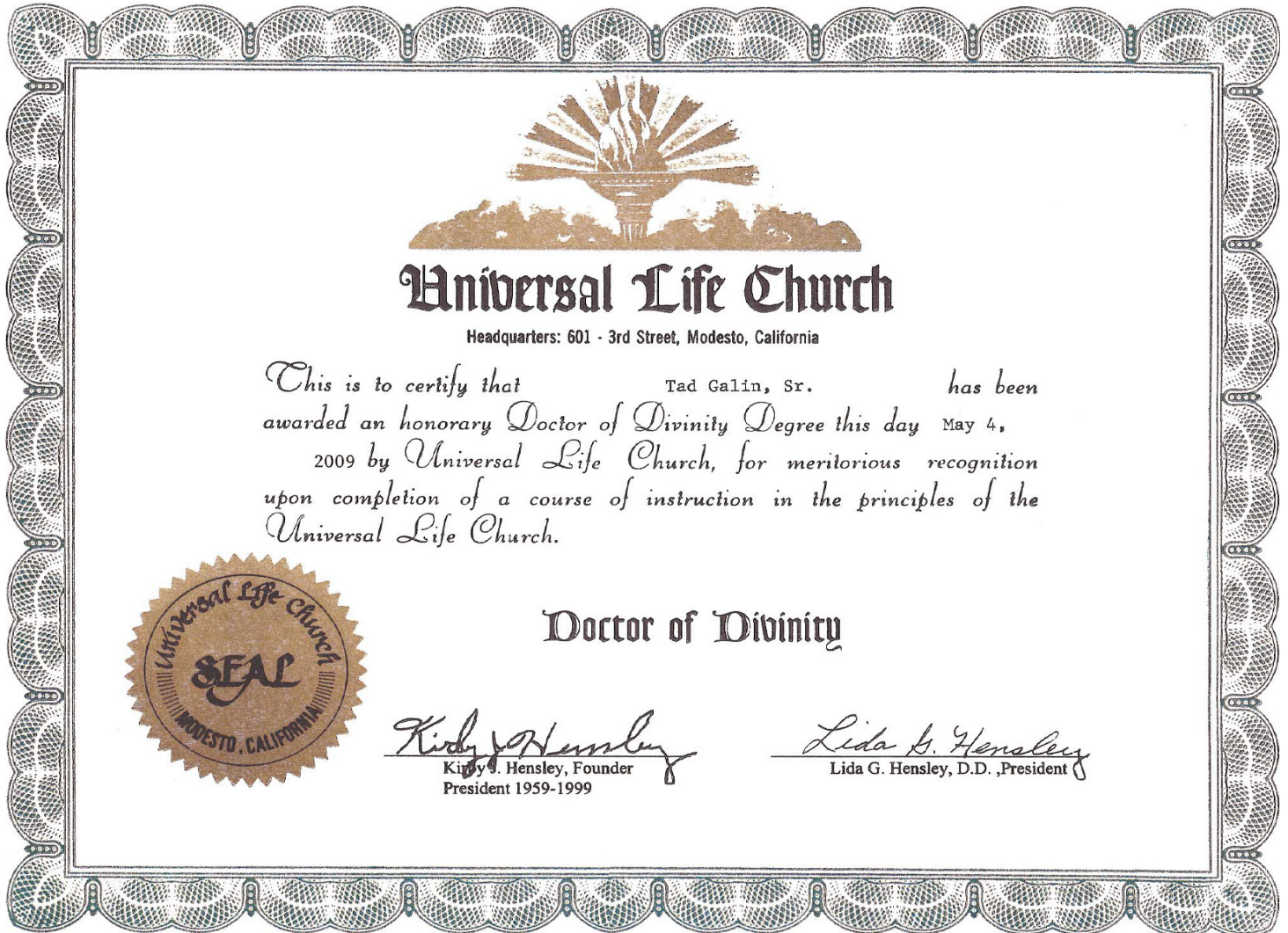
Sean Toner  
Senior Section Administrator  
Division of Corporations

Letter Number: 507A00040907

P.O. BOX 6327 -Tallahassee, Florida 32314











DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY  
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20224

APR 06 2015

Pastor Tad Galin, Sr. DD  
Science of Life the Prosperity Church  
1300 NW 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue,  
Apartment 7  
Boca Raton, FL 33486

Dear Pastor Galin:

I apologize for the delay in responding to your phone call inquiry from February 20, 2015. You called to ask about the status of Science of Life the Prosperity Church's application for recognition of tax-exempt status and to request assistance with a collections matter.

I researched this case and learned that, on July 20, 2011, we received the Form 1023, *Application for Recognition of Exemption under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code*, which you completed as president of the organization. Our records further show that a determinations specialist had multiple contacts with the organization. Unfortunately, the organization failed to respond to the determinations specialist's request for additional documents. Finally, the organization was notified on June 3, 2012, that failure to provide the requested information on or before September 1, 2012 would result in closure of the case. That is what happened.

In order to obtain recognition of exemption under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, the Science of Life the Prosperity Church must file a new application and pay the appropriate user fee. Some organizations may qualify to use Form 1023-EZ, *Streamlined Application for Recognition of Exemption Under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code*. However, an organization that wishes to be recognized as a church must file Form 1023.

Unfortunately, I am unable to comment on ongoing collections matters and therefore cannot speak to the notices you received regarding payment owed to the IRS.

2

I hope this information is helpful. If you have any questions, please contact me at (202) 317-8989 or Elizabeth Goff at (202) 317-8534.

Sincerely,

Stephen A. Martin  
Acting Director,  
EO Rulings and Agreements

36 YEARS LATER, I REINSTATED THE CHURCH IN 2007 COST \$2500, APRIL 19, 2012, I AMENDED THE CHURCH TO SCIENCE OF LIFE REACH OUT INC. IN ORDER FOR ME TO GET A LETTER OF EXEMPTION FROM THE IRS. WHEN IRS. MR. JEFF GAUNCE TOLD ME THAT I HAVE TO HAVE A CHURCH BUILDING AND A CONGREGATION TO BE TAX EXEMPT. EXAMPLE, BILLY GREHAM DOES NOT HAVE A CHURCH BUT HE HAS A CHARITABLE ORGANIZATION EVANGELIZING WORLD WIDE. SO, I AMENDED TO CHARITABLE OPERATION, SCIENCE OF LIFE REACH OUT INC. I HAVE CONSULTED 3 LAW FIRMS, ONE ACCOUNTING FIRM AND THE LAST COMPANY SUBMITTED FOR 501 (c) (3) AT A COST OF \$1,800. TO FINISH THE PROCESS THEY WILL NOT RETURN MY CALLS A COST OF \$3,250. NOW I HAVE TO FINISH IT MYSELF.

I never got my 501 (c) (3) exemption letter. On April 5, 2012 my Church, Science of Life the Prosperity Church Inc. Florida Corporation. Document number 732892 was targeted by the IRS. ---Friday, July 11, 2014 I received an eMail from 'S NEWS ALERTS, "RESOLUTION FILED ORDERING ARREST OF LOISE LERNER" .Learner, the former head of the IRS tax exempt division, has admitted the IRS improperly targeted conservative groups seeking 501 (c)(3) status. I never got my 501 (c) (3)

**Internal Revenue Service**

P.O. Box 2508  
Cincinnati, OH 45201

**Date: April 5, 2012**

Science of Life Reach Out Inc  
1300 NW 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue Suite 7  
Boca Raton, FL 33486

**Department of the Treasury**

**Employer Identification Number:**

27-21775478

**Person to Contact – Group #:**

Jeff Gaunce - 7828

ID# 0676993

**Contact Telephone Numbers:**

(513) 263-3291 Phone

859-669-3783 Fax

**Response Due Date:**

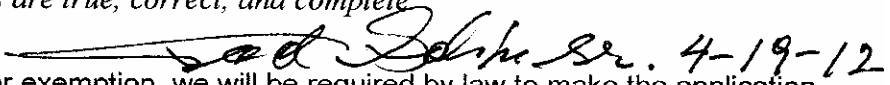
4/20/12

Dear Sir or Madam:

Thank you for the information recently submitted regarding your application for exemption. Unfortunately, we need more information before we can complete our consideration of your application.

Please provide the information requested on the enclosed Information Request by the response due date shown above. Your response must be signed by an authorized person or an officer whose name is listed on the application. Also, the information you submit should be accompanied by the following declaration:

*Under penalties of perjury, I declare that I have examined this information, including accompanying documents, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the information contains all the relevant facts relating to the request for the information, and such facts are true, correct, and complete*


 4-19-12  
If we approve your application for exemption, we will be required by law to make the application and the information that you submit in response to this letter available for public inspection. Please ensure that your response doesn't include unnecessary personal identifying information, such as bank account numbers or Social Security numbers, that could result in identity theft or other adverse consequences if publicly disclosed. If you have any questions about the public inspection of your application or other documents, please call the person whose name and telephone number are shown above.

To facilitate processing of your application, please attach a copy of this letter and the enclosed Application Identification Sheet to your response and all correspondence related to your application. This will enable us to quickly and accurately associate the additional documents with your case file. Also, please note the following important response submission information:

- Please don't fax and mail your response. Faxing and mailing your response will result in unnecessary delays in processing your application. Each piece of correspondence submitted (whether fax or mail) must be processed, assigned, and reviewed by an EO

Additional Information Requested:

1. Please read the Penalties of Perjury statement on page 1 above. Then, please sign and date below, indicating you agree to the Declaration. (The penalties of perjury statement must be signed by a governing body member as listed on page 2 of the Form 1023.)

  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date 4-19-12

2. Please provide a detailed description of your past, present and planned activities:

In your description do not merely describe the purpose of the organization. Rather, describe the activities that your organization will initiate and/or participate in to fulfill your purpose. Your description should include the answers to the following basic questions:

- What does the activity entail?
- Who conducts the activity?
- Where is the activity conducted?
- When is the activity conducted?
- What % of your time and what % of your money will be spent on the activity (The total for all activities should equal 100%)?
- Who may participate in the activity?
- How are the participants selected?
- Is there a fee for participation in the activity? If so, provide a fee schedule.
- How does the activity further your exempt purpose?

3. our application indicates that you will be paying occupancy charges. Please provide the following information.

Please describe the nature of these charges. If these charges are for the rental or use of a facility, please provide the following:

Furnish a detailed description of the facilities where you plan to conduct your activities. How will these facilities be managed, maintained, and financed? Who owns the facility? If the facility is leased, provide a copy of the lease agreement.

Will anyone use your facility other than for the purpose of directly carrying out your work? Will any of your directors or employees reside at your facility? If so, explain fully. Is the owner of the facility related to you in any way other than as landlord?

April 19, 2012

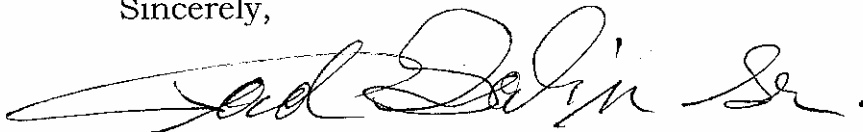
Internal Revenue Service  
P. O. BOX 2508  
Cincinnati, OH 45201

Dear Mr. Gaunce:

August 5, 1976 as a result of a lawsuit, my wife, June, and I were awarded the entire SCIENCE OF LIFE THE PROSPERITY CHURCH INC. including all of the copy rights by the Court in Ft. Lauderdale Fl. It stayed dormant until June 20<sup>th</sup> 2007 when I filed for reinstatement thinking that the Church was fully operable at that time. I filed taxes as a church not knowing anything about 501 (c) (3) using my home as a home based business, not knowing that I had to have a physical building as a Church. I was audited with over \$ 6,000.00 and have been paying \$150.00 mo.

March 21, 2012 Doc. Number 732892 the new Amended Science of Life Reach Out Inc. will be activated with a 501 (c) (3) Experienced Professional Accounting Firm including all the book keeping according to the IRS Guide Lines.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tad Galin Sr." with a stylized, flowing script.

Tad Galin Sr.

561-362-8788

tad\_galin@bellsouth.net

Total 5 pages

## **Home Life Again**



**Tad Jr., five and Joe, three with their beloved Pushkin  
Holly, Michigan, 1975**

June continued her nursing career as the Educational Director at North Ridge General Hospital in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. With our pooled resources, we were able to send both of our sons to a Montessori School for eight years. Looking back, I think the achievement I'm most proud of is raising two good sons. Fatherhood is by far the biggest challenge that I ever came up against. I remember coming home one day and, to my astonishment, I was looking at a hole in the wall. The boys were now seven and nine years old with a whole lot of energy. For once they were silent. I asked, "Who did it?" Tad said it was Joe. But I didn't really care about the answer. I found a karate school close to our home and asked Mr. Manganello, the owner, if he had any walls to be kicked in. He said, "Bring those boys of yours in here. We have plenty of things to be kicked at." Tad Jr. and Joseph were enrolled in Mr. Manganello's karate school and their performance was outstanding. By the ages of fourteen and twelve both boys had earned their black belts. I, as a father, felt pride in the accomplishment of my sons, knowing that only one in a thousand will become a black belt. There are considerable challenges in bringing up a young generation in a country with so many freedoms. As I grew older, I came to understand that freedoms included big responsibilities as well, and I tried my best to teach that to my sons. With June and me always available for our sons, they never had the time or the inclination to get off the track, or this is what we thought. But later we got that wake up call and the self-induced feeling of "where did we go wrong" was haunting to say the least. Our younger son, Joe, was off the track for five years and we did not have a clue. How could it happen?





Joe Galin eight years old  
1980 Loch Lomond Pompano Beach Florida  
GET THE COURAGE, DIRECTION, AND FOCUS EARLY



1982 Tad Jr. and Joe were destined  
For black belts.  
1985, Pompano Beach black belts. Our condo and my 5<sup>th</sup> home in the  
Tad Jr. Fourteen, Joe Twelve back ground with weeping willow  
Green Cadillac.

Being good parents sometimes meant changes in our lifestyle. Once we discovered that our neighbor was growing marijuana next to our front door of our condominium, we decided that Pompano Beach had lost its charm. In 1985 we purchased a four-bedroom home with solar heated pool on the water in Boca Raton, and kept the condo in Pompano Beach rented out. I took a job with Trans-Coastal Roofing Co., as a

commercial roofing salesman. I would go out on-site to measure the roof on a high-rise and sell a new roof to the committee and building manager. One day I had an appointment in Fort Lauderdale. It was a fifteen-story condominium building on the Atlantic Ocean. I spent some time in the building with the manager, John Sylvester, discussing their roofing problems. Then it was a solo trip up the elevator and onto the rooftop. As soon as I walked out onto the roof a strong gust of wind blasted into me and just about lifted me straight off my feet. I desperately fell on stomach to keep from getting blown over the side. The roof was very smooth, made out of a neoprene type of material and was very slippery when wet. As I was lying there waiting for the wind to let up, I was thinking about how long a fall fifteen stories down was. The parapet around the roof was only one foot high. There was not much for me to hold on to if I did start sliding. Thankfully the wind subsided and everything was okay. The whole ordeal could not have been any longer than five seconds but it was long enough to make me realize that there were some adventures I just didn't need to experience. I had already faced too many near-death moments. At fifty-five there was no reason for me to be risking my neck on a slippery rooftop when so much else was still out there. I finished the job with a safety rope that I should have had with me in the first place and not packed in the truck. Then I came down onto a solid ground, and went into finance and insurance with the A.L. Williams Corporation (now known as Primerica). This was the second best move, behind Amway, I ever made. I devoted myself to this work with lots of vigor. It was not long before I advanced to the position of Regional Vice President. This was now really "Big Time" for me. I became licensed in securities (Series 6, 63, and 26) and held life and health insurance licenses. I was also licensed as a mortgage broker (having gotten my first real estate license in Michigan when I was planning on building our subdivision). It's funny, thinking back as I write and remember all of these experiences. Coming from a background with no formal schooling, to all outward appearances I had limitations. Thank goodness I did not realize this! When I wanted something, I did it. When I didn't know something I needed to know, I learned it. It all just seemed so natural—it still does. It is called survival.

**This was the 15<sup>th</sup> time that my life was saved**

**When the Bottom Fell Out**

Life had been good to June and me. In 1987, however, things crashed—big time. I learned that choosing business partners is like choosing a mate. No one teaches that lesson except the school of life itself. In the early 1980's, a friend of mine, William Therrien, and I began running a lithograph print sales business. It took off quickly and soon we were moving about 1,500 pieces a week. We expanded our operation, took on staff, and leased a large showroom complete with a meeting room. Unfortunately, when tourist season died down the business tanked. Suddenly we were left with large debts and not a lot of income. An acquaintance of ours seemed like a wonderful guy. He was very intelligent, friendly, and helpful. He offered to give us a loan of several thousand dollars to pay off our debts and keep the business afloat. Will and I accepted. We had a partner. It was only after we had used his loan money that his true colors showed. He had taken one look at our store space and decided that it would be the perfect place to advertise and market his own products. Underneath his kindly veneer he had an ulterior motive: he wanted to use our store as a place to hold his meetings and distribute his radical right wing racist views. My stomach sank. Neither Will nor I wanted anything to do with him or what he stood for. We decided that our place of business wasn't going to be a front for something that we felt so strongly about. So we closed up the shop

and counted our losses—and our blessings. Unfortunately, by law, our partner was entitled to get his money back. Only the money was gone, sunk into a business that Will and I turned our backs on out of a sense of decency. By now Will had disappeared. He was a very young man with his whole life ahead of him. I didn't want him to get involved in this financial liability nightmare, but that meant that the burden would fall squarely on June and me. We tried to fight it legally, arguing that he had deceived us about his intentions. But in the end, the court decided in his favor. June and I had no choice but to declare bankruptcy. Somehow, the school of life had not prepared us for this. We lost everything we had, including our home in Boca Raton and our condominium in Pompano Beach. Perhaps the most difficult thing I ever had to do in my life was to admit failure and face my family. It has been said that a man is not finished until he builds a house, raises a son, and writes a book. I would add one more: goes through a bankruptcy. It is truly an experience. One that I would not recommend to anyone. However, thank God the federal government allows this process. As mortifying as it is, it can also be a blessing in disguise, a chance to start life anew but it's a lousy place to be when you're in the middle of it. Knowing that Walt Disney went bankrupt three times, I had 2 more to go. I was getting closer to my goal and that was encouraging.

### **Before the Accident Our Son Joseph in his own words**

1979. Pompano Beach, Florida. When I was seven years old my brother and I started karate classes. We worked hard and became favorite students. When I was ten years old I started smoking pot with a friend of mine, Kenny. We would buy the pot from Jason. Jason had a scooter he would drive to the nicknamed *Pearl City*, a run down community behind the Broward Community Hospital. He was buying it for \$5 for 3 joints. It was a common knowledge that the pot was delivered to doctors and lawyers and they paid a top dollar for it. At the beginning it feels great smoking pot, or it was called wheat from Jamaica. It was sort of brown but if you get what's called Gainesville green it was so much better and looked beautifully green. The high that you get from smoking it sort of creeps up on you. Some kids begin to say, I am too high; they get like paranoid and whining, like, what if my parents find out. Then the pros would say, don't worry we will take care of you, don't worry just chill. They believe everything they are told. They are so receptive to suggestions and to coaching by the seasoned pot smokers. I knew a lot of people who smoked pot and I knew that I could buy a large amount and sell it and make a lot of money. I tried but what happened was I spent the profit on pot. It was a merry-go-round. It really becomes your master and not your parents. Now, 15 years later, my friend Kenny is in rehab. I hope and pray that he'll make it and gets back to the civilized world and claims his God given right to be productive, not only to himself, but also to his family and to this great country of ours. That portion of my life frightens me to this day. As you get older your body gets immune to the high and you want more of it, you feel like you were in the sun for too long, no energy, and you feel washed out. It's called burned out, or

toast, I don't know if I ever got to that stage. Looking at it now I probably was toast. One day, as usual, I went to karate and I was "high". One of the senior students confronted me and said that I was stoned. I denied it repeatedly and she backed off. It scared the living daylights out of me. Later that year my senior instructor, Mr. Scott Manganello, sat me down in the office and started explaining the down falls of drugs. I was petrified with fear. Toward the end of our conversation he said, "So are you smoking pot?" I said, "No". He said, "Do you swear by your parents?" I said, "Yes." And then he said, "Do you swear on your life?" I said, "Yes." Then, he said, "Do you swear to god that you are not smoking pot?" I said, "No, I don't swear to god." Then, he explained that even if I only smoked pot on weekends it would still mess me up. I somehow slowly quit smoking pot. I started painting houses with Mr. Manganello, making good money and really working hard. Thanks to Mr. Manganello I was off the pot and happy. That was the hardest that I have ever worked.

### **The Accident and three years of litigation**

Bad business choices were hardly the worst of our troubles during this dark time. When it seemed that we were already at the end of our rope, we experienced another disaster. Our son, Joseph, walking from one class to the next at Boca Raton High School while talking with his brother Tad Jr., walked head-on into the side-view mirror of a truck that was parked halfway over the sidewalk. Stunned, he fell backward and smacked his head hard on the concrete sidewalk. I got the phone call from Tad Jr. He called to tell us that Joe had been rushed to Boca Raton Hospital, unconscious. In an instant, nothing else in our lives mattered. We dropped everything and drove straight to the hospital. Joe was in the emergency room. As I stood at his side, feeling so helpless, in a fleeting moment my entire life passed in front of me. Every adversity, every tight spot, and every hard choice—they were all there. Somehow, this soothed and comforted me. It was as if someone was trying to remind me that my family and I had survived so much in the previous years and that we'd be okay. Joe was carted away for a series of CAT scans. There were long days and nights ahead. After several days we brought Joe home, but he wasn't the same. He couldn't speak and he couldn't function.



**1985 after Joe earned his black belt.**

**From a vivacious student and a martial arts black belt, Joe now was in a different world. But at least he was home, where the recovery could begin.**

During the ensuing months—and years—of recovery, my thoughts shifted from fear for Joe to an intense anger at the carelessness of that truck driver. Of all the things a kid has to worry about growing up, something so stupid as a truck parked on a sidewalk shouldn't be one of them! I began to look for legal counsel. I called all over the place. But nobody would help; nobody would take the case. They either said they didn't have experience; or they tried to imply that it was *Joe's* fault and that the case was unwinnable; or they saw our recent bankruptcy and decided that it wouldn't be profitable for them to try.

MOSES BAKER, JR.  
F. GREGORY BARNHART  
LAWRENCE J. BLOCK, JR.  
LUCY BROWN  
KYLE M. CAPAROSA  
EARL L. DENNEY, JR.  
LOIS J. FRANKEL  
MAURICE J. HALL  
ERIC HEWKO  
LEWIS KAPNER  
DAVID K. KELLEY  
CHRISTOPHER M. LARMOYEU  
GEORGE E. MASTICS  
ROBERT M. MONTGOMERY, JR.  
JOHN SCAROLA  
CHRISTIAN D. SEARCY  
JOHN A. SHIPLEY  
LOUISA SMITH-ADAM  
W. TRENT STEELE  
JAMES L. TORRES

**MONTGOMERY  
SEARCY & DENNEY, P.A.**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

2139 PALM BEACH LAKES BOULEVARD  
WEST PALM BEACH,  
FLORIDA 33409

P.O. DRAWER 3626  
WEST PALM BEACH,  
FLORIDA 33402-3626

PHONE:  
(305) 686-6300

DELRAY,  
FT. LAUDERDALE  
AREA, CALL:  
428-0180

May 26, 1988

**CERTIFIED MAIL**

Mr. Tad Galin  
1400 N.W. 13th Street  
Boca Raton, FL 33486

In Re: Possible Personal Injury Action

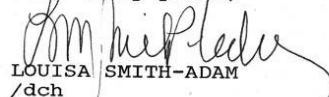
Dear Mr. Galin:

Thank you for contacting our firm in reference to your inquiry regarding the possibility of a personal injury action on behalf of your son Joseph, against the Palm Beach County School Board relative to injuries sustained on April 11, 1988. After reviewing the information that you have provided, I find that we must decline representation of you in this matter.

If you seek another attorney to represent you, please be reminded of the Florida Statutes governing actions such as you contemplate, in that the statute of limitations starts to run for a three (3) year period when the negligence is committed. Therefore, if you wish to continue on a course of action, I would urge you to make contact with another attorney at once, so they will have the proper time span to conduct their investigation.

Thank you for allowing me to have been of service to you; I regret not having more favorable news to offer. While I hope it is not necessary, should you require assistance in the future, do not hesitate to call upon me.

Very truly yours,

  
LOUISA SMITH-ADAM  
/dch

cc: Addressee - Regular U.S. Mail



Finally, after a dozen meetings with a dozen lawyers and leaving with a dozen "no's," Andrew Haggard said yes. I drove down to Coral Gables to the offices of Haggard & Parks, P.A., and met with Andrew Haggard and his staff, including his assistant Rosemary, with whom I built a wonderful relationship over the next three grueling years as the case moved through the courts. Once the litigation had begun, the awful doctors' exams began, ordered by the insurance company. Of course they insisted that the work had to be performed by *their* doctors. They examined Joe, poked at him, and even left black and blue marks on his thighs. With Joe's limited conversation, we learned that during the tests he was pinched hard to see his response. This was a very hard time for me. The insurance company was doing everything it could to wear us down, to beat us and walk away from an act of gross negligence that left my son in such a state. But they picked on the wrong guy.



October 10, 1988

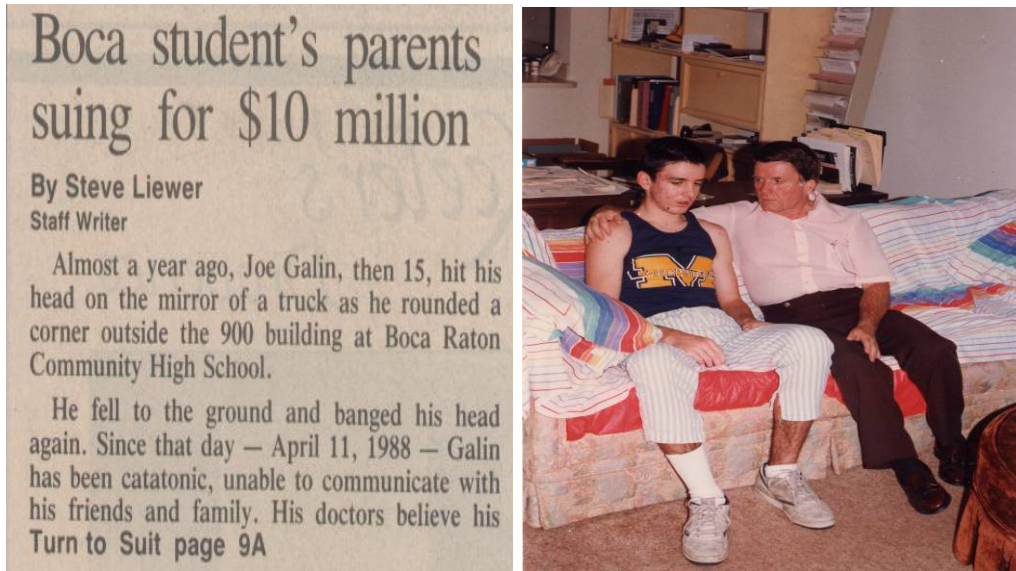
Robert DeLong, M.D.  
Division of Pediatric Neurology  
P.O. Box 3533  
Duke University Medical Center  
Durham, North Carolina 27710

Re: Joseph Galin  
Admission: 10/16/88  
Check-in time: 2 p.m.

Re: Galin vs. Allied Building Specialties, Inc.

Dear Dr. DeLong:

This letter is to confirm that you have been selected by the attorneys for both Plaintiff and Defendant to conduct a thorough, independent medical examination of the minor Plaintiff, Joseph P. Galin. In order to assist you in your examination of this patient, a joint medical package is enclosed for your review. This package contains the following items: a videotape depicting Joe's present condition, a videotape depicting Joe prior to his injury, various photographs taken both before and after the accident, and all of the medical records and reports pertaining to his April 11, 1988, injury. Finally, the following history is provided with regard to the occurrence of the accident: The accident occurred at approximately 11:23 a.m. on April 11, 1988. Joe was changing classes between buildings at Boca Raton Community High School. He left one building, walking with his brother Tad Jr. He turned the corner around a high hedge and was confronted with a construction truck parked on the sidewalk. He struck the right side of his head on a large mirror extending from the construction truck. Both feet were lifted up and Joe fell backwards, striking the back of his head on the concrete sidewalk, causing a sound like "a watermelon bursting on the ground." He lost consciousness for approximately 15 seconds. When he regained consciousness, his eyes were "wide open," he was "dazed," "unresponsive," "groggy" and "catatonic." He was placed in a golf cart and moved to the school clinic. He was placed in a chair where he just stared and dropped his head. He did not respond to anyone. He did not look up at anyone when requested to do so. Volunteers at the clinic talked to him continuously. After some time, ice was applied to the back of his head. Fire Rescue was called and responded at 12:18 p.m. Joe was first seen at the emergency room of Boca Raton Community Hospital at 12:35 p.m. The fire rescue report, the E.R. report, and all subsequent medical reports are attached hereto.



Thursday, April 6, 1989

October 21, 1988

Joe back at home from Duke University Hospital, Durham, North Carolina. While in the Hospital Joe was Under Dr. G. Robert Delong, M.D. Associated Professor of Pediatrics Chief, and Division Of Pediatric Neurology.

"It is therefore in the smoke of the battle of daily life that he has to make his way. "The battle of life must be won and not run away from.

Julian P. Johnson"

One day Joe was required by the insurance company to go to Duke University Hospital in North Carolina for tests and observation. By this time I was very apprehensive about the way their doctors physically handled Joe. I took him there. I never let Joe out of my sight, and I slept next to his bed on the floor—I made them agree to these conditions. In the end, they knew I wasn't going away and our tenacity paid off. Joseph Galin was hospitalized at Duke University Medical Center from October 15, 1988 until October 21, 1988, for medical evaluation in connection with his injury. Doctor Delong was one of the finest, not only professionally, but he also as a gentlemen. During his visits he would be talking to Joe and always be positive in his conversation as if Joe did understand it all. He would say to me, you know, Joe might understand us; he just cannot process it into a speech, or an answer. For now we need to treat him in conversation as normal as possible and that Joe may recall all of these conversations some five years from now.

### **After Discharge from Duke Hospital**

On the way home, I decided to take a short cut through the country and the woods and stay over night in Fayetteville, NC. It is on I-95 and from there it is a straight shot to Boca. A Holiday Inn and a bed for me after a week on the floor at Duke sounded good to me. On the way, however, I realized that we were sort of lost, and although the drive through the woods was beautiful it was getting dark. I came to a stop at a blinking light trying to figure it out to turn right, or left, or go straight ahead. All of a sudden I get two shocking surprises. Looking in my side mirror I instinctively said to Joe, Joe we have a man visiting on my side of the car. Joe said, Dad that is a bear. I was shocked to hear Joe saying that. I turned to look to my left and sure enough, it was a big black bear on his hind legs about three feet from my window standing as if he would open the doors and let himself in. I crossed the blinking light and went straight, then made sure that all of our doors were locked. I don't know how much rubber we left on the pavement. Going straight turned out to be the right way. As I was traveling south on I-95, I flashed my high beams periodically. Then, all of a sudden, all of my lights went out. No headlights on I-95 going 70 mph made for a scary ride. Luckily we were close to Fayetteville right off I-95. I spotted a gas station and a Holiday Inn. Relative civilization again looked beautiful to me. We fixed the headlights and Joe and I had an enjoyable evening. Since I was bedded down on the floor in the hospital with Joe, I asked the desk clerk if they had beds in the rooms. The attendant looked at me sort of funny, and said, "Yes, there are two beds in your room." I said, "You know I just slept on the floor for a week. A bed is very important to me." We had some fun with that, but to me the real blessing was that Joe opened up a little in conversation for the first time in months. I was delighted. Most of my nights were sleepless and caring for Joe was a really difficult thing to do. I would be up at 3 a.m. thinking of ways to handle Joe's condition, thinking that I may have to do this for the rest of my life, and agonizing over the horrors he was going through. Sleep deprivation and fatigue were the norm. By this time the court awarded our case \$500,000 but our attorney felt that this was not just amount so he appealed the award. This extended reaching a conclusion on the case and it was taking toll on Joe. One day we went out for a dinner to get away from our daily heavy discussions and coaching, and sometimes out-and-out arguing. During dinner I went to the men's room. Joe followed me in and said, "Dad, I want to tell you something." "Sure Joe, go ahead." "Dad, I want to quit the case." I was devastated. I couldn't believe that all of the struggling that we went through, agreeing with our attorney to an appeal, would be dropped. To me, it was quitting in the middle of it all. Joe's biggest concern was, as I found out later was about Tad Jr., along with June and me, being dragged through the court proceedings. Once Joe explained his concerns and his feelings. I understood that Joe was also concerned about his family. Of course we knew that he had been wronged but we knew who had wronged him. I couldn't let them get off with out an appeal because our out of pocket expenses had been enormous. But Joe was so tired of the doctors, the lawyers, and the endless series of

questions and he had our family on his mind. A big part of me wanted, for Joe's short term benefit, to give in and give up the pressure of the case, but what would that have taught Joe? My father taught me what it meant to stand up in the face of adversity, and I owed it to my sons to teach them as well. In the end, I made another of the hardest choices I ever had to make: I kept up the fight. After three years of court proceedings, finally in 1990 a settlement was reached:

GALIN VS. ALLIED BUILDING SPECIALTIES, INC.,  
AND PALM BEACH COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD

\$1,364,120.79- Settlement/Verdict on Coverage. Pedestrian knockdown due to negligent parking. Plaintiff, sixteen-year-old high school student was left in a permanent catatonic state when his head struck the "California Mirror" of a truck that was negligently parked on the sidewalk adjacent to his school. Case settled for all available policy limits plus interest accrued on appeal.

It was incredible. We had won! As I was told by someone, there may be only a handful of attorneys in the country that have the credibility, integrity, devotion, and finances to handle any case anywhere in the U.S.A. WM. ANDREW HAGGARD is one of them. God forbid, but if you have to go to court, take Andy Haggard with you. I'm forever in his debt. Since Joe was a minor, the award was placed in the Galin Family Trust. The first thing we did with the money was buy Joe a pure-bred Golden Retriever, named Joey, as a companion to help him get through his recovery. I think Joey ended up helping us all. Joe's recovery has been slow and is still on going. He will never be the same guy that he had been. He is constantly on medication to silence the frightening voices that he still hears in his head. But he is a wonderful young man, with a heart of gold. Joe turned eighteen shortly after the award was won, and after legal fees were paid, he got control of the \$700,000 that remained of the money. Since then, he has had more than his share of hard knocks. He was determined to live life his way, learn his way, and become street-smart and independent—just like his father. He also made some bad business mistakes! During Desert Storm he bought \$2,000 of powdered protein in cans just in case the war in Iraq managed to reach the United States. Later, against my advice, he lost \$20,000 with some scam broker. He decided one day to go to Israel and live in a kibbutz; I tried to talk to Joe, but he went anyway.

### **Hearing Voices In Joe's words**

I called the airlines and reserved a ticket to Tel Aviv, Israel, in July 1991. I gave my parents a one-day notice and took off. I had a gut feeling that I would never see my parents again. I was at the time hearing voices and thinking abstractly and radically. For some reason the whole trip I forgot to eat for a week. On the airplane, I started asking everyone if they knew of people in Israel who only eat bread and water. One lady in first class said that she did know of such a group and to come back later and she would give me the address. When I came back she said, "Stop bothering me." So I went away. Another nice old lady said, "Young man, when I was a young girl and got on a crazy diet I almost died. You better just eat normally." I ignored her. When I got to Tel Aviv, I asked the cab driver to take me to a place where a certain group of people eat only bread and water. When we arrived in Jerusalem suburb resembling a small village, there, I found that this was a religious group. The first thing that I noticed, that all of these were Ultra Orthodox. This was my first exposure to the long black coats, with scraggly beards with hair hanging down the sides; I frankly got scared of the entire atmosphere. "O.K." I said to the driver, "Let's go back to Tel Aviv Airport." So, he took me back. I started getting severe chest pains that would come and go all through the ride to and from Jerusalem. When we got to the airport, I changed my flight to leave and go home immediately for an additional \$400.00 Israeli Shackles. With a new ticket in my pocket to leave Tel Aviv the same night, I headed for a nice little sandwich place right at the airport. I got some marvelous food and drank some wonderful-tasting orange juice; I don't know how I got on the just bread and water kick. I went back to the ticket counter and said, "Switch the ticket back for me to leave Tel Aviv in two weeks as was originally scheduled." He said, "I never changed anything on your ticket. I knew that you would stay." I had this strange feeling that the ticket clerk had noticed my radical behavior in changing my mind this often. So, angrily, I took the ticket and took another cab to Tel Aviv. I checked into a Youth Hostel. When I woke up I went down to eat. When they started to serve, I got up, marched right out and started walking the streets of Tel Aviv. Later that week, I took a taxi to Shapiro, a small suburb of Tel Aviv. When I arrived; I got out of the cab and started walking. In a little while I somehow got into an open field and began to hear a clear voice saying, "Throw away all of your money." I looked up into the sky and all around me, I said to myself, "All of the money?" The voice said, "Throw away all of your money." So I threw away all of the \$7,000 dollars in traveler's checks, my passport, visa and \$2,500 Israeli shekels. I threw it on the ground and kept walking. An hour later I thought to myself, "I better go back and find everything." I never could find that field again. Penniless, I knocked on an Israeli door and a man opened. I said, "Sir, I threw away all of my money. Can you help me?" The man said yes I can help you; I will take you to the police station. At the police station I was greeted by a beautiful lady policewoman, she began to interview me she said, "How did you get those cuts on your knees?" I

said that I was walking through thorn bushes. She said, "No, you cut yourself." I said, "No." She said, "I will come back and talk to you in five minutes." When she came back she said, "Those cuts on your knees you did it yourself with a knife, Yes?" I said, "No." She said, "With a knife, you cut your knees." I said, "I was walking through thorn bushes and trying to hurt myself." She said, "I believe you. We will give you a ride back to your Youth Hostel." The next day I was in the lobby talking to English tourists. I told them that I threw away all of my money. They said that they would take me to a Jewish Agency to help me. They said to tell them that I had a sunstroke and threw away all of my money. When I got there I went in and said, "I lost all of my money. Can you help me?" They said, "We cannot help you." So I left. When I walked out of the building in front of me was the United States Embassy of Tel Aviv. I went in and asked to speak to someone. A man came down and we talked. He said, "I think that you are an Israeli trying to get to America." I pleaded with him. So he took out his wallet and gave me \$26.00 shekels and said, "Take this and come back tomorrow and get a visa." They also got me a shirt to wear. When I left the Embassy, I took a bus. It took me to the outskirts of Tel Aviv. I asked the bus driver if the bus goes to Ben Nathan Youth Hostel. He said, "Get off and go back the way you came, it is close to the Embassy were you just came from." So I started walking back. It was morning. As it approached night, I stopped a nice old man on the street and said, "Sir, I'm tired. Do you know where Ben Nathan Youth Hostel is located?" He gave me long confusing Jewish directions, which I forgot but somehow in time I remembered and could see the Youth Hostel across the river. There, were three roads that lead to it. I took one, walking in a big circle and I came back to the three roads.

Again I took the second road and walked in a huge circle and came to the same three roads. Finally, the third road led me home. The next day, I woke up and asked someone where is the bus station. They gave me directions. When I got there a bus was leaving. I got in front of it. He stopped and I said, "Are you going past the U.S. Embassy?" He said, "Yes, get in." When I got to the embassy, I had to wait for it to open. A very pretty Israeli girl, Lydia, from Tripoli said to me, "Can you fill out my visa request form?" "I don't know how to read or write I have friends in Beverly Hills I want to go and see them." I said that I couldn't read the language either. So she said that if she could get married to an American, she could go to America. I said that I would not marry her. So she left. When I got into the embassy, all of the staff kept saying that he is not an American. Finally, I got pissed and said, "I am so." The embassy lady asked me to search my bag again. This time I found my round trip ticket to New York in my backpack. They issued me a temporary passport, gave me \$50 and said, "Good Luck!" I had my ticket and was all set to leave Israel the next day. As I walked from the embassy back to my youth hostel, a prostitute said to me, "I will f\*\*k you for \$50.00 dollars." I kept walking and she kept following me. Finally I turned around and looked into her beautiful eyes and said, "No." Just like Joseph of Egypt said no to his master's wife. It was very hard to do that, but I don't regret it. The next day, I flew back to America, landed in New York City and called my Auntie Anne Galin in Parma, Ohio, and asked her to buy me an air ticket to Cleveland, Ohio, and to pick me up at the Hopkins



Airport. I had this strange frightening feeling about going back to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. To this day I do not know why. She did and I flew to Cleveland. After about a week, my parents picked me up and we drove home to Boca Raton. On the flight from New York to Cleveland I hyperventilated and could not breathe. By reflex I put my fist against my mouth. After I felt better I stood up and said that I am OK. Everybody was looking at me as I was struggling to breathe. I later repaid Aunt Anne the \$1,000 for the air ticket, including clothes that I so desperately needed, with lots of thanks. While at home I was struggling with my voices that would accompany me quite frequently, especially in public. When I see a homeless person or any person, the voice would start cussing in all of the F words imaginable. One day, I decided to change my name. I opened the Bible and saw the word Gilead and decided that that was it. After I went to the lawyer and changed it. Several days later I changed my mind and wanted my name to be Galinski.

The Judge said that it was too soon to change my name again. So, I was stuck with Gilead. There was no particular reason to change my name. With one exception, my father changed his name! I am my father's son. While Joseph was in Israel he may have been robbed of \$8,000 plus. We may never know what really happened. He walked for miles in a foreign land in a hot sun without a shirt until finally reaching the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv. There, an Embassy staff person asked Joe to look for his air ticket again. In his backpack Joe found his air ticket to New York. With his air ticket as a proof that Joe is an American he was immediately issued a visa. My sister Anne wired him the electronic ticket to New York to get Joe home. Today he is officially listed as disabled and is on social security. He works at different jobs to supplement his small permanent income and will not give up his freedom, determined to make it on his own. The \$700,000 from the legal award is gone. When Joe got control of the money I tried hard to convince him to put it into our Galin Family Trust and mutual funds but he didn't agree. Instead, Joe split the money four ways for the four of us. Out of his portion Joe made some loans to his "friends," but he was never paid back. After Joe split the money evenly, all four of us were on our own with our portions. The truth of the matter is that each of us has spent most of it. However, we do have our Family Trust and I highly recommend that, at one time or another, most people need to have one. It was a learning time for all of us, and we learned a lot the hard way! But through it all our family never split for a minute. We have a lot of pride in that. Today Joe sometimes teaches karate, and works part-time at Burger King. After all that he has tried—even going through a bankruptcy of his own in April 2000—he now has a new hobby. His heart is in Las Vegas. With the mind of a businessman—not a gambler—he spends much of his spare time doing dry run experimental gambling, trying to figure out how to "break the code" and become wealthy. We now have lots of fun discussing it. Joe has grown up since. By insisting on living life his own way, Joe truly has learned a lot. He is improving greatly and I expect that in the end he will surprise everyone and recover to lead a completely normal life. I love him dearly and believe that every man becomes stronger when faced with trials. But the trials he has been through in his short life are enough to break a heart. I feel very responsible for Joe, and for my entire family.

That's why the events that have transpired in the decade since the settlement have been such a boon for me. The adversities my family and I have faced prepared us for the success that now lies within our reach.

**Interview with Joe and His recollection  
when he was 15  
We simply called him Jo-Jo**

It all started in 1988 when I became involved in my dad's business, N.S.A., air and water filters. I was smoking pot from the age of ten to age fifteen without my family ever knowing it. After Mr. Scott Manganello, my senior karate instructor had a heart to heart talk with me, I decided to quit pot and my mentally disturbed friends and work with my dad on the American Dream. I put out 40 boxes in small businesses. The box said, "Pure Water, five cents per gallon." I got 200 responses and began to allow the prospective customers to use the water units for a one-month free trial. I became discouraged going door to door. There is nothing more depressing than the attitude of some customers sort of implying that you're a loser. For a 15 year old this was quite an adversity. However, it motivated me even more to become financially "FREE". I just did not know how. My dad's best friend kind of got me motivated in the business. His name is Will Therrien. He was at the time highly religious and devoted to Christianity. He told me one night that he credits all of his business success to Jesus and would not compromise his Christian values to earn lots of money. I told him that I know how to make a million dollars but it would displease Jesus. So I would never do it. I must say that our family has the entrepreneurial spirit and a compulsive passion to follow the American dream to build a family legacy and to become financially independent. The next part of this story will reveal this fact. My father invited an old family friend from Michigan to visit us. I always enjoyed talking with Jack Crichton. I told him that I wanted to tell him about an idea for me to make lots of money. After I explained it to him, he said, "Joe, you will make lots of money if you do it." Jack does not just tell you once. He says in a loud voice, "I mean, Joe, you will make a lots of money if you do it." I felt at that moment a feeling of someone accepting me and not thinking of me as a loser but thinking of me as some one with the courage and a dream. It felt good. After that conversation with Jack, I told my dad about my "project" and that is, to figure it out how to make a million dollars or more by studying Las Vegas gambling, Dad said that he would support me 100%. I even thought of a Boca High school friend of ours, Eddy, who played football with my brother Tad. Eddy was a 16 year old that got injured playing football and was paralyzed from neck down. He received a court settlement of \$5,300,000. I thought that I could do that playing football, but how? Then I thought of Eddy's quadriplegic condition. The idea quickly went away.

**What a great Attorney can do**  
**W.M. Andrew Haggard**  
**Verdict**

Product Liability. Action against football helmet manufacturer for injuries sustained by a 16 year old high school football player during game. Plaintiff was rendered a quadriplegic. Today every football helmet in this country has a safety cushion strip on the back of the sharp edge of the helmet, thanks to Andy. One night I decided to put all of my thinking into motion and to work on my project. I stayed up all night drinking coffee and studying ways to come up with a million dollar idea. My motivator was a black Porsche turbo. I never drank coffee before and this kept me up all night. I kept telling myself "Just do the project. Come up with one idea and receive a Porsche Turbo." That's a very real temptation for a fifteen-year-old kid. "Do the project and get a Porsche Turbo." It's funny how it works, every time I get to the end of idea and lose hope, I would think of the Black Porsche Turbo and I would get a refreshing new spirit of Motivation. It was POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT, a mental conditioning if you will; similar to what Tony Robbins is teaching. I found myself in my room, watching T.V. all day and all night. Doing absolutely nothing (a teenager's dream of pure heaven). I started writing down "IDEAS" to make money. It became a passion. Thinking became abstract and ideologically rewarding. No more teachers saying that you are wrong. My mind began to expand until I believed anything was possible. I guess it is the same thing that happens to monks and gurus when they live alone in a cave for years. They become aware of themselves and they value their thoughts more than, when they are in groups all the time. One day I was disgusted with my dad because we had been arguing and he said, "You need to read the Bible". I read the first half of the Old Testament and fell deeply and passionately in love with Israel. I began to think of the miracles that God said he did and the repetitious "Blah, Blah" that preachers preach. "God will heal you, make you perfect and make you wealthy as the grains of sand on the beach." I scavenged for any picture or a book about Israel and started listening to Israeli music. What frustrated me about my investigations into Islam, Christianity, and Judaism is that all three promised but never delivered. They promised peace but there was no lasting peace. I was wound up, as you will learn later. God gave us something that separated us from His ability to help us. It is called free will. We are free by law and religion to refuse to eat or take our medication or go to the doctor for help. How much more difficult it is for God that loves us all to help us get rich? This is the reasoning and the understanding I arrived at. But as you communicate with God through prayer and meditation you learn to trust God. You do not understand but you trust. And in the very end we all get rich, we all find Eternal Peace through Grace and Spirit but not through Power and Might. One day my dad handed me a cassette tape of Tony Robbins and said, "Listen to it." Grudgingly, I said OK.

As I listened, I was fascinated with the power of deep breathing techniques. I started eating right and meditating on my breathing control day after day, focusing on breathing, I began to notice that as oxygen went into my lungs it would be taken into my blood, freeing up more space in my lungs to breath in more and more air. I could inhale for 60 seconds and exhale for 60 second. Then, it hit me like a ton of ANGELS—it felt like Adam that had bitten into the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. As some one said, I know, that I know, that I know and now, the world knows that I know, a rush of knowledge, both good and evil rushed in to my consciousness. Then I later found out Israeli geography gives you an increased level of oxygen. Oxygen? It rang my bell. The more I studied Jewish religion the more amazing thought parallels began to emerge. Then I did something that would surprise, or even shock, any gentile family, I joined a Synagogue the Rabbi of the Congregation was from Poland and lived a parallel life to my father. He is to me like a second father, a meek looking person with a glorious soul. I started to notice that when I would go out in public I was very nervous around people. I also started hearing curses that would get louder as I approached people and softer as I moved away from people. I was very anti-social. I felt like the President of the United States in my bedroom when I was by my self. My mother must have noticed something because she said that I should see a psychologist. I agreed. After the first visit at the end of the session the psychologist said, "Don't worry God won't strike you with lightening" This statement pissed me off. So I got another psychologist. One day my parents were away for the weekend. I got paranoid and called my psychologist and said that I wanted an immediate appointment I went there at 7 P.M. I broke down and cried and said that I hear voices. He said that I would not like the public mental hospital and that the private hospital is better for me. The doctor recommended Lake Hospital. Later we found out why, they were all crooked. So I went straight to the mental hospital. Checking in I said that this is from an accident I had three years ago and just recently we have settled in court, that I had the money to be admitted. I was saying, "I don't know why I'm here." I cried and wrote a check. They charged me \$2,000 per day. I was in what they called the Penthouse. I had three psychiatrists assigned. Two psychiatric nurses and the other help in seven days could not convince me to take the medicine. So the head psychiatrist said that I would have to leave. I said that I wanted to see a priest. I told the priest that I believe in Jesus and that I had done wrong and I now know I am being punished for it. I just want to know what I did wrong. He said that Jesus wants me to take the medicine and he said that God wants me to take the medicine. So, I agreed to take it. When I walked out of that meeting, the nurse said, "Did it bother you what the priest told you?" I said, "Yes, but what he said was true." The next day I rebelled and said that I would not take the medicine. When the priest came back he gave me my First Holy Communion and I cried and agreed to take the medicine. I was discharged 10 days later; my total bill was \$20,000 dollars, as we found out later, that, this "Lake Hospital" in Lake Worth, Florida, was a scam and it was closed up for this reason. I did continue to take the medicine and I was reasonably stable mentally. I was not perfect but a lot better.

I started day treatment on and off over the next five years. I wrote and pledged money to Benny Hinn and said, "Cure me of schizophrenia." Then new medicine came out and I have now absolutely no symptoms of schizophrenia. However, now I am addicted to this drug and I cannot get off the drug now. Every time I try, the second day I am shaking and that makes me that much more nervous. This previous page of my writing was difficult to write. I believe my Grandmother Nina's prayers to Jesus to watch over me are the reason that I am always happy today. This is my life. Happy and broke right now. It is funny how God works. When I had money I was miserable and now I am broke but happy. Through prayer, I now feel well to do.

### **Joe's recollections at 29**

**Today Joe does remember Dr. DeLong's conversation and his statement, that he may recall these conversations some years from now.**

March 23, 2002. St. Augustine, Florida. Here, our son, Joe, lives on his own, for about five years now. June and I are in touch with him almost daily. We are growing to respect him more and more each day for being so dedicated to make it on his own. St. Augustine is about 2½ hours drive for us from Palm Bay, Florida, where June and I live now. Upon arrival in St. Augustine, the three of us got settled in a hotel to spend some quality time and for the first time to interview Joe as a twenty nine year old and not a teenager any more. Joe is 5'10" tall, good-looking and weighs 285lbs. He has difficulty in breathing due to his being overweight, Smoking and living by himself does not help him to eat with the necessary discipline. Therefore he also knows and is aware of the fact that for him to attract a nice lady that would be deserving of him and equally good looking, in short a good person. Then Joe met a guy and became friends. This new friend with a criminal record, Joe gave him his Amigo Isuzu Truck, lap top computer. Joe always had been a giving person and some times to much so. Among other things. From here things went down the hill. Before Christmas 2003 Joe admitted him self in to a Psychiatric Hospital in St. Augustine Florida. Joe knows that he must be in good physical and mental condition. Nobody should live alone! It is not a healthy lifestyle to live alone for any length of time. Joe keeps himself busy by teaching karate, working at Burger King, and assisting at the old age home "Samantha Wilson Bay view." He enjoys working with the elderly. He has the personality and patience, and a giving heart.



1985 Only one in 1000 Joe at Joe was injured on April 11, 1998  
Twelve earned his black belt. At Boca Raton High School page 313

June and I moved to Boca Raton on November 14, 2003. Joe moved in with us on February, 2004. Joe weighed 265 lbs. On medication and numerous Doctors. That year Joe was admitted into psychiatric wards five times. It was at the Fair Oaks Hospital here in Boca Raton that Joe was given ECT 4-electric shocks without notifying us. CCHR Citizens Commission for Human Rights, fighting these and other criminal acts and abuse that are committed to this day world wide. 2004 and the beginning of 2005 was very trying for June and me. Next, Joe got into religions, from Christianity, to Islam and Judaism. In January of 1996 Joe was converted to Judaism under the direction of Rabbi Samuel Cywiak who is originally from Poland. June and I did not stand in his way. Rabbi with his wife Rukmini and son David were also residing in St. Augustine Florida. This relationship has opened some new horizons for Joe. But the friendship, as always, is priceless. As a Father with lots of patience and concern I knew that Joe needed some help, I introduced Joe to most of the major religions and he found some on his own. I told him that having a relationship with God and being religious are totally two different concepts. For one, God does not mislead people. Religions do. One needs to be mentally a stable person before one becomes religious. One may become "fenced in" without any hope of exploring, learning for mental growth. Today Joe is back to almost normal and has realized that all religions have inherent problems, most of them can not display any leadership to lead people to a higher order of thinking or how to cope with the day-to-day challenges that the humans are plagued with. Most of the religions have no answers to an inquisitive God seeking mind. Joe now is working on his physical and mental conditioning. He understands that he and he alone can stop smoking, eat properly and exercise without fail. However, today I am quite comfortable that Joe will not go to some Jonestown some place far away, or be waiting for Hale-Bopp to pick him up some 3,000 years from now. At 33, Joe shows that he is willing to pay the price, including his condition, to become a great and productive person.



Through all these years I have had a lot on my plate, like how to get to America, which was also my father's dream. It was not all in vain on his part. I made it.

2005 our son Joe is going for a black belt again for the second time, Yoga, and Ball Room Dancing. For the past year Joe has been on Legacy's weight management system, Joe has lost 70 lbs. and 20" of his waist.

MEN W/CARING HEARTS



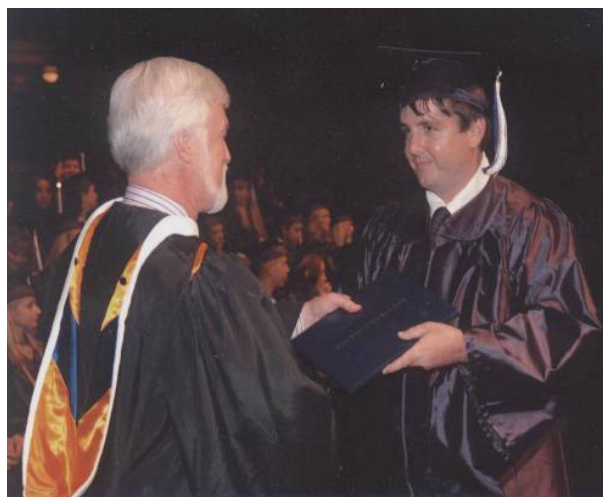
**Joseph Gilead** is the nominee of the Louis and Anne Green Memory and Wellness Center. The Center offers services and therapeutic programs specific to the needs of individuals with memory problems and their families. Our volunteers must have the sensitivity and skill to effectively interface with our participants who have mild to moderate memory problems. Joseph Gilead is dedicated and devoted to our participants and committed to the mission of the Center.

Joseph has volunteered at the Memory and Wellness Center since its opening as a free-standing entity of the Christine E. Lynn

College of Nursing in January, 2005. In the past 15 months, he has volunteered a minimum of 16 hours per week. At 33 years of age, Joseph is younger than most of our volunteers who are not students.

### **Will I ultimately have to continue my Blood Line?**

There are only nine of us left on this Planet, I am the only link left to set up and continue the roots and the blood line of my family besides my son, Tad Galin Jr., 34 year's old with 3 beautiful daughters and no boys! My Son, Joe, is 32 years old. He is recovering from his accident. Hopefully, he will get control of his life and get married. Joe presently is living with us. He wants to get well. Joe is on 3 to 4 servings a day of Immune 26® plus weight management and also on minerals. He has lost 70 lbs and 20" off his waist. In addition, Joe quit smoking and is looking good. We were blessed; Tad Jr. and Donna Galin have given us 3 beautiful granddaughters. Joe also helps us to baby sit his 3 nieces, Ashley 3 years old, Alexis 2 years old, and Kaitlin 5 weeks old. Joe loves them very much and at times talks about having his own family. "Yes, we need Boys!" My desire and drive to establish a family foundation is overwhelming, almost haunting, passion and is the reason why I have been obsessed with writing this book for the past forty-six years. I have always had the desire and discipline but not always the language and skill to put my family's history into words. 5-10-1996 our understanding was that if you're married you pay more taxes, so we decided to get divorced and continue to live as usual. I called the Social Security to find out if June would pay more if she is married. Some how I did not get the answer, I was asked to call later. Well, we decided to go to court and file the divorce papers anyway. June an RN worked that night so; I met June at 8:00 AM at the historic Spanish Fort St. Augustine Florida it was build in October 1672 334 years old. However I forgot the divorce papers at home, must have not been that important! So, we went out for a breakfast instead and than the beach since we lived on it. We had lots of fun after such an attempt on a daring mission. In time my thinking came back to the core issues, I need to continue my bloodline In a way, I am fortunate, my wife June would give me a divorce so that I can start another family to get some sons to continue my blood line. In good spirit, June periodically would say, financial stability is a priority for such a dream and undertaking to come true and she is right. We would set up two separate estates. With June's willingness to help me to raise my second family I may have a chance to do so. It definitely would add another chapter in this book. Of course I heard that some women at times change their mind. Than again, it may be just a rumor. Women don't change their mind, do they?



May 24, 2006 Joe receiving a High School Diploma at the Kravitz Center Palm Beach Florida. Considering that Joe was admitted in 2004. Into psychiatric wards five times. Joe weighed 275 lbs. We put Joe on heavy doses Of vitamins and minerals including Weight Management and Immune 26® Support System. Today Joe is taking Ball Room Dancing, Yoga, Marshal Art, Art Collecting, Joe is also starting College at FAU on August 19, 2006 It seems that my thirty years in nutrition and Immune study Is paying off. Dr. Linus Pauling, winner of two Nobel Prizes, Claimed, "You can trace every sickness, every Disease and every ailment to a mineral Deficiency"

I am convinced that our Society is grossly and Critically Mineral Deficient.

**CHAPTER TWELVE: NSA  
Home-Based Business  
CONTINUING “HEAD HUNTING”**

I continued; and had a strong feeling for, Network Marketing. With hardly any capital investment but with a commitment to the time it takes, one can become financially free by working hard enough. I have never lost the sight of it. One day late 1986, as a Regional vice president with A.L. Williams, I was driving down Sample road in Pompano Beach. I had just prospected someone, and I was totally in recruiting mode. I was waiting to turn left onto Federal Highway, when a car coming down Sample road passed in front of me from the left. I noticed a sign on the door talking about some kind of work-at-home business, with a phone number. At the speed this lady was going, I didn't have a prayer of reading the number. So I turned right instead of left, and headed west. The chase was on. I kept trying to catch up to the side of her car so that I could write the number down but the traffic lights were in her favor—and she had a lead foot. I was hoping that a cop would pull us over so that I could write her phone number down. Finally, seven miles down the road in Coral Springs; she got caught at a red light. I just had time to write the phone number down before the light changed and this lady was gone. That evening I called. A man answered the phone. I asked, “What kind of business are you in?” He said, “Herbalife.” I asked him where he was located. He said, “Deerfield Beach,” not too far away, and he said there was a meeting in about one hour, which he invited me to. Just to meet them, I went. When I walked into their office there were chairs set up, with a whiteboard. I was the first one to arrive, so I took the best seat in the house—right up front. The host walked right up to me and introduced himself. He said, “I'm Bob Burdick, and this is my wife, Sue Burdick.” Sue was the hell-on-wheels I had chased—and a fair bit better looking than Bob! Bob and Sue put all their efforts into recruiting me into their Herbalife business. They weren't successful. But a week later or so I managed to turn the tables and recruit them into A.L. Williams, Inc. The long, hard process of getting them licensed began. Bob Burdick Sr. did not pass his insurance exam, but Sue Burdick did pass her insurance health and life exam. They seemed to be excited, and so was I. We all spent a lot of time together, and became good friends. But shortly thereafter, they didn't show up for their meetings and training. When I finally got hold of them, they started to tell me—hardly stopping to take a breath—about this great water-refining business Called N.S.A. (National Safety Associates.) Owner and Founder Jay Martin. Headquarters based in Memphis Tennessee. I could not believe that these bright people would be so hung up on this clean water that they would give up such a great opportunity with A.L. Williams. I tried hard to convince them otherwise but they would not have it. They decided to drink clean water and share it with others, and to make their living doing exactly that. Perhaps, it was a good Oman that Bob Sr. did not pass the insurance exam; Burdick's became very successful in NSA.

I have known it all along—this is the way to do it! Find something you believe in and introduce it to other people. Do it from your home, on your time, selling as much or as little as you care to, and finally get the chance to pursue the things that you love! With my great attitude, vision and entrepreneurial spirit, I knew that I wanted more and more each year to build the financial security that would allow my children—and my children’s children—to do what they wanted in life without having to scrape around for it. I had finally found the way that I knew would work. Now all I had to do was find the product. It couldn’t be just anything. It had to be something I could pour my soul into because you only get out of something what you put into it. It would be a few years before the right product and the opportunity would come my way. In January 1987, I joined Bob and his wife Sue in N.S.A. Recruiting and selling water refining systems. Bob Burdick Jr. signed me up as my sponsor and I became an NSA Independent Distributor. Bob Jr. Held NSA meetings and held up on his own rather well. I saw that he was groomed quite well by the Burdick’s. To me it was an enjoyment to work with Bob Jr. and watch him grow; he was a great example for the younger generation in Network Marketing arena.



1991 N.S.A. Convention, Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee. Back row left to right: Bob Burdick Sr., Bob Burdick, Jr., and Sue Burdick. Front row June and Tad Galin. Bob Burdick Jr. was born on November 12, 1969. June 10<sup>th</sup> 1995 he was killed in a car accident. Bob Jr. was 25 years old. He is missed by many, including, the home based business industry.





Author, co/Author my wife June with Will Therrien  
1991 N.S.A. Convention, Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tennessee.

## **Theory and Reality**

A problem with a home-based business is that just because you know a product's great doesn't mean that the rest of the world will. Of all the products that have come and gone, only a handful actually have taken root and thrived. NSA is one of them. During the years of disruption following our bankruptcy and Joe's accident, I tried my hand at many things but I didn't have the luxury of resting on my laurels. I still had a family to feed. So while looking for the perfect opportunity in home-based business, I also got back into the direct sales business. This meant following the money trail.

### **Telephone & Network Marketing Telephone Industry was deregulated in 1984 Now Everyone Could Compete**

I became Regional Director for National Telephone & Communication Co. NTC, on April 20, 1993, and moved from Boca Raton to Altamonte Springs, Florida. There I opened up my own office and for almost two years it was as fun and full of excitement business as usual recruiting and building the network of agents all over the country. Working with residential and businesses accounts, auditing the phone bills and competing with AT&T and the rest of the big ones in the deregulated telephone business means that the profit margin is small. When you don't own it, you have no control and when the agent cannot make a descent living, the end will soon come.



**Electronic Supper Highway  
Global Satellite Services  
Training Seminar in Las Vegas**

When I was offered another opportunity I went for it. We moved again, this time back to Ohio where I was ushering in a new technology, the “Electronic Superhighway.” As an Independent Seminar Director with a new venture called Global Satellite Services, I set up operations in over 60 cities, operating out of Sagamore Hills, Ohio. The big nationwide launch was going to be held at the Marriott Hotel at Cleveland’s Hopkins Airport. It was going to be an exciting event. There were representatives in 110 cities on stand-by for this launch. We were about to change the world. The consumer would now be able to receive from over twenty satellites through digital transmission of hundreds of channel. Before the launch, we were sent to Las Vegas for the Global Satellite Services training seminar. We stayed at the Sahara Hotel, and our first satellite training was over at the Rio. Among other things, the Rio is known for its \$3.99 buffet. It seemed like a block-long row of food laid out just for you. We were told that many of the people who work in Las Vegas eat there. Truckload after truckload of food is delivered daily to the Rio. It is a real eating-place. Our training was very technical, to say the least. We were taught how to locate a certain satellite and how to lock in on the receiving dish. Let’s have some fun! What is the frequency multiplier for: 1. KHz; 2. MHz; 3. GHz? If you do not know the answer, let me assure you it will not affect your life in the least. Today, I do not have a clue either!

Over 20 Satellites 22,300 miles up  
Orbiting around the Earth in the W.C. Clark Belt  
1994 Picture W/Big Chrysler & a U-Haul heading for Cleveland Ohio  
To launch Electronic Supper Highway from Marriott at the Cleveland  
Hopkins Airport.  
But first, to Las Vegas for training.



1994 June and Joe, we're ready to move to Sagamore Hills-Cleveland Ohio.



### **Debbie Reynolds's Hollywood Hotel/Casino/Movie/Museum**

While in Vegas, I went to see Debbie Reynolds's all-in-one attraction. I just fell in love with it. What a one-of-a-kind place! I thought, as I looked around at all the memorabilia and glamour, this is something that everybody should have a chance to see. That evening I had an idea. With these new technologies it would be possible to put Debbie's museum into every home. The next day I went to see Debbie Reynolds herself. I was told that she comes in around 10 a.m. to greet her guests. Almost to the minute, Debbie walked in. She greeted me with a big smile. She stretched out her hand and said, "Hi." She was so gracious. I said that I had this idea, but that I knew we didn't have the time to talk about it right then because of all the people that she had to greet. Debbie looked at me very serenely and said, "Who said that we don't have the time?" She listened to me with undivided attention. That helped me to get my composure and talk about my idea. Debbie called a gentleman and asked him to assist me in setting up an appointment with her general manager, Todd Fisher, her son. The next day I left Las Vegas, and I was to follow up with Mr. Fisher in the days to come. I wanted to have the necessary equipment to show, so I waited. And I waited. Days became weeks. In the end, we never received the equipment. The launch never happened. Global Satellite's organizer turned out to be as crooked as an oak tree's branches. We turned him over to the FBI for misusing funds, and Global Satellite disappeared from the map. I never apologized to Debbie Reynolds. I did get a chance to sort of make up for it. On January 1998, when Debbie Reynolds was performing at the King Center in Melbourne. June and I went to a show of hers and I delivered a dozen roses to her. There was another motive as well—I had an official letter of interest from Legacy, that I had written, outlining a proposal for her to become a spokesperson for Legacy and our products. She was as gracious and wonderful at our second meeting as at our first. I only hope to be lucky enough to have a third meeting with Debbie. However, this time we would have total control over the project, if and when we produce the movie, NINA. I would ask Debbie to star as my Mother Nina.



**Debbie Reynolds and Tad Galin. Melbourne, FL, January 1998**

**From Satellites to Kirby Vacuums**

Now that National Telephone and Global Satellite Services were out of the picture, I was back at square one—again. But I would not give up. In Cleveland I had my first introduction to selling Kirby vacuum cleaners. It turned out to be an excellent operation and it got me back on my feet. For starters, the training was great—it had to be. The Kirby phenomenon is that no one should be able to sell the Kirby with the present marketing and sales technique. It is precisely like a Bumble Bee: according to physics it's not supposed to fly. However, Kirby is not just another vacuum cleaner; it is an environmental health protection machine. The quality far outweighs the price, and one Kirby will last you your entire lifetime. When I started researching what Kirby was all about I became sold on it. And just like anything else, once you believe in the quality you will be able to sell it. The sales meetings in the morning usually started with a song, such as:

***Jingle Bells:***

Ring Those Bells, Ring Those Bells,  
Morning, Noon, or Night.  
Get right in, Demonstrate,  
Show Your Pep, and Fight - YES!  
Ring Those Bells, Ring Those Bells,  
Tell of Kirby's Might.  
Know Your Product, How to Close,  
And you'll come through All Right.

Kirby was a good environment for me. It felt like a real team and I didn't mind hotfooting it around town. I was still an adventurer and working the streets of Cleveland is no small adventure! Some of the neighborhoods that we covered were dangerous to work in, but I felt that every family should have a shot at owning something like this. I remember I was in a home with a black couple one evening. This was a typical American family on the east side in Cleveland, Ohio, with a nice home, friendly folks, and well-behaved children. They happened to be black, and happened to live in a tough neighborhood. I spent some time talking with them and demonstrating the Kirby. Afternoon turned to evening, and evening turned to late evening. After the sale of Kirby for \$1,690—with the carpet shampoo machine and all of the other attachments—I was getting ready to leave. The host asked me out of the blue why a white man would come into this black neighborhood this late at night. I was looking for a better answer than just that this is how I was making my living. But before I could answer, he offered to drive ahead and have me follow him until we got to the main highway, where I would be safe from that point on. You just do not forget people with this kind of caring and quality. A door-to-door sale isn't for everybody but the people that I met through those years of building and rebuilding my life made everything more than worthwhile to me. I wouldn't change a *thing*.

### **Returning to Florida!**

Well, I would change one thing: the location. Selling Kirby in the wintertime, driving and trudging through snow and slush, was no fun. June and I both missed Florida. At my next Kirby meeting, I asked the owner of the Cleveland office if he knew a good dealer in Florida. He said, "Yes, Riley Kirby Co. in Jacksonville, Florida." While with Global Satellite, I had met John Robinson and he was from St. Augustine, Florida. I called John and told him all about the Kirby and that it was a good way of making a living. John said, come on down to St. Augustine. Stephanie and I have a room for you right on the ocean until you get settled. We'll get teamed up and sell lots of Kirby's. In 1994 we moved to St. Augustine. Then, a few weeks later, June and I leased a beautiful home on the Atlantic Ocean and moved in with Joe, our son, and Joey, the Golden Retriever. John fell in love with the Kirby and he became good at it. We sold lots of them. We were about thirty miles from Jacksonville, the Kirby office. This was close considering the distance that we would travel to sell a Kirby.

### **Sky Way Home Theater**

Here in Florida, I made my living selling Kirby's and while keeping my eyes peeled for the right home-based business—trying a few more dead-end ones along the way. For a long haul, Kirby was a tough way to make a living. I went back in to the satellite business where I met Gary Price. We became good friends. Gary and I took one more stab at opening and running a full-fledged business of our own using my experience from Global Satellite Services, and Gary was already the best at it. Gary moved in with us. His wife Stephanie, with two children stayed home, it was a fair distance away to drive, but Gary would see them during the weekend. We began to run our business out of our home. We opened our own satellite venture, called Sky Way Home Theater, in St. Augustine, Florida. We sold and installed 7-foot cable dish antennas by which the consumer would be able to tune into more than 20 satellites and receive direct broadcast into their homes of over 500 radio and TV channels. The initial demand was great and I learned quickly what people wanted to see. When with the customer I would never bring up the adult channels as a benefit. Invariably the husband would ask, "So Tad, how about those adult movies?" Then the door was open for me to get into the discussion. Many sales were made, I feel, because of that factor alone. I'm not sure how many marriages it helped, or were unmade because of it! The satellite system was priced from \$1,600 to \$6,000. The price was fine to the consumers but financing was another matter. Out of twenty sales we installed two. It seemed like the big corporations controlled most of the financing programs and charged exorbitant interest rates. Plus, the installation, set-up, and programming was not an easy job and it was hard to maintain a good installation crew that one could trust. When the time came that I could not give the customers decent equipment, price, and service for their money, it was time for me to move on—again.

Satellite Antennas  
Laser Disc Players  
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**TAD GALIN**  
Operations Manager



### **What is a Closer?**

**A closer doesn't take no for an answer and doesn't leave until a sale is made.**

I took a lot of pride in being a good closer, just as in the movies *Tin Men* and *Glengary/Glenross*. These are some memories about closing sales. Oh yes, there was also a Craftmatic adjustable bed in my life while we lived in St. Augustine. They cost \$800 to \$8,000. This too, was a one time close from leads furnished by the company. If a closer believed, this nice friendly couple will buy a Craftmatic bed next week, or next month from him, then he was not a closer but just another salesman and he just purchased a Craftmatic bed for himself. Instead of closing the sale, the customer closed him on a come back call. I was sitting in a house some 70 miles from home pitching my heart out and massaging a lady with a portable massager to get her to assimilate a Craftmatic bed. It was already midnight and there was no other way to think but to close this sale. Your income depended on how many Craftmatic beds sold, or bought, the story of a come back from these nice people.

### **Memories**

As a home improvement closer in Cleveland, Ohio, leads that were generated by the boiler room were not always as solid as you hoped. Sometimes the owners didn't want you at the house in the first place. Upon my arrival to my appointment, I would knock on the door and introduce myself, and tell them that I have an appointment. In no uncertain terms, sometimes, I would get an ear full. "I told that lady of yours on the phone not to send anybody to our house." Of course I would agree with them, and that somebody is not doing their job at the office. However, everyone at our office was trained for my next call, and they can handle these calls rather well. I would ask if I could come in to use the phone because I need to fire that lady right now. Sometimes it worked and they would say, sure, come in. Now that I am in, it becomes a new ballgame. Mrs. Customer, thank you for letting me in and use your phone and a thank you from my company, too. "Hello, who is this? Susie, give me the Operations Manager Teri, please... Teri, this appointment I'm on was set up by Mary. I want her to be fired today! She was told by the owner not to send anyone out to their home. What am I doing here eighty miles from my office?" Now comes the warm up, get them to like you and go right in to the presentation. More often than not, a closer would walk out with a sale and everybody was happy ever after.

### **One more memory**

Knowing ahead of time that I was not going to be welcomed into their home with open arms, I would stop before the appointment and get my hands real dirty on the car wheels, and then drive up to the house, again the lady would say I told that so-and-so not to send out anybody. I politely would apologize for being late because I had a flat tire. Would you please let me wash my hands? Sure come in. After I washed my hands and fired Mary for the tenth time, as Paul Harvey would say, now you know the rest of the story.

**One more Memory briefly**

In 1985 Selling Colorado Prime Beef in Pompano Beach. I went to three-day training for this one in Tampa, Florida. I had to memorize sixteen pages of a story about Colorado Prime Beef. When I first saw this pitch of sixteen pages I was shocked. It was all about how the cattle are being raised, grazed on a spacious beautiful Colorado green pastures, the type of grass and why, how it was packaged in a deep freezer, maybe like a half a cow, delivered to your home with a free plug in into your electrical outlet. You got all this for about \$1,200 and if you chose a 19 cubic foot freezer, up to \$3,500 or more. If you sold them the story, they would own the freezer full of Colorado prime beef with all of the conveniences of financing. I liked selling all those prime steaks, chickens, lobsters and more, so neatly packed, delivered to your home. There was variety for every member of your family. For me, it was great learning. I thought many times that the U.S.A. is some great country to live in and I appreciate it all.

**Great Western Business Services, Inc.  
For sale by Owner**

I thought you would never ask for this one. I am glad you did.

June 1995. St. Augustine Florida. I was reading a rather well put together ad, as they all are, appealing to a certain specific segment of society that is looking for big bucks. I inquired in order to get a \$100,000 plus job and I had to go to Dallas, Texas, for three-day certification seminar. Flight, hotel, and all the business manuals cost \$1,200. I did it and became a certified field consultant. This was a uniquely set up operation. Since most businesses would like to sell their business but did not want to expose it locally for personal, and business, reasons, we came in for a fee up front that was a percentage of the business asking price, ranging from \$4,000 to \$20,000. This was a one time close. You have never met these people in your life, now you're asking them to part with up to \$20,000 of their hard earned money. It was a challenge even for a good closer. Great Western claimed that they had a database of buyers from the US and Canada through their constant advertising for the buyers. While in Dallas we did never see their offices or the database. It was just intensive training, go home and hit the road. I would receive twenty leads via fax. I would travel from St. Augustine to Mobile, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia; North and South Carolina, and of course, all over Florida, too. One day I received several leads for North and South Carolina, one lead in particular was in Jacksonville NC. I always went first class, instead of sleeping in a car. I would check into a Motel 26 with a real bed in it. I called home and got my messages. There was one message from one of my customers whom I had helped part with \$12,000. It simply said that for several months now no one even called them yet and that they want their money back. I was thinking to myself, what am I doing in North Carolina. But the best is yet to come. I had a 2 pm appointment at a good-sized nursery and landscape business. I met the lady owner. After my usual introduction, I told her that I had an appointment with her and her husband. She said, "Would you like to go to the cemetery and talk to him? You see, my husband

died two years ago. We have never considered selling our family business.” I tried to be as courteous as she was. Apologetically, I said, it sure is hard to get good help these days. She said, I understand, I sometimes have the same challenges. As I was leaving, I was looking south in the direction of St. Augustine, 400 miles as the crow flies. I knew that tonight I would sleep in my own bed. I must say it was a slick set up. Again, it was a niche market, appealing to the businesses that would like to sell incognito. The ads are appealing to the high rolling closers. Whatever the turnover is with the sales force, the house keeps the sales. Just like the insurance industry, the turnover is 80% plus and they still manage to have over a trillion dollars to play with.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN:  
A "DADGUMMIT" GEORGIA FOOTBALL COACH AL WILLIAMS  
TACKLES THE INSURANCE INDUSTRY

In 1987 I joined AL Williams the Insurance and Securities business, in Coral Springs, Florida; they handled health, life and mortgages with 200,000 agents. Art Williams himself was our Coach. The face amount of individual life insurance sold by AL Williams in 1987 was a staggering \$81 billion a total that outstripped companies whose names have been household word since the life insurance industry began. In contrast, prudential sales were \$26.5 billion. This is where I really learned the ropes in insurance and securities. Art Williams was a pioneer in buying term life policies and investing the difference. This is truly one of the areas where so many know so little. As a family, in order to stay ahead of the financial survival game, insurance is a part of your over all strategy. Buy a Term Life policy and invest the difference that you would have paid for your Whole Life Policy in mutual funds, I.R.A. or, real estate. The best investment is the one that you understand and are most comfortable with. You also need to earn your wings in investments or insurance. Insurance never has been, nor will it ever be, a choice investment.

**Example**

A \$10,000 Whole Life policy is enough to bury the breadwinner of the family while the surviving spouse is left, with three children still to support, plus schooling and hopefully college. A nonsmoker age 25-30 for the same monthly payment can have any where from \$100,000 to \$500,000 of insurance. The cash value in the Whole Life policy is owned by the Insurance Company and not by the insured. The front of the policy clearly states that upon death of the insured along with the death certificate, the beneficiary will receive the sum of the face value of this policy. Notice, it does not say face value plus the cash value, one or the other. For instance, upon death there is a \$10,000 Cash Value. The beneficiary will receive \$10,000 face value period. There are some well over 1000 plus Insurance Companies and Insurance Policies to choose from. No wonder, so many know so little. I would like to site just one incident, as to why it was an exciding experience, almost like a crusade. I did enjoy cold prospecting, it was not easy for me at the beginning, but I learned to love it, go and talk to businesses, stores, Shopping Centers and the like.

In 1988, just before Christmas time in Pompano Beach, Florida, I was on the prowl prospecting on Sample Road. I walked in to the exclusive Christmas store. While walking and sizing up all of the shoppers, I noticed a tall good looking couple with two children, the husband was carrying a three year old girl and the five year old boy was holding on to his dad's trousers. It was a beautiful sight seeing this family Christmas shopping with their children. I approached them in my most natural manner. I introduced myself, and then I said I couldn't help but to watch your boy hanging on to you for dear life. It is a beautiful sight. They laughed We all did. I took the boy in my arms and asked him if I could carry him for a bit because my boys were too big to carry them around and he was a friendly little guy. The whole idea was for me to set up an appointment at their kitchen table and go through their insurance policies and investments. From here on it was easy. One evening I met them in their home and yes, it had to be at the kitchen table. That evening I sold them a term policy for \$180,000 dollars face value. I asked them to keep their \$60,000 whole life policy until they receive our policy from our company, Massachusetts Indemnity & Life Insurance Co., also known as Milico. Well, shortly there after they still had the two policies. One day I received an official letter from Milico stating that one of my clients has submitted a claim for \$180,000. I remember reading *Sun Sentinel News* article about this man that was hoisted up in the air with a crane and accidentally hit the high voltage wire and was electrocuted instantly. I never made the connection. I called the widow with the two little kids. She confirmed and told me the rest of the story. At the end of our conversation she gracefully thanked me for the additional \$180,000 of insurance plus that I asked her to hold on to the \$60,000 dollar policy, a total of benefit to her and her two children of \$240,000. I must tell you, when something like this happens to you, you know that you are doing the right thing no matter how hard the job may seem to be. It was also very rewarding recruiting and training Insurance and securities agents.

**The Miracles of Compound Interest**  
**\$1,000 Lump-Sum Investment (Invested One Time Only)**

Rate	Number of Years					
	20	30	40	50	60	70
5%	\$2,653	\$4,321	\$7,039	\$11,467	\$18,679	\$30,426
10%	\$6,727	\$17,449	\$45,259	\$117,390	\$304,481	\$789,747

You'd think that to get the difference between the 5% and 10% you'd just multiply by two. Not true! That's why it is a miracle once you give it the time to compound. Most people in business fail because they quit before they give their efforts time to compound. Give your self-time to succeed.

THE BANKERS RULE OF 72

There is a long stand and easy way to quickly calculate interest rate returns. It is called "The Bankers Rule of 72." Take an interest rate and divide it into 72. The result will tell you, in years, how long it takes for your money to double. The following chart will show how much money \$1,000 will turn into at age 65.

<b>6%/72=12years</b>		<b>12%/72=6years</b>		<b>18%/12=4years</b>	
Age	Amount	Age	Amount	Age	Amount
29	1,000	29	1,000	29	1,000
41	2,000	35	2,000	33	2,000
53	4,000	41	4,000	37	4,000
65	<b>8,000</b>	47	8,000	41	8,000
		53	16,000	45	16,000
		59	32,000	49	32,000
		65	<b>64,000</b>	53	64,000
				57	128,000
				61	256,000
				65	<b>512,000</b>

Can you afford to give away interest on your money?

**KEY:** Put your money where you have the greatest interest potential with minimal risk! I know it is easier said than done but this is why you need to do your due diligence and learn it these simple principles and not depend on your stockbroker. If your stockbroker knew how to invest he would be making more than \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year. His income comes from people like you that don't know how to invest either.

**CHAPTER FOURTEEN:  
EPILOGUE**

**Nina's Stories**

**We loved to listen to Nina's stories and she had lots of them.  
One in particular seems appropriate as I write this.**

A young wealthy kulak named (Pioter) Peter was taking his usual country ride with a team of horses on one beautiful Sunday. His *tachanka* (horse carriage) and his driver were driving through a peasant village when Peter noticed a young girl in her yard doing some chores. Before leaving the village, Peter asked to turn the tachanka around; he wanted to visit with that peasant girl and her family. As they approached this peasant's chata, the girl saw them and ran inside. When Peter knocked on the door her father opened it. Peter introduced himself and stated his intention for his visit. The father invited him in. They adhered to the customs of the land: Every stranger that enters the house will be fed. Their daughter's name was Tania. Tania was very shy and already very beautiful at the age of fifteen. She served the food and the drinks. This was followed with more visits. Finally, Peter asked Tania's father for his daughter's hand in marriage. The father was not going to be easy on Peter. The father told Peter that his daughter Tania was only fifteen years old and that she was too young to be married. Peter was cordial about it. He told the father that he would wait. The father was not done with Peter yet. He asked Peter what was his trade. "What could you do to support a family?" Peter said, quite proudly, "You see sir; I don't have to have a trade. I own lots of land and lots of villages, including this one that you are living in." The father told Peter that this was not enough for him to give his daughter away. Peter asked how much money would be appropriate for his daughter's hand. The father put his arm around Peter, and said, "My son, it is not the money that we are discussing. We are talking about your profession. You see, Peter, you have to have a trade before I would give my daughter Tania away to you." Peter knew that Tania's father was very serious. After Peter considered several different trade options, he came to Tania's father for consultation. The father said, "Peter, even if you became a basket weaver, you could take my daughter Tania as your wife." Peter became an apprentice with one of the best weavers in the area, and spent three years learning his craft. After the graduation, as per custom, Peter and his Master Weaver delivered several different baskets to Tania's father, and the celebration began for both his trade, and the marriage to Tania. Tania now was eighteen years old and a remarkably beautiful, poised young lady. Shortly after their marriage, Peter had to leave for official business in a distant land. He did not want to take Tania with him because the journey was so dangerous across the ocean.



Indeed, several months into his sailing, he was hit by a severe storm. His vessel capsized. Now in the water on his own, Peter grabbed a broken wooden mast with some ropes attached to it, and he clung to it. He tied himself down to this mast as well as he could so he could ride the waves. After several days at sea, with no food or water, he fell unconscious. His mast was swept ashore. The natives found Peter still tied to it. They revived him and after helping him regain his strength, Peter was on his own. Now Peter was in a strange country with a strange language. He could not even convey that he was a very wealthy man in his own land. Of course this would not help him even if he could convey this fact—no one would care about it. Eventually Peter had to earn his living. He walked from village to village and tried to scrape by, working with the natives in the fields. It was barely enough for his food. One day he was walking from one village to another when he noticed that this area was growing in abundance the same grain stock as grew in his native homeland. It was called *Loza*. The baskets he had learned to weave were made of this material. Peter decided to make several baskets for the natives as a thank-you for saving his life and taking care of him when he was helpless. The demand for these baskets soon became phenomenal. There was no basket weaver anywhere nearby. Now, not only could Peter make a living, but he could also save enough money to pay his ship's fare to take him to his native land, to his wealth, and to his wife, Tania. Of course, it had been over three years since his disappearance. An eligible bachelor had asked Tania to marry him. Her father approved of him and Tania had decided to marry this man. Their wedding was to be quite elaborate in a big church. Tania was a beautiful bride. There were lots of relatives and friends in attendance. As the custom dictates, the Batyushka (Minister) asked if there was anybody in the church that had any objections to the marriage before he pronounced this couple as husband and wife. One man in the back of the church with a full-grown beard raised his hand and said that he had an objection. The Batyushka asked the man to step forward. The man came to the altar and said, "I was lost at sea for over three years, lived in a strange land, made my living as a basket weaver, and made enough money for the ship's fare. My name is Peter, and this is my wife Tania." Tania immediately jumped into Peter's arms, hugging and kissing him. And they lived happily ever after. My mother, Nina, always emphasized to me how important it is to have a trade or a profession in life. "Being independently wealthy will not hurt you," she said, "but a trade may serve you in good stead some day. Your trade is always with you. Your wealth is your trade, your mind, and a healthy body. Take care of these three areas and it will serve you well." I have never forgotten this story. I have passed them to my sons as something priceless and precious.



1987 Carriage Crossing Boca Raton Fl

**Lessons Learned, Lessons To Pass On:**

## **Adversity**

Adversity is, in a word, *opportunity*. My life is proof of it. In my lifetime, I lost my family legacy; I lost my father twice, lost my freedom, lost a wife, lost my shirt, and nearly lost a son. I also lost my Mother Nina, as, in time, most of us do. To me, Nina was the toughest character on this planet, the most consistent in her principles and faith in God. I consider myself to be the luckiest man to have been raised, guided and loved by her. There lies within all men unlimited potential. So often the circumstances considered hardships are either incredibly minor compared to the woes suffered by the rest of the world, or are in fact blessings that have not yet been realized. I have learned these lessons painfully. I have grown tremendously because of them. I am still learning and this keeps me in a constant upbeat attitude. If I think that life has dealt me a heavy hand, I ask myself, "compared to whom?" I think of my family, my wife June, my sons Tad Jr. and Joe, my Sister Anne, Donna, Ashley, Alexis, and now Katie, My Legacy for Life and Life is Good!



Tad Jr. Dona Galin with Ted Elias center, Dr. Layer Friesen back ground





January 2005 Boca Raton Fl More good news Alexis along with Ashley are welcoming their little sister, Kaitlyn. With Ashley now a big sister she enjoys her growing family And so do we.

### **Success Is a Failure Turned Inside-Out**

Who is this man?

1831... worked as a clerk in a store that quickly failed  
1832... ran for legislature and was defeated  
1833... started his own general store and failed  
1834... was elected to the legislature, but lost bids for Speaker and Elector  
1843... ran for Congress and lost  
1846... elected to Congress but lost his reelection bid just two years later  
1854... campaigned for the U.S. Senate but was forced to withdraw  
1858... again ran for the Senate and lost

That man is Abraham Lincoln. And today he is not remembered for his failures in business and politics, but instead as the greatest President the U.S. ever had, the savior of the Union. He's not the only one. Sam Adams, a leader of the American Revolution, was a failure at almost everything he did. Ulysses S. Grant, commander of the Union army that faced down and defeated Robert E. Lee, was also a many-time failure. Scientists like Edison and Einstein were high-school dropouts.

**The ability to fail is necessary to succeed. A wise person once said, “Failure is a sure sign that a person has tried to surpass himself, has dared to dream. When you stretch the limits of your desire and ability, you risk failure—perhaps many failures. But each setback creates new knowledge, new vision, and new hope. Each disappointment teaches you more about yourself, strengthens your resolve, and puts you closer to—not Further from—Success.”**

**Men will rise to the occasion**

All throughout history, certain men were there when the nation’s survival depended on their leadership: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Pulaski, General Tadeusz Kosciuszko, General Ulysses S. Grant, Winston Churchill, General Dwight Eisenhower, Admiral Nimitz, Admiral Halsey, and General Douglas Mc Arthur. Just to mention a few. **It has been said that one of this stature is born about every 300 years and according to the galactic years that it is supposed to be good odds.**



# **10** **“Cannots”** *by Abraham Lincoln*

★  
“You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.”

★  
“You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.”

★  
“You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.”

★  
“You cannot lift the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.”

★  
“You cannot help the poor man by destroying the rich.”

★  
“You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.”

★  
“You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.”

★  
“You cannot establish security on borrowed money.”

★  
“You cannot build character and courage by taking away men’s initiative and independence.”

★  
“You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.”



### **Consider This**

After Fred Astaire's first screen test, the memo from the testing director of MGM, dated 1933, said, "Can't act! Slightly bald! Can dance a little!" Astaire kept that memo over the fireplace in his Beverly Hills home. An expert said of Vince Lombardi: "He possesses minimal football knowledge. Lacks motivation." Socrates was called, "An immoral corrupter of youth." Louisa May Alcott, the author of *Little Women*, was encouraged to find work as a servant or seamstress by her family. The parents of the famous opera singer Enrico Caruso wanted him to be an engineer. His teachers said he had no voice at all, and could not sing. A newspaper editor for lack of ideas fired Walt Disney. Walt also went bankrupt several times before he built Disneyland. Thomas Edison's Teachers said he was too stupid to learn anything. Albert Einstein did not speak until he was four years old, and couldn't read until he was seven. His teachers described him as "mentally slow, unsociable and adrift forever in his foolish dreams." He was expelled and refused admittance to Zurich Polytechnic School. Louis Pasteur was only a mediocre pupil in undergraduate studies, and ranked 15 out of 22 in chemistry. Isaac Newton did very poorly in grade school. F.W. Woolworth's employers at the dry goods store said he had not enough sense to wait upon customers. Henry Ford failed and went broke five times before he finally succeeded.

**By Jack Canfield and Mark V. Hansen, from a Cup of Chicken Soup for the Soul.**

### **YOU NEVER KNOW!**

**So many not recognizing how close they are, quit and only later in life  
realize that those that quit never win!**

**A Final Word on Adversity  
Welcome it!**

It is the best Teacher of all Time. Within it nature unfolds to us the opportunities and all survival skills so that we can become a benefit to God and our fellow men. Give me Adversity and the wisdom to learn it right. This is how Men and Women evolve from boys and girls with a future that is promising and bright. Adversity strengthens us and keeps us together like strong glue. Without these so called obstacles the human race as we know it would be very much unglued like some of the politicians that we listen to, both parties.

**The Terror Within**

They, the politicians, were given everything except adversity. Now they are clueless, unglued and out of reality. They inherited this land as most Americans did. And now they have gravitated into a corner and can't get out. Now they have to capitalize on every brave and just action that America takes and turns it into a negative just so that they can protect their own turf-domain no matter what the cost is to this nation and at the expense of others. They never became achievers in their lives because without adversity they never learned how to fly like an eagle and become productive instead of destructive. They are very damaging to this country of ours and this "The Greatest Generation is yet to become." As one observes the shape that this world is in, one cannot help but to know, that we the free and the brave have just begun to fight. 9/11 was the wake up call. We have grown, learned and achieved huge inroads as to how to protect America from those that never achieved the human community level or statues. But neither have any of the world's dictators belonged to any human community. I owe much to these United States of America and for what it stands. It was worth it to defeat Hitler Germany, Mussolini Italy and Hirohito Japan. Today, "The Greatest Generation is yet to come" Another dictator Saddam Hussein Iraq is gone and a freed Afghanistan. This world is definitely a better place to live in today. Those that work against this nation's survival itself, their parents have spent all that time and money for nothing good to this society and God. If our forefathers could know what some of these folks who are U.S. citizens of this country are doing to this nation, they would turn over in their graves! They are defying the gravity.

**“Yes, democracy and freedom are not free.”  
This message is for some politicians, On both sides.  
“After all is said and done, lots was said, nothing was done.”**

This is why we have a fighting force second to none. Our fighting men and women protect our country because sometimes there is no other way for the job to be done. Wake up. Grow up and appreciate the lives of those that gave it All. So that the rest of us have the freedom to talk a lot and do nothing at all. Thank God for the few and the brave; this also includes some politicians, OR-? Most of them!

**Tad Galin Sr.  
3/12/05**

**Napoleon Hill wrote some of President Roosevelt’s Speeches  
One said:  
“We do not have anything to fear but fear it self.”**

**APPENDICES:**

**These are one of my deepest seated memories**

**APPENDIX A:**

**Tadeusz Kosciuszko**

In August 1776, shortly after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, 30-year-old Tadeusz Kosciuszko arrived in America from Poland to join the American Revolution. At first the actions of this young man, who was trained as a military engineer at the Royal Academy of Warsaw and the École Militaire in Paris, may have been motivated as much by a thwarted romance as by his dedication to freedom. But half a decade later, many as a savior of the new nation would hail him. Two months after arriving and offering his services, the Continental Congress appointed him Colonel of Engineers for which he would be paid the modern equivalent of \$60 a month. His first assignment was at Fort Ticonderoga, recently captured from the British. His orders were to examine the existing fortifications and construct plans for strengthening the existing works and adding defenses. He did so and presented his plans to General Arthur St. Clair, Commander of the Fort, who promptly rejected his plans. St. Clair feared that too much effort would be needed to implement Kosciuszko's plans. Annoyed and disappointed, Kosciuszko left Ticonderoga. Shortly after his departure, the British under General Burgoyne recaptured it. Subsequently, General St. Clair was court-martialed for the loss. But despite having his plans rejected by the General, Kosciuszko immediately offered to testify on his behalf. He did so and St. Clair was cleared of the charges against him. After Ticonderoga, Kosciuszko worked briefly on Van Schaick Island, near Cohoes Falls in New York, preparing for the inevitable retreat of the American Army before the advance of the British forces. By the fall of 1777, with the intention of blocking Burgoyne's passage south, Kosciuszko had designed and was building a series of fortifications along the bluffs lining the Hudson River at Bemis Heights. General Burgoyne, aware of the cannons and entrenchments placed by Kosciuszko but too cocky to care attacked the American forces on September 19th. After a month, on October 17th, the British forces surrendered, giving the Americans the victory at Saratoga that changed the tide of the war. General Horatio Gates, the Commander at Saratoga, did not forget his friend Kosciuszko's role in Burgoyne's defeat. Horatio praised his engineer noting his ingenious use of the natural terrain to the American advantage. Following the Battle of Saratoga, Kosciuszko was assigned to build the fortifications at West Point, then still a wilderness.

He worked diligently at the task from March, 1778 to August, 1780. The British, now fully aware of his skill, never attacked it. After 1780, Kosciuszko spent the remainder of the war in the South under the command of General Nathaniel Greene. His work there included a series of tunnels built during the siege of the British stronghold of Ninety-Six in South Carolina. Unfortunately, the mines and the siege were abandoned with the arrival of British reinforcements.

Later, during the siege of Charleston, Greene engaged him in circulating intelligence between the general and allies within the town. When news got bad, he explored the Catawba River, selected places for the Army's encampments and directed the building of boats, which helped keep Greene's retreat from Cornwallis orderly and dignified rather than a disastrous rout. After Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown in October 1781, Charleston, Savannah and other places remained in enemy hands, and sporadic action continued for two more years. General Greene put Kosciuszko in command of a small detachment of the infantry, which figured in the raid on James Island on November 14, 1782, which has been called the last gunfight of the war. When the British finally evacuated Charleston in December 1782, Kosciuszko led a parade of his men into the city. Released from Army service in June, 1783, Kosciuszko came to Philadelphia to wind up his affairs in America. He was promoted to Brigadier General and voted a special resolution of thanks by Congress. He was in New York when Washington made a triumphal entry into the city toward the end of 1783, and he was at Frances' Tavern for the farewell of the Commander-in-Chief. Along with other officers of Washington's army, Kosciuszko became an original member of the Society of Cincinnati. He received two gifts from Washington: an engraved ceremonial sword and a handsome pair of pistols inscribed

**"G. Washington-Th. Kosciuszko  
17 E Pluribus Unum 83."**

**These are exhibited in Polish Museums.**

But while serving the fledgling United States, Kosciuszko never forgot his homeland. For decades the Polish State had been a pawn of the Russian and Prussian empires, and now Kosciuszko wanted to be back home to offer whatever help he could, so he returned in 1784. This in itself was a brave act. Kosciuszko's reputation had preceded him, and he returned to Poland a known hero and patriot at a time when many Polish patriots were being sent into exile. When he got back home he managed to get in touch with many of these exiles, and together they began to plot the overthrow of the puppet governments. They bided their time patiently for years until the moment seemed right. When Russia and Prussia agreed upon yet another partition of Poland in 1794, the exiles felt they could wait no longer. Crossing the frontier, they made their way to Krakow, Poland's ancient capital. There, on March 24, 1794—a date comparable to our July 4th, 1776 in the United States—a great throng in the marketplace at Krakow proclaimed Poland's Act of Insurrection. The act denounced the tyrannies of Russia's Catherine the Great and Prussia's King Frederick William in much the same style that the Declaration of Independence recited oppressive acts of Britain's George III. The leaders of the insurrection named Kosciuszko commander of the people's army and temporary dictator of the state until the war could be won. He took an oath "not to use the power entrusted to him for any personal gain, but only for the defense of the integrity of the boundaries, the regaining of the independence of the nation and the founding of universal freedom."

Unfortunately, the rebellion failed. International support was slow, and the enemy's armies were swift. After only 8 months, the forces of Catherine the Great crushed the insurrection and the severely wounded Kosciuszko was taken prisoner. Upon Catherine's death two years after Kosciuszko's capture, Catherine's son, Tsar Paul I, made a deal with him to secure the lives and freedom of the ten thousand of Poles taken prisoner with him, Kosciuszko accepted permanent exile from his homeland. Crippled as a result of injuries received in fighting, he returned to America, visiting old friends, including General Gates. He resided in Philadelphia for six months where he embarked upon a friendship with Thomas Jefferson that would continue until Kosciuszko's death in 1817. He left America for the last time in 1798. He settled in Paris with the hope that the rapidly changing events in Europe might prove favorable for Poland. But accurately assessing Napoleon's ambitions, Kosciuszko refused to assist him in gaining support in Poland. He would not free his country from one tyranny to turn it over to another. In the end, hope for Poland died at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, where the state was politically carved out of existence. Kosciuszko settled in Switzerland. On October 15, 1817, Tadeusz Kosciuszko died a man without a country. Yet he was mourned and remembered as a "hero of two worlds." In a small measure, I feel that I am also a part of what we sometimes loosely call "free" democracy and that there are principles by which all good men live, serve, and contribute to the cause of freedom regardless of which nation they may serve.



**APPENDIX B:**  
**Jasna Gora Monastery and the Black Madonna**

Much of the early history of the painting of *Matka Boska Czestochowska*—the “Holy Mary of Czestochowa”—enshrined in the sanctuary of the Pauline Monastery on Jasna Gora (Mount of Light or *Clarus Mons*), is copied from the original text of 1474, which still resides in the Archives of the Pauline Monastery on Jasna Gora. Other information however, is based on centuries of beautiful legends which are composites of many things - “Oral history”, excerpts from written history, and old documents. Not everything in a legend can be proven, but the core of truth remains despite embellishments over the ages. Feel free to take what you wish from the following story. I present it to show the power of this place, and why my mother wanted so much to take me there. According to legend, Saint Luke often visited Mary after Jesus’ death. A physician by vocation but also a painter and artist, he painted her image, using the wooden table that Jesus had once created for her as his canvas. This painting of Mary holding her Child was the first picture ever painted of her. Canisius, a historian of that era, wrote, “People’s desires were satisfied by looking at this image of Mary when unable to visit her,” confirming that such a picture actually existed. The Christians held the painting in their possession for 300 years. In the painting, the Madonna is dressed in a navy blue robe and matching redlined cloak with lace-like golden borders. The cloak’s hood covers her head, and a golden star shines above her forehead. Her right hand is resting on her heart, while her left hand holds the baby Jesus, turned somewhat toward her. He is dressed in a coral gown and his right hand is pointing lovingly towards His Mother, as in a blessing. In his left hand he is holding the gospel in an unusual, horizontal way. Other exceptional features of the painting are a great disproportion in the size of the faces of Mother and Child; two cuts on the face and a mark on the neck of the Madonna; and the highlights around the inner corners of the irises of her eyes (found only in the oldest paintings of the Madonna). In Mary’s piercing eyes, a subtle sadness is concentrated, which expresses her dignity of holy maternity, boundless mercy, and regard for a person’s religious beliefs. In 326 A.D., St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, searched for the true cross on which Jesus was crucified. She supposedly located it in Jerusalem along with other relics, among which was the wooden board with the painting.

Resembling a Byzantine icon, this most precious item was taken to Constantinople as a gift to her son, The Emperor of Byzantium, who had converted to Christianity. With great reverence, he erected a fabulous shrine for the painting, and people from all around came to adore it. Centuries later, when the Saracens attacked Constantinople, the Emperor had the painting carried to the top of the city walls. According to legend, the light emitted by the painting blinded the Saracens and the city was thus saved. It was the first of many miracles attributed to the Madonna over the centuries. When Emperor Charlemagne visited Constantinople around 800 A.D., he was offered the city treasures in gratitude for his help in defeating the Saracens’ repeated attacks.

However, all he chose was the painting of the Madonna. Through dynastic intermarriages, the painting reached Wladyslaw, Prince of Ruthenia (part of Poland), in Belz Castle in 1372. Several years later, the Tartars attacked Belz. Being greatly outnumbered by the enemy, Wladyslaw fervently prayed to the Madonna for her help. Suddenly a Tartar's arrow went through the window and pierced the right side of the Madonna's neck (leaving a still-visible mark on the painting). At that moment the Tartar warriors were cloaked in heavy darkness and they killed many of their own, enabling the prince to win the battle. After the victory, he had the "wound" on the painting tied with gold and covered with precious stones. In 1382, Prince Wladyslaw decided to move the painting to his own castle at Opole, in Silesia, and to enthrone the Madonna there "to be venerated for all times." He prepared to head west by cart and carriage. But his magnificent horses were unable to pull the cart. Roaring and neighing, they fell to the ground. Only when the Prince vowed to establish a church and create a proper monastery in a location indicated by God were the horses able to proceed. Prince Wladyslaw stopped on Jasna Gora (Mount of Light) in Czestochowa one night, at a small wooden church built by Pauline Monks. The next day, when the Prince readied to continue his journey, the horses pulling the cart with the painting again refused to budge. That night he dreamed that the Madonna approached him, saying she wished to remain there on Jasna Gora. On August 26, 1382, Prince Wladyslaw obeyed her wishes and presented the painting to the Pauline Monks to whom he bestowed many privileges. The "Document of Transfer" still exists in the Archives. Since that time each year on August 26, hundreds of thousands of pilgrims flock to Jasna Gora to participate in the solemn Feast of Our Lady of Czestochowa. Czestochowa is located 150 miles south of Warsaw. Accustomed to silence and penance,

the lives of the Pauline monks there changed drastically when the painting of the Madonna was placed in their care. As the Madonna grew in fame and adoration, drawing pilgrims from all over Poland and Central Europe, the monks were forced to rebuild the modest church into a Gothic Shrine. Some of the jewels brought by the pilgrims were used to decorate the painting of the Madonna and Child. **During the Holy Week of 1430, the neighboring Hussites attacked the Pauline Monks who were forced to flee.** The Hussites robbed the shrine of precious art objects. They tore the bejeweled painting out of the altar and attempted to carry it away in a cart. But, as had occurred almost fifty years earlier, the cart could not be moved! Furious, they threw the painting on the ground in order to hack away the jewels adorning the image. The painting broke into three pieces. In a fury, **one of the bandits slashed twice at the Madonna with his sword; on his third attempt to stab her, he was dead.** His companions fled in terror. The Pauline monks later found the painting encrusted with mud and wished to cleanse it, but no water was available in the desolate surroundings. As they pondered their next move, they noticed a small wet patch of ground. When they picked up the painting, the wet spot became a gushing spring (which still exists). The monks tried in vain to wash the painting in the spring water, but the dark face of the Madonna remained. The two slashes on the Madonna's right cheek are also still visible today. The painting had been taken to Krakow after the attack in hopes of locating artists to restore it.

However, after each of their attempts, the paint would not adhere. The scars remained. The Royal Couple then had the painting embellished with silver and gold, depicting scenes from the lives of the Virgin and Christ. Over the next two centuries, stories of the Black Madonna's powers grew, and so did the monastery. By 1655, it was a fortress, protecting a king's ransom in treasure. It was that year that the Swedish Army surrounded Jasna Gora and awaited the capitulation of the Pauline Fathers, as well as the surrender of the monastery. Father Kordecki, however, confident in the power of the Black Madonna and in his monasteries fortress-like walls, did not surrender or pay the ransom of 60,000 *talers*. The Swedes finally attacked. After forty days, they still were unable to conquer Jasna Gora. On the second day of Christmas, Kordecki, after many prayers to the Madonna, took a golden monstrance and marched with his followers in a procession along the defense walls amid a hail of bullets and cannon balls.

When this ammunition was miraculously deflected back to the Swedes they retreated in great panic. The people of Poland understood that they had witnessed yet another miracle of the Madonna, and called Jasna Gora "The Fortress of Mary." Confident now and under her protective grace, they routed the Swedish Army from Poland. On April 1, 1656, at the Cathedral of Lwow, King Jan Kazimierz placed himself and the people of Poland under the protection of the Lady of Jasna Gora and proclaimed her Queen of the Crown of Poland. Since then Jasna Gora has also been called "Victory Mount." Pilgrimages to the Madonna increased still more dramatically and almost everyone was under her spell. Her image was embroidered on Polish battle flags (1514 at Orsza, 1621 Chocim, 1651 at Beresteczko, and others). A great fire, which began in the monastery kitchen, almost destroyed the Gothic Church, the tower, and part of the library on August 15, 1690. Miraculously, the sanctuary of the Black Madonna was only slightly damaged. The whole country came to the rescue with large and small sums of money to aid in the restoration of their beloved shrine. The Church was rebuilt in just three years. Karol Dankwart, a famous painter of the period, executed the frescoes on the ceiling and the walls. A print shop was added, where the Pauline Fathers have published important works on theological, historical, and philosophical subjects for nearly three hundred years now. On September 8, 1717, Pope Clement sanctioned the Black Madonna's coronation as Queen of Poland. It was the first picture of a Madonna so honored in the world outside Rome. Bishop Jan Szembek officiated in the ceremonies, during which 3,255 Holy Masses were said and 148,300 people received Holy Communion in the sanctuary. In 1764, one of Poland's partitioners, Frederick II of Prussia, forbade the people of Silesia to make pilgrimages to Czestochowa. The patriotic and pious Silesians, however, did it anyway.

### **Pulaski—Second Hero of Poland and USA**

Kazimierz Pulaski (a hero in both Poland and the United States) along with the Confederates of Bar successfully defended the fortress of Jasna Gora from the Russian Tsarist armies that attacked repeatedly from September 1770 to August 1772. After the victory, Pulaski left Poland, never to return again. He sailed to America to help fight her war of independence and he died in the Battle of Savannah, Georgia after a brief but distinguished tour of duty. Pulaski's memorabilia and those of Tadeusz Kosciuszko (another defender of both Poland and America) have been given to the Queen of Poland and are preserved in the Jasna Gora Treasury. The final partition of Poland, which Tadeusz Kosciuszko fought against, took place in 1793 and lasted for 125 years until the close of World War I, when Poland finally regained her freedom. These were the darkest times for the monastery but in some ways the brightest. The Russians ruled the land; they dismantled much of the fortress, and removed the printing shop. After Polish uprisings in 1864. But pilgrimages still increased steadily through it all. Jasna Gora and the Black Madonna were stirring Polish pride and identity. On September 8, 1882, 500,000 Poles celebrated the 500th anniversary of Jasna Gora and dared to pray to the Queen of Poland in the forbidden language, Polish. The pilgrimages became demonstrations of Polish patriotism. Regional bands accompanied many pilgrims garbed in native costumes, creating a festive atmosphere, which strengthened the national spirit. Nurtured by poets, composers, intellectuals, and writers, the people of Poland firmly believed that their Queen would not forsake them. In 1915, the Russians had departed from Jasna Gora, but the Germans had taken control. The Austrians, who occupied the monastery until November 1918, followed them. Immediately afterwards, she found herself embroiled in war against the Soviet Communist regime. On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1920, Father Ignacy Skorupka, a chaplain of a volunteer regiment in Radzymin, prayed to the Black Madonna for assistance in repulsing the Bolsheviks. When they finally conquered the town, suddenly—for no apparent reason—the Bolshevik guns went silent. No one understood what had happened, but this proved to be the turning point of the war. The attackers were pushed back. Everyone believed that the Black Madonna had wrought still another miracle, and it was named "The Miracle of the Vistula." At the outbreak of World War II, the Germans bombarded Czestochowa but missed the monastery enshrouded in thick fog. The Nazis occupied the Royal Chambers and the major part of the monastery, keeping the Pauline Fathers under constant surveillance and visiting the shrine. Little did they know that they were viewing a reproduction of the painting. The Fathers had hid the original as soon as tanks arrived in Czestochowa. Mass pilgrimages were forbidden during the Nazi period. Offerings, however, continued to find their way into the sanctuary of the Black Madonna. Notwithstanding the threat of severe persecution, the Polish people's devotion to their Madonna did not diminish. Unfortunately, the hiding place of the original painting of the Black Madonna was quite damp. In the process of drying, some of the paint chipped off and the painting required repair. In 1948, extensive research and additional restoration of the painting was undertaken. With modern instruments it was

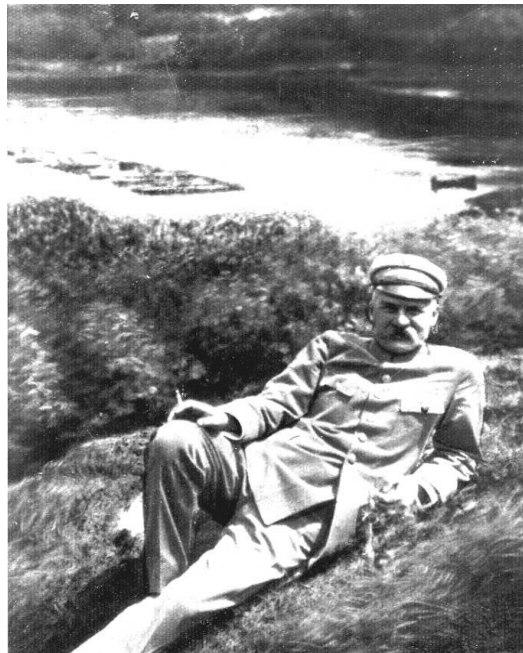
established that the painting had been made in an encaustic technique not used in European painting since the Early Christian period. Using an infrared process, it was determined that beneath the dark exterior the Madonna's face truly was originally light.

### **First Polish Pope**

In 1979, Pope John Paul II—"The Polish Pope"—made a pilgrimage to his homeland, revitalizing the entire nation spiritually and morally. In the course of this emotional visit, John Paul II gave a homily in which he said, "Jasna Gora is the sanctuary of this nation. One must only put one's ear to this Holy Place to feel how the heart of the nation beats within the heart of the Mother. For her heart beats with all the appointments in history, with all the happenings of our national life... Here we were always free." In adversity—today as 600 years ago—Poles who pray to Mary, Queen of Poland, see before them the Black Madonna of Czestochowa. Those who visit her shrine remember it always: the sound of the silver trumpets which fill the sanctuary each morning at sunrise (and several times during the day) with the lifting of the silver screen from the miraculous painting, accompanied by the beating of ancient drums. Praying at her altar one cannot help but think of Polish history. The faithful often say, "She knows, understands, and feels everything." Indeed, the Black Madonna of Czestochowa is the soul of Poland. Millions of Polish homes around the world display her image over the entry door, on the main wall of the living room, or over the bed. Many Poles carry a medallion (or *ryngraf*) depicting her likeness, either on a chain or in their wallets. Some have even procured a handful of earth from Jasna Gora to be thrown on their graves.

### **Lech Walesa**

In 1983, Lech Walesa, the leader of *Solidarnosc* and Nobel Laureate, presented his Nobel Peace Prize in offering to the Queen of Poland. Over two thousand solidarity union workers destroyed communism in 1989 and did so without bloodshed. This was the beginning of the end of communism. On May 3rd of that year, during the Feast of the Black Madonna of Czestochowa, Queen of Poland, a new chapel was opened on Jasna Gora—the Chapel of National Memory. Fifty urns containing samples of soil on which Polish soldiers fought and died for the freedom of their homeland were deposited at Jasna Gora. They came from Pakoslaw, Tobruk, Narvik, Arnheim, and Falaise; from all uprisings; from the concentration camps in Auschwitz, Mauthausen, Gusen, Dachau, Majdanek, and Ravensbruck; from Westerplatte and Stutthof; from the Katyn Forest; from Lwow. Also ensconced in the Chapel are ashes of those who fought and died in the Polish Underground Army, in *Solidarnosc*, and in the coalmine *Wujek*; as well as the ashes of Marshall Jozef Pilsudski, General Wladyslaw Sikorski and Father Jerzy Popieluszko. In addition, the Chapel of National Memory has stained-glass windows devoted to the memory of various battlefields.



### **Marshall Jozef Pilsudski 5-12-1867-1935, founder of modern Poland.**

He fought all of his life to reunite Poland, Byelorussia, Lithuania, and Ukraine to their former greatness. In 1920 his heroism saved Europe from take over by Bolshevism.

#### **Jozef Klemens Pilsudski Polish Marshal**

Of the great men who played major roles in Europe's fate, in the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, no one is more overshadowed by the likes of Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, and Churchill, than Pilsudski. Pilsudski is the person who is solely responsible for Poland's semi-resurrection during the years 1918-1939 and for saving Europe from the wrath of Bolshevism at "The Miracle of the Wisla", same as, at the "Battle of Warsaw" in 1920.



**APPENDIX C:  
The Men Responsible for over Half-Century of Peace NATO's Supreme Allied  
Commanders, Europe (SACEUR)**

In an age when many people don't know what "NATO" stands for (North Atlantic Treaty Organization), much less what it does, let me just say that through 40 years of Cold War, NATO and its commanders helped preserve democracy on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Without the energy of the men listed below, my life—and yours—may have turned out very, very different.

**The post of Supreme Allied Commander, Europe (SACEUR) has been held by the following (US) Generals:**



**1951 - 1952**  
**Gen. Dwight D Eisenhower, Army**



**1952 - 1953**  
**Gen. Matthew B Ridgway, Army**



**1953 - 1956**  
**Gen. Alfred M Gruenther, Army**



**1956 - 1962**  
**Gen. Lauris Norstad, Air Force**



**1963 - 1969**

***Gen. Lyman L Lemnitzer, Army***



**1969 - 1974**

***Gen. Andrew J Goodpaster, Army***



**1974 - 1979**

***Gen. Alexander M Haig, Jr, Army***



**1979 - 1987**

***Gen. Bernard W Rogers, Army***



**1987 - 1992**

***Gen. John R Galvin, Army***



**1992 - 1993**

***Gen. John M Shalikashvili, Army***

**GENERAL JOHN M. SHALIKASHVILI**



**SACEUR  
JUN 1992 - OCT 1993**

Born in Warsaw, Poland on 27 June 1936, General Shalikashvili holds a Bachelor's Degree in Mechanical Engineering from Bradley University and a Master's Degree in International Affairs from George Washington University.

His military education includes completion of the Naval Command and Staff College and the United States Army War College. Upon graduation from Officer Candidate School in 1959, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Artillery.

For the next 23 years, he served in a variety of command and staff positions in Alaska, the continental United States, Germany, Italy, Vietnam, and Korea.

In 1982, he was selected for promotion to Brigadier General and assumed duties as Deputy Director, Strategy, Plans and Policy on the Army Staff.

In 1984, General Shalikashvili returned to Germany and the 1st Armored Division as an Assistant Division Commander. Two years later, selected for promotion to Major General, he returned to the Army Staff as Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans (Joint Affairs) and Director, Strategy, Plans and Policy.

From June 1987 to August 1989, he served as Commander of the 9th Infantry Division (Motorized), Fort Lewis, Washington. Selected for promotion to Lieutenant General in August 1989, he again returned to Germany and assumed duties as Deputy Commander-in-Chief, United States Army, Europe and Seventh Army.

In April of 1991, General Shalikashvili was selected to command Operation PROVIDE COMFORT, the relief operation that returned hundreds of thousands of Kurdish refugees to Northern Iraq and in August of 1991, he was called back to Washington, D.C. and became the Assistant to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

General Shalikashvili served as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe (SACEUR) and Commander-in-Chief, United States European Command from June 1992 until October 1993 when he returned to Washington.

General John M. Shalikashvili was appointed the thirteenth Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Department of Defense, by President Bill Clinton and assumed his duties on 25 October 1993. In this capacity, he served as the principal military advisor to the President, the Secretary of Defense, and the National Security Council.

[http://www.shape.nato.int/SOA/gen\\_shal.htm](http://www.shape.nato.int/SOA/gen_shal.htm)

SOA - Public Information Office

With Permission

What better statement about being an American. General John Shalikashvili, born in Warsaw, Poland in 1936 he was just a toddler when Hitler overran his and my nation of Poland. He came to this country and rose to become NATO's Supreme Allied Commander, Europe in 1992 and Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1993. I sent him an advance copy of this manuscript. In his generosity, he read it and wrote back encouraging me, saying: "You are telling a story that must be told." 1944 At 13, retreating with Germans I was in Warsaw.

**APPENDIX D:  
Inspiring Contributions to the World  
My Favorite Biographies worth Reading**

**In no particular order**

**“This is a Sobering Reminder to us all-Without Adversity we are nobody”**

**One of 6 pages.**

**John Adams (30 October 1735 July 4<sup>th</sup> 1826)** 2<sup>nd</sup> President of the United States. In a great measure also responsible for the colonial movement toward independents and this country's survival and existence when it was in its infancy. Not knowing that Thomas Jefferson just died 4 hour earlier, John Adams said, “ I am glad that Jefferson is still living.” John Adams died. July-4<sup>th</sup> -1826 only 4 hours later on the same day. **July 4<sup>th</sup> 1826**

**Thomas Jefferson (13 April 1743 – 4 July 1826)** 3rd President of the United States drew up the Declaration of Independence. Two Terms 1801-1809. Major events during his presidency include the Louisiana Purchase (1803) for 7.5 mill. and the Lewis and Clark Expedition (1804–1806).

**Abigail Adams** was the wife of the second President John Adams and mother To John Quincy Adams who became a president in 1824

**Barbara Bush** has these traits in common with Abigail Adams–she is wife and Mother to two Presidents: George Herbert Walker Bush, the 41<sup>st</sup> President and George Walker Bush, the 43<sup>rd</sup> President. For a good measure, her son Jeb Bush is the two-term Governor of Florida. This must be a tough record to beat.

**George Washington Carver 1861–1943** Born into slavery, he became Respected and world renowned as an agricultural chemist. (A long way from Slavery. An incredible accomplishment)

**George Washington 2-22-1732 12-14-1799** 1st President and the Father of The United States Two Terms 1789-1797 George Washington had the toughest Job of all the presidents to date. A must study of his life and his Presidency.

**Alexander Hamilton** Jan. 11, 1757-July 12, 1804 Statesman, born in the British colony of Nevis. Practically an orphan at the age of eleven. Hamilton Fought with Washington on Long Island and Harlem Heights. And on March 1, 1777 at the ripe old age of twenty he became a secretary and An aide-de-camp to Washington with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Washington recognized his genius. Early morning on July 11, 1804 in a duel Whit Burr Hamilton fell mortally wounded and died the following day.

**Abraham Lincoln 2-12-1809 4-14-1865** 16th President of the United States. Some say the greatest President, who saved the Union. Declared freedom for Slaves in all states in rebellion. Term 1861-1865, assassinated in office.

**Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the Mahatma 1869-1948** Hindu leader And Social reformer. August 15<sup>th</sup> 1947 gained independence for India from Britain.

**Mother Teresa 8-27-1910 9-5-1997** Nobel Peace Prize Winner 1979 and Humanitarian. January 2001, she was posthumously awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. Native of Macedonia.

**Pope John Paul II 5-18-1920 Karol Josef Wojtyla** First foreign Pope-native of Poland. "His moral authority has hastened the fall of godless totalitarian Regime." On January 8 2001 Pope John Paul II was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. *It was presented to the pontiff by leaders from the U.S. House and Senate.*

**Lech Walesa 9-29-1943 Present**

Nobel Peace Prize Winner 1983 The Leader of Solidarnosc, registered on September 24, 1980 in Gdansk. In 1989 with in direct help from the Polish Pope with the Polish people they destroyed Communism without bloodshed.

**John F. Kennedy 5-29 1917 11-22-1963** 35th President of the United States. Commitment to land the first man on the Moon. We did July 20, 1969. During The Cuban Missile Crisis of October 1962, Russian Premier N.S. Khrushchev Backed down. Pulitzer Prize winner in 1957 for his biography, *Profiles in Courage*. Gifted with charisma

**Mark Twain, a.k.a. Samuel Langhorne Clemens 11-30-1835 4-21-1910**

The Lincoln of Literature. When asked about his genius, he replied, I was born excited!

**Sir Winston Churchill 11-30-1874 1-24-1965** English statesman and Prime Minister 1940-1945 and 1951-1955 He was there when the world and England Needed him the most. "Never in human histories have so many owed so much To so few."

**Napoleon Hill 1883 11-9-197** *Think and Grow Rich*. A wealth of information for personal growth. Mr. Hill was a speechwriter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is the author of Roosevelt's famous line, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," in the midst of the Great Depression.

**Nicolaus Copernicus 2-19-1473 5-24-1543** Polish astronomer. Concluded That the Earth rotates daily on its axis, and with other planets, revolves Around the Sun.

**Casimir Pulaski 1747-1779** Polish Patriot, and American Hero, served in Continental Army 1777-1779. Killed in Battle of Savannah, Georgia, for our Freedom.

**Tadeusz Kosciuszko 2-12-1746 10-15-1851** 1776 Kościuszko took part in the Fight for the freedom of the North American colonies. As a noted engineer, Kościuszko build fortifications of the camp at Saratoga fortified the Hudson River and build the fortifications of West Point. A brilliant general who served With George Washington in the Continental Army. Native of Poland.

**Jozef Klemens Pilsudski 5-12-1867 1935** Polish Marshal

Founder of modern Poland. Of the great men who played major roles in Europe's fate, in the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, no one is more overshadowed by the likes of Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, and Churchill, than Pilsudski. Pilsudski is the person who is solely responsible for Poland's semi-resurrection during the years 1918-1939 and for saving Europe from the wrath of Bolshevism at "The Miracle of the Wisla", same as, at the "Battle of Warsaw" in 1920.

**General Wladyslaw Sikorski** born 1881 Sikorski proved to be not only to be an Outstanding member of the Polish nation, but of Europe's fore most Personalities. In a tragic death of General Sikorski in an airplane crash of Gibraltar. On July 4, 1943. Britain lost in him a great friend and one of the Champions of a just and wise world policy. Sikorski with his over 80 000 Thousand Polish fighting forces his faith in an ultimate victory For Great Britain never wavered for an instant. He represented the Polish Nation, which in spite of the cruelest persecutions and the Most Terrible oppression remained faithful to a cause for which it had Begun to fight on September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1939 Polish airmen distinguished them Selves during the battle of Britain on the French fronts against the German invasion. Units of The Polish Navy were fighting side by side With the victorious Royal Navy. Sikorski was truly one of the architects of the confederation of the United Nations. Mystery surrounds Sikorski's death, was it sabotage?

**Dwight D. Eisenhower 10-14-1890 3-26-1960** 34th President of the United States. Two Terms 1953-1961 Also known for the brilliant invasion of the Normandy Beaches in France during D-Day, June 6, 1944. General Eisenhower recognized the strategic importance of the German Autobahn. Our Interstate Highways are the result of his passion for America the Beautiful

**Ronald Wilson Reagan 2-6-1911 June 5, 2004** 40th President of the United States. In his Famous Speech June 12, 1987, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall." It Went down November 9, 1989. May 16, 2002 Ronald Regan was awarded a Congressional Medal.

**John M. Shalikashvili 6-27-1936 Present**

1992-1993 NATO's Supreme Allied Commander of United States Forces in Europe and of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (SACEUR) a four Star General US Army. Sworn in October 25, 1993.as the first foreign-born Chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff, United States Department of Defense. General John M. Shalikashvili was born in Warsaw, Poland.



**George Herbert Walker Bush** 6-12-1924 Present 41st President of the United States. Term 1989-1993 He led the 28 Coalition members through quick victory in Desert Storm, Iraq. Shot down by the Japanese in the Pacific Ocean. Rescued 9-2-1944 By U.S.S. Finback Submarine. US Navy has announced plans to name an aircraft carrier the USS George H. W. Bush.

**Vice Admiral Jim Stockdale** The highest-ranking United States military officer in the “Hanoi Hilton” As a prisoner of war in VIETNAM tortured over and over again during His eight years imprisonment from 1965 to 1973 after his release, Stockdale became the first three star officer in the history of the Navy to Wear both aviator wings and the Congressional Medal of Honor...

For any One to appreciate this country, one need’s to read this naval officer Story and what it means to go into a harms way and fight for this Country. Born to working parents in a little town of Illinois. Whit his Father’s determination to send his son to Annapolis. Stockdale, my Naval Academy education was tough. But it convinced me that, for Building future officers, education should not be easy or passive.

**Margaret Thatcher, the “Iron Lady”**

Former Prime Minister of Britain. Along with Ronald Regan, a major player in the Soviet collapse Visit to Poland November 1988 and a history changing visit with Lech Walesa in Gdansk. Author of *STATECRAFT*, a history of that era.

**Golda Meir 5-3-1898 12-3-1978**

Zionist Labor Leader. Was one of the founders of the State of Israel.

Israel’s Foreign Minister 1956-1966 and 4<sup>th</sup> Prime Minister-February 26 1969 when she was 70. Born in Kyiv, Ukraine. Former Public School Teacher in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. David Ben-Gurion, the nation’s first Prime Minister, once described her as “the only man in the Cabinet.”

**Alexandr I. Solzhenitsyn 12-11-1918 August 3, 2008**

Russian writer, author of *The GULAG Archipelago*, and *GULAG Archipelago Two*. Nobel Prize for Literature 1970. If you think that you don’t have much, you need to read *The GULAG Archipelago* books

**Oprah Winfrey 1-29-1954 Present**

In 1972 became the first African-American anchor at Nashville’s WTVF-TV. *The Oprah Winfrey Show* entertains millions of viewers. How did she do it? Was it her upbringing, or was it just hard work. Read her Bio!

**Art Williams,**

Former owner of AL Williams Insurance and Securities Now Primerica. And Author of “ALL YOU CAN DO is ALL YOU CAN DO *but* ALL YOU CAN DO is ENOUGH”. “Art was also my Coach” A must read.

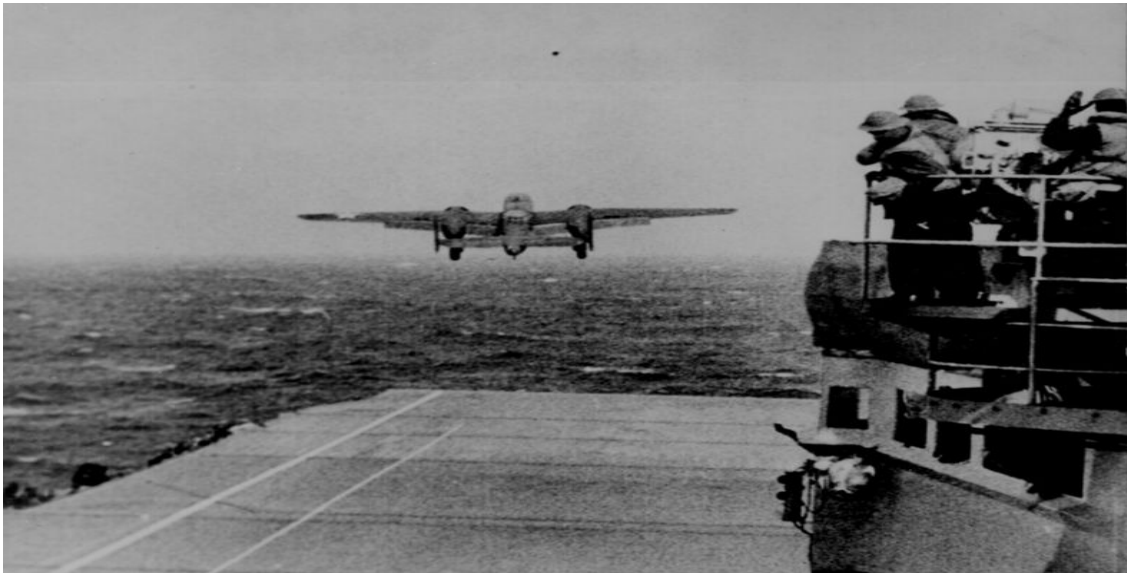
**Dr. Julian P. Johnson** Distinguished artist, a devout theologian, an ardent flier, an outstanding Surgeon and above all a keen seeker after the truth. The Author of “*THE PATH OF THE MASTERS*” A must read

**Oliver North** Born: October 7, 1943 Present.

- A combat decorated Marine. Ollie North is a recipient of the Silver Star, the Bronze Star for valor in combat and two Purple Hearts for wounds he received in action. Radio Personality.
- Author of *MISSION COMPROMISED*. A good read to some answers.
- 

**Michael Savage** Radio host on Savage Nation KNEW San Francisco California. Author "THE ENEMY WITHIN" "BAND IN BRITON" explains. What America was, what America is and or, what America has become. And what faith is America to meet in the future. From this Author's perspective. Considering that our country is active in preserving a world peace, this nation was build for the freedom loving, with pioneering spirit, fiercely independent, like no handout's type of people. People that have built this great nation starting with our forefathers that was to be destined to become U.S.A. This reading, in particular for those that are visionary, extremely patriotic, incredibly independent and with high moral and ethical values. For some politicians from both sides of the isle this reading should be a wake up call, only few remember, this is why the history repeats itself. As Hitler did not understand Napoleon's plight in Russia By ignoring the lessons of history, Hitler encountered the exact same fate as Napoleon did 130 years earlier, June 22, 1941 crossing into Russia and getting bogged down in its terrible winter.

**One only needs to remember and understand the World War II I was there!**



**Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle: Doolittle Raiders with 16 planes on 4, 18, 1942  
Doolittle Raid on Tokyo Japan**

**1942** I was conscripted with my Mother Nina by the German Army as  
Nazi Forced Laborers I was eleven years old.  
11 years later in 1953 I served and was injured in Korea.



**Lt. Col. "Jimmy" Doolittle** flew their *B-25 Mitchell* bombers off of the aircraft carrier *USS Hornet (CV-8)* in the first strike against the Japanese home islands.

The Doolittle Raiders attacked military and industrial targets in several Japanese cities and their surprise attack on the previously untouched home Islands of Japan Is considered by many historians to be a primary cause of the Japanese decisions that let to the Battle of Midway during which the Japanese lost four aircraft carriers. It was also symbolic as the United States first major strike back. There is mach more to these two stories.



Doolittle is decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor  
By President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Doolittle Raiders with 16 planes on 4, 18, 1942 Raid on Tokyo  
Japan

**Doolittle Raid 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**  
**World War II Veterans Committee**

# WORLD WAR II VETERANS COMMITTEE

JAMES C. ROBERTS  
PRESIDENT

## DOOLITTLE RAID 70TH ANNIVERSARY

Dear Friend,

Every day 1,000 of our WWII vets pass away.

**What's worse, their legacy and story of sacrifice is dying with them.**

In a recent poll, 72% of high school seniors didn't know we fought Hitler during World War II. Only 13% knew that we entered WWII because of the attacks on Pearl Harbor.

This is a tragedy.

If you agree with me, I need you to share the enclosed photos depicting the Doolittle Raid with a friend or family member and tell them the remarkable story of how America rallied from the treacherous attacks at Pearl Harbor to free a world from oppression.



The crew of Plane #1, flown by Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle and Lt. Dick Cole. The unprecedented raid emboldened the nation to fight for freedom.

Please let me know you received these photos by filling out and returning your Urgent Reply.

I even included a USPS Priority Return envelope with the return postage already affixed because I must hear from you soon.

You see, this year marks the 70th Anniversary of the historic Doolittle Raid.

This heroic event is one of the

Post Office Box 96543, Washington, D.C. 20090-6543

treasured stories of World War II that is in danger of being lost to future generations.

After the treacherous attacks on Pearl Harbor the Japanese thought they were invincible. There was no way America could attack them at home, they thought.



America was demoralized after Pearl Harbor. The Doolittle Raid gave us the courage and determination to fight back.

But our military had a plan – a bold plan many thought was downright crazy.

That plan was to have Lt.Colonel Jimmy Doolittle lead 16 twin propeller B-25 bombers right into the heart of Imperial Japan and bomb Tokyo.

Though the small group of 16 planes didn't have the bomb load to cause significant damage to the Japanese war effort, the raid was a welcome success.

Coming just a little more than four months after the shock and horror of the surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor...

### ...DOOLITTLE'S RAID MADE AMERICAN HEARTS SOAR.

Never before had the land-based B-25 launched from an aircraft carrier at sea. The plan was to get as close as possible to Japan, then launch off the aircraft carrier.

But 200 miles before the scheduled takeoff, the carrier *USS Hornet* ran into a Japanese fishing boat. Fearing that the boat warned the Japanese fleet of their arrival, the Raiders had to change the plan.

The *USS Hornet* plowed full speed ahead in order to give the B-25's a "running start" to take off, and the Raiders had to pray they had enough fuel to travel the extra unplanned 200 miles.

After the successful raid on Tokyo, the fliers hit bad weather, forcing them to either crash land or bail out over Japanese occupied China.



Another three of the Raiders were executed by the Japanese, one was starved to death, and four more were held as prisoners until the end of the war.

The remaining 71 Doolittle Raiders avoided capture and defied all odds in order to get back to the United States. Chinese villagers hid them from Japanese troops until they could sneak away.

The Japanese killed 250,000 Chinese civilians in their attempt to find the Doolittle Raiders.

When he returned to the United States Jimmy Doolittle became a national hero.

President Roosevelt promoted Doolittle to Brigadier General and Congress voted him the Medal of Honor, our nation's highest decoration.

You can see Roosevelt himself pinning the medal on Doolittle in one of the enclosed photographs.

**This was one of the most important aerial assaults in American history.**

---

Sadly, mention the name "Jimmy Doolittle" to a young person these days and all you'll get is a blank stare in return.

The same goes for names like George Patton and John Basilone.

That's because in this "politically correct" time many of our nation's schools don't teach about WWII heroism and the sacrifices made for our freedom.

**HISTORICAL "REVISIONISTS" ARE PORTRAYING AMERICAN  
SOLDIERS DURING WWII AS WAR CRIMINALS!**

Don't forget the national news media's attacks on General Eisenhower and our U.S. forces who won the War in the Pacific.

The elite mainstream media depicted our troops as "bullies" for dropping the A-bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C., (which is charged with preserving America's heritage!) gladly joined in with a display that portrayed America as the aggressor and Japan as a small nation valiantly trying to preserve its culture.

Page 4

**But you and I know that's not the true story.**

I want our children to know about the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor and how, with our backs to the wall, American forces fought back with a strength and pride we didn't know we even had.

For four years our Navy, Army, Air Force and Marines drove the Japanese from every South Pacific island. And drove the Nazis back to Berlin and defeat.

We also lost a lot of men... heroes who died on faraway islands and in small towns across Europe.

These are the men who helped make sure that General MacArthur "returned"...

Who dragged themselves up the bloody sand at Iwo Jima...



The Doolittle Raiders have passed the torch of their legacy on to the World War II Veterans Committee. Here they are seen giving an award to Gen. Richard Myers at our annual conference.

Who liberated the innocent prisoners in the Nazis' horrifying concentration camps... and who defeated Imperial Japan.

**THESE MEN WERE HEROES 70 YEARS AGO...  
AND THEY'RE HEROES STILL TODAY.**

But sadly, many of our young Americans don't know the first thing about WWII or our proud veterans.

They don't know what the names "Iwo Jima," "Okinawa" and "Omaha Beach" mean. And they don't recognize the names of heroes like "Jimmy Doolittle."

But you can help the WWII Veterans Committee change that. Here's how:

FIRST, you can give the enclosed photographs to your child or grandchild after you are finished with them and tell them the story of the Doolittle Raid.

Maybe they will spark some interest in learning more about the daring heroism and sacrifices made by America's WWII generation.



General George S. Patton, J., The most Successful U.S.  
Commander of any War. June 6, 1944 Normandy and  
Germany Invasion.

IN AN ACCIDENT? GENERAL PATTON MAY HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED

**Gratitude:**

**A feeling of thankful appreciation for favors received; thankfulness.**

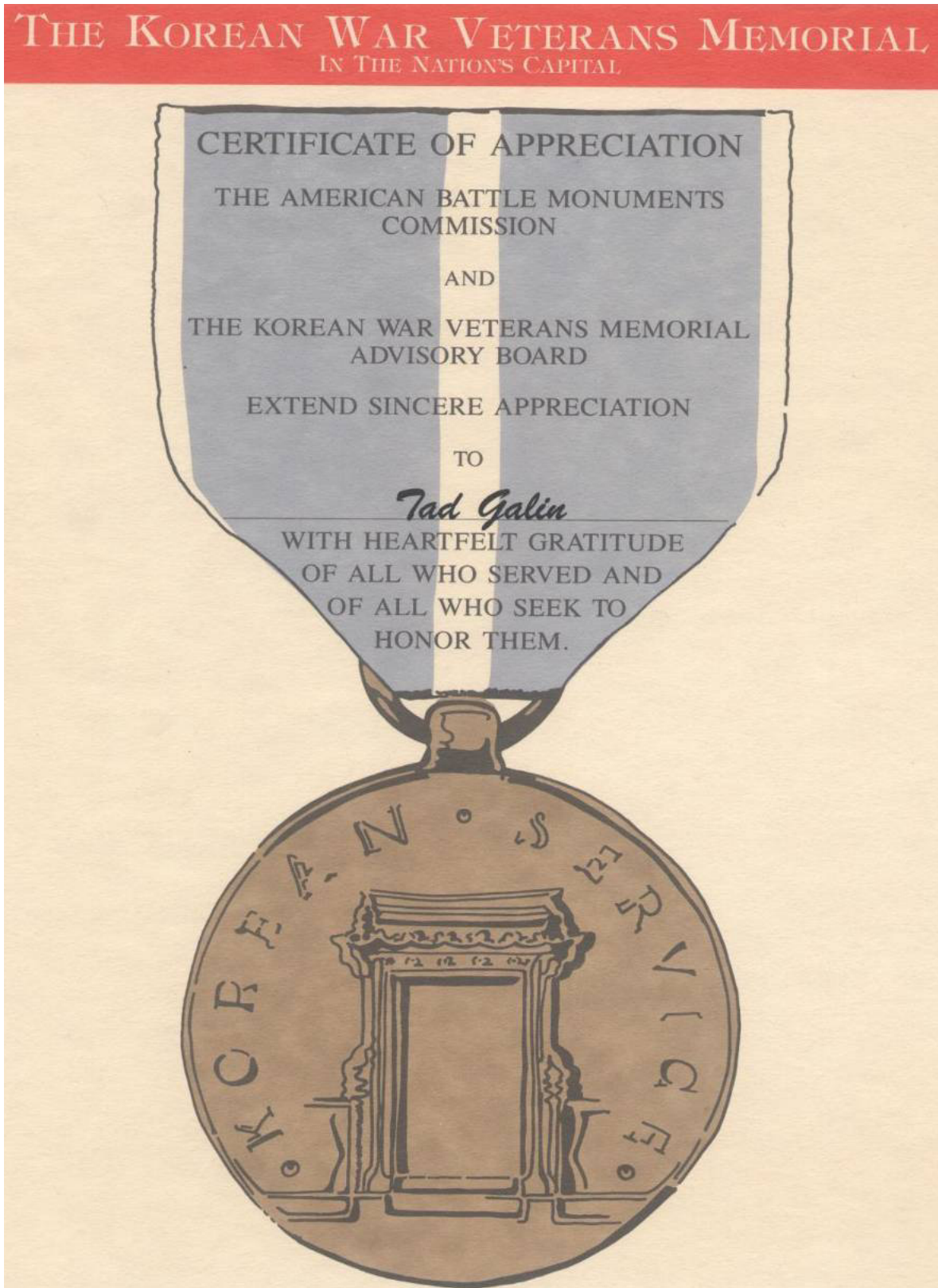
The individuals listed above definitely do not need additional recognition. Some paid the ultimate price, with their lives, for their vision of true liberty so that we can have the freedom. Others continue to protect individual freedom and survival of this great land itself. We survivors must help and rededicate ourselves to the principles upon which our Nation was founded. These several pages of contributors are for the interested reader. As a semi-literate, but in no ways dumb, enlistee in Germany in the US Army for five years of active duty at the end of World War II, I couldn't speak or write a lick of English. My education about America at first was only the idea planted in my head by my father, mother, and their families who yearned to escape the brutal life in the Soviet Union to come here, where the world was a little more civilized. Well, that was several years ago. I absorbed the lore of American history as I talked with people and had to discover, pretty much on my own, the historical and literary sources upon which the founders and sustainers of this Nation relied for their strength of will and character. Reading and learning about these great human beings will help you find purpose in your life and, perhaps, the meaning of patriotism. Without these attributes we, as a great nation, may perish just as the Roman Empire did. Those who were born here in USA are indeed fortunate, but those that came as immigrants are lucky and even more fortunate. However, those that choose to live here should remember that English is the language of this land. Learn it and use it to gather information, share ideas with others, and communicate what you have learned. I, along with millions of others, did it.



Korean War Memorial, Washington, D.C.  
Dedicated July 27, 1995  
June and I were there for the dedication



Here I met R.O.K. Republic of Korea Chapter-that I served with in 1953 we had some of the Korean Troops assigned to us. It was great to revisit some memories.



**APPENDIX E:**  
***Lessons and Possible Topics for my Next Book***

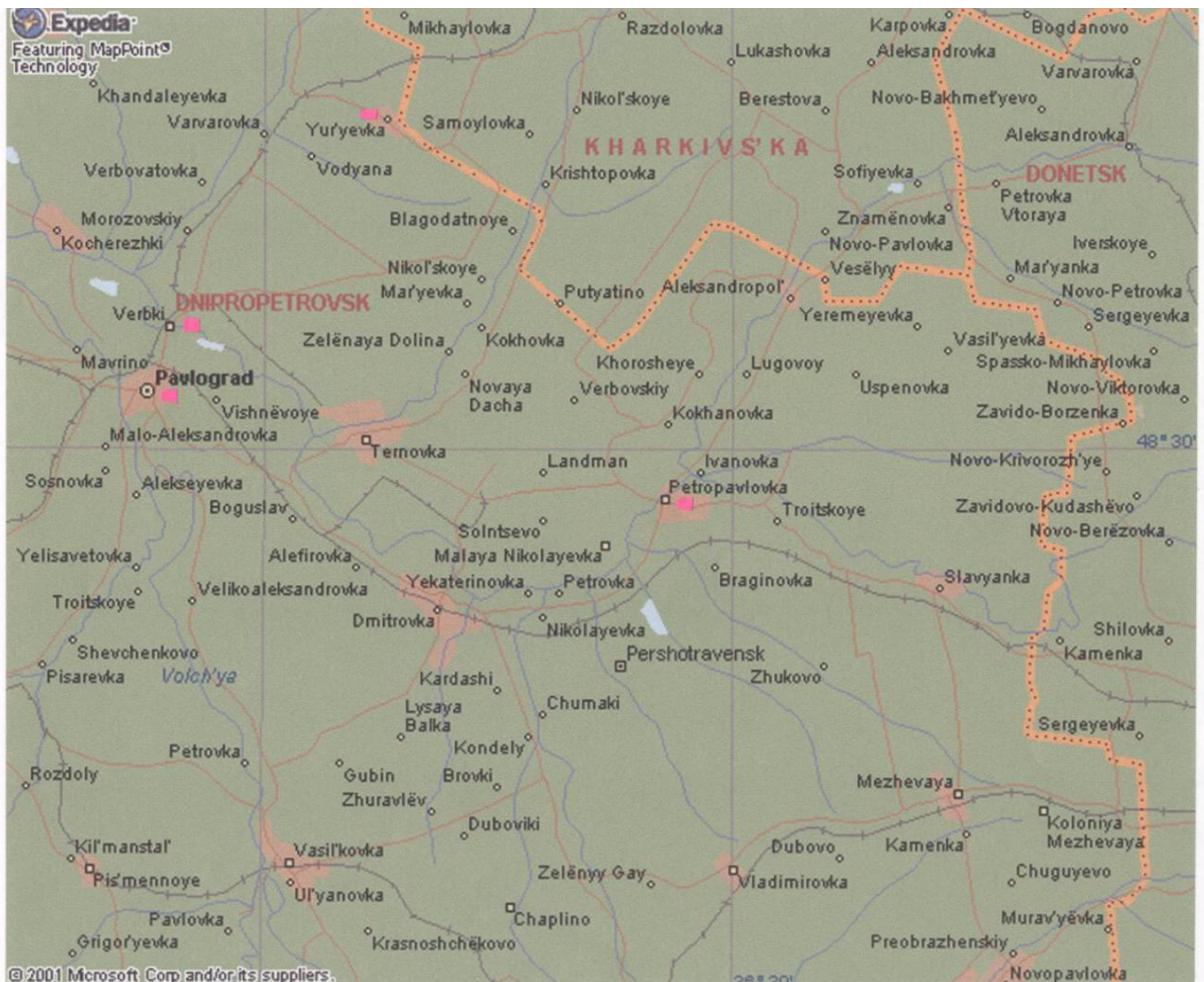
A Tip: You must write *your* book. Have your computer set up and or guidance by perhaps a writer who has experience with all of the glitches that accompany the years of writing. Get a good editor that you can work with at the very beginning of the writing. How to rise a family to make this nation a capable world leader for years to come, at least long enough until the world becomes more stable. Every new born baby has to be breast fed. This will establish the infant's health factor for the rest of her/his life. An infant that began its life on a formula will never know how unfortunate they are for the rest of their life. In contrast, an infant that began its life with breast feeding will have a developed Immune System and will never know just how fortunate they really are! The breast fed infant will live much healthier and longer life. The human immune support system—a total must in order to survive. Also, how to stay away from doctors, medicine, hospitals (where 300,000 people die each year, not from sickness, or disease, but from the cure). Such as, wrong prescription. Just plain negligence and it is considered all legal. After all, they are just practicing and practicing and practicing. And never got it right yet! Air, water and food in an industrialized society. (So many know so little) The U.S. Constitution. (So many know so little.) My future travel and write about the (Places my father mentioned in his stories to us after his escape from prison ridden Soviet Union in Siberia in 1931) Arrested and deported in 1938 for the second and the last time. Thanks to *The GULAG Archipelago* by Alexandr I Solzhenitsyn, a Russian writer I found some answers a prisoner himself. In which one of these God forsaken “Soviet forested Labor Camps” did my Father finally die? For me, there is the physical journey to retrace the footsteps of my Father's escape from Siberia and my own childhood escape as a labor conscript in to the German Army at the age of eleven, to revisit my birth place Yur'yevka near Kyiv Ukraine. Tittling Bavaria Germany, were we finally surrendered to the US Forces April 8<sup>th</sup> 1945. I have always wanted to visit these places; in the coming years I may get the chance. The book will also contain my observations about this wonderful home of ours that stretches from “sea to shining sea”—an observation that I think only someone born and raised outside its borders is able to make. It sometimes takes an outsider to see with clarity both the problems and the real potential of a situation. I will also discuss what can go wrong with the American Dream if a lack of knowledge persists about our heritage, our Constitution and all of its Amendments and how to protect them. I'd bring it to an end with a vision of our nation's true place in the world, and how we as individuals can make the vision of our forefather's endure.



### **Kyiv-Yur'yevka, My Birthplace**

Ukrainian Kyiv, oblast (province) is in north central Ukraine. The oblast lies on the Dnieper River, with the larger part on the western bank. Most of *the* oblast lies on the low, flat plain of the Dnieper and lower Pripet River courses; the southern part of the west-bank area extends on to the rolling hills of the Dnieper Upland. South of the oblast capital, Kiev, the uplands approach the Dnieper to form a steep, high riverbank. The uplands are much divided by river valleys and erosion gullies. The course of the Dnieper within the oblast began to be transformed in the 1960s into broad reservoirs created by the dams of the Kiev and Kaniv hydroelectric stations, the latter of which was completed in 1975. The natural vegetation of the oblast's low-lying northern part, known as the Kiev Polissya, is mostly reed or grass marsh or oak and pine forest; the southern upland area is in forests, and with groves of oak. Forest clearance, swamp reclamation, and subsequent plowing for agriculture have destroyed much of the oblast's natural vegetation. On the uplands, this has seriously accelerated erosion. Agriculture is well developed in the oblast. In the north, the cultivation of flax and potatoes and dairying prevail. In the south, grains and sugar beets are important, and there are many small sugar refineries. Around Kiev, intensive market gardening supplies the city. Although agriculture is significant, the oblast and its economy are completely dominated by the presence of the huge capital and industries of the city of Kiev. Many workers commute into Kiev from the adjacent region. Other cities in the oblast are small centers of agricultural regions and process farm produce. Hydroelectric stations are at Kiev and Trypillya an area of 11,100 square miles (28,800 square km). Pop. (1991 EST.) 4,587,700.

- First Red at 11 O'clock Village of Yur'yevka-my birth place



Upper left corner my birth place, Village of Yur'yevka. In 1931 after my Father escaped Siberian prison, he picked up Mom, Nina, and me 6 months old and fled to the Village of Novosyiolovka. Then later after Starvation by Stalin ended with 10.000,000 starved to dead we moved to the Village of Petropavlovka Red

- Center. From here my Father was arrested by the KGB and sent to Siberia for the second and the last time. I was seven years old.

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“**Showdown over Berlin.**” Adopted from a story from The Associated Press and reprinted with permission.

“**The Man Who Won the War.**” Copyright, May 23, 1994, U.S. News & World Report. Reprint with permission.

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**Pilsudski Polish Marshal** A Personal Picture of Jozef Clemens Pilsudski. With permission from the family of Eugene and Anni Chorosinski.

**Editor:** Agencja PRESSPOL Kopernika 34, 00-336 Warszawa, Poland tel.  
27-72-31


**Tadeusz Panecki** *Polish People in Western Europe’s Resistance Movement (1940-1945)*

**CHAPTERS: PAGES AND PICTURES**

Page numbers in blue indicate that these 132 pages were selected as a guide for the movie script. Done on (July-4-2010)

<b>Page</b>	<b>Caption</b>
2	April 1945 I Surrendered
3	MISSING
4	Title Page
5	Prologue:
6	Nina at 31 and Bloody Foot Prints
7	My Father Josef Prisoner
8	Stalin
9	Cast of Characters
10	Dedication
11	President Reagan Dedication Continues
12	June 1944 Gen. Eisenhower D-Day
13	Andrew Higgins
14-15	Gen. MacArthur-a Fathers Prayer
16	Gen. Montgomery
17-18	My innocent youth, Barbarossa
20	Declaration of War on the U.S.
21	April 1945 surrendered
22	81 <sup>st</sup> 82 <sup>nd</sup> and 84 <sup>th</sup> Congress
23	Korea
24	Dr. Layer Friesen
25	62 years later-Nazi Forced Labor
26	Ripley's Believe it or not
27	Who's Who
28	Acknowledgments
29	Book Review
30	General John M. Shalikashvili
31	George Bush 41 <sup>st</sup>
32	The Legacy
74	Nina's Testimonial
80	A Promise Kept
90	Back to my story. And World War II Legacy Continues

Page	Caption
92	<b>CHAPTER ONE: A Visit with Nina</b>
98	<b>Another Suitor</b>
102	<b>Nina at 31 and Bloody Foot Prints</b>
103	PRISONER
105	"Destructive Labor--Camps"
107	<b>The Great and Daring Escape</b>
111	<b>Solzhenitsyn, 1946 as a prisoner</b>
<a href="#">CHAPTER TWO:</a> <a href="#">112</a>	<b>Stalin's War against the Peasant's</b>
113	<b><u>GENOCIDE--HOLODOMOR:</u></b>
117	<b>Renovating a Church into a Theater</b>
119	<b>My Uncle Stefan, was also a Russian Army Officer</b>
121	Thad. Kosciuszko THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON
123	<b>1938 Survival at Seven</b>
<a href="#">125</a> <a href="#">127</a> <a href="#">128</a> <a href="#">129</a> <a href="#">130</a>	<b>CHAPTER THREE:</b> <b>Life without Father</b> <b>The New Man of the House</b> A tribute to All Mothers:
<a href="#">131</a> <a href="#">132</a>	CHAPTER FOUR: Getting Street Smart while Growing Up "Watermelons after the Sunset"
<a href="#">134</a> <a href="#">137</a> <a href="#">141</a> <a href="#">144</a> <a href="#">146</a> <a href="#">148</a> <a href="#">149</a>	1939, Tadeusz fell in love with a nurse at eight. <b>The Early Months Russian Losses</b> <b>The battle of Stalingrad</b> <b>Declaration of War against the U.S.</b> <b><a href="#">holocaust picture below to be rendered</a></b> <b>1942 Nina and Son Labor Conscripted</b> Embarrassing "The Füh-rer," and Walther Darre

Page	Caption
150 151 154 156  158-161	<b>Epilogue: Black Madonna and Nina</b> <i>The Mission: Dismantle and Confiscate</i> The Rudolf Hess Mystery: <b>August 23 1942 the Battle for Stalingrad began.</b> Treason against their Füh-rer. Assassination! <b>Aside on Heroism: pgs. 158-161</b> <b>The Three Unlikely Conspirators</b>
160  162 165 169	 <b>Field Marshal Erwin Rommel</b> <b>The Desert Fox</b> <b>Unconsciously Trained, Was I?</b> <b>Uprooting and Upheaval</b> <b>The City of Dniepropetrovsk</b>
173 174  179  175  178  184 185 187 189 192	<b>Chapter Five: AIR ATTACK</b> <b>Retreat and Surrender Prevention</b> <b>Volume 1 Number 1 2005 and CANER</b>  The Massacre of the Jews  <b>The Holocaust List 2012</b>  Mrs. Charles Lindbergh <b>Orders to Retreat via Railroad</b> The Pauline Monastery from 1664 The Black Madonna <u><b>*1974 A BREAK THROUGH*</b></u> Near the End of the Road



<b>Page</b>	<b>Caption</b>
<a href="#">195</a> <a href="#">196</a> <a href="#">200</a> <b>201</b> <b>209</b> <b>214</b> <b>219</b> <b>222</b> <b>223</b> <b>228</b> <b>231</b> <b>232</b>	PANZERWERK 123 B IN GERMANY CHAPTER SIX: Close to the End of the War August Laschker, 40 French Prisoner Surrender <b>HITLERS BLUNDERS</b> <b>Hitler's Eagle's Nest Retreat</b> The End for Hitler <b>CHAPTER SEVEN: Independence</b> <b>The D-Day Normandy</b> <b>Tittling and Beyond</b> Looks like Mafia Boss is Growing up <b>Here in 1948, City of Rothenburg,</b>
<b>238</b> <b>242</b> <b>252</b> <b>260</b>  <b>261</b> <b>264</b>	Germany <b>1948-49 Berlin Air lift.</b> The Gypsies Solution <b>The Lodge Act 1950</b> <b>CHAPTER EIGHT:</b> <b>A Polish Ukrainian in Korea</b> Julie Williams, Not to be my Wife 1953 U.S. Model Soldier
<b>270</b> <b>280-281</b> <b>289</b> <b>301</b> <b>307</b>  <b>313</b> <b>381</b> <b>387</b> <b>316</b>	<b>Blood Line. 1953 Korea Bound</b> Marilyn Monroe. <b>Another Ocean Crossing</b> <b>The War Games</b> National Archives WASHINGTON, DC 20408 <b>Reunion with Nina and Anneliese</b> <b>AMWAY DISTRIBUTORS</b> <b>D.B.A. SCIENCE OF LIFE CENTER.</b> <b>Company E, 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment</b>
<b>319</b> <b>322</b> <b>334</b>	George H.W. Bush <b>CHAPTER NINE: Beginning a New Career</b> <b>Roaming around in Las Vegas and</b> <b>Hollywood</b>

<b>Page</b>	<b>Caption</b>
<b>344</b> <b>359</b> <b>360</b> <b>364</b>	<b>A New Love</b> <b>Play Boy Club</b> <b>Home Life and Legal Wrangling</b> The Galin Family
<b>369</b> <b>372</b>	<b>Detroit Edison Company</b> <b>CHAPTER ELEVEN: 1973 Oil embargo</b>
<b>378</b> <b>387</b> 392	“Whispering Pines”. <b>Science of Life Reach out Inc.</b> <b>MISSION STATEMENT</b>
<b>441</b> <b>407</b>  <b>421</b> <b>425</b>	Tad Galin Jr. Dona Galin Duke University Medical Center <b>CHAPTER TWELVE:</b> <b>NSA Home-Based Business</b> <b>Electronic Supper Highway</b>
<b>434</b> <b>437</b>	CHAPTER THIRTEEN: AL Williams Chapter Fourteen: Nina’s Stories

<b>Page</b>	<b>Caption</b>
<b>439</b>	1987 Carriage Crossing Boca Raton Fl
<b>443</b>	<b>Abraham Lincoln, 10 Cannots</b>
<b>447</b>	<b>APPENDIX A: Tadeusz Kosciuszko</b>
<b>453</b>	<b>Pulaski—Second Hero of Poland and USA</b>
<b>456</b>	Marshall Jozef Pilsudski 5-12-1867-1935
<b>464</b>	4,18,1942 Doolittle Raiders with 16 planes
<b>474</b>	<b>Kyiv-Yur'yevka, My Birthplace</b>
<b>491</b>	<b><u>Nazi Forced Labor</u></b>
<b>483</b>	<b><u>Some 60 Years Later!</u></b>
<b>497</b>	TARGET MARKET: for my story
<b>498</b>	MIKE TYSON, BRUCE. LEE, JOE LEWIS, MOHAMMAD ALI ++
<b>517</b>	<b>T a p s</b>
<b>503</b>	<b>My innocent Youth</b>
<b>504</b>	THE END FOR HITLER
<b>499</b>	<b><i>HERALDRY</i></b>
<b>505</b>	<b>December 8<sup>th</sup> my 83<sup>rd</sup> Birthday</b>

**Some 60 Years Later!**



IOM International Organization for Migration  
OIM Organisation Internationale pour les Migrations  
OIM Organización Internacional para las Migraciones

**COMPENSATION FOR FORCED LABOR**

October 12, 2000

Dear Mr. Galin,

Thank you very much for having contacted the International Organization for Migration (IOM) with regard to the handling of your compensation claim for forced labor under the Nazi regime.

We have taken due note of your contact information and will get in touch with you as soon as the claims processing can start. The latter still requires some decisions on procedures by the Board of Trustees of the German Federal Foundation "Remembrance, Responsibility and Future". The Law entered into force on 12 August 2000, which means that the deadline for applications is 11 August 2001.

IOM will handle your claim free of charge, no service fee will be taken from your compensation money by our organization.

***You can reach IOM for the United States and Canada through our toll-free hotline at 1-866-443-5187.*** We can also be reached by Fax (202-862-1879) or by e-mail ([srowashington@iom.int](mailto:srowashington@iom.int)).

Should you have access to a computer linked to the Internet, please do not hesitate to consult our website ([www.compensation-for-forced-labour.org](http://www.compensation-for-forced-labour.org)) where information will regularly be updated by IOM Headquarters (Hotline number: 011-41-22-717-9230, Fax: 011-41-22-798-6150, e-mail: [compensation@iom.int](mailto:compensation@iom.int)).

We thank you again for your getting in touch with our Organization,

Sincerely,

Mr. Tad Galin  
900 Larch Circle N.E., Suite 104  
Palm Bay, FL 32905  
USA

---

**Headquarters:**

17 route des Morillons • C.P. 71 • CH-1211 Geneva 19 • Switzerland  
Tel: +41.22.717 91 11 • Fax: +41.22.798 68 50 • E-mail: [hq@iom.int](mailto:hq@iom.int) • Internet: <http://www.iom.int>

**From:** "Compensation for Forced Labour" <compensation@iom.int>  
**To:** <TAD@TADGALIN.COM>  
**Sent:** Tuesday, November 04, 2003 11:20 AM  
**Subject:** IOM Claim Number 1085444

Dear Mr. Galin,

Thank you very much for contacting the International Organization for Migration (IOM) concerning the status of your claim under the German Forced Labour Compensation Programme.

Your claim is currently being processed. IOM is searching German archives in order to find additional evidence to support your claim.

As of September 2003 IOM has resolved more than 75% of the 329,000 claim received and has recommended for payment 63,000 former slave and forced labourers. Priority is given to claims of victims who are still alive. Claims of heirs will be dealt with after the claims of victims have been resolved.

IOM is committed to complete the German Forced Labour Compensation Programme by the end of 2004.

Please be assured that you will be notified in writing as soon as a decision on your claim has been taken.

Thank you very much for your continuing understanding and patience.

Yours sincerely,

International Organization for Migration

German Forced Labour Compensation Programme

17 route des Morillons - C.P. 71

CH-1211 Genève 19, Switzerland

Hotline: +41.22.592.82.30

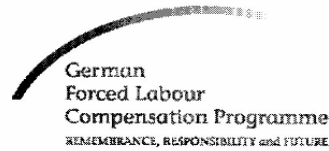
Fax: +41.22.798.61.50

E-mail: [compensation@iom.int](mailto:compensation@iom.int)

Internet: [www.compensation-for-forced-labour.org](http://www.compensation-for-forced-labour.org)



IOM International Organization for Migration  
OIM Organisation Internationale pour les Migrations  
OIM Organización Internacional para las Migraciones



**English**

The International Organization for Migration (IOM) has recommended and the German Foundation "Remembrance, Responsibility and Future" has approved, the payment of compensation with respect to the slave or forced labour claim you have submitted to IOM under the German Forced Labour Compensation Programme (see details on the enclosed Notice of Decision).

If your claim has been approved by the German Foundation in the slave labour category, the amount paid constitutes a first instalment payment of 75% of the amount awarded for slave labour. If your claim has been approved by the German Foundation in the forced labour category, the amount paid constitutes a first instalment payment of 50% of the amount awarded for forced labour. It is foreseen that you will receive a second instalment payment. The amount of that second instalment payment will depend on available funds and the total number of approved claims.

The following are the maximum amounts payable under the German Foundation Act, the law that governs this programme:

For slave labour while held in a concentration camp, ghetto or other place of confinement recognized under the German Foundation Act – EUR 7,669.38 (DEM 15,000)

For deportation and forced labour for a company/public authority – EUR 2,556.46 (DEM 5,000)

For deportation and forced labour in agriculture – EUR 1,022.58 (DEM 2,000)

Under the German Foundation Act, IOM is required to deduct any previously received compensation from a German company for Nazi injustice or from the Austrian Reconciliation Fund from any payment under this programme. Such deductions (if any) are indicated on the attached Notice of Decision.

If you submitted a claim for slave labour, but your award is for forced labour, this is because IOM did not find any evidence in your file or in various archives that permitted a finding of slave labour while held in a concentration camp, ghetto or other place of confinement recognized under the German Foundation Act. The attached Notice of Decision indicates the category of your approved award and explains on what basis your claim was resolved. The codes providing the explanation are as follows:

**R-EVI** – the claim was resolved on the basis of evidence provided by you in your claim

**R-ITS** – the claim was resolved on the basis of evidence that IOM obtained from the International Tracing Service in Bad Arolsen, Germany

**R-BEG** – the claim was resolved on the basis of evidence that IOM obtained from German authorities under Federal Indemnification (BEG) Programmes.

**R-FAR** – the claim was resolved on the basis of evidence that IOM obtained from German Archives

**R-OTH** - the claim was resolved on the basis of evidence that IOM obtained from non-German Archives



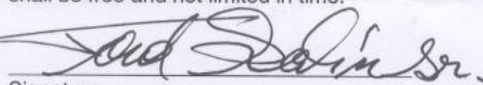

**R-CRD**- the claim was resolved as credible on the basis of the totality of the information available

**If you consider that the decision or amount awarded is incorrect, you have the right to appeal to the IOM Appeals Body located in Geneva.** You should explain and submit documents showing why the decision or amount awarded is incorrect. The appeals process is free of charge. However, lawyers' fees or any other expenses incurred by applicants will not be reimbursed. The appeal must be submitted in writing, within **100 days** from the date on the enclosed Notice of Decision, to the following:

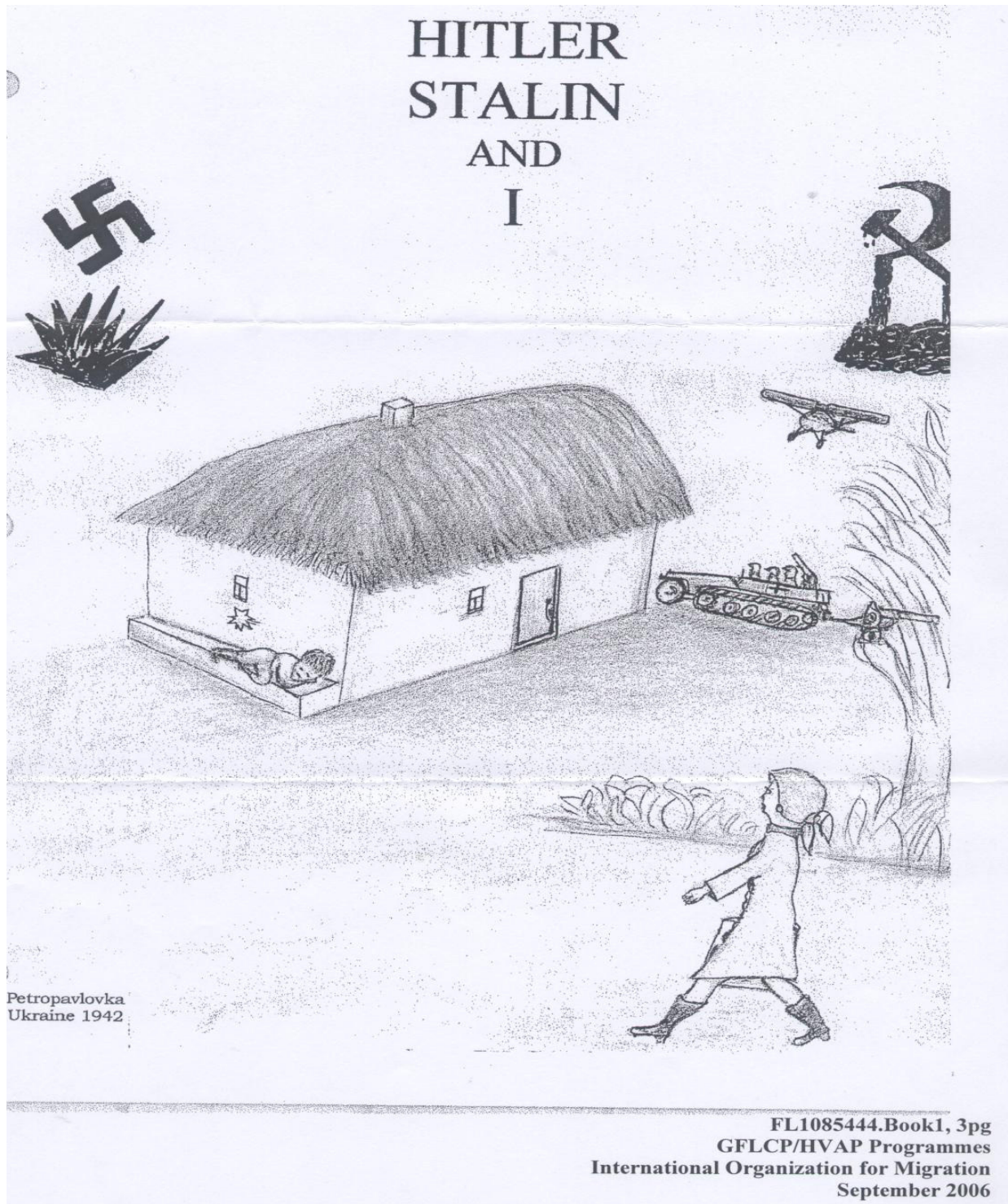
IOM Appeals Body (FL)  
P.O.Box 174  
CH- 1211 Geneva 19, Switzerland

**Geneva Switzerland, Compensation for Forced Labor**



 IOM International Organization for Migration OIM Organisation Internationale pour les Migrations OIM Organización Internacional para las Migraciones	 German Forced Labour Compensation Programme <small>REMEMBRANCE, RESPONSIBILITY and FUTURE</small>
25-09-2006	
TAD GALIN 1300 NW 15TH AVE SUITE 7 33486 BOCA RATON, FLORIDA UNITED STATES	
RE: <u>1085444</u>	
Dear Mr. Galin,	
<p>IOM is currently preparing an exhibit and a publication about the German Forced Labour Compensation Programme ("GFLCP") including its Property Loss part, and the Holocaust Victim Assets Programme-Swiss Banks ("HVAP"). IOM is asking a number of claimants whether they are willing to give permission for the use of the materials submitted with their claims. We would like to ask whether you would agree to such a use of the materials submitted with the above referenced claim for this exhibit and publication, copies are attached.</p> <p>If you agree, please sign and date this letter as indicated below and return it to IOM in the enclosed envelope. Please note that no individuals' names or personal details will be used unless specific permission has been requested and granted for such use.</p> <p>In view of upcoming deadlines, IOM would very grateful if you would sign and return this letter to IOM by 16 October 2006.</p> <p>Thank you very much for your consideration of this request.</p> <p>Sincerely,</p> <p>International Organization for Migration (IOM)</p>	
*****	
<p>I hereby authorize IOM to use the attached materials in IOM's presentations, exhibits or publications for the purpose of describing IOM's GFLCP and HVAP claims programmes. The right of usage by IOM shall be free and not limited in time.</p>	
 Signature	<u>TAD GALIN SR.</u> Name in letters
<u>10-5-06</u> Date	
	
<p>IOM German Forced Labour Compensation Programme P.O. Box 71, CH-1211 Geneva 19, Switzerland Tel: +41.22.592.82.30 • E-mail: <a href="mailto:compensation@iom.int">compensation@iom.int</a> Internet: <a href="http://www.compensation-for-forced-labour.org">http://www.compensation-for-forced-labour.org</a></p>	

The following three pages were requested by IOM and signed by me for exhibit and publication worldwide Including Cover page. The next three pages.



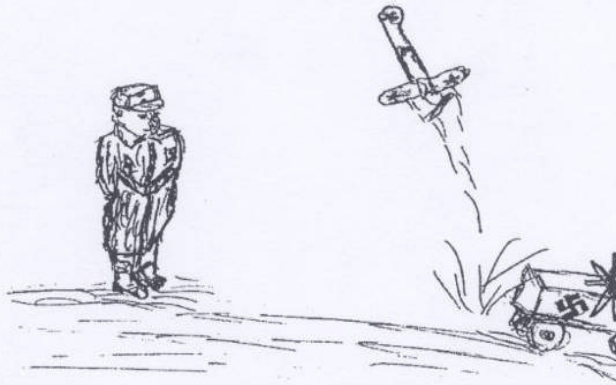




And through my village of Petropavlovka in Southern Ukraine.

*Tad Galin*

matched his belly. He looked like someone who was strict and disciplined but who also had a human heart and soul. The transport company that he was in charge of was not a combat fighting unit, so overall he was the right choice and had the leadership for this job. While this was not an easy assignment, he did have what it took to do the job especially since most of us were conscripts and there was a language barrier. When Nina introduced me to him as her son Tola, he said to Nina that from now on my name would be Adolf. He greeted me curtly, I thought, and then told the two of us to get started on dinner. By 11:00 p.m., with me peeling the potatoes and mother cooking the dinner, the entire company had been fed. That night my mother and I slept exhausted on the kitchen floor. In the coming months, we lived, worked, and slept there, day after day, week after week, and month after month. This was now our living quarters. Mother gave the old chata to Tosyia, another single mother she knew, in return for a pair of winter boots. In the end, the boots served her better over the next few years than our house would have.



In 1942 my Mother Nina and I were conscripted into German Army as laborers. I was eleven years old.

We partitioned the space with several blankets to try to make it as home-like as possible. For the next three years I never slept in a bed, never ate at a dinner table and did not go to school. Nina would wake up at 2:00 a.m. each morning to start preparing the day's meals. She would let me sleep until she was ready for me to work.

Truthfully, my mother and I were more fortunate than most of the villagers. By working in the kitchen we at least had access to food for survival. Clothes, however, were another matter. We owned what we wore on our backs, which was precious little. Beyond that, we owned nothing. In order to have something to cover my body, we would take a potato sack, cut a slit up the middle, and

## **International Tracing Services (ITS)**

For my Family's History, my sister Anne E. Galin, Tad Galin Jr. Joe P. Galin and our 3 Granddaughters! Ashley, Alexis, and Kaitlin.

### **Request # 1**

Would you please help me to locate the documents of German Transport Regiment Shtralo, occupying my Village Hospital of Petropavlovka, Ukraine North of Pavlograd in 1942-43 And the Commanding Officer Unter Ofcir, later was promoted to Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa. His family was bombed out in Leipzig Germany. 1943-44 my Mother Lina (Nina) Przegalinska and I, Tadeusz Przegalinski, Alias Tad Galin were taken by Feltfebel Edwin Klüwa as Nazi laborers from our Village of Petropavlovka, Ukraine. I was 11 years old. I can recall that, in 1942 Herr Klüwa was already a German soldier for nine years. In 1942 he must have been 42 and or, 49 years old, approximately- born 1893 - 1900. Height-5'5"- 5'7" medium built with a respectable belly. Herr Klüwa was from Leipzig-for sure, may be Köln. When he received this note with tragic news from HQs, crunching it in his left fist and began to cry. As I recall it, we had 3 soldiers, Fonzy, Otto, and Karl who were from Austria. The German Army had hired them and, or contracted them with their 3 trucks and paid them. I was named Adolf by Klüwa. With trucks, our job was to transport wheat to the nearest railroad, then from Ukraine to Germany via railroad. Nina was cooking for the company. Among other things, I was driving a truck at the age of 13. In retreat for the next 3 years we surrendered To the U.S. Forces In April, 1945 in Tittling near (Passau) Bavaria Germany. Thank you!

### **Request # 2**

I joined the U.S. Army as Tadeusz Przegalinski (RA10812458) 1950-51 for five years of active duty while Serving in U.S. Polish Special Forces stationed in Kaiserslautern-Kirchheimbolanden Germany. I was under investigation by German and U.S. Authorities for 14 months. I was accepted and served five years in the U.S. Army of witch 13 months was in Korea. I left Bremer Hafen on US Navy Ship GEN JHM in December 1951. U.S. Citizen 1958 I am also asking you for help to locate the documents of my background investigation of 14 months by German and U.S. Authorities. Time-1950-51. As you can see, Job well done! And I am very Thankful for it. Thank you!

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)

**Legacy For Life:**

<http://www.i26forhealth.com>

IOM HAS MADE A SEARCH AND OBTAINED THE DOCUMENTS  
TO CONFIRM AND SUPPORT MY CLAIM.



**62 years later**

**Geneva Switzerland, Compensation for Forced Labor under Nazi Regime  
To put it in perspective:**

**As to on what basses my claim for forced labor  
Under the Nazi Regime was resolved and approved.  
Taken from the document page.**

**R-EVI -THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE PROVIDED BY YOU IN  
YOUR CLAIM.**

**R-ITS -THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT IOM OBTAINED  
FROM THE INTERNATIONAL TRACING SERVICE IN BAD AROLSEN, GERMANY.**

**R-BEG-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THE IOM  
OBTAINED FROM GERMAN AUTHORITIES UNDER FEDERAL  
INDEMNIFICATION (BEG) PROGRAMMES.**

**R-FAR-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT  
IOM OBTAINED FROM GERMAN ARCHIVES.**

**R-OTH-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED ON THE BASIS OF EVIDENCE THAT  
IOM OBTAINED FROM NON-GERMAN ARCHIVES.**

**R-CRD-THE CLAIM WAS RESOLVED AS CREDIBLE ON THE BASIS OF THE  
TOTALITY OF THE INFORMATION AVAILABLE.**



P.O. BOX 4037  
BUFFALO, NY 14240-4037

Ordered By:

INTERNATIONAL ORG FOR MIGRATION  
GERMAN FORCED LABOUR COMPENSATION  
CASE POSTALE 71 CH-1211 GENEVA 19  
SWITZERLAND

000114-01/01-83286 U500523020040709-L.0000075651  
GALIN, TAD  
900 LARCH CIRCLE N.E. #104  
PALM BAY 32905  
FLORIDA

Beneficiary:

TAD GALIN  
IOM Claim Number: 1085444

CLIENT ID: 83286  
REF. NUMBER: L.0000075651  
ISSUE DATE: JULY 13, 2004  
CHECK NUMBER: 026310907  
AMOUNT DUE: USD \*\*\*\*\* \*1,572.35

NOTICE OF DECISION  
IOM German Forced Labour Compensation Programme

Date of receipt of claim: 16/05/2001

Award for Forced Labour for a Company/Public Authority  
Claim resolved on the following basis: R-CRD

Awarded amount: DEM 5000.00 (EUR 2556.46)

Previously received compensation from a German company,  
deducted from this award: DEM 0.00 (EUR 0.00)

Net awarded amount: DEM 5000.00 (EUR 2556.46)

First instalment amount paid through the attached cheque:  
DEM 2500.00 (EUR 1278.23)

Please cash this cheque promptly upon receipt.

THIS CHEQUE PAPER CONTAINS A CHAIN WATERMARK AND GREEN BACKGROUND — DO NOT ACCEPT WITHOUT EITHER — HOLD TO LIGHT TO VERIFY WATERMARK



Pay to the  
order of:

TAD GALIN

IOM Claim Number: 1085444

CHECK NUMBER: 026310907  
CLIENT ID: 83286

CHECK DATE: JULY 13, 2004

USD \*\*\*\*\*1,572.35

OR ORDER

THE SUM OF ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED SEVENTY-TWO AND 35/100 U.S. DOLLAR \*\*\*\*\*

Payable at CITIBANK, N.A.  
THROUGH CITIBANK (NEW YORK STATE)  
ABA 0220 00868

For: CITIBANK, N.A. (NEW YORK)

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

⑈026310907⑈ ⑆022000868⑆ 99⑈83286

May 13, 2004 I Received 2 Checks for \$1,572. 35 Each



## **A HISTORY OF KOREAN-SOVIET RELATIONS**

Friday's meeting on Cheju Island between Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev And South Korean President Roh Tae-woo was the third between the two leaders but the first in Korea.

Here is a chronology Soviet-South Korea relations leading up to it:

\* Korea recognized the suzerainty of the Chinese emperors till 1897, when it proclaimed itself an independent empire. But its strategic location in northeast Asia, where empires and ambitions clashed in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, led to its annexation as a Japanese colony in 1910.

\* Korea established diplomatic relations with Czarist Russia in 1884, and the Korean court inexpertly attempted to play off Russian ambitions on the peninsula against growing Japanese aggression.

\* 1905 - Japan declared Korea a protectorate and Russia, along with other powers, closed its embassy in Seoul. It would not reopen until 1990.

\* 1945 The victorious World War II powers partitioned Korea, than a Japanese colony, at the 38° parallel into Soviet and U.S. occupations zones.

\* **1947** - The Soviet Union and its North Korean protégés rejected United Nations participations in deciding the future of Korea, ensuing that U.N. sponsored elections would be held only south of 38° parallel.

\* 1948 - August 14, Republic of Korea proclaimed in Seoul; September 9<sup>th</sup>, Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea proclaimed in Pyongyang.

\* 1950 North Korea, armed with Soviet weapons, invaded the South, setting off the Korean War. The United States took advantage of Soviet absence from Security Council to organize U.N. military response.

\* 1953 - Armistice ended Korean War. Cold War hostility ended the division of the Peninsula and led to establishment of virulently anti-Communist government in Seoul. In the late 1970's and early 1980's however, South Korea began informal and indirect contacts with the Communist world.

\* 1982 - First Soviet delegation since 1948 three Tass representatives visited South Korea.

\* 1983 – South Korea lifted ban on import of music from Communist countries. Soviet fighter shot down Korean Air Lines jet near Sakhalin Island, killing all 269 aboard.

\* 1984 – South Korea resumed non-political contacts with Soviet Union. Two South Korean delegates attended international geological congress in Moscow.

\* 1985 – Three Soviet skaters took part in figure skating exhibition in Seoul and Taegu.

\* 1988 – Hungary opened trade office in Seoul, making it the first Soviet bloc nation to establish unofficial relations with South Korea. Soviet Union and 160 other nations took part in Olympics in Seoul. KAL plane, first South Korean plane ever allowed to land in Soviet Union, arrived in Moscow with aid for Armenian earthquake victims. In December, Soviet Union and South Korea agreed to trade relations.

\* 1989 – Soviet trade office opened in Seoul. In December, both countries agreed to establish consular relations.

\* 1990 – on June 4, Roh met Gorbachev in San Francisco, Both countries agreed to direct sea routes in July. On September 30, full diplomatic relations established. South Korea Ambassador arrived in Moscow in October. Soviet Ambassador arrived in Seoul in December. Roh met Gorbachev in Moscow in December.\* 1991 – In January, South Korea announced \$3 billion aid package for Soviet Union. Source Reuter



11<sup>th</sup> Annual Reunion Wickham Park Melbourne, Florida.  
Vietnam Veterans of Brevard Welcome Home April 24-25-26, 1998

**IN HONOR TO THOSE THAT GAVE IT ALL!!!**  
**World War I, World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Gulf War,**  
**Afghanistan and all of the**  
**Present day conflicts.**

**We will not forget those who went, and especially those  
Who Did Not Come Back.**

### **HISTORY OF AMERICA IN THE VIETNAM WAR**

1954-Geneva Accords end Indochina War between the French and Viet Minh.  
1955-U.S. military advisors take over training of South Vietnamese Military from the French. 1958-North Vietnamese gorilla war intensifies against government of South Vietnam. 1960- North Vietnam announces formation of National Liberation front (Viet Cong). Committed to victory over government of South Vietnam. 1961-Kennedy Administration decides to increase military and economic aid to South Vietnam and raise number of military advisors from 695 to several thousand. 1963-President Diem killed in Army coup. Kennedy assassinated: Johnson becomes President. 1964-United States pledges continued assistance to South Vietnam to control" Communist" aggression; Warning to North Vietnam issued in response to North Vietnam issued. In response to North Vietnamese attack in the Gulf of Tonkin, congress passes "Tonkin Gulf Resolution" supporting measures. Supporting measures to protect United States Forces and "prevent future: aggression." 1965-Marines landed in South Vietnam to defend U.S. Air Base at Da Nang. Johnson announces draft increase U.S Forces in Vietnam from 75,000 to 125, 000, with more troops as needed. 1966-U.S. increases scope of ground operations throughout Vietnam, troop level to 385,300. 1967-President Johnson increases U.S. Forces in South Vietnam to 525,000. U.S. Commander in Vietnam, General Westmoreland, warns Washington of impending Major effort of the enemy. 1968- Major offensive against cities launched by Communist during TET cease-fire. Johnson declares partial bombing halt, calls for peace talks with North Vietnam and announces he will not run for reelection. 1969-President Nixon wins Presidency, announces beginning of troop withdrawal and shifts war – fighting responsibility to South Vietnamese government.U.S. Forces peaked at 536,100. 1970-United States South Vietnamese Forces attack North Vietnamese Forces in Cambodia. U.S. Forces strength falls below 400,000. For first time since early 1967. Pacification program scores major gains in South Vietnamese countryside. 1971-South Vietnamese Troops, with U.S. Air Support, attack North Vietnamese in Southern Laos. Further U.S. withdrawals and peace negotiations in Paris continue. 1972-U.S. declares indefinite suspension of Paris Peace talks. North Vietnamese launch massive tank –led "Easter Offensive". U.S. responds with revived bombing of North Vietnam and mining of North Vietnamese ports. In December, Bombing of North Intensifies in order to get North Vietnamese back to conference table. 1973-President announces accord was ending in Vietnam; cease-fire begins January 27, and U.S. prisoners of war released. U.S. Secretary of State and representatives of North and South Vietnam and the Viet Cong sign peace pacts in Paris. Longest was in U. S. history ends. 1974-U.S. Senate rejects administration request for \$266 millions in additional military aid to South Vietnam. 1975- Republic of Vietnam falls to massive North Vietnamese tank and infantry assault.



### **AMERICAN INVOLVEMENT 1954-1975**

The Vietnam War was the longest in our Nation's history. The 1954 Geneva Accords divided Southeast Asia country of Vietnam into North and South Vietnam. Soon thereafter, Communist North Vietnam began a guerrilla war against South Vietnam. American advice and assistance were sought by the Republic of South Vietnam in the mid 1950's and Americans were soon involved. The first two Americans died on July 8, 1959 and the advisory effort, which grew rapidly in the early 1960's led to full scale deployment of American armed forces by order of President Lyndon B. Johnson in 1965. The Vietnam War increased in intensity from an advisory effort to a limited conventional war involving more than 2.7 million Americans who served in the war zone. More than 58,000 lost their lives, 300,000 were wounded, with approximately 80,000 severely wounded. Of the casualties, about 2,400 remain missing and unaccounted for. America never formally declared war, and the resulting ambiguous political nature of this conflict created uncertainty at home as well as in Vietnam.

During the war, soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines fought with heroism and determination under some of the most difficult circumstances ever encountered by American military personnel. Tragically, upon their return home, they received virtually no recognition for their service and sacrifice because of the raging domestic controversy over U>S> policy in conducting the war.

Negotiations to end U>S. involvement began in 1968 and concluded in January, 1973. The resulting Treaty, or Peace accord, was signed by representative of the United States, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (North Vietnam), the Republic of Vietnam (South Vietnam), and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (Viet Cong). By its terms, an in-place cease-fire was ordered on January 28, 1973, and all U>S> troops (except those assigned to the U>S. Embassy) were withdrawn two months later. In the spring of 1975, the North Vietnamese Army (NVA) launched a full-scale conventional armor and infantry attack on the South. On April 30, 1975, NVA tanks entered Saigon and the Republic of Vietnam fell.

America's Vietnam Veterans upon returning home from Vietnam often bore much of the brunt of public frustration and anger. President Ronald Reagan took steps to honor Vietnam Veterans for their service with dedications of the National Vietnam Veterans Memorial in 1982 and 1984 as a crucial step toward national healing and reconciliation. He reminded the Nation that America's participation in the Vietnam War was a "noble cause".



**8-8- 2008**

**TARGET MARKET: for my story:" Hitler, Stalin and I"**

Because of my military lifestyle, not all of it by choice, it seems that All military worldwide would be attracted to this story. Including Madar Katona!-(Hungarian Soldiers)

**1.** All US Forces here and overseas: Total Troops 2,361,000

Most of the foreign countries military would also have some interest

**2.** Veterans of Foreign Wars 26,000,000

**3.** All VA Hospitals

**4.** Chicago with over 500,000 of Polish Descendants

Being an Immigrant myself and speaking five languages, I had all positive inquiries about my story. All of them are waiting for the book to be published. Most people in the world would like to see Page 213 Hitler's last days.

**5.** All Polish, Ukrainian, Russian, Hungarian, Italian, German and many other Clubs.

All Immigrants and general public in US Canada and UK. And Australia.

This story will help all Immigrants who will read it" to get back to reality of life." I arrived in the United States in January, 1952 from Germany as a United States soldier. I never went to school and did not speak English; I knew that before I can write this story I had to learn the language, the customs, and the history of this country that I adopted in 1958. I served five years in the United States Army of which thirteen months was in Korea, was Injured on the 38° 1953.

This story to be translated as soon as possible into Russian, Hebrew, Ukrainian, Hungarian, Romanian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, Finnish, German, French, Japanese, Korean, and Chinese.

And than the rest of the World.

Sincerely

Tad Galin

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)

**Legacy For Life:**

<http://www.i26forhealth.com>

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Note: Unless otherwise stated, all original photographs, including those of Hitler and his staff prior and after the World War II including but not limited all art renderings herein, are owned and copyrighted by the Author, Tad Galin Sr. Reuse or reproduction of any of them without the express written permission from the Author-Owner is prohibited.

**ON THIS DATE**

Today 12-23-13 is the 100th anniversary of the Illegal creation of the Federal Reserve.

**1913:** The U.S. Constitution's 16<sup>th</sup> Amendment, giving Congress the power to levy and collect income taxes, was declared in effect by Secretary of State **Philander Chase Knox.**

**1965: Cassius Clay**—later **became Muhammad Ali**  
Became World heavyweight boxing champ by defeating  
**Sonny Liston** in Miami Beach Florida.

**YOU CAN GO ON GOOGLE TYPE IN, “1965 CASSIUS CLAY VERSUS SUNNY LISTEN IN MIAMI” YOU WILL GET IT ALL (INCLUDING BRUCE LEE),**

**MIKE TYSON!!!), JOE LEWIS++**

**D-Day Invasion on Normandy Beach**

June 6, 1944 D-Day World War II, about Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Eldest son of the 26<sup>th</sup> President, assistant division commander of the 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division and the only general to land with the first wave of troops on D-Day. Roosevelt, 56 years old and suffering from a heart condition and a bad leg, had asked-begged, to accompany his men on the mother of all missions. The commanding officer of the fourth division Maj. Gen. Raymond Tubby Barton finally granted the request; he later said he had not expected to see Roosevelt alive again. Shortly after wading ashore on that historic, June morning, Roosevelt, wearing a net cap in place of a helmet as he directed incoming traffic on the sands, was informed that the first landing craft had hit the beach two kilometers south of their target. So Roosevelt sticks his cane in the sand and says, “Then we will start the war from right here.”

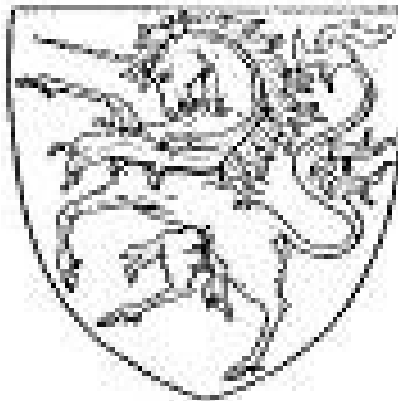
**From  
European Heritage**



**TADEUSZ PRZEGALINSKI**

The surname PRZEGALINSKI is of Polish origin, signifying “by or close to Galinsk”, the ending –ski originally indicating lordship or proprietorship of a place rather than mere residence in it. Once everyone was known by one name only but this led to confusion and in the middle Ages a second name came into use. It usually referred to a man’s abode or birthplace, or to his ancestry, occupation or a personal feature. A man named Jan, for example, whose estates were near Galinsk, might be known as Jan Przegalinski and the additional name in course of time became hereditary and continued in use even when it had lost its literal meaning. This name is not a common one, being by its nature restricted to a small proportion of the population of a given area. The arms are described heraldically as Or, seated on a bear passant Sable a maiden proper habited Gules crowned gold; crest, a demi-bear salient Sable holding in the Dexter forepaw a rose Or. Writers in the past have attributed symbolic values to the colors of heraldry. Thus gold (“Or”) is said to denote Generosity whilst Sable (black) is the color of Constancy and Gules (red) is for Military Fortitude.

***HERALDRY***



*Not knowing for sure this may have been my Family Coat of Arms.*

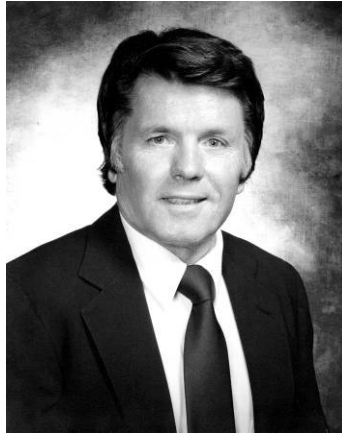
### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Born Tadeusz Przegalinski, Tad Galin comes originally from Yur'yevka (near Kyiv), Ukraine in the Soviet Union. He joined the U.S. Army in Bremen, Germany under the Lodge Act in 1951, and became a U.S. Citizen on March 14, 1958 after serving five years with the U.S. Armed Forces of which thirteen months was in Korea - 40<sup>TH</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> Divisions, also in intelligence in Seoul, South Korea. Tad speaks five languages: Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, German, and English. He has owned a dozen businesses in his lifetime, and has been involved in Network Marketing for over thirty years. He has held such licenses as securities series 6, 63, and 26, mortgage broker, life and health insurance, and a real estate license. 1994 Tad was instrumental from the very beginning in-founding and naming Legacy, USA Inc. May 28, 2002 the company was changed to Legacy for Life LLC., marketing the new Immune 26® and Immune 26® Complete Support worldwide. He served for two years as a Vice President with Legacy before resigning to enjoy family life and to finish his book, **Hitler, Stalin and I**, a project of over forty years in the making. Tad continues to build his family "legacy" as a home-based business and as a Presidential Director with the company. Tad resides in Boca Raton, Florida with his wife, June, Joseph Przegalinski Galin 37 yrs. old, Tad Galin Jr. 39 and his wife Donna, with three baby granddaughters-Ashley 7, Alexis 6, and Kaitlin 4-years old. His rise from humble beginnings and terrifying formative years has gotten him recognized in two "Who's Who in America" lists. Strathmore's Who's Who selected April 2001 in the forthcoming 2001-2002 edition. Marquis Who's Who In America® selected May 2001 56<sup>th</sup> edition 2002. Honors/awards: Awarded by U.S. Army—Distinguished Unit Emblem, Army of Occupation Medal (Germany), Korean Service Medal, Presidential Unit Citation-the 40<sup>th</sup> U.S. Infantry Division by Syngman Rhee, President of the Republic of Korea 7/27/53, United Nations Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Good Conduct Medal; Letter from former President George H.W. Bush complimenting him on his book "**Hitler, Stalin and I**"; Hobbies/Sports, soccer, before injuries in Korea in 1953 art, works Classical guitar, chess, and the beaches. Having survived the Stalin-induced terror in the 1930's; having survived three years of World War II as conscripted Nazi Forced laborers with his Mother Nina in the German Army, named Shtralo on the fringes of Russian-German frontlines, retreating for the next three years and at the age of 14 surrendering with his German captors in April 1945 to the American Forces in Tittling Bavaria Germany. Having served in the British Polish-Special Forces "Occupational Armies" in the British and American Sectors in Germany after the World War II; and having spent the past four decades building, and now living, the American Dream, he presents his story, which he would like to share with you.

**My History in this Great Nation of ours began in January 1952  
Arriving in New York as a U.S. Soldier from Germany I could  
not speak, read or write English and I never went to school.**

\*1952 Language School in Fort Devens, Mass. setup by U.S. Army  
12 weeks. \* Ripley's Believe it or not, \*1952 U.S. Army Model  
Soldier Fort Devens Mass.\* Basic training Fort Lewis, Washington  
22 weeks. \* September, 1953. 13 months in Korea with 40<sup>th</sup> & 25<sup>th</sup>  
Div. I was injured on the 38° parallel. \* November 18,-1957 finished  
my Army tour of 5 years with Honorable Discharge. \* 1958 became  
a United States Citizen \* My first business, International Driving  
School on 5 languages Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, and German, to  
pass the driving test in English in Cleveland, Ohio. \* Foreman in  
a Foundry. \* Forman with Cleaners Hanger Co. Parma, Ohio. \*  
Home Improvement Closer Cleveland, Ohio. \* Industrial Diamond  
Specialist with Felker Mfg. Co. Torrance, California traveled 5  
States setting up distributors to supply manufacturers with  
Diamond tools for their applications. \* Omark Industries, Industrial  
Tools Detroit, Michigan. \* Built a 5000 sq. ft. Dream Home on 80  
acres in Holly, Michigan. \* 1975 became an Amway Distributor,  
Profit Sharing Direct \* 1987 became NSA Water Filters Distributor-  
National Marketing Director. \* 1988 Al Williams Insurance and  
Securities-Regional Vice President. \* 1992 the beginning of research  
about the new technology, Immune Support System. \* 1995 Started  
Legacy for Life as Co Founder, served 2 years as Vice President.  
Resigned to finish my book \* "My Life under Hitler and Stalin" and  
continue \* building my Family's Legacy for the past some 60 years.

*How long does it take to build one? As long as you are Free !*



**The Author, Tad Galin.**

**My vivid Memories of living in the Soviet Union and my Confiscated  
Legacy by the Ruthless Russian dictator Josef Stalin.**

The kid from Petropavlovka, Ukraine, once upon a time it was a part of Communist Russia, the Soviet Union. Cover Page, sleeping in front of my House that my Father after his escape from Siberia borrowed and purchased for 125 rubles. I fell asleep waiting for my Mom to come home. Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union, June 22, 1941. Conscripted under the gun with my Mother, Nina, as Nazi Forced laborers into the German Transport Regiment named Shtralo. I was eleven years old. Retreating on the fringes of Russian-German frontlines, for the next three years never slept in a house or ate at the table and finally surrendering at the age of fourteen to the American Forces in a little town of Titling Bavaria, Germany. U.S. Army active duty five years of which thirteen months was in Korea, where I was injured 1953 with a torn Achilles tendon right foot, back and right shoulder. In this Land of the Brave I owned and operated a dozen businesses. 1995 as if a destiny got hold of me, with my pioneering spirit and an opportunity once in a life time, I was instrumental in the very beginning of founding and naming Legacy USA Inc. known today as Legacy for Life LLC Melbourne, Florida. I am greatly thankful to those eighty (80) top professionals that I brought in on board on a Lateral Transfer as Marketing Directors that helped us to launch Legacy U.S.A. Inc. at the Marriott Orlando in 1998. Today, as a Presidential Director we are Marketing Immune 26 and Immune related products worldwide helping tens of thousands of individuals with their personal degraded immune and auto immune condition. For me these twelve years of building Legacy experience have been the toughest and the best years of my life. At times it was even exhilarating. Looking back, it makes me humble of Legacy's progress. In my lifetime Legacy will be a One billion dollar company. Just imagine, 1952 the kid from Petropavlovka got off a Navy Ship in New York Harbor from Bremen, Germany on Army orders, already a US Soldier, never went to school and did not speak any English and said,

"This is my Country; here I am going to build a Legacy for my Family."





Galin's Library



Galin's Library

December 11, 1941

Right to left: First Row: Hitler, Ribbentrop, Raeder, Keitel. Second Row: Darre, unknown, Seldte, Frank. Occasion: Declaration of War Against The United States of America.

My innocent youth was soon  
Coming to an end.  
Hitler with Herman Göring light  
uniform.



Self portrait

WORLD WAR II

In 1941 I was eleven years old. Under  
The gun, My Mother Nina and I were  
Conscripted into Hitler's German Army  
As Nazi Forced laborers.



In Self Portrait, I was 11 years old  
wearing German uniform.  
68 years later, just finished my  
eBook

"My Life Under Hitler And Stalin"  
And also my website

[www.WorldWarLife.com](http://www.WorldWarLife.com)



Galin's Library

### **THE END**

Robert 1. Ley—suicide in Nuremberg prison 2. Karl Brandt—death by hanging 3. Adolf Hitler—suicide, April 30, 1945 along with his wife of one day, Eva Braun. 4. Walther Darre—sentenced to prison April 14, 1949. Released in 1950, he died in 1953. 27,000,000 Russian Men Woman and Children died. Some 6,000,000 Jews Men Woman and Children died. “Total some 65 Million perished.” Orphaned 5,000,000 May 8<sup>th</sup> 1945 Germany officially surrendered to the U.S., British, and the Soviet Union Forces. This was a good year for us and the world. IN RETREAT TO GERMANY WITH OUR CAPTORS, FOR THREE YEARS NEVER SLEPT IN A HOUSE OR ATE AT A TABLE. APRIL, 1945 SURRENDERED TO THE U.S. ARMED FORCES, FOR US NAZI LABOR WAS OVER! I WAS 14 YEARS OLD.

## **GRATITUDE:**

It has been said, That a man is never done until he has a Son  
Builds a House and writes a Book. I have done all of these things

And one more, I went Bankrupt in 1985

Some how, in my humblest way I want to express my gratitude. Today is Sunday December 8<sup>th</sup> my 83<sup>rd</sup> Birthday, “I finished my Book” But my Life Story is continuing to evolve. A Korean Disabled Veteran, My life was saved 17 times before I was 18 years old. A Gift of some 70 years, I have learned how to, Live, Love, and Give to All. It has been a very-very long trip. In the Land of Freedom and Liberty. I have raised two Sons, Build a House on Trip Rd. Mich. Owned 4 Homes and now three Grand Daughters here in Boca Raton Florida I get many E-Mails, this one caught my eye. I saw this as a part of my life’s HISTORY still continually evolving. At the age of 83, I have never seen a “Formal Articles of Impeachment”. This has to be of some interest to most people, even though, most likely Impeachment will not happen because of gutless Republicans. Besides, Obama can never be impeached because he was illegally inaugurated. He was mute during the ceremony never committed himself to uphold anything. Therefore he is not a President of U.S.A. Obama can be criminally charged and removed from office. In my case in particular; I lived under Hitler and Stalin. At the age of 11 I was in Hitler’s Army as Nazi forced laborer with my Mother, Nina. My Father, Josef, died in Siberia. These were very disturbing times for me and my Mother, Nina. Latest News: Kiev Ukraine, my former City and Country, in former Soviet Union. On 11, 30, 13 Sat. and Sun. 12, 1, 13 brute force is used on Protestors Waving the Blue and Gold EU Flag on Independents Square. People everywhere want their Inherent Freedom from their dictatorial Governments. “We have inherited the greatest piece of real-estate on this planet and cannot maintain it and we must.”

MY LIFE UNDER HITLER AND STALIN  
AND NOW MY LIFE UNDER  
PRESIDENT BARAK HUSSEIN OBAMA

Of course, if your Liberty is threatened as it was under Hitler and Stalin, No matter what country you live in, it is

still a dictatorship. Today, tyrannical living is almost world wide. How long can one live in Fear and still preserve one's Health. It is better to have a healthy Measure of fear than being stupid.

**FOR THE AUTHOR, THIS IS HISTORIC**

August 19, 13

## **6. Formal Articles of 1 Impeachment for Obama:**

**Michael Connelly – Constitutional Lawyer**

I have prepared these formal Articles of Impeachment as a Constitutional lawyer. They are in proper legal form and I believe all allegations are provable. They will be sent to Congress with annotations.

Michael Connelly

[mrobertc@hotmail.com](mailto:mrobertc@hotmail.com)

[www.usjf.net](http://www.usjf.net)

**Impeaching Barack Hussein Obama, President of the United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors.**

Resolved, That Barack Hussein Obama, President of the United States, is impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors and that the

following articles of impeachment be exhibited to the United States Senate:

Articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives of the United States of America in the name of itself and of the people of the United States of America, against Barack Hussein Obama, President of the United States of America, in maintenance and support of its impeachment against him for high crimes and misdemeanors.

## **Article I**

In his conduct while President of the United States, Barack Hussein Obama, in violation of his constitutional oath to faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States and, to the best of his ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and in violation of his constitutional duty to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, has willfully corrupted and manipulated the executive branch to increase its power and destroy the balance of powers between the three branches of government that is established by the Constitution of the United States.

The means used to implement this course of conduct or scheme included one or more of the following acts:

**(1)** Shortly after being sworn in for his first term as President of the United States, Barack Hussein Obama began creating new departments and appointing Czars to oversee these departments. These Czars were never submitted to the United States Senate for approval as required by Article 2, Section 2 of the Constitution. In addition, these Czars and the Departments have budgets that are not subject to being controlled by Congress as provided for by Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution. He also made recess appointments when the Senate was not in recess.

**(2)** Article 2, Section 3 of the Constitution mandates that the President of the United States “shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed...” Barack Hussein Obama, in violation of his oath of office has repeatedly ignored this Constitutional mandate by refusing to enforce laws against illegal immigration, defend in court the Defense of



Marriage Act (DOMA), and refusing to enforce Federal voting laws.

**(3)** Article 1 of the Constitution establishes the legislative branch of the U.S. government and sets forth the powers of the Senate and House of Representatives to make laws. These powers are exclusive and the Constitution does not grant the President the power to either make laws or amend them on his own. Barack Hussein Obama has ignored these provisions and made or changed laws by either issuing unconstitutional executive orders or instructing governmental departments to take illegal and unconstitutional actions. Specific actions include, but are not necessarily limited to:

**A.** Ordering the Environmental Protection Agency to implement portions of the Cap & Trade bill that failed to pass in the U.S. Senate.

**B.** Ordering implementation of portions of the “Dream Act” that failed to pass in Congress.

**C.** Orchestrating a government takeover of a major part of the automobile industry in 2009.

**D.** Ordering a moratorium on new offshore oil and gas exploration and production without approval of Congress.

**E.** Signing an Executive Order on March 16, 2012 giving himself and the Executive branch extraordinary powers to control and allocate resources such as food, water, energy and health care resources etc. in the interest of vaguely defined national defense issues. It would amount to a complete government takeover of the U.S. economy.

**F.** Signing an Executive Order on July 6, 2012 giving himself and the Executive branch the power to control all methods of communications in the United States based on a Presidential declaration of a national emergency.

**G.** Signing an Executive Order on January 6, 2013 that contained 23 actions designed to limit the individual right to keep and bear arms guaranteed by the Second Amendment to the Constitution.

**H.** Amending portions of the Affordable Healthcare Act and other laws passed by

Congress without Congressional approval as required by Article 1 of the Constitution.

## **Article II**

**(1)** Article 2, Section 3 of the Constitution mandates that from time to time the President “shall give to Congress information on the State of the Union....” Implicit in this is an obligation for the President to be truthful with the Congress and the American people. Barack Hussein Obama has repeatedly violated his oath of office and the requirements of the Constitution by willfully withholding information on important issues or actively taken part in misleading the Congress and the American people. Specific actions include, but are not necessarily limited to:

**A.** Using Executive privilege to block Congress from getting documents relating to the DOJ’s Operation Fast and Furious and the death of U.S. Border Patrol Brian Terry.

**B.** Had members of his administration provide false information about the act of terrorism committed in Benghazi, Libya on September 11, 2012 and refusing to allow the State Department and other federal agencies to cooperate in the Congressional investigation.

**C.** Falsely labeled the mass murder of American soldiers at Ft. Hood, Texas as “workplace violence” instead of the act of Islamic terrorism it was.

**D.** Falsely labeling the IRS targeting of conservative and Christian groups as a “phony” scandal and refusing to order an active pursuit of the investigation into who was ultimately responsible.

**E.** Refusing to order an independent investigation of the actions of Eric Holder and the DOJ in targeting the phone records of members of the news media.

**F.** Telling the American people on a television show that the NSA was not prying into the emails and phone calls of Americans when the facts prove otherwise

**(2)** The oath of office of the President of the United States requires him to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution. This obviously includes what may be the most important part of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights. Barack Hussein Obama has repeatedly violated his oath of office by seeking to limit both the individual rights and the rights of the States guaranteed in the first ten amendments to the Constitution. Specific actions include, but are not necessarily limited to:

**A.** Having the Department of Health and Human Services order religious institutions and businesses owned by religious families to provide their employees free contraception and other services that are contrary to their religious beliefs. This is being done under the auspices of the Affordable Health Care Act and violates the religious freedom clauses of the First Amendment.

**B.** Having the military place restrictions on the religious freedom of Chaplains and other members of the military in order to favor gay rights advocates and atheists in violation of the First Amendment.

**C.** Having the military place restrictions on the freedom of speech of members of the military and the civilian employees of the DOD in violation of their rights under the First Amendment.

**D.** Using Executive orders and government agency actions to limit Second Amendment rights. This includes actions by the Veterans Administration to disarm American veterans without due process as required by the Fifth Amendment.

**E.** Having the National Security Agency intercept and monitor the private communications of millions of Americans without a court order and in violation of the Fourth Amendment.

**F.** Joining with foreign governments in lawsuits against sovereign U.S. states to prohibit them from enforcing immigration laws. This is in violation of the Tenth Amendment.

**G.** Filing suits under the Voting Rights Act against sovereign U.S. states to prevent them from enforcing Voter ID laws despite rulings by the Supreme Court upholding these laws. This



is another violation of the Tenth Amendment and the balance of powers.

**(3)** Under Article 2, Section 2 of the Constitution the President of the United States is the Commander in Chief of the United States military and as such is responsible for using them in a manner that best serves the national security of the United States and protects our soldiers from unnecessary risks and harm. Barack Hussein Obama has violated his oath of office in this regard. Specific actions include, but are not necessarily limited to:

**A.** In the name of “political correctness,” he imposed unnecessary and dangerous rules of engagement on our troops in combat causing them to lose offensive and defensive capabilities and putting them in danger. Many American service personnel have been killed or wounded as a result of this policy.

**B.** Releasing the identity of American military personnel and units engaged in dangerous and secret operations such as the killing of Osama bin Laden by Navy Seal team 6.

**C.** Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution gives Congress the exclusive power to declare war. Yet, without consulting Congress President Obama ordered the American military into action in Libya.

In all of this, Barack Hussein Obama has undermined the integrity of his office, has brought disrepute on the Presidency, has betrayed his trust as President and has acted in a manner subversive of the rule of law and justice, to the manifest injury of the people of the United States.

Wherefore, Barack Hussein Obama, by such conduct, warrants impeachment and trial, and removal from office and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States.

11-pgs.



Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle: Doolittle Raiders with 16 planes on 4, 18, 1942 Doolittle Raid on Tokyo Japan, One way. Weather cold as hell  
Pilots could Not Land anywhere, some died.

Every one should know this story!  
I have not met any one yet including me that has read this Historic story including my wife June and she sang **Taps** in the school. And never knew this story of a Confederate young soldier and his Union Army Captain Father. **You will cry!! I still do when I read it. !!**

**Subject: T a p s**

**Date:** Tue, 20 Aug 2013 02:26:32 -0400

**From:** Lee Stevens, To Tad Galin

I never knew... DID YOU?



If any of you have ever been to a military funeral in which taps was

> played; this brings out a new meaning of it.  
>

Here is something Every American should know. We in the United States have all heard the haunting song, 'Taps...'

> It's the song that gives us the lump in our throats and usually tears in our eyes. But, do you know the story behind the song? If not, I think you will

> be interested to find out about its humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Elli was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow  
> strip of land.

During the night, Captain Elli heard the moans of a soldier who lay

> severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or

> Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and

bring

> the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach

> through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and

> began pulling him toward his encampment..

When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was

> actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb

> with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was

> his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war

> broke out... Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the

> Confederate Army.

> The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his

> superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy

> status. His request was only partially granted.

>

> The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members

> play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral.

>

> The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate.

>

> But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him

> only one musician.

The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of

> musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the

> dead youth's uniform.

>				
>	This	wish	was	granted.
>				
>	The haunting melody, we now know as 'Taps'			used at
>	military			funerals
>		was		born.
>				
>	The		words	are:
>				
>	Day		is	done.
>	Gone		the	sun.
>	From		the	lakes
>	From		the	hills.
>	From		the	sky.
>	All		is	well.
>		Safely		rest.
>	God		is	nigh.
>				
>		Fading		light.
>	Dims		the	sight.
>	And		a	star.
>	Gems		the	sky.
>		Gleaming		bright.
>		From		afar.
>		Drawing		nigh.
>	Falls		the	night.
>				
>	Thanks		and	praise.
>	For		our	days.
>	Neath		the	sun
>	Neath		the	stars.
>	Neath		the	sky
>	As		we	go.
>	This		we	know.
>	God		is	nigh
>				

I too have felt the chills while listening to 'Taps' but I have never

> seen all the words to the song until now. I didn't even know there was

> more than one verse. I also never knew the story behind the song and I didn't know if you had either so I thought I'd pass it along.

I now have an even deeper respect for the song than I did before.

Remember Those Lost and Harmed While Serving Their Country.

Also Remember Those Who Have Served And Returned; and for those

presently serving in the Armed Forces.  
Please send this on after a short prayer.

Live each day like it's your last,  
> "cause one day you're gonna be right." - Ray Charles





Photo of Dale Neumann by Lynn Chandler Neumann

#### THIS IS HOW GOD WORKS IN HIS OWN STEALTHY WAYS

Author, Tad Galin and my wife, June. I have been writing this book for over 40 years most of it was on The Run. I WAS ALWAYS DREAMING OF MEETING THE RIGHT PERSON TO DO MY WEB SITE I met Alerte at the Whole Foods, He recommended Ron Senauht, a Web Master. Ron would bug me—all the time; let's start your Web Site over and over again. So finally we did. Ron had a partner that did the Web work I never talked to him, so it was extremely difficult to work through a 3<sup>rd</sup> party and expensive. Thanks Ron for the support and the start of my Web Site. 2011 I went to Vote here in Boca Raton, Florida. At the Voting place everybody is busy I was always prospecting. I noticed a young man all by himself. Even though he was not as good looking as I was, I introduced myself anyway. He said, "My name is Dale Neumann". "What do you do I asked. Dale said," I am a Web Master". (Now you know the rest of the story.) I did all the cooking. Dale, June and I ate together and worked together. I AM 83 YEARS OLD ON SOCIAL SECURITY AND KOREAN DISABLED VETERAN PENSION. I GAVE DALE WHAT I HAD AND Dale gave me much more. Today, 7-1-14, June and I watched our book for the first time Published on KDP.Amazon Kindle. For this Author this has been a long, long journey on the rocky road to freedom. Thanks from June and I, Dale, You did it, Thanks, Lynn, and Thanks, Dale, to your Mom, June, and your Dad, Lee. For their support. **"And now, our historic work on investments has just begun. Tad."**

GEORGE BUSH

June 3, 1999

Dear Tad,

I have just returned from a week in Asia, and your story *Hitler, Stalin and I* was on my desk waiting for me.

Thank you very much for forwarding along a copy, Tad, and for your thoughtful note. At my age kind words and gestures go a long, long way. Best of luck to you in whatever lies ahead.

Regards,

GB

Tad Galin  
900 Larch Circle, N.E.  
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Palm Bay, FL 32905

I can't begin to imagine the hell you as a 12 year kid went through  
A fascinating read this is!

GB

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