

1965 AROUND THE WORLD
RANDOM SCIENTIFIC NOTES FROM A WORLD TOUR

Dad had died in November 1964 and Mother wanted to go to Japan and visit friends the following year. Not wanting to go alone, she invited me. I didn't keep a diary on this trip but wrote my husband every night. From these letters I have compiled the following.

October 8, 1965. Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Waikiki. Well it just wasn't my day. Starting with the carpool in Baby (my Sunbeam Alpine sport car) the omens were all against it.¹ Lunch from Cincinnati to Chicago was served in 45 minutes and was merely a shrimp cocktail, steak, potatoes, vegetable, salad, coffee, desert and champagne.

We got to Chicago at 1:53, which meant that if the San Francisco plane had been on time, I would have missed it, but it didn't leave until 1:54. By breaking the one-minute mile record, I was out of breath as I hurried aboard. I found Mother had not gotten our message and was sick as a dog with intestinal flu.

Lunch from Chicago to San Francisco was more leisurely with cocktails, a three-course meal, three wines etc. All I saw of San Francisco was the Aloha Lounge and every cafeteria in the place trying to find Mother some dry toast. It was too foggy to see the Golden Gate Bridge even if I had known where to look.

The flight to Hawaii was four and a half hours and we had a leisurely dinner that was served on tablecloths by Muumuu-clad stewardesses. I could easily get used to this first class travel. There was a game on the United Flight of "Guess what time we get to the midpoint". With two guesses, Mother and I came up with 5:30 Hawaiian time and were right on the nose. We won a bottle of champagne. Lord knows what we will do with it. Probably give it to the Petersons. The movie on the plane was 'Pal Joey'. It was fun and helped make the time pass.

We arrived at Honolulu at 7:55 PM (that's 1:00 AM in Cincinnati) and stepped off into Florida-like weather. Our Hawaiian courier was waiting with leis, which he presented with a kiss. Then the fun began. My suitcases never made the connection in Chicago even though I had asked the agent to check. We checked into the Royal Hawaiian and my total wardrobe was on my back! United gave me a handy kit with toothbrush and so forth.

We rode in from the airport with the dumbest couple from Wabash, IN. We had noticed them in San Francisco because they so obviously hadn't been anywhere. "Now Chester, you know all these folks are going to Honolulu too, so we'll just watch them and know what to do". In the car from the airport, she said, "We're going to be in Hawaii for two weeks so we can see everything and never have to come again." "Around the World! How awful! I'd never do that!" "The stewardesses on the plane are just servants and they run up and down the plane as if they were afraid they would lose their jobs, but I guess they aren't paid very much. Who would ever want to be a stewardess?" Peggy should have heard this one. She has ambitions to be an airline stewardess. It takes all kinds to make a world. I wanted to ask why they bothered to come at all!

This Sheraton hotel is in the grand manner and our huge bedroom and living room are air-conditioned and overlook the ocean. Waikiki Beach is around the corner.

This morning I went out and bought a cotton dress and shoes. If I just had my camera I would be all set. I also snooped around the glamorous shops at Waikiki. You enter the grocery through an air curtain onto deep-pile carpeting. Waikiki Beach itself looks just like its pictures. It is twice the size of Golden Head's Beach (Ocho Rios, Jamaica) and has many elegant hotels around it. In general it looks and feels like Miami.

Mother keeps acting as though she has left the United States and was clutching her passport when she went out this morning. The people do look different, mostly oriental types, and the natives wear muumuus on the street, which look as awful as you can imagine. There are many tourists, recognized by the camera around the neck.

After lunch we have a car and driver to show us the sights. I'll tell you about that in my next letter. I fear I am catching Mother's bug, but it may be just that I am tired from yesterday. I am sending you all an envelope with souvenirs of Hawaii. I think it is obvious, but the bracelets are for the girls, the sand and rock are for Evans and a 'Uke' for Peggy. Your gift is obviously what is left.

Friday, October 8, 1965. My suitcase finally came at lunchtime so I'm back in business, but I still think it is easier to buy pictures instead of taking them. May I introduce you to oriental art? This

¹ It must have been a crowded car pool since Baby had only two seats and a back platform.

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lovely life-size Kwan Yen is in the museum of fine arts, a lovely museum with an atrium showing art from all over the world. One court, the Japanese one, was set off with twins of the ceramic elephants we have on our front porch!

The Iolani Palace is the only palace in the United States. Built about 80 years ago by Hawaii's last king, it is now used as the Capitol Building. Hawaii's House of Representatives meets in the throne room when it is in session. The Senate is across the hall in what used to be the dining room. Hawaii is building a new Capitol Building across the street and when it does, the palace will be restored and used as a museum.

Since the House of Representatives are not in session today, we got to see the throne room. The gold ball on the staff in front of the thrones is the mark beyond which no one could step when they came to see the rulers.

Kamehameha 1's statue, across the road, is gorgeous and gold. It is draped with leis on his birthday in June. I saw it bare and hope I have a picture. It is most impressive. Kamehameha 1 was over seven feet tall. Five of the kings of Hawaii were named Kamehameha, which means "the lone one" or king. They had other names as well.

The Royal Mausoleum is a lovely chapel surrounded by the royal graves. Kamehameha 1, however, is not here. He is buried in a secret place on the island of Hawaii and no one knows where. The last king of Hawaii, Kalakaua, is buried in another churchyard as well.

We didn't get to Pali. We started out Archie, the driver, in a 1961 Cadillac. Believe me, there is more than one "pile of junk".² It kept stalling out. We finally gave up and went back to the hotel. Tomorrow Archie will take us there and also to the Arizona, for the ferry wasn't running today. Then we are off to Tokyo.

Mother is still bucking the flu but is much better. I still hope to avoid it but don't feel too hot myself. I am tired and Hawaii is very hot, more humid than Jamaica. Our air-conditioned suite is a haven in a luxurious but un-air-conditioned hotel! I'm sure it was near 90° today. However, it is all fun and we are getting along fine.

Monday, October 11, 1965. Hayama Marina, Kanagawa, Japan. So much has happened I hardly know where to begin. First I must finish what we did in Hawaii.

Friday night Mother and I went to a revolving restaurant atop a building in Waikiki. There are three of these moving restaurants in Honolulu and this one, The 21, just opened. The sensation of the view always changing was really novel. It makes one revolution each hour. The view was magnificent, the food excellent and the service lousy. We made two revolutions before desert!

Saturday we set out to finish our guided tour. We saw the grass shack where Robert Louis Stevenson lived, the Punchbowl Cemetery in a volcano crater, where Ernie Pyle is buried, and then went on to Pali. When King Kamehameha conquered Oahu, he marched up a long valley across the island and finally trapped the King of Oahu and his warriors at the top of this cliff. Many were pushed over, others jumped to kill themselves rather than become human sacrifices. In those days that is what they did with captives. After Kamehameha subdued Oahu, he united all the islands into one kingdom. This was about 1795. The view from Pali is spectacular and the winds fantastic, for this overlooks the windward side of the island and the winds funnel through the pass. The wind is so strong that you can lean against it! Unfortunately, we never did get to the Arizona. The ferry still wasn't running, but that gives me a reason to come back one day. I liked Hawaii but it was unseasonably hot and un-air-conditioned.

You were a darling to telephone me at the airport! Once aboard, our flight flew off to another day and another world! BOAC did a rather typical BOAC flight and it took eight hours to get to Tokyo. The Petersons and their friend, Hiro, met us and took us to the hotel. Mother is still sick, so we put her to bed and called a doctor. The rest of us went to the Crown Bar and Restaurant on the top floor of the Palace Hotel and I had my first taste of Japanese whiskey, Japanese oysters and Japanese beer. We had nashi, a sort of cross between a pear and an apple. It was all quite good, but it is very hard to fly so far. While it is 8:00 PM Tokyo time, my time zone is all mixed up. I went wearily off to bed. The doctor had dosed Mother up and said she had nothing serious, but she is having a hard time shaking the bug with all the running around and eating strange things.

² My grandmother always called her Cadillac a pile of junk since it always had something wrong with it.

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Japan is most interesting. The people are all friendly and smiling as they address you in unaccented English. However, when you ask them questions or try to engage them in conversation, you find they don't speak English at all! English is taught in the schools as a second language, but only in the written form. English is a difficult language for the Japanese to speak because the sounds are so different. But even if they can't understand, they smile and nod for they don't want to lose face!

Many women have gone back to wearing kimonos and some of them are exquisite. You see kimonos and clogs everywhere. The poorer people carry their fat smiling babies on their back, and the children are adorable. The light from the sun seems different from what we have at home. It is softer and more muted. As a result, the countryside seems gray and colorless. I think this is why the Japanese have learned to create beautiful spots and things.

We are right across from the palace, with a fine view of the moat, outer walls and guardhouses. No one can enter the 1,000-acre grounds except on the Emperor's birthday or New Years Day, so I didn't get to call. Aside from the Palace and a few shrines, Tokyo is ugly and uninteresting. Few buildings are over five or six stories high because of the earthquake problem. You find crowds everywhere. We are definitely a minority! Tokyo has few streets that are named. Everything is in districts. Thus in one district, there are blocks and blocks of appliance stores, in other theaters and in yet another, bookstores and so forth. How anyone finds his or her way around is a mystery. However, there are a surprising amount of signs in English, perhaps left over from our occupation of the country after the War. The yen is their money, 360 to the dollar, and fortunately the amount is written in our numbers, 1,000, 10,000 and so forth.

Mother was still under the weather this morning, so I went on the tour of Tokyo alone. It was a typical "On your right is the railway station" sort of tour. We did stop at the Tokyo Tower built in 1959. It is a TV tower, looks much like the Eiffel Tower, but is 100 feet taller. We went to Asakusa (pronounced A-sak-sa) to see an interesting combination: a Shinto shrine and Buddhist Temple side by side.

In Shinto you enter under a Torii or gate, which purifies you. You cleanse your hands in sacred water and incense before you approach the shrine. There you throw a coin into a grating and clap your hands to direct the Kannon's (Goddess) attention to your prayer or wish. Shinto is used for daily experiences like naming babies and marriages. Although most Japanese are both Buddhist and Shinto the temples are seldom found side by side as here.

The Buddhist Temple is much bigger. Here, Buddha is only on display one day of year, but we saw the red brocade screen, which hides her. You don't clap your hands in a Buddhist Temple but the other procedures are similar. Since Buddhists are interested in life after death and reincarnation, the Buddhist funeral service is very popular.

Grace Peterson met us at the hotel for lunch and then we caught a train to Kamakura, about an hour south of Tokyo. It was very crowded on the train and when I finally found a seat, the Japanese man next to me got up and left! Grace told me he didn't want to sit next to a foreigner. The countryside looks like I thought it would look. There are houses with tile pagoda roofs and so forth. This Marina is lovely although I haven't seen much of it. Grace and I set off at once to see the Dia Butsu in Kamakura. This is huge Buddha, 66 feet tall, and made of bronze. The statue was once under roof but it was swept away in a typhoon and Buddha has been in the open the last several hundred years. You can pay 10 yen (3 cents) to go up inside his head where there is a smaller image.

Tuesday morning. I was so tired last night I fell asleep while writing, so now I will finish. Dia Butsu means great Buddha and he gazes down in perpetual calm. He was just beautiful.

From there we went to Kita Kamakura (North Kamakura) to the Enkakuji Zen Temple, but it had closed at 5:00, so we could only peek in. We had let the taxi go and walked to the Peterson's house, fifteen minutes uphill. It was a fascinating walk for Grace did some grocery shopping and everyone smiled and bowed. The fruits and vegetables are different from ours, although I did recognize potatoes, peas and apples. Grace is learning Japanese, of course, and also is teaching English. Then we went up onto the residential section where the houses are right on top of each other, but each is fenced for privacy. All have an entrance garden and tiled roof.

The Peterson's house is half western, half Japanese. You leave your shoes at the door, even though the living room has western furniture. Behind this room you are in a Japanese house with

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tatami floors (four inch wide straw mats), sliding doors and windows. The Petersons do have a small dining table, but they sleep on the floor like the Japanese. They use their tearoom for storage, because Japanese houses have no closets and they have a western-style bath and Pullman kitchen. The only heat in the house comes from portable gas burners, and the water, instead of being heated in a big tank, is heated a little at a time right at the tap. Fascinating as it was, I would find it difficult to live here, but the Petersons are content.

When the shipyard in Camden, Maine folded, Pete was out of a job. Then a job opened up at the shipyard here. It was a step down for Pete but as Grace said, the art of building wooden boats in the USA is dead. Japan is the last stand. Luckily they had long admired the Japanese and their way of life.

For dinner that night they took us and Hiro, as well as Paul and Annio (their dentist and his wife), to a fabulous restaurant in Kita Kamura (or Ofuma, I am not sure which). We were met by kimono-clad ladies at the end of a long lantern lit walk, and escorted to the door, which is a Japanese custom. There we left our shoes and went to a private room to sit at a low table and have ceremonial green tea.

We were then taken to another small circular wooden building built to resemble Genghis Khan's tents. We ate Mongolian style on stools about a table while a kimono-clad lady cooked our dinner for us over a hibachi-like grill. I haven't the slightest idea what some of it was, but I did like the ginkgo nuts. The marinated chrysanthemum leaves were a bit hard to handle on my chopsticks. Thin slices of mutton, apples, peppers, onions, sweet potatoes, and mushrooms were all grilled for us on an open fire. We washed it down with sake in tiny sake cups. It was so good. We were too stuffed to eat the rice dishes that followed, and then we were escorted back to the first building for fruit, sweets, and real ceremonial tea, which has been whipped and is served in large bowls. It tastes like puree of spinach!

Then the ladies were given their chojin, which are paper lanterns on a stick, with tiny candles inside, and we went out to admire the garden. I felt as if I had just stepped into a Japanese print. It was quite cool so we went back to the Petersons. Pete, Paul and I walked part of the way, for Hiro's car only seats four and he had to make two trips. I lit our way with my tiny lantern! After some conversation we returned to the Marina and bed.

The Marina is right on Sagami Bay. Yesterday about 100 sailboats were having a race under our balcony. I could tell they were hollering "room at the mark" even though I know no Japanese. From here, on a clear day you can see Mount Fuji, but Fuji is like Cape Sable and you are seldom that lucky.

Tomorrow Hiro is taking us on a tour of the Miura peninsula and Pete's shipyard. Then we will have dinner in Yokohama. We are very busy!

Japan is magnificent. I just wish you were here to see it. It is so different from anywhere else I have been. Doesn't Tidewater³ have some Japanese customers so we can arrange a business trip?

Wednesday, October 13. Hayama Marina. I must finally be adjusting to the jet lag. I slept until almost 8:00 this morning. Dropping ten hours out of your life is somewhat unsettling. Mother and I had hoped the stopover in Hawaii would help but I can't see it did any good at all!

The Marina is very nice although hardly anyone speaks English. Ordering breakfast is quite an adventure. This morning they are racing sailboats out in the bay again, Snipes and other classes. Hayama is a popular resort for Tokyo and Yokohama.

Grace and Pete are being so nice to us, but at the same time they are exhausting us. We were with them for twelve hours without a break yesterday. They picked us up at 10:00 and we climbed into Hiro's tiny car. They had planned a great tour.

Stop one was at a school where they were having a gymkhana and a Shinto priest was blessing the ground for a new wing on the school. The Japanese are great on Shinto ceremonies whenever they christen boats, lay cornerstones and so forth. I do hope my pictures turn out. The schoolchildren are interesting, all wearing uniforms. There is an emphasis on physical fitness. We run into groups of children everywhere. They are either running on the beach or visiting shrines and so forth.

³ Tidewater was in the export grain business.

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We went to Pete's boat yard, Yokosuka (pronounced Yo ko si ka). It is a fairly small yard but they are building a larger one somewhere else. They had a yummy 43-footer with a teak hull and he was building several others. I may have told you, but Japan is considered about the last stand for wooden boats. Pete can deliver a boat FOB the USA for about 10 percent less than it would cost to build it in the US. Of course, he can't compete with fiberglass.

After touring the yard we went for lunch at the Medoka Restaurant. Pete's boss, Morikawa-san joined us. We had delicious fried oysters and then the waitress gave me a lesson on how to prepare ceremonial tea (Uji Shigerai). You study for years before you can do it properly. All the mixing and even drinking it has to be done in a certain way.

Then Grace, Hiro, Mother and I were off again. The next stop was a tuna factory, which was most interesting since they were unloading a record catch they had made off New Guinea. The drive then became more rural, although it was still more populated than Indian Hill!⁴ You never 'get away from it all' in Japan. There are too many people! I have never felt so hemmed in when I am on trains or elevators by this sea of humanity. We never see Caucasians. Not any!

At the end of the Miura Peninsula we stopped at Aburatsubo, a lovely boatel set high on a cliff above a tiny sheltered harbor jammed with boats. Just picture Perry's Creek with 100 boats of all sizes in it. We drove back up on the Sagami side and peered over a fence to see the Emperor's teahouse and summer palace. Then we passed Hayama (Mother and I were dying to stop) and went on to Enoshima where the Olympic sailing races were held. We can see the course from our hotel window but had not seen the elaborate yacht club they built on fill dirt. It took them four years to build it.

By this time it was rather late and we still had a hard drive into Yokohama for Morikawa-san is taking us out for dinner. We met him at a Japanese bar named Kagetsu for a Yosenabe dinner. We were obviously the first Caucasians they had ever seen in the place. A drab bar inside the entrance didn't inspire us, but in back of that was the private dining room complete with low tables and tatami floors. The six of us sat on cushions while two kimono-clad bargirls waited on us. You always have a private dining room when dining out. The bargirls are poor man's geishas, and their whole job is to cook the meal, serve it and entertain us. In general they were part of the party. You share your O-sake with them. This was wonderful sake, honored by the O. Hors d'oeuvres consisted of squid in a sea urchin sauce, ginkgo nuts, tomato and lettuce, all eaten with chopsticks. In the middle of the display was a tiny tree branch and hanging from the branches were some small land crabs. I thought they were decorative, but our host plucked one off the tree and put it in his mouth. I couldn't let him lose face so did the same and can report they tasted like cardboard! For the fish course we had sashimi. This is elegant sushi, raw fish, and I am going to serve it to you when I get home. You can try it yourself if you wish. Take cold fresh raw white fish and dip it in a sauce made with soy sauce, vinegar, onion juice and hot pepper sauce (like Tabasco). Ordinarily Sashimi is served with rice as a snack but it was delectable as an appetizer. The main course, Yoshinabe, can best be described as fish chowder. They quickly stew all kinds of fish, vegetables and flowers in a broth of bonito. You pick out the solids with your chopsticks and then drink what is left. Meanwhile they are drowning you with sake. I was stuffed! At last our bargirls brought out their instruments and entertained us with folk songs and dancing. They used an interesting three-string banjo-like instrument with a huge wooden pick. The music has the same mournfulness of Greek music and all the gestures of the dance have significance.

We caught the train and taxied back to Hayama.

Wednesday, October 13. Palace Hotel, Tokyo. Visiting the Petersons has really been nice, if exhausting. They have shown us a side of Japan that few tourists ever see. We must have made a hit, however. Mother asked all of them to come to Tokyo tonight so that we could entertain them. Morikawa-san asked if he could bring his wife! The Petersons have never even met her! In Japan the husbands go out and enjoy themselves while the wives sit at home. Hiro would not have brought his wife in any event since he had a planned marriage and is obviously unhappy in it. He has a daughter aged 19, of whom he speaks fondly, but he never mentions his wife.

Morikawa-san loves his wife and feels she would enjoy meeting us! Grace picked us up at 11:00

⁴ We lived in Indian Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati, OH

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and we set out for Yokosuka to meet Pete at a Tempura restaurant. Grace had been given directions in Japanese on how to get there. In Japan they have no street names and numbers. After a bumpy ride the taxi driver pulled up in front of a restaurant and indicated we should get out. Grace protested that it was the wrong place, but he insisted. Grace spent an hour trying to reach Pete. It seemed we were at a restaurant of the same chain. The driver thought we would like it better than the one we picked! Finally Hiro came and brought us to the correct one where we met Morikawa-san and the big boss of the whole she-bang, Rokomoto-san. He is quite a guy. Very suave, tall, handsome, etc., and his fingers are in many pies. Pete's boatyard is only one of his enterprises. The K Line ships are another. He was very interested in what your business was and I gave him Tidewater's name. So don't be too surprised if a K Line ship appears! K Line is the third biggest in the world. According to Morikawa-san. They only ship to New York on the East Coast but he seemed interested in a Philadelphia contact.

The restaurants in Japan specialize in different kinds of cooking. Tempura is a fried food restaurant. It is often served at a drugstore-like counter. The food is battered and fried in non-fat grease. They fry everything: shrimp, chicken, mushrooms, sweet potato, lotus root and so forth. It's delicious but I had trouble with the fish. After I dropped it in the sauce (basically soy sauce), it fell apart and I still haven't mastered chopsticks that well! This was all washed down with O-sake of course.

After lunch we went back to Tokyo, checked back into the Palace Hotel and got our feet up over beer for Meg, martinis for Mother and Grace at 3:00 PM. Pete came at 7:00 and took us to the Chinzan-So Restaurant. This is very expensive but worth it. It was the first time we have seen tourists! The place is a huge garden with waterfalls, pagodas and so forth, surrounded by restaurants. It is beautiful. When I said restaurants, I actually meant one management, but they serve different types of food in different areas. We ate Genghis Khan style, on stools at a table. Dinner was cooked on a built-in brazier in the center of the table. It was delicious with beef, pork, chicken, mushrooms, lotus root, leeks and sweet potato to dip in the soy sauce. There's a big market for soybeans here! Morikawa-san's wife was lovely in her kimono. She had never seen Caucasians before and spoke no English, but she seemed to really enjoy herself. Mother admired the pretty scarf she carried and Mrs. Morikawa insisted on giving it to her. Gifts are given all the time in Japan,

Tonight we are trying to get a good rest for tomorrow we join our tour group. The slides are of the Big Buddha in Kamakura and Enoshima where the Olympic sailing was held last year. The funny Japanese fishing boats you can see on one side were deliberately built in an un-seaworthy manner. Japan was closed to the rest of the world and the ruler forbade the people to build boats capable of going away. Of course, now they are built that way out of tradition.

Thursday, October 14. Fuji View Hotel, Lake Kawaguchi, Fuji-Hakone-Izu National Park. Today we became tourists. The tour is fine as far as tours go, but oh how I miss the Japanese food and contact with the Japanese. We checked out of the hotel at 9:00. The "group" consists mostly of New Zealanders, one Canadian widower named Mr. Albert who works for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, a Jewish couple named Siegel from Chicago and an American who came from Russia to Fresno, CA, in 1910 and still doesn't speak much English. His whiskers make him look like Santa Claus! He is a farmer. The mystery is how he made the money to come on this trip. At least we have no unpleasant types, even if none of them enchant me. We are whisked about on our English speaking bus and have nothing we have to worry about. Even our lunch, soup, minute steak, pan-fried potatoes, and tossed salad, are designed to keep us well insulated from the Japanese culture. Dinner was a western dinner and Frisches⁵ does a better job!

The tour is well described in the brochure. The Hyakkean Garden was quite interesting, although it was lightly raining at the time. We saw it from under parasols. There were huge goldfish in a rainbow of colors and we fed them bread. There were also many plants. We had tea in the teahouse and the mama-san made ceremonial tea for us. I felt so superior to know what I was looking at, while the Gyjine (Caucasians) had to have it explained.

Lunch (see above) was a real disappointment in a greasy spoon restaurant. Then we drove

⁵ Frisches is a Cincinnati chain of family restaurants.

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through the gorgeous Japanese Alps. Volcanic mountains are new mountains and not much erosion has occurred. They have sharp ridges and deep valleys and are low enough for the cedars and cypress to grow all the way to the top. We stopped at the Sadatsuki silk factory and saw people weaving gorgeous silk brocades. Then we went on to a "typical" farmhouse, which was very interesting. Tatami all over the place and the family was having dinner and watching television (the only western thing in the whole house!).

And so we came to the Fuji View. It's a nice inn, but packed with tours, not an oriental in the lot. Aside from the almond eyed help and the kimonos (yakatas) in our room, we could be anywhere. At dinner we ordered o-sake, impressing Mr. Albert who had never tried it before. He has been in Japan for 10 days.

It is pouring rain, which is good, because maybe it will drive away the clouds so we can see the famous mountain. Mount Fuji is like Cape Sable. Many people don't think it is there because they have never seen it! Maybe we will be lucky.

Friday, October 15. Hotel Kowaki-en, Hakone-Yama. Some people aren't lucky. In fact, most are not. But oh we were! We awoke to a gorgeous day and there, right out of our window, was Fuji-san. I know you have seen pictures of the sacred Mount Fuji, but they don't show her in all her glory. Lower mountains surround her and she towers above them to 12000 feet. We drove all around her today, with each view more breathtaking than the last. She is almost symmetrical, except for one little bump left over from her last eruption in 1700 and something. We heard of one couple that were here for two and a half months and only saw her once. She usually has her head in the clouds. Today she really put on a show for us. The Japanese consider her sacred and make pilgrimages to see her. We saw several pilgrims preparing to climb her although the season is late. At each of ten stations of the ascent they burn a mark into their staff to prove they climbed her. She can be climbed in a day; however, the trick is to see the sunrise in the Pacific from her crest. They say, "He who climbs Mt Fuji is a fool. He who climbs her twice is a bigger fool!" I had no desire to climb her but I am so glad I saw her.

The tour also went to a small museum, had a coffee break at the Fuji Heights Golf Club, and saw the Big Hell spring, where smoke comes out of the mountain. It was as windy there as at the Pali in Honolulu. We had a ferryboat across Lake Ashi to the Hakone Hotel, where we had another western style lunch with all the other tours.

The fun began after we got here. This is a lovely, posh, luxury resort hotel. We had requested Japanese accommodations and were shown to a modern tatami floored room. Mother and I couldn't find the bathroom! We had understood that the Japanese bathed in public but we looked and looked with no success for our bathroom. I did find a lavatory off the main lobby but had no intention of carrying my toothbrush that far before breakfast! Finally, after about an hour of looking, Mother suggested we order martinis in our room and ask whoever brought the drink to show us where it was. After we called the order in, I took one more look and turned a knob, which we had thought led to the adjoining room, and fell headlong into a lovely modern tile bath! It was all ours and complete with a deep Japanese tub! We laughed until we were sick. I'm sure it doesn't sound as funny in print as it was to us here, but how both of us should have had trouble finding it, I do not know! We had each tried the knob before and thought the door was locked. I might add we had the drinks later not before!

I do hope my pictures of the room turn out but I am afraid I am doing it wrong. I am using Fuji outside color film where the ASA is 100 and have no idea what guide number pertains to flash. Kodachrome is very expensive in Japan, if you happen to find some. Fuji is supposed to be the best Japanese kind. I'm saving the mailing envelope and instructions for you to see. I think it will be easier to just get it processed at home and pay extra.

A Japanese bath (private variety) is kind of fun. You sit on a tiny stool and soap and rinse yourself. Only then do you climb into the deep (3 feet) 3-foot square tub. You then soak in very hot water. It makes you feel great!

Tonight the tour as treated to an authentic Sukiyaki dinner. But they did us dirt. Everyone runs around in yacata in his or her room. This is a cotton kimono that you can also sleep in. The hotel provides us with yacata as an American hotel would provide towels! Tonight we were also provided with a dressier kimono and told to dress up for the party. To quote the guidebook: "In resort towns, a kimono is considered proper attire anywhere, hotel, restaurants, and public

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conveyances and so on.” Well, Mother and I are game for anything, and, with the help of the maid, were soon girded and obied for the fray. We thought we looked fabulous, in a masquerade sort of way, but secretly we knew we looked pretty funny! Kimonos are just not for the occidental figure. As we stepped out into the hall, we met a Japanese couple (in western dress) and she just about doubled over with laughter! Mother and I were laughing so hard at ourselves by the time we got to the lobby, that we had to stop in the ladies room to get control of ourselves! We did know where the ladies room was. There in the lobby were the 40 or 50 Caucasian types looking funnier than I can describe. The Japanese were having a very hard time keeping a straight face. One of the ladies on the tour weighs about 200 pounds and she was held together with safety pins. The men were even funnier. Their hairy legs showed with each step. It was just awful! We paraded into the dining room feeling like complete idiots. The sukiyaki was okay (it's sort of a stew cooked on a brazier at the table) but I like some of the other types of food better. If you have trouble sitting on the floor normally, try it in a kimono sometime.

After dinner, Mother and I went to the “Hawaiian Room” for a drink, but all the Japanese were there in western dress enjoying the western-style nightclub. Even the music was western. So we returned to our room in our yucas and Mother has already pronounced the futon bed very comfortable and is snoring away.

I think the tour director was awful to do that to us. No wonder Caucasians are laughed at here! Otherwise the tour is quite pleasant and considering the language barrier, I think a tour is the way to see Japan. However, how glad I am that we had those two days with Grace and Pete and saw Japan as it really is. I am also so happy to have seen Fuji-san.

I'm resisting lanterns and statues for the new house but it is getting harder and harder. Is it under roof yet? I wish you were here. It really is fabulous and you would have died laughing at the kimono party!

Saturday, October 16, 1965. Hotel New Nagoya, Nagoya, Japan. When we woke up yesterday, we thought seeing Mount Fuji was a good omen. After the bathroom adventure and the kimono party, I kind of wondered if it was. Things run in threes and today the third thing happened right on schedule. They came aboard the bus with all the things the tour forgot. One item was Mother's handbag! Another item I did not recognize until they said it came from room 408, OUR room.

[Note by Mother. Was I embarrassed! It turned out to be a man's necktie! Meg said, “that was our room” and the whole bus burst into laughter! Seriously this has been lots of fun and Meg has been wonderful! We love Oriental living, food and people. You must come here. Thanks for loaning Meg.]

Today was a “transfer day”, from Hakone to Nagoya. First of all, our bags had to be out in the hall for pick-up at 8:00, although we didn't leave until 10:30. At 7:30 we called for breakfast and the maid came in and put away the bed and set up the table and served our breakfast. We sat on the floor with the low table. We thoroughly enjoyed the Japanese style room. Un-made beds are so uninteresting.

Then the man came for the bags. We thought we were packed and sent them off. They went by slow truck to Nagoya. However, when we got ready to check out, we found a slip of mine and shoes of Mothers and had to stuff them in our pocketbooks!

At 10:30 we left and had a 15-minute ride over the mountains to Atami. This was a resort town with a modern hotel, which served us another western-style lunch. Then we boarded the ‘Bullet Train’, which at times reaches speeds of 125 miles per hour. It certainly moved along and my ears popped from the pressure as they do on planes. We passed tea plantations. They were very pretty with the tea in rows, looking from a distance like a boxwood hedge. At one farm they had planted the tea so that it spelled something in Japanese, but I don't know what it said.

The train ride lasted two hours and when we got off at Nagoya, there was a man with a large sign, “Welcome Imperial Coachman Tour.” All 50 of us trailed after it as it wove its way through sea of Japanese humanity and across the street to our hotel. I just hope we didn't look like a crusade or a picket line! This hotel is strictly a transient hotel, the kind you find in any city in the world. All of us non-Japanese speaking people are cloistered on the sixth floor with our own private dining room.

Our bags had not arrived so Mother and I went out to explore while we waited. Even the elevator

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operator speaks no English and we had to point to the correct button. It really makes you appreciate the English-speaking oasis on the bus. Japanese children learn English like Americans learn French. However, it is only written English. They never hear it spoken. It is quite an adventure to go out alone. You can't read their language. They can't understand yours.

Under the hotel is a vast arcade. It is described as an underground city and wanders for miles. It is obviously not for tourists. Everyone in Japan was there shopping for everything from clothing to food. We carried a little card that said in Japanese where we belonged in case we got lost. The arcade wanders and wanders and you go off in little alleyways to the right or left and even up and down stairs. There were fascinating foods on display.

We came back to the hotel and are preparing for bed. We leave the hotel at 8:00 AM tomorrow. I love Japan and am planning our trip here. A guide will be necessary, but I am getting a good idea what should be seen and done. Even if we can't see Mt. Fuji again (she wasn't visible today), we will know where she is by the clouds!

October 17, 1965. International Hotel, Kyoto. It is 11:00 PM and we have been on the go since 7:00 AM. It's been utterly exhausting but most interesting. We left the hotel at 8:00 and had a capsule view of Nagoya and the reconstructed castle there. The whole town was destroyed in the War. The castle's famous golden dolphins, which adorn the roof, were in a bank vault when the town was destroyed, but everything else is new. It was an interesting fortress, complete with moat, which the Warlord occupied.

We passed through one town where they were having a festival to celebrate the harvest. There were costumed and masked paraders as well as floats. We also saw children decked out in colorful kimonos and obis.

At Toba we went to see Mikimoto's pearl island. Mikimoto perfected the cultured pearl. Although the stop was very tourist-trappy, it is interesting to see the women dive for pearls and an exhibit hall demonstrates how the pearls are seeded and cultivated. The nucleus is done from a mussel shell found in the Mississippi River. Japan had nothing hard enough to use! I didn't know that only the female oyster produces the pearl and she is seeded at age 3. It takes three more years to grow the pearl. The women divers train for years and can go down 25 or 30 fathoms with only a mask. Only women do this work for the men haven't enough fat on their body to stand the cold. Incidentally the women earn the living in these families and the men do all the housework!

After that we went to an elegant Tempura luncheon at a nearby hotel. Tempura is the fried food and this time we had lobster tails, green peppers and mushrooms. Instead of eating in at a counter, we ate at small tables on the floor.

After lunch we drove to Kyoto via the Ise Grand Shrine, This is a Shinto shrine where the emperor goes to worship his ancestors. It was a lovely primitive shrine in the country. Every 20 years the whole thing is torn down and a new one built. Because of the rice harvest, a ceremony was going on with strange haunting music.

Shinto is nature worship. An interesting legend explains the Torii gates leading to a Shinto shrine. There are always three and by passing under them you purify yourself. It seems that long ago, the Sun Goddess became mad at her brother and went into a cave and sulked. The other gods were most upset at the darkness, but they couldn't make her come home. They created a diversion by making three roosters crow, The Sun Goddess came out to see what was making all the noise! That is why roosters crow each morning. The three Torii gates are perches for the roosters. The first symbolizes the end of darkness, the second the beginning of the day and the third is the purification of the person.

It is a long way into Kyoto from there, along part of the Tokaido Highway. Very beautiful scenery. In ancient times, the Tokaido was an ancient road that went from Kyoto to Edo (Tokyo) and shoguns controlled the road. Many Shoguns, each had his own checkpoint, and there were many hazards, both natural and manmade, to overcome when making the journey. Our greatest hazard was the Sunday traffic and it was awful!

Mother and I checked into this hotel and ordered two double martinis, which helped, and then we went down to the dining room and a 15-minute Geisha show. The service was awful and we had to leave before desert to take our bus to the Gion Corner for their show. This was in the heart of the Geisha district, which, itself, is interesting.

The show, in a half a dozen short scenes, showed various aspects of Japanese culture. I was a

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willing volunteer to be the guest in the tea ceremony. Then we listened to Koto music, played on a stringed log, which had a somewhat harp-like sound.

Next they showed us flower arranging and Gagaku, which we liked best of all. It is actually Chinese ceremonial dancing but it is only preserved in Japan. There were very colorful masked and costumes dancers with an accompanying quartet playing instruments I had never seen before. This was followed with Maiko Geisha. Maiko Geishas are young girls learning to be Geishas. The highest form is not to be a Geisha, but an even more superior level known as Oidan. They did very stylized dancing and their kimonos and hairdos were fabulous. We concluded with a puppet show. An almost life-size puppet took four men, dressed all in black, to operate.

And then we went back to the hotel and bed. I loved talking with you. Mother and I are having a fabulous time, but it isn't the same without you.

I'm still having a hard time with the guide numbers on the Fuji film. On one film the ASA was 100. The present one is 64. The directions are in six languages, starting with Japanese and ending with Urdu (I think). I'm terribly afraid my inside shots aren't turning out. No one knows what to do about it. The back of the camera only talks about Kodachrome and much slower film.

October 18, 1965. International Hotel, Kyoto. Today was another exhausting but fascinating day. The only trouble is that we have no leisure time. As you know, sightseeing is the most exhausting sport in the world. The tour is grand in that it shows you so much for your money, and Somo-san is a very good guide with lots of material at his fingertips. You know me. I can't bear to miss anything and I won't quit while I'm ahead. As a result I ache from hours of sightseeing for the tour doesn't allow enough time to rest! Even so, I am not seeing everything. It would take days and days! I don't want you disappointed, but I haven't even had time to shop. I have only a few tidbits and they are strictly not to be opened until I get home. Until I changed ink above, I was tired and hungry after a long day. It is now even later and I am still tired and hungry so bear with me,

We started out at 9:00, and our first stop was the Kiyomizu Temple. This is an elegant Buddhist temple built on a hill overlooking Kyoto. The temple houses an 11-headed Kannon, the Goddess of Mercy. She is only on display once every thirty-three years and we were several years off. However, we did see the unique three-spout purification fountain: one for longevity, one for posterity or fertility, and the last (I think) for edification of the mind. Guess which one I wanted to drink from but didn't. One rather touching altar was for children who die young. The Buddhists believe that a child who dies young goes to Hell for they have no progeny to remember them! They have not lived long enough or well enough to insure a better life in their next reincarnation. They picture these poor children in purgatory, trying to climb out with piles of stones; while demons rip away their clothes and knock down the piles of stones they build to try a get from Hell to Heaven. Therefore, at this altar, the people place piles of stones and fashion small jackets, which they put in a cairn and place it all on the altar to help the children.

From here we went to the Sanjusagen-do Temple. Here there are 1001 statues of Kannon, a big one and 500 smaller ones on each side. The Kannon has 11 heads and 21 pairs of arms to symbolize the many worlds and the many forms Buddha can appear. By having 1001 statues, he Kannon represents all the people who have died and Buddhists come here to worship their ancestors. It is quite impressive to see them all.

Then we went to the Heian Shrine, Shinto, which is very colorful in vermillion and quite large. The garden is particularly lovely with stepping-stones around a small lake. Every place you go in Japan has and garden and you get so you look for them.

A wedding was going on and the bride was lovely, although weighed down with ceremonial headdress and kimono. Buddhism is concerned with the dead. Shinto is concerned with today, so of course, weddings are done at Shinto shrines. I bought a fortune and got good luck. If it hadn't been good then I would have hung it on a tree to protect myself from it. You shake a shaker and a number comes out on a metal bar. They give you your printed fortune according to the number.

Next we stopped at a silk shop where I fed the carp in the pond before going on to lunch at Oike Hanten Restaurant. This was Peking style or Chinese. We had a delicious soup and egg rolls, followed by a sort of crabmeat omelet and a "chop suey" sort of dish.

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After lunch we went to the Imperial Palace. The emperor now lives in Tokyo, but for 100 years the capitol was Kyoto. We saw the ceremonial hall where even now all the emperors are crowned. The private apartments are remarkably simple but overlook an exquisite garden.

Next was the Nijo Castle, the highlight of the day. It was built by a famous Shogun, Togugawa Ieyasu. Shoguns were warlords and dictators over their domains. Since they were very powerful, they had many enemies. The first building was where he received the lesser nobles and the public. The rooms are all on display and they are noted for their "nightingale" floors. The Shogun was afraid his enemies could sneak up on him, so all the outer corridors squeaked or sang when they were walked upon. It sounds like a nightingale singing and is very interesting. The second building is where he received the higher nobles and his friends. Here the floors were normal.

There were figures in the main hall depicting the Shogun receiving his nobles. They are quite life-like and you feel as if you were there. In back of this is a third building with the private apartments. Like all Japanese homes, there is no visible furniture. There were just the tatami floors and beautifully painted walls.

Then we went to the Golden Pavilion which is beautiful reflected in the lake, but garish when viewed up close. Finally we got to the Higashi Honganji Temple. I was really tired and didn't catch its significance. Honganji is another form of Buddhism. Just as Protestants do, they have many sects but essentially worship the same. The temple was huge and quite dark inside, the only ornament being the gold leaf design on a dado to one side. The members contributed their hair to make a rope, which is on display.

Wearily we went back to the hotel where we indulged in martinis. One and a half hours later we were back on the bus to be taken to the Yoshikawa Inn. This is a true Japanese inn or ryokan. Next time I come to Japan I would like to stay in one. Built round a garden this was true Japanese living. We had Oil-Yaki, sort of a barbecue, where you cook your own food in a light sesame sauce in a hot plate built into the table. It was good, but like all food on the tour, obviously toned down for tourists. At lunch we had an interesting hors d'oeuvre, which looked like bean sprouts, but was actually jellyfish. When Somo-san identified it for me, you should have seen the expressions! Dinner was old familiars; beef, chicken, mushrooms, cabbage, spaghetti, mango peppers and everything, even the spaghetti was fired on the fire.

After we ate, we invited our nice guide to have a drink with us. Mother had a present for him. You don't tip in Japan. We thought it would be more fun to give him a wedding present for he is getting married in January. But we made a bad selection, sake set, for the bride doesn't drink! Well, we tried. I don't think he had ever been up to the elegant roof garden on top of the hotel, which was sort of sad, and he walked me out to admire the small garden on the roof.

I'm just getting accustomed to Japan and tomorrow we are being whisked away to another culture. It has been lovely. I hope we can come back one day. Can't you work out some business for Rokomoto-san's K Line?

October 19, 1965. The Grand Hotel Taipei, Taiwan. What a day. We overslept and then I discovered I had lost my mink stole. We gulped coffee and ran for the bus at 8:30 AM.

Today we went to Nara, and it was a real highpoint. I only wish we could have stayed longer. Nara was the ancient capitol of Japan and most of it has been preserved. It is one of the few cities in Japan that wasn't bombed during the War, because the US government gave orders that it be spared. There is much to see in this town.

The tour concentrated on two things: first Kasuga Shrine. As you drive into the park, the first things you notice are the sacred deer. As you leave the bus you are mobbed by them while you stumble past a sign that says, "Stay away from the deer. This is mating season and they can hurt you." This was signed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to deer. Well, deer don't give you a chance, particularly after you buy cookies for them! I hope my pictures turn out but one of my furry friends slobbered all over the camera so I don't know.

You climb a small hill up to the Shrine, passing 3000 lanterns. They are everywhere! I want a Kasuga lantern so badly. The lovely Shrine at the top of the hill was one of the most ornate we have seen. Soma-san, our guide, was very cute. He knew I was worried about the loss of my stole; so first he made a little prayer for me at the Shrine. Then he talked me into buying another fortune. Again I shook the shaker and got the same number as before. Under 'lost articles' it said, "the lost will be found but it will take time." So I didn't have to hang it on a tree, and Somo-

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san, at least, felt much better. In another part of the park is the Todajii Temple. The building is the largest wooden structure in the world. Inside it houses a huge Dia Butsu or Great Buddha with a benign expression. Made of bronze, he is 71 feet tall and gives his blessing to the world. On either side were two gilded Kannons, the Goddesses of Mercy. Their ornateness emphasizes the Buddha's simplicity. There are also two guardian statues, and also two heads without bodies (the temple ran out of money during the last rebuilding!).

One of the huge pillars that hold up the roof has a hole in it. Through it tumbled a steady stream of small children. A superstition is that anyone who passes through the pillar at Todajii will never have a serious illness in his life. I was dying to try it but it would have been most undignified!

On the way back to Kyoto, we stopped at a tea factory. Uji is one of the famous tea growing areas of Japan. I mentioned in my letter a week ago about Uji Shigaree, the desert made of Uji green tea. You would have been interested in the screw conveyors and other machinery. It looked like a small feed mill. At lunch we said Sayonara to the tour. I really don't want to see any of them again, but we were lucky that none of them were really awful. It was an interesting composite of many nationalities.

And my fortune was right! I found my stole! It had been left at the Starlight Roof Garden last night. Mother took a nap. We are very tired from too much sightseeing. However, I wanted a Kasuga lantern. Don't worry. I wasn't successful, but only because it was so expensive! Getting to the place where they were sold was an adventure in itself. Somo-san had written the address down in Japanese. The taxi driver said, "Wait a minute." And went into the hotel. It seems he couldn't read Somo-san's note and had to find someone who could. Somo-san had addressed him in high Japanese for it would have been an insult to write to the driver in a lower language he could understand! So off we went. We passed the place, but before I could get out the words that this was it, which of course he could not understand, he, quick as a wink turned left and went up a hill, turned right and stopped. As I may have told you Japanese don't have street addresses. You are directed to neighborhoods. Here was a road map, with nothing identified, which didn't show the driver a thing. He went into a shop and consulted the lady there. After much bowing and thanking we got directions. Then he backed down the hill and cheerfully let me out where I wanted to go. What a deal! To get back to our hotel, I just showed one of the hotel's matchboxes to another taxi driver and got back with no fuss.

We flew to Taiwan on Cathay Pacific. Peg and Dick have raved about Cathay Pacific. I was not impressed because the plane was jammed with noisy American tourists. It's no wonder we have such a bad image around the world!

Of course, all we did was to drive in from the airport at night, but already the change is apparent. No more subdued scenery, here the pot of vermillion overflowed and then was lavishly embellished with gold!

This hotel has lots of atmosphere. The lobby looks like the imperial dragon is expected any minute. The décor is almost garish, but beautifully done. It is decidedly a luxurious hotel. Our room was full of flower from Mr. Morehouse, a friend of Sam Hamilton's (a Camden friend of Mother). I can hardly wait for tomorrow.

Wednesday, October 20, 1965. The Grand Hotel, Taipei, Taiwan. China is as different from Japan as can be. There is the all-pervading sadness that it is so cut off from the mainland. The mainland is China to the Chinese. Taiwan was under Japanese rule from 1895 until after the War when it was ceded to Nationalist China. Before 1895 it had been Chinese, and now it is the last bastion in the free world of Chinese culture. All trace of the Japanese has been removed. This hotel was the site of a Japanese Shinto Shrine that was removed after the Japanese lost the War.

Taipei is a bustling modern city, not as ugly as Tokyo, but it is fairly uninteresting as a tourist destination. The hotel is in beautiful Chinese palace style.

We were taken to the Lungshan Temple. It is ornate and colorful, with glass highly colored dragons on the roof. Chinese use red and blue and green in pure colors, not pastels, and the effect is somewhat gaudy. It is quite a contrast to the subdued colors of Japan. Japan's sky is a soft gray blue, but here the sky is much bluer and the bright colors fit right in, where they would be out of place in Japan.

Buddhism here is similar to the Buddhism in Japan, but here the image is Quan Yen the God, not Goddess, of mercy. The incense, gifts and flowers were all like Japan. One interesting thing was

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the small images on the altar. If you want a shrine in your house, you take your Quan Yen to the temple and it sits on the altar for 4 days. Then it is considered blessed and you can take it home. There is a Quan Yen on its way to Cincinnati but I didn't have time to leave it on the altar so it may be all wrong. I was able to resist a Buddha but not Quan Yen. From there we toured the museum and saw the Victorian style houses of government.

Then we called on Mr. Morehouse, Sam Hamilton's friend, who is with First National City Bank. We went to a store where they sell native artifacts and on the way had a flat tire so we had to transfer to pedicab. Most of Taiwan travels by bicycle or pedicab. The latter is a three-wheel bike, which the driver pedals and pulls a small carriage for two. These are being outlawed and our guide tells us it is the last year for them. He said it is because they interfere with traffic and the government feels it is demeaning for one man to pull another. If it is true that this is the last year for them, then next year thousands of people will be out of work. We had quite a nice ride, but it was hard on the man who was pedaling. You should see the men straining when they pull the handcarts. Women, as in Japan, do hard work as well, like road repair. They use a sort of yoke across their shoulders to carry water in heavy buckets. The children are carried on their back as in Japan.

The handicraft shop was ghastly. Awful in the sense that everything is beautifully displayed and so inexpensive you want to buy everything in sight. Both Mother and I succumbed to more than we should and I understand Hong Kong is worse! You might do some research on how to maintain teak. The Chinese use wood magnificently. Our hotel is in uncarpeted parquet floors and it is yummy. I hope we get this effect in our new house.

We had a wonderful lunch in Lee's Restaurant where we ate Szechwan style. Chinese food cooked with hot peppers. There was more than we could eat and it was so good. I am getting quite proficient with chopsticks. Incidentally our wooden ones are most authentic. The ivory, silver or brass ones are strictly for the tourists. We have learned to ask for the wooden ones when those are served to us. Tonight's waiter brought them so fast; it was as if he had them in his pocket. He told us, in an undertone, that he had ever learned to eat with the fancy ones himself!

This afternoon we drove south of Taipei into the beautiful mountains. Steep cliffs that drop off sharply into the valley are forested and you wonder how the tree ever got a toehold. We stopped at one place where they were raising "silver ear". This is a type of fungus grown in logs and housed in thatched buildings. It looks like a small white head of bib lettuce, and is supposed to be very sweet. It also has curative values, especially for wrinkles! It cost \$3 an ounce in Chinatown in New York.

After about an hour we came to Wulai and here we transferred into pushed rail carts. We were then pushed up the mountain to an aborigine village with a beautiful waterfall. This was the only tourist trap we have seen in Taiwan. It reminded me so much of our Indian reservations, although it wasn't as dirty. For a price, the natives pose for pictures or dance in their colorful costumes. They try and sell you crumbly souvenirs. The ride back is all downhill and the 'pusher' rides on a level behind the cart. Quite a sensation!

We had dinner at the hotel. It was delicious Chinese food (like we have at Tom's Place) and we had pressed bananas for desert. These are bananas cooked in a caramel-like batter and they are so good.

Mail is coming through now and I am delighted. Thank you, Evans, for your letter about the football game. How's your chess coming? Ev, your letters are the highpoint of my day.

Thursday, October 21, 1965. Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong. I was so upset to hear about the accident. Thank God, Peggy wasn't hurt, but I am starting to wonder when she will develop some caution. Peggy, a car is not a toy and it should never be driven with the sublime confidence I have seen you use. Let me have more details.

This morning was free and I finally had a chance to get my hair done. I now have a lovely Chinese hairdo and I also had a massage and manicure thrown in for only \$2.

The flight on Japan Airlines was short, about an hour, but lovely. It's a very nice airline. We could see the lovely mountainous Chinese mainland coast across the blue China Sea.

Hong Kong is beautiful. Of course I want to shop, but I also want to see the whole Crown Colony. There are very sharp mountains, both on the island, and also on the mainland, which create a fabulous harbor chock a block full with ships from all over. There are navy ships, Chinese junks,

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hundreds of ferryboats, freighters, and sampans. It's quite a sight with Kowloon and Victoria with their many high-rise buildings on each side.

The Peninsula Hotel is on the mainland in Kowloon. It has long been THE hotel of Hong Kong, but it is finding some competition from Hilton and some others, being remodeled. We have a very sexy blue and purple modernistic room, and the blue and black connecting bathroom is complete with a telephone. There are about 5 servants to the square inch, including one who lies in wait for us in the hallway to unlock our black leather door before we can get our key out of the bag. Sam Hamilton sent us some lovely spray orchids, which I have tastefully arranged in our water carafe. We have another arrangement from the hotel manager. We have an invitation to dinner with the Sperrys Saturday night. He is the manager of First National City Bank in Hong Kong, and another of Sam's friends. Sam has alerted First National City around the world and we feel as if 'Big Brother' is looking after us. It's short sleeve weather here, but the hot season is just over! Both Kowloon and Victoria are bustling modern cities. Free enterprise is king. Hong Kong was established solely for trade. You feel as if you were at the crossroads of the world. Red China surrounds us, but you don't worry about it. Red China needs Hong Kong as its gateway to the world.

Hong Kong is a British, complete with London-type buses. Her Majesties mail coaches (and mail barges), and Bobbies directing traffic at every intersection with white gloves. The only thing missing is the sterling money system. It is 6.70 Hong Kong dollars to one US. And, of course, the faces aren't very British. While Mother had her hair done, I caught the ferry over to Victoria, just for the ride. It cost twenty cents first class, 20 Hong Kong cents that is. Peggy Kremenz told us it was the best buy here! The people on the ferry are a marvelous collection of British businessmen, tourists, English schoolboys, and ladies in saris and, of course, many Chinese. Like every place we have been there are thousands of people. The ferry runs every three or four minutes so it isn't overly crowded. Grace Peterson told me she splurges on first class because there is more standing room. Actually, I found a seat!

Later Mother and I took the ferry over to Victoria during rush hour and had several martinis at the roof garden of the Mandarin Hotel. It has a fabulous view of the harbor. We went back to The Peninsula for dinner in a very English dining room, where we were the only people using chopsticks! However, almost everyone seemed to be eating Chinese food. It was a disappointing meal, although I had shark's fin soup and the entrée was pigeon and cabbage. Chinese cabbage is wonderful, not at all like what we have at home. We plan to try more exotic dishes from now on, for Hong Kong is supposed to be a gourmet's paradise.

Mother and I are having a fine time, but we feel like two innocents abroad most of the time. Tonight we couldn't find the light switch for five giggly minutes in our blue room. Oh yes, we are back in civilization with a bidet, the first we have seen. I am going to kick my shoes out into the hall tonight to have them shined. We are 13 hours ahead of you and soon it will be all uphill to Paris.

Friday, October 23, 1965. The Peninsula, Hong Kong. Today we had a tour of Hong Kong Island. Each view was more spectacular than the last. We started with a ride on the incline to The Peak. Here there is a splendid view of the harbor one way and a view of the south side of the island and the China Sea the other. We drove down the east side, where we saw the Happy Valley Race Track. This is the area where Susie Wong was supposed to have been (bar area). We stopped at the Tiger Balm Gardens. Tiger Balm ointment was invented by Aw Boon Baw and it is supposed to cure everything from stomach cramp to ingrown toenails! It smells like a potent Vicks ointment. Aw Boon Haw made a fortune with it before he died and he built a fantastic garden, which is open to the public. His second wife lives there now. Wife number one is dead. Wives three and four live in Singapore. I figure he must have had a great sense of humor for I have never seen such a place. Picture Rock City done in gaudy Chinese style and then compressed into a small area! You climb around on a cement hill viewing everything from Buddhas to tigers to naked ladies to dragons and you name it. It was really quite awful and we laughed to see the tourists pay to see it! It overlooks a squatter's area, which is awful, and I don't see how wife number two stands it. However, the house looks lovely.

Squatters are a real problem in Hong Kong. There have been thousands of refugees from Red China and the colony. Do you remember the harbor in Greece where we picked up Aostra? I

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thought that was crowded, but it was deserted compared to this. Obviously many boats never leave their moorings for they are surrounded on all four sides by other boats. It would be a Chinese puzzle to separate any given one. There is a large floating restaurant in the more open part of the harbor that is supposed to be a picturesque place to eat, but I wouldn't try it for anything.

We caught the ferry home and took a rickshaw ride into the Kowloon shopping center. Marty and Olive Siegel, a couple on their honeymoon who have followed much the same itinerary, had recommended a tailor. I'm having Thai silk suit made. I was afraid to get one for Peggy for the measurements are more complicated than we thought. They also warn you that Hong Kong tailoring. It is not very good without many fittings. I have been surprised that the shopping is not better. The stores aren't nearly as tempting as the ones we saw in Taipei. Frankly, there are not many bargains to be had, even though I have been dickering. I haven't seen any earrings for pierced ears, and frankly, most of the jewelry looks fake, even to my unpracticed eye. I also must have a certificate of origin, which is complicated to get. I will wait and do my shopping when I get home! The other problem is the frightful cost of shipping or excess baggage!

I hope your banking problems are solved. If not, you should try First National City Bank who have certainly been cordial to us due to Sam Hamilton (Mother's account with them is not that big).

Apparently we will be able to go to Cambodia, but I am getting worried about India. We have met other people who have not been allowed to go. The English language papers here are all to brief about what is going on. However they do report it isn't safe to walk in the streets at home because of the Vietnam peace riots in the United States! One editorial said that the United States people always support their President and that the riots amount to a Civil War since so many people are against him. The implication is that the American People are all for us pulling out of Vietnam. I think it is awful. Frankly, when you are on this side of the world and see how dependant Japan, Taiwan and Hong Kong are on world trade, you wonder how they can be so ignorant about us. Do they think we will let Red China take over? If Vietnam goes, so India, and if India goes, so goes Asia and then there is nothing to stop Red China from taking over the world. As long as we can control the fringe areas of Southeast Asia, we are safe, for it is strategically impossible for the Chinese to move their men in quantities over the mountains that would be needed to conquer world. If we lose our bases nothing will confine them to Asia.

Mother and I are going out to dinner, so goodbye for now.

Saturday, October 24. The Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong. After I wrote you yesterday, Mother and I went to the Au Trou Normand for dinner. This is a very nice French restaurant, complete with red-checked tablecloths. I introduced Mother to her first escargot. The terrine was delicious. Topped with coq au vine, les asperges (white thin ones, not thick), and a Grand Marnier soufflé. The Chinese waiters wore berets and called us Madame. It was something else, but it was a good meal.

Today we toured the New Territories. Hong Kong consists of Hong Kong Island, Kowloon (about three miles square), and the leased New Territories. The lease is now 62 years into a 99-year lease. The New Territories are very desolate but it is the only 'country' Hong Kong has and the British are trying to develop it. The refugees from China have been settled here in government housing projects. While I'd certainly prefer being a squatter than living in the sampan slum we saw yesterday, what we saw today was appalling! Five people live in a room in a high-rise apartment that measures 10 X 10. That is noticeably smaller than Mary's bedroom. There are no private baths or kitchens.

Surrounding these 'idyllic' buildings is a typical Asiatic market. Shack after shack were displaying meat covered with bugs and vegetables rotting in the sun. The streets ran with sewage and emaciated children. And these people are well off compared to what we saw yesterday. They live in houses and they have government-supplied jobs. And they don't live behind the bamboo curtain! The hopelessness of their lives is appalling for there is no attempt to assimilate them into the rest of the population. Since there is no free or compulsory education, they have no way to help themselves.

We also saw a walled city that has housed one family for three or four hundred years. The girls in the family must marry and move away, but the boys bring their brides home to live in very cramped apartments. Here we saw diseased children and old crippled women. It was very sad.

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Then we came to the border and, from a hillside, viewed Red China, which was one-quarter mile away across a narrow river. It all looked peaceful until you noticed the guard house and 'keep out' signs. Both sides maintain a 24-hour vigil on the border for Hong Kong doesn't want any more refugees. Red China doesn't want Hong Kong to have any more either! This is one of the few points that both countries agree about.

We also saw the pipeline through which Hong Kong buys 90 percent of its water from Red China. It is somewhat ironic that as Americans, we are forbidden to buy Chinese goods, but at the same time we are drinking Chinese water and eating Chinese food. Hong Kong is incapable if existing without depending on its basic food coming from China.

We had lunch at a floating restaurant (more inviting than the one in Aberdeen) and came home in time to have a fitting with my tailor. I had one fitting at 2:00 and another at 6:00. The suit is almost done, but will have to be mailed home because I can't have another fitting because tomorrow we are going to Macau for the day.

Tonight we had dinner with the Henry Sperrys. He's head of First National City Bank, Hong Kong. They are an interesting couple that lives in the most spectacular duplex apartment near the peak, above Hong Kong. Other guests were the Russells, (he is Chairman of the Board of Southern Pacific), Neal something or other (he works for the Bank of America), the Fiellas (who used to live here and are back on a visit from New York), the Bob Hawleys who are exporters, and a gentleman, whose name I didn't catch, who is with the State Department. He is on his way home from Vietnam. He had lunch with Ted Kennedy just this morning. Mother and I were really in deep.

Actually it was interesting just to listen to them talk. Most of them have been away from the States for years and really don't wish to go back. After a pleasant cocktail hour, we drove across the island to the Repulse Bay Hotel (where we had lunch yesterday) for a four-course gourmet dinner, beginning with hors d'oeuvres, and ending with Crepes Suzette, all served with various wines. It was quite an evening!

October 4, 1965. The Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong. We had a fascinating day. We went to Portugal. Macao is one hour and fifteen minutes southwest if here by hydrofoil. It is not a colony but a province of Portugal. Some people call it the anachronism of the Far East, for it is certainly a strange oasis to find. Eight square miles, it is on a peninsula, separated from China by a gate. Aside from the large numbers of Chinese, this is Portugal. There were lovely houses of pink stucco, clean streets, and it was quiet (not even the crowds were noisy). This sleepy place is a displaced part of Europe.

There isn't much to do and you can see the whole place in a couple of hours. At one point we were almost within spitting distance of China, much closer than we got in Hong Kong. Portugal is neutral and friendly with everyone. Aside from that we could have been a million miles from the Orient. Even the slums are clean and livable. There is no discrimination here like in Hong Kong. The races live side-by-side and intermarry. Macao has been Portuguese for 300 years, much older than Hong Kong. The Japs didn't even bother to occupy it during the War.

We wandered around enjoying the sights: sailors mending their sails, fish and snakes drying in the sun waiting to be eaten, a couple of old Buddhist temples, a Catholic school and a casino, packed with people this Sunday afternoon. There are more Catholic Churches in Macao than we have seen in all the orient. Most people think the only reason to go to Macao is for the gambling. It was a lovely relaxing way to spend the day. We met an interesting gal called Sabrina Kroemeke and we invited her to have dinner with us at the hotel. She is German, from Munich, and her husband is an engineer currently in charge of building a bridge in northern Thailand. They've been in Thailand almost two years. She is one of the most attractive women I've ever met and she is in Hong Kong alone doing some shopping. She is so pretty; she finds traveling alone is very difficult. As if to illustrate her point, a strange young man came to our table and asked if either of us wished to dance! We declined. Sabrina is one person I would like to see again. What a life she has had living all over the world with her husband.

I have been somewhat disappointed with Hong Kong. I'm just not a shopper and that seems to be the main reason to come. Aside from the colony's great beauty and gourmet restaurants, there isn't much for the ordinary tourist. It has been fun to see, of course.

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Le 25 Octobre 1965. Auberge Royale des Temples, Siem Reap, Cambodia. To think this has been here all the time and I have never been here before. It really is the jewel of the jungle. We must come here, though I can't imagine what kind of a business trip you could plan! We are now exactly 12 hours ahead of Cincinnati. I wish we had more than two days to spend here.

Guess what? When Grannie bought the elephant seats in Pasadena, Mother couldn't imagine why. Now we know. They meant Angkor to her! She came here back in the thirties and must have come by train from the ship she was on. What a journey it must have been!

But I am way ahead of myself. This morning we checked out of the Peninsula and went to Hong Kong's airport. There were swarms of people and we had a frantic check-in. Once aboard we settled down for a nice relaxing flight. On came the loudspeaker, "Welcome aboard Cathay Pacific's flight 117 to Saigon. Our flight will be three hours etc." "SAIGON", said we, but we were assured it was okay. Flying over Vietnam, we were glued to the window. It's very mountainous, but lovely.

At Saigon, we marched into the in transit waiting room having been warned that no photography would be allowed. I've never seen an airport with so many planes, both military and commercial. The waiting room was crammed with service men. We had been told to listen for our departure. Well, the noise was loud but we kept hearing a call for Cathay Pacific's flight 170 to Hong Kong. This couldn't be us; we had just come from there. Finally a most upset stewardess found us. They had held the plane, for on the way back to Hong Kong they were to drop us off in Phnom Penh. Thank God they waited.

It is only a half hour from Saigon to Phnom Penh, but it is a world of difference from Vietnam. Cambodia is flat, as flat as Kansas, and it is well settled if we can judge from the sea of rice paddies. Phnom Penh is a fairly large city and we could see the palace from the air.

We stepped out into hot humid air, so hot your clothes immediately stuck to your back! Then we realized we were the only people with American passports. We were the only English speaking ones as well. Everything is in French or Sanskrit (which looks like a decorative design). It doesn't look like western writing at all. The small airport looked like a pasture. There were water buffalo grazing on it.

We got our visas and soon boarded the four-engine prop plane for Siem Reap. There were only fifteen passengers on the plane. It had been sitting on the runway for hours and the temperature was not less than 100 degrees! We flew about an hour and the scenery below was fascinating. It was flat as the palm of your hand, with the Mekong River snaking all over below us. Obviously it was in flood stage. Houses in the flooded land were on stilts. This gave way to great stretches of nothing but swamp with occasional villages of sampans. We flew over a large lake and kept on flying. Finally we flew over Siem Reap, and there under the wing was the jungle and Angkor!

We stepped off at a tiny airport, cleared customs and soon a nice Cambodian travel agent and I were having a time. His English was as limited as my French! Curtis had listed one hotel on the itinerary and another on the voucher. What to do! We voted for the Grand, since it was on the voucher. Since Curtis had told them we were VIPs instead of using the minibus, we had our own car. It was a Jeepster that was so high we could hardly climb in and it was anything but comfortable. We got to the Grand and went through all the rigmarole of checking in, and when we were in our room, we pulled out Fodor and started to read. The Grand is in Siem Reap but the Auberge Royale des Temples is right across the road from Angkor Wat. Well, what to do? I went back to the lobby to inquire and there was our same agent waiting for us. He was most glad to see us for his arrangements had showed the Auberge Royale, which is much nicer. The government runs both hotels. Our room was so hot when we checked in that we turned on the air-conditioning, took off our clothes and just stood in front of the air-conditioner; that finally cooled the room to 85 degrees! We are right across the street from the most magnificent temple in the world! It was close to three before we got checked in the second time and finally had lunch. Then we caught a motorcycle cab for a harrowing ride around the moat and right up to the temple.

It is hard to describe the sweet innocent Cambodian people bathing naked in the moat or herding their water buffalo down the street. There are Buddhist monks with their shaven heads and saffron yellow robes. There are no cars and Angkor Wat is on one side of the road, the jungle is on the other. The people are still living as their ancestors lived 800 years ago when Angkor was deserted. No one knows why Angkor was abandoned 600 years ago. Only the monks stayed and the jungle swallowed everything up. When the French rediscovered it a hundred years ago,

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the monks were still there keeping their temple alive and Angkor Wat is an active temple today with 100 monks living nearby. In this part of the world, every man spends at least 3 months of his life living as a monk. Some of the monks are younger than Evans! We had a quick unguided tour of the temple before supper. It doesn't look very big until you are right up to it. Then you realize, like the Parthenon, it was designed to be seen from far away. Only the Khmer priests could enter it. The steps are enormous, say two feet tall on the risers, and the whole complex covers an enormous area. The moat around the outside is one mile long on each side and it represents the oceans surrounding the world. There are four huge courtyards representing the four ends of the earth. The center is a temple with four tall towers surrounding an even taller one. This represents the holy mountain and the sacred spot. Your first impression is of its size and then you realize all the walls are decorated with bas-reliefs depicting battles and dancers and snakes. Like the Acropolis, it was originally painted in bright colors. Some traces remain. It is so magnificent now cleared and reconstructed from when the jungle took over.

The place swarms with Cambodian children trying to see you black market rials. The official rate is 58 to the dollar, but we were offered as many as 79 to the dollar! We have almost no American money left but there is little to buy here anyway. It is interesting to be walking about a temple and from a dark recess you hear, "Pst, want to change some money Missy?" This is the only English they know. They also are fascinated with American cigarettes.

We came back to the hotel for dinner and then walked halfway back to Angkor Wat to watch a fabulous sunset. Soft blue, almost hazy sky turns pink when it is reflected on the temple, as it gets dark. All you can see are the yellow saffron robes of the monks as people hurry past you. The noise of the jungle is lovely. There are loud cicadas and cows and water buffalo lowing while they cool off in the moat and their owners try to hurry them home. Finally six elephants trundled by with their mahouts and I wondered if I was dreaming! I can hardly wait until tomorrow.

Mardi, le 26 Octobre, 1965. Auberge Royale Des Temples, Angkor, Cambodia. If anyone had told me I would end up like this and be happy, I wouldn't have believed them. You hardly notice the continuous heat and humidity after a while. Fanning becomes automatic and the bug bites don't itch at all. There are various forms of insects living in our john. I must admit I don't like the leg cramps. I woke up violently at 4:00 AM knowing that the term "Oh my aching back!" is all too true. Mother and I both limp around and argue over who feels the worse. I may have a litter to carry me out of the jungle tomorrow. This may sound like I am kidding, but as I push my stringy hair out of my eyes (I got caught in a jungle cloudburst); I swear it is all too true! It is all worth it! Only NEXT time I want to stay a week. And there must be another time. Mother just broke in to say that she is sure Phil can arrange to have us met with Camden's ambulance!

So much for introduction. Angkor covers miles and miles. It was the capitol of the Khmer civilization for 600 years, but then the capitol was moved to Phnom Penh. Probably because it was a more defensible position. That was about 1500 AD. A few Buddhist monks stayed on at Angkor Wat (the biggest temple) but the rest was abandoned to the jungle. About one hundred years ago, the French started clearing the area and rebuilding the temples. Of course, none of the wooden houses remained and many of the temples, themselves, were in pieces on the jungle floor. There are many temples and the ruins of a palace. Most of the temples were built as memorials for the kings and queens who had died. Most of them were built by Jayavarman the seventh, last of the builder kings, about 1200 AD. Many temples have been restored, but some have been only partially uncovered so that you can see the enormous tasks of the archaeologists. There are flat and paved roads through the jungle so that you can get around very easily. However, Khmer architecture demanded a moat around each temple, then a wall, and then it is still a long walk to reach the temple itself. Cars generally can't get inside the walls, so we are let out to walk through and the car meets us on the other side. It is about a half-mile walk on the average from gate to gate. The temple gets higher as you reach the middle so if you climb it at all it becomes longer. Mother and I figure we have walked more today than we normally do in a month and I have climbed more than ever before in my life! The steps are at least a foot high on each riser so I have many aches and pains, but it is worth it for the temples are superb, I can't possibly describe it all but will give you the highlights.

Ta Prohm, where the jungle has only partly been cleared, is a maze of ruins with so little light I couldn't take pictures. Above we heard but could not see parrots calling back and forth.

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Prah Khan, where the king kept his sacred sword, has countless pavilions as you walk to the center, each doorway framing the next.

Prah Neak Pean is a lake with a temple on an island in the center. People came to bathe in the sacred water, which was supposed to cure all their ailments.

The Elephant Terrace, with its bas-relief of countless elephants, is where the king sat to greet important visitors.

The Bayon in the exact center of Angkor Thom (the walled town) is heavily embellished with figures and has great four-sided faces on countless towers.

And of course, Angkor Wat itself which is almost anticlimactic. It is enormous. There are fabulous bas-reliefs about the outer wall and Apsara (dancing girls) are etched on each pillar. Every nook and cranny is embellished with carvings.

Tonight Mother and I went to see modern Cambodian dancing girls perform on a terrace in front of Angkor Wat. The hand gestures are very lovely and graceful, but the music is rather monotonous and haunting. The program lasted for two hours, which was a little too long, but you felt you were seeing a good imitation of what their ancestors performed for the king centuries ago. We were too lame to walk the half-mile out to see the performance, so we dickered with one of the motorcycle cabs, which pull surrey-like contraptions. As we raced along an unpaved muddy jungle road in the dark, we couldn't help but laugh. They go 40 miles per hour and you are wedged into the jerky seat, which made our muscles ache even more. And there we were actually paying for this torture. Really, we ache in every muscle but I wouldn't have missed a thing, even if I am lame for life! I hope this lets you know how much we have loved this part of the trip. I will never forget Angkor the rest of my life!

The most wonderful part is that we have it all to ourselves. Perhaps Cambodia scares people away because of its Red China connections and its strange visa situation. Tourists just don't come here for various reasons. If you don't like ruins there is nothing here. Siem Reap is a pleasant and prosperous town but very small. The hotel, while mostly air-conditioned boasts good French cooking but nothing else in the way of tourist comforts. There is no nightlife, no telephone, newspapers, beauty shops, or shops. Wo, our guide, had to really scrounge to find me four flashbulbs for the camera. They were the only ones in all of Siem Reap, and one was defective.

We have had no mail for a week. However, nothing could be more beautiful than these ruined temples in the jungle and the sweet Cambodian people. When you meet us in Europe, please bring an empty duffle bag for all my loot. My suitcase won't close any more, although I wouldn't pack my rubbing in any case. And there is still half the world to go!

Wednesday, October 29, 1965. Erawan Hotel, Bangkok, Thailand. First a special thank you to Martha for her nice letter. It was the first mail I have had for a week! I get homesick for news.

Mother and I dug our weary bones out of bed this morning at 6:30 for our DC 3 flight out of the jungle. We had a two-hour layover in Phnom Penh where we caught the limousine into town and then hired two pedicabs to take us on a fast fifteen-minute tour of the National Museum. The museum isn't very big but all the gems from Angkor are there. The statue of Jayavarman VII is very good. We caught the limousine back to the airport and then had two very bad jolts.

One: Cambodia won't convert our money back to anything else. Your only choice is to buy overpriced souvenirs or give it away. We didn't have a lot of money left, but the principle of it make me mad. The trouble is that the official rate is 30:1 and in Siem Reap it is 59:1. Anyone on the street will give you 80:1 or better. Because of the 'tourist rate' in Siem Reap, everything costs twice as much as it should. We had to cash some money, legally, to pay the hotel bill. I had an official exchange rate to prove I had bought legal rials but the officials still wouldn't listen to me. Next time I come to Cambodia I will bring about 50 one-dollar bills and will get along fine.

Second: It was also very hot. My hair hung down in my eyes and I ached. Union of Burma Airways was running an hour late. We gather it always runs late! When it came it was a four-engine prop job with Rolls Royce engines and no décor at all. The most unpleasant crew I have ever seen slung a lunch at us consisting of lemonade, curried chicken, banana and a piece of raisin bread. Obviously they loathed having us aboard! Royal Cambodge can't fly to Bangkok because of bad relations between the countries and the only reason Union of Burma stops there is because it is a way station on the way to Rangoon. There were no landing cards on board

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which caused a delay at the airport. But finally we cleared customs and stepped out into Thailand. We are a little further north than Cambodia, but the heat and humidity are still very high. Our courier asked us where we had come from and when we told him Cambodia, he said, "Don't you know the United States has no diplomatic relationship with Cambodia!" That may be why there were so few tourists! We checked into this lovely hotel and I immediately dove into a beauty parlor for a pedicure and shampoo. I feel much better but still am hot! Both of us are so tired we elected to eat at the hotel. The food was excellent. We had beef fondue. However, everything in the place was being cooked on open fires, French style, and the place really got hot. The hotel was built in 1958 and is quite large and roomy, but they only air-condition part of it. That is, the halls, lobbies and some of the shops are not air-conditioned. Our windows don't close too well and the room faces west. Now that the sun has finally set we have been able to get the temperature down to a pleasant 75 to 80 degrees.

I went down the block to get film after dinner. I paid about \$7.50 for a 36-roll of Kodachrome. Isn't this a bit high, even with processing thrown in? On the way back to the hotel I passed the sweetest little boy balancing a tray of flowers on his head. I got conned into buying a wrist bouquet for two baht (about ten cents). It smells so sweet. That is all of Bangkok I have seen so far. Please write. I have only had three letters and the picture of the house since I left.

October 30, 1965. Erawan Hotel, Bangkok. We got up at 6:30 AM for a tour of the river and canals. It's quite pleasant and cool until 9:00 in the morning, and early morning is when you must go to see the life on the canals. Apparently the land is not thick here and when you dig a hole you hit water within a few feet. Thailand has rich earth and is one of the few Asiatic countries that actually grow enough rice, not only for itself but also for export. Rice is the main essential for all of Southeast Asia. This is why Japan took over Korea and China before World War 11. It was to get more land on which to grow rice. Thailand has continuing wars with Cambodia, Laos and Burma because of her rice growing capacity. Most of the water is channeled into canals. When we flew in, the canals were as obvious from the air as highways are at home. Rice is grown in paddies, which are small plots of ground with an earth embankment around them to contain the water. Canal water is used to flood the paddy and make the rice grow. Perhaps you can see why Thailand's water is so important. It is the secret of its prosperity. In the spring it doesn't rain for month at a time, but because of the canals, Thailand has two rice crops each year.

At any rate, Bangkok originally had few streets. Canals and the river were the highways. Many of the canals have been filled in so wide road could be built to handle the traffic. Still, a large part of the city is only accessible by boat. Sometimes the canals are no wider than alleys. Many people live in boats; others live in stilt-houses right over the water. There are also some lovely houses along the klongs, as the canals are called.

A Thai house is built with a wide base and tapers to the roof. Huge teak beams slope to the roof to help stabilize the shallow foundations. Even the doors and windows are built in the shape of the houses. The roof eave is built to represent the snake, symbolic of protection. Each house is quite light. Our hotel is only four stories high and the tallest building in Bangkok is only ten stories because of the problem with the footings. They are all made of lovely weathered teak. The snake might be gold and is the only thing colored, except on the temples.

In the morning, as your tour Bangkok by barge, you see the Thai people going about their business. Sampan are taking fresh fruit and vegetables to market. Some people are bathing themselves in the river, or their hair, or their dogs. The ladies bathe in their sarongs, which fall to the ankle. Small children bathe naked. Small sampan coffee bars are delightful. You call them alongside to sell you a cup. Everyone smiles and waves as you pass by. We bought some small sweet bananas from one sampan. The fruit in Thailand has great variety, bananas, pineapples, coconuts, melons and so forth.

We stopped at a shop and went ashore to see all sorts of Thai good for sale. Silk was also being woven there. I didn't buy anything for it was very touristy and the prices were 'fixed' which means they were higher than they should be. I'm also sure the guides get a cut. I did feed bananas to the pet elephant in back and also patted the pet monkeys. Mother bought a spirit house, which will look smashing at Twin Oaks⁶. It looks like a birdhouse, but it is really a copy of a Thai home.

⁶ Twin Oaks is the name of Mother's home in Camden, Maine.

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The Thais believe that if you provide a house for the good spirits, that they will stay and look after you. All Thai houses have a spirit house outside and they make daily floral offerings to the spirits. Still by barge, we went to the Wat Arun. Wat means temple, Arun means dawn. This one figured in 'Anna and the King of Siam'. It had high rounded towers, instead of peaked ones. There are hundreds of beautiful temples in Bangkok but this one stands out.

The story of another temple is interesting. Thailand sent to China for some chinaware. The ship was wrecked and the china was smashed. The Buddhist priest said, "Bring all the broken china to the temple and Buddha will fix it". They did and the temple, all the way up its five tall towers is embellished with designs created from all the broken plates. It sounds awful, but it was really quite beautiful. China gets its name from the country of China. Thai clay isn't white so locally they only make a simple pottery. Chinese clay is white so the Thais send their designs to China when they want fine china.

The Thais are very proud of being Thai. Thailand means 'free land' and it is now a constitutional monarchy. Siam means 'dark-skinned'. They are obviously darker than the more Polynesian Cambodians and probably have Indian blood in them. Wat Arun, like the one in Angkor is a steep pyramid and the high steps were not kind to my aching muscles.

After we left the temple, we went to see the royal barges. They had beautiful gold decorations and each bow is a different animal head. The King's barge sports a swan. The barges are used on festive days.

Then we went ashore to see Mr. Thompson's house. He was an American who settled here and was the first person to export Thai silk to the United States. He obviously made a potful of money doing it! His house is actually five Thai houses put together. It is furnished with beautiful oriental antiques. Mr. Thompson opens his gorgeous house to tourists, two days a week and the proceeds go to the blind.

By then it was getting very hot so we came back to the hotel, had lunch by the swimming pool and went to bed for a two or three hour siesta. Interestingly enough, Thailand does not have siestas per se, due to the Chinese influence. The Chinese never miss a chance to make a buck! The stores are open from early in the morning until nine or ten at night.

At 4:30 we met Lek, our guide (don't you love their names?) and went to the thieves market. Mother bought two stone lion dogs and is very pleased with them. They are something she has always wanted!

Next we went to the boxing matches. This is quite fun. Three or four hundred years ago, the Burmese captured a Thai king. He challenged the Burmese to a fight to gain his freedom and beat every fighter Burma sent against him. As a result, boxing is the popular national sport. It is steeped in tradition and makes our boxing seem very tame by comparison. They use their feet, knees and elbows as well as fists. And they can hit anywhere, even below the waist. Their high kicks are something to behold. All the time they fight a four-piece band beats a tempo to stir them up. Their footwork is even in time to the beat. However the most interesting part is before they begin. When they come into the ring they perform a ritual to the music of the band. They pay homage, praying in the direction of their birthplace. Then there are other acts; each region has its own ritual. One rubbed the ropes all around, offering prayers. This was to ward off any outside influence. We noticed he didn't rub his own corner where his trainers were. They put hexes on their opponents and did other things I couldn't follow. It was all very solemn and serious. They wear bands around their heads and some are quite old. They remove them before the fight. Some wore bands around their arms that held religious medals or images of Buddha. Buddhism is some religion! The spectators were also fun to watch. Boxing is a gambling sport and the crowd was in frenzy when their favorite was winning or losing. It was a marvelous show. One bout was fought under western rules. It was as tame as girl's basketball is to boys.

Afterward we had dinner at the Rama Hilton where the air-conditioning really worked. Then we came wearily home to bed.

Friday, October 30, 1965. Erawan Hotel, Bangkok. It has been nine days since your last letter. Maybe Martha was right. She said, "Daddy has been so busy he hasn't even had time to fix my cuckoo clock!"

I've always sort of snickered at frustrated women who buy everything in sight, but now I am one of them so be prepared. I really think you will like the temple bells and the huge candlestick, but I

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tremble at your reaction to the biggest acquisition of all. Let's just say it is hard to resist Buddha after touring the orient. My Buddha is so magnificent and serene. As you know I am statuary-minded, and really, I have resisted buying so many of them. But today we went into an exotic dimly lit shop full of thousands of images. I was stumbling around helping Mother buy a small bronze image of Buddha, complete with naga (he sits on a coiled snake with seven heads). You know when Mother craves a snake she is really smitten. At any rate, I came around a corner and there was this gorgeous bronze statue of Buddha. Don't ask me why this one stood out above all the others, but he did. It was love at first sight. I swear I wasn't looking for him, but he found me! Mine is the incarnate Buddha so he has no naga. He doesn't need the snake for protection. He is two or three feet tall and looks quite old, although I may have trouble convincing the American customs men. His gold leaf is largely worn away so he is lovely in his bronze patina. He is in the meditative position. I can picture him at the end of the foyer, opposite the front door, unless you can think of a better place. I really don't want to burn incense in front of him although that is the thing to do. It will probably take months for him to get to Cincinnati. Trust me, he is really beautiful. Now go have a drink if you would like.

We set out today for a tour of the area around the palace. First was Wat Po, the huge royal Buddhist temple. Inside is a huge statue of a reclining Buddha. The guardians of the temple are huge painted statues depicting Marco Polo. There were four cheddi, representing the first four kings of the present dynasty, all decorated with broken pottery like we saw at Wat Arun. A cheddi is a tower-shaped edifice, which contains the remains of important cremated people. The loveliest of the four is the tomb of King Mongkut, Anna's king. He was the fourth king of the present dynasty. In China and Japan they use a pagoda for the same function. The cheddi is distinctly Thai, similar in size, if not in looks to the pagoda. The most important ones hold relics of Buddha, such as a piece of his bone. It is believed Buddha will come again and then all his relics from all over the world will be brought together. It has been over 1000 years since Buddha's last reincarnation.

From Wat Po we went to the palace. The present king chooses to live elsewhere. In a more protected place. His brother was assassinated here in 1946. The palace was built about 100 years ago inside the compound where Anna came to be governess of the royal children. Built by King Chulalonghorn, Anna's pupil. It shows a strong English influence. Trees are trimmed as in an English garden and the reception room is furnished in grand Victorian style. There are large framed portraits of King Albert and Queen Mary. This is all we were allowed to see of the interior.

The compound covers a large area and looks like something out of a fairy tale. Like a lot of Thailand, it seems unreal. There is extensive use of gold leaf and mother of pearl, there is lavish use of colored pottery on the temples. On one side of the palace is the funerary palace with its handsome reception room. Here, the first king of the present dynasty was 'laid out'. The walls are painted with Garudas. On the other side of the palace is the original palace. Only yesterday the king received the Russian Ambassador here. It has a tall and imposing throne and above it is a high altar looking like a huge golden ship. Of course, there are nine tiered white parasols over the throne, which tell us he is a crowned monarch.

Here in an alcove was Anna's school. All of the doors in the building have raised thresholds, for it is thought that evil spirits can only travel in a straight line and the raised threshold will stop or deflect them. Right inside the door is a marble or mother-of-pearl screen, again to stop the bad spirits, which you must detour around it to enter the room.

We peeked in the gates that led to where Mongkut's harem had been, but were not allowed in because members of the royal family still live there. This is like the Grace and Favor homes in King James Palace in London.

Finally we came to Wat Phrakaeo, the king's private temple. Here the lavish Thai art overwhelms you. There are huge comical guardians, bronze lions (booty from Angkor), and towering cheddi where the ashes of the royal family are interred. There are brilliant pottery designs and a lavish use of gold paint. I cannot find the words to do it justice. It is an unbelievable fairyland. Inside the temple are Carrara marble floors and highly decorated walls. On a high pedestal of gold surrounded by golden statues of Buddha is the jewel of Thailand, The Emerald Buddha! He is only thirty-one inches tall and made of translucent emerald colored jasper, but he is magnificently displayed on his high golden perch. Three times a year, the King comes and changes his costume. At this time the year, he is dressed in jeweled golden cloth for the rainy season. On

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November 9 his clothes will be changed to his hot winter attire. All the costumes are uniquely fashioned and, if the rainy weather costume is an example, all are gorgeous. Traditionally the Emerald Buddha was made in India 2000 years ago. He was then in Ceylon, Burma and Cambodia before being brought to Thailand. The king moved him to wherever his seat of government was. But then the image disappeared. In 1434 a thunderbolt burst open a cheddi and inside was found this most sacred object in Buddhism. Since then it has always been in the possession of the kings of Siam. Another story is that King Sam Phangkaen, ruler of Chiangmai, sent an army to deliver the Emerald Buddha from Chiangrai, where it was found in the cheddi, to Chiangmai. The elephant that carried it ran away at the crossroads to Lampang, which was not part of Siam at the time. The elephant was caught and brought back, but the second time it came to the crossroads, the elephant panicked again. A tamer elephant was brought, but it too ran away to Lampang. The Thais, being very superstitious, took this for an omen. For 32 years the Buddha stayed at Lampang. A future king moved it to his capitol and finally it was brought to Bangkok, where it remains. It is so magnificent, Mother and I conclude this is the ultimate in Buddhist temples.

All about the temples are Kinaree and I can see why Peg and Dick were smitten enough to name their boat, Kinaree. The king of demons kidnapped the Queen of the monkeys and somehow Kinaree is supposed to represent their union. At any rate they decorate the cheddi or stand at the door of the temple. They even support the streetlights of Bangkok. Half human, half animal, they are cheery creatures, though they are quite distinct from the Garuda (birds that carry the gods around) or Devates, which are divinities like angels. You have to see this fairytale city to believe it!

It was after the emerald Buddha that I fell for our lovely Buddha, which is really an object d'art. I do hope you will have the same feeling about it, but I realize it may be hard since you have not had the preparation.

On re-reading this, I see I forgot to mention that we had our fortunes told at Wat Po. It was similar to the Japanese custom. Mine was medium good luck, which is fine, except that it said I was unlucky at love. Perhaps my lack of mail is explained! Poor Mother got a bad fortune and had to burn it and offer the image gold leaf and incense to counteract it.

Saturday, October 30, 1965. Hotel International, Penang. It was wonderful to hear your voice this evening even though we had such a lousy connection. I had had no word for so long I was afraid something bad had happened. It's such a big world to be so far away.

Last night Lek took us to the Salinee Restaurant for a Thai dinner. We sat on small mats on the floor about a small table. But unlike the Japanese, we were supplied with reclining pillows so you can recline like the Romans did! It's great and the food was very good as well. The Salinee caters to tourists so they tone the food down a bit. The menu was all sorts of goodies, which we dipped into various sauces. One was almost straight Tabasco sauce! The variety of food ranged from steamed chicken served on sticks to shrimp, a delicious soup and hot curried chicken served with rice. The Thais use forks and spoons but not knives. Lek found the meal too tame and called for some hotter peppery sauce, which I tried and found delicious, but it brought tears to my eyes and I drank my water a bit quickly. The Thais have a name for their hot peppers that means 'small torpedo'. The guidebooks, more accurately, call it 'atomic bomb' and warn delicate stomachs away. Thai food is delicious.

Lek had draped us with Thai style leis, like a stole, which were an arrangement of fragrant jasmine, orchids and roses and made us feel most festive. When we left the waiters gave us the traditional Thai greeting called a wei. They bring their hands up to their nose in praying position. It's quite sweet.

Then we went to a performance of Thai classical dancing. Mother liked it better than Cambodian style. I think the background of Angkor Wat made the Cambodian better. Nevertheless, the two styles are similar. The Thai performance was more professional, done on a stage. One very cute act depicted one of the demons (the kind who are guardians of the temples) that fell in love with Rama. The Thai King. She turns herself into a beautiful maiden and tries to lure Rama away from his consort, Sita. She failed and then turned herself back into a demon, only to be driven away by Rama's brother. The demon mask was grand and the action of the maiden trying to seduce Rama, while Sita glared in jealousy, was very well done. There was also a sword dance, which

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started by paying homage like in boxing. It became a most exciting duel and looked so real, I almost wondered if it had been staged!

Today we flew Malaysian Airways to Penang and it is a wonderful airline. For the entire hour and a half we were plied with service, food and drink. After grand hors d'oeuvres of caviar and salmon, we had bird's nest soup. I was glad to try it but somewhat disappointed with it for it tastes much like chicken bouillon with rice noodles. The main course was a delicious Malaysian chicken curry and then we had cheeses, fruit, and salad etc to complete the meal. We were so full we could hardly stagger off the plane after lunch.

No sooner had our courier plunked us in the car, he told us we were going to stop and see the snake temple on our way into Georgetown. It thought this was the best time to see it. Mother and I were dubious, but he insisted and we soon found ourselves in front of a rather uninteresting temple. The guide called it Chinese Tibet. It is obviously strongly affiliated with Buddhism except that the image is different. The interesting part is that when the temple was built 100 years ago, it was infested with snakes. The people drove them away but they kept returning. Now they have been given sanctuary although they are not worshipped in any way. They are small green and white snakes, about 18 inches long and poisonous. The ones in the temple are very lethargic because of the incense and also they are well fed. At first you don't notice them (believe me I was keeping a good eye out), but then you realize there are hundreds of them curled up on the altar, clinging to the legs of tables and even in the flower arrangements. It is something to see! Because they move so little they hardly look alive. Really they aren't as scary as the ones in the zoo, and they are rather pretty o a snaky sort of way. One tasty snake was hanging on one of the altar ornaments.

Afterward, we came to this hotel. Malaysia is the landmass furthest south on the Asian continent. It is between the Gulf of Siam and the Gulf of Bengal. It is an affiliation of states, with the national capitol at Kuala Lumpur. Penang is one of the states, on an island about half way down the peninsula. Long a British Colony, it has a tropical climate and reminds me of Jamaica. Banana groves and coconut plantations cover the hilly countryside. The island is fifteen miles long and nine miles wide. It commands a strategic position at the end of the Straits of Malacca. Those Straits are to this part of the world what the Panama Canal is to ours. Through these Straits pass all the shipping between India and the Orient. Hundreds of ships pass each day. Penang is a free port, but I haven't seen anything I want to buy. I'm waiting until you join me in Paris with that extra \$100 customs exemption. Unfortunately I am over my declaration limit already. Penang is the island; Georgetown is the main city, named for George 111 of England because his birthday was the day the English Fleet landed here.

Like all the other countries, Penang is unique. For the first time we are getting a feel of the Middle East. The Buddhist influence is not overwhelming because there are many Moslems. Although the Malaysian people are darker skinned than the Thais, there is a melting pot of people on the streets. Chinese walk beside turbaned Arabs. Indian saris walk near sarong-clad ladies. It has a very international feeling more than any place we have been. English is the tie that binds, the one language everyone speaks!

Our hotel is a rather drab commercial type. With an air-conditioner that doesn't quite cool the room, but it is clean. I walked around the neighborhood and found nothing but seedy shops on a busy street. Mother and I are somewhat tried with the Travel Agency for they could have done better. We went to the European and Oriental Hotel for dinner (known as the E & O) and found it to be a lovely hotel with a gorgeous terrace overlooking the water. We had our cocktails sitting under a palm tree and watched a picturesque fisherman pulling his nets. The sun went down, turning the clouds blue and pink and it was beautiful. We took a pedicab over and back. The driver pushes from behind and you have a grand view of the streets. Every country has its own form of pushcart transportation. It is raining and from our gloomy courier tells us it will rain all day tomorrow.

The only film I can buy in this dreary hotel is labeled 'process before May 1965' so I don't know how many pictures I will have to show you of Penang. Unfortunately I was out of film when we went to the snake temple.

I was sorry to wake you up so early in the morning, but when we got here and found no mail again, I had to find out what was going on. It was also a dirty trick to use 5535 and wake everyone up, but the 6491 line was out of order.

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Sunday, October 31, 1965. Goodwood Hotel, Singapore. I'm so happy. Your nice letter was her waiting for me. It's hard to explain how much mail means when you are so far from home. I figure Singapore is the furthest we will get. I can't picture a low of 35 degrees Fahrenheit. Here it is 75 and everyone says it is unseasonably cold.

Penang is a lovely island. I can see why it is called the 'pearl of the Orient'. On the other hand, I feel I can leave it off future world trips. I'm glad I saw it but do not need to go back. Of course, if you insist, I will go, but we will stay at the E & O and we will not use Mayflower Tours.

This morning we had a nice tour of the northern end of the island. We saw an interesting walking race and then went to the Khoo Kongsi. This is a beautiful building and it is the Khoo family shrine. As I have told you, the Chinese are very ancestor conscious (worse than me). Here is this highly decorated Chinese style building with gold painted carvings and mother-of-pearl inlays, the main altar is decorated with pictures of Mr. And Mrs. Khoo. There are tablets dedicated to the hundreds of Khoos who have died, and plaques on the wall commemorate Khoos who are still living. Many are barristers and a good proportion of them graduated from the Middle Temple in London. The carvings and murals are outstanding. Do you know why a Chinese temple has a concave curving roof? It is so that the dead spirit is rejected from Heaven and dumped out, he will fall on the curved roof and bounce right back up into the never-never land between Heaven and Hell. In other words not fall to Hell at all!

Then we went to the Penang Buddhist Association Temple. This is the main Buddhist shrine in all Malaysia. It was quite different from what we have seen, with gorgeous marble floors depicting lotus flowers. When you walk on lotus flowers, you walk with Buddha. The legend says that when the child Buddha was taking his first steps, wherever his feet touched a lotus bloomed. Buddha and five Disciples are on the altar in white Italian marble, with painted red mouths. They are lovely statues, but they don't look right. Buddha is usually a golden image! Around the walls are a series of pictures depicting his life. Our guide made it clear that there are two kinds of Buddhist monks. In one, the monks take it very seriously and sign up for life. The never marry, smoke or drink. In their temples you take your shoes off. The other type, the yellow saffron robes of Cambodia and Thailand, every man must be a monk for part of his life, but most stay only a short time. These monks go out on the street and beg for their food. The first kind never leaves their cloister. The saffron-clad ones smoke, drink and watch women, instead of keeping their eye on Buddha when they worship. One is called Himayana Buddhism, the other Ramayana. If these were Episcopalians, you would call them high or low church.

The closer we get to India, the more we see the influence of India. Buddha was an Indian Prince before he went in search of enlightenment.

We also saw the reservoir (a covered one), from which you get a gorgeous view of Penang Hill one way and the Straits of Malacca the other, with the Malayan Mountains in the distance. Then we went to the Botanical Gardens, which are lovely, but I was more intrigued with the hundreds of rhesus monkeys who live there. There are two tribes of monkeys that would rather fight than mix. Steve, our Indian guide, explains they are very caste conscious! I bought a bag of peanuts and was mobbed by them. They have wonderful faces and the babies are real charmers, although the old ones are mean. I hope the picture of me with the lapful of monkeys turns out. We had to roll up the windows so they wouldn't raid the car.

Then we drove out into the country to a beach area and had a coke in the local inn. It reminded me of Golden Head⁷ although it was not as fancy. The islands of Jamaica and Penang are similar. We returned to our dreary hotel through an area where the wealthy Chinese live.

The Chinese are the Jews of the orient and dominate all businesses. There are 17 banks in Georgetown for a population of one half million. Another feature of Penang is that every time we looked there was another bride and groom, complete with streamer-decorated car and the bride in a western white bridal dress. Today was a very propitious day to get married, according to the astrologers.

No Chinese would think of getting married on an unpropitious day. We didn't really get close to any of the wedding services but I did noted one interesting custom. Behind the married couple, someone carried a large stalk, complete with leaves, of sugar cane. Many years ago two

⁷ Golden Head was the hotel in Ocho Rios, Jamaica where we spent Christmas last year.

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Chinese tribes were warring and the emperor of one tribe took refuge in a sugar cane field. The cane protected him so that he was able to escape. Hence, sugar cane is symbolically used to protect the newlyweds from anything unpleasant in their married life.

We had a dreary lunch in the dreary restaurant of the hotel and went upstairs to pack. By 3:30 we were in the lobby waiting for our courier. We waited and waited but he didn't show up. Finally we realized we had better do something on our own or we would miss our plane. The hotel kindly got their courtesy car and we tore off. By this time it had started to rain and Mother was sure we'd miss the plane. But we didn't!

We left Penang with an unpleasant taste in our mouth. It was the lousy hotel when we could have stayed at the E & O and the lack of service from the travel agent when we had to get to the airport. Every place else has treated us so royally. Even Malaysian Airways let us down. Instead of the plush jet that we flew from Bangkok to Penang, this time it was a tiny plane, crammed with people, and a milk run. We were on it from 5:00 until 8:00 PM and were only fed tea, coffee and three tiny tea sandwiches. The weather was stormy so we were under seatbelts the whole time. We stopped at Ipoh in the state of Perak and also Kuala Lumpur, the capitol.

Finally we got to Singapore. We haven't seen a thing yet, but from what I see we are back in civilization. We had a very nice lady courier, who not only met us with a big luxurious air-conditioned car (even though it was so cool we did not need it) and checked us in, but who also came up to the room to be sure it was all right.

The Goodwood is truly luxurious. It is entirely air-conditioned and we have a beautiful room overlooking one of the swimming pools. The room is four times the size of any that we have had for weeks, and has beds that convert to couches in the daytime. Believe me, these are no small luxuries in Southeast Asia!

We had a Malaysian dinner in the lovely dining room. It was a buffet with everything imaginable served in hot curry form: chicken, lamb, beef, eggplant, shrimp, dry fish etc. When I say hot, I mean it goes down like fire and the only thing you taste over the hot spices is the shredded coconut on top. What we call curry at home is only a distant relative of these concoctions in Asia. The only problem is that you can't tell what you are eating and your mouth burns for hours afterwards. Of course, oriental butcher shops are out-of-doors with un-refrigerated meat open to bugs and dirt so peppers a necessity. While I find it interesting food, I can't see becoming a connoisseur. My tongue can't get beyond the pepper to tell if it is good or not! Mother was so impressed she tipped Malaysian \$10. The rate is 3:1. Since the meal only came to MS27.00, complete with cocktails, and lots of tea, it was somewhat embarrassing. Tipping is a problem for women traveling alone. In the Orient you tip very little if at all.

The Orient is fabulous. It has certainly enlarged our horizons. I will never read about Asia in the newspaper in the same way. Our news is so slanted. For instance, Singapore has withdrawn from the Malaysian Federation. Without Singapore, Malaysia has no decent port. Penang is not developed enough. Yet Singapore needs Malaysia for its food supply and even its money system. Singapore is more communistic with 80% Chinese, while Malaysia is the newest democracy in the world. They have many problems to work out but I do feel Singapore will go back into the Federation. Malaysia does have the second highest living standard in the Orient after Japan.

Indonesia under Sukarno's rule is very close and unfriendly. Indonesia is an island federation. Singapore is trying to be a balance between Malaysia and Indonesia. I don't see how she can remain independent. In fact, I think she may regret having broken away.

If my letters seem to ramble, it is because my mind is overflowing with new sights, new ideas and new concepts. It is hard to organize it all on paper. America will look awfully good to me when we get home, and yet the Orient is hypnotically fascinating. There are so many cultures, so many races, and each country is distinct. They are much more different than European countries are to one another. There are strong nationalistic feelings that now have people wearing their traditional costumes. There is much religious influence in their name and they are very sensitive to criticism. They depend on one another for rice and yet they have great animosity and jealousy of each other. It is overwhelming.

From now on it will be all uphill to Paris and that reunion I am counting on. Thanks a lot for the guide number information. But thanks for nothing. The camera doesn't let me change the f setting. I wish I had one that did for the light meter gives peculiar readings at times, particularly

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when I am trying to take a picture from the shade of something in the sun. I can buy Kodachrome 11 now, even if it is a year old. I'll stock up before we leave here. Let's just hope some of my pictures are turning out.

November 1, 1965. Goodwood Hotel, Singapore. What a nice day for I had a letter from you! It's good to be back in civilization. I am so proud the children are behaving and if Peggy's cooking is as good as you advertise, I may have to take lessons when I get home.

Mother and I are becoming jaded with the sights. We've seen so very much. Penang and now Singapore, while interesting, just don't fascinate us as much. It is fun to see them, but it is so very hot here. Our car toady was not air-conditioned and had plastic seat covers to protect the upholstery from the sweating tourists.

Singapore is an island off the southernmost point of Asia. It is just 65 miles from the equator. Established in 1819, it was long a Crown colony until it joined the Malaysian Federation in 1963. Last August it left the Federation and is now an independent state. Like Hong Kong, Singapore was built for trade. It has the fifth largest harbor in the world and 100 ships a day pass through the Straits of Malacca between the Indian Ocean and the South China Sea. It's a free port and most tourists come here to shop. There is not much to see, and it isn't nearly as beautiful as Hong Kong.

Our tour drove us around the downtown area with its wide streets and government buildings. We then went up Mount Faber, which is actually a hill, for a panoramic view. Here we met our first snake charmer. He blew his pipes, patted his basket hopefully and said, "See the snake lady?" We declined. I'm sure we will get more of this in India, but I can wait. There are also beggars here, although they are illegal. There are also small boys who spring to open doors for a tip and we say no to them, firmly, as well.

Then we went to Boon Haw's Singapore villa and garden. It was so hot we didn't walk all over it as we had in Hong Kong. The Tiger Balm King has carried out the same grotesque decorations. The difference is that there is more room here so you aren't overwhelmed by it. There were concrete statues of sumo wrestlers, Buddhas, crocodiles, snakes and so on. A child would be fascinated.

The Botanical Gardens were lovely but the monkeys weren't as friendly as the ones in Penang. The monkeys here are a bigger variety of rhesus monkey. The monkeys swing from tree to tree with the baby clinging to the underside of their belly. The garden had an orchid display. Singapore ships orchids all over the world.

Then we went on to the Jade House where Mr. Aw Boon Haw houses his collection. It is open to tourists, for a fee of course. There were three rooms full of lovely jade carvings. I never knew that jade came in so many colors, not only green but also pink and red.

The last stop was the Buddhist Temple of a Thousand Lights. Here is a large concrete Buddha who looms above you. If you pay M\$2.00 (about 66 cents), they will turn on the 1000 tiny lights in the frame around Buddha. Inside the image is a small room with a similar reclining Buddha. The door to this room is only about four feet high so you are forced to bow when you enter. The main sight, after you 'donate to charity', is a footprint of Buddha. It is made of ebony and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is about two feet high and shaped like the sole of a foot. It is actually a dull temple, compared to the ones we have seen, but it also is the largest Buddhist temple in Singapore.

Gratefully we returned to our splendid air-conditioned room in our air-conditioned hotel, and don't intend to budge the rest of the day! We even had cocktails and lunch served in the room. I slept for four hours after lunch and feel like a different person. I don't know if it is the heat or just being tired but the nap felt good.

We went to the Raffles Hotel for dinner. This is the traditional hotel in Singapore and certainly one of the classic hotels in the world. It is built around an exotic courtyard with all kinds of palms. Here Somerset Maugham is supposed to have gotten the inspiration for his stories. There is a great deal of atmosphere. While we were having Singapore Slings, and were they good, we ran into Dr. and Mrs. Sherman and had dinner with them. They are a Jewish couple from New York City and we are both following much of the same itinerary for we have run into them every place since Taiwan. It was fun to talk to someone else for a change. They fly to Honolulu tomorrow. It's a 13-hour flight. I don't envy them a bit.

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Tuesday, November 2, 1965. Goodwood Hotel Singapore. First thank Peggy for her letter. Mail is one of the highlights of the trip and I so look forward to news of home. I'm glad Singapore has mail!

We went on tour very early this morning and were back in the hotel by 11:00. It was pleasant and cool at least until 9:30 or 10:00. We went to Johore. This is the southernmost state on the Malay Peninsula. Although Singapore is no longer part of the Federation, it was as simple as crossing the Canadian border. A causeway connects Singapore with the mainland. We saw the Sultan of Johore's old palace, which is only used for special occasions and also his private mosque. It was a lovely white building with four minarets. Friday is the Moslem holy day and each Friday men go to the mosque and pray facing Mecca. Women don't go. The mosque is unfurnished except for oriental rugs on the floor and a pulpit from which the muezzin reads the scriptures from the Koran. The mosque was light and airy inside, unlike the one I remember in Istanbul. We also saw the Sultan's present palace. It is an enormous house overlooking the Johore Straits. We couldn't go in either palace unfortunately. Seven of the Malaysian States have Sultans. One of their numbers is elected to serve a five-year term as Prime Minister, but I gather he is something of a figurehead. The Sultan of Johore is one of the wealthiest, and Johore reflects this for it is most prosperous with lovely private homes. The present Sultan just had his 71st birthday.

We saw rug weaving being done and a rubber plantation. A rubber tree is tapped each morning by a slash on its bark. The sap drains into a small can tied to the tree. It only runs in the cool of the morning so about 10:00 or 11:00 the sap is collected and the tree rests until the next morning. Rubber sap is white and has the texture of rubber cement glue. It is smoked to make it congeal and this also makes it brown in color. Until very recently Singapore shipped raw rubber to the United States and then brought it back in the form of tires and so forth. Now they are starting to process it themselves. Rubber trees are native to Brazil and the first rubber tree seeds had to be smuggled out. The British brought rubber to Singapore 100 years ago.

It was getting hot again by the time we returned to Singapore and we gratefully fell into the air-conditioning again. There was a tour of about thirty people in the lobby who were on their way to Australia and we enjoyed talking with them.

After lunch in our room we prepared to siesta. When your letters talk of frost it seems unbelievable. Did you get the peony moved, and how about banking the rose bushes? I would like to know your London address, although I will continue to write you in Cincinnati. Tell the children they can open my letters after you leave if they are interested. I hope they are getting something out of all this, although it must really be seen to be believed. By the time you get this, I figure you will be preparing to leave yourself. I can hardly wait to see you.

Mother and I have thought of a problem. If you are meeting us in Paris, we will need another room for Mother. Please write the Rond Point. I don't believe we want a ménage a trois! It would be easier if you made the arrangements for we don't have the current news of our plans.

We went out tonight to the Peking Restaurant for a Chinese dinner. We walked in at 7:00 and had the place to ourselves for at least a half-hour. Then it started to fill up, and all with Chinese people. We ordered Peking duck, which is different but nothing to rave about. The duck is cooked, complete with head and feet, until he is crisp. There was hardly enough meat for two but he had a nice flavor. We also stuffed ourselves with fried rice and sweet and sour prawns.

Due to schedule changes, we leave on an 8:00 AM flight tomorrow and have 8 hours in the un-air-conditioned Bangkok airport before our flight to Delhi. It will be ghastly but we are determined to see the Taj!

Erawan Hotel, Bangkok. Wednesday, November 3, 1965. I never expected to be writing you on Erawan stationery today! Due to schedule changes, our original plane would not have gotten us to Bangkok in time to meet our connection. The travel agent in Singapore got busy and got us on an earlier flight.... MUCH earlier. We got up at 5:00 AM, left the hotel at 6:30 and were airborne on Cathay Pacific at 8:00 AM. We got to Bangkok about 10:30 and then had a decision to make. Ten hours in the In transit waiting room or ...? We decided to go through immigration and see what would happen. It was a breeze without our luggage, which had all been checked through to Delhi.

On our way to JAL to see if there were any earlier flights, whom should we run into but our

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marvelous guide Lek. He was seeing another group off. He was stunned to see us, to say the least, but rallied nobly to the cause. Soon we were in a private bus zooming off to Bangkok. Although Bangkok has a hotel shortage, there was no trouble checking us in for the day at the Erawan. We had a delicious lunch, sort of a mixed grill, in preparation for meatless India, with fantastic fruit for dessert. One horrid looking green bumpy desert has an interior that tastes like custard, and the rose apples smell like the flower and are sweet as roses should be.

Lek picked us up at 2:00 and off we went 'Watting'. First Wat Trimit, the temple of the gold Buddha! Here, in a rather nondescript temple is a 15-foot tall, solid gold 22-carat Buddha! How he glitters. Absolutely magnificent. Back at the time when the Burmese invaded Siam, several hundred years ago, the monks covered the image with stucco an inch or more thick, so he wouldn't become war booty. No one knows what happened but the secret was lost. Only 10 years ago was he rediscovered when someone tried to remove the image and from the great weight realized something was underneath. They peeled off the plaster and discovered this great treasure! Can you imagine the thrill of finding it!

From there we went to the thieves market to check on Mother's stone dogs. They are still there for it takes three weeks to get the permission to export an antique from Thailand. Then we went to the open-air jewelry market. There was stall after identical style selling all kinds of jewelry.

As we were going out of the long alley, I didn't watch where I was going and stepped into a hole. One leg went all the way in to what only described as one of Bangkok's incomparable sewers! I'm pretty badly skinned up, needless to say! Our next stop was Bangkok's hospital, which is run by the Seventh Day Adventists. A very nice Doctor Webster treated me. His home is Dayton, Ohio, although he has been here since 1966. He was most interested in where I was from. Soon, with a handsome bandaged leg and a tetanus booster, we continued on our way. Who else do you know that has fallen in a sewer? Thank goodness I didn't fall all the way in what with my clean clothes checked through to Delhi. Mother says she'll try not to have me on crutches in Paris! Dr. Webster warned us there are worse sewers in India!

The next Wat Benja was also magnificent. Chulalongkorn became king after Mongkut (Anna's King) and he reigned for almost 50 years. He built Wat Benja about 1900 to be his own mausoleum. Perfectly gorgeous Carrara marble was imported from Italy to build the walls. The roof is strictly gold Thai style with great nagas and carvings. The whole effect is lovely. In this temple is a large gold painted Buddha atop the marble crypt, which holds Chulalongkorn's ashes. In back of the temple is a covered peristyle around a marble courtyard. The peristyle is a museum of bronze Buddhas from all over the world. It was interesting to see them together. Japanese ones have Japanese features. The Burma ones look Burmese and the Indian ones look like Indians. Thai Buddhas have pointed ornaments on top of their heads and from the height of the ornament you can tell what period they come from. The shortest ones are 18th century. Taller ones are from later periods. Between the temple and the monk's quarters is a pond full of turtles. They hopefully swam over to us wanting to be fed but we had nothing to give them.

So now we are back at the hotel resting. Lek will take us to the airport in time for our 8:50 PM flight. We get to India about 11:00 but that will be 1:30 AM in the morning for us. So I thought I'd get this written now.

Heavenly heavenly Bangkok, as my sister calls it. We had a lovely day, though we never expected a hospital tour.

Thursday, November 4, 1965. Ashoka Hotel, New Delhi, India. I wonder if this will get to you before you leave. Isn't it wonderful that from now on we will be shortening the gap between us. It's a mighty big world.

Lek took us to the airport in great style last night. He brought his niece along. She didn't speak one word of English. She lives in Penang and is in Bangkok for the first time. She was goggle-eyed at the whole thing, particularly the airport. She had had a 42-hour train ride from Penang to Bangkok!

Mother and I cleared immigration in fine shape and then realized we didn't have the faintest idea what hotel we would be staying in New Delhi, although we did know who was meeting us. However we had packed the itinerary and the India landing card wanted to know our exact address, as well as exactly where we have been for the last nine days. That was a dilly of a form

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to fill out!

While we were waiting for the plane, Japanese Airlines found us with great excitement. Where were our bags? We thought we had checked them through to New Delhi but it seemed you couldn't do that. All day long we had believed the airline had our bags, but instead, all day long, they had sat in the open-air unclaimed baggage! We got that settled and then laughed. It seems the further we travel, the most disorganized we become. JAL took us by bus to the plane. They gave us the flight information on the bus for they didn't want to awaken the passengers who were asleep on the plane. It was only 9:00 PM Bangkok time, but the plane was from Tokyo where it is 11:00PM. Many of the passengers were planning to stay aboard all the way to Paris and were already sleeping. I didn't catch the flying time to New Delhi and asked. "Well", he said, "it should take us three hours but we never know how long for we may have to zig and zag because of the unsettled political situation." He even demonstrated with his hands long zigs and zags. It wasn't very soothing.

We climbed aboard nervous as cats. However, JAL is a wonderful airline and we had a superb dinner dressed in happi coats. Thank goodness, we landed at New Delhi right on time.

We were brought to this enormous hotel. The rooms are all huge and have balconies, but the décor is nil. Mother and I had a dreadful time getting undressed for men kept bustling in and out turning down beds and so forth. We couldn't figure out how to lock the door. I had to dive into a closet when one man entered without knocking. This morning we found out why. The key was hanging in the lock outside the door in the corridor. They felt it was an invitation to walk right in. There's never a dull moment on this trip.

My leg hurt quite badly last night and I turned and tossed. I was awake when the sun came up. What a view we have from our balcony! Through the haze we look out over New Delhi. The streets are full of bicycles, oxcarts, Hondas, and people. There is nothing in the flat landscape to break the view except occasional Moorish towers. All the ladies are in saris and the men wear every conceivable dress from western-style to Sikhs in their turbans. Sikhs never cut their hair and the turban covers it. The Moslem women are veiled with only slits to be able to see. But I am getting ahead of my story. Indians are very dark skinned. There were bullock carts, one cart pulled by a camel, and loose Brahmin cows, which are considered sacred. Everything wanders the streets. Except for the cars you feel nothing has changed for centuries.

Delhi and New Delhi are really one big city. The 'New' part being the most recently developed. Old Delhi's history goes back three to five thousand years. There have been several cities of Delhi, built one upon another. Since the hotel is only eight years old, we are in New Delhi.

New Delhi is beautiful. The handsome government buildings are all marble or red sandstone. The president's house is on a knoll and a wide boulevard leads from it to the Parliament, House of Justice and so forth. Then you reach a victory arch similar to the Arc de Triomphe, with a statue of George V, who came to Delhi for an Indian coronation. The Parliament is a huge circular building.

From here we went to the Raj Ghat. Here, by the river, Gandhi was cremated and the spot is marked with a beautiful simple slab, surrounded by park and embankment. We also saw where Nehru's funeral pyre was, but it hasn't been developed into a memorial as yet. According to Hindu belief, Gandhi was cremated and his ashes were divided into eight parts to be strewn on the eight major rivers of India.

We also passed the ruins of the Feroz Shah Kotla. This is an old fort, built 600 years ago, and it contains the Asoka Pillar, a huge column brought to Delhi by the Feroz Shah many years ago.

Next was the famous Red Fort. In 1638 Shah Jahan moved his capitol from Agra to Delhi and he built this huge fortress, which is still used by the Indian army. Inside its walls he built a magnificent palace for himself. The palace has been looted of its treasures but enough remains so you can see how glorious it was. There are lovely pavilions with perfumed fountains, gardens, and walls set with precious stones in floral designs. In his private audience chamber, you see where the peacock throne sat. Nadir Shah carried it off to Tehran after his sack of Delhi in 1739. It is still in Iran. The throne was set with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and pearls and represented the full glory of the Moghul Kings. Shah Jehan also has a treasury of precious stones, including the Kohinoor diamond. Near the palace is the Moti Masjid, (pearl mosque) built by Shah Jahan's son for his private worship. It was lovely marble.

Near the Red Fort is the huge Jama Masjid, the third largest mosque in the world. Shah Jehan

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built it of marble and red sandstone. I walked through it barefoot (you can't wear your shoes in a mosque) but was appalled by the pigeon droppings all over. There were people sleeping inside, our first sight of India's poverty where many people have no home and must sleep wherever they can. There was a fascinating beggar with three goats sitting on the entrance steps. The mosque is surrounded with a bazaar of small stalls selling all sorts of junk. The bazaar stretched for blocks and blocks!

We had an Indian lunch at the hotel, which was a mistake. I thought Malaysian curry was hot, but boy oh boy, it was mild compared to this. I couldn't eat more than a few bites and my mouth burned all afternoon. For some reason the hotel doesn't think anyone gets thirsty. You have to plead for a glass of water. We don't even have a glass in our room!

I had my hair done after lunch. It was an all male personnel beauty shop and they wash your hair by having you face the basin and put your head in it. It was a soapy sensation but the hairdo turned out very well.

Then we set out with another guide. He took us to the largest Hindu Temple in Delhi with interesting elephant statues. Then we went to see a 'jeweled carpet. This was nothing but a lure to get us into a jewelry shop where it became obvious we were supposed to buy something. Frankly, the guides practically push you into stores where they get a cut. I refuse to buy anything because it makes me so mad, but mother succumbs. It is so annoying to be pressurized to buy buy buy! In India you can't take a step without someone trying to get something from you. Even the children beg for coins.

Our last stop was an Observatory. It was an interesting collection of old sundials built about 200 years ago to measure not just the sun but also the moon and stars.

We had a nice western dinner tonight and tomorrow are off to see the Taj! India is unbelievable. Snake charmers and snakes are on every corner, but so far we have avoided a close inspection. There is dust, but it is cool compared to Singapore. We feel like we are in a long forgotten world!

Friday, November 5, 1965. Hotel Clarks-Shiraz, Agra India. What a marvelous day! Your welcome cable and telephone call just started it off beautifully, even though the connection was miserable. It was great to hear your voice and know that all is well on your side of the world.

We left Delhi at 8:00 this morning for the four-hour drive to Agra. Dusty, hot, fantastic India! After the first hours I stopped taking pictures but the picturesque views went on and on. There were so many people; people on foot, people on bicycles, people crowded in tongas (horse-drawn taxis), people in bullock carts, women in saris, and turbaned men. It seemed as if everyone was out going somewhere. There were cows and water buffalo, camels, dancing bears, goats, wild monkeys, vultures, and herons all in an endless stream. The countryside is dry and dusty and flat, with scattered fields of sugar cane and corn. There were ladies with water jugs on their heads going to the fields. There were oxen turning in endless circles drawing water from wells. We saw mud huts, occasional villages, and ponds of rainwater. Although we saw few other cars or buses on the road, the traffic was appalling.

Just before we got to Agra we stopped at Sikandra to see the tomb of Akbar the Great. India has a very long history, but not too much remained of the past except the standard of living, until the Moghul Kings. The first of this great dynasty was named Zaheer-ud-din Babar. Doesn't King Babar make you think of an elephant king!⁸ Babar united many of the small kingdoms into one and he is thought the great unifier of India. His grandson, Akbar, was the first king to really bring peace and prosperity to the kingdom. He was enthroned at Agra in 1526 AD. Akbar's grandson was Shah Jehan, the great builder king, who built the palace in Delhi and the Taj Mahal. So the great tomb in Sikandra was that of Akbar the Great, grandfather of the man who built the Taj. It has a huge red sandstone gate ornamented with painted designs, which opens onto a long mall, which leads to the he tomb. The tomb is in pyramid style. The first story is on a platform 400 feet square. Each successive story (there are five) is a reduced replica of the one beneath it. On the very top is a handsome white marble cenotaph marked elaborately with Akbar's name and covered with lovely carved flowers. It is most unusual to find a tomb open to the sky, but this is lovely and surrounded by an intricately carved ivory screen. Akbar's body is actually five stories below in a simple white marble casket that has no markings on it at all. You go in to see it with a

⁸ My children had read the Babar books about an elephant king.

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guide holding a lantern, for no light enters the heart of the tomb. Akbar started the construction of the tomb, himself, and his son finished it after his death. Unfortunately the tomb was sacked in 1691 and the priceless relics, his armor etc, were lost. Akbar died in 1606. Then we came to Agra, home of the Taj Mahal. It was the capitol of India under the Moghul Kings.

Our lovely modern hotel has a startling entrance for right outside the gate is one of those 'tempting snake baskets'. A horrid little man holds up an eight-foot python every time we pass and entices us to stop and admire it! Mother and I wince each time we drive by. He doesn't realize that we would pay not to see the snake. I wouldn't be caught dead with it draped around my neck, as he seems to wish.

We had a delightful western lunch at the lovely restaurant on the top floor. We had a magnificent view from there of the Red Fort and the Taj.

We started at the Fort, for the guide said we wouldn't appreciate it if we saw the Taj first. Akbar the Great built it. It's a huge red sandstone fort surrounded by a moat. Inside the fort is Akbar's palace, but Shah Jehan tore much of it down when he built his own beautiful marble palace. Akbar always built in the beautiful red sandstone and followed traditional Hindu architecture, even though he was Moslem. There are lovely carvings on the stone of lotus flowers, which also shows Buddhist influence. Shah Jehan loved marble and his style was greatly influenced by Persia. There were scalloped doors and carved marble flowers inlaid with precious stones.

His private apartments are beautiful and the bath of the palace makes me want to substitute it for the roman bath we are building! You enter a large room with a fountain playing. Behind it is another room where the actual bathing took place in a small pool with a fountain in the center and water falling behind. The fabulous part is that the plaster walls are highly decorated with tiny convex mirror that look like twinkling stars when the light hits them. They cast thousands of tiny reflections of the viewer. From the private apartment, just a little way down the river, you have a magnificent view of the Taj. Shah Jehan spent the last seven years of his life here, a prisoner of his son. He must have spent hours viewing the lovely tomb of his wife.

At last we came to the Taj Mahal. Shah Jehan loved his beautiful wife very much and when she died giving birth to their fourteenth child, he built this beautiful tomb for her. They say no one is ever disappointed when they see the Taj Mahal. It is, without a doubt the most beautiful building in the world. Pictures don't begin to do it justice.

Its handsome red sandstone Moghul gate is ignored when through the arch you see the long esplanade leading past the reflecting pools to the magnificent marble tomb. Since it is built on a rise overlooking the river, all you can see beyond it is blue sky. The beauty of its four minarets and high dome is perfectly reflected in the long pools before it. While it is built of white polished Indian marble, the marble is actually somewhat mottled and ivory-like. It is not the horrid bright white of the plaster replicas.

As you walk down the long approach, the detail of the building starts to appear. It is beautifully decorated with carved flowers and inlaid semi-precious stones in the shape of flowers. It is, of course, a sacred place so you take off your shoes when you enter. Under the center of the dome is the beautifully decorated marble casket of the Mumtaz. It is covered with inlaid flowers of lapis lazuli, jade, and so forth. Shah Jehan built it for his wife and when he died 35 years later he was buried here with her in another marble casket. Originally the casket was covered with a gold cloth and had a solid gold railing around it. Shah Jehan realized this would be too tempting for invaders and he replaced the railing with a beautiful carved marble screen. Their bodies actually rest in the crypt below, under exact replicas of the caskets above. It is a dark, echoing perfectly plain chamber. It is all so perfect and beautiful it is impossible to describe. I just hope you can see it one day and realize what a tremendous sight and thrill it is.

We came back to the hotel for a breather (past the python) and at 8:00 PM went back to the Taj to see it in the moonlight. Aren't we lucky the moon was almost completely full. It's as much a miracle as when we saw Fuji san and got to Cambodia without killing ourselves! Also India and Pakistan aren't fighting each other as hard as the US papers had us believe. The soft light of the moon makes the Taj seem to float in front of you. The reflections in the pools make it all seem unreal.

Then we had cocktails and dinner at our lovely rooftop restaurant (which our vouchers don't cover), but not before we got lost in the elevators. I was going down while Mother was going up and if it hadn't been for an agile elevator boy we might still be passing one another in our

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commandeered elevator. Really we seem to be resisting this trip! We seem to try and miss planes or lose baggage and now are losing each other. It's really amusing, two innocents in the Orient.

Dinner came complete with a floorshow of Indian folk dancing and music. They use very effective instruments, the zither, a rapidly fingered pair of drums, and an instrument like a violin that looked like a carved log. The dancing was quite interesting.

So we are off to bed, although it is lunchtime in Cincinnati. We are 10 1/2 hours ahead of you. Tomorrow we head for Jaipur. I fell like there is nothing left to see after the magnificence of the Taj Mahal.

November 6, 1965. Rambagh Palace, Jaipur, India. By the time you get this, Daddy will be on his way to meet me in Paris and then we will be all together again. This has been a marvelous trip.

However, sometimes we get discouraged. For instance, in India, an American is considered an easy mark and EVERYONE has their hand out. Someone who wishes you good morning puts out his hand asking for a tip. The shopkeepers grab you by the arm and try and try to force you into their shops to buy something. It really sours you enough to not want to spend money at all. India is an appallingly poor country. Many people have no homes at all and sleep in the streets. Many people are starving. In a country where the tourist is charged appalling prices you would think the prices should be lower, particularly for services. Of course, it is a socialist government and the government runs all the hotels and they are lousy by American standards. The hotel in Delhi was downright ugly and the service was poor, yet the prices were as high as in any hotel at home. I'm afraid I don't like the Indian people for they make me feel gouged at every step. If it hadn't been for the Taj, I would have regretted coming.

We rose at the crack of dawn for the trip from Agra to Jaipur. It's about 160 miles and takes 5 or 6 hours to drive. It may be the classic way to get there but I would never do it again. The road, at best, is one-lane paved strip, barely as wide as the car. When not at its best it is a washboard or just dusty tracks through the dusty countryside. Much of it is under construction and the detours or run-arounds are awful. We were jerked and bumped and all but bogged down at times. The scenery got very monotonous and in Jaipur State it is reminiscent of the western United States. Dry, parched, dusty earth, it is flat with little vegetation. There is only an occasional hill to break the monotony. Even the people are more spread out, living in occasional mud shack villages. We drove for miles and miles without seeing another car. Dried up riverbeds, dust, dust and more dust! We were exhausted when we got here.

About twenty miles outside of Agra we stopped at Sikri. This was the one highlight of the day. Akbar the Great had been married several years without begetting an heir. A Moslem saint, Sheik Salim Christhi, prophesized that Akbar would have a son if he sent his wife to Sikri. She went there to wait out her pregnancy and his son, Jahingir, was born in Sikri. Akbar was so happy he moved his capitol to Sikri and within twelve years had built a fabulous city.

There was a beautiful reed sandstone mosque with a huge gateway and courtyard, which was said to be a copy of the one at Mecca. He built a beautiful palace and separate palaces for each of his wives. There was a Parcheesi court where he played using slave girls for pieces. There were pools and towers. It is really something and in a great state of preservation. Four years after its completion the water supply failed and the capitol was moved back to Agra leaving Fatipur Sikri deserted. Another story says that the saint, Sheik Salim, asked him to leave because he didn't like all this high living going on at his doorstep! At any rate Fatipur Sikri was deserted although 2000 people still live in the town of Sikri. These interesting ruins stand after 400 years testifying how an Indian Maharajah lived.

Jaipur, where we now are, is known as the pink city. It is supposed to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. I wouldn't know! Grannie and I were so tired we fell into bed and slept all afternoon. Tomorrow we shall see. Max Lerner is quoted as saying, "I have seen Jaipur and now I can die". Quote me as saying, "I have come to Jaipur and feel as if I had died!"

Our hotel is as old as the Maharajah's palace and must have been lovely in its day.

Sunday, November 7, 1965. Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, India. Two letters were waiting for me

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here. I was so sorry to hear about Bonnie⁹ but am glad to have news from the rest of you, My letter from Jaipur must have sounded very discouraged. I was so tired after that long drive from Agra that I really couldn't think straight. Actually Jaipur is a pretty city and had some sights we enjoyed. But it is not the Venice of the Orient as advertised!

Our first sight was the hotel, itself. It was a real palace eight years ago. When India achieved its independence in 1957, it did away with the maharajahs, over 200 of them. They were absolute wealthy rulers of their little kingdoms all over India. The Maharajah of Jaipur was smart. He converted his palace into a hotel, gave another to the town officials and converted a third into a museum. As a result, he was allowed to keep one palace for himself, and also his title, although his son will not be able to inherit it. While he did salvage something, he is a figurehead as far as government is concerned. The hotel is lovely and the suites, which have been reserved for the Maharajah, and his three wives are really spectacular.

A nice lady guide took us out to Amber. About six or seven miles from Jaipur, this was the original capitol until about 200 years ago. We had a grand elephant ride up to the palace, which is halfway up a steep hill. Alongside was a troubadour playing a violin like instrument. It was great fun though obviously rigged for the tourists. The howdah sways with each step and I was glad I wasn't the type who gets seasick! Even Maharajahs can't afford to keep elephants anymore and these were the first we had seen.

The castle was well preserved and features a beautiful Hindu temple dedicated to the Goddess of Wat. A multi-armed image is inside. Since the Hindus forbid killing animals, we not only had to leave our shoes at the door, but also our leather purses. Rooms in the castle were decorated like the bath at Agra. All the stairs were ramped for no lady ever walked. Slaves trundled them everywhere in a wheelchair contraption.

The Maharajahs were very RICH Kings. Everyone else was hopelessly poor. From the way they treated their people, perhaps it is just as well that they have been done away with. They made their wealth at the expense of the people. Today, one of India's problems is to create a middleclass, but the job seems hopeless in this very poor country.

200 years ago, the Maharajah of Jaipur planned his new capital of Jaipur. Wide streets, all the buildings were painted pink, his favorite color. The city palace, now a museum was interesting for you see the Maharajah's public audience chamber. It had been rejuvenated for him to receive Jackie Kennedy and her sister in 1962. There were rooms of his clothing and gorgeous brass howdahs for his elephants. We saw his throne. Great white marble elephants guard the handsome brass-studded doors. Elephants mean good luck in India and almost every door is decorated with at least one elephant. One part of the palace has an interesting multi-towered façade. The false towers have given this the name of the Tower of the Winds.

We are glad we saw Jaipur, but doubt we would ever make the trip again. We flew to Bombay this evening, about a three-hour flight, and are in a fabulous suite in this huge hotel. We have a living room, bedroom, huge bath and big balcony.

Thursday, November 9, 1965. Bristol Hotel, Kuwait. I never had a chance to write you yesterday. It was such an unbelievable day, although one I had been dreading for it was the anniversary of Dad's death.

In the morning we took a launch over to the Elephanta Caves, on an island about an hour from Bombay. The guide warned us it would be rough since it was always high tide at noon. We laughed a bit at that, but did bundle up only to find the trip as smooth as glass. He also said we would need bearers to carry us up to the caves. We were embarrassed to sit in the palanquins, particularly as we could have easily climbed up to the caves.

Back in the eighth century a Hindu king had this temple carved out of rock to commemorate a victory. Four temples were planned facing the cardinal points of the compass, but only one was finished. The caves were long forgotten until the Portuguese took control of the island in the 1600s. They explored the island and named it Elephanta for the elephant statue they found. The elephant is one of the forms in which Shiva appears on earth, the others being a cobra, sword and skull. The Portuguese didn't appreciate the Hindu carvings they found and used them for target practice. The island was part of the dowry for the Portuguese wife of Charles 11. The

⁹ Bonnie was our collie.

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English restored the caves and made them a National Monument.

Shiva was an all-important God who many refer to as the destroyer. In the caves the statues show that this is not altogether true. The carvings show him as the creator of earth and also its preserver. The Trimurti carving shows him with three heads representing all three principles. Shiva has as many as eight arms and as few as two, depending on the complexity of the task he was doing. The carvings were very interesting and made the Hindu beliefs a little bit more understandable. For instance, the three sacred rivers of India, including the Ganges are thought to spring from his head. Actually they originate on Mount Everest, which the Hindus revere as the Greeks revere Mount Olympus.

When we got back to Bombay, we landed by the 'Gateway to the World'. A huge triumphant arch erected by the British. It is now the symbol of Bombay. I invested a rupee (about 20 cents) to 'see the snake', for a brief moment, then ran for the hotel across the street when the snake slithered away from his charmer!

At 7:00 PM we boarded Kuwait's bus to the airport and again entered another world. We were the only occidentals on the plane and just about the only people who spoke English! We were alone in first class, and Kuwait Airways tried hard to please us. Our martinis were pure vermouth until we suggested adding gin. Our first class dinner was a cold hors d'oeuvres plate followed by a chicken and rice dish, followed by desert. I don't know what 'treat' was served in economy class. Then the stewardess informed us that no alcohol was allowed in Kuwait! The jolly pilot expressed surprise that anyone would go to Kuwait for pleasure! Even the crews layover in Beirut instead of Kuwait!

We made a stop at Doha, Saudi Arabia, where we were not allowed off the plane. Four and a half hours from Bombay, we flew into Kuwait. From the air we could see the fires of oil wells like green beacons. The green florescent streetlights made striking patterns on the ground.

It took an eternity to clear immigration and when we got to the hotel it took an hour for them to decide what to do with us. Our reservations were loused up! By this time it was 2:00 AM Bombay time and we were dead tired. The courier argued and argued and finally we were told they were putting a second bed in a single room. We followed our bags to the elevator and It was unbelievable! A large recently vacated crib blocked the entrance and there was furniture stacked all over. Behind this was our room. It had two beds, one of which had been recently vacated. The rug was filthy and there was a pair of men's shoes under the chiffonier. There was a box of smelly fruit in one corner and two bare light bulbs hung from the ceiling. The bathroom, down a short corridor was filled with laundry drying, mostly baby clothes. It was so awful Grannie and I burst out laughing. Obviously we had been moved into the manager's apartment, the only vacant beds in the hotel. We had a quick drink from the flask we had smuggled into the country, decided it was too late to fight it and fell into bed. At six, I woke wanting to go to the john. To my horror we were locked in! After a half hour of struggling to open the door I started pounding on it with my shoe. We then heard sounds of life, two babies crying, from the adjoining room. A half dressed man opened the door and I fled past him to the "laundry". By the time I got back to the room, the family was getting up. I didn't dare shut the door. I never saw the tiny baby, but the other one, about two years old, came into our room several times talking to us in Arabic. It was his room after all! About eight, Grannie and I gave up trying to sleep and retreated to the dining room. Our courier appeared and by 10:30 we were ensconced into a room of our own. It's pretty raunchy but it is all ours!

We have spent the day reading. We were exhausted after last night. I guess we will never see much of Kuwait for we have changed our plans and leave for Cairo in the morning. I doubt I will ever deliberately come back here! From what we can see, it is a modern city at the head of the Persian Gulf. You don't see women anywhere. The men run around looking like Sheiks in the desert. The skyline is dotted with minarets. Oil makes Kuwait one of the wealthiest nations on earth. I had read about this country and thought it would make an interesting stopover for it is too far to fly from Bombay straight to Cairo.

Since I wrote the above we have had a 'tour', if you can call it that. Mr. Paha, an Iraqi, drove us around in his aged Mercedes. The car had no springs and reeked of gasoline since the gas cap was missing. Mr. Paha smoked big black cigars and flicked the ashes out of the window toward the gas tank! He did not have the foggiest idea how to give a tour and pointed out everything at least twice as we drove in circles. I wanted to see the American Embassy. I was going to make

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a run for it, but we never did get to see it. It was also late so we couldn't see much in the dark! You get the impression that before they struck oil, there was nothing here. They found the oil less than ten years ago. The Emir is smart. He is building schools, universities and residential housing like crazy. There is no income tax. Kuwaiti law says that any foreigner starting a business here must have a Kuwaiti partner, who owns 51 percent. Kuwaitis have the highest per capita income in the world and the Sheiks are building fabulous homes with their money. The Emir just hasn't gotten around to building hotels! However, the food is good Lebanese-style food.

Thursday, November 11. El Borg Hotel, Cairo, India. We have been traveling too long and we are so tired. Ever since Kuwait I have just wanted to sleep it off. We left Kuwait yesterday on a plane that was scheduled for Beirut at 8:30 AM. The courier had told us yesterday that it was already reported an hour and a half late. This was good for we would miss our connection to Cairo and the airline would have to put us up in Beirut! Sitting in the airport coffee shop we all of a sudden heard a noise like a plane was taking off right in the terminal. The door of the coffee shop opened and there were two men carrying a fumigator. They walked all through the room spraying everything. At this point the woman at the next table started crying. I asked her husband if there was anything I could do. "No", he said. "We came to Kuwait a year ago in a sandstorm which lasted for six months. Now my wife doesn't think we are going to be able leave!" We finally got off at 1:00 PM. What a place is Kuwait.

We flew over the desert, miles and miles of sand with no sign of life, and came to Beirut where I was four years ago. Because we had missed our connection, Middle East Airlines put us up at the Palm Beach Hotel. It was very pleasant and a great improvement over the Bristol! We were only in Beirut that one evening and didn't hardly budge except to get some flight bags from BOAC, which were a great improvement over the paper bags we are carrying with our overflow!

We left the hotel at 6:30 and flew to Cairo. The Nile is right under our balcony. I now have a thing about checking in with the American Embassy. I have felt a long way from home since Kuwait. We walked and walked to try and find the Embassy. Finally we found someone who could direct us. When we finally arrived it was closed for Veterans Day. I started to cry and a nice marine talked to me for a while. I guess I am homesick. I slept all afternoon and am ready for bed again. Tomorrow we go to the pyramids.

The papers are full of the airplane crash and the electrical failure in the east. It was the first news we had of the United States in weeks! I had hoped to have a wire that Ev was on his way to Paris to meet us.

At this point the letters end. When the wire came it told us that Ev could not get off to meet us in Paris due to business and my father-in-laws heart attack. We did get to the pyramids and had our pictures taken riding a camel. Then we went again to the pyramids at night for the Son et Lumiere performance, which was wonderful.

The guide took us to lunch at Omar Khayyam's. This was a tent in the desert where Omar was trying to sell us perfume. After two or three sniffs you can't smell anything, so he asked me to come to the door and smell one more. When we got there he told me he would like to take me out. He said that if I didn't speak everyone would think I was Egyptian. I told him I was married with four children, which didn't bother him a bit. He was also married! I then said my Mother had to come too and he backed off. We bought some of his perfume essences which smelled awful when we got home.

Then we flew to Paris where we took in the Rodin Museum and had dinner with Ellie and Dick Shepherd who are living there courtesy of Proctor and Gamble. We went for dinner to Quasimodo's on the Ile de la Cite, with a great view of the buttresses of Notre Dame.

As I have reread my letters, I am again reminded of this great adventure. However, I would never want to go around the world again. It is all uphill!