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... through western Pennsylvania. Dee Dee, daughter of Keith Swenson, Ford campaign coordinator for western Pennsylvania, is Tom Ford's "campaign manager." Jamie, grandson of Mrs. Marion Bell of Rector, Pennsylvania coordinator for the Ford for President campaign, is "security guard." (Molly Brown Photo)

PREDICTS VICTORY FOR BROTHER

Tom Ford Providing Warm Family Support

By **MOLLY BROWN**

Tom Ford, brother of the President of the United States, told family anecdotes, predicted victory in the election Tuesday and asked for a final push by Republicans at a breakfast hosted by Chris Moersb of Latrobe in Mountain

they are tired of being told by their heirarchy how to vote. "These college graduates who run our union offices do not know what it's like to work in a mill and we won't listen when they tell us how to vote."

spokesman said.

County Commissioner William Davis introduced Ford who was flanked by his "security staff." Dee Dee Swenson of Sewickley, daughter of Keith Swenson, the President's western Pennsylvania campaign coordinator, was in

After Leader Dog Training

Presidential Pup Grows Up Fast

by THOMAS B. SCOTT

Tribune Staff Reporter

The young Golden Retriever walked the man beside him briskly up to the corner and stopped at the curb as traffic

did and it appears he will be a successful graduate.

Jerry is only the latest of several hundred dogs McDonald, age 41, has trained at the school during the past 16

The success of the school has achieved wide publicity over the years, but the training procedures which produce leader dogs have often been overlooked.

with a blind person and instructing him how to use the dog."

A military dog and a leader dog are completely different, but their training contains the

dogs are very vicious a dog show aggressiveness he is But the basics of tra still there — repetition correction and patience

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 25, 1974

TO: NANCY HOWE

FROM: JOHN C. CALHOUN
STAFF ASSISTANT
TO THE PRESIDENT

For Your Information.

NOTE: Pages 11, 16, 23 and 48-49



OCT. 3, 1974/50¢ - A JOHNSON PUBLICATION

JET

Sly Stone Talks About New Family

SYLVESTER STEWART

SYLVESTER STEWART JR.

KATHY STEWART



CONTENTS

Cover story on Page 58
Cover photo by Isaac Sutton

Business	32
Education	18
Entertainment	53
Fashions	12
Journalism	23
Labor	16
Mr. and Mrs.	29
National	5
New York Beat	55
People	28
People Are Talking About	63
Politics	48
Readers Rap	4
Religion	24
Society World	44
Soul Brothers Top 20	65
Soul Brothers Top Jazz/Gospel	57
Sports	50
Television	66
This Week In Black History	19
Ticker Tape	11
Weekly Almanac	36
Week's Best Photos	39
Words of the Week	38

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Published weekly by Johnson Publishing Co. Inc., 820 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605, New York office at Rockefeller Center, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Washington, D.C., office, 1750 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. ©Copyright 1974 by Johnson Publishing Co. Inc. Subscriptions: U.S.A., \$16.00 one year; Canada, Pan America, \$18.00; foreign, \$19.00. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MOTHER'S DAY

BITTERSWEET

By Martha Weinman Lear



Mother's Day, bittersweet.

My mother's mother lived with us, with my parents and my brother and me, from the time she was widowed until her death a quarter-century later. It was the last generation that pretended to any natural feeling for extended-family life. She sensed that the divine right of parents was slipping, that she lived in this household by the

What I remember vividly is that in my late adolescence, my mother bought a fine big white stove. It was her pride, replacing a despised cast-iron model, and she cleaned it carefully after each meal. My grandmother, whose sight by then had gone quite bad, would drop food on the stove and leave greasy finger marks, and I can remember my mother cleaning up after her, scrubbing and rubbing and muttering angrily to herself.

Now my mother is widowed and lives alone in another city. Sometimes she comes to visit. She comes for two weeks and stays for a week, and in that time she lives like a shadow, silent and fleeting. Her self-effacement infuriates me. It fills me with guilt, and I can't cope with the guilt, and what comes out is rage. She is blameless, almost. So am I, almost. We are locked into one another, dancing that ineffable and

ULRIKE & ANDREAS

The Bonnie & Clyde of West Germany's radical subculture may have failed to make a revolution, but they have bruised the body politic.

By Melvin J. Lasky

BONN. In the five years or so that the West Germans have been wrestling with the problem of the "Baader-Meinhof gang," they have absorbed a painful lesson. Liberal-industrial society

they had cracked the Baader-Meinhof organization, with its two groupings—the "Red Army Faction" and the "June 2 Movement" (for the date in 1967 when a student was killed by West German police during a demonstration against a visit by the Shah of Iran). Thirty-odd members

a West Berlin politician. Within 72 hours, all their demands were met, and five of their imprisoned comrades, who had already been tried and convicted, walked out of their cells to be flown first-class by Lufthansa to freedom in the Middle East, with \$10,000 apiece in their pockets.

**Compromise
To End Strike?**

Kahn/Egan • Page 4

BOOK DIGEST
**Lonely
In America**

Suzanne Gordon • Page 35

**Julia Child's
Recipes**

Page 48

WEATHER

Showers, 50s.

Tonight:
Clear, 40s.

Tomorrow:
Sunny, 60s.

Sunny Friday.

SUNSET 8:10
SUNRISE TOMORROW: 5:35

New York Post

FOUNDED 1801. THE OLDEST CONTINUOUSLY PUBLISHED DAILY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Vol. 175
No. 156

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1976

25 Cents

© 1976 The New York Post Corporation



RACES TIGHTEN

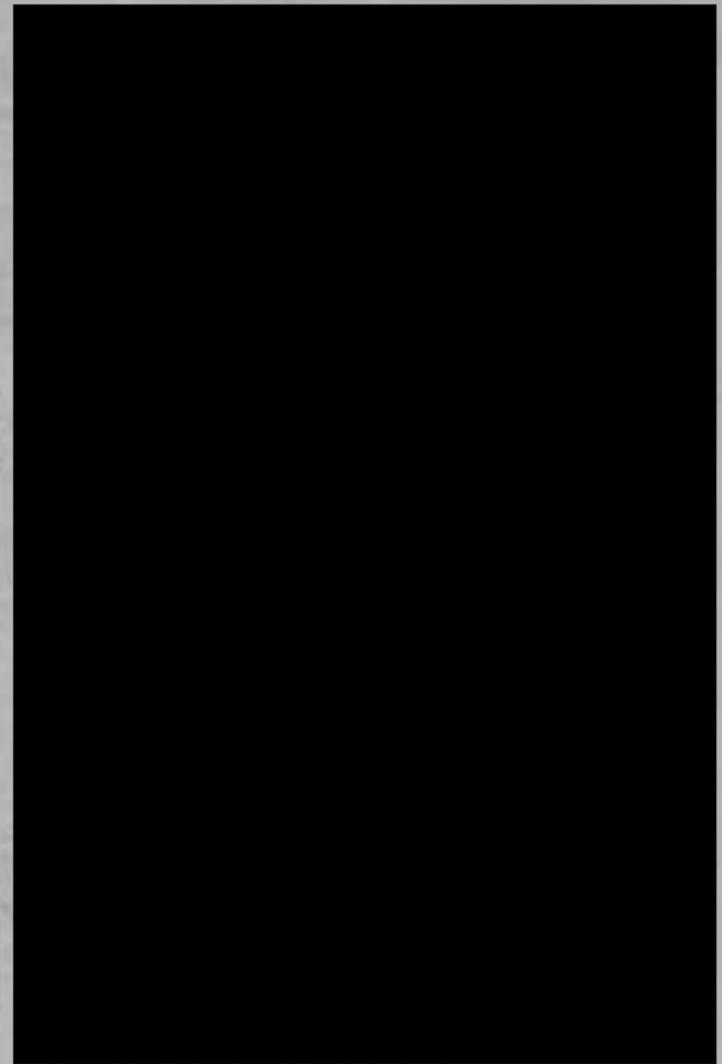
• *Big Ford Comeback*

• *Carter Slump Goes On*



Associated Press Wirephoto

In Lansing, Mich., Tom Ford holds up phone so his brother the President can hear victory party cheers on the other end of the line in Washington. And in Baltimore, Gov. Brown and his sister, Cynthia Kelly, greet supporters after he won the Maryland primary.



Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas.

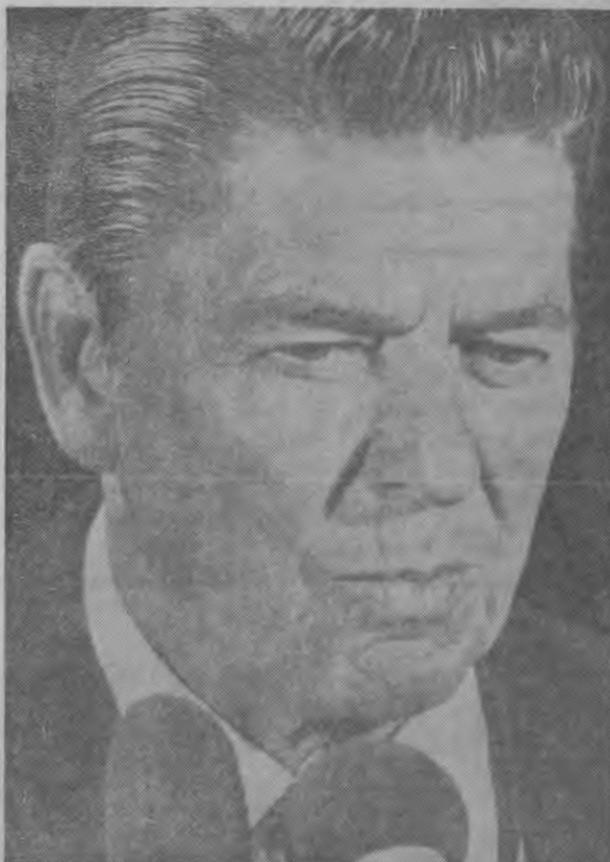
Detailed coverage begins on Page 2.

It's a Presidential Sweet

By DAVID ROSENTHAL
New York Post Correspondent

WASHINGTON — "The crowd is much better tonight,

"This helps us psychologically," said Stuart Spencer, the Ford campaign's political director. "It sure helps your troops everywhere." Spencer chatted with reporters, smoked



Associated Press Wirephoto
Ronald Reagan speaking in Los Angeles on yesterday's primaries: "I'm not going to lose any sleep over this day." He lost to President Ford in Michigan and Maryland.

Big Comeback Buoy Ford

By ARTHUR GREENSPAN
With Judith Michaelson,
David Rosenthal
and Josh Friedman

"you can't imagine how happy I am. This is going to play very, very well all over the United States."

said in Los Angeles after learning of the results. Reagan insisted he had achieved "a good showing.

Reagan 68,916, or 42 per cent. In Michigan, the President won 55 delegates, compared to Reagan's 29, and the re

Editorial on Page 38.
Ford got his share of Michigan crossovers. Page

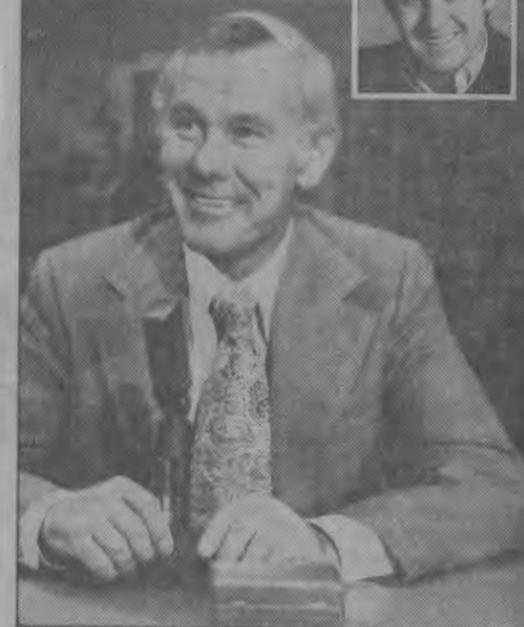
and Ford in nearly equal numbers. The Ford strategist said he felt the President is "quite strong" in Ohio, Michigan

TODAY'S TV

Program in color unless black and white (b&w) is indicated. R is for rerun.

8:00—(2) Narr
8:00—(4) hour
8:00—(7) sprin
8:00—(13) with
8:30—(5) F
8:30—(13) Mer
9:00—(2) Blak
9:00—(4) "194
9:00—(7) star
9:00—(13) whit
9:00—(7) him
9:00—(13)

The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson



Glen Campbell and JAWS author Peter Benchley join Johnny tonight. Followed by Tom Snyder on Tomorrow.

4 11:30PM NBC

INSIDE THE POST

Magazine Section Starts on Page 35.
Financial Section Starts on Page 57.
Sports Section Starts on Back Page.

Amusements	50-57	Music by Johnson	52
Book Review	30	Mary Hartman Last Night	75
Bridge by Sheinwold	42	Needlework Patterns	42
Checkout Counter	29	Obituaries	65
Child, Julia	48	Peanuts	73
Classified	63-64	People in the News	12
Comics	73	Pierotti	38
Creative Cooking	33, 47	Porter, Sylvia	36
Crossword	73	Radio Programs	74
Daily Closeup	37	Rowan, Carl	38

6 Months on the Bestseller List
THEODORE H. WHITE
Breach

TODAY'S TV PREVIEW AND HIGHLIGHTS

75 NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1976

et

id Stuart Spencer, 'It sure helps your a reporters, smoked he presidential seal each new batch of He indicated Ford's apaign effort in the ventions.

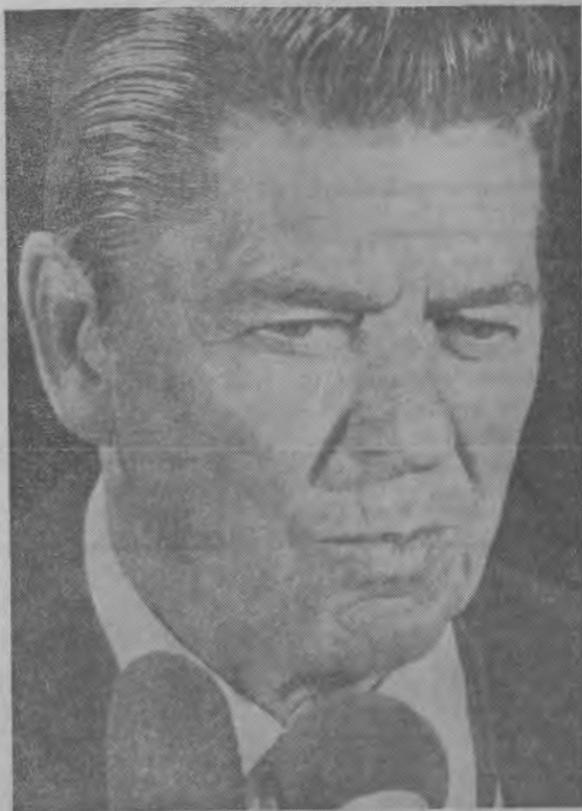
hought the returns m," Spencer replied. t question," he said, he certainly won't

Morton, only last empty liquor bottles a primary, met with cure, then paraded aking hands.

ll of them," Morton orimary battles. He ial" and—in an ap d that Ford's big officials sticking

ng Jimmy Carter's eyed those of Ford. Carter could well be ender could face in

as crucial as what's fficial. "They've got



Associated Press Wirephoto
Ronald Reagan speaking in Los Angeles on yesterday's primaries: "I'm not going to lose any sleep over this day." He lost to President Ford in Michigan and Maryland.

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Mary Hartman Last Night

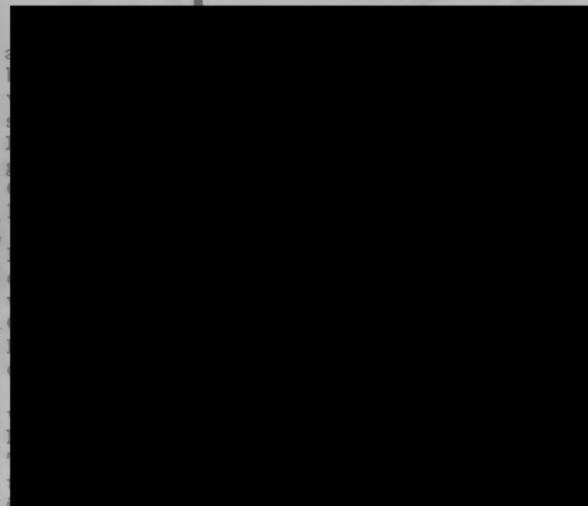


Sports on the Air

BASEBALL—Yanks-Indians, WMCA, 7:30 p.m.; Phils-Mets, WNEW, Ch. 9, 8 p.m.

On Your **TV** Screen

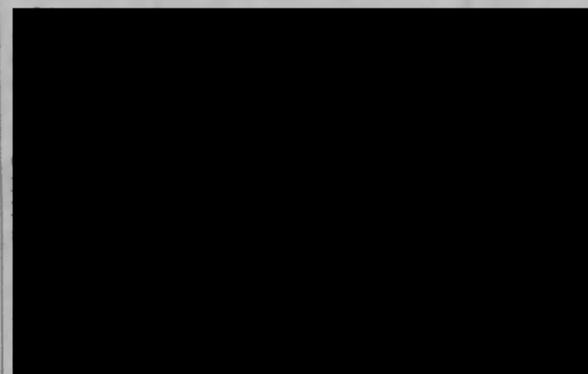
TV Hoop Fans Yell Foul



with about 200 stations."

—BOB WILLIAMS

TODAY'S TV MOVIES



6 Months on the Bestseller List

THEODORE H. WHITE

Breach

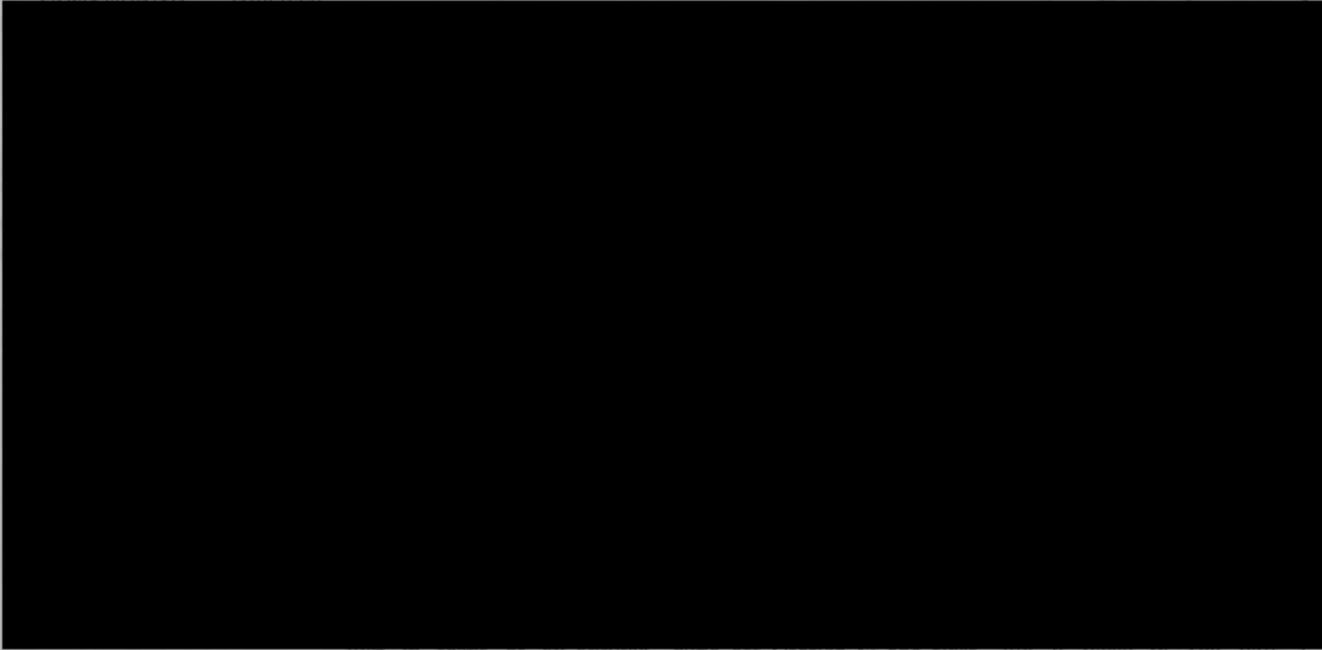
Yanks' Longest Night

By MAURY ALLEN
N.Y. Post Correspondent
CLEVELAND — Nineteen

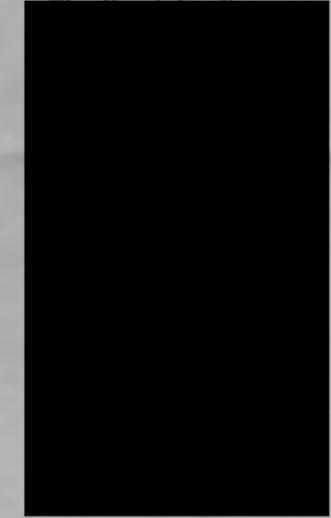
first and wealthiest six-game loser.
"That inning happened so

off relief pitcher Jim Kern.
"The pitch almost hit me until I swung at it," Piniella

The Yankees got one off Peterson in the fourth on Piniella's double and Velez'



Fast Start at RR



just in front of ex-Yankee Charlie Spikes' give-up jog.
"I was so weak and hit it so bad by then," said Piniella, "there was no way he could catch it."
Piniella said he hit a bad pitch, a high, inside fastball

runs off Carrish in the first inning. So much for motivational research.
"He just wasn't sharp," said Martin.
A two-run homer by George Hendrick—the ritualistic Catfish homer—made it 5-0.

get a piece of the ball. I practice that every day in batting practice," he said.
Eleven pitches later (three balls and eight fouls) the count was 3-2.
"I knew," said White, "the

Continued on Page 67

Rain, Rain Go Away...



Post Photo by William Jacobellis
A lone youngster seems to be looking above for help during the hour-long delay before the Mets-Phillies game at Shea last night was rained out. See Henry Hecht on Page 70 and Joseph Valerio on Page 71.

The Celts' Poise Finally Stands Up

By MIKE LUPICA
N. Y. Post Correspondent

the Celtics and the Cavaliers finally gave us the varsity

named Austin Carr and Michael Campanella Russell,

Celtics 9-5

"I was overplaying everything," said Scott, who



swiftly as Charlie Scott slipping in front of Carr to intercept a pass from Russell, as swiftly as Scott easing down the court for the dunk that killed the Cavaliers.
There were 90 seconds left when Scott — who isn't supposed to play

made. The Celtics had just gone up 86-85 on a JoJo White (29 points) bomb, and Cleveland was setting up a clear-out for Carr (26). Russell came across the top of the key, and attempted to get the ball to Carr. But Scott didn't want Carr to get the ball.

for 11 for seven points (and a great series) in an interesting assessment. "I just might want to make it a little better, because that was the game."
It was the game. The Cavaliers seemed to

Continued on Page 67



Red Auerbach reaches through a sea of hands to congratulate his Celtics.

Of all filter kings:

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Look for the lowest U.S. tar and nicotine cigarettes for other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	15	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	14	1.0
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70's	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

No wonder Carlton is fastest growing of the top 25

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Carlton Filter 2 mg.
Carlton Menthol 2 mg.

Carlton Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

file

Mrs. Ford:

Sally Quinn called. . . . she is doing a piece called "Liberating the Dinner Table." She is zeroing into the fact a wife carries her husbands rank protocolwise and is therefore given preferential treatment over a gal who has made it on her own. She wanted to know what we do about a situation like that. . . . what we plan to do. . . if anything to remedy the situation. She feels since you are so effective (that was her exact word) that we should take the lead and join with State and Mrs. Shaw and make some changes. She also was curious as to what happens when we have the Hills' to dinner, etc.

She would like a statement for her story. . . . I would like to answer it in this way if you are in agreement.

This is certainly something that should be given long and serious consideration. . . . unfortunately with the holidays upon us this is not the time we can do it. . . . we hope she can appreciate that but that I know for a fact from working with you on guest lists we have many many women as guests on their own merit. . . . which is of great importance. . . also your use of the round tables rather than the very formal table eases the situation she is talking about some as well as making it more interesting conversationally.

Sheila concurs with me.

Please let me know what you think. Her deadline is Monday.

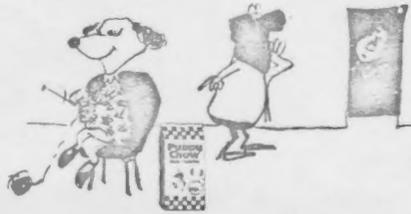
maria

P. S. Please excuse the typo's as you can well understand after struggling through this. . . I can't type.

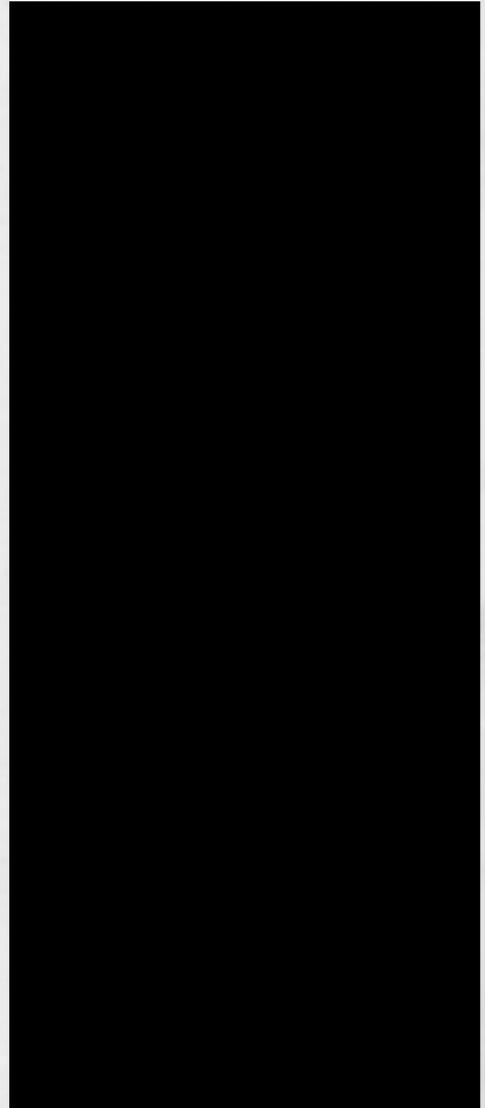


Mr 7

Puppies on the Way

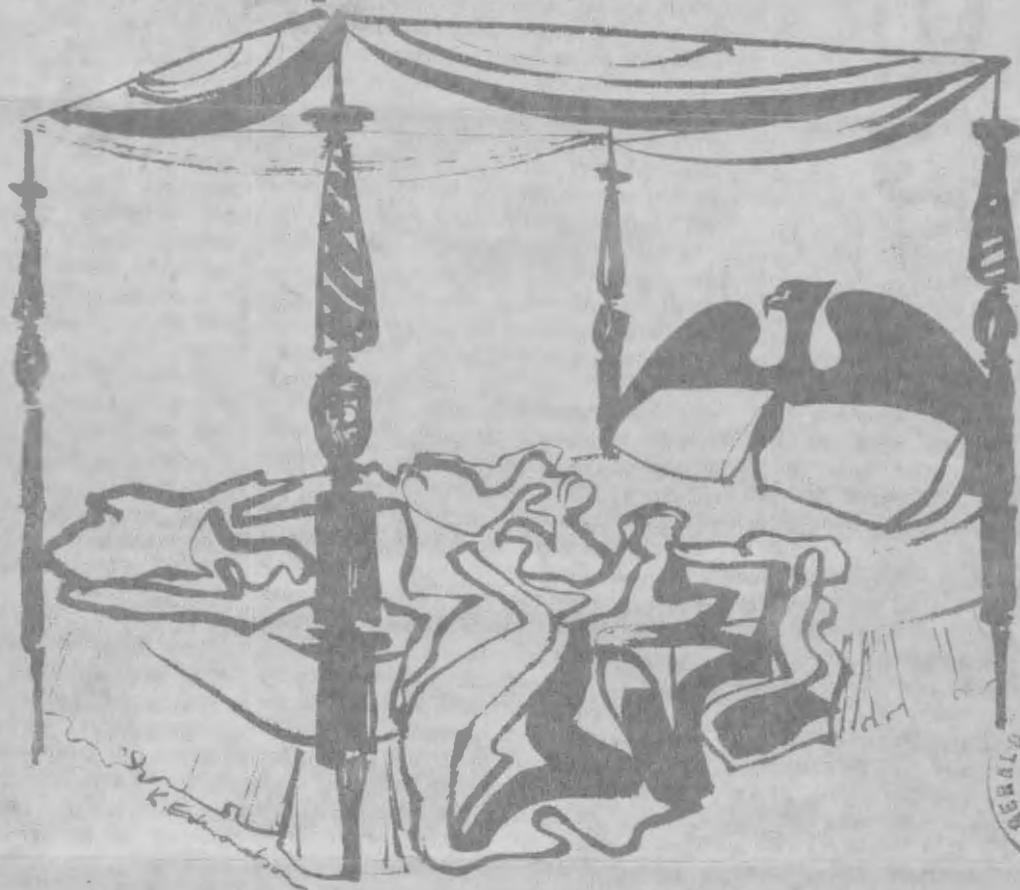


12.24 hrs
before birth
temp drops 101.5
to 99.0



*"I don't know anybody who's ever had
a good affair with a politician,
I mean a really good, romantic affair.
Screwing for love is very rare in this town.
Everybody's got an angle."*

SEX, POWER, AND POLITICS



DEBAGO OF FORD LIBRARY

By Richard Lee

Power," Henry Kissinger is fond of reminding us, "is the ultimate aphrodisiac."

And who should know better than Henry Kissinger?

Power explains a lot of things about Washington. And it also explains a lot of things about sex in Washington:

Power explains why Washington is not, and never will be, a very good town

and sharing their man's achievements, failures, and sometimes even his bed.

Power explains why aging committee chairman hold on tenaciously to every scrap of seniority and influence, as if it

When the call came from Wang Tien Ming of the People's Republic Liason (Embassy) Office in Washington inviting us to the Kwangchow Fair I doubted, but always understood when members of the People's Republic of China say something, it is so--no intrigue. And before long I received from Peking the Invitation #3707120 saying "Please bring this with you." I replied and received visa applications for four people I had requested, not knowing it could have been eight--one never knows unless one asks a specific question, as important information is not offered gratuitously--So with a few phone calls to friends I was told by Wang we could travel from Canton to other places, including Peking and Shanghai--and when we arrived in Peking no one knew exactly how we got there, including U. S. Amb. Bush, as we were not part of a delegation or hosted by a corporation--and who asks anyway. So following is our tale to somewhere East of Suez--where the best is like the worst and the sun comes up like thunder across the China Bay. Included is the Chinese explanation of the Grand Opening of the Chinese Spring Export Commodities Fair and the People of Different Nationalities strive to build a Socialistic China--and what follows doesn't represent our opinions or any sponsor, just the running commentary of a couple of U. S. Citizens making Pickwickian observations while moving past all obstacles on our intended journey in quest of personal knowledge.

Sayings by Chairman Berman, assisted by Vice Chairman Muriel - April 22/3/75

Somewhere over the Pacific Pan Am 001 flying west one hour and forty-five minutes out of Tokyo and exactly 12 hours change of time, so we have 1:26 a.m. Allentown time and it is 1:26 p.m. Western Pacific, and we haven't seen a bit of darkness since getting up at 4 a.m. yesterday morning--only sunshine.

As our flight refueled in San Francisco instead of Anchorage, I tried to call Steven who just happened to be out to lunch--did call home to get the latest, tho. Our 747 is occupied at about 20% or less capacity, and this is a dream--three seats to stretch out on and sleep, and a ratio of one hostess to each two travelers. One never dreams of an empty restaurant or theatre or a near vacant apartment house, and obviously not a near empty store, but a long distance plane, absolutely yes.

So with two bottles of Chateau La Fite Rothschild 1967 under our proverbial belts, four meals--none good--and a beautiful flight, we stopped in Tokyo for refueling for Hongkong and our Peoples Republic of China connection. I read Foder's Peking and U.S.-China trade relations 20 pages of instructions and am prepared to visit the Land of Perpetual Enchantment--and the country that invented the noodle among other things.

In Hong Kong I was politely ripped off by my first cab ride when he asked for \$2 and I gave him a 50¢ tip only to discover the Hongkong dollar is 5 to 1 American dollar and he charged me two to the U.S. dollar, so I am now alerted--and as we drove up to the Peninsula Hotel of English grandeur fame Jerry (Kissinger) and Jean Mandel greeted us, and I immediately gave him the Tues. a.m. Allentown Morning Call directly, which I believe is the longest direct delivery in Call-Chronicle history. I will check this out with Ed and Don Miller. Jerry immediately checked the Hess ads to see if he approved. The dragon is the symbol of China and I now know why--after traveling this distance you are---!!

Even tho we were dragging a bit, we couldn't help but freshen up and walk the shops and see the sights of Kowloon at midnite, which is as full of people and brightly lit as most cities are at 8 p.m. or 8 a.m. or noon. The hotel manager, Felix Bieger, gave us a bayfront room looking out to the pearl of the Orient, Hongkong itself, along with a vase of orchids and fresh fruit to cheer us, and he did and it did.

Now my watch without changing it is correct time in Allentown - 12 hours difference - and how to adjust my eyes and stomach are the problem. First we visited the China Travel Service (HK) Ltd. in Kowloon, no more than 3 blocks away, to pick up our train tickets to Canton and hotel reservations, et al, which incidently took us only five minutes or less - they were waiting for us.

Our next stop were the shops that were so inconveniently closed at midnite when we arrived, but were all open at 8 a.m. waiting for Muriel. They were expecting her too, or so it seemed - within minutes she had 2 outfits from Dynasty and three she couldn't ever live without at Bonnie's - a black sequin dress coat and a dress with turquoise beads dripping in luxury. By this time we could look around and first dug up an artist by the name of Henry - (everyone is Henry now) Wo Yue-Kee who does beautiful modern Chinese watercolor paintings and selling them at still reasonable prices. After seeing his work at his home and studio in Kowloon he called his wife who teaches in a secondary school, so we all had lunch in one of these 5-story many restauranted (Chinese food department stores) palaces. We met Jerry and Jean in the lobby and they joined us for a Chinese family style 15 course who knows what it is luncheon (feast). I am sure it wasn't Kosher or even Kosher style. They serve these dozens of dishes in their bamboo steaming or boiling container, and they keep coming till you yell uncl. We arranged to meet again tomorrow so she could find other artists and work to show us.

Muriel and I whisked across the Star ferry to see the art shows at their 10 story city hall - cultural center - 1 floor government - 9 floors art, library, etc. There is a message there somehow - and back to see what the People's Republic has to show us in their Star House emporium which was varied, great, and good. We decided to look around and be back. In the meantime I saw some very interesting embroidered shirts and tried to buy a few, and in about 4 cases with racks 4-deep I couldn't find a 15-1/2-35 - all they had was 17-1/2-32, which isn't exactly a Chinese size - more than likely 12 by 29. He explained they had other sizes but sold them all and until he sells all the 17-1/2 he will not get any more. If all the people in the world came to shop that wore size 17-1/2 X 32 he would have some left over. I told him why doesn't he cut the sleeves off and improve his chances of selling them as short sleeves, as most 17-1/2 are 34 to 36 and then he could get others. He listened and am sure he will bring up the idea to Chairman Mao.

As we were walking the narrow streets of Kowloon, water is dripping on our heads, and one can only hope it is condensation from the lighted signs or air conditioning, as anything else would be undesirable or something. We noticed so many signs about topless bars, and I wondered what a guy sitting at the bar would do after he ordered a beer and after a quaff or two - he wanted to set the glass down on the bar so he could tell the bartender about losing his job, or his wife doesn't understand him anymore. Just exactly how does it work - then there are some bottomless - and then I wondered if you needed a bar at all, if it was topless and bottomless too. Muriel told me to find out and tell her, she wasn't an engineer.

As nite was falling we wanted to see the Cathay sunset traveling on a Sampan to the Sea Palace Restaurant near Aberdeen for a Chinese culinary feast, no holds barred, seeing these women work the sampans with a few kids, often 1 and 2 years old, sleeping on the deck and as it appears living part or all their lives in this unique way. We even bought a dozen paintings, quite good, on the docks enroute home. Our last day in Hongkong was spent going with Margaret (Mrs. Henry) and buying no less than about 800 paintings, some old scrolls of considerable value, and a large number of paintings done in China, by young and up and coming artists. I hope they'll look as good when we see them in the light of the U.S. day.

Our new found friends Margaret and Henry are moving to Washington, D.C. and he has a show of his works planned at Hess's in November with Henry and a Chinese party. They wanted to take us to a Chinese night club - dinner with rice wine, and a show with maidens in distress - one king wanted to steal a young maiden and her brother wouldn't let, so anyway after a lot of dancing and threatening words and commotion all came out O.K. I think the king made the brother Secretary of State to boot.

Sat. a.m. we were off to the train to embark on our ride to Kwangchow fully ticketed, and an hour later we arrived at Shumchun where we disembarked bag and baggage and were given the Peoples Republic of China immigration review - which included a wait - a move - a check - a drink - a move - a damn good lunch and 2-1/2 hours later we were chugging along on the Peoples Republic train.

The organization was precise and the countryside was beautiful, a tropical agricultural heaven - and a few hours later we arrived at the Tung-Fang Hotel Bilingual Canton - with our room reservations all in hand and invitations for a Chinese Symphony performance at the local MET. The precision there too was unbelievable. The girl (Happy Talk) master of ceremonies walked on the stage as if she was reviewing the troops, gave a few, very few, guttural expressions and left - and seconds later orchestras, singers, performers showed up at their appointed places. The male voice was a very high soprano which blew my top. Good - I guess but wrong gender. This was a special treat for all fair goers. By this time we decided we could skip dinner and get caught up with rest and be ready for the visit to the Fair.

While we were waiting for lunch in Sumchun the waiters wanted to know if anyone objected to pork as a large number of Arabs are traveling the China seas and as Jerry isn't too happy about pork he joined the Muslims with vigor and satisfaction. Trying to explain Kosher dinner to the children of Mao would be difficult.

When we checked in I began looking for my visa extensions to further journey through China, only to find no one heard of Phil Berman. I explained that my good friend Wang Tien Ming of the Chinese Embassy Liason Office said China travel in Kwangchow would have my credentials only to learn otherwise. They didn't know Wang and didn't care. So I politely called Washington, D.C. and with the 12 hour difference who answers but Wang himself who repeated that if those --- Chinese would call Peking they would get instructions. So Sunday a.m. I went through the routine with the Canton security, then the China Travel Service, and then the Liason office to the Fair, all who said Peking is big, who could they call. If they wanted them to know about little old Phil they would contact them.

As we weren't getting anywhere I decided to sit tight and go on a day trip in the country to visit a commune in Hsichiao in Nanhai County three hours out of Canton. We forded rivers, crossed the most fertile land growing 2 rice + 1 grain crop a year, with ponds full of fish and everyone busy working. Communes are a large village or group of villages, this one having 72,000 people and cultivating 82,000 Mu of land -

And to brag they say the people live in 18,000 houses. They gave us information such as people earn 300 yuan a year - \$150 - and bank as much as 200 yuan of them. As we went along in 5 buses with half the people either local Chinese or ones visiting the fair from places all over China, we got an idea as to how people think, say and feel. The commune is divided into brigades and then teams - down to affinity groups that confess to each other why they did badly - thought badly - or in western language sinned. This is a therapeutic way of releasing pent up steam. They never blame the other person - that is wrong. In fact, we stopped at an intersection a man in a motorbike was being driven handcuffed and we were told he was a reactionary who needed special attention and further indoctrination through hard work and more Mao sayings. They indulge in the work ethic, without complaining about anything. The women work like men on similar jobs and we met a number of women leaders, all pretty sure of their position and power.

On our trip we visited a power turbine station where river water ran a number of turbines which they started for our edification. The plant looked as if it was pre-World War I vintage but ran with bailing wire and bolts. Then off to a silk worm factory where we were greeted by songs and a performance of about 30 3 to 5 year olds which incidently was great. However, the woman leader of the plant made sure she got her licks in on the progress and productivity of the Chinese form of Communism and its great popularity among the people and its economic success. What I did learn for the first time is how a silk worm ended up into a beautiful piece of cloth and that isn't easy, especially for the silk worm who ends up doing himself in. We saw the nurseries where all the children were being cared for by a group of Nannies so the 700 women workforce could do their bit for Chairman Mao. Seems they divide the assignment of where couples will work to have less Chinese this way (it doesn't always work) and this is after discouraging early marriage, if at all.

We also wandered around the main commune town, or government village, talking with the residents, walking through their homes, some quite clean, all quite bare of amenities, all with chickens running around and a few with pigs in the closets with the inclusive connotation of noise and odor. But a happy home it was, mixed bag at best - no young people around - all working I presume. And when I told Muriel how it seemed there were tens of millions of 16-20 year old bright looking healthy Chinese girls running around, she explained there were an equal number of boys, which I failed to notice - maybe they are there. Enroute upon the train a group of 40 world university students who live on a ship 4 months each year were being escorted for a few day side trip to Kwangchow, and we listened to and interrogated the Chinese guide who had an answer for everything - and in his way it is a religion - not unlike the Catholic religion where you believe in Chairman Mao and join or you are excommunicated - just that.

On our day in the country we had lunch at E cien Tien translated means "a thread to the sky" and it was a beautiful mountain top place where people rested in the old days - now a day tourist visit and a special stop off for bus trips of foreign visitors.

So we returned to our (daily sprayed with flit) room where in a city of 3 million people we sleep under mosquito netting and still get bitten by the hearty ones who like fresh white meat - they must be hearty as we are on the 10th floor and they must travel like the Sherpas, having staging stations on each floor till they reach us - and as we have no air conditioning with tropical climate we have fans going and windows open to let the 90 degree temperature and the 92 degree humidity add up to a steady shower - but we are enjoying.

The Fair is a 1 million sq. ft. building built in about four sections - none connected. This hotel has a few wings they didn't bother to connect either, and our room number is 1017 which is 3 floors above Jean and Jerry's which is 1716 and am not going to try to figure it out as it's Chinese to me. And at 8:30 we all reviewed the goods being offered by the greatest (largest) country in the world. They have lots and good and in some cases not so cheap. However, it is off quality and desirable for many markets - especially in the developing countries of Asia and Africa. For U.S. there are porcelains, cloisene, special and unique woods and furniture arts, ceramics, semi-precious stones, beautiful rugs - paintings and of course fabrics - silk, brocade, et al - Plenty to choose from, in fact too many. So Muriel and I went to a downtown antique center and bought 40 more scrolls and some jado for herself which included a half day driving the town and lunch on the banks of the Pearl River. Incidently this morning I decided to send my friend Wang in Washington a telex to tell his co-patriots in Peking that I was still waiting, and at 4 p.m. I found Mr. Wang's influence has made Muriel and Phil Dorman a household word in China. I first received a letter at my door that I should come down to the liaison office, then a phono call, and then the China Travel all told me Mr. Wang telephoned Peking from Washington and told them the Bermans are waiting and it seems everyone now knows who in Peking and who in Washington wants action. So, with a special interview they want to take us

to Fushan City, one of the oldest Chinese porcelain townships - then arrange for our visit to Shanghai, Peking and anywhere else, even Hangchow which is normally closed to foreigners, and attend to any other little suggestions we may have. If it was good enough for Nancy and Henry it's good enough for Muriel and Phil.

At lunch today we ordered prawns, chicken and soup which was plenty for the four of us with fried rice. Well, the little waitress came back three times till we finally added fish as we were 4 and she would be ostracised by her colleagues if she didn't have us order 4 items (rice doesn't count) so we added fish. She was happy and so were we, well full anyway to boot. We bought a bottle of Mao-Tai and a few cookies in the hotel store and made a feast in our room just like Richard, Henry, Mao, and Chow on Lai did only a few years ago. And is this hot stuff. Would make woad alcohol a light shaving lotion, and now I am in the sitting room of the suite, why a suite I don't know, I didn't ask for it - maybe Wang told them - I am beginning to respect him since his phone call from Washington to Peking telling them to knock it off. Anyway the whole thing cost 34 yuan or \$12 and the view is the Tang Fung Park with the great 1 million sq. ft. Kwangchow Fair Expo building across the way. It is raining like I've never seen it before and even at 5 a.m. thousands of Chinese are pedaling their way to or from somewhere. What is nice is that it rains cloudbursts from about two to seven and then we only have 100% humidity for the rest of the day. It seems all of China is one horn blowing and this must be the way they let off their steam. In one block our driver blows his horn whether there is anything in the way or not every four seconds. Multiply this by all cabs, buses and even pedicabs - what will happen when they really discover the auto. China will be one big noise.

The cities are organized somewhat like communes - with brigades, teams, etc. and it seems their 60 yuan a month is divided up at \$4 for an average monthly rent up to 8 yuan if you have three or four rooms. Food is 15 yuan and medicine is free - and all you need is an undershirt and 1 Mao jacket, and girls wear a similar outfit - a very low overhead operation - you spend your time working - and going to and from - sleeping - eating one good meal a day - mostly rice with a touch of fish or pork - like vermouth. And the big deal is going to meetings with your leader telling how hard you worked and you were going to work harder tomorrow. Reminds me of the time 2 people were fighting at the Western Wall in Jerusalem on a Friday nite over who could pray better - it ended in a standoff.

I like the custom of a hot thermos of water at your door at 6 a.m. with tea and cups in your room so Muriel is instructed to do something new at home as a fresh cup of tea before shaving and showering is an old Chinese custom and a darn good American one too.

Muriel is now a connoisseur of jade and Hess's is an owner of 50 to 75 pieces for the China Show this fall - and I tried to arrange shipping of the 40 more scrolls I bought yesterday only to find out you can't get there from here - there is no way - I must carry them personally to the border, and if they still like me I can take them along. Not so with the fair, as all these items are owned by the various Chinese import, export companies. This will learn me. Oh well, if I find some more art I like I'll do the same - it's worth it - even though these will be for sale. Observation: The Chinese have tea pots with hot tea everywhere and they are considerate enough to have the appropriate number of W.C. to accommodate all the action, otherwise China would be under undue pressure. It takes 3 Chinese to exchange a dollar or write something down, and if three are good, 6 are even better and twelve become a riot when all are talking at the same time.

We are beginning to love our room here with all its fans giving you cold chills over hot sweaty bodies. The beautiful deep piled Chinese rug - if all the flit sprayed on it daily were removed it could turn white and blue again - and even too large for the room, running up one side of the wall. The mosquito netting hanging majestically from the ceiling over the bed makes Muriel feel like the #1 girl at the Harem - and this will obviously be installed immediately at 20 hundred Nottingham Rd. on our return.

Yesterday Jerry bought out the Chinese furniture section after cloisenne and ceramics, and Muriel bought out the Chinese jade and fantastic hand made beaded and petit point bags they had. So we decided to take a ride in the country to see the 1000 year old Chinese pottery town of Fushan and inspect some of the factories under the guidance of a properly indoctrinated Marxist. We saw over 500 artists, craftsmen and just plain laborers running a plant like anywhere in the world, mostly by hand - quite efficient - but what hurt me was to see the samples of the beautiful work they had done years ago and seem to be able to do now such as vases, horses, birds and endless artworks, and what they are doing is Stalin sitting in a chair - 2 workers looking spirited in a walking pose - any number of workers in various activities and a modest number of birds, etc. that resembled the tourist give away and not art or even good craft.



What we did get was 5 hours of philosophy and found that everything in China began in 1949 - anyway anything good. They removed the weight of three great mountains from the top of their heads - Imperialism - Capitalism - Feudalism - and now they are home free. Girls can marry at 18 - boys at 20, however they don't until 24 to 28 or 30 as an expression of cooperation with the great words of Mao. Anyway all the girls and boys wear the same pair of dark trousers, all 10 inches around the waist too large, and I believe that their population control is because the boys and girls can't recognize each other so what can you do - and there is no more than two children if they figure it out. I also feel that all China is on bicycles all the time and obviously that offers quite a challenge for having babies, even conceiving them. I told our guide how I wished Mao well and congratulated him, which he wrote down in a note book, as he couldn't believe an American saying such a thing. I told him I hoped to see Chairman Mao, however, if I didn't he should express our good feelings to him. I personally disagreed even at the beginning of our So. Vietnam and Cambodia caper and that most Americans at this time felt the same. I also threw him a few curves comparing Socialism of U.S. style not too different in wanting to bring the best life for the most people, not unlike China, and that the commune I ran at Hess's wasn't doing so badly for all the works - as well as other American Industrialists/Capitalists and when I asked him if I looked like a Capitalist - he smiled and said no (obviously I was paying him capitalistic style) - I believe we had a stand off. And what impresses me in Communist China versus Russia is that most of the Chinese people themselves believe and cooperate for total mediocrity (the cultural revolution was necessary to put down individual thought and initiative) where the Russians have a forced discipline which they cannot rebel against anyway they are eating better than under the Czars.

Last evening we ate at Fan Chi - a dining pavilion - series of restaurants on a number of lakes in the middle of Kwangchow from the entrance we walked at least two blocks thru restaurants - around some. They gave us umbrellas at two places as it started raining before we got to our pavilion for a sumptuous 10 course feast, all for \$6.25 each - even at these prices I can't figure out who can go to the couple dozen quality restaurants in Canton - even tho a large number there were fair-goers which is only 2 months a year - all this on 60 yuan a month give or take \$30 - U.S. But then there must be something I don't understand yet. We are off to closing our shopping today - Oh yes, on the way back from Fuschon we stopped into the antiques warehouse where they have thousands of porcelain vases, horses collected from all over China, etc. etc. from Sung to Tang to Ming to China dynasties. Well anyway Hess's now has a collection of Tang horses among other things, and Muriel and I went to the Foreigners Antique Shop where we completed our 35 scroll negotiations only to have to carry these thru to Peking and on to Tokyo to ship. Oh, well, can't win them all.

We have now made Chairman Mao happy - 600 petit point and beaded bags - 200 lbs. of jade beads, tiger eyes, turquoise, coral, carvings, etc. etc. So tomorrow we are taking a local sightseeing trip under the guidance and help of my good friend Kao. Yesterday I wanted to talk with him and his colleague said he was having lunch in the special dining room where 500 5' high dark 30 year old young Chinese men were eating and he suggested I could see him there. I said "baby" you better come along as there is no way I could pick him out of that crowd, so he closed the office and obliged. In the main dining room a large sign board lists all the moneys people left at tables (as tips) listing room number and amount with the request for the guest to retrieve his capitalistic error - and in another cabinet in the lobby is a number of items people left in rooms - glasses, shoes, socks, broken brushes and combs - and various and sundry items discarded intentionally but not well enough.

Tonite we are a guest of the U.S-China Trade relations council for all American visitors to the fair and after that guests of the People's Republic at a song and dance festival. The festival of the Kwangsi Chuang autonomous region song and dance troupe given specially for both foreign and Chinese visitors to the Kwangchow Fair was another precision exercise in emulating work - motherland - again throwing curves at Taiwan not being back with Mother China and any and sundry pantomines about youth, future, respect, cooperation and Chairman Mao who made it all possible for them. Not unlike "God Bless America". First an unusually tall (by comparison) 5'6" Chinese woman (Happy Talk) walks on the stage with a permanent western style smile which never changes as she introduces each event. She is likewise unique as wearing a midi dress which looks too long for her or she is too short or something. Then each soloist and performer walks on the stage with a stride that gives you the feeling of automation. They too wear a smile (Happy Face) that with the make up (unusually much) gives one the feeling that they are all embalmed - and only when they move are you sure we were at a festival, not a wake. We watched the Chinese applaud and show their pleasure - except a young Chinese boy discovered a young Chinese girl ahead of us and talked disrespectfully thru the whole evening, with Muriel shushing them. I guess he will have to go - no respect for work of Mao. We sat next to a few uniformed military men - all wearing the baggy pants red star Mao cap, et al, and what surprised me so far is that we have yet to see hardly any soldiers and collectively not a hundred in this city of 3 million, and all the international activity of this Pearl River seaport town



Jean and Jerry left for Taiwan this morning as they couldn't wait for the invitation to arrive - everyone saying its coming - when? Don't know. Good communication in China is having someone listen to you. You never know if they received what you sent - and then only when out of the blue comes a reply.

Last evening Jim Schweitzer of Mfg. Hanover Bank (who I told the story of Hess's doing business with them since 1902 and just arranged a leasing deal because their V.P. insisted and was so anxious to loan us money - we did it - and in banking this isn't usual) - well he lives in Wilkes-Barre and will be down to Hess's Patio this summer. He introduced me to the head of the China Bank who I told how good salesmen their people are at the Fair, and they have good products, reasonable prices, and in this and only this instance good communication - you get an immediate reply - like yesterday Muriel wanted to buy a half dozen petit point bags of a few models only to be told 200 or nothing. She ended up with between 6-700 bags in all.

We are now packing to leave Canton and as far as I feel the visit to real China. First I drew a bath only to be unable to get into the tub as we had more of the banks of the Pearl River in the tub than the water of the river. So I'll try again for a bath in Peking. Who knows - and today is May 1st - flags flying - no school - holiday and a celebration all over China and in fact the Communist World (Oct. 1st is the day of the Revolution) First I quickly paid our bill as if we pay after 12 noon they charge 1/2 day extra for the room - and I rushed over to the fair to sign the three last contracts for jade jewelry, Hunan stone carvings and cork carvings with a car waiting for the city tour under the personal guide of Kao who heads up the Luingshe China Int. Travel at the Tang Fung and somewhat of an internationalist as he helped guide the first foreign correspondent group in advance of the Nixon-Kissinger visits. On May Day everyone is on the streets, in the parks and out eating - and to our unusual experience we visited the local native (state) department store Nan Fung where it looked like Hess's at Clean-up - except hardly anyone had packages - they just walked the 6 floors and we added a spectacle, in fact nearly a riot with Muriel's and my presence - we were the Pandas to the Chinese. Muriel bought a few Mandarin blouses and as I forgot a belt and needed one (Jerry loaned me one for a few days) I began trying belts on, finally finding the only size 38 they had, and hundreds of curious watching this exercise. Before lunch we visited the Kwangchow Museum where two bright young girls picked us up saying they were practising their English and wanted to show us around. I took a few Polaroid shots of them which caused pandemonium. First we walked to the fifth floor and were told this was the five story museum because it is five stories - and quite a historic porcelain-ceramic and carving history of China's last 6,000 years.

The last few days we have been traveling in a circular direction of a western style toilet - as Muriel not only took aspirin for her head but Icomatil for the other end. She finds oriental accommodations out of bounds, and as we sat down at the Northern Garden restaurant, where the waiter sat down with us to discuss ordering - off Muriel went to the Hotel,

Our next visit was to the National Peasant Movement Institute where Chairman Mao taught as head-master as well as chou-en-tai - formerly a Buddhist Temple and now a 4 mo. program for young leaders - past the monument to the 72 martyrs who died in 1911 uprising -- and on to the 200 where pandemonium really did reign as we took pictures of their 4 pandas who were awakened on our arrival to do what pandas do, which isn't much, even don't want to make new pandas. There are about 2000 in all of China, some in Nepal and other mountainous hide-aways with 2 in Japan, 2 in U.S.A., 2 in Great Britain, 2 in Korea, 2 in France - 10 in all. We now experienced the unique Chinese orderliness as after we arrived at the airport who shows up, as our plane was leaving, but 2 young Chinese hotel people with our coats which we politely and simply left there, only to pay 3 yuans for the call and no tip, with a lot of satisfaction on performing a "Mitzvah" and they did as Peking is still cold. I understand China has one main language - Pekinese - taught in all schools and a language for every province - some not being able to understand each other - and there are four foods - Cantonese, delicate and variety - Peking, oily - Shanghai sweet, and Sechuan spicey - and you go to Canton to eat - Soochow and Hanchow to dress and Livchow to die (that's where they make coffins). Incidentally Senator Jackson's wife (or her parents) came from Soochow and last year they visited on their trip.

Our CAAC 2-1/2 hour flight was smooth, pleasant and gave us a chance to see miles of Chinese countryside during daylight - all verdant green fields faithfully mothered by the communes instructed by Chairman Mao. We landed at Peking where we were the only passenger plane on the air field serving the seat of government and 8 million residents - and while waiting for our clearance a Pakistani plane arrived after which they locked the airport as if they were finished for the night. In a few minutes a Luingshe (China Travel Agent) picked us up and arranged a car for our 18 mile trip thru tree lined boulevards into Peking where we were greeted by the May Day population celebrating all on the streets plus they lit up all the main buildings like Xmas trees with lights outlining their size which looked like a magnificent Disneyland + or what one would think of Peking the Imperial Capital of China should look like. These pagoded structures standing hundreds of feet high lit up across the landscape at nite looked unreal. We thanked them for this fine and dramatic reception

I told them they shouldn't have gone to all this trouble which looked as if we could you know who 2 years ago. Before going to the hotel we circled Tien-an-men Square which is a bit larger than the U. S. Marine parade grounds at Quantico. After finding the correct room in this 2 square block Mausoleum structured hotel looking out over the Great Hall of the People and the Bank of China (obviously) we took a walk thru literally tens of thousands of workers to the gates of the Forbidden City - which visit is worth the trip to China.

Friday morning first thing we went to see Heaven - anyway the Temple of Heaven which is eye and mind boggling in its enormity, beauty and uselessness. All great temples have numerous buildings, entranceways that walking up steps into one and thru it you see an even larger more magnificent one - with altars and thrones and the largest wooden columns and largest of nearly everything.

We then went to the U. S. Liaison Office (not Embassy we are corrected by the Chinese) and gave our card to Ambassador Bush's receptionist to advise him we were in Peking and brought greetings from Clement Brown in Paris (who called Allentown since we left) and Roger Enloe of UN We Believe, as well as to bring greetings from Jane Thompson of the State Dept. Art in Embassy program who wrote us before we left that she sent a George Ortman and a Ray Lichtenstein pieces of our Pop-Op art to the ambassador for his residence - and were immediately advised the ambassador would see us immediately as he had the ambassador from the Cameroon coming to see him shortly. He invited Herbert E. Harowitz, chief of the economic section, to join us and we talked of our experiences at the Kwangchow Fair as well as our impressions of China and its people. He spoke of the U. S. reception and even tho they were a liaison office they received the finest reception everywhere (no second class position.) That China really wanted to have improving U.S. relations and that Taiwan as well as other problems could wait and would be solved eventually. He was pleased we advised him of our presence and our hotel as well as room number, as in China you must have even those accurate details or no communication. Jane Thompson told us to be sure and do this as her experience when her husband was Ambassador to Russia was they could never find people they knew were in Moscow if they didn't know even the room number.

The ambassador's receptionist lived in Scranton and knows Hess's (Dorothy Lambert). In fact her mother puts car pools together to come down to shop (Mrs. Fred Gregg) and the ambassador's secretary was a fabric buyer in the U.S. Small but interesting world.

Our next visit was the Forbidden City. Forboding too as it is 72 Hectres of buildings, temples, throne rooms all for the Emperor, his Empress, concubines, eunuchs and I guess the cleaning and cooking help. No foreigners were allowed here for 400 years and in fact no Chinese (the Emperor knew - he didn't want to be done in) and this is the most magnificent of structures. I can only describe them with the photos (if they come out, I hope) and the robes, fabrics, vases, ceremonials, jewelry, jade and gold that are shown - some in their original position and lots more in museum buildings. There is as much gold on display as would finance the Bank of China - and it looks real and they say original - and I believe. In fact, in China you better believe. The 9 dragons are all over the place and #9 is used as God is 10 and the Emperor was God minus one. It took 10 years, 100,000 workers and 10,000 artisans to build and it looks it. And four hours later with our feet up to our elbows we arrived back at the Peking Hotel and tickets to the performance at the Stadium - singing - acrobatics - high wire - shadow boxing - and lots of propoganda. Format same young girl announcer (Happy Talk) same pianist, same vocalist. I said he would make a Caruso. Muriel said Oh no. I said Robinson she said yes.

Saturday we packed a picnic lunch and left at 8 a.m. for the Great Wall - and it is great and imposing. In fact, the real thing was as impressive as I thought it would be when I took history and geography so many years ago and read how 2000 years ago this wall was built to protect the Middle Kingdom from the invading Barbarians from the North. After a roll or two of Great Wall film we went off to our picnic with the Mings. The Mings have been dead for 400 years but that didn't bother us and these Mings sure knew how to die. 13 tombs - some with temples and buildings as large as Hess's suburban stores. A few have been prepared for exhibition and one was completely excavated with all the intrigue and final resting places - plaques explaining what happened - self-sealing marble doors - circuitous tunnels - and the sarcophagus. In fact, the tomb of Ting-Ling (Wan-Li) 1573-1619 Sheng Tsung - the first is his tomb name - 2nd is his ruling name and third is his posthumous name and fourth he was a Ming Dynasty - damn confusing - but all China is. Anyway to make it more confusing he was buried alongside his Empress and his #1 concubine. I understand the Empress had the respect and the concubine 'the clout'. In fact, its the concubine that usually straightens the emperor out - in no time flat (I am not sure where to put the coma.) Muriel found a western toilet at the tomb (built recently I am sure) of Chang-Ling and she circled it all day - never wanting it out of her sight. These oriental toilets make you prefer constipation instead.



As we drive merrily along we have a chance to visit with our host China Travel Service called Luxingshe who tells all - anyway all he is told to tell.

After middle school the government assigns the 16-18 year olds to communes throughout the country (Kibbutz's). Then they are selected through some process to go to high school and college, or really technical or vocational school. Others in the army - boys and girls alike - and when and if they are married in the late twenties they are subject to assignment in different locations with visiting privileges - all for the good and glory of Chairman Mao and the Movement. Education is not compulsory altho most people go and in fact they start in the child care-kindergarten set ups at a very early age so that both parents can work. They have three daily news in Peking - the Kwang Ming with special news - whatever that is - the Peking Daily Red Flag-Honqu News for local newspapers and the People's Daily (Reuminribao) for all China and international news. However, I hardly see any newspapers or anyone reading one. The real communication is the continuous radio blasts of propoganda as well as exhortation songs and stories. The villages - factories - units and any collection such as parks - gathering places all over have loud speakers which give people the news, propoganda and information they should have. They have beautiful billboards under glass at street corners, and all places where people gather and visit, depicting factory successes, commune crop competitions and propogandise the collective workers victories over nature, obstacles and historic deprecation. Even in the Ming tombs they glorify the history of China and then show exhibits of how badly the masses were treated at that time. There is a continuous and successful one way communication and an effective one. They also have TV for a few hours a nite which we haven't slowed down enough to see. The epitome of the communication is the theatres, operas, sports events, stadium performances, all playing, singing, telling the success of Chairman Mao, his noble sayings and the Communist Party, the workers and all their accomplishments. The only redeeming feature for a foreign guest is he can't understand a word of it (lucky for us).

Oh yes most of the modern landscape paintings have a high tension line running through them. I must buy one for Jack Busby - it would do his heart good - to glorify the electric power transmission system which to the Chinese designates progress and victory against the elements - no E.P.A. problems either - the artists paint electric poles or they paint electric poles.

As we were driving thru town we passed a public bath which made me inquire as to the sanitary habits and learned that you must pay to use it, that Sunday is the biggie and that there is one for every section (I estimate 100,000 people) maybe more. Now if people take a bath once a week and if some just can't make it - anyway there isn't room for everyone, and if some never got into the habit at all--and as we went to a stadium full of 10,000 Chinese and the air circulation isn't too good--well you know there's an air about the place you'll never forget--and in fact on Monday the air hasn't improved much. They treat their clothes with a disinfectant as well and I never see hardly any wash hanging out - wich tells me something too, as they don't have washers and dryers. They must sleep in the same clothes too, as they have at most one room for a couple and 60 yuans a month to blow. They also use human excrement as well as animal and all the foilage (Robert Rodale loves this) as organic fertilizer. The only problem is that one gets the feeling that we walk in a barnyard or facsimile of same. They do have running water (thank God or all would have a melody) however I spigot in a block or large courtyard. Anyway if you don't use much water you don't need many spigots. What appears to be the separation of foreigners from the local Chinese is their underdeveloped inferiority which they are embarrassed to have outsiders see - and this is understandable as they are highly intelligent people with a history of arts, culture, discovery, invention hardly matched in this world--the only problem is 800,000,000 of them. And when they die they are cremated (bar poison) as they can't use ground for a cemetary and even scarce wood for coffins would be out of the question. In the country they bury them deep so the ground can be farmed, and when there is a special good crop they can say that's good ol' granny or pappy. In Old China they buried the wealthy in mountainside mausoleums.

At the Friendship Store (for foreigners) I tried on a few Mao outfits but gave up as I don't believe that's my thing. Anyway we bought a 1/2 Kilo - (over a pound) of black Beluga Caviar and did we eat caviar - all for less than \$5. In Teheran its about \$75.00 and in New York, if you can get it, take out a mortgage. That with the local beer - in fact Muriel ordered Chinese champagne which wasn't too bad either. In the Friendship (foreign) Store you get personal attention, and when we went to the State Chinese stores we were mobbed both as curiosities, and normally the Chinese who don't have anything to do anyway walk through the stores and gawk at the merchandise they haven't money to buy, and when a taller light-haired foreign curiosity shows up they have a blast. When I told Muriel the way I can find her anywhere is that she's the tall one in the crowd she said she never received such a compliment from me ever. Yesterday Muriel ordered a bottle of soda to take her vitamins with only to discover a fly in it. And when she complained the girl took a spoon and took the fly out and gave the drink back to her. Muriel insisted on another bottle and this girl just couldn't understand why. She did remove the fly - isn't that enough.

We finally found we can get an English printed newspaper for \$1 each typed up and after the first issue found not foreign news, just another continuation of Chairman Mao's theories and philosophies.

As we drove thru the countryside we noticed people working in groups - 6 or more - even though the job appeared even too small for that number to stand on. This must be the way they keep from going nuts talking with each other. Even at the hotel they have 6 at each floor station or 6 at any place except at the bar where they have one young girl and need six people to serve visitors. Each floor in a hotel is an entity unto itself. There is no central check-in or out or information desk or center - you go through your floor manager and that brings me to the battle of the teapot.

Muriel accidentally dropped a teapot lid, breaking off the knob. When our floor manager saw it he became all excited and a half hour later I was asked to sign a bill for 7-1/2 yuan (about \$4-1/2) I looked at him in astonishment - it was at best a used \$1 teapot which shouldn't cost half that in China - and the pot wasn't broken - nor even the lid. I said "No way" - let's not kid. So off he goes in a huff making a few phone calls and brings out a list all in Chinese with one of them showing 7-1/2 yuan. I didn't know or could I read whether that was the bed or rug or the toilet price, so I still held ground. Soon I received a call from Luxingshe (China Travel) and a man in good English explained to me to pay the man what he wanted or else, intimating I would be on the next plane out of China. At this point I recognized a losing deal, backed off and signed. The moral of the story is don't break china in China or learn to speak Chinese.

Our first day of work we visited the showroom of China National Light Industries - products import Export showroom and ended up with another 75 dozen petit point bags and bottles of jade, tiger eyes, coral, etc. etc. - necklaces, rings, pendants - all beautiful.

Now came the Peking duck luncheon at the restaurant called The Peking Duck also known as Chuan Chu Teh - "The Reunion of All Virtues". First class tel #751379 at Ch'ien Men Ta Chieh where it crosses Ju Shih Hutung as if all this mattered, and in China it does. This is #1 of the 3 duck restaurants and we asked for a reservation last nite only to be refused. We could come at 12 today (Sunday) and as you must order the day ahead we were asked whether we wanted the 10 or 15 yuan blast. So we said what the hell - Peking duck 1st class - and arrived to be served hors d'oeuvres of duck liver, not bad - jellied duck wings, not good - duck feet, pretty bad. Next came the gizzard with some sweets, average. Next came slivers of cold duck with french fried bamboo shoots, some toasted greens and chopped peppers, all real good. Next they brought in a whole glazed duck to show us our prize - just like Hess's Patio waitresses show off the strawberry pie - and we smiled and applauded to encourage him. He returned with a plate of pancakes, 2 plates of sauce, beautiful looking onions, four buns with the middle cut out. Away we go for the Peking duck in Peking, home base, and make up rolled duck in pancakes with onion, and dipped in the sauce, and enough to feed 8 - and we ate enough for 8 people. As the gladiator shows his conquest, the waiter brought in the duck's head and laid it on the table. I decided to be respectful and covered it with a pancake - tenderly. Next came a dish of toffee-apples (pa ssepinto kuo) which is so hot and sticky you dip it in water to cool it down first.

As we had arranged for Teng to pick us up at the restaurant, we walked about town, in and out of the shops. One very interesting one was a herb shop filling prescriptions in the way they did thousands of years ago. After looking at what a bundle of junk and gunk are in a package, just looking at it would cure nearly anything, or kill the patient from fright. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention the restaurant was locked and we were let in only on recognition of our reservation - most places are locked, in fact - most doors on the street lead to a courtyard and other doors not necessarily into a room - or home.

Off we went to a factory where 1300 people were cutting jade, painting paintings and scrolls, making cloisins, painting snuff bottles from the inside, carving ivory and damn near anything else in the creative art fields. And when I think of over 1000 stitches to 1 square inch of petit point bag work and it takes 50 workdays of 8 hours each, or 400 hours to do one bag that sells for \$50.00 in the U.S. or one small powder box takes 128 hr. days to complete - the whole thing confuses you, me anyway. In the grinding plant where they cut jade, ivory, etc. not one person wore goggles and few oven glasses, Osha would have a hey day. Reminds me of the solution in the Hsinhua News bulletin, a daily propoganda sheet available to foreigners, where they had an article of how three in one combination worked out a deep mining scheme - before the revolution they worked the good coal seams and now to go deeper with little and poor ventilation they arranged for the miners to advise them how to solve the problem, instead of orders from on top, and they came up with the solution to breath less and were given great kudos for their help. Right now the biggest thing in Peking is the new subway construction around town in the path of the original wall which enclosed this 10 KM + 20 KM size city of Peking, now larger with suburbs and 8 million Chinese souls.



Back to Liu Li Chang street, the place of the antique shops, where we found some temple rubbings and a few more scrolls Muriel couldn't live without. Chinese art will become popular in Allentown or we will have the greatest collection outside of Peking, or maybe including Peking. Tomorrow we are to be treated to a hospital visit in the morning and will have something to say if they don't do us in.

We now hit the high point of our China visit, spending about three hours with Dr. Chang Hsiao (who greeted us on the steps) the head of the former Methodist Hospital begun in 1886 and now called the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers Hospital specializing in eye-ear-nose & throat - however, a general hospital with 270 M.D.'s, 320 nurses, 120 technicians, 120 training students, 50 training nurses and 1100 in all in a 600 bed and a 3,000 per day outpatient wing. The head nurse, Lan-Cho and administrative aide Chang-liq-Kuang joined us and gave us a history then tour of the wards (where the young and old patients smiled and even clapped for us) and a glaucoma eye operation with acupuncture, then one with a local anesthetic, and then an eyeball removal (cancer of the coroid) on a 25 year old girl which they said was most unusual. They train barefoot doctors called by this title because they go back to the rural communes where they work as a commune member and apply limited medical attention - I guess like a Navy Corpsman. The M.D.'s from the hospital are obligated to go to the rural areas every 3 to 5 years for a one year residency. I must say my opinion of the Chinese talents and abilities were reconfirmed - and out of about ten M.D.'s we spoke with 9 were women. They say women tend to drift towards eye, etc. medicine. They had us dress in surgical gown and masks and while Muriel watched I photographed. With a big thank you and congratulations we asked what we could do in return and all they asked was to convey the friendship of the Chinese people to our own country and its people - which we promised to do profusely.

Following this visit we went to a special theatre store where I picked up a Mandarin Robe that would blow your mind. I plan to come down to the store with it on as I understand it commands great respect. Anyway, as the Mings are gone, the Chings as well as the Manchu Dynasty, I decided I'll begin the Chu Chu Dynasty - why not. It will be as successful as the railroads I am afraid - so guess I'll just talk about it instead. Next we picked up our four ancient scrolls we purchased on 19 Liu Li Chang at the shop of the arts.

This morning I spoke with a group of 10 San Francisco business men including a V.P. of Federated Stores, Ross Anderson (who knew all about Hess's and complimented the great store) who are trying to improve relations between San Francisco and Peking. Allentown will have improved relations with Peking when we end up paying for all the arts, crafts, jewelry and fine things.

On the street I noticed young people with red arm bands walking around and learned they are the Red Guard and are picked by their peers in secondary school as a special youth group and then they can become youth leaders if they are proficient in political science or a faithful follower of Mao. No one discusses them, however. And Muriel bought her red coat along and stands out in Red China in a sea of dark blue and army khaki colored dress - so not only is she the taller one she is the redder one.

Just reflecting on our hospital visit, there seems to be such an inordinate amount of industrial accident cases vs normal malady that I just confirmed the observation of minimal safety (Osha) requirements. The people seem to work in a world of personal sacrifice for the common welfare which alone is a rewarding experience to witness, altho unnecessary.

We finally received our invitation to see the great Chinese rug emporium and did pick out a half dozen of the most beautiful in color and design - in fact they should be hung on the wall to view, not walk on and soil disrespectfully to handmade carpets in this day and age. We also were invited to return for the great Tienstin Carpet Fair in February 1976 where all carpet heaven assembles. We may just do it - who knows.

We finally went to an acrobatic show in a community center type of auditorium. China has a history of acrobatics recorded since the Han Dynasty 2000 years ago. The acrobats were then, and up till the revolution, sort of court clowns and not esteemed as they now are - even revered as the accomplishments of the revolution - and they are darn good. Again we noticed that only a collection of foreigners assembled and any and sundry local Chinese disappeared before the performance. There is a subtle but constant feeling of being included and free to associate, and then being all of a sudden you are alone - and this again isn't the Russian type of disassociation which is to avoid contact and communication, even subversion or contamination of the Soviets by foreigners - here it is one of not wanting to see what they are not yet ready to show you, and instead of fear of association they really want it at their time and place. And wherever we go we are the biggest attraction or show for the Chinese - they stare at us, often times looking aside, and when we stop to take a picture or walk in a state store they crowd around. Muriel sat on a curb to read near the Peking Hotel waiting for me, and at least a hundred people assembled around her like she was the pet panda, even tried to see what she was reading or doing if they could only read English.

They keep all local Chinese (except the help) out of the hotels, stores and shops reserved for foreigners, however any foreigner can go into any Chinese place if they know what to do or what they want or would be satisfied with what they got.

We went back to the chop (Chinese jade seal) shop to pick up the ones we ordered, and as I didn't have my receipt along they couldn't figure out what I wanted even tho we ordered them a few days before and we sure didn't blend into the crowd as regulars. We will try again today with receipt, also with our interpreter.

The China Export Company invited us to dinner tonight and they picked the Hung Ping Low (The Pavilion of Noted Guests). First class - and as it is a Moslem restaurant that doesn't serve pork it intrigued me as the nearest they've got to a Kosher kitchen, and they were properly thoughtful. I'll accept it that way, anyway. We were ushered thru about 6 dining rooms loaded with locals grubbing away thru their rice bowls and chop sticks, up a staircase to a special room all set up for us, and not only Miss Wang the representative and Mr. Sing the Jewelry Chief but Mr. Chou-Fu-Quei, vice chairman of the top company - which brings me to another observation - most people are vice chairmen or branch chief - vice manager - it seems they never want to flush out the final authority as the pass word to nearly any question is I will check and advise you. So to avoid embarrassment you keep your last resort out of sight. And again at the restaurant I observed how these fancy restaurants exist. They really are fancy in one of two of their many pavilions, and when foreigners arrive they clear out all locals and you feel as if you are at Maxim's in Paris (not decor). And when no foreigners are about they serve regular fare instead of Peking duck and cooked geese, etc. the special of 5-10-15 yuan guests. After signing the contracts in no less a formality than Henry & Chou, we toasted a few Mao Tai's 180 proof and sat down to three hours of eating, drinking and propaganda. The vice manager had me sit to his left and Muriel to the right, Miss Interpreter across and Branch Mgr. Sing at the other end, who did not say a word in his boss's presence. He never missed a Mao Tai or the third helping of Peking duck tho. They talked about our unemployment which I minimized as we will overcome it - it is part of our high technology needs and anyway, just like in China, every one received unemployment or social security so they enjoy the fruits of everyone's labor. We learned that on May 4th they had 10 thousand of their faithful assembled at the great hall honoring Cambodian P.M. Swanhano and Prince Bin Lo celebrating the So. Vietnamese liberation following Cambodia's liberation within one month. I asked who was invited and was told foreign diplomats and government and party higher-ups. They didn't tell us if Mao or Lao were there or whether they invited the U.S. Mission people - we shall ask them tho.

During the day we picked out another 2 dozen jade carvings for Muriel's gallery and then to see a painting collection where we picked out a few they asked 30,000 yuans up to 60,000 yuans (.15 to \$30,000) and then we asked for some 50 to 100 year old paintings we could buy for a little less - which we did and picked out about 40 after buying another 120 new paintings on silk that are simply beautiful and reasonable. Muriel saw a 100 year old Chinese palette stone and box she couldn't live without, which showed the historic and traditional way they painted these fine, delicate and beautiful paintings. The ones we picked out were of students and sons of and just plain good artists who weren't Chinese Picassos yet. Then Muriel found a hundred year old paint pot to go with the chops if we ever get them, as we drove out to the suburbs where they housed the art and ceramics I noticed how they have people on pedibikes with 2 25 gal. containers on each side with driver shovel and broom in hand sweeping up all the animal droppings which is greatly appreciated by all - even tho its done for fertilizer reasons and not sanitary ones. And everywhere you go you pass honey wagons which city folk might be at a loss to know about - but ask any of us country folk what one is. They even have a Chinese opera with a pottie in the middle of the stage - with the whole opera a confrontation between the husband and the wife on who could use the contents - she for her commune or he for their private vegetable garden - she won showing him his waywardness. I hope the opera tonight (which we are lucky to get tickets for) will give us the answer - and that is why one eats cooked vegetables in China.

While driving along I asked our friend Mr. Fan (of Chinese Arts & Crafts) if I could take pictures anywhere in Peking. He said yes as I had been told before. Then I asked could I take a picture of Mao's headquarters entrance (State Headquarters) on the Main Blvd. He said that he wasn't sure of this as no one had ever asked him that question before so he didn't know the answer. And this is what Chinese communication is all about. If no one told you its a no-no and if you do it once its creed. I hope to have a photo of the Peking White House if at all possible and without having my film or me excommunicated from China. When we were at the U. S. Liaison I asked about shipping the scrolls we bought in shops where they do not have mailing facilities and was told don't try, its impossible or nearly so. Therefore I decided to try it by going to the railroad station with my passport and the bills where they wrote up a half dozen forms and away I went to a place in the foreigner's sector of Peking where they had a sign on the door SHIPPING - and in China you believe. There was a most cooperative English speaking Chinese man who gave me details and removed 204 yuan

from my pocket and promised packing and shipping to N.Y. by air in two weeks at most. Insurance was the problem - all the other things he did before - so I said I would insure and will call home today as I trust implicitly that the Chinese will do what they said even though there are about \$12,000 worth of scrolls involved. What worries me is when they arrive at J.F.K. Airport in New York.

As I was walking thru the lobby A. W. Clausen, President of Bank of America in San Francisco, says hello Phil and had a pleasant exchange of niceties. He is part of the S. F. Chamber delegation here in Peking drumming up S. F. as the China port for U. S. business instead of N. Y. or others. Ambassador Bush called and said that he had wanted us over for a personal visit only he had turista the last few days and wasn't too communicative - lost 10 lbs. - however wanted to see us before we left, even for a short time for a little debriefing as to our experiences - and by this time we have a few questions we would like to ask. Amb. Bush received us in his tastefully furnished residence with apologies for his inability to visit with us earlier. He was very interested in our observations and communications. As we are flying loose, so to say, a disorganized couple of tourists which is out of character in China where everything is programmed, we listened to the Chinese and made reasonable responses - they are very political and the ones that speak English are quite informed internationally as well. The Ambassador said these cadres receive the international news not completely purged and that there are graduations of pay - factory workers from 40 to 120 yuan, an average possibly of the proverbial 60 yuan. That higher up politically and economically receive larger sums as well as the important involvements of office in homes, food, chauffeurs, etc. That communication with the Chinese directly and trading with them is good and part of the U.S. communique signed in Shanghai recently by President Ford - and that the Chinese are pragmatists and will be influenced by what they want and in fact need to make progress. Good and continuing buyers of their products is very high on the list. I found out the U.S. didn't receive the invitation to the May 4th celebration on the liberation of So. Vietnam and Cambodia and that some other countries invited didn't go, as well, with the recent events and thinking over of our S. E. Asia relations with other countries. The Ambassador told us we should always keep in mind our way of life compared to others, and in the case of China look at them for where they are and in fact what they are. The recent publications of their own admit imperfections and they are only striving for the more perfect society. It takes guts for Amb. Bush and the entire staff to play the role of *de tente* when the society is in opposition to us in many places, such as supporting of guerillas all over the world. They must play a role of business as usual in a hostile land. China is not only allowing stratified economic status but allows private plot ownership and control in rural areas. And that the elder citizens before the revolution receive unusual special consideration, sort of catering to the ones who know better and only the young are distributed like cattle by the numbers all over the country. The Ambassador as well as the economic counselor think that as long as there is more dialogue and telling it as it is, that is the best for now.

So off we went to a day of touring to the Summer Palace rebuilt by Empress Tzu Hsi in 1893 - and believe me the Mings may have known how to die - the Empress knew how to live. She spent her winters in Paris and Rome and her summers here in an idyllic park with lakes and temples. One palace is on the hill of longevity and if you survive to the top you made it. She built a marble ship in the lake and went aboard to make believe. I guess she used to get seasick. There is a Gate of the Cultivation of Character, a Pavilion of Melodious Sounds, also a palace of pleasure and longevity and I understand some of her Eunuchs weren't. There is the Porch of the Mingling of Harmonies and the Pavilion of Great Happiness. She, so I am told - and we walked a few miles of a covered walkway painted every inch of it, and hundreds of thousands of original paintings depicting all of China built this pathway in 273 sections of 220 each around the grounds (over 10 miles) making the philosopher's walk built by the Emperor Hadrian in Rome just a few steps. I understand she used the Chinese Navy's money to build this little hut to flit around in. A visit to Peking or China without the Forbidden City or Summer Palace just doesn't explain why they now have Maoism. You must recognize everyone looks spry and healthy, very few pregnant girls anywhere to be seen, few cripples or handicapped around. Oh yes, Muriel loves China - no dogs. In fact, we saw only 1 so far and no cats either. There is a practical explanation - why feed them when food is scarce for the Chinese, quite practical. At the Summer Palace the Tingli Kuan restaurant we arranged for a 7 yuan \$4 lunch-oon, and after ham and peanuts (dam good) Szechwan style, sea cucumbers, prawns, fish caught at the same lake, rice, a whole chicken, broccoli/cauliflower soup, fried bread (donuts) well we left enough for 6 people after eating two times what we should. And so it goes, we eat only one meal a day in China which is twice as much food as we normally eat - oh why try. The problem is solved usually by turista anyway. The Summer Palace restaurant was the Empress Tzu Hsi Hall for listening to orioles and we weren't tuned in.

Walking past a pharmacy I saw an acupuncture outfit and proceed to buy the electric vibrator and 12 sets of needles with instructions in Chinese. When I can read the instructions I will be all set for another career. I saw them do it and it looked simple, and I am all set up now. If business slows up acupuncture may be the only answer. So, I am ready - any patients or prospects. As you

wander around you see people wearing masks to keep from giving others colds, and understand bronchial problems are serious in North China, altho it scares hell out of you seeing all these people looking like they are ready to bring out scalpel and needle to do you over.

So we traveled west to see the Marco Polo bridge with hundreds of statues named after the 12th century tourist who crossed this bridge and wrote about it just like I am now doing, and I can't wait 800 years for them to say Phil Berman was here - or can I. Anyway who cares, as long as I return is whats really important.

We returned to town and were able to pick up our seals and bought a number of stamp books with stamps since the liberation (1949) and went back to our Peking Hotel to sign two more contracts, pay our hotel bill, and relax over a bottle of Lafitte Rothchild we carried half way around the world from home, and contemplated our unique experience.

The last nite in Peking is spent seeing the opera "Fighting on the Plains" driving the Japanese out of China. The old Chinese operas are played on or around May Day and otherwise they are done as part of the liberation movement, and if I can stay awake and the phones work will call home to exchange niceties, and at 4 a.m. in Peking I got thru, which is 3 p.m. the day before. Quite complicated but you get used to it - just like making change in fen, jao, yuan etc. w/ pennies + 2 ¢ + 5¢ + +.

The opera was a victory for the Chinese Guerillas against the invading Japanese, showing the invaders as bumbling fools and the poorly armed Chinese beat the heavily armed intruders - and in a theatre of about a thousand seats they had set up an English translation with ear phones for the 50 western guests occupying special seats and the rest of the audience were 98% male and all from the farm, so it appeared.

During the day we visited their subway operating partially on a direct line thru the city with a circle around the city under construction. Here there were few people v/s the crowds on the streets and bicycles, however the subway cars were new and beautiful, the floors of the station were marble and all tiled walls. Quite a showplace - for what reason I haven't yet figured out. They do need a subway that's for sure. And when I was at the R.R. Station figuring out the shipping of the scrolls with their custom officials I noticed so many Chinese on the move with bikes and baggage and was surprised at the ease by which they can travel within their country. I understand they must report where and I guess even why, as otherwise they couldn't collect their stipend. In Russia travel is controlled and people work, live and die in a prescribed area, and the family unit is kept intact. Here people travel, they are breaking up the family unit and family ties with abandon - the young totally. However, the subtle control is economic in one sense and political progress in another. Your advancement depends on your political commitment and expertise, not the capitalist approach to individual contribution and advancement thru personal talent and ability (mostly).

No one ever opened the door for Muriel in the car or anywhere, and in the hotel elevators one can be run over or displaced by the baggage truck or the sweeper and cleaner crew with their equipment. Their equal rights is total including their guests.

This morning we are going to the airport enplaning for Shanghai all by ourselves - and this could offer some problems - we shall see. We are rather enjoying the individualistic part of our trip rather than being in their traditional group visitors with a Chinese den mother all the way. Our fending for ourselves, like going back to the seal shop four times to finally get through is fun, not frustration. We survived.

At the airport we talked to Confere French, U.S. Austrian-Norwegian diplomats all going somewhere. The U.S. Foreign Service Officer to Wuhan, the Viense doll was carrying a bag larger than she which she said was the Austrian Diplomatic Pauch she is delivering to Hongkong and that she got the chance a few times a year (they rotate) so she could spend the week in Hongkong breathing fresh air, shopping and I guess a little living and enjoying. She said every foreign service employee is in China for a reason - to get away - to learn Chinese or something. She likes the isolation of all foreign diplomats (no fraternization with the Chinese) - they get to know each other and not like in most countries where you can find friends in the host country. She also likes the high pay and the months (2) vacation a year, as she likes going around the world enroute home different ways, visiting many places good for her (free). She looked and sounded so unusual - sane.

So without any security check and having to carry my own luggage from the car to the check-in (nearly like New York) we boarded the plane - a Chinese Boeing 707 - CAAC - and when I saw the pilot reading the Boeing operating instructions, one from column A and 2 from column B I thought maybe this trip isn't necessary. They handed us various periodicals - no Time or Newsweek in fact.

we haven't seen or heard a U.S. news report in nearly three weeks. It feels good in one way, don't have to hear all the bad news continuously - now you wonder. So I read the expatriation of Confucius by Wang Chang (27 c.97) who, so Mao says, preached benevolence, fidelity, righteousness, but he lied and did cater to the ring leaders for favors, and in fact was a mean and vulgar swindler (I don't know).

Mr. Shen greeted us at the airport and took us to the best hotel in Shanghai - the Peace Hotel. The day was cloudy, the light fog hung over the Yantze River, and we entered this famous city of 10 million souls with mixed emotions. This international city looks more substantial than most Chinese, however no one repaired or painted a thing in 25 years or more, and the only touch of color outside of the billboards of Mao's sayings was a traffic lite - and here even red looked good. We checked into a suite that Shanghai-Lil (that dates me, doesn't it) must have used - a his and her bath, both enormous - a dining room, pantry, living room, hall - all for little old us. However, it's been a while since Lil was here and they haven't dusted or cleaned recently. Oh yes, I must admit that regardless of how old, poor or unkept it is everywhere, beautiful Chinese rugs prevail, really the only bright and pleasant sight, altho not too clean. We went over to the Shanghai Hotel tower to look over the city, and if there is one city to overlook its this one - a dark dank industrial river town that no one uses very much. Driving along I asked how is it that they're repairing something and was told they are building a bomb shelter. With some amazement we asked why. He replied in case. I asked in case of who or what. He replied the imperialistic powers. We said do you mean the U.S. He said yes. I smiled and told him that China has bigger problems elsewhere and that our two countries were friendly. Then he said there are Socialist Imperialists too, meaning Russia. Well, we found a red hot communist on our hands and all our communication was in the confrontation manner, unlike the Peking or Kwangchow visits. We did visit a few poor antique shops and got tickets for the Shanghai acrobatic team performing tonite. Our next interest was dinner and here we hit a bonanza - Mr. Shen recommended the Remin Rest (workers rest) and it was and is. We walked through a thousand diners chopping away on the first floor onto the second which was no better. They asked us to wait and finally set up a table with a white tablecloth (the only tablecloth in this 2 floor restaurant where at least 2000 people were eating). In fact they wanted to throw a group of Chinese out in one corner for us to sit down, but we wouldn't let them - its undemocratic and unsocialistic and very dirty too. Well, Muriel and I watched 2000 Chinese pop their eyes and drop their chop sticks oogling us. We were the monkeys in the cage and the first live entertainment the Remin had in years. We refused to eat the first two dishes - too rancid and odorous. Finally we ate the cooked vegetables which we shouldn't, and the fish in a sweet-sour sauce (in the Marine Corps in the So. Pacific I learned to smell it first or don't eat it) which was dynamite, and with 2 beers we concluded our first homey experience of dining out with the people - and am not too anxious to have a repeat performance.

After all this we wanted to see the Chinese Industrial Exposition to see what was new or different here in Shanghai, only to be told we would have to wait for tomorrow. Then we asked for permission for Soochow and/or Hangchow only to be told no. If Peking wanted us to go there they would have said it would be taken care of in Shanghai. Then I asked when the next plane was out of town and was told tomorrow morning or next Tuesday - 5 days later. When I asked for a reservation they told me they have to contact Peking, and that could take a day or two. Well, we called Peking, got reservation and will be in Tokyo by noon - and the hell with what we missed in Shanghai. We went to the acrobatic exhibition and for over two hours they did fantastic feats - all seats occupied. I never saw a half full house anywhere in China for anything. And now the final blow. We get tickets arrive at airport and as we are being processed we were told that we can only leave China from Kwangchow, the way we arrived - like arriving in the U.S. at S. F. and traveling to New York and going back to S. F. to go to Bermuda, and would take 4 days because of poor connections back to Peking and Kwangchow. Well, an hour later and signing a half dozen papers all filled out in Chinese and making a signed statement that the reason for the change was capitalistic stupidity performed by me, they gave us clearance to board the Chinese Airline to Tokyo - 2 times a week. So we relaxed in anticipation of the New York Times, Newsweek, free Radio, and the choice of places to go - to eat - to enjoy.

My impressions at this time are that we all have a mystical, mysterious image of China from the Cathay arts and artifacts, the stories and fables we received all our lives. The recent revolution and the secrecy of the leadership with the restriction of travel and communication only confused one more. The first impression of a good, great and relevant society begins to fade quite quickly. Their greatest asset is their 800 million people and the heritage they want to put aside. Their Revolution of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat against the Bourgeoisie ends up being quite Proletariat and how much can one take as a steady diet. The propoganda is tremendous - everywhere, every way - and is effective by its weight and consistency. My immediate observation - it may be good for China but its not for me, and the recent cultural revolution that purged the revisionists proved a lot of Chinese didn't like it either.

At the airport we met a group of Mexican-Americans who spent 3 weeks in Inner Mongolia as a guest of the Chinese Government to show them that minorities are treated so well in China, and all of them carried posters of Chairman Mao, compliments of the Chairman, as well as a good brain wash. One of the women cried and nearly broke out the plane window waving goodbye to her new found friends and sponsors. There is little doubt that Chairman Mao has political export in mind as well as commodities, and as he won by force of numbers, that same force is bound to do Maoism in, in time.

I asked one of the group as to what she saw and she spoke of great agricultural strides as well as in medicine, and then asked her would she want to be put out in a commune at \$30 a month. She said its different in China where the people don't have to work for the millionaire bosses - looking me right in the eye. I said to you know that one American farm worker produces as much as 200, maybe even 400 of these rice paddy hoe power operators and that our unemployed welfare recipients receive 10 times as much without working, and that most if not all of the hospitals and most of the equipment was brought over by world wide missions and pre-Revolutionary China days. Her only reply "but in China its different, the workers are their own bosses." I said to her, looking her right in the eye - Do you really believe the workers are the boss, and when she said yes I gave up. The ownership in China is about 70% state and 29% commune or collective who must do business only with the state at state's prices and standards, and 1% others - what others are I don't know yet. And that every worker is told by someone higher up (boss) where he will work, what he will do, and what he will be paid - one aristocracy replacing another at a loss to the individuals basic rights and freedoms. And what the Ambassador told us - we can best serve in telling it as it is. And we landed at Haneda Airport in Tokyo where hundreds of planes were coming and going, compared to three in Peking or Shanghai, equally large cities. And if Chairman Mao would have seen all this he would have some wonders.

We arrived without hotel reservations to a city strangled by a transportation strike. The Queen of England and all the free loaders traveling along and on top of this the World Petroleum Conference of 68 countries assembling with Roger Morton, former U.S. Secretary of Interior attending. When I found all hotels full I went back to a World Petroleum Conference attendant who had asked me if I was attending and didn't reply. Now I told him yes, I was with the Allentown Petroleum Exporting Corp. (used crank case oil) and was immediately assigned a room at the beautiful new Pacific. Next I went to the Japanese Sauna & Massage to get clean out of China, and noticed that the Japanese men are getting fat as hell (there are no secrets in a sauna and bath) and saw a little Japanese girl sticking acupuncture needles into one. Now that I watched I can get my acupuncture kit out and practice - all doctors practice anyway.

Now we were ready for Japan and called Jerry's room at the Imperial Hotel and found he had gone to Korea, and then called Takashi Yoshida who offered to take us around on Sat - and a car with a Japanese/English speaking driver is just great. When I asked about his wife Masako he said she was out getting bamboo shoots, and will make a point of telling Muriel to go pick some bamboo shoots - doesn't that sound good. We looked around to see what was cooking and noticed Dean Martin will be due in town for a show at (\$200.00) 60,000 yen a ticket. I asked what was the benefit for and was told "for the benefit of Dean Martin." So we went to the Latin Quarters for a girly show for 15,000 yen and was that a rip-off. However, with Takashi Masako and his Opal car we had a great time driving the city visiting sights and galleries, even meeting old friends. On the Ginza we met Sekino, a Japanese artist we collected for years, and arranged next time we are in Tokyo he will do Muriel's portrait as he is good at women's portraits. They even have green carpeted sidewalks along some of the streets and close down Ginza St. for Sunday, the one big shopping day of the week when all stores are open. The main department stores close down alternate days, which is quite a trick - what happens when they have 8 major stores - oh well. Next we ate at Big Mac which is quite a sight alongside all the Japanese signs and understand this MacDonald's is the best one in the world, so they told us. Then we went to the Toshi Yoshida Academy where he teaches print making, mostly to western students. This was being built by his #1 architect son Aachito while the parents were in the U.S. They tore down their old house and used much of the wood in the new one. The academy is on the first floor (no basements due to Tokyo surrounded by water). Their home with 2 sons living on the second floor with his own studio and a studio for his wife Kiso who does Sumai (sand painting) and then 2 apartments on the third floor for two married sons, #2 the photographer and #1 the architect. Their land in Tokyo costs them \$50 a square foot, 45 min. from the center of town, \$250,000 an acre, and Japan has half the U.S. population with 1/3 or 30 million living in the Tokyo area.

We all went to the Furuta, a 240 year old Japanese Inn for a traditional family style dinner. This building was transplanted by 40 truckloads to Tokyo and reassembled in its original form, no nails, bolts, or any modern device to hold it together. During dinner another group walks in and sits facing us and we recognized a few American business men with their wives. What was interesting was we saw this group at the Latin Quarter the night before with hostesses which the menu at 2500 yen an hour (the hostesses that is) and the men were dancing with abandon on their night out.

The hostesses were so much better dressed and looked so much more sophisticated than the men and even more so their wives you can bet they didn't come over to greet us. Reminds me of the time we had dinner in Phila during the recent Bicentennial 13 original governors assembly with a person I knew in Phila. with his wife. The next day I went to Montreal and who is sitting across the aisle but the same man with a companion who was half the girth and no more than 2/3 the age of the wife, which tells me, just like the Mings in China, the wife gets the respect but the other one gets the mileage. That's one of the reasons when Myriel doesn't go Phil doesn't go - she wants the mileage too. I noticed the Japanese girls are getting taller (even tho the men are fatter) and they wear midi length dresses which make them look like the Model A ford underslung (for all those that remember the Model A and what it meant to undersling the chassis).

At the hotel we watched a few Japanese weddings and with Takashi speaking to them I was allowed to photo the brides - hope they come out, as some of them looked just like the old Japanese paintings.

Takashi brought out his slides of the visit to Allentown and showed us where he had 54 pages in the Japanese Travel Magazine USA199, and in it he had the story of the Hamilton Mall and his joining us the night of the Ball on the Mall. Pictures of Lancaster County and the visit with Congressman Fred B. Rooney when he visited him in Washington, D. C. Then we picked out the best slides he took of some of our paintings and the ones he took in front of Hess's on the Mall in Irwin's Cadillac. In Feb. the equivalent of Fortune in Japan had a whole page picture of me and story about why I liked my Cadillac. As I drove a Lincoln I had to borrow Irwin's Cad. Anyway the store owns a Cad. so I got in on a technicality and I have the slides. Takashi took a picture of Hank Nave in front of a Mack fire engine the same day in town when Allentown dedicated the new South Side Fire Station last fall. Three weeks later I found a Faris Herald-Tribune and is it delightful to read - looking at something one can read is a thrill. Jack Anderson wrote about the worldwide nuclear attack exercise the Russians put on, and that they were actually building air raid shelters in Moscow. This brought me back to Shanghai and their air raid shelters under construction. Then this brought me back, farther, to the subway construction behind boarded fences around and all over the city of Peking, when their present subway was unused, even tho so beautifully and substantially constructed, and that I now presume they are building underground all right, but air raid shelters, not subways. And so it goes - one really doesn't know what goes on in China as there is no one to really talk with, only to. When we rode around the Japanese countryside which has so many rice paddies per acre as China, you find 1/10 or 1/20 of the number of people out hacking away at the weeds and manicuring the land.

Well, we decided to go to Kyoto and were able to get reserved seats on the bullet train at 6:24 a.m. which caused a rebellion from Myriel who wanted mileage but not at the cost of this much sleep. Since the strike was supposedly ended, I still checked at 11 p.m. and then called the hotel and finally the Japanese Tokyo gendarme to be sure they were operating. After a few hours rest we arrived at the Tokyo station to learn our train was cancelled or didn't start operating, and we had to take one of the multitude ones where you stand on the platform in front of a thousand or two Japanese and enter the train in a sea of flesh. As we don't read, understand or even know what the hell is going on, we walked to the entrance and let nature take over, and as the train door opened we passed and fell right onto two seats we cherished, as the 16 car 110 seat each train had about 5,000 people on it. Looking at the Japanese countryside thru Hokone, Nagoya, Fuji we arrived in Kyoto with Queen Elizabeth and all her entourage. She didn't use the bullet - she took her own plane, damn it. So we coffeeed at the Miyako where Elizabeth was staying, and saw all her E.R. (Queen Elizabeth) badged secret service men and aides and visited Clifton Korhu, a G.I. who stayed on in Japan and became a woodblock printer who was written up in Newsweek of May 12, which we read entering Tokyo. After buying 25 of his works we went on to Hu Taniguchi whom we've known for years, and bought antique scrolls and art from since John Powers introduced us about 15 years ago. We visited the shops of Shinmozen St. and had a delightful Japanese luncheon at the 300 year old Mininochi restaurant where Myriel continues her Sukiayki feast and I tried Shuba Shuba for a change. And at 5:41 we took the bullet back to Tokyo for a good nite's rest in our 10' X 12' luxurious room and bath which was about 1/5 the size of our Peking or Shanghai domicile but 10 times as good. On our last day in Tokyo and Japan we walked the Ginza and went to the Kabuki-za where they do traditional plays. The play was about three brothers who had problems and as one got into such a bad problem that embarrassed his family he was going to commit hari-kari (suicide Japanese style). His brothers told him it wasn't fair as he was supposed to be at his 70 year old father's birthday party and if he blew his brains out it would louse up the party, especially if his brains were missing. So he said what the hell and went to the party instead. Here is my kind of guy, makes decisions. The play lasts over four hours and our plane left in two - we will never know if he made any more decisions. Before the Kabuki we dropped into the Kiyoshi Saito art opening and told him of our visit to his home 10 years ago, and that I'll bet we have more Saito graphics in the U.S. than anyone else. We met a Hawaiian Senator, Duke T. Kawasaki who likes Saito's work, and had a number, and took photos of the Senator and Saito and will mail them on to him if they come out.

After a walk thru the Imperial Hotel Arcade (and change my mind - the Imperial is still #1 - guess coming from Shanghai everything looked good).

We started for the airport only to find the highways lined with cops and Her Excellency the Queen lousing up the town. We did arrive on time for Round the World Pan Am Flight 001 just as all the radios were playing "God Save the Queen". At the airport I tried to buy some libation for dry India and found Corvosier and Camus Napoleon Brandy were priced at \$170 a bottle. I couldn't believe and still don't - but there it was.

Before we left we went to a Tempura restaurant just to fill up on the delightful delicacy prepared, beautiful and tasteful - before which I politely proceeded to take a flying fall across the pavement with my camera around my neck, a gallon of saki in my hands, and loaded with junk I was carrying, and made a three-point landing with no damage to pavement or property. And everyone I spoke to (foreigner or U.S. citizen) about the Vietnam debacle only to reply what's the fuss - we finally admitted the inevitable and high time too - no lessening of U.S. prestige - in fact our prestige is going up.

I am now writing this on Pan Am enroute to Hongkong, Thailand and New Delhi, enjoying U. S. hospitality and reading yesterday's Herald Tribune and Friday's Wall Street Journal and feel just like at home instead of nearly a month of isolation and 20,000 miles away. On our arrival in New Delhi I asked where Pan Am 002 Round the World Flight was, as they meet every day at 4 a.m. at this airport, going opposite ways. So if you feel you made a mistake and don't want to go around the world you can switch planes and go right back. Damn nice of Pan Am. Our plane was early going west and 002 was a little late going east - maybe next time.

We are absorbing the entirely new experience of China and its controlled society - Japan and its highly efficient industrialized society, and now India with its confused society, where up till now everyone was busy going somewhere, India is busy going nowhere - and believe we now in 3 countries + the U.S. are visiting with half the peoples of the world. Getting anywhere in India is pushing past a multitude of human flesh looking for a backshish or an excuse to do something. The only advantage is most speak English - at least in the commercial cities. We checked in at the Ashoka at 5 a.m. and by 9 had the finish of a good nite's rest (I sleep on planes - I let the captain worry) - and had coffee, checked on how to get to Srinigar Kashmir (which is the reason for this stopover) and spoke to our friends at the U. S. Embassy who we partied with in D.C. when Amb. T. N. Kaul had us to Amb/Sen. Wm. B. Saxbe's going to India party. The Ambassador invited us over even tho he had a catch up day in that he returned from a visit to Bhutan that morning and the GAO was in. In fact we came in from Hongkong with 4 U.S. General Accounting Officers who do the auditing for the U.S. Government. It's like having the IRS in. We spoke of his hopes for India-U.S. relatins and that he could bring a better understanding that India shouldn't be so politically anti-American verbally while their business community and people are anxious for U.S. cooperation. And with it all U.S. gave them 1 million tons of wheat in the last year. No one else helps feed them so freely in every way. They use anti-Americanism as an instrument of domestic as well as foreign policy. Anyway, Amb. Saxbe calls it as it is and this is refreshing from the intellectual low profile of Galbraith, Keating and Monighan, his predecessors. In a democracy they refuse to allow the economic factors at free play. They want outside help and need it badly, but refuse thru their government control and in many cases ownership of major business to allow a foreign investment to be profitable. Foreign companies just plain stay away and there are dozens of ridiculous stories of companies coming in to buy or develop only to leave climbing the walls of frustration. He is writing a book (five chapters already) about his home town, Mechanicsburg in Ohio 50 years ago, like River City (Music Man) and maybe one writes in India to keep from blowing your mind. We spoke of our China visit and just read that they are building enormous bomb shelters in Nanking (inner China on the Yantze River). He is a rug fancier and has quite a collection of Indian, Chinese, etc. He was fascinated by our story of the Chinese petit point bags having 1000 to 1500 stitches to the square inch and takes as much as 400 hours of one person to do, and we promised to mail him one.

With the oriental influence in American clothes, Muriel and I both acquired Indian outfits (Salwar) pants, the Kurta in various styles and shapes (dhotis and saris) and Muriel replaced her lapis lazuli necklace with two weighing nearly 2000 carats. The last one we bought here she failed to restring so when the cord broke when we were at the Robinhood Dell in Phila. where the morning cleaning crew had a find - if they only know and didn't throw them away as little marbles.

Now we are off to Kashmir Srinigar and the Oberoi Palaco on Dal Lake, high in the Himalayas. Every time we tried to visit here when we were in New Delhi we couldn't make it, as the weather was fogged in or something, so this May it is just right and the hotel is full of Indians leaving the 105 to 120 degree daily heat of Bombay and New Delhi. Yesterday it was 109.3 degrees when we left Delhi - foreigners arrive in winter when they have skiing as well. Here on the lake are hundreds of houseboats people live in and one can rent as a hotel - solves the plumbing problem

but oh the mildew. I am making these notes at 7 a.m. looking out over the lake from my veranda with a backdrop of the snow-capped mountains close, and in a distance, giving the whole thing an unreal, postcard-like picture.

When we arrived #1 guide Kamala introduced himself (Mr. Nehru nominated him). He told of his father's exploits with Teddy Roosevelt and his visits trekking and the great tiger hunts. He himself trekked for David Rockefeller as well as Lawrence R. He showed us the Kashmir rugs we walked on that were over a hundred years old and still beautiful even after such continued and hard use, and as he nearly remembered when they were first laid I know why David R. had him as a trekking guide. This must have made Mr. R. feel so young and good by comparison.

When we arrived we had a call from Governor General of Kashmir L.K. Jha, formerly Indian Ambassador to U.S. and T. N. Kaul's predecessor, who was trying to find us, and when he did he told us the Governor invites us to the palace Thursday night at 7:30 so we shall comply and enjoy. In the meantime #1 guide Kamala will take us to the Moghul Gardens, Old City and the New City which looks pretty bad too - needs a few carpenters and painters plus a few stonemasons. Our first impression was what a beautifully lush/green/cool place for the India most of us know. Our next impression was that this place is a military encampment, a finger stuck right between Pakistan and China, and India is nervous about both - much like the Eastern Indian mountaintop cities of Darjeeling, Kalimpong, Gangtok Sikkim et al - loaded with military.

We are enjoying our low key experience in a totally Indian atmosphere watching the people sport, and speculating. All the big Mahouts taking their family into the mountains deluxe, others sending their wives with children to watch (the wives that is) and before long the children seem to disappear and the wives who said goodbye to their husbands at the airport have all kinds of fun and games (so it seems) just like at Grossingers or Miami Beach. This morning we took our driver Rashid and our #1 guide Kamala to visit the various Moghul Gardens - names Nasim Bagh (Garden of Cool Breeze) Nisbat Bagh (Garden of Pleasure) Chasma Shahi (Royal Spring) built by Shah Jahan who also built the Taj Mahal in the sixteenth century, and the best of all Shalimar Bagh Gardens, which means "love" in Old Persian - and then toured old and new Srinagar. It was difficult to tell which was new as here too they haven't painted a thing or repaired it since Akbar or his buddies. Then a tour of the shops looking at the paper mache, wood carvings, carpets, crewel work, hand embroidery. They are even doing rugs for Iran, in the Persian style. To see these 5-6-7 year old kids learning to weave or whatever they do, and it takes 5 to 6 people 6 months to do a 9 X 12 silk or good wool single knot rug, all to be sold for \$1000 to \$2000 here in Kashmir, is an experience.

In the afternoon we took our #1 guide and toured Dal Lake on a Shikari taxi boat visiting the houseboats (we didn't risk taking for ourselves) the floating gardens, and they do float on the water. Riding around on these comfortable Shikaris through the island filled and flower filled lake against the back drop of the Himalayas makes people come all the way up here and just stare. Tomorrow we are going from this 6000 ft. valley to Pahalgam about 7500 ft. up, and then to Chandanwari, nearly 10,000 feet up. Six hours later - well we blew it. A storm came up and closed the mountains and lakes in tight. If you got there you couldn't see it, so today in our Kaskmur Challet there are only two things to do and one is oriole listening. And now there is only oriole listening.

L. K. Jha, Governor of Kashmir, had us to his residence Raj Bhavan for cocktails and a reception that included Mr. Tandon, an Indian (more British than the British) chairman of the Punjab Bank who is an author and raconteur as well - very interesting fellow. Nour Mohammad, Comm. of Planning and Development, Ashok Jaitly, Secretary of Industries, his own secretary and his commercial counselor from his U. S. ambassador days. We spoke of using the natural Indian worker talent and the Governor felt small doses or solutions to one problem at a time wouldn't serve such a large country as India. The effort would be lost. I told him that I, in my experience, found isolating individual problems and solving them was successful like the sands finally making a beach. Then he responded that to have outside investment venture capital that would end up in only serving Indians was not purposeful. I was sorry he felt that Indians creating for Indians was out of the question. He felt massive grants in aid loans, etc. that could create massive results were the only way. Then we went on to our U.S. successful V6 Tech and Community College programs where we idotize usefulness and teach people to be productive. They were so intrigued that both the Governor and Commissioner of Development want to have more information on how they work. Their problem is that in British days the few Indians that went to college always had good positions and great status (we were with this group) and this carries on still that an Indian would rather have a BA degree and march than a technical education and work. The former consul's son passed his government exams that day (Amer Benjari) as fourth in foreign service and third in domestic government and when this was discussed they all agreed he should choose domestic as that is where the action is and the great need and service. The foreign service is more of a diliteante than a necessary career for future Indian leadership.

The Governor told of his luncheon at the Washington D. C. restaurant San Souci with Secretary Kissinger - when Kissinger asked about the Himalayas which he had never seen, the then Ambassador now Governor told him how he should go north of Calcutta (take an extra hour) and fly across north India, Nepal, Kashmir and down to Delhi seeing the highest sights of the world. He also over a drink jokingly told him that he planned to make a chink in the communist armor - and a few days later he realized Kissinger was telling him in charades of his planned trip to China. He told us how Amb. then Senator Wm. Saxbe came to Kashmir, designed his own rug, and now 18 month later is still waiting for it. And Mrs. Saxbe found an 80 carat emerald which the Governor told us he thought they should take two so as to balance the Ambassador's wife when she wore them.

The Governor told another story of Kissinger's trip to China when, as the plane was taking off, out came the Vice Premier with 2 wire clothes hangers - not unlike our experience. We couldn't get into the U.S.-India political question too easily and found an oversensitivity. When I said Indira Gandhi will visit the U. S. soon the answer was not soon. And as a note, the new status look on houses is the metal quonset hut type instead of beautiful wood - oh well.

We may be in an Indian love story movie *Koi Jeeta Koi Harra*, translated said "somebody wins - somebody loses" being filmed these few days here at the Oberoi Palace with the great Indian lovers - I am sure are a household word and you know so well - Mrs. Saira Banu, Mr. Shashi Kapoor, Mr. Rajesh Khanna, Mrs. Rajesh Khanna, Mr. Rishi Kapoor - I am not sure who is winning or who is losing Indian style.

So with the mountains closed in we called and arranged an early flight back to New Delhi, and this is why we never visited here before - always can't get in or can't get out - bad weather. We bid goodbye to the Oberoi Palace with their 100 rooms and over 500 in help trying to do something. They take away what you're eating out of boredom. I tried to call home for 6 days now and always got an excuse of new delays only to now be told there is trouble on the line between Srinagar and Bombay, and the only trouble is no one is taking the trouble to fix it. In fact in today's paper the headlines were boldly exclaiming the inefficiency and corruptness of the Post and Communication System in India. Our #1 driver Rashid told us there are more army than people - guess he meant civilians - in Kashmir, and he was for Kashmir being armed to Azza-Kashmir which is part of Pakistan. And not only could he drive a cab, he could speak in 5 or 6 languages - from Urdu to Arabic to Kashmiri to English to Hindi to a chauffeurs' language, whatever that is - comes from N. Y. cab driver Brooklynese, I guess - all its own.

Lucky us, right after we left Kashmir they declared a weather alert - snow in the hills, the Jhelum River overflowing, landslides, cancelled flights of Indian Air Lines, and a few other difficulties. We landed in the sunny-soundlike New Delhi and proceeded to make a few calls and had another big day this evening. First I went to the Akbar Hotel for a pedicure, and Emerson greeted me and looked in his book and said Mr. Berman, Allentown - the last time you were here was Feb. 3, 1973 at 10:15 a.m. He still talks about doing Chester Bowles feet regularly and feels he is needed in the U.S. I agree as 2-1/2 years and New Delhi is too long and far for regular appointments. Then a 200 degree sauna inside instead of the 110 degree outside, and off to cocktails with Shanta and Serbjit Singh who we know from her living with and visiting the John Leh's. She is the Marcia Rose of India, writes reviews of arts and theatre and important people (she did Gina recently) and does TV programs too. Her husband paints Himalayan mountain scenes and will have a show at Muriel's Gallery next year. He has a show in Teheran and Munich coming up. He also does Indian documentary films and quite a personality and raconteur as well. He is a Sikh who has abandoned his turban - liberation from tradition. Now I know what's under those turbans - a head usually with hair. After a nice visit we went off to the M. Thapar's for dinner at their home and had a chance to talk about business in general and Thapar Industries in particular (they are one of the big complexes like TATA in India). It seems everyone feels Indira Gandhi is a beautiful person, a good politician, an honest and sincere person, however surrounded by lousy businessmen and advisors. As far as I can see her administration is an assortment of interests and really a paradox in that it is comprised of the British trained civil servants, with their traditions and wanting to be a modern progressive country, and ends up being militant, arrogant and self-defeating in its goals. It is interesting to talk with people who have objective points of view, or similar interests to your own - or so you believe.

The contrasts of Peoples Republic of China, Japan, India and the U.S. is the world in itself. The latter Dorothy wrote me in Peking was returned because she addressed it to China and not "The People's Republic of China." They didn't know where China was. However, all mail sent to Hong-kong, Kwangchow, Peking arrived at the U. S. Embassy in New Delhi - held for us after being first returned to the U.S. so I am up to date and pleased.

Well we bought more beautiful Kashmir carpets - I just flip when I see them - so colorful, lush and beautiful - its a shame to walk on them. Then we lunched with Santa Serbjit Singh and ended up buying 7 of his oils for a show, and he promised to release another 7 or 8 he has in New York City and will paint another group for a show in the spring - and he will bring over one of his personally directed films to add to the occasion.

Then we lunched with Shanta and Serbjeet Singh and ended up buying 7 of his oils for a show and he promises to release another 7 or 8 he has in New York City and will paint another group for a show in the spring - and he will bring over one of his personally directed films to add to the occasion. And Shanta promised to join the show and do a number of columns for the 4 New Delhi papers she does columns for.

At the airport I finally got a call through to home - after trying for a week - all lines down. The trouble on the lines is the trouble caused by the trouble who no one cares to go to the trouble to fix. Oh well, we made it finally on Sat. a.m. Allentown - and 9 p.m. in New Delhi. I found out they were wondering where we were and expressed concern which in this casual and indifferent and somewhat callous world is nice to hear (hopefully meant). We read in the Hindu Times that the Himalayas were closed in with heavy rains, snows, etc. and the quick decision to get the hell out of Kashmir on the last and only plane in the last few days was a good one. We will pick up some caviar in Teheran tonight and have a Beluga Blast - maybe even call the Simantobs or the Alsanians who hosted us royally last November in Iran, or the Mack Truck people. We are now flying the Geisha Express and the plane looks and feels like the Japanese influence, in cleanliness, orderliness, service and just plain comfort - nothing is too much trouble - clean-clean-clean and we bought caviar in Teheran for lunch in Paris, and whipped through Cairo, Athens and Rome as if it were Trexlertown, Kutztown and Longswamp on the local bus-route - about 16 hours beginning at 9:30 p.m. in Delhi, arriving in Paris 9:30 a.m. Paris time, which has a 4-1/2 hour difference, which all adds up to a long, long nite.

We checked into the Intercontinental in the middle of old Paris (Place Vendome) and went to sleep for 18 hours to be ready as Paris is burning, or its on strike anyway. All museum people and certain public servants have their places closed - even the prostitutes are on strike (so they tell me) - guess everything is rising too fast, or in their case maybe not fast enough. Oh, well - we tried to get opera tickets to Forzadal Destino (Forces of Destiny) by Verdi, only to find they were sold out. So we waited in line and did get 2 box seats where you could hardly see for \$35 - a copy regular price. It was a great performance and the Paris opera is small, intimate and in good shape in spite of its 300 year age - along with the large Chagall painting on the entire ceiling looking at you during intermission. We walked Momarte and Montpamese, bought some paintings and got a feel of what Paris has to offer and it sure does it at a high price, and they do not apologize either. It's take it or leave it. I am going over to Christie's to see what I can do to buy a 100 or two cases of the Bordeaux wines being offered by Chateauc La Fite & Mouton Rothchild on June 6, when the noblest of all wine houses starts dumping its best, then Paris and maybe all France may take a hint to even say thank you for the economic carnage they put on a traveler. I didn't have to come here so I guess I should keep quiet. Their wine and art are the reason and possibly the chance to have a fast revisit to the western world from our recent voyage. China is doing well with little and has dehumanized the people - Japan is doing well, doing their own thing, making everyone believe they are the best, most efficient and therefore most desirable. India is doing well proclaiming themselves the masters of Women's Lib (Indira Ghandi) however not telling their male population or the world about it, and end up talking only to themselves as no one can figure out what they are doing and why - and France is doing well by doing everyone they can.

Reading the Herald Tribune every morning gives me the feeling of knowing what is going on in this big bad world, and am pleased that the U. S. is searating to stop feeling sorry for itself and declaring its manhood, or in this International Women's Year its womanhood - or better yet its peoplehood. The Cambodian instance notwithstanding as that was a stupid self adulating single event - Kissinger and Schlesinger deblaring that we would bring out our own bag of tricks if they don't stop this fun and games - and food and economic guns are stranger than all others. We consume so much we would cure the world's ills and our own by the U. S. going on a diet - economically, politically and even gastronomically. Our next few days in France will be used for us to get back to the new society and France teaches you in spades.

After walking the city which is a work of art itself we decided to devote one day to the sexy side of Paris. First we went to a Champs Elysee Porno Movie that had terrific scenery as they seemed to do the something but at different places, so you really had a travelogue of the French countryside. Now how can you beat that one. Next came Le Sexy, a Nudie Show at 100 francs a glass of wine. Well here again I fell asleep a few times as they didn't have such an interesting countryside to do what they were doing. During the two hours of bumping, grinding, etc. they had a juggler and a musician act which brought the house down. The moral to the story, or the story to the moral is that to be a successful magician after a nudie show you must be a magician, or if you don't have anything to hide no one will look anyway. Our recent vice president so aptly put it - when you've seen one you've seen them all.

Reading the menu of the Paris night scenes you read that girls cruise in cars, knocking you over and picking you up - and in every doorway lurks a creature on the prowl. Well I walked the avenues, I crossed streets carelessly - in fact I even checked the scene in all directions and failed completely. I even tripped a few times and Muriel picked me up each time.

Today we are on the less seamy side and visited the Au Printemps & Gallerie Lafayette department stores (The Hess's of Paris) and checked out a few things. Their new Prima Vera Shop home furnishings and gifts all done in a series of shops creating a color ambiance that was unique. Also checked the local prices of petit point bags to learn the prices are \$250 to \$275 each for ones not as good in my opinion as the hundreds we bought in China at less than that for a dozen. We arranged a few more art shows from Louis Aris Galleries and went off to visit with an old friend Alfred Lombard, directeur-general of Norwelles Galleries, a billion and a half dollar volume French department store chain, and discussed the French, European and worldwide retail scene. He will visit us in August with his wife and his son who is going to attend Manhattanville College. We'll show him Pennsylvania provincial hospitality - the village, you know, with strawberry pie and all.

Now we are going to dinner at the Yvaral's - Vasarley's son whose paintings and graphics we like so much. He returned today from a successful show opening in Brussels and will review his latest works in his studio apartment that looks like a Louis XIV Versaille palace set up right here in Paris on Rue du Fauborg St. Antonine near the Bastille.

This morning I tried to pay my breakfast check as I had signed for the hotel stay earlier to avoid the rush. Well this girl had a new NCR point of sale terminal type of register which was beleaguering her so the manager sent me over to the other side of the cafe Tulleries and I paid another girl who had a cooky jar set up that worked beautifully. There is a message here. Another message is the cabbies really set the tone of a country. If they do you in early and continuously you feel the whole country is doing the same, and its usually true. I was had enroute in from the airport and every day since. For example, last nite we gave the driver the address of Yvaral written out, and \$2 later we found ourselves exactly 1 block from our hotel starting point, and then exclaimed in French how (forgetting where he started) he caught himself even by fooling us, and finally took us to the address which ended up \$5 for a \$2 ride, and when I began questioning him he was ready to start a fight and finally paid him as I wasn't ready to take on an Algerian camel driver on the West Bank in the dark. Another genius they have is a card that shows you must pay about 50% more than your meter shows, and here about half can't add or count, so I was an equal to them. So you feel that you are a constant rip off and altho its \$4 instead of \$2 you want an honest count.

And adding dance to fine arts and music, we attended Alvin Ailey's Review at the Palais de Sportes which played to be a big house, and their final act brought the house to a 15 minute clapping, stomping, yelling mob-like applause, all of which should have made Alvin and his troupe very happy. Muriel and he received their honorary doctorates at Cedar Crest College at the same time.

To complete a most interesting voyage we received a phone call in Paris from Washington that Sec. Kissinger had nominated Muriel as a U.S. State Department delegate to the United Nations International Women's Year Conference being held in Mexico City next month and that President Ford was due to announce it this week - and that brings us to the best reason to come back to the good great and wonderful U.S.A. so we can go somewhere again.

Au Revoir

Madame/Messieur

From the best of things to the worst of things and back again to the best of things -

Chairman P. And Vice Chairman M. Berman

PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES STRIVE TO BUILD A SOCIALIST CHINA

Hailung county of Kirin province, a Tung woman from the mountainous Kaocheng commune of Kweichow province and Li women from Lotung county of the Miao autonomous chow.

In talking with guides from mountainous regions in the southwest or border areas in the northwest, we come to know that the areas inhabited by national minorities have gradually become vigorous socialist new villages or stock-breeding districts. Together with members of the Han nationality, they build China's brilliant future.

Piecing together the informations given by these guides, one gets the overall picture of blooming agriculture.

Huang Cheng-chi, a woman guide of the Li nationality from Hainan Island, told us that the total grain output in her homeland Lotung county was over 11,800 tons last year, doubling the total output before the Cultural Revolution. The average grain output was 7.1 tons per hectare.

Liu Cheng-chi, a woman guide of the Korean nationality from Hailung county of Kirin province, said that the total grain output in Hailung county last year was over 200,000 tons and fish output was 400 tons.

Shih Su-lan of the Tung nationality said that, in the past, Kaocheng commune in Kweichow province produced only glutinous rice. But now it can grow grain cotton, oil-bearing plants and other crops. Ulanichike comes from Chaka commune in Ulan county, Chinghai province. She told us the thriving of livestock in her hometown. Last year,

in the Kwangchow Fair, one has always come across men and women from various minorities working as guides. Dressed up in their own traditional costumes, they explain to visitors the tremendous changes which have taken place in their homeland.

In the current Fair, we meet among the guides Mongolian women from Chaka commune of Ulan county in Chinghai province, Korean women from



THE GRAND OPENING OF THE CHINESE SPRING EXPORT COMMODITIES FAIR

A grand ceremony marked the opening of China's 1975 Spring Export Commodities Fair in Kwangchow on April 15. Friends and overseas Chinese from the five continents and Chinese compatriots from Hong Kong and Macao, who are in Kwangchow for the occasion, received a rousing welcome from the leadership and staff of the fair.

This is the 37th session since the inception of the export commodities fair in 1957. As China's socialist revolution and construction and international relations grow steadily, businessmen from an increasing number of countries and regions have come to develop trade relations and friendly contacts with China on the basis of equality and mutual benefit.

attendance of nearly 6,000 people including guests and hosts. Lin Li-ming, Chairman of the China Export Commodities Fair and Vice-Chairman of the Kwangtung Provincial Revolutionary Committee; Chang Ken-sheng, Vice-Chairman of the Fair and of the Provincial Revolutionary Committee, and Lo Fan-chun, Vice-Chairman of the Fair and of the Kwangchow Municipal Revolutionary Committee, spoke at the receptions respectively. On behalf of the fair, the provincial and the municipal revolutionary committees,