

MY TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

by

Paul H. Shaddle

PREFACE

On January 30, 1965, at 1:00 A.M. I left International Airport in Los Angeles for Tahiti. On July 30, 1965, at 9:30 P.M. I arrived in Denver, Colorado, and thus completed my journey of six months. I was to rest in the Colorado Rockies for a week before the last lap into Los Angeles.

I was with three different tour groups, all of them were SITA Tours. I stayed in eighty-nine hotels and traveled on sixty-four plane flights.

I am indebted to so many for so much. I am grateful to the Board at Mt. San Antonio College for the sabbatical leave. I again say thanks to the Harlen Smiths for duplicating and dispersing the diary. I thank my niece, Mrs. Grace Davis for typing the stencils for this diary and to my son-in-law, James Martinez for duplicating and helping me assemble these many pages.

Paul H. Shaddle
April 10, 1966
Chino, California

EDITION 1

Papeete, Tahiti
January 30, 1965

Left Los Angeles at 1:00 a.m. and arrived at Papeete at 7:30 a.m. Pleasant flight -- too much food after eating a late dinner, but it was good.

Greeted at airport by Tahitian girls who placed leis over our necks; first, a beautiful one made of small shells and then one of flowers. I recognized Plumaria of Frangipani. I was excited over the vegetation. My first contact with the tropics. It was raining hard but I could see the lush vegetation. Many coconut palm and banana trees, some tree ferns were in evidence. Beautiful red hibiscus everywhere and a bright red ginger, great bushes of yellow (very much like hibiscus) royal poinciana trees and many, many which I did not know. One bird especially is in evidence. He is about 10 inches long, gray with some yellow, very evident white patches on wings, yellow bill, and he sings like a mocking bird, but more raucous. I asked our local guide what it was and he said it was a seagull, the only native bird on the island. Well, I didn't ask him about any more birds. I long for a good flower and bird key and wonder if they are available anywhere. I will be trying again. We took a trip up a steep winding road this p.m. to the top of their mountains. In spite of rain all the while, it was a beautiful trip. No pictures on account of rain. I saw

growing papayas, breadfruit and mangoes. Some beautiful ferns covered the hillsides up in higher altitudes. It was like our five-finger fern. Saw quite a bit of wild lantana and was amazed to see Australian beefwood.

The business district of Papeete was so interesting with small, narrow, winding streets. Lots of brown people, with the men mostly in short pants and no shirts. Quite a few French soldiers on streets. The shops all looked so dirty and unkempt. The rains flooded the streets yesterday so it was also muddy. It was one of the worst floods in the history of the island. Tomorrow is a big day and night. We are off for Faratea at 9:30 a.m.

Faratea
January 31, 1965
1:30 p.m.

Rain, rain, rain all night and all day but it can't dampen my spirits as I am so thrilled with this island.

Dinner last night at the Hotel Taone. We had roasted pigeon which was very good. A very fine orchestra which played native songs and then American popular numbers. The male soloist had a soft, pleasant voice and he didn't scream. Quite an improvement from our present American way. At 9:00 we had the Tahitian dancers, male and female. Seemed a little too artificial and staged for the tourist but one girl gave a solo dance where I felt she caught the beauty of the island.

Up at 6:00 a.m. this morning after a wonderful, much needed rest. A good breakfast starting with a half of a

delicious papaya covered with lime juice. We started our trip around the island at 9:30. I was so thrilled and excited over the beauty which I saw through the rain. The ocean and the breakers on the black beaches. The island is black volcanic ash and how things grow. The hillsides abound in lovely ferns of all kinds. At the base of the hills close to the beach grow many coconut palms, banana trees and many which I do not know. Hibiscus, mostly red but some yellow, beautiful red ginger blossoms, bright red leaves of the croton and pointed red leaves of the ti. The Hau trees with yellow blossoms are quite common and the Tahitian Tiara with blossoms like plumaria. All the waiters wear a corona made of these blossoms. Every mile or so there would be a lovely mountain stream and today the water was much clearer. We saw a number of water falls, a lovely sight as it falls like a veil from the green mountain top into the lush green valley below. This is truly a paradise for a biologist. How I long to bring my car, rent a cabin and stay here for six weeks with some good keys, binoculars and camera. It seems terrible to drive right by so much which needs investigation.

We arrived at Faratea at noon. This is the place to come for a soul who is sensitive to beauty. The guiding spirit of this place has exquisite taste. You just can't drink it all in at first. You have to calm down, relax and drink it all in slowly. We were ushered into the dining hall

where a buffet table was set. A white cloth with sprays of fern and red hibiscus pinned along the sides. The centerpiece was a pandana which is like a huge green pine cone. Sticking into this were thin long sticks to which about five hibiscus had been strung like this _____ . Also some fern fronds were in between. In one corner was a table set with coconut palm leaves nailed on as a fringe, on the table was a big brown carved wooden basket lined with banana leaves and coming up out of the basket were stalks of huge leaves of elephant ears, red ginger leaves and blossoms. At the base around the basket was an arrangement of green and yellow bananas on their stalk, huge green grapefruit (delicious), breadfruit, mangoes, etc. The siding and ceiling of the room was all bamboo, varnished and beams of bamboo bound together. Each table had flowers loose in the center and brilliant colored napkins. The buffet table almost frightened me. One hates to eat things and not know what he is eating, but you help yourself, listen and ask a few reticent questions. In coconuts with the meat still in was served (I discovered later) raw fish impregnated with lime juice (It was good.), poepoi, cucumbers with sliced bamboo shoots in oil and vinegar, raw oysters on shell, breadfruit, something like pizza but it didn't taste at all like it and many, many things I had no idea what it was. The dessert was super-cubed pieces of fresh pineapple, bananas and papaya. My room (shared with John, our tour leader) is a thatched

cottage which the women would say is darling. Three fourths is open screens and covered with heavy pull drapes. In one corner was a fresh pineapple with its green leaves which I thought was a decoration, but beside which I found a knife and a napkin waiting.

I've tried pictures in spite of the dark and damp rain and will hope for best with fast film. I just discovered the small tree which is the pandana. I just must get a picture but now it is darker than ever.

Papeete
February 1, 1965
7:00 p.m.

What a day! We put so much in this day that we need tomorrow for relaxing, which we have. I wrote that I roomed with John Trapp, our tour leader, last night. So many cottages flooded that they had to double us up. John is English. He is a man I would guess in his forties. He has traveled a great deal and is one of SITA's most famous conductors. He is very neat and clean cut, has very high ideals, a marvelous sense of humor and really knows how to manipulate people. He plans to conduct into 1966 and then retire to an island in the West Indies. He hopes to teach as he feels he has a great deal to offer those people.

I borrowed John's umbrella and took a good stiff walk in the rain. What a road to walk on! I longed to share it with so many of you. Why should I be privileged to see it and have to walk it alone? The trees, the flowers you just

can't imagine. I walked about two miles and was I warm? I was chilly when starting and wore my sweater. I shed it and came to a dance place where an orchestra was playing. I needed a drink so went in and ordered some Tahitian beer. It was good and cold. There must have been plenty of snickers over the foreigner with his umbrella and sweater over his arm. They were all natives but one, and here I discovered our local tourguide, Berry, sitting on the stool next to me. He really is a fine young man, blond and Australian. He came to Tahiti, met a native girl and married her, much to the consternation of his parents. Before the ceremony took place, they wrote him and begged him not to throw his life away. He took her to Australia to meet his parents and the Australian papers were full of it in 1961. He showed us clippings in his album of headlines and pictures of him and his bride. She was so overwhelmed by it all. He said she trembled when she saw her first train and the big bridge in Sydney. His parents learned to love her and now think she is wonderful. She wants to live in Australia as she was completely sold on television, but he insists that his life is in Tahiti. Pinned up behind the bar were hibiscus as big as 8 inches in diameter--white, red, pink, apricot. It was a very orderly group, all smiling and happy.

During dinner we had a native orchestra and natives dancing. They were much more natural here than at Hotel Taone. They took some of our men out on the floor and tried to teach them native dancing, which was fun for all of us. I escaped.

Today we left Faratea at 5:00 a.m. John and I carved our fresh pineapple before leaving. We continued on around the island. This was the leeward side and vegetation a little different. Lots of bananas, Hau trees with yellow blossoms and bombax, a beautiful high shrub with clusters of brilliant red flowers. We arrived at Papeete airport about 7:30 and had a funny breakfast; big halves of papaya, big platters of fresh French bread, pineapple juice and coffee. Wonderful to have good coffee after that ride and no breakfast. We took the local plane (DC-4) for Bora Bora about 8:15. Had to take quite a long boat ride from airport to their harbor-- a beautiful, beautiful sight with the steep green covered mountains rising up from the bay. You will remember the sight from, "South Pacific." This island is much more primitive than Tahiti, natives are poorer but happy, brown people. Lots of trinkets for sale at the wharf. Beautiful necklaces, head bands, etc. of exquisite shells. We walked about and I took some pictures. Saw lovely small fish swimming among the coral beds and some turtles as big as a wash tub. A good lunch at hotel and snacks of fresh coconut, fresh pineapple and dips beforehand. We were driven along one side of the island, saw beautiful royal poinciana trees, more bombax and Hau trees. However, it doesn't come up to the flowers on Tahiti. We saw cute native children in school yard and took pictures of them, also pictures of these huge, delicious green grapefruit growing.

The ride back was a delight. I sat at the end of the boat and watched that lovely sight of the bay and mountain until it disappeared. A group of five young Tahitians were on the boat. One had a ukulele and they began to sing in perfect, soft harmony. It really carried you way off to see that sight and hear their sweet voices. Soon they got into common American songs like, "You Are My Sunshine," etc. and they had the whole boat load singing. One of them had purchased a camera somewhere and was trying to put film into it. We laughed until we cried watching him. The film came unrolled and he tried to roll it over the front of the camera. We all said Candid Camera could never find a better subject. Two of us walked along with him from the boat to airport about one-half mile and we tried to understand his French and he our English. It was a circus. We finally got this much--that he was knee high when the American soldiers were stationed on Bora Bora during the war and learned some words from them. He was in French army and had been through Panama Canal.

Now I'm back to Hotel Taone, tired, dirty, but not hungry. I ordered a pot of hot water. Used Alice's package of instant soup and Morgan's buttermints for dessert. A big wash to do and I can use all of my gadgets. The first chance since I arrived to get myself in order. No rain today but now at 8:30 I hear sprinkles.

Our drive from airport to here was so interesting this p.m. It was about 6:00 p.m. and many scooters with men, bare

above waist, women with bright clothes and young people all buzzing in every direction along with all the automobiles, mostly foreign-made cars. It looks like Tahiti will need a freeway someday.

Hope this isn't boring and too much work for the good of all. Anyway it is fun for me. I am really thrilled over it all.

EDITION 2

Papeete
February 2, 1965

Our first day of sunshine and all of us took full advantage of it. I got started rather early. Had one of those huge, green grapefruits (as big as cannon balls) for breakfast. Tahitians call them pampelmouse. I spent a number of hours all on the hotel grounds taking pictures of shrubs, trees and flowers. There is plenty here in this one place to keep you busy. The breakers still looked too dirty from past rains for swimming so I didn't go in as I had hoped to do.

Five of us left at 2:00 and went into town. It was such a different and interesting day. Papeete is so different than anything I ever saw. Streets not straight, very narrow with scooters and cars buzzing by at good clips. No stop signs or traffic lights and everyone looks after himself. It's fun to watch the scooters with natives riding, girls with bright-colored-print pareus and black hair and men in

shorts. We stopped first at the public market, a big place a block long. No pigs, chickens or fish when we arrived and it was clean, so smells were ok. We found a girl selling who spoke English and she told us the names of some tubers, legumes and fruit we didn't know. I went into a Chinese store (90 per cent are Chinese) and asked for tooth brush and tooth paste. Sure enough he pulled out a TEK brush and Colgate paste. He was selling everything you could imagine. We walked over to the docks where a big French passenger liner was taking off for Panama. Two American boys on the ship heard us speaking English and introduced themselves. One from Florida and one from Massachusetts. They were lonesome and longed to talk to Americans. All you could hear was French and Polynesian. They invited us aboard ship and into the lounge where we had a visit. They had been working in Australia and had signed up to work in Panama. Seemed like clean, intelligent fellows. The dock was full of people saying good-byes, French, Polynesian and some colored. They would kiss each cheek and hang a lei of shells or flowers on the departing ones. Some were so loaded with leis that just the face and top of the head was visible. As the ship moved out some threw leis below and if caught it meant they would return. We took our lives in hand and crossed the Rue De La Commerce to visit shops. Saw some beautiful mother-of-pearl necklaces. One of hibiscus flowers was too expensive, 2700 francs.

We took a taxi to Hotel Tahiti, a beautiful place on the ocean front. Light fixtures of two halves of huge clam shells were beautiful. We lingered at their sidewalk tables and had a good visit. At 7:00 we went in for dinner, the best meal since we arrived. Everything was perfection and reminded me of the Broadmoor Hotel meals in Colorado Springs.

Tomorrow we go to Moorea for two days. Pau Pau bay is supposed to be one of the most beautiful in the world. I was wrong about Bora Bora and "South Pacific." Moorea is the Bali Ha'i island but they say "South Pacific" was filmed in Hawaii but the story is written of the Bali Ha'i.

Moorea, Aimeo Hotel
February 3, 1965
8:30 p.m.

What a day, one I shall always carry with me. Every day has seemed so great and tonight I know this one will always stand out. One of those days that just get inside of you. We left Papeete at 9:30 a.m. on a boat. The water was so blue. It took us about one and one-half hours to get here to Moorea. Pau Pau bay, where we docked, was beautiful but I had no idea what was ahead. We came several miles on a very rough road to Aimeo Hotel. The word, "Aimeo!" is the ancient name of this island. It is situated on a beautiful Cook's Bay and these unbelievable mountains shoot almost straight up on three sides of it. They are very green and the lush vegetation of the lowlands is at their feet. There are several high-pointed peaks which all gives you the feeling

that it just can't be true. You wonder if you have wandered off to Shangrالا by mistake. Aimeo Hotel is in perfect taste with this setting, all thatched roofs of course. My room in one cottage has the matting made of pandana leaves and base of bamboo, all varnished. The dining room was large and again the arrangements of camelias and many fruits in a huge wooden boat. I took a picture and hope it comes out. After lunch I took many pictures. A photographer's paradise this. I put on my trunks and discovered several others with the same idea. The water was the warmest I ever found in an ocean. I'd swim a while and then look up at those gorgeous peaks. We lazed around for several hours in and out of the water. All this swimming gave you that wonderful relaxed feeling which set us up for what was to come. There is so much to tell and I hope I can do it justice. The natives built a big fire in early p.m. with many rocks in it which got hot, of course. They laid banana leaves over them and a rather good-sized suckling pig filled with sauces, another layer of leaves and then sweet potatoes, bananas, breadfruit and a dessert of papaya's pulp. All this was covered with many layers of leaves from the Hau tree. At 6:00 they began beating their hollow sticks and we went to the pit. The girls placed a corona of many colored flowers and a spray of fern as a base on our heads. They followed this with a lei for everyone of white Tahiti Tiara. They peeled potatoes and bananas by squeezing them, holding on with a big green leaf. They

stirred into the hot papaya pulp arrowroot and coconut milk. Coconut milk isn't the liquid inside. That is water. They grate the coconut meat and squeeze it. This thickened the concoction as they stirred with sticks. We all went to one very long table in dining hall. Table was covered with banana leaves and one large round Hau tree leaf at each place for a plate. The only light was candles in glass-chimney shields. Down the center were many arrangements with center of pineapple as the base (see illustration). What a sight to look down this long table in candle light with the leis, coronas and centerpieces. All food was served in long, scooped-out wooden boats. For your water glass was a coconut with top cut off and a piece of coconut for a stopper. Beside you was a half of coconut partly filled with coconut milk. You used your fingers completely and placed food on your leaf. Each vegetable you dipped in coconut milk before eating. The banana, breadfruit and sweet potatoe was very good this way. Oh yes, the raw fish was also there but I didn't eat any. The dessert was very good also but most slippery and stringy as you carried it to your mouth. After dinner they had chairs and benches outside for us. Young native boys had long flares of dried palm branches which was the only light. We had lots of dancing, about 15 young men and girls. They danced many of their native dances and a French lady (born here) told the story which they were depicting. They also sang a great deal. The dancing was beautiful in that light. The hula is really a beautiful thing to see when it

is done as it should be. I love their music and their voices. It, as well as the dances, tell so much of the beauty, the sadness and happiness of these islands. As I looked at the beautiful brown bodies of these young people, I wondered what the white man had brought to them. There is so much we could bring them which could help and so much which might destroy them. You learn to love them with their smiles and happy faces.

Moorea
February 4, 1965

A good and a quiet day in this lovely place. A two-hour ride in bus to bay for another view of Bali Ha'i. The name of the big, round-top tree with magnolia-like leaves is Atti. It was used to make tables in hotel lobby. Saw some small fish about two-inches long which jump out of water along edge of bay and stay on rocks a while. I tried to capture one but they can jump fast. Took a swim before lunch and before dinner. Took a good, long walk this p.m. with binoculars and camera. The birds which are so numerous and that I spoke about on Tahiti are a species of Minah bird, very numerous and very noisy. Look a bit like our evening grosbeaks in coloration. Saw the small grey birds with red along eye and rump redder than I thought. You surely get warm walking in this country, so humid. I saw some tall shrubs, almost small trees with a pink blossom and red center, a legume. Has large black pods called Bolianus, discovered

by twin brothers of that name and the two halves of the leaf match exactly like twins. Saw a lot of small red composites called "Mau Rapiti", rabbit's food, stem is tender and sweet. Also found the hard, white, oval-shaped seeds used with the shell leis, like our Jobs tears. Tahitians call it Toura. Too much food again. It is all so very good but how can one stop eating. Thought we were all through tonight and here came the most delectable piece of chocolate cake with rum frosting and fresh coconut. We'd sure like to get some of this Tahitian cake mix. Discovered at dinner that not one of us had heard one bit of news of the world since last Friday evening. Wonder what is happening?

Moorea
February 5, 1965

Up at 6:00 a.m.--no sleep left. A beautiful morning. Took a short walk to village and then a swim before breakfast. Eight of us took a ride in an outrigger canoe after breakfast. Went around point of island to Bali Ha'i hotel. Nice, but not as nice as Aimeo. Visited artist studio on way, a Frenchman named Rogers. Paints natives and local scenes on black velvet. Very good. Would like one for about \$160.00.

I haven't mentioned much about our tour group except our leader, John Trapp, with whom I am rooming again here. The group is as follows: John Adams, a widower from Erie, Ontario, about 82, lonesome and tries hard to enter into party;

Dr. Velda Carver, Toledo University in 1960's, very much traveled, pleasant and intelligent; Mrs. Jimmie Croxen from Dallas, much traveled widow, very pleasant; Darlene Eickmeier, Aurora, Illinois, very pleasant, German extraction; Mr. and Mrs. Jim Galloway from Ontario, Canada, elderly, much traveled and pleasant; Mrs. Grammer from Buffalo, New York, Italian widow in forties, owns a night club, much traveled and rather coarse; Dr. and Mrs. Herzeberger, owns "North Pole" concession in Colorado Springs, very pleasant, know Mary Everett very well as their Mother Hubbard. He is a Vet and graduated from Colorado State; Mr. and Mrs. George Joyce from New York City. He is Irish and she is Hungarian. They have a farm in Virginia where they go in summer, much traveled and very pleasant; Mr. and Mrs. Don Moran from Ontario, California. She was born and raised in Chino and knows many old timers who I know. They are very pleasant; Henrietta Murphy, a very interesting elderly miss from Tuscon, Arizona, has traveled probably most of all, well educated, intelligent and pleasant; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pace from South Bever, Ontario. He typifies my idea of a big, tough and rough Canadian lumber man. She is very sweet and high principled. They have traveled a lot and are a big addition to the party; Dr. and Mrs. Herman Wilson from Gaithersburg, Maryland. He has a D.D. degree from Yale, is a Methodist. They run a famous Methodist retirement home, are elderly, very much traveled, very pleasant and lovely

people. Most of the party like their liquor too much, but still no drunks or debauchery. A very fine group to travel with. We always have good times together. They are all very pleasant to natives and well aware that we are ambassadors from our country.

EDITION 3

Noumea, New Caledonia
February 7, 1965
Sunday

The members of the Biology Department just won't get the pinhead in the right place today. Whoever would have thought when we left Papeete this morning that we would land way over here at New Caledonia. A hurricane had blown into Fiji so here is where we landed. We kept pushing our watches around and lost a day crossing the date line so none of us knew what time it was. This is a good-sized island. It was so dry around the airport and a hot 90°. This is another French island and the confusion of a big jet load of tourists landing caused great consternation and confusion. We have waited and waited from airport to our dinner. We are really fortunate to have any beds and dinner as Noumea is not a tourist town and about fifty of us came over in buses. It was U.T.A.'s responsibility and they did pretty well. Our room is rather antique but will do fine. We had a real good dinner, but the poor proprietor was upset when I told him how many were coming. Noumea shows many signs of being quite modern and also displays many old buildings, showing it is

an old city. It has a population of 45,000, has a town square and some lovely drives out along the ocean front. The natives are much blacker than were the Tahitians. The airport is 35 miles from Noumea and it was very dry over there. Looked a little like southern California in September. We came over mountains to get to the city. I nearly broke my neck trying to see the vegetation as we whizzed by. It surely is a mixture from dry to a partial-tropical vegetation. There are vast hills of a relative of the eucalyptus, a native called neauoli. It is not a very pretty tree and looked worthless to me. Up higher were vast thickets of a leguminous shrub which must be a pest. On this moister side were many of the same plants found in Tahiti, such as Hibiscus, atti trees, papayas, coconuts, royal poiniana. There were many plants familiar to southern California, such as Oleander, bougianvillia, lantana (a light purple), some oranges. I saw a pink plumaria in front of hotel and will take a picture in the morning. I saw a golden-shower tree close to town. What a beauty it was! The queerest plant is the one they call the columnar pine from the Isle of Pines, which isn't a pine at all, but just which genus I couldn't say without a key. Its form is so unusual and you see it for a long way off. They say it is 12:30 a.m. in Tahiti and since I got up by that time at 7:00 this morning, I feel it. It's 9:30 p.m. here now. You will be getting up in California to go to school on Monday morning. We're

supposed to leave here at 7:30 p.m. tomorrow to go back to Fiji. I wonder. I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever get this installment mailed. I sold all my francs and couldn't buy postage. Also I am wondering of my mail in Suva. I would hate so to miss it. I need it. I'll try to get some francs tomorrow and mail this.

February 8, 1965
Monday, 7:30 p.m.

A species of fauna I should mention, the mosquito, had me up a couple of times in the night. John tells me the city will open their famed aquarium for us this morning. It's usually closed on Monday. Besides common forms I hope to see living coral, lion fish, cow fish and the nautilus.

We are 7079 miles from Los Angeles, 2953 miles from Papeete, 1138 miles from Auckland and 1230 miles from Sydney. No suitcase last night. Living is really primitive.

EDITION 4

Noumea, N. C.
February 8, 1965

I can't just remember where I left off. The letters are sealed so I can't look it up. John advises me not to mail here as it may be lost. Our plans were changed again yesterday. We were to have returned to Fiji last evening. We checked out and drove the 35 miles over a rough road to the airport to discover on arrival that the hurricane had turned about and was whipping Fiji again. So back we came over the rough road and back to our same rooms. There was

much confusion at airport over luggage, etc. Some people got terribly worked up.

We went to a different place for dinner, the Noumea Hotel, and had a good dinner. Everyone was in good spirits and we all had a good time. Didn't get to our rooms until midnight.

The plan now is to fly to Sydney tomorrow. Will leave hotel at 6:00 a.m. Takes about three hours to Sydney. We will then fly to Auckland, New Zealand and arrive at about 7:00 p.m. We will miss Fiji, but it will be a mess there and probably rain hard for several days. John assures us that all Fiji mail will be forwarded. I'm disappointed as I was counting strong on mail tomorrow. Not a word since I left Los Angeles twelve days ago. I'm not disappointed over Fiji as New Caledonia has given me a lot. Yesterday a.m. they opened their famous aquarium for us. It doesn't open on Monday, but they did it for us. This aquarium is of world renown. How I wished for all my circle at Mt. SAC. You'd have gone berserk at these tanks. It was all from their coral reef barrier around the island. So many forms of beautiful coral with blue, green, yellow, black and striped fish; many forms of invertebrates--echinoderms, ascidean worms, crustaceans, flatworms, annelids, etc., etc. One room was all of fluorescent corals. This characteristic was discovered here and is only place where this is displayed. One whole room displayed the most fantastic shapes and colors

and reflecting this weird light. In other part I shot pictures as fast as I came along and do hope you can see some of this. Today was just as wonderful. At 9:00 a.m. about eighteen of us waded out into a small boat with two outboard motors. He traveled at 30 knots right through and up and down those big waves. It was like a twenty-five mile roller coaster. Everyone was getting a big kick out of it and none of us got seasick. I got soaking wet with the spray from the big wake. We finally came to the barrier reef and he exposed the glass bottoms. What a sight to see all those beautiful corals with such brilliant-colored life among them. They say this is just as good as the Australian reef. If I can make arrangements this late, I will cancel the Barrier Reef trip and stay with SITA tour through the rest of Australia and Tasmania. We'll see. We went on to a big lighthouse on a very small island, climbed 240 steps to top for a tremendous view of the reef with its green and blues. The captain and helper spread a real long Tahitian cloth on a long picnic table. We had two big stalks of bananas on table, ham and lettuce on French buns, mangoes, New Zealand cheese (real good), watermelon and choice of wines, beer or soft drinks. We got home at 12:30 p.m. I took a rest and then a good swim in ocean. Now it's time for bed. Oh yes, I wanted to tell you of our shrimp cocktail at dinner tonight-- about two dozen large, fresh, cooked shrimp which you had to shuck with your fingers. They were especially good.

Sydney
February 11, 1965
Thursday

Change of plans again. We couldn't get passage to New Zealand so will stay here and do our Sydney part of tour. Now plan to fly to Auckland on Sunday. Our flight here from Noumea was smooth and pleasant. The view of some of the coral islands from the air is a beautiful sight. They look like a flower floating in water. A sweet little college girl from Noumea sat in seat beside me. She attends private school in Sydney and was on way back at end of Christmas vacation. You could still see Christmas decorations in Noumea. Our hotel is Hampton Court Hotel which is in center of business district.

I walked around a little after we got settled, found I was trying to pass everyone on my right and was confusing pedestrians. Saw poplar trees and an oak tree in a church yard. Their "green-grocer" store was interesting. All of our late summer fruits; peaches, plums, grapes, pears, apples, all in season. We will have a city tour this p.m. I called Joy Shaddle's mother last evening. Of course she was surprised-- twelve days early. Joy's brother called later in evening. They both sounded very pleasant and anxious to meet me. We will call after our tour today. Meals here are delicious. I see they advertise an imported chef and food is not the dull fare that you're supposed to have in Australia. I had their famous oysters for dinner and they were as good as their reputation. It is so good to be back to our mode of living--

good water you can drink, white linens on the table. We all laughed as our group strolled into dining room with suits and ties and neat dresses after the way we have looked since January 30th. Any attire would do then--crazy straw hats, men in shorts and most of us sunburned. I haven't burned but am so brown you would be surprised. I'm going to try my first roll of film developed here. Got my fingers crossed. I've been working hard on learning values of pounds, shillings and pence. Think I have it pretty well in mind.

February 12, 1965
Friday, 10:30 p.m.

February 12th and this will be a holiday at Mt. SAC. I've figured out your time in California. Add eight hours and subtract one day. It's 10:30 but if I don't get busy all my impressions will be gone. I really enjoy Sydney. The town is beautiful and the people are really great. They are straight forward, friendly and best of all, they sincerely like Americans and they admire our nation greatly. They want to be like us and they measure their achievements in terms of America. I have met Joy Shaddle's people, the Parkers, and I can't say how much I have enjoyed and admired them. They were so easy to meet and we've all chatted constantly every minute we were together. It was great to have someone who knew about you and to get into an Australian home and visit with the Australians. Bill Parker, his wife, Dawn, and sons, David in H.S. and Kenny in kindergarten, picked

me up at 6:45 last evening. They tried to think what an American would like and decided it would be steak, so we went to a special steak house. It had atmosphere and a delicious filet. We talked fast all evening and I felt I talked too much but it's just a starter and when you get me home I'll never stop. David and Kenny are both precious. I wanted to get my hands on Kenny and I finally did. Was so glad they brought them. We went out to their home and picked up Mother Parker. Father is out of town, but I hope to meet him. I went in to see her home and right away I remembered Joy's pictures of it. Even saw Joy's room and pictured her there as a young girl. I enjoyed her very much. She is vivacious and is great in her praise of America, probably too much for Australians and I tried to soften it a little. Bill Parkers have a beautiful new home; a lovely large living room in good taste, a swimming pool, are building a barbeque house. Have a huge spit for a suckling pig which Bill is building himself. We talked later than we should and even then I didn't want to go. Bill gave me good advice about shopping in Hong Kong. Tonight at 6:00 p.m. the Jim Parkers, Jim and Maureen, picked me up. I also met the other brother, Carl, and his wife for a few minutes on way home last night. Jim has two little girls and I hope to see them as they say they will bring them to see me off for Auckland on Sunday. Jim and Maureen are a very handsome and intelligent young couple. They have traveled around the world and spent a lot of time in the States, which they drove

across three times. Maureen saw a house in Big Thompson Canyon in Colorado with the name, "Shaddle," on it. Ha! They took me to a good restaurant for fish. It's on the wharf and you feel you are at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco. The fish was super. I had begged for something light and it was perfect. I'll never forget this fine young couple and wish I could see them often. We covered everything from politics, world situation, travel, the U.S. and evolution. It's great to get Australian viewpoint directly and I can say again that America really has a true and warm friendship here. Evidence of U.S. influence is everywhere. I was loath to part company with them later than I should.

We've traveled around here so much and just keep going so that I never could get it all in a letter. Sydney is a beautiful city. The harbor and big bridge are so much a part of the picture. Beautiful modern buildings are going up everywhere. I walked through Hyde Park and saw changing of the guard on Macquarie Street.

Today we took a long drive about 70 miles south to Wollongong. We traveled through Royal National Park. Saw a great deal of the Australian Bush. Many red gum and boxwood trees, a species of bottle brush, lots of ferns and a native fan palm. Saw a black and white bird which they call magpie, but is stockier and not a long tail. The guide couldn't find a kuckaburro bird, but says we will tomorrow. Saw crows like ours and English sparrows in the towns. We had beautiful views at Bald Hill Lookout and

Sublime Point on Bulli pass. We visited their steel works at Port Kembla near Wollongong, tenth largest in world-- 7 in U.S.A., 2 in Japan and this is tenth. We had a delicious lunch in Wollongong at Grand Hotel. A very nice place with flower arrangements, like the Santa Maria Inn. The climate here is very similar to southern California. In all towns and cities the flowers are almost identical to ours. There were very few that I didn't recognize but it is odd to see Crepe Myrtle and Belladonna Lillies in full bloom in February.

I've actually found some people who are worse than Americans about roadside debree. All through their national park and preserves the roadsides are terrible. Jim and Maureen thought the roadsides in the States were clean.

Well today I got my first letter from home. Louise Harris, bless her heart, said she was all mixed up about where to mail my letter so she just sent it to Sydney. It was mailed on Monday, February 8, p.m. and reached me today, the 12th. I surely devoured that letter. Have great hopes for mail in Auckland on Sunday. It's now midnight and my work is done for the day. 9:00 a.m. we are off for Blue Mountains.

EDITION 5

February 13, 1965
Saturday

An all day trip again today. About 160 miles round trip to the Blue Mountains. We drove for miles through beautiful

high fruit country as we climbed the mountains. It was odd to see many apple orchards filled with red fruit in February, also to find citrus and apples growing together in same situation. It won't work that way in California. There were peaches, pears, plums and grapes also. People here use Frangapani (Plumaria) as large shrubs in their yards. They are very pretty. I saw one swallow and up high in mountains saw parrots, cockateals and magpies. The mountains are covered with gum (eucalyptus), saw a peculiar small tree called Banksea and a member of the bottle brush. The wattle was beginning to bloom and I got a picture. There is certainly an awful lot of bush in Australia. I saw many imported pines, monterey cypress in a small mountain town, lots of imported sycamores.

When I got home at 5:30 there was a message to call Bill Parker. They wanted me to go out for Chinese dinner, which I did. Father Parker is back from a northern trip so he and Mother Parker joined us. He is a fine man, rather quiet and when he speaks he has something to say. The Parkers have rolled out the red carpet for me. No one could have been more friendly and thoughtful. Tomorrow we go to Auckland and I hope for a big fist full of mail.

Auckland, New Zealand
February 15, 1965
9:00 p.m.

A beautiful full moon tonight. I just walked down to main section and back to use up some excess calories. A steep

climb but beautiful in moonlight. Not the mail I expected. Now we have hopes of Fiji mail in Christchurch. I got Marie Mills' letter No. 2 here so now I've had two letters. Was glad to hear of your good rain in southern California. We are staying at the Grand Hotel. I keep thinking of the Vendome in Leadville and Imperial in Cripple Creek, Colorado. It's of the same vintage. Public baths and toilets on each floor. Very large lounge with many old chairs and huge paintings of English royalty. The dining room is so English it is funny. I counted four knives and four forks at my place. There are white linens and silver service for everything. You eat when they say you will eat and they don't mean before or after and you don't go out and find a place to eat for there is none. The town completely rolls up everything by 7:00 p.m., all day Saturday and Sunday. You drink your coffee in the lounge after your lunch and dinner and don't you dare ask for it during the meal. You put your linen napkin in a silver ring with your room number on it. You sit at same place every meal and don't you ask to move. We all got shocked at 7:00 a.m. this morning when we heard a key in our door lock. I was hollering, "What is it? What is it?" and in comes the maid with hot tea, bread and butter, all with silver service. It was so hot I had to take my bed sheet to take hold of silver handle. They are not about to change their traditions for a bunch of spoiled American tourists and we go along and laugh.

Bless their hearts, why should we change them? They are so different than the easy going, friendly Australians. I could go on and on about their awkward equipment and lack of safety measures. When you get off of the elevator you step up about five inches and no one says, "Watch your step." I can't find a single electric plug in my room but thank goodness I charged my razor good in Sydney. We spent the morning touring the city. It is a gem between Tasman Sea and Pacific. It is so clean, well-kept houses and lawns. Beautiful, colorful flowers everywhere and trees, oh my, how I wish you could see them. They have planted many of our North American trees and how they do grow in this volcanic soil, plentiful rainfall and moist air. One old huge sycamore told me this a.m. that the sycamores had never had it so good. American elms even more beautiful than in our midwest. I saw Linden, Horsechestnut, Deodars, English Oaks and one lovely Cedrus deodar. Columnar Pines which far outdo those on New Caledonia, the biggest rubber tree I ever saw. I just looked and looked at the trunk and roots of that old monarch. Some eucalyptus and a Pohutukawa, the New Zealand Christmas tree that produces huge red blossoms. I hoped to get to botanical gardens this p.m., but when I got through with the zoo it was 5:00. I need another day, but we leave at 9:00 a.m. tomorrow. Dr. Herzberger and I did the zoo together. He is a veterinarian from Colorado Springs and does all this kind of care for the Cheyenne

Mountain Zoo there. He was great to tour the zoo with as he knows so much about all of the animals. He made himself known and the director was happy to see him. They had purchased a leopard from Cheyenne Mountain. Art and his wife, Lucky, are very fine folk and we all enjoy them so much. New Colorado friends for me. We went to their fine museum this morning and saw so much of the culture of their native Maori people. I read much of their history on the plane ride from Sydney so was prepared. It is an amazing story and they are amazing people. Auckland has a population of 506,000 and we are 6500 miles from California. This is February 14 in America and Chonie Thorton was to be married today. Jim and Sandy will be going to the wedding.

Waitomo, New Zealand
February 17, 1965

Yesterday we drove through the richest farm belt in New Zealand. Many hills were covered with fields which were divided by hedges. All was so green and this is fall. We saw sheep by the thousands over most of the hills. This is a land flowing with milk and honey. You are much aware of this at the dining table. What does one do when he is constantly presented with a never-ceasing array of delectable foods? First course, soup or cocktails; second, a choice of fish; thirdly, your main course including vegetables and salads. Last evening my vegetables included, brown and boiled potatoes, creamed pumpkin, braised cabbage, peas;

fourth, your dessert choice, each of which is a gourmet's delight; fifth, they offer you a selection of their New Zealand cheeses with biscuits and the cheeses are the best I have ever encountered anywhere; sixth, a bowl of New Zealand fresh fruits. After all of this you go to the lounge for your coffee. Yesterday p.m. I took about a five-mile walk with my camera and binoculars. There is not the great hoard of birds that we have. Many English sparrows and minahs. I figured out a white tailed-Fantail. The most evident fact about their vegetation is that there is a great invasion of imported plants along with their natives. You find so many of our own trees like poplars, sycamores, deodars, sequoias, magnolia, linden and a great variety of pines, all of which are doing very well. One interesting native is the Titi (Titi-Maukee) which is like a tall Joshua only the leaves are soft. They grow abundantly in swamps and moist situations. I purchased a beautiful book of native flowers in color. I will mail it home as I leave New Zealand. Today we are off for Wairakei.

Later at Wairakei

I identified another bird which I saw on the walk yesterday. He is called the Wax-Eye because of a ring of white feathers around each eye. He is about five inches. The fantail is real cute. He spreads his white tail feathers out like a fan, belongs to flycatchers and is native of Australia. The cave at Waitomo was very unusual and worth while. They

put us in a boat and we went perhaps 200 feet into the grotto where the ceiling was covered with glowworms. It seemed like you were looking at the milky way on a clear night. It was a weird and beautiful sight.

We came about 175 miles today to Wairakei. We climbed to a plateau and Tongariro National Park. It's such a different country. For awhile it looks so desolate like a desert and the next minute you are crossing a beautiful mountain stream in deep rock canyons with dense ferns on either side. We had lunch at beautiful Chateau Tongariro at the foot of 9500 ft. Mt. Raupehu. According to the pictures it is a beautiful setting with a snow-covered mountain but we were in low clouds and mist and could not see it. The New Zealand bush has vast areas of dense broken fern which would be impossible to walk through. There is much evidence of planted pine forests in this area, some of which have been harvested. You see many stumps. The white cedar as you see in Seattle area is very much in evidence. We finally came to beautiful Lake Taupo, 40 miles long and 17 miles wide, with lovely mountains along its opposite shores. Great many American trout are harvested here as well as from the Waikato river which flows from it. We visited the Huka falls in this river a few miles from the lake. A tremendous force of water thirty feet deep in a very narrow solid rock channel. In a few miles we came to our lodge at Wairakei. Another beautiful lodge and another far

too sumptuous dinner. This is in the center of New Zealand geothermal power system. We could see clouds of steam several miles before we got here and can now hear its constant roaring. They drill for this steam like they do for oil and use it to generate their electricity. They heat all of their homes and this hotel with the steam. At 9:00 p.m. I'm taking a swim in their heated pool, and working off some of these calories.

This is a very fortunate country. Natural water and steam power, good harbors, fertile soil, plenty of fish. The hills and valleys are dotted with thousands of sheep and cattle. Many, many dairy herds, mostly Swiss cattle, some holsteen and black angus for beef. Most of the sheep and cattle are lying down in their lush green pastures. Their tables goan with the abundance of food--many cheeses, always a big bowl of whipped cream on the table, ice creams, fresh tender meats--lamb, beef and pork. Labor is at a premium, only 400 unemployed in New Zealand and they are unemployable. All of our waitresses are from Australia. They can't hire any waitresses here. I know what is ahead for me with the poverty and the starvation and what a contrast from this Garden of Eden.

Rotorua, New Zealand
February 18, 1965
Grand Hotel

This is another hotel of 19th century vintage. My room is quite modern and I'm alone for first time since I left

Sydney. It's good to be quiet and away from people for a while. The odors of sulfur are everywhere in this town as there are geysers and mudpools all around the country. We are beside another big lake. We drove through many miles of man-made forest today. The pine was *Pinus insignis* and was planted during the depression, 1934 to 1938. They grew rapidly and already are harvesting some lumber. We checked into our hotel here at about 11:30 a.m. and went right on out to the trout farm. I wasn't much interested as I had seen many fish hatcheries. I was ashamed as it was fascinating and beautiful. All in deep shade with crystal clear water in pools and stream. Magnificent tree ferns and I found there are several different species of tree fern. The most common is the silver fern and underside of frond is all silver color. The trout were unbelievable in size. One was a Brown which weighs 25 pounds. Some *Sequoia sempervirens* planted in there 40 years ago and already they are giants with diameters six to eight feet.

After too much lunch with steak we went out a short way to Whakarewarewa for a guided tour of a model Maori village and the thermal area. The village was built for the Queen when she visited here. The Maori lady who guided us was real good. She spoke very well and was so clever. We went on into the village where some live. They cook some of their food in these hot holes, wash and bathe in them. I felt a sense of shame that these people have to be displayed for the tourist and even their mourning for their

was exploited by picture takers. The geyser we saw was a beauty. It gives off steam and hot water for four hours and then is quiet for a couple. This evening we have tickets for a Maori concert party and I had better get ready for dinner as it's 6:00 p.m.

11:00 p.m.--Just in from a most pleasant evening. The Maori concert was interesting, entertaining and lovely. The M.C. (guide, they call her) was Kiri. I would guess she was about 45, plump, happy and full of personality. She has fun with her players and she won the heart of her audience. They were very different from the Tahitians and yet you got the same feeling. Their dancing consisted mostly of very intricate movements with two round balls on very flexible woven strands. They call the balls "poi" and now that word really has me confused. There were six young men and about eight young maidens, some were beautiful and some homely and about six older women most of whom were very homely. The men used the expression of sticking out their tongues while dancing as you see in many of their carvings and as explained by Oscar Edinger with his pictures. The expression will be used a great deal by the tour from now on I am sure as everyone was so amused with it. One very pretty girl had one of the sweetest voices I've ever heard. You keep thinking of that lovely, high voice and the others blending in with it. It was all Maori until the last when this young lady began "Brahams Lullaby" with Maorian words. The rest joined in softly in the background. She followed

this for our benefit with "Home Sweet Home" sung very high and very sweetly. It almost sent us all home on the next plane. They ended with "Now is the Hour" and of course, "God Save the Queen." I joined the Paces, Morans and Jimmie Croxen for coffee in a coffee house on the way home. All joined into the spirit of the hour and we had a good time. Tomorrow evening Christchurch and maybe, maybe that long awaited mail.

Christchurch, New Zealand
February 19, 1965
Friday
Warners Hotel

I've just had a feast--mail, mail, precious mail. It came to me during dinner. I couldn't wait, got to my room and lived with loved ones and friends for two hours. I laughed and chuckled and maybe a little tear when I read of my grandsons. I wanted to sit right down and write to each one, but that much time isn't available. I am so thankful to Harlen and E. V. Smith for what you are doing and to think you were seeking more addresses. This way I can talk to all of you, even to myself. No Fiji mail came through and I wonder if I will ever receive it.

How fast we do go and I long for time to stroll and really get acquainted with this lovely land. We left Rotorua at 10:00 a.m. and were in Wellington by noon. A lovely setting for a city with its bay, harbor and hills. It's a very hilly city and so different from Auckland.

It's not sparkling clean, the buildings are old, the streets are so narrow and so busy. Cars, taxis, red city buses and pedestrians all trying to get through those busy streets. The harbor was caused by an ancient volcano and the hills are quite steep around it like Crater Lake. This was an especially busy day as Thursday is pay day and all but restaurants and dairy product places close on Saturday and Sunday. I thought the government buildings were very old and unattractive. They are building some new ones, but without much of a plan for a national capital. We visited the Lady Norwood Rose Gardens and Begonia greenhouse. The tuberous begonias and many others nearly bowled me over. I never dreamed they could be so wonderful. Even bigger than at Santa Cruz. We stopped in a government building to see a mounted Moa, extinct ostrich-like bird of this country. I guess I hadn't read much about it as I was totally unprepared. About 15 ft. tall with legs about six inches in diameter. I never knew a bird was ever that big. It was too dark for a picture. We left Wellington at 5:00 p.m. and were here by 6:30. A beautiful flight as I watched the mysterious blue mountains of the South Island appear. You could see the waters in rivers like glistening silver strands way up high in the mountains and then across the plain and into the ocean. We had another delightful experience ahead of us--Christchurch. First, the miles and miles of checkerboard fields on the plain and then this lovely city. Again it was sparkling clean with the lawns and flowers that made us all

exclaim. Every home has a fence, typical of the English they say. The Avon river meanders through the city and you see these well trimmed lawns and flowers go all the way to the water. It is called the Garden City of the Canterbury Plains--so well named. Our hotel is right in the middle of things on the square where the original Christchurch is located. Tomorrow should be a thrill--Christchurch to Mt. Cook.

Mt. Cook--Hermitage
February 21, 1965
Sunday

I have seen pictures on the screen, read of it in the National Geographic and now here I am at this famous spot. I don't think beautiful is the adjective for it. Perhaps austere, magnificent, grand, might do. We haven't seen the top of Mt. Cook yet as it is covered in clouds but we see most of it and the glaciers. The hotel (Hermitage) is delightful. It won the New Zealand architectural award in the late fifties. Every room, dining room and lounge all look out upon this grandeur. It's been raining most of the night, but I have hopes of getting pictures before we leave after lunch.

Yesterday morning we drove for miles through the flat Canterbury Plain. Many fields and sheep. They raise turnips for the sheep which they call sweets and entice them with mustard which seems to prepare them for the turnips.

We had lunch at a little country town called Geraldine. Finally we turned toward the mountains. The foothills were grass covered and mostly limestone. We reached a large

lake called Lake Tekapo and beyond it was a beautiful view of their Southern Alps. We came to a second large lake called Pukalsi which was hollowed out by a glacier. There was much evidence of glacial activity. Along the roadside was much white yarrow and wild rose bushes. No trees grow naturally on these mountains which would soften them. When trees are planted they grow vigorously. This lack of trees makes the mountains look so rugged. I'm not going up on the glacier this morning but will walk about and see what plants and birds I can find.

Later
12:00 noon

A morning of inspiration, wonderful luck, as it was perfect weather, blue sky and sunshine. A walk all by myself which I shall always remember. Ambling along, seeking answers to all the new plants and looking up at these unbelievable mountains every few minutes. Jagged, steep and so intensely white. Light fleecy clouds played around their summits like a misty veil which tantalize you to see what is behind it. I kept thinking of "Dreams of mountains who in their sleep, they think of things eternal". Botanically speaking, it was a very successful walk through sub-alpine scrub and grassland. Many, many new plants, a few old friends like foxglove and large pink and blue lupines. So many shrubs have berries which make them especially interesting. I must have walked over two miles and returned to hotel to check up in my new book on what I had found. I was glad to be able to identify

most of them. Someone told me of a nature trail so I dashed off to it. It was completely different from my first walk. This was really a rain forest in beautiful big native silver birch (*Nothofagus menziesii*). Again I found many new plants and was aided by having some labeled. Lots of moss, lichens and liverworts. Perfectly beautiful ferns, not tree ferns. An unexpected experience occurred when about five fantails paid me a visit. I wondered if someone had tamed them as they flew about my head and would alight but a few feet from me and if I had had food on my finger I know they would have lighted on it. They remind me of our Bush-tits, small mousy grey with this spectacular white tail which they spread out just like a white fan. I had to leave this heavenly sanctuary and return for lunch. I felt as though I needed time to come way down out of the clouds to land on terra firma and begin again as an ordinary human. It was with regret that we left the Hermitage after lunch and stole many backward glances at those mountains from somewhere in outer space, surely not the earth.

We arrived here at Wanaka at 6:30, a beautiful, brand new government hotel. It is situated on Lake Wanaka and is called the Lake Lucerne of the Southern Alps. We leave at 8:00 a.m. so I will only have a few minutes to look. We then go to Milford Sound, a long days ride and it too is one of those unforgettable places.

I am sure that I must have told you of the meals in

New Zealand. I don't know how people can eat so much. Really I don't know why, but I haven't gained so far and I feel great. Each meal starts with a choice of soup, then a fish course which is always delicious. This is followed by the main course including about three kinds of potatoes and vegetables. You ask for the salad waitress now and choose a salad to go with this course. This is followed by sweets and the New Zealand desserts are always delicious and fancy. After sweets you may ask for cheeses and crackers. They bring a tray of New Zealand cheeses from which you choose and they are among the most famous cheeses in the world. You may then ask for fresh fruit bowl from which you choose as many fresh fruits as you desire. You then go to the lounge for coffee (never with your meal. Heaven forbid such a thought). The coffee is always in small demitasse cups, black or white (much rich milk). You then figure some way to take a good walk before you go to your room. Breakfast and lunch are almost as bad.

Now I'm out of air-mail paper and a long way from a store. We'll see what can be done.

February 22 is tomorrow and another holiday at Mt. SAC. How lucky can you be? Of course, you won't arrive at February 22 until day after tomorrow.

EDITION 7

Milford Sound
February 23, 1965
Government Hostel

How can one describe this spot? Once you have seen it, it is inside of you and will always remain there, but how you do long for your friends and loved ones to share it with you. Steep, Steep mountains surround you and coming off of their tops are many waterfalls. The water rushes into the valley where you can hear it, but to see it is difficult as the banks are a mass of ferns, silver beech trees and many shrubs. It is raining and we are to go out in the sound in an hour. It's no wonder it is raining as the annual rainfall is 280 inches. The forest is all rain forest and very similar to the one on Olympic Penninsula in Washington. Old logs and rocks are covered with thick moss and lichens. There are many lichens also on the living trees and shrubs. The lovely, lovely ferns of so many species make it seem like a perfect shady garden.

For over a hundred miles after we left Mt. Cook we traveled through quite desolate country. It was all very hilly with the dry hills covered with grass. There were a great number of rose bushes along the road which were loaded with red haws. They say they are used for making cough syrup, wine, jelly and many other items. We finally began to see that we were getting back to the cabbage trees and flax. We arrived at Te Anau for lunch which is on the shores of beautiful Lake Te Anau. The lake is very large and in the background were the lovely forested mountains which are around

the fiords. We were headed for these mountains after lunch.

We soon stopped in the rain forest and I had an opportunity to look closely. I heard two bird calls and was able to get one of the birds in my glasses. He was a grey warbler with bright yellow head and short tail. I couldn't find him in my key but usually I find the information somewhere if I keep my eyes and ears open. The silver beech (some call it birch) in the forest were magnificent specimens. They have a very small loaf which almost makes you think they are conifers. Frequent foxgloves were found and very attractive pink and purple lupines. Occasionally in the forest would be a low tree with brilliant red flowers. I find it is the Rata vine which germinates in the fork of a tree, sends out air shoots which reach the ground and take root. These send out lateral branches which grow together and finally forms a tube about the host tree which is suffocated and dies. As we ascended toward timberline the trees began to disappear and we were seeing many bushes of the mountain lacebark. They look like syringa and were loaded with many white blossoms. Above timberline we saw some masses of white berries growing on a prostrate shrub. It is the snowberry and very attractive. I saw many alpine white daises and hairbells and one scraggly Iceland poppy. We stopped at the entrance of a tunnel and awaited our turn to go through. It is three-fourth mile long and pierces the top of these tremendous mountains at a place called the saddle. We descended on the other side into this

unbelievable valley. We were stationed at a hostel in place of the hotel. You should have heard the members of our tour. I was amused at them. It seems that the agent for SITA who was the Mt. Cook Travel Company had failed to make reservations in the hotel in time and they are full up with reservations months ahead. Our accommodations are very primitive, three in a room and common wash room, etc. We ate a very good home cooked meal in the dining hall with nothing fancy at all. You wait on yourself, pick up your dirty dishes, etc. It gave us an unusual opportunity to get acquainted with the common people of New Zealand. We ate with them at different tables. At 9:00 p.m. they have what is called supper in the lounge where they served pound cake, cookies, coffee, tea. Someone played the piano and some sang. Four of us got in a corner with two delightful New Zealand couples and we had a picnic discussing our reaction and their reaction to our different accents. They laughed until they cried over our experiences in New Zealand. They explained many of their customs, their care of the sheep, breeds of cattle, etc. Our hosts were a young couple that won our hearts as they were so gracious and anxious to make us comfortable. So many members of our tour have had too much money and to come down to this kind of accommodation was almost more than they could take. Honestly, I'd stay in a tent to be able to see this place and besides I'm making money on SITA refunds. Quite a difference between 80¢ per night and about \$20.00 in

the hotel. I also get \$5.00 for every night I double up with John and it's growing into quite a tidy sum. It's now 10:30 a.m. and I'm at the hotel writing. The cruise has been put off until afternoon on account of the weather and it's raining cats and dogs. The mountains are all covered with clouds. We will lunch here at the hotel and then back to our primitive life after the cruise. I do so hope it clears so I can take pictures.

Later--The boat trip was wet, misty, frequent rain and most exciting. We could never see the tops of the peaks but the grandeur of the place was there. It is probably the most beautiful spot I have ever been in before. The sides of the mountains are almost perpendicular, rising up directly from the sound. In fact, I wondered in a couple of places if the base of cliffs were not recessed back, having been scoured out by the ancient glacier. Growing wherever there was a little soil on the cliffs were the plants of the rain forest. Rounded, umbrella-shaped tops of the silver beech trees, tree ferns and lush banks of the other ferns. Waterfalls by the dozen were streaking the sides of the cliff, some falling into the vegetation and some directly into the sound. I snapped pictures of waterfalls so fast that someday you may be subjected to ten minutes of just waterfall pictures. It was a two-hour trip which gave you two hours of ecstasy. I wondered how much longer I can be so stimulated. Will it wear off before this trip is completed?

Timaru
February 25, 1965
Thursday

This is to be our last night in New Zealand and I shall leave it with regret. You should see me tonight as I am really living in style. John slipped this room to me because he said I had been so cooperative in the room situation. It's a big corner room with a radio, vented gas heater, bath. I'm sure no one else got such a good one as this hotel is pretty ancient. Timaru is a lovely port city of about 21,000 population on the Canterbury Plain and 100 miles south of Christchurch. I can look out of my window onto the Pacific Ocean. We had such an interesting flight this p.m. from Queenstown to this city. It made an excellent review from the sky of our South Island tour as we could see Lake Wanaka, Lake Pukaki, Lake Tekapu, the Southern Alps and Mt. Cook, and finally the picture puzzle of the Canterbury Plain. These were all places which we had seen on our South Island tour.

Queenstown is a tourist town situated on the shore of Lake Wakatipu. The lake is 52 miles long, a few miles wide and in some places 160 feet deep. It is the longest lake in New Zealand. I walked in their park and decided that everything that they plant of ours does better here. I never in my life saw such huge cypress trees. I stood beside a Pinus Ponderosa in amazement. How could it get so big and so perfect? I even fondled the needles of a beautiful

white fir with a little feeling of homesickness. This morning we had a ride to an old deserted mining camp that was a dandy. We rode in small buses which would take the very narrow road. It was about 22 miles of a road like the serpentine route between Central City and Idaho Springs in Colorado. It was breath taking to look over the edge and see it straight off for hundreds of feet. It was over some high grassy mountains and along the steep canyon of the Shotover River. They call it the Grand Canyon of the Southern Alps. The river is said to be the richest in the world for sluicing and panning of gold. It was discovered in 1862 and much of it was built the rest of the century. There were 10,000 people in and around Skipper. Now there are six. How they ever got equipment and supplies over that wild road I shall always wonder. Even a bridge built in 1902 by a commercial firm is still in good shape. It's 300 feet long and 300 feet down to the Shotover River--a real thrill. We saw some wild goats and red deer. There was a great deal of foxglove and some purple sage. I have described our trip to Milford Sound over the top of the mountains. Since we returned by the same route, I will not repeat it.

On Plane--Christchurch to Sydney
February 26, 1965
Friday

We have said goodbye to New Zealand and it was not without regret. It is truly a beautiful land and full of intense interest for a biologist. I had a wonderful time in Christchurch. I

was invited by Jimmie Croxen, from Dallas, to join her and Dr. Velda Carver, from Toledo, to spend our afternoon with Jimmie's friends, Dr. and Mrs. Bob Pilgrim, in sightseeing. Dr. Pilgrim is a zoologist from the University of Christchurch who has spent a number of years studying the nervous system of invertebrates. He spent a year at California Tech. and also studied at Naples, Italy. They were a fascinating couple, so very friendly and cordial and anxious to visit with Americans. They too had been smitten by life in America after a year in Pasadena. Mrs. Pilgrim picked us up at the hotel after lunch and drove us all over the city. At 3:30 she parked beside the ocean and proceeded to bring forth from the trunk of her car two kinds of delicious cakes (one called Napoleons) and cookies plus hot tea. We went to the University and picked up Bob who gave us a personal tour of the Christchurch Botanical Gardens. I had been prepared for this by my visit to the park in Queenstown. Much to my delight, we found these huge, perfectly shaped trees with ample room between them all in a setting of smooth, well kept lawns and exquisite flower gardens. Each tree was well labeled. We only had time to see about half of it and it was too late for pictures, but Bob says he will take slides and send them to me. I was amazed at the variety which included Linden, white cedar, cypress, horsechestnut, beech, many pines, firs, spruce, deodar, sequoia. Bob says that the gardens are supposed to surpass the Kew gardens in England and is often said to be

the most beautiful in the world. I can believe it and shall never forget it. They even took us to the airport and saw us off. New friends which I can cherish. Bob wanted to be remembered to Edwin C. Yeager with whom he spent a half day on the desert. I had a letter from George Morgan in Christchurch in answer to one sent from Auckland. Such fast service and it was so good to have it to read on the plane.

Sydney
February 27, 1965
Saturday
Hotel Menzies

We arrived here at 11:00 p.m. I found wonderful mail in my room and when I had finished reading, it was 1:00 Sydney time and 3:00 New Zealand time. I've had a day. Letters from Jim and Sandy, June Vail, two from Grace Davis, Marian, Lee Shaddle, Aunt Jennie Shaddle and Louise Harris. I can't say how much I enjoyed and appreciated these letters. I am so thankful for such friends and family. It seems these days that my cup runneth over. I'd like to sit down and answer each letter but there aren't that many hours so again I am thankful to the Smiths and their service. It's fun to be getting word back from the first edition of the diary. We've all had colds on the tour now. Thanks to Dr. Seinfeld's medicine I am pretty well over mine. Now I shall call the Parkers and hope to have an evening with them. We leave here Monday for Canberra and Melbourne and on to Hobart. My change in itinerary went through. I will return to Sydney on March 4

and leave for Hong Kong on March 5. This hotel is new and elegant. Every comfort you can think of in my room. We are invited to dinner and a floor show this evening in the hotel.

EDITION 8

Melbourne
March 2, 1965
Tuesday

I am getting behind in my diary. We go so fast that the hours slip by. This p.m. was free and instead of going to the Botanical Gardens I came to my room and slept several hours. I was getting weary and still coughed from the cold so think it was wise. Besides it's very hot outside (104°) and the sand flies are bad here. They bothered us terribly in Canberra and are still around here. Australia is suffering a severe drought, the worst in 13 years, so the hills and bush are terribly dry. The hills from the plane are all so brown and they say sheep and cattle are starving unless they are fed.

We stayed in Sydney at the Menzies Hotel. It is new, modern and luxurious. They have done everything they can think of to make you comfortable. On a side table in my room, with knife supplied, was a large orange, apple and peach. It's good to have these fresh fruits in February. We especially enjoy the fresh strawberries. Saturday was a good day as it was a free day. I slept late and in p.m. went to the Botanical Gardens. Trees and plants were all labeled so I had a big time all by myself. I got acquainted

with the yellow-breasted robin (not even a thrush), a beautiful blue-headed wren and a bulbul which is like our bush-tits with a red streak through his eye. In the evening, SITA had a party for us at the Menzies night club. They serve very slowly and we were from 8:00 to 10:30 eating a delicious dinner. There was an orchestra and floor show. We especially enjoyed Stan Wilson and Lynn Castro who played guitars and sang. They are from America--of TV fame. They had us singing "Waltzing Matilda". We've sung it on the bus, etc. so much that I almost know the words. Sunday was a big day--sight seeing all day long. We first went to Taronga Park Zoo. Of course I have read of it and knew it was good. It's built on a hill with good view of the bay below, many trees and a wonderful display of animals, especially native ones. I took many pictures and hope they'll be good. Our time was much too short--typical of a tour. We toured the northern beaches, all lovely and picturesque. These people surely love the water. After lunch we went to the Koala Park. We had a wonderful time there. Many Koalas and the keeper got one down and let some of us handle it. You are right with the kangaroos and emus who are very tame.

I was invited to the Frank Parkers (the senior members) for dinner. Again they rolled out the red carpet and I had such a happy evening. We arrived just before dark so I got to see their garden and birds. They had a plant which looks just like a big cut-leaf philodendron which bears a fruit which tastes like banana and pineapple and they said

it was 'monsteril delicio! In their back yard is an aviary with some parakeets and of great interest a bower bird and a gill bird (a honey eater). They showed me how the bower bird had decorated his corner with any kind of shiny or colored object. The honey eater was very friendly and imitates other sounds like our mocking bird. I also heard their cricket which makes a much more musical sound than ours. Mrs. Parker served a delicious dinner and even had a bottle of champagne to celebrate my coming. Bill Parker came in later. He had been water skiing. I enjoyed the conversation, especially hearing about how they had battled the rabbits in Australia. I hated to tell these wonderful and gracious folk good-bye who live so far away from us all.

Yesterday, Monday, we were off at 9:15 for Canberra. Canberra will eventually be a beautiful, well planned national capital. It is all so new and much building is going on. Their war memorial is the most impressive of all. A spot which no one should miss when they come here. We ran right into Lord Mounthatten, Lord of the English Admiralty, at the Parliment House. It was hot, dry and those terrible sand flies, so we couldn't enjoy our time here too much. We had lunch at the Canberra Rex Hotel which is very nice and new. We came on to Melbourne and arrived here in time for dinner. The hotel is the Southern Cross, new luxurious, very attractive and modern, has nine restaurants and bars and an open-air plaza with at least fifty specialty shops. I've

said I didn't mind the inconveniences of less pretencious accomodations but one enjoys feeding his ego by living in such swank environment. Melbourne is a big city of about two million people. It has wide, many tree lined streets and evidence everywhere of rapid progress. Many old buildings are being torn down and new, modern and impressive buildings are taking their place. They are building new freeways and plans are afoot for more subways. I was impressed with so many high attractive steeples and beautiful old government buildings. It shows that it is an old city, but has a modern outlook. I'd love to spend a couple of weeks here and learn to know its history and its people. We spent the entire morning sight-seeing. There is lots of evidence of the cities love of sports, golf, cricket, bowling greens, football and water sports. We were allowed to stroll through Fitzroy Park and were thrilled with the flowers, avenue of giant elms and Captain Cook's cottage brought complete from England and reassembled here.

Sydney
March 4, 1965
Thursday
Menzies Hotel

Back in Sydney and on my own for a while. It's very different to check your baggage, validate your tickets, worry about someone meeting you and not having John to do all of this for you. It was with a feeling of sadness that I bid good-bye to my tour group at the Wrest Point Hotel in Hobart this morning. They sang to me in the hotel lobby,

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then each came and bid me good-bye. I feel that I have a host of new, good friends. Now I wonder what is ahead for me. I had a good visit on the plane with a retired engineer from Queensland, an intelligent, thinking man. Again I got the same expression of a very warm feeling toward the U.S.A. and what our boys did here during the war. He is deeply concerned over Red China and feels that the only hope of the world is the U.S.A. I was again surprised to hear an Australian say that their ties with England were ridiculous-- so far away from them and he felt they would be better off with close ties with America. This country is building so rapidly. I found it true in Melbourne and even more so here. I went shopping before dinner and was amazed at what was going on under the surface of this hotel. It's a depot for interurban trains, hordes of people all almost running for their trains, escalators and many arcades with dozens of shops. After dinner I took a good walk. For a while I felt I was in New York City-- so many sky scrapers, all new and many more being built. It is a fascinating city, so full of industrious people and progress.

I have a feeling of disappointment in Australia in that I didn't really get acquainted as I wanted with the natural wild life. My trip to Tasmania was almost worthless in this respect. Only one day, it rained and so we didn't even get up on Mt. Wellington. Instead, we went through a huge candy factory which was most interesting but one could find the same

in the States. We stopped for 30 minutes in a wonderful botanical garden which needed a full day of my time. Every city of any size has these wonderful gardens which I have enjoyed to the fullest. Not only are there trees, but birds which need exploring. I wonder if I will ever get back. I feel that I did New Zealand more thoroughly than Australia. If we hadn't had the extra four days in Sydney and surrounding country, it would have been a flop for me.

Jim Parker had a roll of film developed for me which I got when I arrived. They look real good--all Tahiti. I got Jim's cablegram in Melbourne saying my roll sent to Pomona was no good so I was worried. I think I've got that corrected. I'm afraid that roll was Moorea which was so beautiful. I'm so disappointed about it. Next writing in far off Hong Kong.

EDITION 9

Hong Kong
March 5, 1965
Friday, 9:30 p.m.
Park Hotel

Here I am and I can't believe it. I've read and seen pictures in National Geographic, movies, etc. for years and here it all is. I arrived after dark at 7:30p.m. and see lights--lights everywhere. How I wish all of you could peek through the window of my hotel room right now. The whole side is glass and I look out on the bay with all of the lights of Hong Kong glittering. Before it was completely dark I could see many boats in the bay. When I arrived I was

feeling so alone having left all of my friends in the tour. All alone in this big city in such a strange land. It all changed so rapidly as I walked out of customs for here was a nice Chinese man holding up a sign saying, "Mr. Shaddle," and here was a Chinese boy saying, "Are you Mr. Shaddle?" Another red carpet of which I never saw the like. The man was Charley Kwck who is managing director of SITA World Travel in Hong Kong. He knows so many SITA people--John Trapp and my Hermes Agent in Los Angeles, Savilla Latham. Charley rushed me off in their new German car to the Park Hotel, new, not huge and pretentious, but so modern and clean. Chinese all over the hotel--all so friendly and nice. Charley took me right over to the SITA office to explain my exciting itinerary. He was in Los Angeles last fall and has been around a great deal. He has a daughter in college in New York. I asked about shopping tomorrow morning and of course he knows all the pitfalls and tricks in Hong Kong. He called a dependable tailor and believe it or not I'm all measured up and have two suits ordered--wonderful English-made goods and terrific low price. We walked down to the tailor's shop and took a short cut to the hotel. It looked like an alley, but was lined with small shops, all Chinese merchants and lots of people on the walk. Charley showed me jip joints and places to avoid. It's wonderful to have advice from someone you can trust. Off to bed now with the excitement of tomorrow in my mind. I found mail from Sandra, Harlen, Marie Mills and John Douthit. You just can't know how much I appreciate

and enjoy these letters. Again, I could sit here and write all evening to each of you. It was so good to know from Harlen that sections 1,2,3,4 and 5 of my diary had all been received, so none are missing to date and my story is continuous. I'll try to be careful what countries I mail them in from now on. My radio in room has been playing nothing but good old American songs all evening. They sound so good.

March 6, 1965
Saturday

Today I got the feeling of Hong Kong. People everywhere, on the narrow streets, jammed on the buses and ferries, living all over the city, great tall cheap apartment houses, on the roofs and on the water. Modern up-to-date buildings are mixed up with old, dirty, smelly ones. I walked the streets this morning and the walks were full of every class of people, dirty and clean, well dressed and ragged. Every few steps a Chinese or an Indian tried to entice you into his shop with all kinds of tricks. I got lost a couple of times, got a map and worked my way out. I had a second fitting of my suits and also a fitting for a couple of pair of shoes. The skill with which they measure you is a revelation. Tonight, the shoe man said they would be all finished on Monday morning. Imagine that! At 2:00 Renna, a Chinese girl from SITA, and the driver, George, picked me up for a tour of Hong Kong Island. It began to drizzle and was dark, but I took pictures anyway as it was my only chance. I don't think I'll ever get over

the sight of these people called the Tanka people who live in the house boats, the big ones called junks and the smaller ones, sampans. Renna says not to feel sorry for them as they have lived that way for centuries and know nothing else. They have plenty of food, are happy and if you offered them a piece of land they would not want it. How they could be comfortable in those little shacks I don't see. On many roofs of the old buildings you see terrible shacks, where people live for a small price but worse than this were appalling shacks built on a steep hillside which the government gave to them free. They haul in junk and make a home of it. These Chinese people that you see about them make your heart ache. Hong Kong had a population of one-half million at the end of the war and there are now four million. Their biggest problem is housing. There is no compulsory education and how could there be when so many have no home? It has led to juvenile problems as so many of the young people get into gambling and stealing in desperation. In the midst of these shacks was Tiger Balm Garden built by the Haw brothers, Lizard and Tiger, with a fortune made out of Tiger Balm. Lizard died early, but Tiger lived much longer and died a few years ago in Hawaii. He had four wives and one lives in the mansion. The gardens are gaudy statuary and flowers-- most interesting but in the mansion, oh, my. I had a private tour with the Chinese man who is the chief housekeeper. I was completely overwhelmed with the amazing collection of carved jade, all colors, lapia lazuli, cinnibar, ivory,

rosewood cases, teakwood staircases, screens. He was so proud of it and seemed to love every piece in room after room. It's a priceless collection and I hope nothing ever happens to it. We drove to the top of Victoria Peak but too much fog for the view. We visited Repulse Bay on the other side, a beautiful quiet bay with picturesque rocks and island rising up in it and surrounded with many homes of wealthy people. We went on to the fishing village of Aberdeen and took a sampan out to one of the floating palaces for a Chinese seafood dinner. Many more sampans and many parked in the mud so close together you can't see the water. These are no longer seaworthy, but all occupied with people who are working to buy a junk. After the smells and the sights I didn't see how I'd ever eat, but inside it was quiet and clean and a very good dinner. Renna insisted and so I ate every bite with chop sticks along with much coaching. We visited a Chinese bride upstairs who was celebrating their wedding. She was dressed in the customary bride's clothing and looked very pretty. She was shut off by a screen and attended by a professional wedding conductor who invited Renna and me in. All the other guests were down stairs. The bride spoke English so I shook her hand and told her I brought good wishes from America. We drove through a number of very narrow streets in Chinese markets. It was so narrow that you could almost touch the produce. Blocks of small stands loaded with food and people bargaining. Besides the

the usual fruits and vegetables I saw pickled duck eggs with stripes painted on the shell, water chestnuts, roots of the water hyacinth, live chickens, whole pigs brought in from Red China, Sunkist oranges from California.

March 7, 1965
Sunday

I could write reams rather than pages on these days. Each day is filled so full. Today was a trip to New Territories (21 miles) to the Bamboo Curtain. Hong Kong and Kowloon are under permanent British mandate, but New Territories was a 99-year agreement of which about 30 are left. You cross on Nathan Road into New Territory and we were driven by Bertha, another SITA Chinese guide, and by George. Both Bertha and Renna were born in Shanghi and came through the curtain legally. We were taken to the government housing for the refugees housed in these apartments which were seven stories high. One room to ten people. Rooms about 12' by 20', I think, not sure. Thousands of people all jammed together, washing hanging out of most of the apartments. The children, oh, they break your heart; hordes of them, but they are fed and they have cover. The British have done a great deal for them. We saw a large American medical facility where medical care is given free. The Salvation Army is doing a great deal. CARE is also doing a tremendous job. One thing we can do is to help through these agencies. I really felt ashamed to be driven into this street by a big Pontiac car with four people, including myself,

all dressed in fine clothes and an expensive camera, to get out with these people milling all about you, look upon them like you were some millionaire, to take their picture. In your heart you ask what is the answer and what can Christian America do? They do have work in the factories and all that we buy does help them. One thousand American tourists a day in Hong Kong last year--think of it. We went on into the country, into the rice bowl where we had our only look at real China, the farmers and country markets. These people have been here for a long, long time and you see what rural China is like. We saw a walled city, four hundred years old, where about 400 people live and used to close the gates into the town at night for hundreds of years to protect themselves from robbers. This is no longer necessary with adequate police protection. Bertha said we should not get out of car or go behind the walls as there were many diseases, especially eye diseases. The border was very quiet, just a gate and a fence. I took a picture of elderly Chinese people here for a small price. We were back to hotel by 1:00 p.m. Since then I have been shopping. One could go berserk on shopping here. The most beautiful linens, sweaters, carved wood, opals, jade, etc. are everywhere and so cheap compared to the States. Now this evening is an evening tour, Peking style dinner and Cantonese opera.

EDITION 10

March 7, 1965
Sunday

Tonight I went out for a Cantonese dinner and then to a big amusement park for Cantonese opera. I was taken by two Chinese young men who work for SITA. John is about 28 and William is 23. Neither is married. By far the best part of the evening was getting acquainted with these fine young men. Both were born in Hong Kong. John had a high school education and William very little. William started with SITA very young and could not speak a word of English. We had such an interesting conversation over our dinner and our coffee after the opera. I'll always remember these fine young Chinese who are sincere with high ideals. I did my best to convey to them the underlying spirit of America and our desire to help all nations to achieve freedom and equal economic opportunity for all. The dinner I felt was too greasy and not nearly as good as our Jade Palace in Pomona. The Chinese opera was awful--very, very noisy with much crashing of cymbals, beating of sticks on wood, a fiddle and one horn which played about twelve notes following the same notes throughout. The ladies all sang monotonous, sing-song through their noses. Stage was set in mostly brilliant red and the costumes bright with much sequins. Don't ever go to hear Chinese opera. We rode home on the upper deck of the buses and saw night life in Kowloon. I questioned John about the refugee tenements more and found there are 40 units to a floor and seven floors to each tenement. There are small units, 10' by 10', which must accommodate five

people and large units, 12' by 15', which must accommodate ten people. There are public sanitary facilities on each floor and a community kitchen. There are 300,000 thus housed and a half million still in shacks on the hills wanting to get in. There is so little room in the city to build on that the government is breaking down the hills to make room and filling in the bay with this rock. As we came out of the park I saw hucksters selling to the people. I inquired and there was melon and pumpkin seeds, peanuts, pickled onion and peppers, cooked pieces of pig stomach, pickled fish and even oysters.

March 9, 1965
Monday, 10:00 p.m.

I had a late dinner and lingered too long over my dinner here in the hotel. They have an orchestra and a male and female soloist who were very good. They sang nothing but American music and all numbers that I know so well. They surely know how to go after American tourists and have our music down pat. The dining room and lobby are full and I would guess 90 percent are Americans. This has been a real good day but a long one. Left here at 8:45 a.m. and didn't get back until 7:45 p.m. The boat was over an hour late in leaving. We went up the China Sea in a Hydrofoil boat to Portuguese Macau. Saw many Chinese fishing boats with their sails out, very picturesque. Macau is very old and full of history with Portugal which goes back to the 15th century. Now I'd like to read about its history when I get home. It has a population of 250,000 of which over 90 percent are Chinese.

It is not an island but a peninsula where the Canton River has its mouth. Of course, Red China is right there and we looked over into it and went to the gate where we saw the red sentries every fifty yards. About twenty refugees a day get over to Macau, usually by Chinese junks. Macau never sends them back because if they do they are shot. They have 32,000 refugees in the town and have built shelters for them, very meager and one story. We went into their section and saw little children making fire crackers for a company. I took several pictures. We visited a Catholic girls school and a bakery managed by them. School and bakery is all for the refugees. Two very gracious nuns who are doing a great job. They make tremendous amounts of noodles and bread, three pounds of noodles per month for each person, 96,000 pounds of noodles. They make them of flour, cornmeal and dried milk and on every sack was printed, "A gift from the people of the United States of America." A station wagon furnished by CARE does all the distributing. Our guide and nuns couldn't say enough thanks to America and what they are doing for these poor souls. It brought tears to my eyes to see them. Macau is called the Monte Carlo of the Orient and there are two big casinos. Mostly Chinese from Hong Kong were gambling.

Tokyo
March 10, 1965
Wednesday
Palace Hotel

My trip from Hong Kong was uneventful. I enjoyed a little basket of Japanese tidbits which takes the place of our pretzels.

I was so interested that I had the J.A.L. stewardess sit down and tell me about them. Since I was so interested she brought me two baskets which were left over. Now if I could get them home without customs trouble. There was one of two halves of a peanut and in between a hard piece of rice flour baked and it was wrapped in dark seaweed strands which you eat also-- very good; then sembei, little round green chips, tiny rice cookies; pisen, a tiny sweet cracker and rice chips which were hard and salty. A Japanese boy named Harry from SITA met me and took me to my hotel and gave me all the dope from SITA, tours, etc. plus letters from June Vail, Edith and Jimmie Croxen in Tasmania. I saw why this is the Palace Hotel for across the street is the palace of the emperor. An excellent modern freeway on the way in. My tour of Tokyo with Japanese Tourist Agency began at 9:50 this morning. A lovely bus with big windows and a very cute Japanese girl with lots of personality for a guide. The group was not too interesting; a couple of very nice American boys from Yorktown Ship, four ladies from Argentina, a man from Pakistan, two young ladies from New York, a very sweet old couple from Sydney and four Japanese men . I was disappointed in the beauty of Tokyo gardens, parks, etc. It's too early in the season. Lawns and trees are not a good color, many bare deciduous trees and almost no flowers. It's about like visiting Denver City Park the first of March. A few cherry trees had one or two scraggly blooms, very chilly. We went through the Emperor's Gardens and I was very disappointed as I had heard how beautiful they were. Many old buildings

which were not well kept. However the 500 year old stone walls, gate houses, gates and walls were very interesting. It was a great day for them. We went through many shopping and business areas which were very interesting--very modern sections with beautiful buildings and many old business and residential sections which were all worth seeing. We went to Chinzanso Garden for a delicious lunch with Kobe beef steaks. We attended the Nichigeki Theatre which was doing "Spring Dance." It was a great production and would do credit to any theatre in New York. Two hundred female dancers and fifty male, elaborate setting with ballet, Japanese folk dancing and modern dance. From here we went to a very lovely inn in a tea garden for refreshments. I could see that the garden must be beautiful in spring and summer. We visited the famous Asakusa Kannon Budist Temple which was an experience. Really a beautiful big alter with five monks dressed in white reading in unison. Many people coming in, wafting smoke from incense over their heads, slapping their hands and bowing. We were home at 5:30 and I was tired, so rested, took a bath Japanese style, put on my new suit and shoes from Hong Kong and went down for an interesting dinner. Had delicious oyster stew which I've wanted since the wonderful oysters in New Zealand and Australia and no one ever fixed a stew. It was called something else, but that was it. A delicious fish course, hot saki, chicken Yakitouri (broiled in sauce over charcoal) and green tea ice cream, which didn't taste like green tea and was very good. Tomorrow is a big day, the Nikko trip, and we leave at 7:15 a.m.

I must mention the masks before I quit. I saw a number of people on the street with a gauze mask over their mouth and nose so asked tour leader. "Why they are people who have colds and don't want to pass them on." Imagine what would happen to our epidemics if America would do this.

March 11, 1965
Thursday, 9:30 p.m.

Boy, but this really is great. What a day! Such a wonderful one with the trip to Nikko and I often think it's as much the people you meet as the things you see. We left early for Nikko on the Tobu limited train. It is a great train, smooth, fast, big windows and so comfortable. The Japanese countryside was picturesque with the farm houses and the small plots of rice, vegetables and strawberries blossoming under their plastic covering and hooped bamboo sticks along the margin. Near Nikko we could see snow covered mountains and two rows, miles long, of huge (cryptomerias) cedar trees. Forty thousand trees were planted 300 years ago. Near Nikko we visited a farmer's house where we looked into the rooms, simple and lovely. There was a low table and under it was a low fire of charcoal. They sit around the table on cold evenings with their feet over the coals and a very heavy quilt over the table and their laps so they keep warm while they watch television. Eighty percent of the homes in Japan have television. The aeriels are on every house. In the shade of huge bamboo were many birch and chestnut small logs leaning against a central beam which was to be their mushrooms.

Spores are planted in the bark. The farmer's house was 150 years old and had a very thick thatched roof. They are not allowed to replace with thatch after it wears out now because of fire. We visited the famous Toshoyu Shinto Shrine and to describe it would be beyond my vocabulary. It was first built in 1636 among giant cedars, which are there today. There are about 25 buildings with the most exquisite carvings all about them that you can imagine. One could spend days looking at the carvings and delicate coloring with much gold. It represents centuries of Japanese art. I'm bringing pictures to try to convey this marvel. We took off our shoes and walked into the chapel, stone hall and sanctuary where we saw two Wikos (maidens in the service of the gods) perform the dance called Kagura. They were accompanied by flute and drum. We had a delicious lunch including mountain trout at the Kanaya Hotel and proceeded from here up a very steep (30 hair-pin turns) and very well built mountain road up to lovely Lake Chuzenji. This is a favorite mountain resort for Tokyo people. It was cold, some snow and icicles around. All of this after the 104^o temperature in Melbourne. I was real chilly. The mountain forests interested me of course and I detected pine, yew, cedar and in spite of no leaves, white and black birch, chestnut, poplar and maple. They say it is most colorful in fall. We were taken down an elevator to view beautiful Kigon waterfall, one of the most celebrated in Japan. We had an unusually fine group of people on our tour today. I had lunch with a man from Montreal and such a fine

couple from Buenos Aires. They came to me later in the afternoon with their business card and extended such a cordial invitation to visit them if I ever came to Argentina. He said, "When you come to Argentina then our home is your home." Honestly, I have to start another world tour to accept these invitations. There were two very sweet elderly ladies from Palo Alto, a fine young marine stationed on Okinawa, a fine young business man from Switzerland and many other nice folks. I saw Jimmie Croxen from our South Pacific tour on train going and coming so heard about everyone after I left them in Hobart. I got back to hotel about 7:30 and had dinner. There is so much to tell I hardly know where to stop. Dining is an experience. I discovered why head waiter always wanted to seat me facing a certain direction. It dawned on me tonight that he faces me near a window and looking out on the pine trees on the skyline in the Emperor's Gardens with the moat and hotel garden in the foreground. I'm supposed to eat very slowly through all the courses and supposed to meditate as I gaze outside and not be looking at the lights of big buildings downtown. Ha! Well I meditated tonight over the experiences of the day. I finish the fish course and a waiter comes up, "Pardon sir, so sorry, but should I remove your plate?" "Yes, thank you." I say. Plate goes and waiter, "Thank you, thank you." I guess for letting him have the honor of removing my dirty plate. Should I mention the lovely corner of blossoms, twisted sticks and rocks in the corner of the lobby or the potted orchid growing in the hall beside the elevator on my floor?

Tomorrow is another big day--early start--7:15--to Kamakura and Hakone and then two easy days before my next tour group takes over. I'll try to mail this tomorrow. Are you tired of this big job Edith Velma? I wouldn't blame you at all. My sister, Edith, says you have not included your address so she could write and say thank you. Will you do this for me so others can thank you as I know they want to do?

EDITION 11

March 12, 1965
Friday

Another full day, 7:00 to 7:00, to Lake Hakone. Am glad tomorrow is a free day. Touring can get you tired. It was chilly and heavy gusts of wind were blowing in the mountains. Mt. Fuji was covered with clouds so we didn't get a peek at it. The road into the mountains was very steep with many hairpins. The Japanese mountain roads are very well constructed and safe. The mountains are lovely, but I don't think they can compare with our Rockies and Sierra Nevadas. I saw many Cryptomerias, cedar, cypress and pine, birch, poplar and others I didn't know. We were in a national park and I was sorry to see papers, cans, etc. along highway and in forest--just like Americans. I told our guide I was surprised as I had found Japan so clean. He said, "Thank you, thank you for your suggestion to clean up parks." Today was an opportunity to see so many Japanese homes and fields. The homes are low and small with long windows in front with a covering inside of the windows. I understand they are usually very attractive inside and often

open to a beautiful miniature garden; however, the fronts are not attractive and never any green lawn in front. I much prefer our own ideas of the beauty of our homes. I became intensely interested in the way they prune their trees. They prune them drastically but create the most artistic shapes. They leave branches where I would never think of doing so, but the result is a piece of beauty. I studied many carefully and think I might try my luck. We had lunch overlooking Lake Hakone at the Hakone Hotel, a lovely spot where you are supposed to see Fiji and see it reflected in the lake. We stopped at Hujuya Hotel at Miyanoshita on way down. It's a charming hotel and the gardens are the most beautiful I have seen in Japan. Waterfalls, pools, rocks and fantastically lovely shaped shrubs and trees in just right place. We had tea at the Oiso Hotel on the beach and again the beauty they had created with pines between you and ocean was so pleasing. Japanese are their own best tourists. Everywhere we have gone we have seen quite large parties of Japanese taking a tour. Ahead of their party will be a guide carrying a small flag on a cane which they follow. The women usually wear wooden slippers, a board with two pieces cross-wise on the bottom and attached like the straw open sandals we can buy. The wooden bottoms make a clacking noise and they sort of shuffle along. They are such a happy people, always laughing and smiling. A large number were on the ferry on Lake Hakone today and when we began to admire a baby on a mother's back, that brought the adults around all smiling.

March 13, 1965
Saturday, 10:30 p.m.

I have just finished a feast. No feast of the gods was ever any finer. Mail, mail, wonderful mail. For some reason Japanese Travel Bureau didn't pick me up at 7:15 for Tokyo bright light night tour. When I went to get my key, because I had given up the tour, my box was stuffed full of mail, 16 letters. You have no idea what joy it brought me. I am deeply grateful for my family and friends who are so loyal to me. I'll never miss the two theatrical productions like I would mail. Last evening I was tired after two full days of touring. I had been told to be sure to order a masseur in Tokyo so I thought this was the time. Imagine my shock when my door bell rang at 10:30 p.m. to find a young Japanese girl at my door and me with just my briefs. Well, this is the Oriental way so I had my massage. The legs, back, neck, head, they all got the treatment and when she left I was so sleepy I could hardly count out 600 yen.

This morning was a blessed day of leisure so I decided to get acquainted with the main shopping district called the Ginza Strip. I walked for the fun of it and soon found myself dodging autos. They go like heck and all get on their horns. I didn't see any white faces. They were all well dressed. It was the financial district. Finally I came to the Ginza Strip and here I would see an American occasionally. I found some large and beautiful department stores like our own. When I came outside the wind was blowing a gale and a cold one. I fought my way through the wind back to the

hotel and took a hot bath to get over the chill.

March 14, 1965
Sunday

A leisurely day. I feel rested and ready to start my new tour in the morning. They should be arriving in the hotel now. I'm anxious to see them as they are the folks I'll be with for three months. They are arriving from Hawaii.

I went to church this morning, my first chance since I left. I went to the Tokyo Union Church. As most of you know, it is protestant interdenominational. The only ones who aren't in are the Mormons and Lutherans. I had a card in Japanese for taxi drivers. Well, when he left me off he motioned to a gate and it said, "Church--English", but I could see no church edifice. I went into gate and a young Japanese man was there. I asked him if there was a church service at 11:00 and he said, "No, just a conference." I thought this funny but followed him down the street. He asked me if I was Mormon and then I knew, but right then we came by the Tokyo Union Church, so he went on and I went in. It was not an imposing edifice at all but nice and simple. I imagine 75 percent of the congregation was Caucasian. The church was packed. I didn't see a single available seat after it started. I met several very friendly people. It was just like going to church in the States. An excellent, inspiring sermon and good music. It was so good to worship again.

I fought the wind and chill this p.m. and walked around in front of Emperors Palace grounds which are just across the

avenue. Many Japanese strolling through the park. I was the only white which I saw for a couple of hours. They are great users of their product, cameras. Everyone has a camera and they are snapping constantly. All of the men have gone completely western in dress in the city, but many women wear their native dress. They are mostly very attractive, their black hair done so becomingly, their skin is lovely and they smile a great deal. I'm surprised at the number of women who are guests in the hotel. I had refreshments in the lounge at sunset and looked out at the skyline along the moat. It's so typical of Japanese painting. I think they enjoy the bare branches as much as when they are leafed out. The only flowers outside that I see are what they call flowering cabbage. It looks like our real curly lettuce and has a purple color. You see it planted everywhere. In the hotel are elegant pots of blooming orchids and cymbidiums. I must let you in on one remark I've enjoyed since mail last evening. Laura Morgan says, "They are enjoying Paul's letters to the Californians."

Inland Sea
March 15, 1965
Monday
On ferry boat

This is another one of those times when I wish I could transport some of you here now. It is a study in blues, the sea, the sky and the mountains on either shore. We are on a ferry boat for four hours from Kobe to Takamatsu. Today we travel in style. All of us have staterooms and we have a lovely big lounge and dining room. They served us a good

lunch and then gathered in the lounge to hear our guide (Japanese) play his guitar and sing both Japanese and American songs. He had us all singing and learning some of their songs. His name is Ted Azuma and I shall be speaking of him while in Japan. Now most of the tour is bedded down for a nap in their bunks. I can watch the sea and shore as I write.

I finally had a beautiful morning in Tokyo, bright blue sky and no wind. On our flight from Tokyo to Kobe we flew right by Mt. Fuji. Could almost touch it. It was an inspiring sight. This majestic perfect cone rising up by itself with its snow covered top. I was so thrilled with the sight and felt tingles in my spine. I was cramped for a picture but hope it turns out so I'll have that sight to look at some day. Japan, from the air, on this lovely day was beautiful to see. A crazy quilt of all shapes and sizes of fields which extended way to tops of some mountains. They don't waste a foot of tillable soil. Sometimes there would be terraces which gave a series of parallel curly lines along the sides of the mountains. Little Japanese villages were tucked away back in the hills which you would like to visit some day. We landed at Osaka and took a bus to Kobe, all of which is a big industrial center with many factories and much smog. The port was a very busy place with many ships in the harbor.

Of course, I have met my tour people and have become acquainted with some. Don Partridge is our tour director and

I think will be tops. He is supposed to be SITA's finest guide. He is probably in his late forties or early fifties. Aside from Don, I am sure that I am the youngest in the group. I was shocked at the age of these people and when I think of where we are going before we get finished I wonder about some of them. Don was shocked also and I think is a little worried. They have all traveled a great deal. They talk about every place in the world. I just keep mum and join in once in a while with Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia and Hong Kong. New Caledonia is one none have seen. Two nice ladies who are cousins, one from Whittier and one from Palo Alto, seem like good sports and fun. There is a lady from Billings, Montana, a Mrs. Helen Carpenter. Tonight we stay in Takamatsu at Kawaroku Inn. Accommodations and food all in Japanese style. I wonder what is ahead.

Later, Kawaroku Inn: We were met at the door, removed our shoes and put on slippers. They took us to dining room for a cookie and green tea. I was brought to my room where I removed my slippers before I entered. The floor is all covered with heavy, very clean matting. The room is about 15 feet square. A very low table is in center at which I am writing, sitting on cushion on floor with another cushion at my back and an electric heater beside me. On one side is a small recessed area with a gold scroll and Oriental writing. Beside it is a tall white vase in which there is a tall yellow freesia blossom, one white camelia and one red camelia bud on a long crooked stalk, very pleasant and artistic. A gold screen

protects me from view from my little entrance room. A dressing room is along one side with a suit closet, windows which look onto a small narrow garden with birch trees, daphne in bloom, a small stream of water and a big stone lantern. The entry way and dressing room are separated by sliding screens of white parchment paper. The beams and lattice work are of bamboo. I write all this as it is so unusual and so attractive and simple.

A very pretty Japanese girl came in and got my kimona for me and helped me get into it. It is wool, several thicknesses and very warm and comfortable. Our dinner was all Japanese. Bertha, in Hong Kong, would be very proud of me as I ate the whole thing with chopsticks and very little difficulty. Some of it was real good. Some I was afraid to eat, like raw fish. There was a tremendous variety and small portions of each. We went shopping in our kimonas after dinner. I couldn't help but laugh as it was the Americans in kimonas that were getting grins and second looks from the Japanese, mostly in western dress. Where we shopped was something like the Pomona Mall. No cars allowed. The street was narrow with a metal covering two stories up and each store had a spray of artificial cherry blossoms hanging in front which made it very colorful.

March 16, 1965
Tuesday

This morning I had a good time all by myself. I window shopped where we were last evening. That street must have been

twelve blocks long and so Japanese, so removed from Westernized Tokyo. The shops and people were so interesting. Saw octopi in a fish market. This p.m. we took a bus tour up to a plateau and to some wonderful gardens, 800 years old with many old knarled pine trees. It snowed huge flakes and was beautiful, cold, wet and uncomfortable. Very unusual for this Shikoku Island in Southern Japan where they raise oranges and olives. I could take no pictures. We leave here this evening at 9:00 p.m. to take a steamer over night for Beppu. We arrive there at 7:00 a.m. Beppu is on another island, called Kyushu, and is the most southern of the big islands.

EDITION 12

Beppu, Japan
March 17, 1965
Wednesday
Suginoi Hotel

This is one of the most famous resorts in Japan. It is a lovely spot. The city of Beppu is entirely a tourist center. It is built on the shore of the Inland Sea and has beautiful mountains around it. There are a number of hot springs and geysers here. The Hotel Suginoi is one of the most famous in Japan. It is built high up on the hills and we look down on Beppu and the sea. From every window on first and second floors is a beautiful garden. I took a number of pictures of them this morning and have spent some time this p.m. studying them. My room is most luxurious I have been in. It is almost a suite and I guess all of the rooms are like it in the hotel. In the first place it is so large, 21 feet by 36 feet. There is a Japanese room and a Western room so

you can choose your mood. The Japanese is very similar to the one at Takamatsu and is separated from the rest by sliding white parchment screens. I have to remove my shoes when I go into that part to get to my clothes closet. There is a Japanese bathroom so I took a Japanese bath this p.m. One part is all tiled where you lather yourself thoroughly and rinse off with a hand shower. Then you crawl into the tub where you sit in quite warm water up to your neck, relax and meditate. There are two public baths in the hotel, one says you enjoy a view while you are bathing and the other you enjoy the surroundings of many exotic plants. Well, I haven't come to public bathing yet, but may before I get through with this country. We are now on the Island of Kyushu and will be on this island for about four days. We boarded the steamer at 10:00 p.m. last night. I was in a stateroom with three other men. One was Don, one was a young Japanese man who spoke English. He is an M.D., a graduate of Loma Linda, has three children, two of whom are American citizens. He is a Seventh Day Adventist and is on a speaking tour. He hopes to get back into U. S. and practice. He practices in a clinic in Tokyo. The other was a nice looking Japanese man who could not speak English. He had a Lions Club pin on lapel so had my friend tell him that I had been a Lion in America and we shook hands. As we boarded the boat there was a long line, about 35, Japanese all dressed in white with packs on their backs. I asked Ted and he said they were pilgrims going to many shrines on many of the islands. Today we visited a number

of hot pools and a geyser which went up about 30 feet. We then went to Monkey Mountain which I can see from the hotel. It is a fascinating place where about 900 monkeys live in the forest and come down to beg for food from people. They were all over the place and I took a number of pictures. It is now a national park called Takasakiyama. We then visited the Kinsuier Museum in Beppu, taking off our shoes and wearing slippers. It was most interesting as it had a collection of many beautiful carved casks, food carriers, etc. The hors d'oeuvres at dinner tonight were very interesting and each one was delicious. A small piece of smoked fish; a rectangular shaped piece of something like bread with a sardine which was covered with a net of anchovy paste; a circular cracker with caviar and a small molded gelatin with some fish paste inside and a slice of stuffed olive in the middle.

March 18, 1965
Thursday

I did what I've wanted to do this p.m. after lunch. I got my binoculars and camera and started out. I must have walked six miles all together. I walked up through many hills, always up, into the Aso National Park. I really got into rural Japan. So many terraces and paddies with little streams along the side was typical. I finally found birds of Japan and had a good look. One was jay size, grey with yellowish throat, rust cheeks, speckled head, yellow bill and very noisy and common. One was probably a warbler, very olive green. A most interesting one looked and acted like a shrike but was brown

with a very rust colored crown and black through eye and bill. Way up high, 4000 feet altitude, at top of cable car was a sparrow, very similar to our desert sparrow and sang like it also. Many in the tour are now looking for bird and plant books for me. Don says Kyoto is a good place. All I could find in Tokyo were many books on flower arrangements. I've decided that the camelia I have seen everywhere is either native or an escapee. The gulleys are full of it. Again there were many cyptomeria, cedar and pine trees. The women do much of the hard labor here. Two were working on a rock pile and looked so typical. I asked if I could take a picture. They giggled and nodded their heads yes. When I came back an hour later I waved and they waved vigorously and giggled. This morning we went to the top of Mt. Tsurum by cable car. A wonderful view and such a perfect day, all blue sky and no cold wind. Cherry blossoms are just starting to bloom.

Mt. Aso
March 19, 1965
Aso Kanko Hotel

As I have said before, I never saw such people for touring. Everywhere we have gone there are buses loaded with Japanese who are touring. Often they are school students in uniform. Each bus has a hostess who is a pretty Japanese girl. She wears a uniform like a stewardess and a cap at a cute angle. She must be able to sing and sings for us, usually Japanese songs, as we ride along. Once in a while our hostess will sing a song in English and she has a rough time but does quite

well. Each one has a whistle and when the bus is being parked she stands at side of bus and directs by signals on her whistle. Great is the amount of whistling in parking lots or in front of hotels. When we leave the inns after staying over night many of the hotel personnel, maids, bell boys, etc. will stand at entrance, bow and bid you good-bye and then all wave and smile as your bus moves away. Some of them even went all the way to the docks and waved good-bye as our boat pulled out. When you come into a station or dock there will be a boy with a flag of your hotel which he waves vigorously and then he leads us all to the proper bus. Japan is a beautiful country and SITA has planned a marvelous tour of it. You love the country more and more as you travel in it. Today we had an outstanding ride across the mountains of the island of Kyushu from Beppu to Aso. We are still high up in the mountains and there is a little snow on shady side of the hotel. It is still too early in spring for green grass and deciduous trees to leaf out so it was quite brown all the way. When it is spring, summer or autumn I can imagine how lovely it must be. Of course, there is the green of the evergreens and many fields are green with wheat and vegetables. The amount of reforestation in Japan is amazing. Trees are planted in rows all the way to the tops of the mountains. The three evergreens which I've mentioned before were the ones again today. However, I did see my first native oak on these mountains which were not very large trees but bigger than our native scrub oak. This morning we were on a plateau and all of a sudden discovered

we were on the rim of a huge ancient volcanic crater. It is one of the largest in the world and is 90 miles in circumference. The bottom was completely covered with rice paddies and small villages. One thousand rice fields and 60,000 people live in this crater. What a sight it was to behold. The villages were so colorful as we drove through the one narrow main street in each. At one we saw the Buddhist priest with his big straw hat, long white beard and short pants, out knocking on doors and asking alms. We visited the largest active volcano in Japan this p.m., Mt. Nakadake. We went up by cable car, of course. It was first time I had gazed into a volcano--quite an experience. It was so cold and wind was so stiff we didn't stay long. We are in the Aso Kanko Hotel which is way up on the mountain and I look down into many valleys with ponds and coniferous trees all about. The rooms are Japanese again so I've gone Japanese and have on my kimona which I'll wear to dinner.

March 20, 1965
Kumamoto

This is a fairly large city of 400,000. It is so much warmer than yesterday, yet it is chilly. We came down hill all the way and passed many beautiful rice paddies. Our hotel way up on the mountain was visible for miles. The Kumamoto Castle Hotel is all western. So different from last night where they were not used to Americans and were trying to serve us without understanding English. I walked around the mountain a bit, close to the hotel, this a.m. with my binoculars,

but guess it was too cold for birds; however, Ted found a book on Aso National Park in which was printed pictures of seven birds and three of them, and possibly four, were ones I saw in Beppu. The olive colored bird is the Japanese Bush warbler. The one which looked like a shrike but had a chestnut head is the Bull Finch and I am almost sure that the noisy ones with yellow beak and grey back are called Little Cuckoo. I have most of the tour interested now in trying to find books, so give me time and we'll get results. I am coming with my Japanese expressions and can get across to them now. Thank you is arragato-gazaimas; very good morning is o-hic-gozaimas; and you are welcome is do-i-tash-i-mash-ti. I can't swear by spelling but it's phonetically acceptable.

Unzen, Japan
March 21, 1965
Sunday
Unzen Kanko Hotel

I can't get over the exquisite beauty of our ferry ride this afternoon. The sky and the water were so blue and some small green islands were close about us and then the shores of Kyushu were farther back where we could see the vivid green of the terraces along the shore and the purple mountains behind them. I stood on deck and gazed for the hour and a half and wished that all I knew might see this with me. We were crossing the Ariake Bay from Misumi Pier to Shimbara Pier. From Shimbara we drove through oranges and some palms way up high in the mountains again to Unzen. This is another mountain tourist town with a hot sulfur spa. There are a number of hotels

and we are at Unzen Kanko Hotel. It's old and nice. Mostly western but I am back in kimona for dinner.

I enjoyed Kumamoto this morning. It is rich in Japanese history. We visited the famous Kumamoto Castle which was built in 1600 to 1607 and was burned in a battle in 1880's. Now it is restored and looks very old. The entire castle is now a national museum and is full of historical objects, pictures, etc. The stone walls and moat that have stood for nearly 400 years without cement are just as interesting. I especially enjoyed the huge camphor trees in the grounds. We visited the Suizenji Landscape Garden Park which is another jewel of Japanese gardens. I tried to capture some of their ideas in gardening in pictures today, both at the hotel and at Suizenji. With the forty minutes I had to spare I visited a big department store in Kumamoto. It was like a three-ring circus. There were big red Japanese lanterns all around the outside. Huge signs were held up high above the five-story building by gas filled balloons telling of the sale. On the roof was a miniature carousel, a ferris wheel, swings and much play equipment for children who are left there while parents shop. The store was full of people. It looked like huge business. I found a book on Japanese birds all printed in Japanese--big help--Ha! While at Shimbara Pier I watched the fish market where customers selected their fish which were swimming around in a tank. It was caught in a net, weighed, killed and delivered really fresh. I also visited the Pacheko games. You could tell where it was by the huge number of

bicycles and motor bikes parked in front. They buy about 35 steel balls which they place one by one in an upright pin ball like affair and try to get balls into certain slots to win more balls. These may be exchanged for merchandise. There must have been fifty people playing and the noise of the metal balls was quite a din. Several of us played for the fun of it.

Unzen
March 22, 1965
Monday

This has been a good day for relaxing and getting oneself ready for more moving about. We were taken up to another cable car for a spectacular view. We could see how we are located on a narrow mountainous peninsula with Ariake Bay on one side and East China Sea on the other side. We are near the northwest tip of Kyushu and not far from Nagasaki. It was a lovely day but too much haze for pictures. I saw my first native forest in Japan. It was high on mountain and were Yew trees. All forests so far have been planted with trees in rows. This must be a sight in May and June as the hills are full of Azalias. I had a walk about town this p.m. and to the hot sulfur pools. Saw two new birds, both sparrows, I think. One was sparrow size, slate grey with black crown and chin and white cheeks. The other was same size, very rusty body and quite striped head in black and white.

Tonight I've ordered Tempera, Japanese dinner, almost all fish and all say delicious. Tomorrow we go to Nagasaki.

EDITION 13

Nagasaki
March 23, 1965

This is a busy city of 400,000 and Hotel New Nagasaki is in the center of it. It was with a feeling of sadness that we drove into town realizing what happened here and with a prayer on our lips that it never ever happen again anywhere. I remarked about the lovely wide street so unlike the rest of Japan and Don reminded me that it had all been rebuilt. We had such a lovely ride this morning as we dropped down out of mountainous Unzen to the seashore. The hills were all terraced with the vivid green of the wheat and barley on each terrace. Several fan palms grew along the terraces which broke the monotony. It was so picturesque as many of the farm homes still have the thatched roofs.

The tempera for dinner last evening was fun and very delicious. Four of us went and were seated at a counter. Each of us had plates with absorbent paper on them to take up the grease. On the other side of the counter a young man did the cooking and continuously placed on your paper small pieces of food that he dipped in batter and fried in deep fat for a very short time. There must have been two dozen different kinds of food which he cooked in this way. I can remember shrimp, lobster, sardine, other pieces of fish, tiny egg plant, bamboo shoots, sweet potatoe, onion, a cerely leaf, tiny pepper, ginger root, water chestnut, cheese wrapped in lettuce, a tiny sandwich. We ate everything with chopsticks with which we could dip our morsel into soy sauce, lemon juice and sodium monoglutamate. We began with chips of dried fish (not fried)

and ended with rice, a delicious soup and a tangerine.

This afternoon we visited Nagasaki in the rain. Got a little wet, but dry clothes and a hot bath have taken care of that. There is so much history in Nagasaki that one needs to read and then come here for a week or more. It was the gateway of western culture into Japan. It began with the Portuguese when their ship arrived here in 1570. In 1639 all the Portuguese in Japan were expelled. In 1641 the Dutch were doing the trading. Ted says many Japanese still call all foreign whites the Dutch. It remained this way until Admiral Perry reopened Japan in 1853-1859. Through Nagasaki the modern science of medicine, photography, ship building, printing and watch making were brought into Japan. Much of the history includes the early Christians in this area which includes Kumamoto and Shimbara. The Christians were persecuted and retaliated by destroying shrines. We saw a number of stone statues in Unzen yesterday where the heads had been knocked off by the Christians. The Christians were catholic and they have quite a following here. We visited Peace Park and International Culture Hall. The Statue of Peace is a large bronze sculpture of a male nude. It is a beautiful piece with the right hand pointing to the heavens to show the menace of the atomic blast and the left hand is stretched horizontally to suggest tranquility and the call of peace. The muscular body symbolizes dignity of God while his mild face expresses Godly love and the mercy of Buddha. Money for it was raised by the citizens of Nagasaki to condole the victims of the blast and to promote eternal

peace in the world. Ted's explanation I especially appreciated. He said, "Japanese people are stubborn. Say, 'no', they never say, 'yes'. Germany quits. Japan, 'no'. He said that Japan gets spanked hard on the bottom. They say, 'God not with us.' All Japan must die so they quit. Sun of a gun of Tojo leads Japanese people to this! All Japanese economy was under seven very wealthy men. Americans come in and say this is not democracy. They stop seven wealthy men. (He signifies cutting of their throat.) Now the middle class in Japan is growing bigger and bigger and Japan never been so happy." The Culture Hall stands near zero spot where bomb fell. It is a seven story building. The fifth floor is devoted to museum of atomic disaster display. The pictures, the clothing, the melted bottles are all so terrible. One little lady in our tour came by and said, "Don't look so glum, Paul. It had to be done." God forbid that it ever has to be done again. 72,000 people killed from that blast. I was touched by the Japanese boy students on tour that were seeking the autographs of the Americans. America with all her heart wants to bring peace to the world. I wonder if we have to do it this way as we seem to have brought it to the people of Nagasaki.

Hakata
March 24, 1965

Many days I think, "Tomorrow there isn't much so I'll cut the diary short." It never seems to happen as the days are so full and one never knows of new experiences. This morning after breakfast I decided I wanted to see the Nagasaki Aquarium.

I went to the Japanese Travel Bureau and was trying to get my English across when a Japanese man came up and asked me if he could help me. I told him what I wanted. He understood English and also spoke it. He explained that aquarium was out quite away and he would get me a taxi if I wished. I agreed and then began to wonder if I was smart to trust myself to a stranger but when he took me to my own hotel, I knew he was ok. He called a friend who has a private taxi and we had to wait about 15 minutes, so we sat down and visited. I asked if he was here during the atomic blast and then I got his story. He said he was a Methodist, baptized when he was 17. He was in navy during the war and was working in shipyard at the time and his wife and three children were living in Nagasaki. Most Japanese did not believe the warning bills dropped by the Americans that Nagasaki was to be bombed and to evacuate. He believed it and sent his family away one day before the bomb and saved all of their lives. He was in shipyard working when bomb exploded. The bomb missed the target and shipyard was far enough away that he was not injured fatally. He said 30 percent, whatever he meant I'm not sure, but he indicated between his legs. His home was protected by a hill and only the roof and ceiling were destroyed. He can't see how America can pull out of Vietnam as Chinese would only move on into Malaysia, Indonesia, and Phillipines. When taxi came he said he would ride to aquarium with me so we could talk. He did and explained much of Nagasaki to me on the way. At aquarium he thought to take taxi back would be too expensive for me so he talked to girl in ticket

booth and told her to help me find bus when I came out, which she did. Imagine my surprise an hour after I got back to hear my name called over my shoulder in the lobby and to find him there. He had come up to see if I had returned safely. I just couldn't get over it. He visited a few minutes and was gone. He was T. C. Honda and to be called "Charlie". The aquarium was very good and well worth the effort. I especially enjoyed the penguins. Quite a variety and the best I have ever seen. Outstanding also for me were the beautiful rich brown feather star fish and the bright red, orange and chartreuse anemones. We traveled to Hakata by train this p.m. Pleasant and relaxing with country very similar to so much that we have seen. This hotel is right in railway station, is new and we all like it so much, very comfortable but not plushy. I was surprised and delighted to get mail in Nagasaki, one from Chicks and one from Edith, forwarded from Tokyo by SITA, and one from Marie Mills sent directly to Nagasaki.

Hiroshima
March 26, 1965

The ride on the train from Hakata to Hiroshima was delightful. It was a lovely day with sunshine, blue sky and along the inland sea most of the way. The sea was so blue with many green islands rising up out of the water. The farms looked more prosperous with a number of better farm homes. Ted says when we board Japanese trains you don't wait and say, "You first." but you push on in a hurry as they stop maybe three minutes and go whether you are on or not. We pushed

and all got on. When we reached Hiroshima we were met by an attractive Japanese lady and gentleman who presented us with a lovely bouquet of spring flowers and a packet about Hiroshima. She said they were from the Hiroshima Peace Committee and had come to welcome us. The gesture made your heart turn over and their flowers remind us when we go into the dining room. The new Hiroshima is a modern city with very wide streets and parkways. This morning we went to Miyajima by bus and ferry. Ted says, "ima" means island. Thus Hiroshima means many islands and Miyajima means sacred island. It was a jewel just as Niko was. It is very hilly and covered with lovely pine trees. It is a great national shrine with the Itsukushima Shrine and Floating Torri Gate. The pathways are arched with picturesque pines and lined with many stone lanterns. When the tide is in, the sea is all under the shrine and the Torii Gate is orange color and is out in the sea. It is a perfect setting and all so typically Japanese. When we returned we came on a Japanese boat, had to remove our shoes and sit on the matted floor. We have a Jewish couple in our tour and who are quite difficult. They are French and have lived in the Bronx since the war. I am pleased to see how tolerant our group is of them. Everyone is friendly to them and seem to understand that they were brought up that way and know nothing different. She speaks loudly and said at the depot yesterday, "How stupid to bring flowers to the train when no one can carry them." and today she tells Ted that she doesn't like the music on the bus. "We have no time for music. It hurts my ears and we came to see,

not to hear music." Fortunately, Ted is not bothered. It is all part of his business. This afternoon we visited the beautiful Shukukeien Garden. Built by the founder of the Hiroshima feudal clan over 300 years ago and even though all the large trees and arbors were destroyed by the bomb, it is today a place of great beauty. I just can't get over so many lovely gardens and I take twice the number of pictures I plan on as you just can't resist little bridges, pools, waterfalls and twisted trees. One finds beauty everywhere in Japan. We continued on to Peace Park which was so carefully planned by the architect, Kenzo Tang. The Centograph, the A-bomb Dome and the museum are all aligned so you can look from the museum and see the eternal flame and the A-bomb Dome through the Centograph. The Centograph is designed in the shape of an ancient Haniwa and in the stone casket is enclosed a tablet with the names of 60,000 or so identified deceased. On the casket is inscribed "Rest in peace, the err shall not be repeated." The A-bomb Dome was the former Industrial Exposition Hall which had been a stately edifice. It is left as it was after the explosion as a reminder of the terrible holocaust. Also in the park is the statue of the A-bomb children. It is modernistic with a symbolic golden crane resting atop a young girl. It was built by contributions of Japanese school children so that these Hiroshima children may not have died in vain. Inside the monument and hanging down are thousands of folded papers on strings representing the prayers for these children. I see that I neglected to say that

a Haniwa is a clay figure found in historic tombs and is in the shape of a saddle. The museum is like the one in Nagasaki as it has many pictures of the remnants of clothing, household items, stonework and so many other items which were picked up after the explosion. It makes you very heavy of heart to walk through and you are determined to dedicate yourself to whatever means possible to prevent this from happening again. Every nation must be alert to their leadership, for it was the leadership of Japan that led these friendly, happy people into this just as Hitler led his nation into such suffering. America must profit by this lesson and be ever alert as to what our government is doing and who our leaders are. I am ashamed that there are so many who do not vote and so many who are uninformed.

EDITION 14

Kyoto
March 28, 1965
Sunday

SITA has planned well to make our last stop in Kyoto, for it is a fitting climax to Japan. It seems to put into one place a summary of all that is this country. It was founded in 794 and is the intellectual, artistic and cultural center of Japan. No one who visits here should miss it. There are 1800 shrines and temples within the city. It is the second capital and here the Old Imperial Palace is maintained and here the enthronement and other imperial ceremonies take place. Ted says a famous American doctor, who spent his life in Japan, went to the American government during the war and asked that no bombs be dropped here as there were no industries or

establishments of military nature located here. He said, "America, with her great understanding, dropped no bombs in Kyoto or Niko and they were saved as they are." Ted is a great lover of freedom and democracy.

This morning we visited the Nijo Castle built by Shogun Tokugawa in 1603. We took off our shoes and donned slippers. Ted says to slide along in slippers, don't try to lift your feet and do the "ha-cha-cha." We always get American slang all interspersed with Japanese tradition. We were ushered along a wide corridor where we viewed a suite of waiting rooms for visiting feudal lords. As we moved along our attention was drawn to the frequent squeeking of the floor boards. Because of this, it is called the nightengale corridor and was built this way intentionally so squeeking was detected below if anyone tried to sneak in to kill the Shogun. The paintings on the gold foil sliding screens were exquisite and were done by the famous artist, Kano Tanyu, and his school. The theme depends upon the purpose of the room and thus tigers and hawks embellish rooms where public functions are held but as you progress toward the Shogun's living quarters they become less bold and more and more calm and refined. As we progressed we came to the room where the war lords were received. Here are figures of the lords in their kimonos with distinctive crests and markings and all sitting on their feet. Along the side were exquisitely painted sliding screens behind which were hidden the soldiers who protected the Shogun. We finally came to the private room which showed the women in figures who

who waited on the Shogun according to their rank.

We visited the Kinkakuji Temple, built in 1397, burned in 1950 and rebuilt in 1955. It is one of Japan's greatest national treasures, is called the Golden Pavillion from the gold foil covering of its surface. It is set in an exquisite garden and is a picture one will never forget. I especially enjoyed the huge camphor trees that must be hundreds of years of age. Every little pine is a work of art and the old needles are constantly removed by hand. Some gardeners do nothing but study each tree and shrub and prune it to display a perfect piece of artistry. Ted said that Americans are probably too economically minded to hire gardeners who walk around and prune a twig here and one there. We also visited the Heian Shrine especially to see one more garden which is noted for its weeping cherry trees, irises, wisterias and azaleas. Yes, I found a first cherry in bloom and took a picture. It's so close to the time of great beauty, but one can't visit each country at just the right time. Tonight we had a gay time for our last night in Japan. We were taken to Yoshikawa Inn, a Geisha house for a Sukiyaki dinner. It was typically Japanese with sliding screens and matted floor. We were in our stocking feet, sat on our legs and ate with chopsticks. The Geisha girls were beautifully accented by pasty white makeup and wore gorgeous kimonos. One sat beside Don and me and anticipated every need. She would light your cigarette, pour your saki as you lifted your tiny cup. As she did so I would bow and say, "Arregato gozaimas," (thank

you very much). She would bow and say, "Do-i-tash-i-mash-ti," (You are very welcome). Sometimes she would giggle and cover her mouth. They danced a beautiful symbolic dance while an older lady played a three stringed instrument and sang (not too good). The sukiyaki was cooked on a table before you and was very thin slices of beef with many vegetables. This, when cooked, was put in your bowl in which a raw egg had been beaten. It was good in spite of an aversion to eating raw egg. They then had us enter into some geisha games--too involved to describe. After dinner eight of us went to a demonstration of the tea ceremony flower arranging, puppets and dance which was all very simple, quiet and beautiful.

Seoul, Korea
March 29, 1965
Hotel Bando

What a change of environment this is. The ground looked so yellow and red with very sparse vegetation from the air. As we flew over the more inhabited area there were many terraces which made it look like a colorful crazy quilt below. Over Japan we had a breath-taking view of Mt. Fuji. It was as clear as could be and we were so close we could see the crater. I started for my camera but knew we would be away past in our jet before I could get it set. The whole plane was excited and were over on the side where we could see it. Everything was so different as we rode from airport into Seoul. Many terrible looking shacks and some fairly good homes. We could see women working in the fields, some even wearing bright silks

as they worked. Some men were wearing big pants which looked like they were quilted and tied around the ankles. We saw some men pulling carts and some men carrying terrific loads on their backs. I saw one carrying a huge load of pots and pans which I presume he sells. They say four million people live here. I can hardly believe it. The city looks both good and bad with some good looking buildings and other places it looks terrible. The hotel is very nice and modern. Excellent dinner tonight with water you can drink and vegetables you can eat (I hope). I tried right away to contact a friend of Sandra's and Jim's who is in service here. I was sent to the American Embassy and Consular service right across the street. I came away completely disgusted. After all the wonderful, courteous treatment that we have had in every country, I was shocked to get the run-around that I found in my own country's establishment. I finally was given a big thick book of all kinds of military establishments and told I might try to run it down. After trying to figure it out, I said to a clerk, "Isn't there anyone who can help me find this soldier?" He said, "I guess you're right. There isn't any." I said, "Thanks a lot." and walked out. If I knew my congressman's address I would write him tonight. I got a lot more help from the Korean Tourist Bureau and have a new lead which I will try. Mrs. Adele Moreno from Palo Alto and I walked around the city a way and into an arcade. There were crowds of people on the walks and every bus was jammed full of people, even more than Japan, which is something. The lacquered ware, copper and silks in the arcade are elegant

and so reasonable. I bought some lacquered ware and we simply had a picnic with the clerks and manager. One girl knew some English and so we started. To get price, cost of mailing and correct address was a major project. They were all so courteous and they were having a wonderful time also, we could see. When we told them where we had been and where we were going they were beside themselves with interest. Adele and the girl got real friendly, exchanged addresses and promised to write each other. It came time for good-bye, so we had it in English, Spanish, Japanese and I learned: "An Ayung Hi-Gasipsio," (Good-bye). They were so pleased, giggled and nodded vigorously when I got it right. Our schedule here looks tight and full to the last minute. I nearly neglected to mention my discovery in the garden this evening, a tree full of cedar waxwings, just like California. I could hardly believe it, but there they were, color, top-not and their little squeek to each other. I'll have to see them in my binoculars to check colors more carefully.

March 30, 1965
Tuesday

This morning I was up early to try to find Ned Pitcher, the boy in service. I was at the hotel desk trying to get taxi and directions for getting to Public Information Office of Eighth Army. A young Korean at the desk got interested in my problem so he started in to help me. He was calling information offices, winked at me and said, "They are not supposed to call but I have a girl friend." After some

pleasant chat with her on the phone he said, "An important man from United States wants to see his boy." He finally got through and told me to go to my room and wait the call, which I did. The call soon came and the officer at the camp told me Ned was out on a maneuver but he would give my message to him and have him call me at the hotel. The camp is on the front line and I may not contact him but I've surely tried and found out how to work your way through red tape.

What a terrific day this has been! It just seems that there is no end of wondrous things to do and see. Somehow most of us felt that Korea would not be too interesting, but it would be good to see it anyway. We have all been thrilled with it today. It is so very different that you never get tired of looking. There is an endless parade of toters on the streets. There are hundreds of black jeep sedans, then there are ox carts and pony carts. The oxen all look exactly alike. They are fairly short, stocky and docile. If they aren't pulling a cart, they are out in the fields pulling a plow. The ponies look like Shetland ponies and are also docile, but you do see them trotting along sometimes. There are numerous bicycles, many times with a big load. There are most interesting A-men who have a rack like a pack saddle and carry big loads. The rack is in the shape of an "A", therefore called as they are. There are many women with loads balanced on their heads. Finally there are many men pushing carts and sometimes they are so heavy they can hardly make it. The men are either dressed western or wear those white

padding affairs which I described yesterday. Many women wear these beautiful silks with skirts to their ankles. They are either brocade or Thai silk and in a beautiful array of colors. Our women just drool over the dresses we see. When our bus goes down the streets our driver is constantly on his horn and the toters, dogs, men, women and children all dodge it.

We visited the old palace, the ancient south gate and rode another cable car for a bird's-eye view of the city. In the afternoon we visited the Kyonbok Palace and Secret Garden in the grounds of the palace. I am getting weary of palaces, shrines and temples but the long walk in the garden of the ancient king was very pleasant. It must be very lovely in spring, summer and fall, but now the trees are all bare. I saw several magpies and a number of their nests all about. It is the national bird of Korea. I also saw the same black and white sparrow which I saw in Japan. We visited the famous Walker House where the American officers were living like kings. I wondered who had paid for it.

At noon we had a Korean lunch at Korea House. It was very nicely built and furnished in Korean style which is quite similar to Japanese. The floors are heated underneath by rock vents which carry heat from burning anthracite coal. This has been done in Korea for a long time. It felt good to our stocking feet. We ate as we did in Japan but food was quite different. They served us 17 different kinds of food

and most of it was very good. They brought a big metal dish to the table with vegetables cooking in it. It had a chamber underneath for burning charcoal.

By 5:00 we were all tired after a big day and all confessed later that they secretly wished we could return to our hotel for western food and relaxing. However, we were scheduled to go about 12 miles up into the hills to a place called Sun Wun Gak for Korean dishes and entertainment. We had no idea what a wonderful evening was ahead of us. It was the highlight of entertainment so far on our tour and we wouldn't have missed it for anything. This was a Kisaeng house, was brand new and opened only four months ago. A beautiful building in Oriental style among the pines in the mountains. We were met by the kisaeng girls who ushered us into a good sized room and seated us on cushions on the floor which was nice and warm. The girls sat beside us and one clapped her hands and the screens opened and in came boy waiters bearing long, short-legged tables laden with food. The tables were placed in front of us. The girls were just beautiful, full of personality and their dresses were exquisite. They were really far superior to the geisha girls of Japan with their pasty white faces, who couldn't smile or I felt they would crack their makeup. These girls wait on you constantly, serve you everything you eat, rush and get pillows for your back, insist you take off your coat as it gets warm, light your cigarette, pour your saki. About half could speak some English and they keep the conversation going. Oh, I'm telling you, we were really living it up.

The food was delicious--that is, most of it, but some, like raw abalone and some sea cucumbers, just weren't for me. I tried to remember the dishes we had which included: pork; a delicious boiled thin beef; very thin dried beef with pine nuts; crab meat, which your kisaeng girl cracked and dug out for you; fried shrimp; raw oysters in shells; chestnuts; dates; salad of apples and pears; pear sauce; eggs cooked hard like poached and beautifully decorated with little flower designs; many different cooked vegetables; two different delicious soups; rice cakes, one baked with brown sugar and one was wet, green and white; candied orange peel; chicken; and finally fresh fruits. As a dish would run out a girl would clap her hands and in would come the waiter. After dinner the entertainment started and we just couldn't believe the talent we saw. American audiences would go all out for them and here we had it for our own little group. First, there were two women, one played a stringed instrument and sang and another had a drum which I think is peculiar to Korea, very interesting instrument. Three girls came in and danced in beautiful costumes. They were so graceful and perfect that we were spellbound. A girl came in with a drum and did a drum dance. I never saw anything like it. Two came in with imitation sabers and did a saber dance. A three piece orchestra came in and a very talented lady sang and did a dance with a whirling plate on the end of a stick. Finally, they asked us to dance and so we did with the Kisaeng girls and our evening was complete. Now you can see why I had such a big day. Korea is out for tourist trade

and we are the first SITA tour to come here, so they have gone all the way for us.

Near Kyongju
March 31, 1965
Pulguksa Hotel

Here we are deep into Korea and completely away from the path of the American tourist. This has been such a different day as we have enjoyed thoroughly the people and countryside of Korea. We flew from Seoul to Taegu this a.m. and then came about 50 miles here by bus. The bus is simply hilarious. I can't begin to describe the awkwardness of it. The agent apologized for it and we all laughed and said we were thoroughly enjoying it. We came through miles of lovely apple orchards near Taegu and then for miles along fields which were mostly rice paddies. Everywhere you look there are people working in the fields. They work so hard, both men and women. The homes in the country were mostly picturesque thatched farm houses. The roads were full of toters and the bus's horn was going most of the way. We stopped by a school house where the children were all out. They were so excited over the busload of Americans. We took pictures and then as we left the teachers told them to say "good-bye" and they were chanting it as far as we could see them. They were so cute and sweet. We stopped and our guide asked a farmer, who was dressed in their typical "go-to-town" cloak and hat, if we could take his picture. He just posed and posed and smiled. We stopped and took pictures of a group of "A" men and also at a potters to watch him make

clay bowls. This country is so picturesque with the pines and streams and fields. They say the mountains were once all covered with pine but were all cut for wood, but new trees are growing there. We came here as Kyongju is rich in Korean history just as is Plymouth Rock, Williamsberg, etc. for us. It was the ancient capital and at one time one million people were in the city. The demolished site of the ancient palace is here, many tombs of ancient kings, remains of shrines and Buddhas. We visited many of the places this afternoon.

April 1, 1965
Thursday

This morning we were up at 5:00 a.m. for a trip to the top of a mountain to see the sunrise on the Sokguram Grotto. There was a bank of clouds over the ocean to the east so no sunrise, but it was a lovely trip. The grotto is built in a rock cavern and contains a beautifully carved stone Buddha and lovely carvings in the stone walls. It was carved 1200 years ago by a Chinese gentleman who also carved one in China. There were many twisted pines, birch and chestnut in the forest. A tremendous amount of reforestation was taking place. I don't see how they can plant the trees on some of the very steep walls, but there they were. Korea needs reforesting badly as the erosion is very bad. The riverbeds show vast deposits of silt.

Tokyo to Taipei
April 1, 1965
On Jet

We have just been going so fast that this poor diary is being neglected. So much has happened since my last writing

at Pulguksa Hotel and I find I should write when I'm filled with the inspiration of the day. We had a great time getting back to Tokyo. At Pulguksa the wind began to blow and by the time we had driven to Taegu it was blowing a gale. When we got to airport we found our flight had been canceled because of strong winds in Seoul. Our unusual tour now began. We were taken into Taegu and what a city it is. There are 500,000 people here and it is almost entirely Korean with little western influence. Not another tourist did we see here. The streets again were jammed with people and toters. To me the very narrow side streets were amazing. Lining both sides were small dirty looking shops with their wares exhibited in front and jammed with people for blocks. When we stopped, the bus would be surrounded with curious children. It was finally worked out for us to get hotel rooms, dinner and rest until 10:00 p.m. after which we would take a train at 11:00 p.m. for Seoul. You see, we had been up since 5:00 a.m. as we arose to see the sunrise. The Korean Tourist Bureau said there were two hotels available. Half of our party were sent to a Tourist Hotel just a block from the station. It turned out to be a house of ill fame and they were mighty glad to get out of there at 10:00. The rest of us went out to a little better place, six kilometers out of town. It was better, but you didn't dare drink water or eat anything uncooked. We were told that some of us would have to ride third class on the train as not enough first and second class seats were available. We had seen third class in Japan on the way to dining car and it looked awful.

We fortified ourselves for anything and went along. At the station we were taken to the reception room for American soldiers. The American boys here are always glad to visit with Americans and in the room were four G. I.'s. Their eyes nearly popped when they saw eighteen of us come in the door. They said we were the first tourists they had seen in Taegu. One told me, "Don't worry. They will never let you ride third class." And so it turned out and we were given reclining chairs and clean linen over back of each seat. It was an eight hour ride, 250 miles, and you can imagine how tired we were when we arrived back in Seoul at 7:00 a.m. We were taken back to our Bando Hotel and given rooms. A good hotel never looked so good and all of us had two or three hours of sleep, a hot bath and clean clothes. I got up at 10:00 a.m. as I wanted to get some Thai silk for Sandra and we were to leave at 1:00 p.m. We drove through the grounds of the Methodist University for girls on the way to the airport. There were a number of good looking buildings and one under construction. I didn't get enrollment, but it is rather large and our guide said they were doing a great work for Korea by educating these girls. When we got back to airport, we found our plane was delayed two hours due to an accident at Tokyo airport. This wasn't bad at all for it was interesting to watch the higher class Koreans all about us. They are so friendly and some were very good looking. The parade of beautiful silks on the women was a delight and our women folk just ohēd and ahēd over them.

The children were just like beautiful dolls and one little boy was just my Jeff's age and full of mischief and smiles. I could hardly keep my hands off him and got a good picture. His mother, in beautiful silk, was pleased over the attention he got and I explained mostly with signs that I had a grandson that age. How she did laugh and bow. All the other Korean folk about were enjoying our episode immensely.

Mt. Fuji greeted us back into Japan and we were glad to land at Tokyo's elegant airport. After customs, we found our Ted waiting for us. Everyone was so tickled to see him and you'd think we'd been gone for months. It was good to be back in Tokyo and enjoy the reflections of the brilliant neon signs reflected in the bay as Ted played his guitar and sang for us. I find I am very fond of this great city in the Orient. We drove through the night club district which was full of people and lights everywhere. It is estimated that there are 2000 bars and night clubs in some 20 blocks in this Ginza district. The Palace Hotel never looked better and a weary group was happy to get something simple to eat and get a good rest.

Again this morning we were called at 5:00 a.m. and off for the airport by 6:00. Mt. Fuji put on a great show to bid us goodbye. I wondered how I could sit here and read the morning paper with the vast stretch of blue mountains beneath me all powdered on top with white. Japan is now fading into the skyline and I think of so many who extended courtesies to

me and of the many acts of friendliness that I encountered there. I think they have helped me to relax and enjoy simple beauty in nature, the curve of a twisted pine, bare branches in winter, reflections in a pool. The gracefulness and quiet beauty to be discovered in common acts of man such as the tea ceremony and the finesse with which they greet both friend and stranger. These are among the gems which I found in Japan. We have given much to Japan in western culture and they have much to give to us of their Oriental inheritance.

EDITION 15

Tainan, Taiwan
April 4, 1965

Here I am back in the tropics with my pajama bottoms on, door open wide onto a balcony and a lovely breeze coming in. My "Eastinghouse" radio is playing Finlandia. The noise from the street below sounds like Chino after winning a big football game, but here it never stops. The buses, taxis and bicycle horns all join in the racket. The streets are full of pedicabs and a few oxcarts. Pedicabs are like rickshaws only the driver pumps a bicycle instead of trotting. The oxen are like the Korean only once in a while you see Brahman cattle hitched up. The bicycle business in the Orient must be terrific.

As we landed in Taipei yesterday the soft, warm breeze felt so good. It's been difficult to adjust to packing in tropics again after cold country and now I'd surely like to send a bunch of clothes home. We were soon seeing sun azaleas, hibiscus and roses in bloom. We found big wide streets with

central parkways all built since the war. I was unprepared for the Grand Hotel. I have never, ever seen anything like it before. We needed a whole day to see the hotel. It is built in the architecture of a Chinese shrine with many red pillars and up-curving roofs. It is built all over the hill and you can get lost in it. We went to the room of the golden dragon where there was a golden dragon in a waterfall and ferns, etc. about. My room was divided by a bamboo screen and the sitting part had chairs where you looked out onto a hill of azaleas and a pool with tropical ferns, etc. We had lunch western style and the Chinese have done the best in reproducing American food. The soup, salad and chiffon pie all tasted so good again. In the evening we went to the red-dragon wing for a south Chinese dinner. The lobby here was the crowning glory of the hotel. The rugs, the vast hand carved furniture and the marble staircase are all the product of Chinese craftsmanship. The dinner was a masterpiece of Chinese cookery. There were fourteen dishes and each was delicious. I think our favorite was minced pigeon. With this one you take a round bit like a tortilla, but made of rice and egg and is soft. You place a lettuce leaf on it, cover the leaf with a red sauce and then the minced pigeon. You roll it and eat--Ummm--it's really good. The final course was called "eight precious rice". It was like an upside down cake, only the cake was cooked rice and the fruit was all in concentric circles, eight kinds including some ginko nuts. Now tonight we have Mandarin Chinese dinner (north China dinner). I wonder

what this will be. After Japanese, Korean and two Chinese dinners we are getting the works.

We were taken on a tour of Taipei yesterday afternoon. It was quite similar to Hong Kong, aside from the refugees of course. The streets aren't all new and wide but many old narrow ones with hundreds of little markets. The smell of cooking food and stands with many sea foods seems to be associated with these places. Many pedicabs and often the man or boy would be asleep in the cab. Don says that this is the only home many of them have. We visited a place called Associated Arts with many lovely Chinese objects to purchase. I bought a lovely hand carved figure of the God of Prosperity for myself. Goodness knows I need such a god, but I've been looking for just such a piece for my home.

The ride in the plane this morning to Tainan was an excellent way to see the beauty of this island. It is quite mountainous with quite flat valleys covered with green rice paddies, pineapple, sugar cane. The rice here is green and growing which makes the landscape such a vivid green. In Japan the rice is not planted yet. Many fields were covered with water and Chinese were working in the water with their big round hats and often using water buffalo.

Later: The Mandarin was good, but not quite up to the level of the Canton dinner. I'm enclosing the menu so you'll know their names of dishes. I'd never thought I'd eat frog legs before but tried them and they were very good. The smoked duck and shrimp with crispy rice were especially good.

Kaohsiung, Taiwan
April 5, 1965

I have just returned from shopping in this city's biggest department store with our Jewish couple, the Bracks, from Brooklyn. You may remember they are French and if you don't think this was a circus, you have little imagination. We were seeking a hat for me, baggage and citronella for them. Between the English, French and Chinese it got most hilarious in spots. Mrs. B. says, "I try English, French, German and then if they don't get it I use the sign language and that is the best." I might add she is very adept at the last form of communication. I find a suitable hat and she tries to get Denny to get one. He doesn't want one. He gave his felt hat to the last guide. "For why should he want another one?" We go on away and Denny decides he wants a hat just like Paul's. This causes a little altercation and at this point they go off into some emphatic French. He leaves and I hear that Denny is like that. "So--he doesn't want something. He doesn't have it and then he wants it. I ask you what should he do?" We go on in search of citronella. After writing out the word and swatting mosquitoes on our foreheads, the girls shake their heads and say, "She sorry, no have it." Now she is told in French, English and sign language that guide says Taiwan is greatest exporter of citronella and so your biggest store don't carry it. We go to money exchange counter and again our story is told--sign language. Girl gets on phone and soon a young man comes who speaks English. He says,

"Yes, they have it." So we are ushered up and down the elevator to many different departments and finally to the first counter. The girl drags out a bottle, instructions all in Chinese. We open, all smell, shake out heads. No, it's not citronella and so our mission is not accomplished. Anyway they are well meaning folks and I think I've become their friend but to an American, western and gentile, it is so humorous.

The ride today through the rural area was so interesting. The fields were sugar cane, pineapple, peanuts, sweet potatoes and rice which is now about eight inches high and such a beautiful shade of green. The fields are bigger than in Japan. They rank second in sugar production, next to Cuba, and export great quantities of pineapple and rice. The water buffalo and big round straw hats added much to the picture. Kaohsiung is the second largest city at the south end of the island and is their big naval base. It is a city of 500,000 people and looks pretty good for a Chinese city. We were surprised to find such a nice hotel way down here. I have especially enjoyed the flowers. There were lovely orchids on the stair landing, Easter lilies with wide leafed ferns in the lobby and in dining room was a big group of red amaryllis in a big copper bowl. On the table were white mums and pink roses. It is good to be back in the tropics. On our ride today we saw Spring and Autumn Towers which was a shrine on a lake filled with water hyacinths. Great Shell Lake was a large lake with many walks, pagoda, Oriental style rest houses.

There were many ornamental flowers which would be even more colorful in their rainy season. We visited Shou Shan Park which gave us a good view of the city and harbor. Their parks are mostly pretty dirty and not kept like the pruned and swept parks of Japan. This whole island bristles with the military. You see soldiers everywhere and jet planes streak across the sky frequently.

Sun Moon Lake
Evergreen Hostel
April 6, 1965

This is the most beautiful spot I have found in Taiwan. We are 2000 feet up in the mountains. When we arrived here in the lobby we were led down a long flight of stairs which passed by a series of terraces. On the terraces were azaleas, poinsettias, hibiscus, carnations and ferns. At the bottom was a corridor which led into your rooms and you pass through the room to your balcony which is high on the hill overlooking Sun Moon Lake. The first view takes your breath away for there lies this large lake with big mountains all around and one little island in the center. It is like Grand Lake Colorado but the mountains are covered with tropical forest rather than the evergreens of the Rockies. We are all hoping for a lovely sunrise out across the lake as it is very hazy this evening. We took a boat trip around the lake shortly after arrival and landed at a dirty little village of supposedly Aborigines. I should like to spend a day roaming these forests but we are due to leave at 8:00 in the morning on our way back to Taipei

and Manila. As I looked out on the lake I had a feeling like you get from looking at a painting of Maxfield Parish with the blues and the purples and the mysterious mountains asking you to come and see.

Our three hour train ride from Kaosiung this morning was just right for one of our last looks at this lovely island. The countryside was so green especially with the rice paddies. They lay the foundation like a green carpet in a living room and all the other greens blend into it. There was the green of many banana trees and of the bamboo, the sugar cane, tobacco and the patches of vegetables. There is evidence of plenty of food for all and you are glad when it is so close to so much hunger. Our guide says the U. S. helped them since 1949 until they got on their feet and now they are self sufficient without help. They have plenty for themselves and export much rice, bananas, sugar and pineapple. He says that the land belonged to seven percent of the population and now it belongs to eighty percent. The government bought the land from the big property owners when the Japanese left and sold it to the tenants at a reasonable price. Their taxes are very low until they get the land paid for. The farmers are all doing very well and have good homes, radios, bicycles and motorcycles. It makes you feel that all America is trying to do isn't all bad. The same story in Korea and Japan helps you be proud of your country. We visited their national museum near Taichung where you see so many treasures of China which they brought over from the mainland when they fled from the

Communists. It was a great thrill to see these art treasures of paintings, cloisonne, carved lacquer, pottery which take you back into centuries of their culture. It also makes one feel sorry when you realize what a slim chance they have of getting back to their country. I saw a number of birds that looked like boat-tailed grackles only their tails were forked. I saw one magpie and a brown hawk of which we saw so many in Japan. There were a number of new birds but no chance to stop train or bus and get a good look. I neglected to mention the Canton dinner last night. It was very good and I think I prefer it to the Mandarin. I ate it all until it came to the soup which was called three precious soup. The three precious were onion, pigeon egg and small sea slugs. Now I ask you in Biology, "Would you eat sea slugs?" Well, I didn't.

Manila
Hotel Filipinas
April 7, 1965
10:00 p.m.

It's late but I must get this diary up-to-date as we leave in the morning at 6:15. The program here sounds terrific, exciting, unusual and tiring. We are going way back in where tourists don't usually go. You shall hear all about it, of course. We didn't get here until 6:30 and I had to get laundry, cleaning, etc. arranged as from here on I don't see much chance for those things. This has been a big day with three hours on bus, three hours on train and three hours on

the plane. I saw the sunrise on Sun Moon Lake and saw it set on Manila Bay. I was up at 5:30 a.m. and was delighted to see a clear sky with just enough clouds. I took five pictures hoping to capture that thrilling sight. Don was up next door and we met on our balconies. He said it is perhaps the loveliest sight we will see on our trip. He should know as he has been about everywhere. On the way down the mountains we saw much tea being grown and one tea tree, 300 years old, which they let grow without pruning. I found mimosa (sensitive plant) growing wild and lots of ageratum. We saw tapioca growing and then saw a mill where it is processed into powder. They use the root which looked like big sweet potatoes. The train ride from Taichung to Taipei was lovely and like the day before. As we came out of the front door of the air terminal in Manila the sky in the west was ablaze with red and gold and palm trees against the skyline. I have been hearing of the sunsets here. As Ted Azuma would have said, "The sunrise on Sun Moon Lake and the sunset on Manila Bay-- all the same day. How about that?" As we drove into the city I saw many little shops lighted by little torches in front which made it so colorful and different. I thought as we drove in that here is another city and country which suffered terribly through the war and now are on their feet again thanks to our America. The Hotel Filipinas is very nice, big and modern and blessed good water to drink. My room boy is Cesar O'Campo and I've had a good conversation with him. Seems like a fine

boy. He is a senior in high school, goes to school in the mornings and works the rest of the day. He is having a hard time with physics. When I meet him in the hall now I call him Cesar and he grins from ear to ear. Wonderful mail again and as always I could write until midnight and talk to all the wonderful folks who write me. Was so happy to have a letter from Joy Shaddle after I had met her lovely family in Sydney. The dining room was big and I could hear Japanese, Chinese, French, German or Dutch and English at the tables close to me. I had curried shrimp and it was a gourmet's delight. Now to pack my suitcase and be ready for new experiences at the crack of dawn.

EDITION 16

Bontoc, P. I.
April 8, 1965

Here we are way back in the mountain country. It has taken us nearly all day to reach this place. We came by plane to Baguio which is a little over 4000 feet altitude. The cool mountain air and clear sky was like landing in Estes Park in summer! This is a favorite mountain resort for Manila people. We were greeted with leis made of orange-red straw flowers. Yesterday at airport we were given leis of white sampaguita, the national flower of P. I. We left Baguio about 8:30 in five taxis that brought us here. We have curved and twisted away up and down over wild steep mountains. The road varied from pretty good to pretty bad. It has been a thriller all day long, sometimes looking way down into the

bottom of steep valleys and always these unbelievable terraces. People are living all over these mountains with terraces on the steep mountains extending from the bottom and sometimes clear to the top. Gilman, Colorado and Jerome, Arizona have nothing on these places. We climbed as high as over 7000 feet and in the higher altitudes the crop was all vegetables, but at lower levels it became bananas and rice. I saw many wild azaleas in bloom, pink and white, angels trumpet, a few lupine, mimosa and many lovely pine. They haven't cut their pine all off as they did in Korea. We had lunch at a very nice place called Mt. Data Lodge which was surprising in this primitive country. One of the guides told me the government had built it to encourage the use of the mountains for pleasure. We saw people along the roads and in villages that all looked very dirty. As we came down into this valley we began to see men who were wearing G strings. In the village here there are a number of them and I got a picture of four who posed for me for a price. Little children follow you on the street and say, "Americanos," and then any words you teach them. We are at the Cawed Hotel which is very funny. There are three cots in my room and they can't understand why we Americans don't put three people in the room. You dip water to flush the toilet. No toilet seat.

Baguio
Pines Hotel
April 9, 1965

The whole tour is completely bushed tonight. We have

ridden all day long since 6:00 a.m., up and down, and always on curves usually way up on the mountains. My fanny is tired from sitting and my arm sore from hitting sides of the car. In spite of the tiredness I can say that I've never had such an experience. It's just unbelievable, all of it. Last night after dinner we were invited across the street from hotel to see their native dances. The light was a burning log in center. Men were in G strings and women in colorful blankets. About six men had gongs which were about 12 inches in diameter. They beat the gongs for rhythm which was quite smooth and similar to rhythms in Tahiti. Their foot movement was rather complicated and very smooth. They danced their festival dance, their working chant and dance, the wedding dance, the relaxing or resting dance and the head hunters dance. With some, where they chanted, there was some harmony and they change the words as they please. One was to be used to awaken the gods when they have a drouth and may be heard all night. They depicted the acquiring of the head in the head hunters dance. They really looked savage and I was glad they weren't looking for my head. The one who was to lose his head fought with a spear and looked tense and frightened while the winner had a hatchet and looked relaxed and confident. The working song depicted the changing of the soil (cultivation) and the women lifted baskets representing the turned soil and threw it over their heads. We were told in their Bontoc tribe that men do heavy work and women assist while in other tribes it's the other way around. After the dance I went

with Don, our two native guides, and were led up the mountain a ways by our innkeeper's daughter who is a sixth grade teacher and excellent interpreter. We were headed for their Igoret, which is their village council. Two boys led us up a very stony pathway with pitch pine flares. We could hear natives in their huts as we passed close by, dogs yipped at us and we walked along the edge of several pig pens which are stone lined pits and to be avoided. We finally reached the ATO (village council house) and I felt like we had stepped back seven hundred years into a kiva at Mesa Verde. It gave me the weirdest feeling to find myself here in the night. There were about eight men who were squatted down and sat in this position all the while we were there. I would have been so stiff I'd have had a hard time getting up. The man who appeared to be the oldest was a character and did all of the talking. There he squatted in his brown skin with dirty bare feet and only a G string. The girl interpreted and he talked of Americans and Europeans, of Jesus Christ and of their gods. It's too long to repeat but the essence was they appreciated what Americans had done and that their gods, like Jesus, came down to earth but their gods came as grown men and Jesus as a baby. He said America was a mixture of many peoples and also the Bontocs accepted anyone who came as a part of their tribe. This council handles all the problems of their Igoret-- political, social, economic. A number of families belong to their Igoret and there are about 15 Igores in the Bontoc

Tribe. We gave them boxes of matches which is their favorite gift and went on to see their ATO. The old men sleep on flat pine boards upon a bench. They have no blankets and sleep that way in winter time. The younger men in council are tougher so they sleep sitting on a rock with their head in their hands. We were then taken to the girls dormitory close by, called an Olog. When a girl or boy have reached puberty they move out to their respective huts, which are just hovels. This is a wonderful arrangement as it solves their difficult crowded housing situation. The girls and boys sit around the fire outside in the evening and sing and talk. They sang for us some of their songs but also they included "I'm an Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande" and "Red River Valley." I heard some very soft flute music and discovered they play a flute through their nose, a special nose flute, which makes such a soft sound that you must be silent to hear it. They may try trial marriage and if satisfactory, they get married. I discovered in the dark that I was sitting on the edge of a pig pit and the aroma was frequently coming my way. Our guide said the older generation do their native dances but young people do the rock and roll. I gave the boys what cigarettes I had and we came on down the mountain. Whew, what an experience! It took us three hours this morning, 6:00 to 9:00, to drive further in to the Banaue Rice Terraces. This was a never to be forgotten sight. Rice terraces from a deep river gorge all the way to the top of the mountains. It's just unbelievable.

They say it is the Eighth Wonder of the World. The length of the rock walls on the terraces would extend half way around the world, so they say. They are 2000 years old and still the rice was growing with a rich green. I took pictures by the dozen. This is such a hard place to reach that not many outsiders have seen it. We dropped down to the bottom and visited a hospital and clinic. Very neat and well built and there we met two charming American couples and an American nurse. It is a joint project which was organized by some G.I.'s during the war and is called Far East Gospel Crusade. The doctor's wife said her husband was an ordained Baptist minister and now a doctor and she is a Presbyterian. A Filipino doctor and another American doctor are about to join them. We were back in Bontoc for lunch and reached Baguio at 6:00 p.m.--tired and dusty and I mean dusty. Way up high on the road to Banaue I had 35 minutes to look at the tropic vegetation. Found ageratum, mimosa, some white violets, the Passion flower, wild berries like blackberries and heard a thrush sing the same song he sings in California. I just picked up the information that we had traveled 160 miles of that twisting, bumpy road today.

Manila
April 11, 1965
Sunday

I finally succumbed to the scourge of tourists and am staying in today while the tour has gone to shoot the rapids in canoes at Pagsanjan. If I feel better later I may try to

go to church somewhere. I went to the lobby and saw them off. This hit me at Baguio and I missed the tour of the city, but joined them at the Country Club at lunch. The club was large, beautiful and cool, built among the pines. The manager was a woman from Denver, Colorado and wanted to meet me. A very nice lady who says she loves it there. It turned out to be an elaborate birthday party for two of our members. The tables were decorated with masses of red dahlias, blue hydrangeas and corn flowers. An elaborate meal of which I could eat little and then a demonstration of native dances which were well done. The announcer said the Bontocs had been the fiercest of the tribes and had killed two anthropologists in 1952. Anyway they were very hospitable to us, but I might have been a little uneasy in the ATO had I known this. I felt well enough to go to the Jai-Alai Fronton Club last night. I'm sure many of my friends have watched this betting game in Tia Juana. We had dinner way up high on a balcony where we could watch the games. Another good dinner of which I ate little. Off the balcony was a big dance hall where they also served dinner and danced. I was interested in watching the Philipinos. They were nearly all very well dressed and mostly middle aged. They were all dancing--H-cha-cha--as our young people do. The men wore fancy embroidered shirts open at the neck and outside the pants called barong tagalog and the women wore dresses with many sequins which made the floor sparkle.

Letters from home indicate school is going into the last quarter and so the year is slipping away. Spring will be in full force in the midwest now. I hope to ship some clothes home today as it will be hot from here on.

I must tell you of what Sandra wrote about Gary. It seems that a little boy who the family knew well in Chino died a few weeks ago. They were explaining to Gary about Michael. Gary then said, "I'm going to die tomorrow, but I'm not going to go to heaven and be with Jesus. I'm going to Tokyo and be with my Grandpa."

I'm going to mail this here today as I'm not too sure of the mail for a while. Tomorrow we fly to Borneo.

EDITION 17

Jesselton Sabah, Malaysia
(Sabah is the northern tip
of Borneo.)
Borneo Hotel
April 12, 1965

Oh, how can I express myself about my feeling of this place? An artist can paint it. A musician can express it in his language. A poet can in his. But I am none of these talented persons. I think I must feel like a child who opens a gift that they have wanted and there it is. If so, I am glad that one doesn't lose that delightful feeling as the years slip by. Somehow the feeling of anticipation and adventure was with me as we boarded the plane in Manila. The word "Borneo" to me was the name of a place far, far away, that I never thought of seeing. I thought of the expression of "the wild man from Borneo" and of pictures of jungles and mountains

and sea in National Geographics. The sky all of the way included a number of huge, fantastic shaped cumulus clouds with much blue between them, with the sun low in the west causing deep shadows and occasionally a brilliant flash of rainbow colors in the clouds which disappeared rapidly. A number of islands appeared in the sea, all heavily forested and you wondered about them and then, here was a big island with high mountains way up in your cumulus clouds, Borneo. My package was unfolding and the reality was as great as the anticipation. We checked in at customs, got our rooms at the hotel around the corner and I rushed out with my camera, even before my suitcase arrived, to catch the setting sun. Across a little park and there it was, all of the glory of the tropical sunset with brilliant reds, gold and some small dark clouds like silhouettes against the color. The South China Sea was a huge pot of melted gold. Little forested islands, trees on the shore, a couple of humans and a dog all created their dark silhouettes on the shore. Dell Moreno was there and we sat for quite a time until it faded. No one spoke. Now there is a swim in the morning before breakfast, the tropical forest, the mountains and the natives all to enjoy tomorrow. In my mind I had said good-bye to western rooms, air conditioning, good food, dependable water in Manila. I was wrong, for it is all here. Not a large hotel of course but so comfortable, air conditioned and marvelous food and all here. This was under British Mandate and is now a part of Malaysia. The effect of the British is here and I

like it. Don announced on the bus that he had just received a message and all of our time in Indonesia is canceled due to the Asian-African Conference that is starting there and hence no accommodations. I think we were all glad. I know I was. Our time will be spent in Malaysia and they say a wonderful place to be. And now back to Manila. I felt much better today so went to lobby and ordered a taxi to take me out to the American cemetery. It gave me a good chance to see how people in Manila lived. There were a number of quite large houses with high walls around them and the houses were not too well kept up. We saw a number of horse drawn carts which were so different than the low ones in Korea as they had high wheels which usually wobbled. One amusing form of transportation is jeep buses which were painted fancy colors and very well kept up. The cemetery was a beautiful spot reserved for our boys. You approach it on an avenue of huge trees which arch completely across. I think they were royal poinsettias but were not in bloom. The cemetery is perfectly kept with rows and rows of white marble crosses on lovely green lawn. The memorial was tall, marble, and inside it was tiled with the words, "To Their Memory--Their Country Brings--Its Gratitude as Flowers--Forever Living." There were four little altars and I knelt and prayed that the spirit of the Ted Azumas, the Kays, the Charlie Hondas in Nagasaki, the Peace Committee in Hiroshima, the Koreans in their gift shop, the young Chinese with SITA in Hong Kong, could all help bring the love of our God to the world and help prevent this awful

thing from happening again. We went on to see the Presidential Palace and after seeing it we got caught in traffic like Los Angeles at 5:30 p.m. It was very hot at 11:00 a.m. and of course the taxi motor got overheated and stopped. The poor taxi driver ground the starter, jiggled the wires, shook the car, lifted the hood and pounded something with a long piece of pipe. I was so amused that the heat didn't bother me and I knew if George Morgan were in my place we'd be on our way but he wasn't so finally he called another taxi in the jam and I got back to the hotel. Letters from Bruce Pritchards and Doc Shaddles reached me just as we were leaving for plane and I was glad. I wasn't going to have much to write today. How about this?

Jesselton
April 13, 1965

This feel of the tropics is something after the chills of the north. I just took a walk to help digest my dinner. It was bright moonlight. I became so warm just strolling and my hands and face are as moist as can be. You come into your air conditioned room and put on a sweater. I began the day with coffee in my room at 6:00 a.m. (back to the English influence) and a swim in a tepid warm ocean. There are many beautiful birds everywhere with exquisite songs that make you stop and listen. I wish for Bill Hawkins and a key. The grass in front of the hotel had dozens of small, five inch, brilliant rust-red finches with black heads and heavy, light colored bills. A flock of them flying in the sunlight is a

flash of color. There was a seven inch bird with light grey to white breast, a black head, white stripe through eyes and pointed bill and then a group of four on a wire, rather stocky, short tail, eight inches white breast, dark grey back, bill fairly heavy with a rather harsh call like a magpie but not so loud. I did see a magpie today and two mourning doves at a distance. We had a tour of Jesselton and a 50 mile trip to Kota Belud by bus. Jesselton is quite modern, mostly rebuilt since bombing of the war. There are still a number of shacks built on stilts in some mudflats but they are destined to go. All of the homes are built up on stilts for dryness and coolness. North Borneo was a British Protectorate since 1888. It was invaded and badly bombed by Japanese in 1942 and liberated by Australians in 1945. It became independent in 1962, as a state (Sabah) of Malaysia in 1963 and is less than two years old. It is very mountainous and heavily forested and so our ride inland was beautiful and intensely interesting. A good chance for an all day look at tropical jungle. Of course I knew almost none of the intense plant life. The predominant flower was an azalea-like shrub. There were many ferns with some growing upon the trees, no tree ferns. The five fingered ferns were especially attractive in some open places. There were open river valleys and some meadows where the grass was very green. Some magnificent tall trees which I learned was the kapok with some of the pods opened. Palms, including some coconut, and the betel nut and banana trees. We saw a number of natives and their stilted, sometimes thatched houses. We

had a good lunch at a lunch house near Kota Belud where we had a view in clouds of 13,445 ft. high Mt. Kinabalu, the highest in Malaysia. A native woman here demonstrated weaving of a beautiful patterned multi-colored cloth. About eight men were there in their native dress with headdress to demonstrate their horses of which there are many in that valley. They are really ponies, look well kept. They used to be used for a three day ride to Jesselton, but are now just used for racing. I got some good pictures, I hope. We stopped in a small village for gas which was preparing for market tomorrow. They will come from miles around and wait all night for it to start. Three women were seated and had some dirty rolls of tobacco they were to sell plus betel nuts and a little clay pot of lime. They chew the nut with the tobacco and add a little lime. They were chewing and their teeth and mouth were all red. They looked terrible and were enjoying our reaction. They laughed with a coarse laugh and offered to sell some of the tobacco. In a village town square we saw a beautiful Royal Poinciana or Flamboyant tree and several yellow Poincianas. Later I saw some small yellow shower trees. I remembered the beauty I saw in Numea. We visited the agriculture experiment station and saw two American Peace Corp workers, a man and a young woman, with their classes. Here we saw the trees of the cashew nut. At dinner this evening we were served a canned fruit called longens. We were all mystified until Dell Moreno, who had lived in San Francisco, recognized them as the Chinese lechee nut which they dry and eat with coconut. These tasted

like white grapes or like cherries with big pits removed.
Anyway they were new and good.

Kuching, Sarawak, Malaysia
April 14, 1965

My spirits are never down but they do go up. I keep asking myself if this going up won't wear out. Well tonight they are up just as they were day before yesterday. After about an hour's flying from Brunei we began to see the biggest expanse of jungle you can imagine and all through it were many wide meandering rivers. We were over this for several hundred miles before we landed at Kuching. I never was close to a military front before, but the airport was surely ready for trouble. There were guards around with rifles and as we drove away there were a number of tanks imbedded in the earth with guns pointing toward the air strips. Their papers are full of the threats from Indonesia. You feel sorry as all they want is to be left alone and they are afraid to turn either direction. At the airport was a case of stuffed birds and small animals by the Sarawak Museum. I was entranced and wrote down information as fast as I could. If I could see a few of those beautiful exotic birds I'd be thrilled to death. There were: Bald headed wood Shrike; Fairy Bluebird, Black capped Kingfisher, white rumped Shama, Jewel Thrushes, Green breasted Pitta and Crimson winged woodpecker. Many are found only in Borneo. There were also stuffed flying squirrel, flying lizards and a flying lemur. Now you know why my spirits went soaring. The ride into Kuching had me on my toes as I

was seeing new trees and flowers which I hadn't seen at Jesselton. Don says, "This is really tropical." Of course, we've moved even closer to the equator. However, we were greeted with cool breezes as the clouds are quite heavy. The town is amazing. Some beautiful homes with lovely lawns. I said, "Beverly Hills!" Modern streets and behold a stop light. You never know what in the world is coming. You think you're headed for the sticks and here you find so much modern construction. Anyway it's good to see the jungle with modern conveniences at hand. The Aurora Hotel seems old with evidence of plumbing troubles in the past, but it's clean and yes, air conditioned. We've been on three plane flights, a boat ride and bus ride today. We arrived in Brunei about 11:00 a.m. This country did not join the Malaysian Federation and is by itself. It is the wealthiest because it has oil and so wanted to remain by itself. The wealth of the state is in evidence everywhere. They have built lovely homes for government workers, army officers, etc. There are good schools everywhere and a beautiful government built 3½ million dollar mosque. No one pays any taxes, schools are free and not compulsory. They furnish medical care free for everyone with excellent health clinics. The city has 40,000 residents of which 15,000 live in houses built over the water. On our boat ride we went for a number of miles looking at this city built right on the water. They have city water furnished them which is brought out in pipes above the water. At low tide the water becomes mud and I guess they are isolated until tide comes back and they can

use their boats. We met a couple of school boats, carrying the children between school and home. The schools were two stories high, completely open along both sides and you could see the children seated at their desks. The children were well dressed in uniforms. The girls all in their blue blouses created quite a picture.

I'm just back from dinner and a walk about three blocks up the street. This is the most English town I have seen since Christchurch. There were many English men in dining room. All wore white shirts with long sleeves, cuff links and dark ties. The dinner was English in every detail. The walk was a surprise. You'd just as well be in Beverly Hills or Evanston with large beautiful homes, apartment houses set way back with elegant lawns and gardens, modern fluorescent street lights. There were many youth on bicycles with lights. The boys were wearing white shirts and girls light dresses. They appeared to be Malaysians. All of this is next to this endless jungle. An American who travels all the time all over the world said he thought the Borneo jungle was the most dense of any in the world, including South America. Tomorrow we have a six hour ride about the place so I will know more. I neglected to mention the lovely new mosque in Brunei. We visited it and all felt it was a beautiful piece of architecture. The outside dome was in gold. Inside was in elegant Italian marble and stained glass. Beautiful rugs which are spread upon the marble floor. This is my first one and I am sure it will be the most modern.

Kuching
April 15, 1965

I've had a most interesting three hours in the Kuching Museum and Park this p.m. I can't get over the years of work by some dedicated people in this place. I will surely write them my appreciation of it later. How I wished for any folk in Biological Science today. Bob Thomas with the reptiles, Lou with the insects and Bill with the birds. I was so involved that when a gong sounded at 5:30 p.m. and I realized my two hours were gone, I could hardly believe it. The birds and reptiles on Borneo are so exotic--so different. I think I mentioned some birds in Jesselton. They were all here in the park and I was able to find that the so-called Magpie is a Magpie Robin (*Coppychus sculares*). He is robin sized, acts like a robin and is colored like a minature magpie. The flock of small rust colored finches with black heads are the chestnut Munia (*Lonchura malacca*), a real pest in the rice fields. The white breasted, dark headed bird with stripe through eye and a good singer is the Pied Triller (*Lalage Nigra*). No, I did not say, "The pie-eyed thriller." I also saw the yellow vented Bulbul (*Pycnonotus goiavier*). The flowering shrub which was common in the jungle and looked like an agalea is the Singapore Rhododendron. A tree which I've seen in the jungle which was very high and straight is the Durian Tree and has a large fruit which smells terrible. The Billian tree is a common source of lumber here, like for telephone posts. Jelutong is one of the most common woods for export along with the teak.

We had a five hour ride this morning through the jungle to see a long house. It was an exciting ride for me and I looked so long and so fast that I find my eyes are exhausted. There is never an end of things to see in the jungle and of course I know almost none of the plants. Just to see the variety of shapes of the leaves of the trees, the vines, the shrubs, keeps one in a constant state of wonderment. We saw considerable Sago palms in wet places. The Chinese farmers have planted a large amount of pepper vines. They say this is the greatest source of pepper in the world. The vines are planted with a high stake and they grow up to ten feet in height. They keep cutting off the flowers to make stronger vines and in three years they get their crop. The berries grow in long clusters, about eight inches long. When they begin to turn red they are picked, dried, soaked in water to take off outer skin and dried again. This makes them turn black. I have a cluster in front of me as I write. They are a terrific job and require lots of care. We passed many farms and villages which were mostly Chinese. Finally way back we began to see the Dyaks or Ibans who are Aborigines. We stopped at one of their villages for easement (Ha?) and finally came to a long house. Here we were about 50 miles from Kuching. As the name implies, it is a long house made of boards. It was built up high off the ground with a wide corridor in front off of which doors opened into family rooms. The floor was of boards, several inches apart and tied down with fibers and hair that looked like

horse hair. I was afraid some of our party might fall through. There were about 120 families living in this one house with about ten people in each family and thus over one thousand people in this one house. There are a great number of these long houses in the jungle with a total of around 300,000 Dyaks living in this manner. They were very curious of us and I don't know which group was the more curious. They talked a lot among themselves and several of the women offered you their hand to shake which, of course, you did. We distributed candy to the children and some of the women. At one end was a rest house and room where they put guests who came to visit them. In this house were about one dozen skulls which were exhibits of their head hunting days and these hung on the wall. You felt so dirty after being here and no place to wash. They live on rice, dried fish, chicken and pork mostly. Some of their men go away and work in industry or on roads, save their money and return later. We were only about 30 miles from Indonesian border and were checked several times by government authorities. Again my thoughts turned to Mesa Verde and I thought of those hundreds of people who lived in just such close contact with each other.

Singapore
Hotel Singapura
April 17, 1965
Saturday

Yesterday was an easy day in Kuching. We had a two hour tour of the city which included their Budhist temple, river port, market, teachers college and a pineapple farm. The college

was very up-to-date in structure. Students are given free tuition, board and room and some spending money. You can see what other countries think of their teachers. I enjoyed the pineapple farm and got a couple of pictures. I spent most of the afternoon in their museum. I was especially interested in their Lemus which can fly like a flying squirrel. The name, "Niah," stuck in my mind and then I remembered the story of the ancient human skull and here was an excellent reproduction of the Niah cave. Borneo is full of history and there was an excellent collection of the arts and handiwork of their ancient peoples. We left for Singapore about 6:00 p.m. and I hoped to return to this lovely little tropical town sometime again.

Singapore is an Asian, tropical metropolis. The New York of South Asia, they like to call it. It is surely the cross-roads of East and West and a fascinating place. Our hotel is Hotel Singapura, quite new and plush. I thought this noon in dining room that I surely was living as a plutocrat and you know I don't mind. It isn't necessary but since it's a part of the tour I can surely live it up. On my table was an arrangement of orchids. Ooh--you should see them. The so-called lunch was the best western meal on the trip. I noticed it cost SITA \$2.00 American and it would cost about \$6.00 in California. Seafood cocktail, a steak like Mike Lyman's and French pastry, all you could eat. An excellent male pianist played on the grand piano through the lunch. I see a floor show is scheduled for tonight during dinner with an "Imported Cleopatra from Egypt." Ha--I wonder!

My room is also very plush with all the comforts of a Conrad Hilton. We had a morning tour of the city with an excellent Malaysian guide. I feel so sorry that these people here can't be left alone to live their own lives. It came out several times as he described the city. He showed us what the government is doing for the people and of course we saw this in so many other countries. They have built hundreds of apartments for the lower and middle class which the people can buy at low cost. The apartment buildings looked clean and attractive. He also showed us some of the places that are quite dirty and full of shacks and said to come back in three years and they, too, would be gone. He referred to the Communists as bandits and said they would never take Malaysia. He said the Indonesians were good people who also wanted peaceful living, but had bad leadership. He showed us where some Indonesians had set off a bomb and remarked that they were green at fighting, but Malaysians were experienced so if Indonesia sent three, one Malaysian would take care of them. We were looking at the atrocities depicted in Hades in Tiger Balm Garden and he said he had witnessed the Japanese atrocities in Koala Lumpur during the occupation and they were worse than what we saw. What he described was unbelievable of humans. He said, "We were glad you dropped the bomb in Hiroshima but now war is over and we live as brothers." I repeat all of this so you can get their attitudes. The Tiger Balm Gardens are very garish and funny as they were in Hong Kong. I took several pictures for

benefit of the children. The jade collection was priceless and unbelievable to see so many exquisite pieces in one place. We went to the Botanic Gardens and I was so interested that I decided to walk back this p.m. It was about ten blocks from hotel, up hill, humid and hot, but sun was under clouds. I loved walking in the beautiful section of a tropical city. It was like Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena 25 years ago. Big beautiful homes with big expanses of lawns and gardens. It's all in hills and with the flowering shrubs and huge trees so you can imagine how I thrilled to it. I finally found the gardens. In my mind they rank with Christchurch and Melbourne gardens. They are beautifully kept and intensely interesting because of the tropical vegetation. The orchid section leaves you almost breathless. Orchids by the hundreds, all colors and sizes. One, tiger orchid, won the prize last year and is apricot with red spots. They were on my table this noon. As I have said so often, if you are patient and wait the answer to so many questions will come. Well, here today were the answers to so many plants seen in the jungle in Borneo. I took a number of pictures and made many notes which I will place on a separate page. It was cracking lightning and thunder so I got a taxi and came back. Just as I entered the front door it began to rain and it's been pouring ever since. I'd hoped to get into the hotel pool, but the rain has sent me to this diary. I bought a silk sport shirt for myself and wore it in the dining room this noon. It has brown and gold figures in it--pretty

splashy. When I got here last night there were such good letters from Bill Hawkins, Elizabeth Morgan, Oscar Edinger, and an Easter card from Sandy and Jim. I'm trying to arrange Easter service tomorrow around a tour to Johore.

Plants -- Singapore Botanic Gardens

King Palm or Sealing Wax Palm--has orange-red stem like sealing wax in clumps--also seen in Kuching.

Cashurina--Grows in Sumatra--looks a little like Australian beefwood or ironwood but greener. Saw a young forest of it planted in Kuching.

Congo Poinsettia

Shrub--Gulavia--large white flowers with pink centers.

Tree--Michelia Champca--Malaysia--lovely sweet fragrance all about tree, small white flowers.

Vine--many pink flowers--very commonly planted in Taiwan, Philippines, Borneo--from Mexico--Antigonium leptopus.

Millettia atropurpurea--a huge tree with dark red pea blossoms--Burma and Malaysia.

Ficus Boxburghii--a fig with huge round leaves and fruits produced in masses on adventitious roots close to the ground.

Fagea tenibusi--Malaysia--a huge tree with very gnarled trunk.

Licuala spinosa--a palm--grows in clumps and fronds look like they were clipped off at the end--very common in Borneo jungles.

THE UNUSUAL TOUR GROUP

Mrs. Guinivere Bacon from San Diego. Gwin is younger than most of the group. She is a teacher on leave I guess. She is the perfect example of the Polyanna type. She has a sweet smile, everything is always lovely, likes to visit with foreign people. Makes a pleasant member to have on a tour. Has been ill since Korea and has us all worried about her.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Brach from Brooklyn have been described before. In all justice to them, they are friendly and overly willing to make suggestions of what you should and should not see or buy. I am sure that they are my friends and have invited me to stop on my way through New York. They make it difficult on the bus and in dining halls as they are quite demanding and loud about it. Some of the group will have nothing to do with them, but most of them try to be friendly and kind.

Miss Katherine Corbett travels with Gwin Bacon and is also from San Diego. She is a retired teacher of literature and I would guess had been quite successful in this. She is quite aged, a little senile and walks and climbs stairs with difficulty. She carries too much luggage and always needs help with her loaded paper shopping bags. She gets me mixed up with Don frequently. We are both bald. She is pleasant and does react to beauty. We all wonder if she can make it all the way.

Mrs. Helen Carpenter from Billings, Montana and Mrs. Gertrude Geery from Cambridge, Massachusetts are widowed sisters. I would guess they are in their middle to late sixties. Both

are petrified at the thought of a draft and have created many amusing incidents because of this fear. As we rode the bus in Kuching from airport to hotel each sat with a winter coat draped over their heads like two nuns and this was in the tropics and almost on the equator. They tie little silk bonnets over their head and ears and rush back to their rooms for wraps if the dining room is air conditioned. They are not too sociable with the rest of the group and usually eat alone at the table. I've found sparks of interest and friendliness and really think they are lonesome souls who don't know how to enjoy other people. They are almost never separated.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hogle are a darling elderly couple from Ft. Worth, Texas. He is a retired construction engineer and she is a retired teacher who still substitutes at 79. She is witty and usually has a clever remark to make. He is charming and sweet. They have no children and they love all children. She is willing and attentive listener about my grandsons which gives her a very high mark in my book. I'm sure they are highly respected in Ft. Worth.

Marjorie Holdar and Leola MacDonald are two widows from Waco, Texas and I would guess in middle to upper sixties. They are very pleasant and good travelers. I enjoy their company. Both are good dancers and love to dance so when there is dancing I enjoy having a few dances with them. I don't know what their profession is.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tidwell are from Douglasville, Georgia

are very southern in their outlook. He is a retired engineer. They are elderly and overweight with both having difficulty in walking far. Mr. Tidwell has a heart condition and needs to lose weight but he doesn't resist as he should. We are worried about him. Their greatest interest is their grandchildren and their hobby is purchasing gifts for them. They call each other Granddaddy and Grandmother. Mr. Tidwell hasn't much tolerance for negroes or New York Jews. I don't know her attitude as she never says, but I'm sure she goes along with whatever Granddaddy thinks.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Warner are from Paradise, California. I would guess they are about sixty. Dancing is their hobby and they dance beautifully which always creates a sensation with local people as they whirl about on the floor. They are very pleasant and good to have in the group.

Adele Randall is a widow from Whittier and Adele (Dell) Moreno is a widow from Palo Alto. I wouldn't dare guess their age and I can't be frank about them as, darn it, they read this diary. Kidding aside, they have helped me so much from being lonesome as I enjoy the company of both of them. We have many similar interests such as schools, politics, gardening and sight-seeing. We've figured out that they are just old enough to have been my mother providing it was an early age, so let's not let any readers of this diary get any silly ideas of romance. However, since Adele and I have ridden together on the last three flights we've announced that we are going steady. These women are cousins and of course travel together. Dell is the

widow of a Stanford Mathematics professor and has a summer home for many years at Lake Tahoe. So, again, we find much in common.

Our leader, Don Partridge, is an excellent conductor. He is very efficient and handles his aged problems with great finesse. He loves travel and seems to be a natural as he enjoys being with foreign people, eating their food and trying to do the things they do. He knows his way around all these foreign cities and it's amazing to hear the next morning where he ate and what he did.

EDITION 18

Singapore
April 18, 1965
Easter Sunday

We had a morning tour to Jahore which is just across the Straits of Malacca on the mainland. I never tire of driving in the tropics and seeing the tremendous trees and flowering plants. It was a good wide road and much of the way there were beautiful lawns, homes and government buildings on the side. We saw a beautiful bird, about eight inches, with a bright rather long orange-red bill with a metallic blue-green back. I have no idea what it was, but the guide said they call it the King of France bird. The palace of the Sultan of Jahore was a beautiful rather new building in a perfect setting on a hill overlooking the Straits of Malacca. At one place we saw Indian Ocean on one side and China Sea on the other. When I got back to my room there was a call to make to Don Partridge. He was at the Cock Pit Hotel and wondered if I

would like to join him for Javanese food. I got a taxi and went to this charming place. The dining hall was in Moorish architecture and waiters were Malaysians wearing white pants, beautiful headdress (turban like) and colorful hand-printed "batik" sarongs. The dish was called Rijsttafel meaning "Rice Table". The headwaiters were Chinese and wore raw silk coats. Teams of these Malay boys brought the foods on Indonesian carved trays decorated with local flowers. First, you fill a big soup bowl half full of long rice from Thailand and then you put all of this big variety of foods on the rice and eat with a soup spoon. On the side you placed several satays which are lamb skewered on small long sticks and roasted over charcoal and which you dip in a spicy sauce. They were just super. On the rice you placed chicken curry, curried prawns, mixed vegetables in vinegar and spice, salted duck eggs, grated coconut, fried bananas, peanuts, fish fritters, fried cabbage and long beans, spiced mutton, beef and prawns, shrimp paste and some other dried fish which I left alone. It was perfectly delicious and I ate every bite. They ended up with the sweet Gula Malacca which was tapioca with a burnt sugar syrup and coconut milk. A very good string quartet played lovely music through it all.

This city is a mixture of many peoples: Chinese, 80%; Malaysians, 12%; Indians, 8%; Eurasians, 1%; and foreigners, 1%. There is quite a bit of segregation which is surprising to me.