

SHIP...

~~Visit to kitchens~~

Senile...Fresca.

Nice to have front office...no red tape.

No porthole...could have furnished periscope.

Lose passport, get one in two hours, need pictures...consulates open 7 days...
we were frantic to use ours up before expired.

Indian river grapefruit from Fla. 1½ months, delicious.

Thought dropping anchor...just 10 feet to be prepared.

Noon whistle stuck.

Gal...ice cream...tall.

I seem to lack the herd instinct.

Drop off and pickup...many new uns Hong Kong, etc.

JOKES...

~~Lumberman...chain saw.~~

~~2 live cheap as one, mule & sparrow.~~

~~Texan...parisgal.~~

~~SEX - EAT A LACK SIN
DRINK DEAN MANTIN
DANCE - I FEEL ASTAIRE
BY GIGLO.~~

~~LAST SECTION~~



Day 71

Sunrise: 6:28 a.m.

Sunset: 6:44 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 28, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigga: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Honolulu.

The following tour will depart from the pierside:

9.00 a.m. - Tour 92 - Honolulu and Waikiki Beach

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7.30 to 9.00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7.30 to 10.30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE WINNERS

Mrs. M. Loewenstern & Col. E. Alldredge - N.S.

Mr. & Mrs. George Crouse - E.W.

HAWAIIAN FACTS

The name Hawaii is exactly pronounced Hay-yy-ee. It is not High-wah-yah. Honolulu is Ho-no-Julu. It is not Hahn-alula. The "o" is full and pronounced as in hoe and the "u" is oo.

Although the islands lie in the northern margin of the tropics, they have a subtropical climate because cool waters from the Bering Sea drift into the region.

The temperature of the surrounding ocean is about 10° lower than in other regions of the same latitude.

TRAVELER'S CREED

Travel is many things: It is adventure, it is discovery, it is education, it is the opening of the heart and mind to new friendships, new vistas of stirring, lovely things. The riches brought home by the traveler are in proportion to the stores he takes out with him. Therefore, let the traveler to the wealth of adventure that is the World take with him something of the peoples he visited, their cultures and languages, and he will be doubly rewarded in his search for treasure.

QUOTE FOR THE DAY

All the good maxims have been written.

It only remains to put them into practice.

Blaine Pascal

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 212604.

Congratulations to Mrs. Noel E. M. Taylor.

GIN RUMMY TOURNAMENT

Winner: Mr. E. M. Berezin.

Runner-up: Mrs. Bella Gitlin.

SAFETY ABOARD

Do not smoke in bed. Extinguish cigarette butts and matches and always put them in ashtrays. Do not throw lighted cigarettes or cigars butts over the side of the ship - they could blow back and start a fire.

Smoking is not permitted during boat drill, or in the Theater.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

7.00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.

3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.


5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.

8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure provided by the Bonafides Quartet in the Lounge.

9.00 p.m. Showtime, The Lucy Lee Hawaiian Show. Lounge.

9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.


9.30 p.m. Swing and sway to the big sound of the Terry James Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.

10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "Tall Blonde Man With One Black Shoe". Comedy, starring Pierre Richard and Mireille Darc (rated PG. 95 minutes). Theater.

11.00 p.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.

11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Barbeque on deck and dancing under the stars to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.

12.00 midnight Ship sails for San Diego.

12.00 midnight  The Night Owls flack around around Al Foster in their nest the Tropical Bar.

There will be **NO CHANGE IN TIME** tonight!



Holland America Cruises

January 25, 1975

Dear David:

Well, we're well embarked on this trip, and so far it's very nice. The ship is lovely (but of course I've seldom seen one that wasn't.)

Our first call was at Barbados, the southern-most island of the Caribbean, where we just spent half a day. I'd always thought Barbados was a group of islands, but it's just one, an independent nation, about 95% black. It's always belonged to Britain until 1966, when it became independent. The 95% black population are the descendants of African slaves.

As is usual, the plantations and the stores seem to belong to whites, so we hear there is considerable unrest to get more for the blacks. We weren't there long enough to get the feel of the place.

Martha and I wandered around town for three or four hours, then back to the ship. There are lovely hotels further out, among them the Hilton and Holiday Inn, where quite a few of the passengers headed, but we've seen both at home, so did not go look at them.

We didn't do much buying...except for a small night light. Our cabin hasn't a porthole, and you wouldn't believe how black it is when the lights are out. At noon or midnight, it's total blackness, which I don't think I've experienced before, and sort of wierd. So the night light relieves that.

The ship is pretty large...bigger than I expected, and with beautiful fittings. I want to take some pictures of the artwork and all the unique artwork on the walls...some ceramic and a great deal imaginative use of plastic. I read in a book I've got at home about the Rotterdam, and it was described as "garish," but I think that was too harsh...it's bright and cheerful and modern.

Our cabin is quite large, with twice the closet space we need. It has twin beds with another hanging from the ceiling for a third occupant if needed. All the stewards and waiters are Indonesian boys...slight, slender young fellows who seem quite efficient and cheerful, and speak fairly good English. There seems to be an overabundance of them, so guess the line isn't feeling hard times.

There are about 850 passengers on board. Most are Americans, elderly women, with quite a few couples. But there are also Canadians, Brazilians, French, English, Spanish, Mexicans, and other nationalities. They mostly seem strange to us so far, but imagine (as on other cruises) all these strange looking people will turn out to be friends and wonderful companions. So far, there isn't much mixing, but that'll come.

Hope everything going well there.

Love,

January 26, 1975

Dear Ed and Irene:

We've been at sea a week now, but it doesn't seem that long. We enjoyed our visit to Barbados, though we were there only from 12:00 noon to 8:00 p.m. We didn't get out of town, but did a little shopping and returned to the ship for a concert by the Police Band...but they didn't show up. Enclosed is a Barbados dollar bill we had left over. It's nice that the American and Canadian dollar is worth \$2.00 there.

We, or rather I, had an interesting visit to Devils Island yesterday. We had to go in by tender, but it was a bit rough, so Martha begged off. I was lucky to get in, for boats after ours were cancelled. I wanted to ride the tender back and forth, but they wouldn't let me.

One has to use imagination on Devils Island, as there are only about seven people there now, and the prison has long since been closed. Remains of buildings are everywhere, and about the only one in use is a flea-bitten hotel on the top of a hill, without any guests apparently. It used to be a barracks, and would be nice if one wanted to truly leave the world.

Really the island is lovely, if one would clean up the ruins and put a little money into it. Palm trees and tropical vegetation, with vines and tropical plants, have taken over everything. I didn't see or feel any insects.

Actually Devils Island is a small group of three, Royale, St. Joseph's and Devils. We visited Royale, which was the headquarters and largest. They said no one lives on Devils island now, and it has been taken over by large, unfriendly snakes. I don't even care for friendly snakes.

French Guiana is on the horizon, about eight miles away. The tour lecturer, Mr. Lyons (who I think was on the France with his mother), said there are still brutal penal colonies on French Guiana, but these islands cost too much to supply and administer.

There are two or three couples who were on the France, and several others we think we recognize from other cruises. But we're having to keep our mouths closed, as we're babes in the woods in the cruise business. I was talking to a man in the sauna and he said this was his tenth trip on the Rotterdam, four of them world cruises, plus more than he can remember on other ships of the line. And he was a passenger. Just queer for cruises.

I hope they can activate the France. That would be a tragedy to let her sit and rust.

We enjoyed the visit Christmas from Hap, Cherry and Joelle. They seem happy, and worship the baby. He has about another year in school, then they'll go wherever a job opens up. But they like Ottawa and wouldn't mind staying there.

Love,

Pat,

January 28, 1975

Hi:

We're settling down to the routine of ship life. One could get lazy in this business. Martha got sick night before last and started throwing up and having a fever, so we had the doctor in and the consensus seems to be she has intestinal flu. After five or six visits by a very nice nurse, she is better, but must stay in bed today.

We're getting to know a few passengers, but mostly stick with our table companions...an elderly Canadian couple, a widower from Chicago (who owns a pump manufacturing business) and a widow in her 70's (I don't know where she's from).

This is a very lovely ship, and I've taken pictures of some of the murals and fittings. They use plastic imaginatively, and out by the rear pool they even have stone flagstones, like a garden. There are several shops on board, more than I've ever seen on a ship, and I've already bought two bells.

Martha and I are amused by the Rio jewelers. When we went to Rio on the France in 1973, there were several jewelers on board, who fly up to New York, board these luxury liners, and try to sell jewelry all the way to Rio. It isn't as bad this trip, as they have limited them to one jeweler, H. Stern; but they certainly have the hard sell, with show cases everywhere, a commercial before every movie, and "jewelry lectures" every day or two. Two of their young men were on the France, and the same two are on this ship, and seem very fine young men. I asked them some directions about getting around Rio, and they said just go to their headquarters and they'll arrange anything we want.

I've got to break off now and go to a lecture about Salvadore, Brazil, where we land tomorrow, for only six hours.

That's done. It sounds like an interesting place...where I'd like to spend a few days. Seems like it's the original capital of Brazil, then a century or so ago moved it to Rio; and later to Brasilia, which left Salvadore a very picturesque, old city with 300 churches. About 90 are in good shape, and as they can afford it, they are fixing up others.

Sat out on deck this morning among the sun worshippers, and talked to this table mate, who owns a plant in Chicago that makes pumps, and employs about 140. He says they kept growing and running into the bulging wall problem, and it was costing them so much time and labor, he finally bought an acre for 6.50 a square foot, then another acre and a half for 15.00, put up 90,000 square feet of plant, and is happily situated for now on.

Breakfast is rather a leisurely affair, from 8 to 9:30 in the dining rooms, with an elaborate menu; or there is what they call the Lido, where you go down a buffet line and they have a wide variety...but I avoid it, as I eat too much there. Last time I couldn't pass up the sausages, scrambled eggs, liverwurst, cheese, and bacon.

Love,

January 28, 1975

Dear Richard:

Hope you, Helen and the kids are bearing up. Martha and I enjoyed the delightful evening at the dinner theater, and look forward to taking you to Charlies Place when we get home.

We are finding the cruise delightful and interesting. This is a Dutch ship with mostly Indonesian boys as stewards and waiters, but they all speak English and we have no language difficulties.

We crossed the Equator yesterday, and the crew put on a King Neptune ceremony. I got some pictures of it...hope they turn out. They appointed a king and queen from among the passengers, and had a bevy of the younger, better looking girls in swimming suits as King Neptune's court. They hold a mock trial of anyone crossing the Equator for the first time...in this case some of the entertainers, and think of some crime they have committed. On our last cruise we were amused when they tried the fashion lecturer, a pretty girl, but very slender and thin, and her crime was "no boobs."

On this ship they have you purchase deck chairs, and they are yours for the duration of the cruise. We selected some on the promenade deck in the shade, and it is very delightful to sit there and doze. Most are in the sun, but I don't much want that much tan, and at times the wind turns violent. It's been a little rough, so the water in the pools is churning up some.

There is an indoor pool down on D deck, with a masseur for men and masseuse for women, and steam rooms for each. Also an exercise room consisting of two rowing machines, three exercycles, and two or three other appliances. I'm going down there when I finish this letter. One of our table companions goes down there every morning at eight for a steam bath, rub down and swim before breakfast. But I'm not that ambitious.

I participated in a dance class before lunch today, and they did a little cha-cha and foxtrot. A very attractive English couple hold the daily classes. You can take private lessons for a small fee, but I don't think I'm interested.

The dance classes are crowded and popular, with far more women than men, so some of the ladies have to dance with each other. There is a very pretty blond girl I see everywhere, about 20 or 21, and it seems she is from Abilene.

There is a couple from Dallas on board, but I haven't talked to them yet...and Tyler...and Houston; and the Protestant chaplain is a prominent Fort Worth preacher.

They also have a Catholic priest and Jewish rabbi, with some kind of church services every day.

I'm trying to cut down on the groceries, but it's difficult. Was sitting in a bar yesterday having a 7-Up, when the waiter came in with little sausages, a whole plate of 'em. And I'd already eaten all the peanuts.

Love,

January 30, 1975

Dear Ernie and Dorothy:

I want to thank you for your hospitality on my recent visit to Topeka. Wish you would come down to Fort Worth some time and let us return the favor.

I always feel glad to get to Atchison. I have many fond memories there, as I guess you have, but I don't think I would like living there anymore.

We are a week and a half on our voyage, and enjoying it hugely. Martha came down with intestinal flu (?), but is now about recovered. There is a fine doctor on the ship, and one of the nurses came to see her at least seven times...very nice. With all the old people I guess the doctors have their hands full.

One of the disconcerting things about the doctor calling with his nurse...they examined Martha, then in front of her discussed the case in Dutch at length. That would be handy for most doctors, I imagine.

On the staff is a Protestant minister, a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi. The minister is from Fort Worth, a prominent and fine preacher of a large Christian church, by the campus of TCU. I've introduced myself, but he seems to avoid me...perhaps he has enough of Texans at home.

I have the impression the ship line gives free passage to these preachers in return for their services. In the case where wives come, they probably have to have their passage paid. You should check into this. As far as I can see they have no other duties than to conduct weekly services. The priest, of course, has a daily mass.

We spent most of yesterday at Salvador (Bahia), Brazil. It is a city about the size of Fort Worth, but very old, and the original capital of Brazil some 400 years ago. (or maybe 300). But it reminded me greatly of old European cities, specifically Naples. I'm always fascinated by these cities with the little narrow cobblestone streets, the tiny workshops, and the street vendors; which Salvador has aplenty.

The guides are very proud of their churches, some 175...all Catholic, I presume; and I went into two of them. They were both very ornate with walls covered with gold; and one especially, the San Francisco church, the most beautiful I've seen outside of the Vatican. All walls were covered with intricate gold figures, clear up to the ceiling, which must have been four stories high. The story is that some gold miner who struck it rich donated the gold and died with the secret of where it came from; they have never found out. But I wonder at the ethics of having these palaces and the fat priests, with boys begging outside, and cripples asking for money everywhere you turn. And thousands of people living in packing crates.

Love,

January 30, 1975

Dear Rick and Rosemary:

We're well on our way now, and getting used to life on board ship. Your mother had a couple of sick days; probably intestinal flu, but has pretty well recovered now. She went ashore awhile yesterday in Salvador (Bahia), Brazil, and enjoyed the sights...but had to pass up a longer tour we had booked.

If Nancy and the baby come to stay with you, hope you have no difficulty. I imagine Rosemary and the kids, along with you, will enjoy the baby.

We love the ship, the first Dutch one we've been on. But it's an old line, over 100 years old; and every time I open my mouth to brag about all the cruises we've been on, someone tops me with many, many more; most of them on this line.

Every other time we've been, tipping was advocated and expected...but this ship does not have it, and there are signs about that tipping is not expected. Also, instead of paying for a drink, or some service, you just sign for it. That could spoil one. But on boarding, we handed in our passports for safe keeping in the front office, and I presume that if one did not pay up on completion of the voyage, he'd be without a passport... that's just a guess. But I've wondered what they'd do with a real drunk, who could run up a fortune in drinks, then not be able to pay for them.

There are plenty of activities, all day and into the evening. There is a game called "Joker 7", where a girl sits all afternoon and evening; and if you want to play, you play against the table. Minimum \$1 and maximum \$10. She has a deck of cards and shuffles them and deals 7 onto squares in front of her. On the table are laid out many squares and you put your dollar on the square you want to bet. For instance, if you think she'll come up with 5 black cards, you put your money there, and it pays 9 to 1 if she does.

Various other combinations of cards, like a pair of any cards, or combinations of colors, or suits, can be bet on. I tried it once and got some \$30 ahead, but ended up losing \$6. That's the only time I've played.

There are also bridge games, yoga, deck exercises, golf, danging, a chess tournament, plus eating and snacks all day long.

There has been a daily movie, different every day, and we saw "Chinatown" with Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway last night. It was a good show, but pretty bloody.

The keep fit class exercises daily near our deck chairs, about half an hour, and makes me feel old and decreped. Most are young people, with many of the young entertainers on the ship. I wish I could bend that way, anymore.

We are near the Equator and it's a little hot out, but the breeze created by the ship makes it very pleasant on deck.

Love,

January 31, 1975

Dear Jack:

We're in Rio, and snuck in early in the morning, so I missed the spectacular harbor entrance. But it's one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, with hills and rocks rising straight up out of the bay.

Some are sheer rock, that look as if a goat couldn't climb them, and I doubt there's much on top for a goat to enjoy.

Martha and I grabbed a cab to Sugar Loaf, where's a cable car ride I wanted to take. I looked up the Portuguese word for "Sugar Loaf", which is "Pao de Acucar," and told the driver; and his reply was, "No, it's a Chevrolet."

Anyway, I took this Finicular or cable car ride, which goes up to a fairly high hill on one stage, then you get off, spend some money in a bar and cureo shop, then take the other stage to the final rock. About 100 feet from its destination, it stopped and swayed for two or three minutes, while the operator tried to get someone on the phone, then finally we moved very slowly the rest of the way. It seems a fuse had burned out, and they had to crank us by hand. I don't think I'd like to stay out there very long. The cars are big and hold 75 people. Martha told me if she'd been on it, I'd be a widower.

Rio is an interesting city, closely resembling cities in Spain and Italy...but it was settled centuries ago by the Portuguese and still has their ways and culture. There are miles of fancy hotels at Copacabana, facing a beautiful curving beach, with mainly Americans and rich South Americans inhabiting them... but a few streets behind the hotels are very poor and a lot of poverty.

A few hovels are seen perched on the side of hills, just built out of sticks and stones, and we saw little kids carrying bundles of broken boards, some of them not over five years old, presumably to add on an annex to their hovel. But guides say there are fewer all the time, as the government is building many apartment houses, and the very poor are gradually moving in them, under protest, as they lose their views.

There are a few beggars; some scrawny looking old women with several kids...I imagine most of the kids are borrowed. It occurred to me they probably have a begger's rent-a-kid bureau.

Brazilians are a mixture of Indian tribes who were here, Portuguese settlers, negro slaves; and great influxes thru the years from Europe, Japan, etc. Consequently, there is every hue under the sun in their faces, blonde to very black...but mostly somewhere in between. They say there is no race prejudice here, and they intermarry freely. I believe it.

Love,

February 1, 1975

Dear Bemis and Mary:

Thought I'd write and tell you I'd escaped successfully from Rio. I certainly avoided a certain neighborhood, and thought about borrowing a fake mustache from one of the entertainers, but I always look freakish with red mustaches.

But we enjoyed Rio again, and hope we come back soon. We were amused that the jewelers were aboard the Rotterdam, just as they were the France, but in not such great numbers, and the tour director announced several times that we did not have to be bothered if we didn't want to...but, H. Stern was the official jeweler of the ship, and they have several show cases aboard. The young fellow David and another from Sterns was on board and left yesterday.

Martha and I got smart this time. We just let Stern take us up town, then whipped out of the car and went about our business. Then today, we ended up in Copacabana, so we santered over to Sterns, said they had offered to take us back to the ship, and they sent us back with a nice car and driver all to ourselves. Didn't even have to lie to them about all our purchases.

It's a popular misconception about jaded businessmen taking "companions" on these voyages instead of their wives, but I've only seen it once, that I know of. But there is an old woman on board, must be in her late 70's or 80's, and she is never seen without her young male companion, probably in his 30's. I bring it up, because they were also on the France. You may remember them. They both wear wedding rings, so they may be married to each other.

Also, the tour lecturer, Mr. Lyons, was on the France, and he is with his mother again, with all her hats. But she's a game old gal, and we see her at every event.

The entertainment is excellent, and we have a different movie every night. Don't know how long they can keep that up. One of the passengers is Victor Jory, an actor you have seen many times playing bit parts. He has put together several shorts, about fishing, surfing, a coon story, and a wonderful one of the life of bees with remarkable close-ups.

They had a MGM film with all the best shots of their musicals in the last 50 years, and it was wonderful. I had to see it twice, as I saw it once by myself, then Martha wanted to go. But ship officers got a lot of lip over it, as in the first showing the projectionist answered a call of nature and left the booth...naturally the film broke, and it was five or ten minutes before anyone came, and the booth was full of film, some of it ruined.

We've got pretty fair dinner companions, but they don't compare with you, and Ed and Irene. Rio just wasn't the same without you and Me going out and getting lost, Mary.

Love.

February 1, 1975

Dear Bobby and Diane:

We're well on our way and getting used to ship life. One of the hardships on this ship (as others) is knocking the waiters away who are trying to heap more food on our plates. It seems silly, but one of the main complaints is "But that's too much!" from the passengers.

I called in yesterday and everything in Fort Worth seems to be percolating. Louise said Nancy and the baby were fine, and at Jane's. We didn't know his middle name, which turns out to be "King."

People who are doing all the squawking about the Bell system ought to try some of these foreign ones. I tried to call from the ship, but they don't have a shore phone in Rio, so I went to a phone on the dock, fending off the jewelers. Tried various coins, but none would go in the slot, even one of my Cottrell washers.

Then went to a shop nearby and they gave me a funny looking slug, with grooves that fit grooves in the phone receptacle. But I tried dialing various combinations, with absolutely no results. Gave that up and went to an information booth, and he said that was not a long distance phone...I would have to go up the main drag "one block." Turned out more like 2 1/2 miles.

Then had quite a hassle with a man in this office, with his knowledge of English and mine of Portuguese. But finally got through.

You and Diane would be in hog heaven here with all the rocks and the things they make from them. There are hundreds of stores here, more than I've ever seen anywhere else, with all kinds of displays of rock formations, and they've worked all kinds of rocks into beautiful combinations. For instance a popular one is small marble-sized rocks formed to resemble bunches of grapes, with vines of silver. We priced a few and came off empty handed.

Your mother and I tried to rent a car here, but had no luck. One place we enquired said I would need a special international drivers license, so we gave up. This place seems worse than Rome ...if that's possible, and is absolutely glutted with cars. Traffic is mostly at a standstill, and they are parked in crosswalks and up on the sidewalks. There aren't too many lights (traffic), so you have to really run for your life.

Most of the cars are Volkswagens, millions of them, that are made in Brazil. Far more than I ever saw in Germany or Europe. The rest of the cars are a special small Ford or Chevy that you don't see in the States, about the size of the Corolla. Occasionally a full size American car, but they're rare. And they all have horns! I thought it would be fun to drive here, but guess I'll have to remain frustrated.

Love,

February 2, 1975

Dear Dorothy and Gene:

We're well on our way on our voyage, leaving Rio de Janeiro yesterday, and are on our way to Cape Town, South Africa, to arrive next Saturday, where this will be mailed...a journey of some six days with nothing but ocean.

Our ship got away about 50 minutes late yesterday; they had an ambulance waiting on the pier, and finally brought out an old lady on a sort of chair lift, stuck her in the ambulance, and we hoisted the gang plank and took off.

With this many people (about 850 passengers), and most of them old, I guess there are many ailments and accidents. We were on a tour inland to Petropolis, the old imperial center of Brazil, and an older lady fell down a few steps at a rest stop, breaking her ankle and skinning her face. I watched helplessly as she had to crawl up the steps on her hands and knees, as they were too steep and narrow for anyone to help her.

This Petropolis is still a resort, being up in the spectacular mountains, about 30 or 40 miles from Rio, and some 4000 feet above sea level, so is cool and pleasant. It rained on us, and was cloudy, so we missed some of the scenery.

A couple of hundred years Brazil belonged to Portugal, and when there were troubles in Portugal, the king came to live in Brazil... and this was his summer palace...a beautiful place, now a museum. As you go in the door, a little man puts sort of felt scuffs on your feet, over your shoes, and these have a dual purpose of not scuffing the floors, as well as polishing them. The little man kept taking a Brazilian note out of his pocket (worth about 14¢), then sticking it back in...as if the preceding tourist had tipped him that much. On the way out, I noticed him fingering an American quarter, as if he had never seen one before; and he probably had not.

I get irked at some of these tourists. They insist on using American money wherever they go, and usually it's an insult to the local people. Like somebody pompously insisting you transact business in Oklahoma City in Brazilian eusaros; and arguing when you won't take them. I always get local money first thing, and find out what it's worth...then translate any transaction into American dollars for value comparison.

We have excellent entertainment on the ship. There are some 30 listed on an entertainment sheet, including Giselle McKenzie, as being on the entertainment staff. I wondered at this great number, but one of the staff explained that most of them are only going part way. We are to pick up Giselle in Hong Kong. And a pair of good singers, sisters who resemble Doris Day, joined us in Lauderdale and got off in Rio.

There are three groups playing in different locales, two dancing teams, two or three singers, an Austrian couple who are excellent magicians, a couple of flamenco dancers from Spain, a Broadway couple (they played on Fiddler on the Roof, and she is a very beautiful girl), plus everything else, keeps us happy.

Love,

February 3, 1975

Dear Homer:

I hope you are getting on allright with the house, and have no problems. We appreciate your staying there. This is a different world and so totally involving, we haven't had much time to worry about things at home.

We get a daily news sheet, multilithed on both sides, with news of the world...wars and rumors of wars, and all the multiplicity of troubles in the world. But I guess there is no more or less than in the past, or will be in the future.

There are some deck sports going on, but so far I haven't participated in them. Mostly people playing shuffleboard so far. There are a few deck tennis nets up, but have seen no takers. It's played something like tennis and handball...a small high net, and a rope hoop. The trick is to return the hoop immediately after it is caught, and throw it where your opponent ain't. Rules, which I don't know too clearly, are similar to tennis...but of course the court is much smaller. It's a fast game.

The food is great on this ship...but then I haven't seen one with poor food. I don't imagine they could last long in this competitive field with poor food. But I often wish it wasn't quite so succulent, and it would be easier to back off from the table.

What makes it doubly hard is that the menus contain no right column. Anything on them is yours for the ordering...eight or ten courses if you want...with no charge. It's all included in the cruise fare. I get a little put out with people who get a big plate, or many plates, just eat a little, then the rest of that delicious and precious food has to go over the side to feed the fishes.

For breakfast we have a choice. We can go to our regular dining table and place anywhere from 8:00 to 9:30, and eat from the menu; or they have a buffet type dining room called the Lido where you can eat from 8:00 to 11:00...with all kind of goodies. I try to avoid the Lido, for I can't help loading my plate down.

For lunch, again we have a choice...our regular dining table and place, or the Lido. The latter has windows overlooking the ocean, and a great organist; and is a very beautiful room, imaginatively decorated.

For dinner we have to go to our regular places. Something we did not anticipate or hear about...most evenings are formal, with the men wearing tuxes and the ladies formal dresses. I didn't even bring one, so I just wear a coat the tie. Martha has one or two formals with her

We have a very good waiter, an Indonesian boy named Franz, who just serves our table of six. He speaks broken English, but seems to get the orders straight. Wringing wet, maybe he weighs 90 pounds; and he's typical of most of them. Probably around 30 years old.

Hope I haven't bored you with just this "food" letters

Love,

February 3, 1975

Dear Bob and Helen:

We're well on our way now, out in the mid-Atlantic between Rio de Janeiro and Cape Town, South Africa. It's a gorgeous day out, and most of the sun-worshippers are out on deck. I pick up a little tan from walking around, but don't much care to be brown all over...as there's a rumor it's bad for the skin in later years.

There's a couple on the ship we see frequently...both of them very tan; and I see them out in the sun every day. He looks like he's in his 50's, fairly athletic; but up close she looks like she's approaching 90...terrible wrinkles and weathered face. But to see them at a distance dancing they look fairly young.

They have excellent movies, and a beautiful theater that holds about 620. It has a balcony, and is as large as many I've seen ashore. Our stateroom is directly under the stage, and every day we hear this thumping and banging overhead...the entertainers are rehearsing on the stage. So we can pretty well tell what is on the program for tonight...tap dancing, or ballet, or whatever.

We picked up a couple of excellent men singers in Rio, to replace two girls who got off there. We liked them so much we stayed for two performances last night. They usually put on two, for first and second sittings.

There are numerous bars on the ship, but so far have not encountered any drunks. Now and then on cruises you see these sodden wretches who never sober up. They don't seem to push drinking as much as usual, on the Rotterdam.

So far we've made no friends to pal around with. There are numerous ones we talk to occasionally, but we don't have too much in common with our table companions, and usually see them only at meals.

There are a couple of Negro couples on board, and they seem to be the life of the party. Very likable, especially one of the men; and as he's a great dancer, is popular with a bunch of the ladies.

There's a daily dancing class, which I usually go to, and it takes place in 15 minutes from now. They seem to concentrate on the cha-cha and foxtrot, which I like. They offer private dance lessons for a small fee, but don't think we'll take them up on that. For some reason, all of the dancing couples we've seen on these ships are English...perhaps they are brought up from childhood with more dancing in their background than Americans or other races...I don't know. On the English ships, though, we noticed, most of the English know these involved ritual dances, that we as Americans had never heard of.

The ship provides a couple of men (I call them gigelos, although I suppose they aren't) who are evidently hired just to dance with the ladies, and they are present everywhere there is dancing, asking different ones to dance. As there are many wallflowers, I think that's fine.

Love,

February 3, 1975

Dear Herb:

We're well on our way, out in the middle of the Atlantic, a couple of days out of Rio, and enjoying beautiful sunshine and balmy weather. This is still below the equator and I imagine it would be quite hot if there were land here.

We saw a ridiculous movie last night, "Sugarland" with Goldie Hahn, and it was a takeoff on Texas. This couple were holding a highway patrolman prisoner in his patrol car for a couple of days, and half the patrol cars in Texas were following him, plus a couple from Louisiana...the biggest farce you ever saw. Several people told us they felt embarrassed about it; but I enjoyed it.

So far we are having a different movie every night (I don't know how long they can keep that up), and they have been very good as a rule. The auditorium is reserved one night for a crew movie. Another movie was "Showdown" with Dean Martin and Rock Hudson; and "Chinatown" with Faye Dunaway; and tonight we have "Bang the Drum Slowly."

There was an attractive lady on board with a very pretty daughter, and it turned out she was from Abilene, the wife of a state Senator, named Ann Jones. I talked to her a time or two and was looking forward to more conversations, but I haven't seen either since leaving Rio...I suspect they stayed there.

I've been getting some pictures along the way, and the battery played out on one of the cameras, so I went into at least 10 camera shops in Salvador and Rio, and finally found one at Copacabana. There seem to be lots of camera nuts on board, some with movie cameras, and several with two or three complicated cameras hanging around their necks.

But the surprising thing is that the crew is out on their deck snapping pictures like mad when we leave a port...I would think they would be used to it by now and ignore picture taking.

I usually take several laps around the deck daily, in company with a few others, which is about 1/5 of a mile. One little old lady who goes by with sort of a Groucho Marx lope, turns out to be 84 years old, and I'll bet she makes 20 laps daily...she keeps passing me.

Speaking of walking, we saw a big church on a hill in Rio...the hill was shaped sort of like a cucumber on end...pure rock. The guide said there were 365 steps up to the church, and if sinners go up the steps once a year on their knees, they receive penance, and all their sins are forgiven for each day. I think I'd rather take my chances with getting caught with my sins intact.

I went to a group dance lesson today, and learned (?) steps in the maringay and a dance called the side-saddle. There are three nice dance floors on the ship, and one is made of copper, sort of hammered, that's about 24 feet across, round. I'll bet that cost plenty. But I imagine as these ships age, and are replaced, some of the fixtures from the old ships are put into the new...for instance this is the fifth Rotterdam. On the France they had deck blankets and chairs off the old Il de France and Normandie, dated as far back as 1915.

Love,

February 4, 1975

Dear Bess:

We're out on the high seas, heading for Cape Town, South Africa. I went out on deck early this morning for a turn or two, and it was foggy, but the sun was trying to break thru, and it looks as if it will be a nice day.

We are well below the Equator, and it's usually pleasant on deck. We have a deck chair for each of us, but we chose some in enclosed areas, in out of the sun. It's pleasant to lay there and see the world go by. Quite a few passengers, me among them, have a daily ritual of so many laps around the deck, and 5½ laps make a mile.

We are quite lazy, and one could get spoiled by this life. We usually get up about 8:00, and go get breakfast, with a 9:30 time limit on our showing up. The steward usually has our room made up when we get back, and I'll sit down and write a letter or two. I'm certainly glad I brought this typewriter...I can think while I type, but hand writing is too slow for me.

Then we usually go sit on deck for awhile, talk to somebody and walk around the ship a little. They serve boullion on deck about 10:00, and that's good.

If you're energetic there's golf lessons, yoga, trapshooting, shuffleboard, and a strenuous exercise class at 11:00. If you're lazy, there's French lessons, bridge playing (lots of them doing that), gin rummy, a daily book review, and others. And dance lessons.

There's an author on board you might have heard of, Taylor Caldwell...I don't know which one she is, but have heard of her. Also a movie actor, Victor Jory; and an opera star, Richard Goodlake. He's a nice fellow, and I've had two or three interesting conversations with him in the steam room.

Then lunch around 12:30. I usually go down and work out in the gym for a few minutes after lunch, have a session in the steam room; sometimes a massage; and once a swim. The gym and pool are down fairly far in the ship, in the middle fore and aft. I took a swim once there and it was bitter cold. I started to get out, but people were watching, so gritted my teeth and braved it. But there are some valiant souls who go swimming there every day.

There is another pool on deck, in the sunshine, and it is far more popular. But we have no kids on board, and very few young people, so there's not much cutting up around the pool. The few people laying around in swimming suits just remind me that "My God, I too am growing old, and do I look like that?" I'm afraid I do.

Usually there's a movie or minor entertainment around 4:00; then people usually rest before dinner. After that is solid entertainment until bedtime. Today there's two movie shorts on India, a port lecture on Africa, another feature movie at 8:00, and a passenger talent show at 10:00. So it's an interesting life, and we are thoroughly enjoying it.

Love,

February 5, 1975

Dear Ida:

We're far out at sea now, on the s.s. Rotterdam, a Dutch ship, and enjoying it thoroughly. We touch California only at San Diego, on Wednesday, April 2, for six hours. So guess we'll miss you this trip. Am sorry.

We're halfway between Rio and Cape Town, South Africa, a distance of about 3200 miles, and I got up early this morning to view an interesting island, Tristan da Cunha, that is 1600 miles from the nearest mainland, the Cape of Good Hope, Africa.

We anchored briefly about a mile off this island, and a longboat with 11 men aboard came out to the ship for a brief visit. Among them was the postmaster, and they took off two mail sacks, which they'll process, stamp, and put aboard the next ship, which may be two or three months off. They are supposed to have a rare and unique stamp, much sought after by stamp collectors, which is the only reason to mail anything here, as it may not reach its destination for six months or so. We took aboard a couple of sacks of mail from them, which I suppose we'll drop in Cape Town, our next stop.

Ever since we left Rio, we've had 23-hour days, which make a difference in your sleeping habits. The changes will slow down after we reach Africa, and upon reaching the International Date Line, will start getting 25-hour days. Someone said we will lose a day out of our lives when we cross that line, and I haven't thought it through yet...but it seems likely. When we went last year to the Orient, we lost a Monday somewhere along the line, but later had two Fridays; but that was a round trip. This time we are going around the world, and I can't figure where we'll pick up an extra day. Maybe we'll have to make another trip around, going the other way, to the west.

I got up at 5:30 this morning, to see us come up to Tristan da Cunha and it was hardly light yet, and low clouds prevented us seeing the island very clearly. I find these out-of-the-way places fascinating, so feel the early hour was worth it.

The island was discovered first early in the 1500's, by a Portuguese explorer, and was named after him. Then forgotten and rediscovered in turn by the Dutch, French, Americans and English in later years. Three Americans stayed there for three years about 1800, collecting seal skins and oil for trade to ships. When Napoleon was imprisoned on nearby St. Helena (200 or 300 miles away), a garrison of British soldiers was stationed on Tristan da Cunha, in case anyone tried to rescue Napoleon; but they were withdrawn in 1817.

Later a few British soldiers were stationed on the island, and one obtained leave to settle the island about 1854. He was joined by whalers and shipwrecked sailors, and the present inhabitants are descended from them. Now the island, and nearby four uninhabited ones, are dependencies of St. Helena.

The people living here are English and speak with British accents, and are supposed to be very inbred. There are less than 300 of them, with more men than women.

Love,

February 5, 1975

Dear Joe:

Hope everything at the shop is going fine. I enjoyed the talk last Friday with Howard, David and Louise; and they brought me up to date. Martha called Jane yesterday and talked to Nancy...she was dying to have mother-talk with them both. She asked Jane to pinch the baby so she could hear him, but Jane told her she could pinch him when she got home, thank you!

We have Indonesian waiters, most of them small and dark, who do a pretty good job, but English isn't their strong point. But guess they are smarter than us, for in addition to their native tongue, they understand Dutch, which is spoken by the European crew of this ship.

Anyway, yesterday we had a French dinner, with frog legs and the whole bit, including petit fours (?), which are delicious little French pastries. Martha asked our waiter if he could sneak us a few petit fours onto a dish so we could eat them later in our cabin. He came out with this big covered dish wrapped in a towel, and we went home. Later when we worked up an appetite (13 minutes), we found two gigantic frog legs on the dish with all the trimmings, as big as chicken legs. We're wondering what he thinks of these crazy Americans who want dessert of frog legs after a big dinner.

A fellow last night asked another one if virgin wool came from the Virgin Islands. He said no, it comes from the fastest sheep.

We are this moment steaming away from a little island in the middle of nowhere, where we anchored an hour or so this morning; while the postmaster there came out in a longboat to give us some mail, and pick up some from us, which they'll process, and put on the next ship in two or three months.

The island is Tristan da Cunha, and is about 1600 miles from Rio and 1600 miles from Cape Town. Just a few miles square, it is one giant volcano. Supposed to be quite high, but we had low clouds and could see up perhaps 1000 feet.

A small crayfish cannery and the little income they get from their postage stamp business (printed in England), is about their only source of income. There are less than 300 people there. There was an unexpected volcano eruption in 1961, and all the people were taken off and went to England. After two unhappy years there, all but 14 returned to the island, and they're still here.

The Tristan crayfish is supposed to be a delicacy, and is frozen here, shipped to South Africa twice a year, then most of it is sent to the states. One of the men who came out in the longboat talked to me and several other passengers, and said they were very inbred...that there were only seven families. One of the passengers was crude enough to ask if there was much incest, and the man said he had not personally experienced it, but supposed there was.

There is a small electric generator at the canning factory, which supplies the rest of the small town, but they turn it off at 7:00 every night; so they depend on paraffin for both supplementary lighting and heating. He said they had unique refrigerators that run off paraffin, as well.

Love,

February 6, 1975

Dear Aunt Gladys:-

We're well at sea and getting used to this life. We'll be spoiled when we get home, for this loafing and good entertainment every night might be catching.

Tonight, for instance, the entire entertainment group is putting on "Oklahoma," and we're seen and heard them practicing it for a week. There are good entertainers, and we thoroughly enjoy them.

We're looking forward to Capetown and South Africa day after tomorrow. The tour lecturer gave a talk yesterday on some of the things we'll see, then a film of the various African animals. It seems there are several game parks, and we intend to see about three of them. The best are too far from the ship...so we'll get them on a future trip.

Several are glorified Lion Country Safaris, like we have at home, with fences between the various species. But we want to see genuine game preserves with the animals living as they have since the old days.

We saw an interesting island yesterday...Tristan da Cunha...about 1600 miles in each direction from any continent. It's a volcano rising some 7,000 feet above the water, and goes some 12,000 feet to the bottom of the ocean, making it one of the tallest mountains on the earth.

It is inhabited by less than 300 people, who are served by a twice-yearly supply ship from Capetown. Four other small islands in the vicinity are uninhabited, except for great numbers of birds, seals, elephant seals, and a few wild cats, descendants of tame ones.

Quite a few seals call this home, and whales are supposed to be abundant here. Blue sharks make swimming unsafe. The inhabitants collect great numbers of bird eggs in the fall. I don't know what they do with them, except perhaps eat 'em.

When we paused there yesterday, none of the inhabitants came on board, and I was in a group that talked to one. He same girl births outnumber boys for some reason, making more women than men...and a total of around six births occur a year. They have a school with around three teachers. He spoke with a good British accent. All the men looked somewhat alike, which is understandable, as they must be inbred.

There are several very old people on board, and half a dozen in wheel chairs. Someone said they should not come on a trip like this, but I argued that it's wonderful...far better than staying at home in a home or something, and staring at four walls. Here there's lots of things going on they can watch, if they want; a doctor and a hospital; and lots more attention than they'd get at home. People seem to go out of their way to be nice to them.

We have a couple at our dining table, Canadians in their mid-70's, very nice; but she is having a hard time with sickness, and they are talking of abandoning the cruise in Capetown, seeing a little of Africa, then flying home. But that would be a shame. I don't think it's really seasickness.

Love,

B.L.

February 6, 1975

Dear Linda:

We're far from land on our voyage, between Brazil and South Africa, and we expect to get to the latter day after tomorrow, Saturday. We have only one day in Capetown, which is not nearly enough, but we'll see the general area.

We've booked a tour on a bus which will take us thru the countryside on an all-day trip lasting about eight hours. We usually have a choice on these ports...see them on our own, or with a ship-sponsored tour. We go about half-and-half. Preferably, take a bus tour in the morning of arrival and see the high points, then spend the rest of the day, or days, getting around on our own and hitting the spots that interest us the most.

A few times we've rented a car on our own, and ranged out on the countryside, which is great. We tried to do this in Rio, but they seem to have local restrictions on car rental, and we couldn't find Avis or Hertz.

There is a great deal of music on the ship, with three groups going at different times. They all play good music (to our ears, as most of the passengers are middle-aged or old), but their ability is from poor to fair. An intercom in our cabin has music on all day, with wonderful tapes (and no commercials).

By far the choice listening and dancing music is by an organist, Bob Hull, who is energetic and willing to play long hours every day. He has two organs, Japanese ones, and plays strictly from memory. I've tape recorded some of his playing. He's queer for automatic rhythm, and never varies it during a piece; but that makes for great dancing...waltz, cha-cha and foxtrot, as well as swing.

There are two couples on board, both middle-aged, who are dancing every time a note is played. Hours every day. They never dance with anyone else, and obviously love it. The rest of us take it or leave it, and occasionally change partners.

There is also a great pianist on board, but he is elusive. He is filling the shoes of musical director as well, so is busy doing that all day and accompanying stage acts. I've never heard him play by himself, which he is supposed to do every night at midnight at one of the bars. I stayed up a couple of nights ago to hear and perhaps tape one of his sessions, but he looked in and saw only one or two of us in the bar, shrugged and went to bed.

We have great entertainment with some 15 or 18 entertainers at a time. But a night or two ago had a passenger amateur night, and it was painful. There was not much announcement ahead of time, and I was giving some thought of asking the man if I could use his organ and perhaps practice up for a piece; but I wouldn't be good enough and it turns out none of them were. One woman played a piano, and her playing was superb, but insisted on singing, and that killed it. Another man got up and recited some from "My Fair Lady," and kept forgetting his lines, and put in more "uhs" than I had heard in a long time. But it's all in fun, and I admired their guts.

Love,

February 7, 1975

Dear Al:

We're in the South Atlantic now, and having a good time. A cast of 14 entertainers put on "Oklahoma" last night, and it was wonderful. I sat on the front row and got some pictures. Got carried away and took six of them. Usually one or two (or none) suffices me.

But they were wonderful, especially considering that their talents mostly lie elsewhere. For instance, some of the dancers sang, a ventriliquist danced, the stage manager sang a solo; and a pair of Spanish dancers who don't know much English sang in the chorus. It would be interesting to hear their version of the words of Oklahoma.

Martha and I are personally glad it's over, because our cabin lies directly beneath the stage; and as they've been rehearsing in the theatre almost around the clock, we've had some weird thumping from the dances at odd hours.

This is an unusual morning..we are a day out of Capetown, and when we got up and went to breakfast everyone was talking about the breakdown. Hadn't noticed, but we are laying dead in the water. Some kind of mechanical failure in the engine room; and have all night, it seems, been sitting here...some 600 miles out of South Africa. But the seas are calm, and we hadn't noticed any motion or lack of it.

Of course there is considerable bitching among the passengers, and I imagine they are giving the crew hell. But there's nothing anyone can do about it...I'm sure it's like a breakdown we have occasionally; we don't like them, but they happen, and we do the best we can.

One can imagine the thousand repercussions a standstill like this can mean. Tugs alerted to come a different time; tours cancelled; suppliers delayed; it not only affects the some 1500 people on the ship, but in some way, thousands more.

But we've been very lucky. This is the first mechanical breakdown we've ever experienced, which is remarkable in a complicated machine like a ship.

A typical African story: A man entered a cannibal restaurant, and on scanning the menu, saw listed: "missionaries 20¢ per portion, natives 30¢ per portion, hippies \$2.00 per portion." The man asked the cannibal waiter why the vast difference in prices...why portions of hippies were so much more. "Did you ever try to clean one," was the answer.

One of our fellow passengers told of a cruise where an old man was accompanied by a younger wife, fairly attractive. The old man died, and she arranged burial at sea the next day. As she watched him go into the drink, she said "Goodbye Herman," then proceeded to have the time of her life the rest of the cruise, not missing a thing.

As we're laying here dead in the water, some opportunists among the crew have lines over, and are fishing. They are using plastic gallon bottles for floats, but haven't seen anything caught yet.

Regards,

February 7, 1975

Dear Hap and Cherry:

Aunt Betsy and I are having lots of fun, and our only regret is that passing days will eventually bring an end to this wonderful existence; this ship life.

We had some sort of mechanical failure during the night, which resulted in our getting in Capetown at midnight tomorrow instead of the scheduled 8:00 a.m. That means we will leave at noon Sunday, and have only half a day there; and will miss East London altogether. After that we should be back on schedule.

We're back moving again after some 12 hours of laying dead in the water...have no idea what happened, except a statement from the bridge that "due to technical reasons we will arrive about 12 hours late in Capetown. At the present time some repairs are being carried out which are expected to be finished at noon today."

I've been going down every to a weight room they have on board, and doing some exercising. Among other things they have a couple of rowing machines, and I've spent enough time on them that I am going to put in for a rebate on our fare, in return for helping the ship along.

They have little cards by the door that you can leave on your door-knob...and they left each passenger 12 to 15 "do not disturb" signs...from the looks of most of these old people, one or two "do not disturb" signs would last the voyage.

On the other side of the card is noted "please make up this room," for the benefit of stewards. My favorite hobby is finding a do not disturb sign, and turning over...which I'm sure is interesting at times. I only regret I'm not there to witness the consequences.

As we laid still in the water, noticed a lot of debris that the crew threw over during the night. At first glance, this is real pollution, but after some thought, it isn't really. Of course, on these ships, everything goes over the side that's garbage. Everything that's edible, is eaten by the fish and sea animals on the way to the bottom. Paper and plastic is dissolved by the sea water, and everything else (even glass) is eventually gone by action of sea chemicals.

The oceans are so vast, you can't imagine the size. Even the small Mediterranean Sea takes several days to cross, out of sight of land; and I would imagine if you took all the bottles of the world and threw them overboard in that small sea, it wouldn't raise it half an inch.

Of course cleanup was badly needed in harbors and near land; and we have noticed that most (even New York harbor) are vastly cleaner than they used to be; but I think this pollution in the seas is exaggerated. We've never seen an oil slick, and hardly ever any debris, except near coasts with boards or logs floating occasionally.

Hope this finds all three of you well and happy.

Love,

February 8, 1975

Dear Mel:

Martha and I are cruising again...at the moment off the coast of South Africa. We had a 12-hour engine-room breakdown yesterday, which is costing us the port of Capetown, but we're due in East London, ~~East~~ Africa, on Monday. From talking to other passengers, breakdowns are very rare; and we've never experienced one ourselves.

We're looking forward to South Africa. Although our visits will be brief, we are to make four calls at African ports, in South and East Africa. We both wish we could stay longer, but this voyage is sort of skimming around the world, and perhaps later we can come back for a more extended stay to see things we are most intensely interested in.

Staying several days, as we did in Western Samoa, certainly enhances a trip. We are still talking about that wonderful time, and it keeps getting better as we go along.

But anyway, Africa is an immense continent, about four times the size of the United States, and contains some 50 countries, most very delapidated and primitive. We visited Dakar, Senegal, on the west coast of Africa, in 1973 and found it extremely interesting, but not a place you'd want to live. It's on the edge of the Sahara desert, and while it has many modern buildings and good streets, there's lots of poverty and a white person can hardly walk down the street without being besieged by beggars and peddlers, desperate for a little money.

Senegal was a French colony until fairly recent years, and it looks like when the natives voted them out, progress stopped about there. We got on one or two fairly decent freeways, but a little bit out of town, they just petered out into the desert and scrub bush.

We are scheduled to go on two mini safaris, one full day out of Durban, South Africa; and one out of Mombasa, Kenya, for a day. The ship just spends 1½ hours at the first, and 10 hours at the second.

We've observed that many of the passengers just come along for the ride on these cruises. We'll ask someone if they're looking forward to some port, and they'll say, "Oh, I wouldn't go ashore there," or "I've been there many times and I don't want to see it again." Apparently they just love the ship life, and sort of resent us touching ports. They have a point, as the life is wonderful; but we love to see these different places, and even if we've been there before there is always an enchantment...some things you want to see again and others that you missed on previous visits.

We like best to rent a car with me driving, and roam around on our own. That way you can stop and see interesting things that may not appeal to a hired driver, or a bus full of other people. Usually you can get good maps, so getting hopelessly lost is not a problem. I do that sometimes when afoot in large cities, but usually manage to get a cab eventually, and after some language difficulties, have always gotten back to the ship on time. We've gotten a little smarter, and now somehow get a description of the ship's location in the native language to show drivers. A time or two we couldn't tell them, and it was very interesting.

Regards,

February 8, 1975

Dear Louise:

This is one of the few letters I've ever written because I could not find anything else to do. Don't worry, I was going to write you next, anyhow.

It's about 4:30 in the afternoon, and a little chilly out, which eliminates much deck walking. The sea is choppy, which makes it a little rough. No entertainment was planned for today, because this was supposed to be a day in Capetown, South Africa. But we had a 12-hour breakdown yesterday, and that eliminated Capetown from our itinerary.

Martha and I take things like that in our stride, but a lot of these people are taking it personally and giving the crew hell. Some inland tours of Africa have had to be cancelled by American Express, who are handling all tours on this cruise, and they're getting it also. Feel sorry for them.

In addition, the movie showing is featuring Barbra Streisand, and I despise her. And I got a book out of the library yesterday which is a dud...Sooo. Martha said maybe we should take in the movie anyway, but I told her I enjoy sulking about it, and feeding my prejudices.

In preparation for Africa, we're getting some lectures and reading matter; and are really looking forward to it, particularly two visits we are to make to game preserves. I had never thought about it, but we were told that the reason millions upon millions of buffalo and practically nothing else grew in America in the early days, was because of the vegetation, the prairie grass, which would support little else, and was not even very suitable for cattle.

But Africa is nearer the Equator, hotter; and the southern part where the animals grew had plenty of water. This made for dozens of different plants, trees and vegetation, and animals developed which would "harvest" this vegetation. Giraffes ate from the tops of trees, other animals ate lower trees and bushes, and still others ate the grass.

To prevent any one species from taking over, meat eaters stalked the grass and tree eaters, and ate any old or weakened ones, thus upholding survival of the fittest. Buzzards and ants kept the place neat and tidy.

But man broke the cycle, and he is rapidly driving out all the animals. There are a few game preserves left, but some of them are little more than large zoos, on the order of Lion Country Safari. The ones we are to see are, we hope, still in their wild state with animals running free, without fences between the species.

South Africa is a rich and developing nation, and is rapidly being paved over, as the saying goes. We'll begin to see part of it day after tomorrow, Monday, when we land at East London. We are supposed to stop the ship briefly tonight, gossip goes, to discharge a very sick man in to a small boat, when we pass opposite Capetown. But probably all we'll see will be the lights.

Love,

February 9, 1975

Dear John and Phronzie:

Martha and I are well on our trip now, this being the 23rd day, and it's fleeing rapidly. Before long it'll be time to go home, and we're not a bit homesick. That's one sickness I've never been too badly inflicted with. I like home, and am fond of many people there, but there are so many interesting things to do and see on these trips, I never get tired of them.

This has been a record stretch at sea, since leaving Rio...8½ days without touching land. We were scheduled to spend yesterday at Capetown, South Africa, but we missed it due to a breakdown.

We witnessed an interesting procedure last night. Right after dark we came within five miles of Capetown (and the lights were beautiful), with the high peaks behind it, and stopped out to let a couple of passengers off.

The sea was slightly rough, and pretty soon a small tug came out, bobbing up and down quite a bit. Luckily Martha and I had grandstand seats to it; a window directly above. They had floodlights on the scene, and a ladder down the side. It was too rough to lower the ladder onto the boat, as it would get smashed, so anyone passing back and forth had to jump for it.

It seems a man had a heart attack, and another one had a broken leg, and the doctor wanted to get them ashore to a hospital. At first, the sailers passed up some mail bags, and then we gave them some.

After quite a wait, some boys came down the ladder (it was inclined...not up and down) carrying a wheel chair with the man and his broken leg, and they finally got him onto the deck of the little tug, and wheeled him into the tiny cabin. He didn't look like he was enjoying it. We thought the long wait was to get him drunk enough so he wouldn't mind.

Then after a while they came out with a man on a stretcher, and struggled with him down the narrow ladder. He was conscious, and I imagine that trip really puckered him up. A couple of boys from the ship stayed with them, and we hoisted up the ladder and sailed away.

I imagine those two attendants will fly to meet us in East London tomorrow. I heard the heart attack victim was a 50-year-old man, traveling alone, who had booked two long cruises after this one. He had had a previous heart attack, and thought these cruises would help him recover. I imagine after that trip down the ladder he has had a third one by now.

I certainly enjoyed the visit with you, and Mrs. Guy. We heard after we embarked that Nancy had her baby, a 9 pound, 2 ounce boy, and is doing fine. We have called in a couple of times, and this morning had mail call from that we received from Capetown. Had a letter from Nancy, and Jane, Martha's sister.

I was asking Martha at these various ports, you hear babies crying in English...why do they switch them over to other languages later?

Love,

February 10, 1975

Dear Don:

We're beginning to feel like the lost Dutchman, having to cruise forever. This makes 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ days without stepping on land, and we're running out of topics of conversation, except griping.

We missed Capetown because of a mechanical breakdown, and were scheduled to spend today in East London. I woke up early and heard the anchor go down, so I dressed and rushed up on deck. What I had heard was the anchor coming up, and we were merrily sailing away. It seems "there was no berth for us," so we are going on to Durban, South Africa, and should get there early tonight. Don't know whether that means it was too crowded, politics, or what.

We're running out of things to do. Have seen so many African films I'm getting tired of them. May go up after awhile to the American Express office after awhile, just to listen to people come up and bitch about tours they've missed.

I didn't read my literature before coming on this tour very well, and it seems almost every night the dress is to be formal, which means tuxes for the men and formals for women. Martha brought a couple of formals, but I've just been getting by on a necktie and sport coat, which seems formal enough for me. She bought me a bow tie and ruffled shirt, which I'm wearing some, but I have to be careful not to spill soup on it, as it's my only one.

I took a trip up the bridge yesterday, which was very interesting. Usually on these cruises they invite passengers up once or twice, and take their pictures at the wheel. But on this one we're welcome four hours every day, as long as we're well out at sea. So I think I'll make it a habit to go up there. It's a marvelous feeling to be up that high, with all the ship below you, and the various instruments clicking away.

Yesterday they were very busy, as there is heavy shipping around here, a lot of it tankers and merchant ships coming around the cape from the Far East and the Middle East, bound for Europe and the States. When the Suez canal opens, it will probably eliminate some of this traffic, as that will be quite a shortcut, going thru the Mediterranean.

All these ships have stabilizers, which are fins sticking out 15 feet from each side, near the front, and they are governed by gyroscopes, which automatically feel a wave or surge coming, and work rather like ailerons on an airplane, twisting up or down as the need be to compensate the side roll. They work pretty well on rolling, but noone has figured out yet how to overcome the straight up and down of the front and rear of the ship. On a ship this big that's not a bad sensation, and I for one like it.

They had all the other instruments going yesterday...depthometer, which tells how far down the bottom is; radar, which is far different than the primitive kind we had during the war; and automatic pilot. They just set a course, and it keeps to it. They don't even have a wheel on this ship. Suppose there's one hidden somewhere for emergencies. I was curious why they always drop the anchor when we are at a pier, and the man said on another ship someone pushed the wrong button once, started engines, and tore up the dock and another ship.

Regards,

February 12, 1975

Dear Jim:

Thought I'd write to you this morning...a fellow-passenger resembles you and every time I see him I think of you. We're well on our way, and at the moment steaming up the coast of East Africa, on the way to Mozambique, a primitive African country. We just spend half a day there, which I'm sure is not enough time. I'm fascinated by these strange places, and want to come back to most of them and spend more time snooping around.

We had one of the finest days yesterday that we have had in any of our trips...at Durban, South Africa. It's a beautiful, clean, modern city, about the size of Dallas; and driving down the main drags one could easily imagine himself in Fort Worth (without the vacant buildings), or Atlanta, or Denver.

We were lucky in that we got in one of half a dozen busses, and had an extremely intelligent driver/guide. We landed a front seat, and I spent half of the trip standing on the landing up in front, and could talk to him some.

South Africa has quite a race problem, being some two-thirds black, or 66%; 18% Asian or mixed blood; and is ruled firmly by some 15% white people. We saw restrooms and restaurants labeled "whites only," "colored only" and "Africans only," and they seem to be kept strictly apart, except in working.

I asked our driver at a lunch stop about apartheid, or separation of races, and at first he thought I was trying to start an argument, but I assured him I wasn't...that I was only seeking information, that I was a guest in his country and wasn't about to tell him what to do. Before I could get much out of him, a gabby old English woman joined the conversation and dominated it, telling what they did about the problem in merry old England.

We talked briefly to a very intelligent South African woman, but all she wanted to discuss was the States, for which she had great admiration. She said that integration was almost inevitable, but they were stalling as long as they could. The big problem was the communists, who were agitating the blacks and anyone they could, as they do all over the world.

We saw an enormous university from the freeway, which was for Indians on ly...they had similar ones for whites and Africans. Some 300,000 Indians live in and around Durban, and lots of them have retained their native dress and customs. We saw a large mosque which belonged to the Indian population.

When the whites came to this country over 100 years ago, they had the idea of using the black natives, who are Bantus, for labor in developing and farming. But their tribal customs for centuries had kept the men from working; they only fought and hunted; the women did all the work. So the whites imported, 100 years ago, thousands of Indians on contract to do all the work, and when their contracts ran out, they could return to India or stay in South Africa. Most stayed, and are now a big factor on the local scene. They were intelligent and born traders, so they own many businesses, are in the professions; and many of them are millionaires.

Regards,

February 12, 1975

Dear Sonny and Cecile:

Martha and I are fat and happy on our cruise, and are not a bit homesick yet. At the moment we are steaming up the coast of East Africa, on the way to Mozambique, an East African nation, probably pretty primitive.

We spent yesterday at Durban, South Africa, and were much impressed. Jack Hunt said to look for his son in these waters, on the Shirley Bykes, but there are so many ships it's almost hopeless to run across that one. The port there can accommodate 70 ships at one time, and as we came in at night, and left at night did not see many individually.

This is a beautiful country, a cross between Colorado and California. It doesn't have the great peaks, but there are endless hills and small mountains, with very few flat places. The climate is about like Miami, with miles of beaches. I'm told there are hundreds of resort hotels out there, but we didn't get that way.

They drive on the left there, and most of the cars are English, with a smattering of Volks and Mercedes. The highways and freeways are gorgeous with scenery popping up everywhere. I felt something was missing and realized there are no billboards. Not none nowhere. You don't have any idea what a difference that makes. A business would have a discrete sign on its premises; and the highway signs were attractive and blended in. Wish we could have it that way in the States.

All the signs are in two languages, English and Afrikaans, a sort of Dutch. A third language is also prominent, but spoken only...Zulu. Our driver was fluent in it and delighted in talking about it and the Zulu people. We passed a bridge or two, that in the old days were toll bridges, and we were told that at the turn of the century all entries into the city were toll...that's how they paid for the highways and supported the city in part.

They seemed to be very sports minded; aside from the beaches, they have an international horse race track, and we were told yesterday was some sort of tennis holiday, which they take seriously.

Speaking of beaches, I get amused strolling the decks, at some of the people sunning themselves. Most are fat old men and women, but there are three or four gals, fairly young, who would have to put on 25 pounds to make a decent skeleton. Don't know how they do it with all this gorgeous food. It reminds us of Nova Scotia.

We get a daily news letter, 8 1/2 x 14, filled both sides by a typewriter and multilith, of the world news. But as I found it is predominately bad, I've quit reading it.

We got a note last night that our visa is okayed to go into Red China. They will only accept a limited number, and there are several on the ship who are bitterly disappointed. But there are other damn fools I've overheard: "I bygod am not going where I'm not wanted"; and "They're not going to regiment me." But we are looking forward to it, and we're willing to follow their rigid rules as guests in their country, in order to get a glimpse of it. Of course we'll see only what they want, schools and hospitals and show-off places, but that's getting something better than nothing.

Love,

February 12, 1975

Dear Jimmy:

I hope this finds you and Roxie doing well. I'm reminded of you on this ship, for we are constantly running into men everywhere fixing things; electricians, plumbers; and two tall young Dutchmen have worn a path past our cabin, always carrying boards they'll use on some project. They have a host of Indonesian boys and men always painting. I guess that's the way it has always been on ships; they are chipping and painting constantly. When we come into a port they usually lower a lifeboat onto the dock and paint and work on it. Others are down nearer the waterline, painting parts that they can not get while we are underway.

The lifeboats, by the way, are about 20 feet long, with seats like a rowboat, but levers and handles sticking up. These are connected to a drive shaft and propeller. I guess that gives shipwrecked passengers something to do, as well as propel them. Each lifeboat holds 130 passengers, and that would be getting pretty chummy with a lot of people in a hurry. They have food and water lockers, and I am sure, other supplies.

We found South Africa a beautiful and fascinating country; which I hadn't really expected. The house architecture was rather like California, with stucco mostly and tile roofs. Some brick. It rains all year round here, and poured violently after we got back to the ship at 5:30 last night, just before dinner. We wanted to go out again to see more of the town, as the ship didn't leave until 10:30, but it was such a violent storm we stayed in and saw a movie, "Harry in your Pocket," with James Coburn and Walter Pidgeon...very good.

Flowering and blooming trees abound, as well as shrubs, but we didn't really see as many flowers as elsewhere. We passed four gigantic conical towers that looked like atomic power plants, but the driver said they were cooling towers for coal-burning generators. They have lots of coal here, but so far not much oil. But Arabia is not far, and I guess they get it fairly cheap. The driver said it is about 60c per gallon, which translates into about 72c USA. That's cheap for this part of the world, as Europe is paying from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per gallon U.S.A. Gasoline, that is.

We passed lots of sugar cane and corn fields. Didn't see much farm machinery, but there were quite a few Africans hoeing in the fields, mostly women. The roadway was very neat and clean, and we saw several gangs of a dozen or so black women in uniform overalls, hand hoeing along the shoulders. I guess labor is so cheap here, they favor human hands over machines.

Lots of cattle, fine looking, and often with flocks of white egrets on the backs of the cattle. Some horses, and now and then a tame zebra mixed in. The country looks extremely fertile, but lots of it was not in use. We passed some eight or ten groups of perhaps 25 long narrow buildings...chicken raising, with no windows. They were all Rainbow chicken farms, the largest in the world, and collectively they kill 10,000 chickens per hour. They were all like parks, with no chickens outside.

I got a local paper last night, and there was a story on the front page about a man who was shot in the heart with a rivet gun. Boy! That'd hurt!

Regards,

February 12, 1975

Dear Mitch:

I imagine by the time you get this, you and Joyce will be getting ready for the Hawaii jaunt. Hope you enjoy it. You and Joyce should go out to Russell Field and take flying lessons, to get in practice for your long flight. But you'll enjoy the trip on the 747...I love them. We've got a scheduled stop in Hawaii on Friday, March 28, after you've come and gone. You might write your names in the sand on Waikiki Beach where we'll see it.

We had an interesting jaunt yesterday, from our berth at Durban, S. Africa. When we started to enter the harbor, there was an announcement that it would probably be rough, and to secure all moving objects. So immediately there was a run on Dramamine, and everyone got near the seasick bags. The sea was a little rough all day, but on the ship smooth because of the stabilizers. I presume when they enter harbors they pull them because the bottom is shallower and there is the danger they'd hit something with them. If they did, it would put us in no danger, but they couldn't continue the trip without them. At any rate it was as smooth as a cup of tea going in, and I think they were all disappointed...that would have given them something else to bitch about.

Sometimes they come up with funny things. On the way thru a customs gate yesterday, a man came on board the bus and wanted to count the cameras we had. That's all...nothing else. There was no other check, coming or going.

We went on the bus out to Lion Park, which is on the order of the Lion Country Safari. Of course this was the native country for the animals, but they were separated, as it is a small park...where the lions couldn't kill the other animals, for instance. We saw impala, giraffes, a monkey, wildbeest, and many other animals. There was just a rough little dirt road thru there, and little traffic, so it seemed fairly realistic. We have another mini-safari scheduled in Kenya, which I hope is more realistic.

The lions are kept separately in two enclosures. One is for females and their cubs. It seems the male lions like cubs and insist on playing with them, but sometimes they get too rough and kill them. So now they keep them separated until the cubs get a chance to grow a little.

We just saw a couple of lions sleeping under the trees in the other part. Except in the lion part, the bus driver would let us get off the bus to take pictures. Of course, we kept edging up closer and closer to the animals, so they took off. But it was fun. Some of us had zoom lenses, but all I had was my little instamatic.

We stopped for lunch in the park headquarters, sort of a hotel, and had a wonderful buffet. It was about the same as you'd get in the States...roast beef, lunch meat, pork chops, potato salad, and some interesting looking concoction, which turned out to be fish and tasted like hot curry. They have Pepsi and cokes everywhere we go, so guess they are universal. Incidentally, on the ship they have very small bottles of coke and 7-up, which are 7-ounce, a little more than half the size of Stateside bottles or cans. We pay 25c for 'em.

So we enjoyed the lion park, and it was beautiful scenery. Aside from the winding roads, it's the same as it's always been.

Regards,

February 12, 1975

Dear John:

I didn't intend to write another letter today, but they had a special sale on Mocambique stamps, and I couldn't afford to pass it up. This ship is very good about stocking stamps ahead of us entering countries and getting the mail off. Of course, I want to you be sure to tell me if you don't get this.

We had an interesting trip yesterday to the back 40...a place called the Valley of 1000 Hills, and there were probably more than that. It's a Zulu territory, running about 25 x 50 miles, and was given to them by Queen Victoria. I thought that was big of her; grabbing the whole country, then giving the natives back a strip that size. Anyway, it's beautiful country, and the natives have chosen to live pretty much the way they always have.

There are about 35,000 Zulus in this territory, and they own it and run it pretty much the way they want. Permits have to be obtained to enter (although I saw no gates). But with a busload of people, they already have permits, etc.

Down in the rich valleys between the hills, there are small patches of gardens and fields, with the women tending them by hand. And there are lots of cattle and goats...beautiful cattle and fat and sleek goats. Their wealth is pretty well counted in cattle, and the various chiefs have them branded, as there are no fences and the cattle wander freely, many in the road, with nobody herding them.

It seems that the chiefs (they're not really; they just own a little land and some cattle) set up kraal, or cleared space on the side of a hill. There they build huts; one for him, one for each of his three or four wives, one for storage, and one away from the rest for the old folks.

Martha and I went in one, and they are exceptionally neat. It's cone shaped, with a skeleton of bent branches sort of woven together. Then this is covered with clumps of grass or branches until it is dry and waterproof. A small opening is left at the top. They are some 12 to 14 feet across. The floor is packed down smooth and hard, cow dung; and one would think it smelly, but it had sort of a barnyard smell, not unpleasant. They bring in fresh dung every week and put over the old, packing it with their hands and feet. There's a center pole, and by it were several pots resembling bowling balls, except hollow and an opening at the top some three inches across.

These are the cooking pots, made from the clay of a nearby hill, and they look like they're hardened or glazed somehow, and have a pretty thin shell. We naturally thought of the cooking in that small space, but the guide said they never stand up in these huts, although they are high enough, and we were standing up comfortably. They either squat or lay down on mats.

For pillows they use a log about 18 inches long, with a groove cut in it for the head. We were told they don't suffer from back trouble. We talked to a white South African woman in Durban, and she said the pill was going to save the country...but from what we saw of the Zulus they certainly aren't using it...the white people may. There were literally thousands of kids, everywhere, and most of them seemed under ten. The boys were naked as jay birds up to ten years or so, but the gals wore something wrapped around their hips.

Regards,

February 12, 1975

Dear Jack and Myra:

Martha and I are well at sea on our trip around the world, at the moment off the coast of East Africa, and enjoying it hugely...if the meals get any better we'll both be "hugeier"; or hugher. The food is wonderful, and everything going fine so far.

We had an interesting visit to a Zulu territory in South Africa yesterday. They live pretty much as they have for centuries, except now and then you see the remains of an old car, by a kraal. They accumulate a little cash, get an old car, can't run it long, and it sits. It seems to be sort of a status symbol, like genteel poverty.

We went to one kraal, and the occupants put on a dance for us. The head had four wives, and them plus 12 or 15 younger women and girls were all bare breasted. It seems he buys his wives, and dickers for them with cattle. The bigger the breasts and buttocks a girl has, the more cattle she's worth.

I was wondering what the native equivalent is of a pillowcase, to put over those gal's heads? Boy, they're ugly! And you don't see any hippies around...the boys have their heads shaved; likewise the girls with the exception of a small patch about half an inch long on the side of their heads.

The younger women put on a dance, which is supposed to entice young men to marry them. They touched various parts of their bodies, while singing a song of the delights they would give the bridegroom, if he were to marry them.

Of course, we were in South Africa only one day, so there are many unanswered questions. Among them were...how come men can have three or four wives: where do that many women come from? It must mean that some other fellow does without.

The older women then put on a dance, accompanied by a couple of them at the drums, which they dance after every storm. It seems lightning and fires are common in these hills and if their huts escape burning up, they dance this dance.

There were hundreds of kids along the road into Zulu territory, many of them performing dances, and one or two standing on their heads, as they heard the tour bus coming. They as they passed they held out their hands for pay for their performance. Martha threw out all the change we had, but it fell far short.

South Africa seems like a rich country, and in fact mines most of the free world gold. That's made their money stable, the "rand," which at present is worth about \$1.47 USA. The rand is divided into 100 cents like the dollar, and because of their mining and hoarding of gold, they have little or no inflation.

It's a beautiful and rich country, with building going on everywhere. They showed us a rich apartment complex going in on the side of a hill that'll be self contained with shopping centers, etc, and is to cost around \$150 million. We also saw some logging industry, for there seem to be lots of trees and great forests in the distance. I have heard of paper mills in South Africa.

Love,

February 13, 1975

Dear Becky:

I'm getting in a rash of letter writing the last day or two, as after we leave Mozambique tomorrow, we won't get a chance to post any letters until India, which will be eight days off. We'll stop at Mombasa, Kenya, but they have inferred that mail from there is not too swift.

They specially decorated parts of the ship yesterday in honor of Lincoln's birthday, with red, white and blue flags and pennants. And at entertainment last night they played the national anthem, at which all us poor refugees got wet eyed.

The thing that made the day was a candle light dinner, then after all plates had been cleared away, they dimmed the lights more, and a procession of waiters came in with baked Alaska, each one aglow with a sparkler. Each one was about the size of a small loaf of bread, and they split it among six diners. I kept hinting about who was to lick the platter, but was ignored. Martha and I both go ape over baked Alaska, which I'm sure you know, is a center of ice cream with great gobs of meringue covering it, then they pop it into an oven and brown it.

Over the whole thing they came with flaming dishes of cherries that they dipped onto the plate. Talk about good! I understand it is very tricky to make, and I don't see how they made so many so fast, feeding some 450 people at the same time.

Another thing they take great pains about are ice figures periodically in the dining rooms. They make two at a time, and they are very striking with lights behind them. They chisel swans and fish and different animals out of a large chunk of ice (100 pounds I think) about three feet long, and then when it is displayed it melts down rapidly. I took a couple of pictures of them...hope they turn out effectively.

We are in a very nice cabin, one of the nicest we've ever had. It's 11 x 11, with about 7 1/2-foot ceilings. Twin beds, with reading lights over each, and an upper bunk folded against one wall, in case there were three in the cabin. In addition there is an entryway, and bathroom. Tub with an overhead shower. We have piped music with a choice of two channels (no commercials) going from about 10 to midnight. And closets galore, in addition to plenty of drawer space. Each cabin has an individual thermostat, and unlike a lot of them, it has an ideal range of heating and cooling.

The bedroom (or cabin) is finished in sort of beige with three flowered curtains to give a little color. We have room telephones, which not all ships have, that give inter-ship communications and when we are at sea, we can call anywhere in the world with them.

The closets have automatic lights that go on when you open the door. Or I guess they do...I'm threatening to diet so I can stay in and see if the light goes out when the door is closed.

I've worked up to a routine of walking 16 laps around the promenade deck daily, about three miles, in addition to lots of walking just getting there. I've got lots of company, and two or three hardy souls run some laps around the deck. It's rather boring, so I usually take my tape recorder with me and listen to good music while treading.

Love,

February 14, 1975

Dear Clarence:

Will get this letter off this morning, as we are due in Mozambique around noon, and I want to be sure it's posted there. The next mail drop will be India, which is a long haul away...about a week. I was in line to get stamps, and a woman patiently waited her turn ahead of me. When she got waited on, all she wanted was a refund on one South African stamp, worth perhaps 30c. Naturally, she didn't get it, but the clerk had a hard time holding her tongue.

I guess a great part of the entertainment aboard is watching other people, and overhearing them. We're in closer contact than at home, and I guess we notice things that we wouldn't ordinarily. I went down yesterday to the weight room for a little workout, and there was a woman riding the electric exercycle, fully clothed, and knitting! I guess it bored her, but how'd she get a stitch in?

We are struck with resemblances of some of the passengers with people at home..for instance, our cabin steward resembles Juan Maldonado; our head waiter could be George Parker's brother; a member of a dance group looks like Malcolm Summers; a passenger is a look-alike for Jim Hester; etc.

We saw a remarkable act last night, mind reading. A magician and his wife appear real often, and she gets front billing, which we wondered about. But she was blindfolded securely, and then told a woman the names of her children and six grandchildren; told several men their social security numbers; and had three men come at random from the audience, produce a dollar bill, and she told them the serial number on it, correctly. Then she cleared a board behind her of 64 numbers in chess moves, with somebody yelling from the audience the first number at random.

I don't believe in mind reading, but I can't explain how she did it. After the show I told the magician I would hate to be married to a woman who could read my mind, and Martha said "you are." God, I hope not! We also have a pair of marvelous men vocalists, who are due to perform tonight. Though not good looking, they are abrim with personality, and have all the old gals panting. The other night one did a takeoff on Elvis, and as he said it was unfair that gals always got to to a strip, he was going to reverse that, and doggone if he didn't, right to his skivies. It brought down the house, and was the first standing ovation I've ever seen on a ship.

The passengers have had only one boat drill, but they are held often for crew members, and we notice afterwards that they'll call out for members of certain boats for a drill...they've probably goofed up, and have to get in another one on their own time.

We had fun and games last night, and ended up with two more bottles of champagne. They called for 12 former members of armed forces at this party, so I volunteered; and after all the colonels and majors and one staff sergeant, I told them I had been a buck private in the marines. So I was picked to drill them, and I told the m.c. that's why I never got over private. But we ended up with a little scuffling (in fun), and in the process broke my glasses. I've wondered sometimes how I could get along without them...now I have a chance to find out. Not a chance to get new lenses before Hong Kong.

I got a paper in Durban, which I've been reading, and it's printed on a 37" web...the page is almost square...with 10 columns.

Regards,

February 14, 1975

Dear Richard:

I'm waiting in our cabin now for connections for a phone call to Fort Worth, so thought I'd write a line while passing the time. We've had pretty good luck usually on these calls...sometimes there's an hour or two wait.

We had an interesting day today; a visit to Mozambique, which is a little country in East Africa, belonging to Portugal. We actually visited the island of Mozambique, which lies off the mainland some three miles, and is pretty small, around half a mile wide and some three in length, and total town.

There's a wonderful old fort at one end of the island, and I climbed all over it, and walked around the walls. It's pretty run down, but reminded me of the old movies of the Foreign Legion and the big old forts they had in them. On the battlements were many old cannon rusting away, on wood carriages...some with wooden wheels and others with cement wheels. The fort has been here some 350 years, but aside from an office or two where typewriters were clacking, and a guard room still used, it's long since deserted.

The fort was originally established to guard the mouth of the Zambesi river, which was one of the main channels of commerce in this part of Africa since the time of Christ. But now as some roads have been put in and air travel is used more, the river is not used much, and consequently this island has grown seedy.

I didn't see any industry, aside from a line of porters loading two trucks with big sacks of sugar. The island is supposed to be the cashew capital of the world, but I don't know where, as I pretty well circled it. There are lots of trees, and in the little narrow streets, they have left a circle of dirt about a yard across, not far from the curb, where thousands of trees grow along the streets. It makes it very attractive, as well as keeping it cool.

As I was walking down a back street I heard a press clacking, and explored around a courtyard until I found a little office where a man and some boys were. The man couldn't speak a word of English, and I'm a little helpless in Portuguese, but I think I got across that I was a printer (he recognized the word Texas), and he took me into the back shop.

It was very primitive, and aside from a windmill Heidelberg, consisted of ancient hand-fed presses, like I'd never seen before. A couple of peculiar paper cutters completed the list of equipment. All type was hand-set, and the paper stock was very meager. I imagine they have trouble getting supplies in this far-away place. The proprietor was Indian, but all the help I saw were Negro boys, about a dozen of them, and I swear not one was over 16, with others ranging down to 12.

We came off the ship about 1:00 noon, and everything was locked up tight for siesta. But at 2:30 they returned and opened up. The little town obviously is not tourist oriented, as all of us waddly tore around trying to spend money, and there was not much to buy. I changed \$20 into escudos before going ashore, but found this was the only place I've seen where the street peddlers didn't want escudos...they wanted dollar bills. One absolutely refused to take local money for some trinket, and I went on.

Regards,

February 15, 1975

Dear Beth and Jerry:

Just a few lines to let you know we are enjoying the trip...and we certainly were glad to see you over the holidays. We don't know when we will get to Seattle again, as we have not made any plans after our return from this jaunt.

I just went down and gave them a check for a trip of two days into Red China, Canton. We had earlier applied for it, and had talked to other passengers who had been turned down, but for some reason they accepted us, so I guess we're all set. Our sightseeing will be confined to a university, middle school and grade school, as well as a hospital, and probably a few other things they want us to see for propaganda purposes; but it will still be a wonderful experience, and we are looking forward to it.

We spent about six hours yesterday at Mozambique in East Africa, and enjoyed the visit. We anchored offshore and had to go ashore in the launches. Martha dislikes them, and she was halfway seasick on the way in. There was a slob sitting right by her smoking a cigar, and one of the other passengers asked him to put it out, but he said "I do what I want." I kept urging her to throw up on him and his cigar, but she wouldn't cooperate.

The little island we visited has about 15,000 inhabitants, mostly black, with a few shopkeepers who are Indian, and a few whites. It is not much changed from centuries of Arab rule architecturally, and I enjoyed wandering around. At one point we sat down and rested and were surrounded by 20 or so little girls on the way home from school. They were clean and bright and alert, and we all thoroughly enjoyed chatting with each other, with no one understanding a thing. I threw in a few words of Samoan, and they thought that was hilarious. Of course they speak Portuguese, and the only word I know in that is for thank you. But they all had to shake hands when they left, and I imagine they got a bang out of the tourists.

They are trying to develop a tourist industry here, and have a small attractive hotel, but are not equipped to handle many. I thought it was fascinating, but would hate to spend over a day or two there.

Near here on the Zambesi river are huge crabs, which provide quite an industry. The natives tell that monkeys sometimes lower their tails into crab burrows, and when the crab bites, they are jerked out and eaten by the monkey. If the crab is too big, he'll hold onto the monkey until the tide comes in, the monkey drowns, and the crab has a monkey dinner. I guess that's balance of nature.

As is common in Portuguese countries, we saw everywhere soldiers with carbines patrolling, with muzzles down. With all these countries clamoring for independence, I guess they are having troubles, and it is only a matter of time before they will have to get out. This country is the size of Texas, some nine times the size of Portugal, with a population of 7½ million, and 98% black. There is little modern development, and as the natives see all the prosperous travelers come in from outside, it is understandable that they want the same prosperity. But they are already beginning to see the beauties of the travelers' palms.

Love,

February 17, 1975

Dear Rahl:

We had a wonderful day yesterday at Mombasa and Tsavo National Park, Kenya. But it always makes me sad the next morning when I mark off a port, as that means one less experience to encounter. But we are looking forward to Bombay, and this morning will have the first of a series of port lectures on India.

We have five full days at sea before India, which will pass quickly, as the entertainment is excellent, and if we get bored we can always fall back on the scrabble board. Several of the entertainment groups have fantastic costumes, some real fluffy, and with many changes; it makes us wonder how they transport all that, let alone get all the different costumes into one cabin for one person.

We've been on ships where they had laundries for passengers, but this one doesn't. So we do most of our own in the sink or tub. We let the ship laundry do the shirts and some of Martha's things. They don't do cleaning at all, as the chemicals are too flammable for ships, we are told. But they'll sponge off pants and suits and press them.

But back to Kenya. Great gobs of the passengers signed up for the trip back to Tsavo park, which has been left as it was for centuries, and is now inhabited solely by animals, tourists and a few game wardens. It's rather worthless country, which is why man has not grabbed it long ago and cultivated it. Reminded me of areas of west Texas...sort of rolling country, with mountains in the far background. Most of it we saw has reddish soil and rocks, and as the roads were all narrow one-lane dirt, there were clouds of red dust.

When I got back to the ship and into the shower, the bottom of the tub looked like I'd shaved a brick. American Express had arranged for a fleet of mini-busses to take us up to the park, and there were probably a hundred of them. Ours was an old beat-up Volkswagen bus, with six of us passengers, and was very comfortable as we were not crowded and could see well. The driver spoke a little English, and was very willing to stop anytime we banged him on the shoulder. But he didn't know the names of many of the animals or plants. Part of the trip was from the city of Mombasa to the gate of the preserve on a good macadam two-lane highway, and he drove like a fiend there, hitting 75 in spots.

We saw quite a bit of game, most of it about a city block away from the road. Included were some 40 or 50 elephants, herds of zebra, baboons, oryx, impala, wildebeest, wart hogs, water buffalo, ostrich, giraffes, eland, kudu and several deer-like animals we didn't know. I think we were fortunate to see as many animals as we did, for we only spent some four hours in the park, when they recommend a minimum of three days and up to months. Several passengers were griping that we didn't see many...I guess they expected prides of lions stalking herds of wildebeest and killing them in the road ahead of the bus, as they show in the movies. But that would be a rare thing to see, although of course it happens, as this park feeds no animals...they all live off the country and each other.

There is no fence around the park, which is some 8000 square miles; just a small one that extends some way on both sides of the gates, and is, I'm sure, to keep out sightseers who desire to get in free. The day was one I'm sure we'll remember always.

Regards,

February 17, 1975

Dear J.D.:

We're still talking about yesterday's adventures on our mini-safari. It was one of the highlights of the voyage, and we enjoyed it. Kenya is an African nation now, self-governed since about 1963, and is primarily a rural population. There are only two cities, Nairobi, about the size of Fort Worth (in the interior, which we didn't visit), and Mombasa, a port city, about half the size of Fort Worth. The whole country is slightly smaller than Texas.

Of course, in one day, you can't begin to grasp everything about a city or country, but you can observe a lot of things and come to some conclusions. Kenya is directly on the equator, so most of the country is scrubland or wasteland. It looks to me as if it would do fairly well if one could irrigate. We didn't see all of Mombasa by any means, but what we did see gave me the impression that no progress has been made since the Mau Mau trouble some 12 years ago, and the Europeans were forced to leave. The streets seem in good shape, and there are even some flowering bushes growing along some of the main ones.

There used to be a large Indian population of some 300,000, who were mainly merchants and professional men; some of them living here for several generations. But they have consistently been forced to leave until there are only some 40,000 here now, and as they are still resented and envied, their property is being confiscated and they are going all along, many to England, where they are beginning to run into the same problems.

The leader of the Mau Mau's was Kenyatta, who spent many years in prison up to that time as an agitator. Now he is revered with statues, is the president of the country, and his likeness appears on all the currency and coins.

We were warned to leave our wallets on the ship, as well as purses, and be careful as we wandered about. There is still lots of resentment about white people, and we were discouraged from setting out on our own, as we are wont to do most places. So we all went on escorted tours or took taxis. The only wandering I did was on the dock, where several dozen men spread their wares and gave us the hard sell on their carved and woven objects. Some of it was the best I've seen, and Martha and I went overboard and bought more than we really wanted, as it was very good and very cheap. I ran out of money, and walked over to the ship to get some more, but as we were to cast off in half an hour, was not permitted to go back and buy some more. Just as well.

The Arabs have been raiding and occupying this part of the coast for hundreds of years, along with other invaders, mainly to get slaves and ivory. At one time they about decimated the population. Egyptians and Phoenicians were before them. But the English finally came along and divided up the countries, with Germany and a few others. They tell the story that when Queen Victoria was on the throne, she was of German ancestry, and her grandson was ruling in Germany at the time. She had two high mountains in Kenya, Mt. Kenya and Kilimanjaro.

The queen's grandson was mouthing off one day about her having two high mountains in Kenya, and in his country of Tanzania, he had none. So she zigged the border and gave him a mountain, Kilimanjaro. Later, after world war I, the British got it all.

Regards,

February 17, 1975

Dear Rick and Rosemary:

Just a few lines today in a lull in the daily activities. Slept late after a busy and long day yesterday in Mombasa, Kenya; had a late breakfast; a few strolls around the deck; an India lecture at 11:00, and lunch. Then went down to the exercise room for a workout, a steam bath and shower. Up to the bridge to look around for an hour or so and talk to one of the ship's officers, now a letter or two, and the day is gone. I've been taking a short nap, but am having trouble getting to sleep nights, so have cut that out. It's a harsh life, huh?

You and the kids would have loved yesterday, when we visited one of the biggest game preserves in the world, Tsavo National Park...8000 square miles. We saw a lot of wild animals, and at noon went to an excellent buffet in the interior of the park, the Voi Safari Lodge. It sits on a rocky cliff overlook some game water holes, and stretching for miles unto distant mountains is a flat plain, teeming with game.

At the moment we ate lunch there was a herd of zebras drinking below us. The dining room is out on a terrace with a rock wall around it, and this falls away to the cliff, giving an unobstructed view while dining. As we were eating a pair of baboons came some 10 or 12 feet away and stared at us. Some tourists started to throw them something to eat, but a waiter protested and said not to feed them...that would encourage them to come into the dining room, and they quickly tear up tables and break dishes. He threw some rocks at them, and they disappeared. After I ate, I went around the ledge, and one was sneaking up again, about four feet from me. As I took his picture he ran.

That lodge would be a marvelous place to spend a few days. It's as modern and luxurious as a Holiday Inn, with a pool, etc. Your mother saw a mummy she wanted, and got it big, size 40. We didn't have time for her to try it on. But I guess the 40 was in centimeters, for she can barely get it on, but can't zip it up. I told her she looked good in...like she was born in it.

Down below the lodge was sort of an underpass some 50 feet long. You go down the cliff on a path, enter the underpass, and from its mouth can observe game at the waterhole nearby. Guess it's good at night, when there is more game out. On returning to the ship, we passed a landing strip not too far from the lodge. Probably have a small plane ferrying guests from Mombasa, which should not take 20 minutes.

We hit here in the dry season, which makes for better game viewing. There is less grass and shrubbery, so you can see further, and the game has to move to get to water, which keeps them near the road. The rolling plains have some trees, but on the whole look like the aftermath of a hurricane, with millions of trees and trunks rotting on the ground. It seems the elephants knock the trees down, probably just rubbing against them. Perhaps to feed on the leaves. It looks like it could have been a forest at one time, but most of the trees are on the ground.

We had refreshments in another camp, rather primitive, which consisted mainly of native huts...I think it was sort of motel arrangement, and the entire thing was surrounded by a wide deep moat to keep out the animals. The driveway had a cattle guard, which I don't think would be effective against elephants. The moat was dry.

Love,

February 18, 1975

Dear Marvin:

We're chugging along on the way to Bombay...a long stretch in here that one doesn't realize...five days from Africa to India. Today's a dull day on board; nothing but a classical piano concert tonight and a movie we've already seen...so guess it's scrabble for us today.

I had an interesting visit to the ship print shop a few minutes ago. They print a daily lunch and dinner menu, a daily program of events and odds and ends, like invitations to cocktail parties, etc. The menus and daily calendars are beautifully pre-printed in four colors in Holland (offset), and all the print shop here does is overprint in black in the blank spaces.

Equipment consists of an Intertype with two magazines (8 and 10-point type), and a 12x18 Heidelberg. They have a couple of banks of hand type, limited but sufficient for the job. And a small 19-inch paper cutter. It looks like all their paper is pre-cut to 8x11 and two or three other sizes.

Two men work there, and can do all the work in six or eight hours a day. One of them spoke limited English, and as my Dutch consists of one word, I wasn't much help. But he said it was a very good job, and when they are coming into a port they work ahead, nights if need be, to get the work out, and then are free to go ashore. They work eight months, then fly home for four months, which is also the arrangement with most of the crew.

The Holland America line has three passenger ships, and the printers alternate between them, to keep two men always on duty on each of the ships. I asked him what they did in case of a breakdown, and he said they usually were able to fix it aboard...occasionally when they came into port they'd have a mechanic or machinist come aboard. But he said with only the two of them they seldom have a breakdown, as they are careful and baby and maintain the machines. The shop looked very neat, and with the limited space, they couldn't be too messy.

I told him one of my favorite stories...that when I was about 20 my brother in Los Angeles asked me if I wanted a job as printer on one of the Matson liners. I was tempted, but at the time going with a little gal, and rather than break her heart, turned the offer down. And, of course, broke up with the gal later. I've regretted it ever since. One wonders how different their life would have been if a different decision is made at a crossroad like that.

We also get a daily news sheet that I thought was perhaps multilithed, but guess it is mimeographed somewhere else, as they had no multilith. And the printer said he had little or no knowledge of offset, and I don't think he had ever heard of web offset, as he looked blank when I mentioned our web offset business.

I also talked with the ship's captain a moment this morning, as I was strolling on the promenade deck. He's a big tall Dutchman, and told me he was fighting the fat also...that when he's home he walks two hours daily. But on the ship, drinking is the problem for him rather than eating, for he is invited and has to attend so many cocktail parties, and he said that really puts on the weight. Suppose it does.

Regards,

February 18, 1975

Dear Bill:

We're continuing on our way to India, churning over the bounding main (whatever that is). We phoned in last night and Martha talked to her sister and our daughter, which we enjoyed. And they pinched the new baby so we could hear him cry. Pretty good lungs. At the moment we are 9½ hours ahead of you, so we put in for a phone call about 4:00 p.m. here, and as there was transmission trouble, the call didn't get completed until about 11:00 last night. Usually, we can get thru within half an hour. But we're almost exactly halfway around the world now, and guess their troubles multiply, with the radio.

We passed over the equator again yesterday, and I hardly felt a bump. The first time there is quite a ceremony, but it went unnoticed yesterday, except for a casual announcement.

We're still talking about the day in Mombasa, Kenya, and our "adventures" that day. It was an extremely interesting place, and I hope we can get back sometime for a lengthier visit. We drove out of town some 25 or 30 miles to the game park, along a macadam two-lane highway, fairly narrow, which is the main highway in the country, between Mombasa and Nairobi. Along both sides are foot paths worn in the dirt shoulder, and quite a bit of foot traffic all along. A bicycle now and then.

Lots of the women were carrying bundles and pots on their heads, that seemed to be their favorite loading zone. We passed a group carrying long poles in bundles, some 18 feet long, and while most were holding them on, one or two showoffs were balancing them with no hands. I suspect they were doing it for the tourists. And it was quite common to see some of them bare-breasted.

They drive on the left there, which I don't think would be any problem for us as long as traffic was constant. But on some of the narrower roads where we had to swing out for approaching vehicles, it was sometimes startling to have the driver swing left. I'm not sure I'd always remember.

Although this is hot and tropical country, we saw a few palm trees, but not as many as you'd expect. Probably too dry. And few domestic animals except for cows and goats. Saw one horse and one dog. Although part of the highway had a profusion of flowers planted, we saw little in yards, and none for sale. It's always puzzled me why some enterprising person doesn't set up a flower stall where us tourists could buy them. We're always looking for flowers for our cabin and dining table, and it's rare that we find a flower stall.

While we were waiting to get off the ship at Mombasa, the doctor took off a man on a stretcher, fairly young, and I found out yesterday that he was one of the ship's officers, who had had a mild heart attack. Mombasa would be a poor place to be left. A doctor passenger was telling me that he was met there by a local doctor who had heard he was coming, and was asked to stay for six months or a year to replace the local one. The passenger is an eye-year-nose and throat man, and it seems the local man has been assisting some in cataract operations, although his degree is doctor of divinity. He wanted to go to the States for a little more education. He said that there was no one else, and it just fell on him.

Regards,

February 19, 1975

Dear Larry:

Hope this finds you, Rene and the baby doing okay. I imagine you are tired of stumbling over the rewinder by now. At the moment we are midway between Africa and India, in the Indian Ocean; not too far from Saudi Arabia; and the closest we'll get to Europe on this trip.

We found East Africa very interesting, and hope we can come back some time, to see it in more detail. I think the highlight of this cruise for Martha were the two mini-safaris we took, to see all the animals living as they have for centuries. Our driver let us have the windows down, but wouldn't let us step out. I imagine some nuts would approach a lion to take a picture of the pupil in his eye, and end up a meal.

They told us a story about this country; that about the turn of the century the British wanted to establish a city in the interior, Nairobi, and so proposed running a railroad some 250 miles from Mombasa to a waterhole at that time. Everyone thought they were crazy, but they went ahead with it, and one of the main problems turned out to be the wild animals, mainly lions.

There were two lions in particular, over nine feet long, who turned to man eaters, and they would even go into work huts, grab a sleeping man, and carry him off. It got so bad, all work stopped for nine months, until the army finally hunted them down and killed them. But the natives were still terrified, and work progressed very slowly. But it was finally finished, and as far as I know is the only railroad in the country, and is used constantly.

Most of the houses we saw in Kenya were mud. A few round huts, but a lot of them like regular small houses, rectangular, except made of mud over a criss-crossed framework of sticks and branches. I wonder why the mud doesn't wash away during the rainy season. The roofs were usually of grass interwoven or palm leaves; sometimes corrugated steel.

A great many peddlers were sitting along the road we traveled to the game preserve. Most had gunny sacks of charcoal, with from two to 20, usually, standing in a row. The sound of our vehicle activated boys sitting by the road, and they would run out in front of us and do a wild dance, holding up small watermelons, but about the size of cantaloupes. These wares were obviously for other natives...not tourists. I guess it is quite a home industry, burning the scrub brush and making charcoal of it.

Not too long ago this country was not friendly to man or cattle, because of the tsetse fly, which (I think) brought on sleeping sickness to both. But it evidently has been conquered, as we did not see one fly, mosquito or insect during our stay.

Back in the game reserve there are thousands, perhaps millions, of giant ant hills, from a foot high to as high as a man. Constructed of the red earth, they resembled a native village sometimes, with their conical shapes. Some had trees growing in the middle. I couldn't figure if they were constructed around the trees, or the trees sprouted and grew in old ant hills. But all we saw looked to be deserted, and we don't know if they are occupied only during some seasons; and during this dry season the ants are far underground; or perhaps the spray they used on the tsetse flies killed the ants also. Our driver didn't know enough English to give us an answer.

Regards,

February 19, 1975

Dear Bobby and Diane:

Your mother and I are still enjoying the cruise. We were somewhat upset upon getting a letter from Jane about Nancy's sickness and situation, but after a call back night before last, find it has settled down and is much better now.

As usual on these cruises, we welcome a few days at sea after a strange port, to rest our straining eyeballs. Our eyes were tired and arms black and blue from punching each other and saying "Looky there," at the sights and sounds of Kenya. You'd love the animals in the wild.

This ship has one of the swimming pools way down on D deck, about midships, which I've entered a time or two. Although the ship seems stable, when you get in the pool you have automatic swimming...just stand there and the pool does the swimming for you. It's salt water, but everything else is soft water.

This ship has less mingling with the crew and passengers than we've seen on others. There are no officers eating with us in the dining rooms, and I don't even know if the captain has a table. The 15 or 20 entertainers pretty well stick together also. You can talk to them, but they break away soon and seek others of their kind.

A crew member told me they are absolutely forbidden to discuss one passenger with another passenger, and I guess this applies to entertainers also. That sort of limits one's conversational knack. And of course, all the entertainers have their trade secrets that they can share with each other, but dare not discuss with the public. With all the big mouths among the passengers, there are few secrets.

Most of the time when we go into port we have docking, but they have a system of colored cards on this ship for the tenders. You go to one of the big public rooms, and are given one of 60 colored cards. When the tender is ready for its 60 passengers, you surrender the card and enter it. Of course this applies only to the initial rush. After an hour or two, usually one can just walk on the tender.

The kitchen got up a fabulous Valentine day buffet in the evening, with stacks of fruits ornamentally stacked, ice figures, and 40 different kinds of meats and epicurian delights, both to the eye and gastric juices. I took a couple of pictures of it, before we were let loose to devour it. But I'm not sure my flash worked, and can only hope.

On a visit to the bridge, one of the officers told me it averages some \$6000 each time we come into port, for dock fees, tugs, longshoremen, gangway fees, etc. And guess that includes the pilot. I would have thought some of these starving ports would pay the ship to come, in order to get at all this American green stuff. We're having to fill out money forms for India now, stating how much money we intend to bring ashore, and we'll be restricted to that amount (they say)...as there's a flourishing black market in foreign currency, and we are legally only to change into rupees aboard ship or at banks, using this form.

As all the church-goers were sight-seeing Sunday, Sunday was postponed until Monday, and church services were conducted that afternoon...with small attendance. The Catholics held mass at 5:30 a.m., and I don't know what the rabbi did.

Love,

February 20, 1975

Dear Jack and Mil:

Hope this finds both of you well and happy. We kept an eye out for the Shirley Lykes in South and East Africa, but got close to only half a dozen ships to identify them. At times there were many on the horizon, but we had no way of knowing their names or origins.

We like the Holland America line and this ship. The line at present has six ships, three passenger, two container and one they call a LASH ship, which loads large barges on top of one another. We saw them load some of these barges at Long Beach, and it seems to be a wonderful idea. They pack them with a wide variety...cars, lumber, sacks, tractors, or almost anything you can ship. They are floating at the dock, and a pair of cranes can work them. Then, when the ship comes in it's a matter of a few hours to hoist these aboard, then they're off. The beauty is that the ship is not tied up while they're loading cargo piecemeal.

The cruise director is an Irishman, and he loves to tell Irish jokes. Seems he had a neighbor who had a pig he wanted to get bred. He took her up the road to a neighbor who had a boar, and after it was completed paid the man, and asked him how he could tell results. The reply was if the pig was wallowing in the mud the next morning, it had not taken; if she was smelling flowers, it had. The next morning, he found her wallowing in the mud; so took her back for a second session. The third morning he could not get the courage to look, so asked his wife if she was wallowing in the mud, or smelling flowers. His wife said neither...she's sitting in the wheelbarrow.

There's a room aboard with quite a few slot machines, and I thought of you. There must be 50, most of them quarter machines, and a few accept dimes. There seem to be a lot of addicts, but so far I've not caught the fever. I've played a little, and they're in ~~me~~ about \$2.50; but I really prefer cards or horses, as I feel machines can be set heavily in favor of the house, and it's not real gambling. But I've seen several \$50 jackpots, with all the bells ringing, so maybe I'm wrong.

On this ship, while at sea, we can go to the bridge a couple of hours a day, so I take advantage of it. It's the first ship I've seen without a large wheel. Of course nowadays they have automatic steering...just dial in the setting you want. But I asked the steersman how they did it when entering harbors; they have a small wheel smaller than a car's, or a small lever with about eight inches of travel that controls the rudder. When they take on a pilot, he calls the correction or setting, and the helmsman steers.

You always have the idea of the captain or mate standing staring ahead with binoculars glued to his eyes. But up there they have the second officer working on the log and figuring position, a rating marking a chart in an inner room, and a third man in and out...with virtually no one ever looking out the window. Of course it was a beautiful day and you could see for miles. They also had the radar switched off. I felt like volunteering to keep a watch.

Most of the passengers are old people, some quite senile, which makes me very thankful that my work is with young and sharp people. I don't think I'd have the patience to work with the elderly, or even be around them much. Martha was remarking to me a night or two ago that we've been a month on the ship and some people could not even find the right dining room, and we looked around...we had entered the wrong dining room and could not find our table there. Of course, they're about identical.

Regards,
Pal.

February 20, 1975

Dear David:

Was good to talk to you theother day, and find everything going full blast. Hope Don is back okay now...presume he'll have to slow down a bit, and be a little less intense. That'll be hard, with his drive.

I just came back from my first haircut since I've left home...was getting a bit mangy. The barber was a young Dutchman who speaks four languages, and is pretty sharp. He said it was a wonderful life aboard ship for a single man, but rough on the married ones. He's not married yet, but when he does, will stay home, he thinks. He faces 14 months in the Dutch army when he goes home, so is in no hurry. Holland is such a small country, that most of the residents are forced to know more than Dutch. I guess we're lucky that way.

A woman left the ship in Rio with a heart attack. We just heard from her and she is much better, and is getting a doctor to fly to the States with her. She must be one of the Rockefellers.

Attended a lecture on India yesterday, where we'll be day after tomorrow. The lecturer was telling about the evolution of various religions, and some of their rites. The Catholic priest was sitting in front of us, and he was acting like he had ants in his pants when the lecturer touched on "superstitions" of eating fish on Friday, counting beads and a few other things various religions do. We had more fun watching him than listening.

And then I think he left the room when the m.c. told the story of two nuns who ran out of gas in the country. One walked a couple of miles to a station, but they had no container. She found a child's potty in the rest room, so the attendant filled it with gas, and she carefully carried it back to the car. While pouring it into the tank, a truck driver stopped and said "Begorrah sister, you have more faith than I."

We've won three bottles of champagne at various events, but one of the prizes they say they're going to give out...I've never seen...a pair of water skis.

I was talking to one of the crew members, and he said he and his wife had had 10 children in 12 years. I would imagine he had to put on a second shift for that feat. Wouldn't that be a lovely life for his wife, raising that brood alone eight months a year. and of course you know they are handsomely paid on these thips.

They still scrape and paint on these ships. One Indonesian boy is out on the promenade deck all day every day scraping the white paint off some tables, then re-painting them. When he's done, he goes somewhere and gets some more. Have never seen paint remover...maybe it's a fire hazard. You would think in this day and age they'd come up with a plastic paint that would last at sea. But someone said they have quit putting lead in paint and you can't get red lead, so they have gone backward. But maybe that's only in the States...perhaps they can get it elsewhere.

I saw a remarkable thing in Africa, from the past. A gasoline pump with manual pumping. Didn't think they existed, but probably they do where there is no electricity. And the gas was about \$1.20 US. That's with Saudi Arabia just up the road.

Had better cease this and go to lunch. Can't afford to miss a meal.

Love,

February 21, 1975

...oward:

It's a gorgeous morning out, brilliant sunshine, without a cloud in sight; but with a terrific headwind. I imagine they're really having to pour on the coal below to make headway. The open decks are getting some salt spray, which precludes much sunning out there. That's one advantage to not wearing glasses...salt water is supposed to be good for the eyes, but hard to get off glasses.

Just finished talking awhile to an old boy 84 years old, and sharp as a tack. Hope I'm that way when that old. But he's rather a bore...keeps on about his voyages, and won't let me get a word in edgewise about mine. Someone else told me about the woman who faithfully took the pill, in polluted water, and then found she was three months stagnant.

There's a marvelous pianist on the ship, named Al Foster, who we haven't really heard yet. He's also musical director on all the various productions, and keeps right busy. But he's supposed to play an hour or two for the "night owls" in one of the bars, starting at midnight, so Martha and I decided to stay up last night and listen to him. So we played some scrabble, went to the night buffet and otherwise killed time until midnight; so he didn't show up.

This isn't much of a swinging group, I guess. At that time there were perhaps half a dozen people around, and they were just passing through on the way to bed. On the short cruises with less time to spare, and younger people, I imagine many stay up all night and swing.

We're due in India tonight, around 9:00, but it's doubtful that we'll get clearance to go ashore until morning. But I enjoy watching the ship maneuvering into port, and all the activity that takes place. Most places they seem to let people on the ship freely, as there are sometimes droves of local people seeing someone off, or just touring the ship. But we've had a notice that there'll be restrictions here and we can't bring anyone aboard as they've been plagued by pickpockets and thieves before in Bombay. Also, we're encouraged to take little money with us ashore, and leave wallets and purses behind, if possible. Guess the people here are desperate.

I'm always amused to see all the calisthenics on deck, and the people walking all those laps around the promenade deck, then they chase in and take an elevator to their cabins. I think the stairs are the best exercise there is, and never take an elevator.

These elevators are real characters, and Martha is finding real adventure with them. There are about nine, and in the main lobby are four in a row. It seems they are not programmed together, so every person who wants an elevator goes along and pushes all four buttons, then takes the one that comes first. That creates a certain amount of anarchy, as the elevators spend most of their time on dry runs. And then, Martha tells me, they have a mind of their own...going opposite to where you push the button; stopping at a floor and refusing to move, etc. She comes in every day with an elevator story. I'll usually take the stairs up a couple or three flights, and be in the cabin reading sometimes before she gets there via the elevator.

We've already got five bells, and imagine we'll find India a real treasure trove for them. Probably like Japan...you could have an endless variety of just Japanese bells. We ran across one beauty; it's sort of a woven glazed china one, painted with flowers.

Hope this still finds everything well there.

Love,

February 21, 1975

Bess:

Martha and I are still enjoying the trip, now a little over a month, and are almost exactly halfway around the world from you...12 time zones... due in Bombay, India, tonight. In case you hadn't heard, Nancy had a big boy, 9 pounds, 2 ounces, soon after we left, and after some minor problems on her part, they are doing fine now. We've called back and talked to her and Jane a couple of times. His name is Saul King Odom (where they got that I don't know, but he's stuck with it).

One night in fun and games I broke my glasses, and have been going without them ever since. It seems strange, but am doing surprisingly well, with no headaches so far. I brought another pair with me, but they bothered me, so just going bare now. There's a slight fuzziness at a distance, but I can see fine; and reading is no problem except for a slight sense of strain. I think probably I'll get a pair of reading glasses when I get home, and do without the rest of the time, for they are a nuisance.

As is customary on these ships, before entering a port we get one or more port lectures on what to see, buy, do and where to go; as well as what to beware of. The lecturer on this cruise is a man in his 60's, whom we had on a cruise two years ago, James Arthur Lyons. Why I'm mentioning it is that he continually amazes me with his memory. For instance, day before yesterday he talked solid for an hour on the history and religions of India, throwing in many specific dates and dozens of Indian names. Yesterday about a half hour on arts and crafts, again very knowledgeable; and this morning another half hour on what to see and do in Bombay.

His material is all different and he never seems to hesitate and search for anything to say. It's that way with most of the ports we visit. Obviously he does hours of reading and research, but how does he retain it long enough to give these lectures? Most of his audience is lucky if they can remember their cabin number.

Did you hear about the Scotchman who insisted on having his wedding in his backyard, so his chickens could get the rice?

Martha and I haven't really made any firm friends yet, as we have done on other cruises. By now the passengers have pretty well separated into groups or cliques...the bridge nuts, or the drinkers, or the golf fiends; and we don't fit into any specific category. Someone is always throwing cocktail parties, usually with the captain or some other high ship officer as a captive curiosity. They are usually desperately clutching a drink, and looking for the first excuse to escape and get back among people who speak their language.

Martha and I went to one or two of these parties in the beginning, but as we don't drink I suppose we are a drag. If they insist on forcing one on me, I usually pour it onto a palm, or over the side. To us they are sheer boredom, and we are seldom invited anymore.

We're eager to see India, after hearing so much about it. It is seething after getting independence about 1950, and as they make no apparent attempt to limit population growth, is about to reach the explosion stage. I read the other day where Mrs. Ghandi made a statement that it was none of the world's business how many new Indians are born every year, but it is the obligation of the world to feed 'em. I suppose some kind of revolution, with perhaps the communists taking over, and imposing some rigid birth quotas and discipline (as they have done in China) is coming, terrible as that would be.

To compound the problem, there are wide differences within India, with some 14 languages, and over a thousand dialects.

Love,

February 23, 1975

Dear Jack:

Hope everything going fine with you and Dorothy, and at the shop. We've called home regularly, and PC seems to be booming. A little flurry over Nancy and her troubles, but that seems to have blown over.

I was about out of breath thinking of something to write about, until we hit India yesterday; and now I've got a whole new subject. We took a guided tour yesterday, which turned out wonderful, and was guided by a very charming and intelligent Indian woman. The bus was small, and Martha and I being in the front seat, got a chance to talk with her...so she invited us out to her house this afternoon, without mentioning time. We got ready after lunch, and called, but her husband said to come about 5:30, and she was out. So we're standing by.

By the tour busses yesterday were some boys with monkeys, who'd do one or two tricks, then they wanted an offering. We heard a monkey bit one of the ladies, and we know if he bit some we know, the monkey would need the shot. Along the same line, a man tied a little kid by the neck and waist to a long pole, then balanced it on his head, and then the palm out.

We saw a snake charmer with a flute, and the cobra kept striking his hand, but he said it wouldn't hurt. Told Martha to come closer, but she kept about 20 feet away. I kept urging her to pet him. I gave the charmer some odds and ends of Indian coins I had (all I had) and he refused them...wanted a "dollah."

Before coming in, we were handed applications to fill out, stating how much money we were bringing into India, and a form stating firm rules for exchange...and all this had to be stamped by officials before we could go ashore...but found no trouble in exchanging money anywhere, and several places have said they want dollahs. So guess they have their meaningless red tape also.

We came into port about 9:00 Friday night, ahead of schedule, and were met by a 15-man police band, all with either bagpipes or drums. They played and marched awhile, then Martha wanted me to slip 'em a note, requesting "Rhapsody in Blue." While they were standing at attention once, a big friendly dog came up and started sniffing around; that got them to marching again in a hurry before he got the idea one of them was a lampost. One of the drummers had a big boom-boom drum, and we wondered if he got extra, as he played the flip side.

On Saturday morning the "Greater Bombay Police Band" showed up, with 43 men, and put on another concert for us...they just sat. Among their selections were "Just a Little Bit," "Wouldn't it be Loverly," "Down the Street Where You Live," "Get Me to the Church on Time," and "Put Your Little Foot," most from My Fair Lady. Sounded pretty good.

We visited a beautiful park with a view over the city, except for the smog, and it was equipped with a playground. There was a big shoe kids could get inside, and the guide said the Indian version of the old nursery rhyme was "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe; she had no children, for she knew what to do."

An Irishman went to confession, leaving his companion waiting outside the church, saying he'd just be a moment. He told the priest his sin was being with a woman not his wife. The priest asked who, and he said he couldn't tell. So the priest asked, "Mrs. Murphy," and the man said "I can't tell." Then the priest said, "Mrs. Callihan?" and the man stood his ground. Then "Tell me if it was Mrs. Duggin," and the man refused. Going outside, his companion asked if he felt better, and he said, "I sure do...the priest gave me two dandy leads."

Regards,

February 24, 1975

Dear Richard:

Hope this finds you, Helen and the kids well and happy. I've called in a few times; the shop seems to be prospering in my absence. So far we're not a bit homesick, although we would like to see the new grandson soon, he'll have to wait until April 20 or so.

At the moment we're cruising south in the Arabian Sea, and the coast of India is in the hazy background off the port side. The horizon is dotted with dozens of sails, probably belonging to coastal schooners or fishermen. Probably India is too poor to afford much sport sailing. The petrol shortage has likely brought on a resurgence of sails for those too poor to purchase it.

We spent one of the most delightful days imaginable yesterday in Bombay. Let me start by saying that India has never had a particular attraction for me, and I had always pictured it (if bothering to go that far) as infested by beggars, lepers, dirt, fleas, a few ragged temples, and generally as rather a drag on the rest of humanity.

But I found Bombay a lively, vibrant city; with a modern skyline like Dallas, and under that a thoroughly enchanting maze of streets, markets, shops; and a paradise for people-watchers. We were warned several times that it was not safe for a European to wander about on his own...that he would be resented and probably robbed. But I spent three enchanting hours Sunday morning wandering about in the maze of markets and back streets, seeing only two other Europeans, and never felt safer. People were friendly, smiling back at me, and shopkeepers were courteous and not pushing. They were eager to sell, of course, but I seldom got the hard sell.

We had taxied to a place called Crawford market the previous day, and were promptly adopted by a "licensed guide". We resisted at first, but he was convincing, and it turned out to be a good deal. The market is huge, some four square blocks under one roof, and contains thousands of stalls selling flowers, fruits, vegetables, eggs, novelties, etc. They are pretty well departmented with each category clustered into a group. Our guide insisted on us sampling fruits and spices (without charge), and we still don't know what some of them are.

Then he led us to a maze of shops nearby, and we made a few purchases, including a little scales, obviously used, but perhaps unique. Our guide was hard to turn off; we wanted to buy a bell, and did; then he kept showing us more and more bells. The same with anything we'd pause to look at. He insisted on doing the dickering, saying he could get a better price, but I'm sure he was ensuring his commission in the deal (which he'd pick up later), but that was all right, as the prices were very cheap.

We heard of a place in India where they serve you with LSD and the pill, so you can take a trip without the kids.

Bombay has seven million people, and was originally seven little islands jutting out from the mainland into the Arabian sea. The space between was filled in, so virtually the whole city is on made land. They are still undergoing this process, and are reclaiming land from the sea. They don't use machines such as bulldozers. Seem to be doing it with trucks and men with baskets. It was explained to us that with the huge population of India (some 650 million) employment has to be found, so they avoid machines in many cases, and use people as much as possible.

A common laborer works as cheap as 62¢ per day, so it makes common sense to hire as many as possible.

Regards,

February 24, 1975

Dear Bob and Helen:

We're happily sailing the Arabian sea, leaving Bombay yesterday and Mormagoa today, with Ceylon the next stop Wednesday. We've called in several times and Nancy and the new baby are doing well now, after a few troubles at first.

India was enjoyable, which we didn't expect, and want to come back soon for a longer visit. By chance met a very charming Indian lady, who invited us to her home yesterday afternoon. She, her husband and son live in a condominium overlooking the Arabian sea, but unfortunately another has been built between them and the sea, so most of the view is cut off.

But we sat on a beautiful balcony while their servant served us tea, sort of egg rolls with mild curry, cookies and cakes. The three-bedroom apartment was beautifully and tastefully appointed and decorated, with among other things, a whole wall of print blocks (something like wood cuts) that had been used to stamp designs on cloth. They were first stained dull black, then the flat surface painted various colors. Then they had an inner door they had varnished a natural sandalwood color, and glued or nailed a delicate sandalwood screen over it. Also they had several ancient stone figures, centuries old, from Hindu temples that they were very proud of.

It was a thrill coming in Bombay at night, as it always is to me entering an exotic foreign port I've not been to...with the pause for the pilot while far out, the chugging tugs joining us as we enter the harbor, the circle of lights from the strange city, and usually a characteristic scent comes to meet us as we dock. In Bombay the scent seemed to have a bit of curry, a spice, and some diesel from the tugs. Contrary to expectations, we didn't find it a smelly city, and very rarely were we aware of any smell at all.

During our two days there was quite a bit of smog, which didn't bother except in long-distance pictures. Several views would have been marvelous but were not clear due to the haze.

Of course India is mainly Hindu, and on gaining independence about 1961, she was partitioned and lost Pakistan, which was Moslem. This resulted in millions of Hindus leaving Pakistan and the same with Moslems leaving India. We saw several Catholic churches and were told it is the dominant Christian religion. Also from the bus saw a Lutheran and Baptist church.

Many women wear the little touch of lipstick on the forehead, which we had always supposed caste marks, but were told it is merely a good luck symbol, usually by a married woman who is happy, but recently younger girls have made it fashionable. The same with the Sikh turbans, which abound. They have no special function anymore...if you like 'em, you just wear 'em. Before we left some of the women passengers were putting on the dot of lipstick.

We have found, in India as elsewhere, that guides want to show us the new and modern, and up-to-date; while we want to see the old and quaint, and different from what's at home. We saw many girls with small jewels on the side of their noses, and were told they sometimes have them pierced. Supposed to have a new one out now that's clip-on. Would imagine glueing would work until you washed your face. Also girls and women wearing rings on their toes, usually the middle one. Don't know if any significance.

The sari was the uniform of the day, with most of the tourist women in slacks. The men wear shirts and pants, with an occasional one donning the old diaper style costume. Sandals are universal, with some just going barefoot, but usually only the beggars.

Love,

February 25, 1975

three

AL

We are enjoying a day of rest after ~~two~~ hectic days in India, and tomorrow we hit Ceylon. I'll have to pause in a few minutes to attend a lecture on it, so hope you wait patiently until I come back. Occasionally along the passageways there are red lights, and I asked a crew member what the purpose was...in jest he said the same as they mean anywhere. I told him with this group that would sure create an energy crisis.

On Saturday quite a few passengers got up early, caught a bus, then a plane, and another bus, to visit the Taj Mahal, some 400 miles away. We debated, but decided against it; as it was quite expensive, and would be an exhausting day. We can probably get it another trip when we have more time. But those who saw it said it was one of the wonders of the world.

Bombay has nice modern docks, some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of them, and the water is very clean. We anchored across the dock from an Indian navy carrier, which was almost as big as our ship. Couldn't get near it though to take a picture. Saw a dolphin or two near the dock and tried to picture them.

There are not too many cars in Bombay yet, but you see taxis everywhere (some 16,000 of them). India makes three kinds of cars, one of which is a Fiat, and as licensing has recently expired, the Indians are manufacturing it independently. All their cars are Fiat size. We had six in one yesterday, and it was not too bad. There are lots of old London busses (I wonder if Charles Tandy sent his over here?), and a peculiar double deck bus as a trailer.

We were told their auto factories use mostly hand labor instead of machines. With the enormous population they have to have employment for as many as possible, so they hire 50 men instead of one machine. Common labor is as cheap as 62¢ per day.

I've driven in Rome, Paris, London, New York, and seen wild traffic in Rio, but I think Bombay has a slight edge in reckless drivers. The taxi drivers honk incessantly, step on it and head for a crowd, just to see it scatter. We took one wild ride in a taxi we'll always remember, Martha holding on one side, me the other, and each other in the middle as he careened around corners. He'd see a man step off the curb, and deliberately head for him, just to see him jump back. We came out of the boat terminal, and usually taxis are lined up for a block, waiting their turn, and the first in line would escort you to his cab.

This character came up, took hold of us, and took us to the last cab a block away. All along other cabbies were screaming at him and us, and a cop came up and started to hit him (and would if we hadn't been there). But he persisted and we had a wild ride. And then his feelings were hurt when I wouldn't tip him. He wanted to wait until we were ready to go back, but I sure lied to him. We saw some crippled beggars, and know now they were crippled by taxis. I was trying to cross a narrow street and waited for a truck, beside a car. The truck came up across me and I sure got thin in a hurry. As David would say, I really pucker up. I imagine that's why most Indians are thin. Of course there are pedestrians by the millions...I don't know what they'll do if they ever get cars. There are quite a few motor scooters and bicycles, all fair game for the taxis. The taxis are very cheap, costing usually 35¢ to 65¢ for three or four miles...the most we ever paid was 1.25, a long trip.

Also there were quite a few horses and buggies, but saw no tourists riding 'em, just natives. And bullock-drawn carts very common. Most of their goods is transported on hand-drawn carts, some 10 feet long, balanced on an axle between two bicycle wheels, with from one to five men pushing. Saw one with 86 big bales of paper, pushed by one man.

Regards,

February 25, 1975

Dear Joe:

We're cruising at the moment along the west coast of India, going south to Ceylon, where we'll arrive at 8:00 tomorrow morning. We are out of sight of land, but just saw a small power boat about 16 feet long with four men in it, and towing a sort of canoe. That takes guts.

We had to take tenders yesterday from Mormagoa, perhaps 20 minutes each way; going in like being on a duck pond, but by late afternoon there was a brisk swell and our launches tossed quite a bit, causing a flurry among the passengers. I loved it, and stood on the steps outside. But when we got to the ship, the small boat would rise and fall some four feet, and bang on the side of the steps. They had a hard time unloading the passengers, some feeble, and Martha got quite sick. She has been dreading the launch-ride into Bangkok, of some three hours each way, but we got word this morning we would dock at the U.S. naval base, some three hours away from Bangkok via air-conditioned bus.

We saw some African dances back in Mombasa, and instead of being fierce Zulu warriors, they were hotel workers in sneakers. We were of a mind to rent a car in Bombay, but it seems to be against the law...you must have a native driver. They are feeling the brunt of the energy crisis there, and while I couldn't translate liters and rupees into gallons and dollars, thought it was around \$1.50 per gallon. Noticed the taxi drivers immediately shut off motors at lights and traffic jams; and just occasionally flashed on lights at night. But they must have run their batteries down with the horns.

Streets at night in Bombay are fairly well, if dimly lit, but shops were very dim and many were open with lantern light. They are trying to eliminate traces of British rule, who seem to have been deeply resented, so have renamed all streets with Indian names; and we were told there is a movement to tear down many good buildings, for the sole reason they are English style. It's still a troubled country, but they seem to be gaining in a surprising degree. They say it's a problem to collect taxes, as there's little national patriotism; with many languages and dialects spread throughout the nation.

We heard about the tourist who went up to a native woman and asked if she knew English. She said "yes." He said "how much?" She said "three dollah." We were told to drink no water, but as we managed to get Coca-Cola fairly easily, thirst was no problem. Some people tried a native coconut drink, and said it took the top of their head off. Even the ice could be contaminated, as it is made from local water. We went into one restaurant for a coke, and noticed the men sitting around sort of glared at us, so realized it was a men only, sort of pool hall atmosphere, so backed out.

Beggars were plentiful, but not as many as I'd anticipated. The worst were young women with a small baby on her hip, and perhaps one or two others tagging along. She'd pluck at your sleeve, and repeat over and over "no daddy, me hungry." I had one follow me for blocks, and I tried scraping her off against buildings, going down narrow passageways and everything I could think of, so finally she gave up. Another time a boy attached himself to me as I was walking a couple of miles back to the ship, and I couldn't shake him. He was neat looking, fairly well dressed, and just trying to get up some candy money on his day off from school.

We were told repeatedly, by everybody, not to give to the beggars. The government is trying to stop the practice. The standard line for boys is "no poppa, no mama, no sister," over and over and over. We knew darn well their poppas and mamas were probably at home getting new brothers and sisters. Illiteracy is gradually being stamped out, as Bombay has over 1000 schools; but that is not enough, so they go in shifts. It's compulsory. We were told the beggars are just lazy, and don't have to beg anymore.

Regards,

February 25, 1975

Dear Herb:

We're proceeding on schedule, and having a wonderful time. Martha is, at the moment, in a handicraft class where women are making yarn dolls for their grandchildren. I've just had a good lunch, a stroll around the deck, a session in the exercise room, steam bath and massage, so feel wonderful. As you can no doubt tell by now, I don't feel like writing...I just have to use my stamps up.

On one of my rounds of the deck this morning talked to the captain a moment. They say he runs a tight ship...full of drunks. Some of the passengers are incredible. Overheard a passenger complaining to the hotel manager, who has perhaps 300 people under him and endless worries, that she just couldn't play on one of their awful Steinways; she was used to a Baldwin piano, and another ship she was on provided her with one. Another old gal, this morning, was asking help in filling out a form they asked for. Four squares to check: did you want a bus seat to Bangkok the first morning, back that afternoon, again to Bangkok the second day, and fourth, return the second day. It was too complicated for her!

Everywhere I walked in Bombay, saw men and boys playing cricket in the streets; guess about the same as little league baseball in states. They showed us a new stadium going up to seat 55,000, used only for cricket.

An interesting visit was to a Jain temple, a sect of Hindus. It was a beautiful place, small, with worshippers all around, and one of their rites was squatting at a little table and arranging rice in swastika patterns. They had swastikas centuries before Hitler. We had to take our shoes off; if we caught athletes foot it was in a good cause. We tourists clabred among the worshippers, talking and taking flash pictures. I think the guide said arranging the rice brought on fertility...that's all India needs.

The temple had beautiful figures and decorations of pure silver. They are addicted to non-violence, and as one of the pillars of their religion is reincarnation, they will kill nothing, not even insects. Some of them wear cloth masks so as not to breath in a flying insect. They are strict vegetarians, but will not eat root vegetables such as potatoes, as insects and worms might have been killed on harvesting it. A lot of them were monks and nuns.

Another sect is the Parsees, and they are usually well to do, own lots of the property, send their sons to school in the States and England, and dress in European style with suits and ties. They do not believe in wasting anything, even dead bodies, so they have a Tower of Silence that we saw at a distance. This round tower is where they take bodies after death, with men in an outer ring, women in center ring, and children in inner ring. They have resident vultures that pick the bodies clean in 20 minutes (they swear it's true!), then they throw the bones in a lime pit. After that I got a little confused whether it's used for fertilizer, or thrown into the sea. There are only about 18,000 Parsees in Bombay. ~~xx~~

Have always heard about the sacred cows, and we saw some. But in Bombay not so many. I went over and petted one or two...they are very gentle and seem to mind their own business. We were told they have owners who come and collect them, or the cows go home, and are milked. A couple were in bad shape and seemed to have something wrong with their hindquarters. Out in the countryside we saw boys and men herding the same kind of cows, so suppose they are milked. Also saw a couple of slaughterhouses, so somebody in India eats meat.

Most of the Hindus like to be cremated, so they were quite proud of a new electric crematory...a fast one. While roaming around on Sunday morning saw a small print shop and stopped in. One skinny little 10x15 C&P hand fed press, a few type cases, hand punch and 17" paper cutter. Four men working in space about as big as David's office.

Regards,

February 26, 1975

Dear Homer:

Hope everything going fine with you, and at the house. We are almost half-way on the cruise, this being day 40, and hate to see it go so swiftly. You couldn't guess who's on the ship. We're just steaming out of Ceylon tonight, and I haven't finished telling about Bombay yet...have to get my bustle in a hustle.

The cruise director is a substitute golf pro, as the golf pro hired for the trip got in a car wreck just before. The golfers have an enclosed room on the side of the promenade deck, and tee off a carpet, with the ball hitting a target sort of like an archery one. They are out there around four hours a day; probably using the ship's clubs, as I haven't noticed anyone carrying them. Last trip we had a couple of real golf nuts, and every port they'd have the bag over their shoulder, and off to the local courses. Guess they enjoyed it.

We didn't drink any, but Bombay has as milk supply, milk from buffaloes, supposed to be 20% richer. Also get their cheese, butter and ice cream from it. There were bts of ice cream carts, and they had little bitty cones. Also some sort of freeze in plastic bags they sucked on.

We saw stands everywhere with sugar cane stalks laying by them. They had a hand cranked crusher, and feeding the stalks thru it, extracted a liquid sugar to which was added lime and ginger...supposed to be delicious.

The Indians are known world-wide as shopkeepers, and it shows up in their native land. Thousands of small shops of every description, from nice jewelry stores, to a kid with an old newspaper and half a dozen bananas spread on it. We went into a "department store" which had a little of everything, and bought some necessities. It's quite a deal buying anything. You select it from the clerk, she writes it up in detail, gives you a carbon copy, and dispatches a runner to the pick-up desk. After you have gotten everything you want from all departments, you take your slips to a cashier, pay him, and then with the stamped slips, wait in line to pick up the goods. Sort of Like Edisons, but worse. Or could it be worse? (I hate Edisons)

We saw no chain stores, or foreign ones. They are all Indian now. They probably have their own brands. I don't remember anything but Kodak, Singer and Coca-Cola from the States. India was so many years under rather harsh British rule, they resented it bitterly, and now have the pendulum on the other swing.

I visited a Thieves Market, which resembles our flea markets. There were several blocks of small permanent stores, with every imaginable object...broken bicycle chains, tools, a worn-out universal joint, old mirrors...everything you can imagine, and a lot you can't. They saw if your face gets robbed, you can wait a day or two, then go down there and buy your stuff back. Probably true.

Speaking of stands, I had a long walk back to the ship Sunday morning, and after visiting an immense train depot in hopes of sitting on a bench a few minutes, and perhaps getting a coke, found there were no benches. The squatters would take them over, leaving no room for travelers. But I did come onto a small city park with benches, and while sitting there noticed a man picking another's ear. He had a little kit on his belt like a camera case, and it had cotton in it and various picks. For a small fee he would go to various persons, and spend some five minutes cleaning their ears very diligently. He used tweezers, picks and the cotton. Then I saw another one or two doing the same thing...guess it's common.

All the cars seemed clean, and an Indian told us that when you park it at the office or apartment you can have it washed every day for \$5 per month, and they do. We had been warned to watch for thieves, but had no problem, and in fact, once when I had some money changed was called back to get all my change. And another time gave a clerk too much, and he insisted on returning the surplus. Regards,

February 27, 1975

Dear Louise:

We were glad to hear via phone that Mary Louise and boy were doing fine, and imagine by how you are back at your desk. We are at sea this morning, and a gorgeous morning it is. We're not far from the Equator, but out on deck it's cool with a fine breeze, and all the sun-worshippers are at it.

Had an interesting visit in Bombay to Mahatma Gandhi's house, in which he lived from 1917-1934, except for the times he was in jail. He is obviously revered by the Indian people, who have made a shrine and museum of it. Among other things, there is an interesting letter he wrote Hitler as he was starting his Nazi movement; apologizing for perhaps being presumptuous, but warning Hitler of the serious consequences to mankind if he followed through on his plan.

India seems to be making a valiant effort to limit families, as there are signboards, saying six are nice, but two are better; and we heard that preceding every movie there are shorts pushing the same message. The birth rate has slowed down somewhat, but with diseases stamped out, cities cleaned up, and better distribution of food, the people are living longer. Also the women are becoming emancipated under Mrs. Gandhi, with more working and earning independent incomes, so they have more say in size of families. The woman is not much thought of in Hinduism, which belief started long before Christ, and it's a slow turn-about.

Speaking of emancipation, Martha keeps interrupting me to help her wash my clothes, and I need it.

We try to buy flowers for the cabin in various ports, and it's not easy. But in Bombay we went into this huge native market and there was half a block of nothing but flower stands. So we bought a bouquet of roses, already wrapped, for about 88¢. On unwrapping back in the cabin found 36. It was a long package, and someone had spent hours tying other stems onto the short rose stems with thread, very carefully. We didn't care, as we have a short vase.

We saw lots of squatters on public land, living in miserable hovels of just bits of cardboard, lumber and scrap pieces of steel. Men and women were sprawled out on sidewalks sleeping, with just a piece of cloth over them, and perhaps a little bundle of charcoal and another of food...just living on the sidewalk; not necessarily beggars. But heard there are not near as many as formerly, and they are being settled into public housing. As in other places, with the hordes of people, we saw only one small public restroom.

Every time I'd stop for a picture was surrounded by curious, smiling men, and they were interested in my small camera. I saw no natives with cameras, and no camera shops, so guess they can't afford it. But then, I don't run around Fort Worth photographing things. All we ran into spoke some form of English, mostly pretty good; although every Indian state its official language and hundreds of dialects, must make a nightmare to administer.

We saw lines formed in front of theaters, some American movies, but India leads the world now in making films (over 500 per year), with Japan second and poor old Hollywood trailing third. They don't have television yet, so the cinema is extremely popular and cheap.

There are hand carts about 10 feet long, balanced on an axle between two bicycle wheels, and the bed is filled with little cans about the size of a gallon milk bottle. These are lunches that housewives pack every morning for their husbands and kids in school. The little man comes by the house, picks up the bucket, delivers to school or business, and charges only \$1 per month.

Love,

February 27, 1975

Dear Cherry and Hap:

Guess you've been kept up to date on Nancy and the baby. We've called in a couple of times and talked to them, and once they pinched him so we could hear him cry, which Martha loved. The trip is extremely interesting and enjoyable, and we only regret that it's almost half over, and seems like no time at all.

We went to a big public market in Bombay, Crawford market, to just walk around and see the sights but was approached by a young man who insisted on accompanying us, showing us a round piece of brass. I thought he was trying to peddle it, but he finally got thru that it was a license badge, and he was a guide. As he was hard to shake off, finally consented, and he turned out to be a jewel. He took us all over the market, explaining everything, and then into all the intricate ways and byways of the surrounding neighborhood. He said he was 30 years old, unmarried (couldn't afford it), and he kept asking about US politics, housing, cars, Nixon, watergate, etc. I tried to explain, but didn't get across, I think. Of course I don't understand it either. We gave him 10 rupees or \$1.25 for the afternoon, and he seemed enraptured.

I made arrangements to see him at 9:30 Sunday morning, while Martha was resting up, and spent a wonderful three hours, seeing only two Europeans the whole morning, and millions of Indians. Tried to give him 10 rupees again, but this time he wanted \$10 (the kid smartened up), so as it was worth it, gave in.

You would be interested in a little instrument (don't know what it's called) that some of the kids were playing. About the size of a typewriter, and with sort of typewriter keys, the keys depressed onto strings like a piano. Didn't hear it too clearly, as meantime other kids were keeping time on tin cans. Then the open palm.

As we were running around loose one night, went to the Taj Mahal hotel (no connection with the real Taj Mahal 400 miles away), and it was a beautiful old hotel some 75 years old, and used by the British top brass during their reign. Some of the chandeliers and furnishings were out of this world, and would have loved to cart off some of the immense teakwood trunks that must have taken years to decorate.

We were enchanted (at least I was) by Bombay, and it's one of the most return to cities we have on our list. It's not near as dirty as I'd imagined, but of course not clean either. But the streets are swept regularly; and it is not nearly as dirty as Philadelphia, which is the filthiest city I've ever seen.

It's against the Hindu religion to drink, and only recently have hotels and resorts been permitted to serve drinks to Europeans. But they sure must smoke a lot, as Bombay is plastered with cigarette ads on billboards, and the side of busses. The sidewalks have big red splotches on them which look like blood, but it's from the betel nut which people chew, then spit. It turns their teeth and mouth red.

Indians seem to be fairly modest (after Africa), but I saw a woman who lives on the sidewalk wake up, take off her blouse, and scratch herself thoroughly before starting her hard day. Again came up behind an old woman walking in the street with her rear bare, and her front topless, but she had a sort of apron on. And a little girl walking along nonchalantly, with the face of a 12-year-old, but topless with long breasts, very flat.

Before sailing, a troupe of dancers came on board, and were wonderful. Their costumes were brilliant, and we were impressed with one man, who threw a brass dish, about 14 inches across, with a rim curving up about three inches. He put his feet on the rim, and did all kind of dances; scotting front, backwards and sideways across the floor. Was entrancing. Hope Joelle has you broken in to her liking now.

Love,

February 27, 1975

Dear Don:

I was sorry to hear about your illness, and hope you are back in the pink by now. Am due to call in tomorrow, so will enquire. Am just up from lunch, and there's a big tanker off our starboard bow, going from Arabia to no telling where. It's very deep in the water, so has a full load. I wondered about them loading so much oil, but a crewmember said that as oil is lighter than water, it's not about to sink, and does not hurt if the deck is awash. I can't understand that, but undoubtedly it's true.

I always like to stay out and see the ship leave a harbor. We left Bombay with two tugs pulling and two pushing us away from the dock. I would think it simpler for us to just crank up slowly and back out of the pier, as there was open water behind and aside us. But probably there are local laws and the ship has to use the tugs. One port we were late leaving for some reason, and we had a tug front and another aft, pushing against the side of the ship; but we were still against the pier. I presume they were hired to appear at a certain time and push us, so to earn their money, by gosh, they were pushing!

I'm constantly amused at the antics of some of the passengers, and was in line this morning to get Singapore stamps, and an old lady was reading of the poor little Dutch girl because the stamps were so expensive...much more than at home. She can spend several thousand dollars on a trip like this (and I noticed she had on a bunch of rings), but has to gripe about a few cents to send a letter halfway around the world. The other day the girl ran out of stamps, and was very patiently explaining, when some odd biddy said that was dreadful, and just wouldn't let up. Another passenger suggested she complain to the captain (in jest), and she said that's exactly what she was going to do. They always offer to take your money, then in port will lick the stamps themselves and post them. I felt like telling her if she had to have them, to just squat and have them.

Quite a few of the men passengers are wearing wigs, obviously, and a few look like Woolworth specials. One old man has a sickly yellow one, and he has the sideburns jutting out over the earpieces of his glasses. Another has a jet black Buster Brown one, but the sideburns are a bit short, so his natural grey sideburns show. Incidentally he runs a lot and I've seen him exercising in the wind, with his hair blowing, so he must have some good double edge tape. Another old goat with a face like the bottom of a garbage can, has sort of a city slicker wig that fits like a German WWII helmet.

We went to a sort of off-the-beaten-path place, Marmagao (Goa), India, and found it interesting. The ship laid out quite a ways, so had to go in by our own boats. Was calm as a tea kettle going in at noon, but the return was rough, and Martha got sick. I loved the trip and stood sort of outside on the stairs, but getting off the tender was rough, with it bobbing up and down some four feet, and banging against the landing stage. Some of the feebler ones had a hard time; but guess everybody made it back. We got to the dock by the skin of our teeth, but the ship left two hours late, so guess they waited for others, and the rough sea took longer.

Goa was an old Portuguese colony for some 300 years, and only in 1962 India sent in a force and took it away. It's a small Indian state of some 1500 square miles and mostly rural. Before the Portuguese it was prominently used by the Moslems to board ship for trips to Mecca, but has declined in the centuries since. We saw many big, fat ore ships loading iron ore for Japan around us. Sort of motorized barges brought the ore, piled in pyramids, out to the ships. From eight to 12 laborers scooped the ore into nets, which were lifted by the ships' cranes, and into the holds. Ordinarily you see big bucket scoops doing this, but India, with her huge population and need to make work, prefers employing men. There were also ships bound for the United States, with Manganese.

Regards,

February 27, 1975

Dear John:

I don't write many dear John letters, and let me tell you it is a thrill to me when I get to. They told about a girl tumbler who went to confession, and she felt so good at getting her sins off her mind, she did cartwheels down the church aisle. Another girl, waiting to be next, got upto leave and the priest enjoined her to stay, as she was next. "I'm sorry, Father, I can't do it...I'm not wearing my bloomers."

I just came down off the bridge, which we're free to visit at certain hours of the day while at sea. The ship's doing a little over 20 knots with a tail wind, and top speed is about 23 knots, which burns a lot of oil. She consumes about half a ton of oil a mile under normal conditions. Of course that's lights, air-conditioning, cooking and a host of other drains besides running.

The price of oil is a main concern to the shipline. For instance, we took on none in India, as it's too high there; and will get into Singapore low, but that is about the cheapest oil in the world. The States are fairly low, except for Hawaii. Japan also has cheap oil for them.

The second officer said the ship is making a little money, but mostly marking time to see how things will turn out. They don't make much on these world cruises; making a great deal more on short one and two-week cruises. But the world cruises are a prestige thing, and they personally love them.

We parked next to a gorgeous ship, the Royal Viking Sea, out of Oslo, Norway, on a 97-day world cruise along roughly the same path we're taking. I went on board her and fell in love. She's gorgeous, not over a year or two old, but much smaller than the Rotterdam, holding about 350 passengers to our 850. The lounge had big over-stuffed swivel chairs, as did some of the public rooms overlooking the sea, and they had an observation deck high up above the bridge.

We are losing a couple of entertainers to that ship, and taking on a girl singer who makes her debut tonight. We gain and lose entertainers thru the cruise, as they usually appear at least once a week, and don't have the repertoire to last the entire 88 days. Of course it would not do to repeat. The entertainers seem to have an easy time of it, mingling with the passengers and not having to work very hard, but the entertainment directors, music director and one of the groups is hard at it every day, for they have to accompany and direct whoever is entertaining that night. I met an assistant on deck a few minutes ago, a fine young man from Maryland, and he was muttering that it was like working in a zoo. I told him that it looked fun to be an inmate.

We spent an enjoyable afternoon in Marmagoa (Goa), India, mainly on a small island which is separated from the mainland by two rivers. A lot of rice is grown there, and there were piles of salt some three or four feet high in the paddies. The guide insisted (and repeated it several times) that they are salt beds in the dry season, and rice paddies in the wet. It was hard to believe.

We visited a beautiful old Portuguese fort, established in 1612, which had been a prison as well for political prisoners until 1961, and now houses some 300 criminals. We didn't go inside, and see a soul around. It was surrounded by a deep moat about 20 feet deep (no water) and 20 feet wide, with sheer walls on both sides.

It was rather rocky poor country, and picturesque mainly thru the people, animals and buildings. They had some small ferries that would be fun to ride, but we had not the time. Visited a beautiful new hotel to attract tourists, with a magnificent beach stretching for miles, swimming pool, and Indian style cottages for \$14 to \$20 per day.

Regards,

February 28, 1975

Dear Mac:

Having a delightful time, and woke up this morning to a gorgeous day. It's hard to imagine that here it's 10:00 o'clock, and you're hugging a pillow at home (?) at 9:30 the previous evening. The ports are coming faster than we can keep up with them. I'm still reading an African book, and haven't even touched two India and one Ceylon books, although we've been to both. Our visas have been approved for Red China; so far it's go-go. Some of the passengers were turned down without explanation, and we have no idea how they picked 'em. Probably just wanted so many of us, and just eliminated so many at random.

The different languages aboard are fascinating: American, English, Dutch, German, Filipino, French, Indonesian and probably others I haven't run across. They say the last group into Red China were eating at a restaurant, and one of the tourists sat on a tack in his chair. The waiter charged him \$25 for acupuncture.

We've seen some pretty primitive boats, some out of sight of land off the coast of India. One had some kids in it, and were fishing with small nets on the end of poles...don't know what they were catching. Also have seen plenty of rice paddies with natives bent over working them. Some of the old people have a permanent stoop and are bent over terribly. That would be a heck of a way to spend your life. Rice grows only in the south of India, while the northerners are wheat eaters.

We have Indonesian waiters and room stewards. Sometimes it's a little hard to get over what you want, but on the whole they do fine. They have their own dining room and cooks, and food. Probably like highly seasoned curry. We just left the little Indian state of Goa, which until about 1962 was a Portuguese possession. At some time in the dim past there was an invasion there, and the P&O English ship line helped to repel the invaders. So ever since they have a loose contract with the Goanese to use them only on their ships. We had four cruises on P&O ships and got well acquainted with some of them.

Last year in Hong Kong we went out to see the wreckage of the old Queen Elizabeth...it was just a rusted heap of metal sticking a bit out of the water, not recognizable as a ship. I always wondered what happened to it. Back in 1969 we were at Fort Lauderdale, and they were getting up steam in her to sail to Hong Kong; a man named Chan (I think) had bought her and intended to turn her into a floating university. Anyway, she sailed and was being refitted in Hong Kong, when mysteriously, from nine to 18 fires broke out simultaneously; she burnt and sunk.

I asked one of the ship officers about it yesterday, and he said Chan had all the money in the world. It seems the Queen was heavily insured, and he recovered millions. If he hadn't been so rich and so powerful, he probably wouldn't have received a dime.

We were in Hong Kong at the height of the energy crisis last year, and saw two big, beautiful Orient Overseas Line ships laying at anchor, with noone aboard. They had sailed full of passengers to their home port, and Chan (the owner) had told all passengers to get home the best way they could; refunding some of their money, of course. Other ships, including ours, seemed to get plenty of fuel, but my officer friend said Chan was subject to moods, and if he could save a dime, would stop a cruise. I would think it hard to maintain a reputation for stability that way, as obviously none of those passengers would ever step onto one of his ships again.

Just came down from the promenade deck, leaving Martha doing her nails. I get tired watching the exercisers. One gal from Tyler does 25 rounds per day (about five miles) without a pause; another big man seems to be either running or walking off and on all day. Another older man told me he walked an hour and a half...didn't count rounds.

Regards.

February 28, 1975

Dear Aunt Gladys:

Will take a few minutes this beautiful morning to type this. Martha's sitting up on deck doing her nails and enjoying the unending fascination of watching the ocean. At the moment it's the Indian ocean.

We just left Ceylon, or Sri Lanka since 1972, when she gained total independence from Britain. On the whole I didn't care much for it, and think it would be a dreary place to live or stay awhile. Can't really put my finger on it; but I much preferred Bombay. Perhaps I'm getting blasé.

Ceylon is the world center of Buddhism, and changed over from Hindu 600 years before Christ. The Buddhists (along with Hindus) think life painful. They say pain comes from desire, so eliminate all desire through right views and beliefs. They believe in reincarnation, and are reborn forever, sometimes with long gaps between lives. If you do poorly in this life, your next one you may be a gnat, ant, or insect. It's mainly a religion for men, and try to ignore women.

We saw many Buddhist priests, who wear bright saffron robes. They only are allowed one, and one meal a day before noon. They have no jewels, no comfort; although I saw one carrying an umbrella. Their heads are shaved. It's not necessary to be a priest for life...many young men just sign up for a one-year hitch. They have 10 commandments roughly similar to ours, but worship no god. They say there may be a divine being, but don't make an issue of it.

Some have begging bowls, and begging seems to be their only income, along with offerings from the faithful. We visited a beautiful Buddhist temple, Asokaramaya, with wonderful figures of Buddha and other groups. Our shoes were left outside, and we had to tip a young man to get them back. Inside an old priest explained things, speaking good English. They had masses of fragapani pedals laying at the base of the statues, giving a lovely aroma to the place.

I tried taking some flash pictures, but my flasher didn't work. So we returned to the ship for lunch, and as we wanted some pictures, decided to return. We got in a taxi at the pier and told the driver to take us to the temple...he said it was a great distance and would be \$10, which was ridiculous. Finally agreed on \$7. I got my pictures, and the little priest gave me a few blossoms (again) and asked for a do nation. On the way back we told the taxi driver we wanted to go to the Fort area to shop...he insisted on taking us some blocks away to a crummy jewelry store, which made us furious. We piled out, paid him his \$7 and refused to enter the jewelers, then hiked back to the Fort and did our shopping. I deeply resent being browbeat by taxi drivers that way; which doesn't happen often.

We wanted to buy some simple souvenirs, but in Colombo you do not dare to look in a window...they're out immediately hustling you inside. Once inside you virtually have to fight them off to get away. By that time I was getting my fill of beggars, also, who won't take "no," they sometimes pester you for blocks. We acquired a guide who insisted on leading us to four jewelry stores, always promising wonderful bargains, and we finally bought a couple of trinkets at a reasonable price.

I wanted to hoof it back to the ship, as we could see it just a few blocks off, but kept ending up in dead end streets, and the back yard of the municipal police station, so finally gave up and caught a cab.

I wanted to come ashore again after resting a bit, as the ship didn't sail for four hours, but the thought of running the gauntlet of taxi drivers, guides, beggars, stamp salesmen and jewelers discouraged me, and I didn't go back.

Love,

February 28, 1975

Dear Jimmy:

We're plugging along...managing to endure it. This noon passed halfway point in trip in mileage, a little over 16,000 miles; and the ship is running beautifully. Wonderful weather so far, with a touch of rain here and there, is all.

We passed up an organized tour in Goa, and took a taxi on our own with another couple. Usually the tours are excellent, but Goa didn't have all that much to see. We crowded, six of us (driver and guide), into a little India-made taxi, and proceeded to see the sights. First of all, we had to go to Old Goa, a Portuguese settlement centuries old, and toured three enormous Catholic churches. It looked to me as if the Portuguese Catholics were like the Marines. The first thing they erected upon landing ~~XXXX~~ was an officers club, and the second thing was slit trenches.

But these were enormous, beautiful old churches, gilded with gold. One, the Church of St. Francis D'Assisi, has his remains entombed there, and they uncover them to take a look every ten years. Supposed to have broken off a toe some 100 years after he was dead, and it bled. After the third church and museum, was about getting my fill of churches, but the rest of the drive was great. The taxi had to stop and get a tire changed on the way back to the ship, so we made it by the skin of our teeth. That always adds to the adventure.

We didn't really care for Colombo, Ceylon. It's not a very pretty city, although the countryside is lush, and we saw some beautiful beaches. It has a few attractive old buildings, and a beautiful modern office building going up, similar to the Summit buildings. On the whole it's shabby, and reminds me of Manila.

There are five English dailies there, and many in native languages. We visited a little print shop, down a back alley off a main street. They had two strange-looking hand-fed presses going, and a modern Heidelberg cylinder letterpress. The young man I talked to said business was good and they had all they could do.

Transportation seems mostly on foot, with lots of little black taxis with yellow tops, native of nearby India. We were supposed to get air-conditioned buses... they were with three fans, and we couldn't get the windows open. But was a nice day...not too hot, so we didn't suffer. Most buses are ordinary looking, but there are lots of Old London double-deckers, very shabby and beat-up. It looks like they just barely keep 'em running. Lots of deliveries seem to be made via bullock carts. There are also some rickshas running around, dull little one-passenger black ones. But didn't see one with passenger. Perhaps they use for small package delivery.

We went into the Petta (?) area, where there are thousands of little shops and stands, with mostly used junk. Our guide said if you are robbed you can wait a day or two, then go into the area and buy your articles back. Traffic was not too bad, but they drive on the left. Of course it's a poor country and not many can afford cars. Not as poor as India, but rather poverty stricken; and not the great hordes of people on the street.

The island is about 38 miles south of India, 140x270 miles (25,000 square miles) and has about 13 million people. Colombo is about the size of Dallas. Temperature averages 80 degrees the year around, as it is near the equator. There's a mountain in the interior that's 8000 feet high, and it's cooler back there. We saw some mounted policemen at the pier on the most beautiful horses I've ever seen.

We run into slobes everywhere. On the tour bus we sat up front, and a man across from us occupied two seats. A lady came up and asked if she could sit there, and he said "No, where would I put my coat?" So he kept both seats all morning, and she bounced around on the crowded back seat.

Regards,

March 1, 1975

Dear Ernie and Dorothy:

We're halfway on our trip today, and regret that we'll be going downhill the rest of the way. It's wonderful, and have enjoyed it all. Seeing some of these countries certainly makes us appreciate the good ole U.S. of A. Nobody approaches us in our personal freedom and prosperity.

We've just left Colombo, Ceylon, and tomorrow are due in Singapore. Singapore is one of the four cities I've always dreamed of seeing (London, Vienna, Hong Kong, Singapore), and will just leave Vienna on the list.

We were met at the pier at Colombo with a 13-man native band, called Kandy dancers, with 12 drums and one flute. Was very interesting, but they wouldn't play my requests. Later in the day, just before leaving, another troupe came on board and entertained us with various dances. One was fantastic...a young man with what looked like tightly rolled newspapers, the ends aflame, which he held to his face and chest, and kept putting in his mouth, apparently without burning him. Then he'd take bits of the embers and swallow them. He should be one great mass of blisters, but apparently not.

There's considerable upheaval in Ceylon, having just gotten independence from Britain in 1972. Some 65% are descended from north Indians, and they are forcing out a minority, called Tamils, unless their ancestors have been there at least 175 years. Just taking away their citizenship and telling them to go.

It's a lush, tropical island, very near the equator, but didn't seem much hotter than Texas or Kansas. Tea is their thing, with rice, rubber and coconut. Also many gems, and seem to have as many eager jewelers as Rio. Most of the women we saw wore colorful saris, with a few in skirts and very few in slacks. The men were about evenly divided wearing pants and shirts, and sarongs, with young men in shorts.

There were lots of big black crows around, about the only birds we noticed besides sea gulls. Understand they are protected, and they probably drive off the other birds. We had no trouble making ourselves understood, as everyone we contacted spoke English. But street signs were in three languages, English, Sinhala and Dravidian, which I presume are Indian dialects.

This is the world center of Buddhism, and we saw many temples, as well as street corner shrines. We were struck by the fact that their Buddhas were thin, and some smiling. Our guide explained that Japan has fat Buddhas, but that is a far different sect, just as Christianity is divided into beliefs and sects.

The country is pretty socialistic, and is dividing up the land, with a limit of 50 acres per person; 250 acres per family. They also have free schools, free medicine, and a pound of free rice per person per week. We saw some middle class apartments & building, which are going to rent for \$10 per month.

We went into an old Dutch Reformed church, pretty run down. The ship made an announcement that that belief was hard up, and as this is a Dutch ship, were getting up a fund to give them...sort of take them under the ship's wing. I know they got some money and clothing from passengers.

We saw some immense banyan trees, with dozens of branches, some of which drop to the ground and take root. One ancient one had peddlers living in the trunk, with a crude dwelling erected there. We encountered some persistent beggars (not as many as in India), and they're hard to shake off. We were told repeatedly not to donate and encourage them. But before we left they were beginning to get under my skin...just wouldn't take no and followed us for blocks. But just one or two at a time...not droves.

Love,

March 1, 1975

Dear Clarence:

I tried to call in last night, but was told we had no communication with the States, so will wait until Monday. I guess when you're on the other side of the world atmospheric conditions are fickle. Hope everything going fine with you and doing well at the shop.

We had a short, interesting visit in Ceylon. We took a bus tour, and were amused when we took a break at a hotel. We entered a small jewelry shop just to browse around, and really got the hard sell. The man had some "antiques" 200 years old, very precious, and wouldn't let us out of the store without buying something as we were the first customers of the day. But we surprised him. The antiques were probably made in January and buried awhile in damp sand to age 'em.

I don't think television has reached there yet, so movies seem very popular, as there are many signboards advertising them. They make most of their own now, which is leading to the decline of Hollywood. Fort Worth Transit would love to have the business their busses have, most of them packed. But they are very shabby and beat up. I noticed lots of tires repaired with a bolt and nut and two washers. Guess they'd have to be tubeless to repair that way. But it seems to hold. That would never occur to me.

On our tour we stopped at a beautiful old hotel near downtown, the Galle Face Hotel, and had a buffet of little sandwiches and a delicious drink I'd never had before...I made a hog of myself, and was trying to think up a disguise whereby I could go up and get some more. It was made of papaya, pineapple and bananas, fairly thick, and wonderful. The hotel had a lawn down to the beach, then a beautiful private walled beach; and a large swimming pool under an arbor with flowers and vines entwined...was a beautiful scene.

When our guide left us at the pier, he thanked us from the bosom of his heart. We were continually besieged with peddlers on the dock, and there were some resting under the bow of the ship, in a boat, in the shade. They kept calling me to "come over," not realizing that I could not walk on 25 feet of water.

A man wanted to capture some gorillas for a zoo, so he hired a guide. The guide showed up with an immense dog and a gun. The man said he didn't want to shoot a gorilla...just wanted to get him into a cage alive. But the guide said to just wait and see. So they came onto a big tree with three gorillas up it. The guide shinneyed up the tree, leaving the man holding the gun. The guide shook the branch until the first gorilla dropped out, the dog grabbed him in a vital part and wrestled him into a cage. Same with the second gorilla. While shaking the branch for the third one, the guide fell to the ground, screaming as he fell, "shoot that damn dog."

We saw the ultimate in recycling paper...a sack from one of the stores made of two sheets of some government document, typed on both sides, and carefully glued down three edges.

Most of these tropical countries used to have droves of mosquitoes, which produced filariasis, or elephantitis (which I got during the war). But we saw no mosquitoes or flies in Ceylon, and passed a building labeled "filaria control center" (never did know how to spell it). Anyway, saw no evidence of elephantitis except for one beggar laying across the sidewalk, with a horrible leg, about four times normal size. I would guess he passed up treatment to give him a begging gimmick. But, boy, that must hurt!

We always feel sorry for some of the sailers when we hit a port. Us passengers and some of their shipmates are on liberty and seeing the sights, while they are doomed to scrape the sides of the ship, and slop on some more paint. I could see their hearts were not in their work.

Regards,

March 1, 1975

Dear Richard:

Will get one more letter off before hitting Singapore in the morning. Just came up from a fine lunch, but my feelings were hurt. I made some remark about the voyage, saying "my cup runneth over," and a woman at the table told me "and so's your stomach." Almost made me want to diet. While on the subject, there's a lot of fat, smoking doctors aboard.

We're still talking of Ceylon, where they've got a custom we ought to adopt. They declare a holiday, Poya Day, on the full moon every month. The island is very restrictive on visitors, in that they can't stay over a month, and only then with a permit. Of course, on a ship, we didn't run up against it. Imagine if you had a pocket full of money you could stay until it ran out.

Singapore is at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, an island about 14 x 26 miles, connected to the mainland by a causeway. It's almost all city, very modern in appearance from a distance, with about two million inhabitants. They are constantly filling in the sea to gain more land, and building more fancy hotels. For centuries it was a Malay kingdom, but few people lived there because it was mainly jungle and swamps, a'brim with snakes, tigers and malarial mosquitoes.

Up to not too long ago there were so many tigers they killed a man a day, and on occasion came into town. Pirates used it as a hideaway, until 1819, when the British purchased the island from a sultan, for about \$5000. As it had a fine, deep natural harbor the British saw possibilities; and a man named Raffles, who worked for the East India Co. did much of the developing. There are now statues of him, and a grand old hotel bears his name.

Before World War II the British fortified the island heavily, with all the large guns pointing out to sea; an invader coming down the peninsula was not considered, as it was impassable. But the Japanese came that way, and took over Singapore with little struggle. As the population was and is about 80% Chinese, whom the Japanese had little use for, the occupation was particularly cruel, and over 100,000 Chinese were massacred. Britain, of course, got it back after the war. It became an independent country in 1963, and is known as the Republic of Singapore, with a president and representative government.

As it is a natural shortcut between Europe and Asia, particularly since establishment of the Suez canal, it has prospered greatly, and is growing at a great rate. It is a transshipment point for all Asia, so has enormous warehouses, with containers and container ships now coming into their own. It is also now one of the banking centers of the world, taking over since the decline of several others, like Shanghai, London and Hong Kong.

The Malays, although only a small percent of the population, control the government. Emigration to Singapore was encouraged for a century, but all at once it was full, so they are very restrictive now. Many Chinese have been deported, unless there for several generations; likewise the Tamils from Ceylon, who came in in droves.

As it is almost on the equator, it is very hot all year, with fairly uniform temperatures all year. Nearly 100 inches of rain yearly falls often, but not for long. Since the swamps have been drained there is little natural water, so it has to be tanked over from the mainland, along with most of the food.

Singapore is a very prosperous little country, particularly for Asia, with about \$1500 per capita income. In comparison, India has \$70 and Ceylon \$90 per year. The peninsula produces most of the tin and rubber in the world, which is channeled thru Singapore, adding to its income. Due to the hundreds of ships calling here (it is the 4th largest port in the world) goods from all over the globe can be purchased here. We were told that it is much cheaper to buy Japanese goods here than in Japan.

Regards,

Becky:

We've just cast off, and are sailing out of Singapore, bound for Bangkok day after tomorrow. We had a good time there, and found the day and a half far too short to see and shop all we wanted.

Coming in, and still out of sight of land, we came upon a fleet of funny little boats, about 20 to 25 feet long, and 18 of them came chugging up to us very close, with one recklessly cutting across in front of us. They sounded like mosquitoes with sore throats, with their one-lung motors. There were more on the horizon...with the calm sea they looked like flies on a bedsheet to the horizon.

Further in, we passed close by a small steamer, with four little fishing boats in perfect formation strung out behind in two's...like a mother duck with four ducklings, going home at sunset. Also a giant tanker, riding high in the water, going back to the big filling station in the sky, Arabia, for a refill.

There were dozens of islands coming in, mostly wooded, and they say part of them belong to Singapore, and part to the Malay states. Would hate to sort them out. As we neared docking at sunrise, were amazed that the skyline would equal Chicago's modern one, with several cranes working on new skyscrapers. In spite of being just 70 miles from the equator, the evening was very pleasant, not hot. Days were rather hot, but not extraordinarily so...have seen much hotter at home.

At home we have some trouble with English, and some people want to introduce more Spanish. But just imagine a nation made up of three distinct nationalities, with Malay the official language, English used in administration and business, PLUS the following: Chinese Mandarin, Hokkien, Cantonese, Teochew, Hakka, Hainanese, (I'm not trying to bore you), Poochow and Shanghaiese; PLUS Indian Tamil, Telugu, Urdu, Malayalam, Punjabi, Gujerati, Hindi and Bengali. And this is in a nation of some two million people!

We were told the nationalities pretty well keep in their own districts, and seldom intermarry...but it looked to us like they pretty well ran together, at least in the business areas. But we saw dozens of soaring big apartment houses, which the government is putting up at a great rate, with a flat completed every 33 minutes. They have spent a third of the national budget on these in five years, and have about 115,000 flats completed already. We didn't get a chance to enter any, but they looked nice...were said to rent as low as \$12 month for one-bedroom. The figures don't seem to check, but our guide told us that already half the population, or some one million are living in flats. They are built in blocks of 300 flats, with three or four elevators in each block.

A unique feature on the lower income ones, was hundreds of bamboo poles sticking out from the porches with washing on them. They have sort of a flagpole holder; but we were wondering how a little housewife could reach the poles out with a heavy wet wash on it. As rain is frequent, they said it is a sight to see all the washings come in when a shower occurs (didn't see that).

Singapore used to have free entry, with liberal policies, but woke up to overpopulation, so stringently keep out emigrants now; and with a policy of limiting births, have a stable population. You can have two children, but after that are fined progressively higher funds if you insist on more children (and they say it works). They have 500 schools with a half million students, and education is free the first seven years, with a nominal \$2 monthly fee after seven. Much of the street repair and construction is done by Chinese women coolies. We couldn't find out why...they just said it has always been the custom.

Singapore is exceptionally clean. It used to be known as the cesspool of the Orient, but they started to make money, and with prosperity got pride, so had extensive clean-up campaigns...now is one of cleanest cities in the world.

Love,

March 3, 1975

Dear Ida:

I'm typing this as we steam away from Singapore...a beautiful and wonderful port which I hope we get a chance to re-visit. I'm typing this in rhythm, as our cabin is directly under the theater stage, and they're up there busy rehearsing "No No Nanette", which we are to see in a few days. At the moment there's tap dancing to piano accompaniment.

We've had a wonderful trip so far with no hitches. Were a little worried about Nan who got sick after she had her baby, but we've called in a few times and she is okay now. She's staying with Jane at the moment, and we're afraid Jane will get attached to the baby and won't give him up when we get home.

Between India, Ceylon and Singapore never saw so many brass dodads and souvenirs...now I know where all the old Lino mats are going. And I thought there was a brass shortage (but perhaps that's causing it!).

Singapore has freedom of religion, so there are hundreds of churches and temples to serve the some two million population, which is 75% Chinese. They are not Red Chinese, so worship in the traditional way, with three main sects: Buddhist, Confucists and Taoist. In addition there are Protestant churches, Catholic, Hindu, Muslim, and many other minor ones. We visited a beautiful Taoist temple, very bright and gaudy, with women worshippers buying packages of incense and burning them in holders. I felt like a fool going in and taking flash pictures, but others were doing so, and the worshippers didn't seem to mind. It was filled with beautiful statues, the guide saying it mainly appeals to women, who offer the incense and fruit, and then when there are done, take the fruit home.

In the back of the temple was some sort of Chinese restaurant, very attractive and clean, and I wandered into the kitchen. One of the cooks offered me a tid-bit. I have no idea what it was, but it was delicious. Our Chinese guide said the young people are turning away from the traditional Chinese religious to Christianity, because it's much more liberal and enlightened to the times. They are exposed to other things in Singapore schools. Among other things they have about abandoned arranged marriages; the young people marry who they want to now.

As Singapore is very prosperous, there is little unemployment and the thriving industries are feeling no bad times. They have a minor power shortage and energy crisis, but it's just a matter of cost. Their municipal power is fueled on oil. Their wages are high for Asia, second only to Japan. The one main difference we noticed was the absence of beggars and persistent salesmen. We about got fed up with this in India and Ceylon, and I was wishing I had an electric cane. But it was a relief to be able to look a person in the eye and not have him immediately come up and make a touch; or look in a shop window without someone coming out and grabbing you and making a hard sell. Singapore had some eagerness, but they are amateurs compared to the Indians. But you can't help but feel sorry for the poor hungry Indians, for they are desperately poor, and they aren't trying to collar the poor innocent tourist just for the fun of it.

We always have out little adventures. As the ship was leaving at noon, we were trying to get back in time, and Martha wanted some flowers. As Singapore grows and ships orchids by the millions, we got a taxi to drive us to a florist, where we got a dozen for \$3. As the ship grows its own water (refines from salt water) one of the stewards told us we should have fresh water for flowers. Formerly flowers had lasted no time at all. So I grabbed a pitcher and headed ashore a half hour before we were to sail. A couple of blocks away saw some men going into a little concrete block house, so went in, and it was sort of a Japanese bath house, with several open showers in use by Japanese sailors. There were some 20 Japanese toilets...they're flat on the floor, not raised at all. Told Martha she should have gone for the water...would have interested her more than me. She asked if it was true what they always say about Japanese men. But I forgot to look.

Love,

March 4, 1975

Dear Bill:

It's hot up on deck today, so am taking refuge in the cool cabin a little more eagerly than usual. I'm probably being repetitious, but I don't understand why more people don't choose this way to travel, rather than fly. You sleep in your own comfortable bed, surrounded by your own things; get up leisurely and have a good breakfast among friends, go ashore with a minimum of red tape and sightsee, come back to a delicious lunch, and rest and go out again. There's no pack and unpacking and living out of a suitcase. And it's ecstasy to spend a hot day ashore, come back exhausted, and find a cool ship; have a cool shower, put on clean clothes, and pop into your own bed for a short rest before dinner.

The ship furnished a delicious birthday cake yesterday, and as we had won three or four bottles of champagne, broke out one of them; and had a hilarious party. We offered the Maitre'd a piece of cake, but he refused...said he knew what was in it. On a previous voyage, on the France, we shared two waiters with another table of six people, and it was obvious they got better service and attention. Seemed they had some celebration or birthday party almost every day. We caught on they were faking it, so we started the same game and invented birthdays right and left, as well as anniversaries, holy days and anything else we could concoct. But we don't have to do that on the Rotterdam.

Singapore was very interesting. I had always imagined it very similar to Hong Kong, as it's fairly near, and has similar racial background. But there's little resemblance. I think I prefer Hong Kong, as it's more picturesque and interesting, but liked Singapore very much. In Hong Kong there's eating everywhere, and restaurants and food galore, but none we found appetizing. Singapore was similarly equipped, but wouldn't hesitate to eat in most of the places, as they were clean, and the food looked delicious. They have hawkers wagons, which are tiny portable restaurants on wheels. There are three or four seats or stools, and you sit down under the umbrella or awning, point to what you want, and the man cooks it for you. We didn't try any, as we ate on the ship, but were told it was good food, and most working people ate at them, with favorite ones.

The water was good there (we are warned against it most places), and had a wide choice of other places to eat as well. There's Chinese, Indian, Japanese, European, Malay, etc. (and that's a big etc.) eating places, with such exotic foods as roast cockroach and shark fin soup.

We visited a sort of Chinese Disneyland (but with no rides), called Tiger Balm Gardens. A very colorful park, with hundreds of figures from 18 inches high to over life size, portraying Chinese fairy tales. Tiger Balm is sort of Chinese Lydia E. Pinkham, and used by untold millions of them. It made an enormous fortune for a man named Aw Boon Par, dead now, but the company is carrying on. It is said he established gardens like these in several cities, along with palatial residences, each equipped with staffs of servants and wives.

Many of the scenes at Tiger Balm were gruesome portrayals of tortures and killings, mostly the Chinese version of hell, I guess. We spent only half an hour there, so did not begin to cover it. The park is free, and costs Tiger Balm some \$2500 per month maintenance and upkeep; but I imagine is worth millions as advertisement. Seemed popular with the local denizens. Would hate to have some of those rites performed on me...looks like they would smart a bit.

We traveled around in a nice 37-passenger Mercedes air-conditioned bus. It was made in Singapore, so must be a licensee. It had the motor up front by the driver, with a smaller motor in back chugging constantly for the air-conditioner. The narrow-seated busses aren't made for wide-seated Americans.

There were thousands of taxis, English and Japanese, all diesel, about the size of Toyotas. They drive on the left there...it'll seem strange to return to right-driving. All the cars are clean, as they say they're washed daily, as in other places we have seen.

Regards,

March 4, 1975

Dear Dotty and Gene:

We are still thoroughly enjoying the trip, and resting up today between Singapore yesterday and Bangkok tomorrow. People are lining the rails today, to watch the flying fishes, which are about the first we've seen on this cruise.

We enjoyed Singapore, a beautiful city, and have a big vase of orchids as a memento in our cabin, which cost \$3 a stalk and each stalk having many on it. They grow profusely there, and are exported all over the world. Even the highways and boulevards are lined with them and other flowers. We visited a beautiful botanical garden, where they have dozens of varieties growing in pots, all labeled; and the "soil" is broken brick and charcoal, that's all. It seems that the humidity is so high on the little island, then never need to water.

Also some tropical cannon ball trees, with these large balls a little smaller than bowling balls, hanging from branches. And a queer tree called courourpits, that has a big trunk, but with thousands of small branches starting at the ground, up the trunk and along the larger branches. They used to have wild monkeys in the gardens, but got to be such a problem, got rid of them. We noticed a steady whistle in the gardens...turned out to be Asian crickets (no rise and fall in the sound).

As Singapore is very prosperous we saw some gorgeous homes that put some of ours to shame. All seem to have beautiful lawns, shrubs and trees...and flowers. We rode out several miles to the suburbs, and saw endless beautiful middle class houses, although half the population live in flats. We passed a big floral clock on the side of a hill in a park, some 25 or 30 feet across, that was running. Can imagine what the vandals would do to that in the States.

We went out into the country Sunday night, to a beautiful place called the Villa Saujana, on a lovely bay overlooking the Straits of Johore. It was like looking across a wide river, but we realized that it was another country across the stream - Malaysia. We watched a gorgeous sunset over the water, and after some drinks were served a Malaysian dinner, delicious but different. Some of the dishes were a little hot with curry, but we found them intriguing. After the meal watched a program of Javanese and Malaysian dances, and a Malay wedding ceremony was staged. Was a beautiful evening to remember. The announcer was a pretty Malay girl with a sort of sing-song, up-and-down accent; like she didn't really know English, but perhaps just learned the words by rote. Some uncouth clod in the audience called out, "I love my wife, but oh you kid." Their drinks were served with frangipangi flowers on top.

The Republic of Singapore flag has a half moon (signifying it's young), with five stars, standing not for territories or states, but democracy, freedom, peace, equality and justice. I like that. We saw a large monument erected after World War II, which they felt severely here. Of 70,000 British soldiers there in the war, 24,000 were killed. The Japanese had a severe occupation, and our guide said he will never forget it, although only a boy at the time. Constant fear, hunger and disease. Instead of their usual rice, they had to eat tapioca and sweet potatoes (in limited quantities), and this resulted in beriberi and many deaths.

We visited a house of jade, an old beautiful residence, with over 700 beautiful figures, many ancient and priceless. I wanted to visit a cable car ride from the island of Singapore across to another small island, but hadn't the time. There are miles of small shops, endless numbers of them, with lots of them in two-story buildings, with the owners living above. Few prices are marked, so you are supposed to dick. I don't like to; if I don't care for the price, just leave. But found this is very effective in bringing the price down, whether I want to or not; for they often follow you out the door, chanting lower prices with every step. Have had them come down to as low as a quarter of original price. That's sometimes hard to resist.

Love,

March 4, 1975

Dear J.D.:

I've anticipated running out of things to write about, but quite the contrary, am seeing so many interesting sights that I'm getting behind describing them. There's a rumor on the ship that a man died a day or two ago. We've heard this on other cruises, and they sure hush it up...never anything official. But I think if you got'ta go, this would be the ideal time. Anyway, this guy is supposed to be refrigerated below, so we're all watching our ice cubes.

Singapore was fairly hilly, not flat as I had pictured it, but the highest "mountain" is a little over 500 feet. Most of the streets are a little narrow by our standards, but they had some broad boulevards, three or four lanes wide going each way, separated by a median with orchids and frangipani growing profusely. They have cleaning campaigns all year, with spraying for flies and mosquitoes (and they seem to be eliminated...we saw none). We heard they hose down the streets twice a day, but we didn't see it.

As they have some 100 vehicle accidents a day, they have signs up which say "Speed thrills but kills." Also many street signs warning against littering, with fines up to 500 Singapore dollars. There are no rickshaws anymore, as they were banned as being inhumane. But they have hundreds of "trishaws," an ordinary one-speed bicycle with side-car, usually pedaled by an old Chinaman. They could hold two Asians, but only one broad-beamed American. We saw a few fancy ones with light, horn and chrome fenders, but most fairly shabby.

Along most of the streets, between the street and curb, are deep drains, up to four feet deep and two wide. They are not sewers, but probably for storms, as there was rarely refuse in them, and seldom any water. As there is no curb between them and the street, it could lead to bloodshed if you stumbled into one, or ran your car off.

Although near the equator, we saw very few air conditioned cars. Some have fairly large rotating fans mounted on the dashboards. Most streets had English names, but many times saw them in four languages, English, Malay, Mandarin Chinese, and Tamil (Indian). Most cars are Japanese or English (no American ones), but the luxury car seems to be Mercedes. Very few VW's. Traffic is heavy on weekdays, but not as bad as we've seen, and is orderly.

We didn't notice until it was pointed out, that there are no hippies. It seems they took a vote on long hair, and came up overwhelmingly "no." So schools have a rigid hair code, with one day's warning; the next day the teacher will cut it. Boys with long hair are picked up by police, and can be held 24 hours without being charged. If they're held 48 hours, their hair is cut. We saw a paddy wagon taking in a youth with rather long hair. They said that this keeps out hippies, and as most gambling was banned a couple of years ago; the crime rate has dropped astonishingly.

I feel the same about hippies and excessively long hair as most people, I guess, but I wonder if it is a function of government to enforce rules like that. Public decency is necessary...but that's going a long way toward suppression and against freedom of choice.

There are a lot of picturesque costumes, due to the variety of races. Chinese pajamas, Indian saris, Malay 2-piece sari, and some Indian men in sort of long diapers. Many of the pretty Chinese gals and Malay gals were traipsing along in short minishirts, and apparently subscribe to the old American adage of "if you got it, flaunt it."

We saw several army camps, very neat, clean and pretty. The British left two years ago for economic reasons, so the Republic of Singapore has its own army, apparently a large one; for every able-bodied boy is obliged to serve two years from the ages of 18-20, and many girls volunteer also, usually as clerks.

Regards,

March 4, 1975

Dear Jim:

Just a few lines today, before we have to go wash our faces and attend a cocktail party. Given by a couple and their niece from Tyler. And we have an invite to another one Saturday, by four people from Abilene.

They had a golf-driving contest the other day, off the fantail of the ship. I went along just to photograph it, and noone showed up, just the golf pro. He looked a little chipped, and was swinging the light plastic balls into the sea himself. Don't know how they'd judge it. They have daily golf instruction, teeing off a mat into an archery target about ten feet away, in a closed room.

Two teen-age boys were talking, and one asked the other how he liked sex. He replied, "Aw, it's a pain in the neck!" The asker said, "You're just not doing it right."

We were intrigued by Singapore, a clean, modern city; but very picturesque in spots. We saw a few TV antennas, and our guide said they get color from the States; I presume taped. We saw many movie theaters showing American movies, some with "superimposed Chinese sub-titles."

We visited an old hotel, the Raffles hotel, named after the founder of Singapore, and it looked little changed in 50 years, although I understand the rooms are air-conditioned. It had some nice shops and we bought a few things there. We were told of another hotel, the Shangri-La, and went over there. It was fabulous, one of most beautiful I've ever seen, and I got some pictures of it.

We were lured into a place called Change Alley, several blocks along one of the piers, all under one roof. It's about ten feet wide, and jammed with humanity. Hundreds of little shops, selling everything you can imagine (all new): drugs, clothes, shoes, novelties, books, jewelry, watches, cameras; you name it. You didn't dare look a clerk in the eye, or pause to see anything, for they would pounce on you like a panther with the old hard sell. But we enjoyed it. I needed a hat (or cap), but all were too small for my American head. A stand in there sold pineapple, cut the long way, sliced the shape of a candy bar, and wrapped in paper--you ate as you walked along.

I went to a "thieves market" with a man from the ship Sunday, and it was an experience. Blocks and blocks of everything imaginable for sale, in rickety little stands, from pushcarts, and just spread out on a blanket on the ground. Most of it was used, with some new. I find such places fascinating, anywhere I go. We saw a big fish stand, with perhaps 40 different pans of fish, lots of them dried, and many ground up into meal. But it looked clean and didn't smell bad.

There's lots of construction going on...many high-rise buildings, and some medium. One curious thing is they use bamboo for scaffolding, sometimes up many stories. It looks like an endless array of fishing poles (a little thicker), and laced together with some sort of vine. Guess it's strong and cheap, but I could not trust it.

We visited a little Buddha temple and I wandered into a side room and found it the toilet. Like the Japanese, they are flush with the ground, and never a trace of paper. Took a picture, and as I was kneeling down in front of it aiming my camera a woman came in. I bet she is still wondering how those crazy Americans go to the toilet. Or perhaps she thought instead of kneeling to Buddha, I was worshipping the john.

There was a long line of taxis waiting at the pier, and we usually had a fight with them to use their meter. They want to charge by the hour, and really stick us. But we bit once, and were warned later, so insisted on the meter. But the poor guys sometimes wait there in line two hours, and I can't really blame them. Because of the cost and scarcity of fuel they don't cruise much anymore...just wait for a passenger where they let out the last one.

Regards.

March 7, 1975

Dear Linda:

We climbed out of bed this morning, feeling grateful to be "home," but exhilarated by a wonderful two days in Bangkok. As the city is some 100 miles from the nearest deep water, it was originally announced that we would proceed to the city via launches. But as the ship only has five, it was obvious they would have to have assistance with other boats.

But it turned out we came into a small U.S. Navy base, and were transferred into Bangkok on 19 air-conditioned buses. It was a three to four hour trip each way, and we had to get up at five the first morning and gulp our breakfast, then (just like the Marines) hurry up and wait. It wasn't funny to some people, when most of the 19 buses pulled into a rest stop half along the way, and those hundreds of women converged onto two rest rooms in a bowling alley. But we're still hearing about that, and how some women tried to claw their ways to the front.

A friend and I merely strolled across the street to a filling station, had some cokes, used the facilities, and came back. But I'm digressing. We decided to stay at a hotel overnight, rather than the long bus trip to the ship, then back the next morning. Booked into a very lovely hotel, and proceeded to enjoy the city.

Wednesday night we went to a fabulous hotel called the Dusit Thani for dinner and a show. Had no reservations, but as we got there early had no problem getting in...later it was full and they turned away many. There was a beautiful marble dance floor (where the show was performed), then raised platform all around the room, about 12 inches high. Then low tables perhaps a foot high, as the Thai sit on their feet to eat. This was obviously impossible for the fat tourists, so they made a concession and had a hole under the tables about 18 inches deep for our legs. Was very comfortable, but wish I could have taken some candid of some of us getting seated.

The Thai dinner was great, except for one item, extremely hot curried chicken. They served in six little bowls, then you helped yourself what you wanted. The napkins were folded in a rose shape, starched a little, and hated to ruin the pattern. On entering they gave each lady a rose. Five of us were seated on each side of long tables, and as we were there first had wonderful seats for the floor show.

The show featured beautiful and graceful Thai dances, with five girls and three men, in fantastic costumes. They furnished a printed program, describing the purpose of each dance, plus a graceful girl m.c.

But what I've been leading up to all along was the accompaniment. Two young men played instruments that sounded sort of like xylophones and resembled them, but were of wood, suspended over what looked to be miniature canoes, perhaps four feet long. Then another man played a bell-sounding instrument, which consisted of a horseshoe shaped base perhaps three feet across, and he sat in the open end; and with a stick produced notes by hitting little protuberances, cone-shaped raised from the base, perhaps 20 of them. Then another very pretty girl kept the rhythm with a pair of little tinkling bells in one hand.

An impressive act was two agile young men doing a mock sword fight. The swordsmen having heavy swords, and it was so realistic one nervous old lady got up and moved to a safer spot. But they had a sort of dance while doing it, and many times struck sparks. It was certainly a memorable evening. Although the hotel is obvious new, it had one wall painstakingly carved with wonderful wood relief figures, alternately mixed with mirrors, and they had a gorgeous garden and waterfall the other side of the room, seen through large windows, and imaginatively lit with different colored lights.

Love,

March 7, 1975

Dear Marvin:

With our calling in every couple of weeks have pretty well kept in touch, and hope everything is okay in your department. Have dropped in on several print shops in various places, and found them very primitive compared to ours; most of them similar to what I grew up in as a boy, with the exception that several had letterpress Heidelberg.

Singapore was a beautiful, modern city, not at all what I'd imagined. Sections of it still have the original Oriental atmosphere, which I suppose is what we came to see. But I enjoy it all, the old and new. It's obvious they are suffering an energy crisis too, for buildings were not lit up at night, but the streets all had rather dimmish street lights, which enabled you to find your way easily enough. And women were walking around, and children playing in streets as late as 11 at night, so it apparently is a safe city.

Rushing by in cabs or buses, we saw many strange and artistic buildings, which I wish I could have photographed. It's a very prosperous city, so they can afford to give rein to imagination and beauty in some of the new buildings. We visited a beautiful hotel twice, the Shangri-La, and it was one of the most beautiful I've ever seen. We have friends we met on another trip, and thought they were slightly nuts, as their thing was visiting different hotels in the ports we visited. But perhaps they had something, as we've seen gorgeous ones seldom equalled in the States.

Otis elevators has some first-class competition now, as we see many Mitsubishi elevators, escalators and power doors. We had a group of five Filipino boys since the start of the trip as the main orchestra on the ship. They left us at Singapore to go home; but anyway a day or two before they left noticed the drummer's drum looked different, with different colors behind the semi-transparency of the head. It turned out he was packed to go, and those were his clothes.

Tell Howard I was scrounging around little shops in Singapore with a friend, and ran onto one with unbelievable wood figures, made of monkey pod wood, from the Philippines. They were from a few inches high to massive ones seven or eight feet tall...many life size men and women. And a couple of heads, two feet across that I would have liked, but they were too expensive. But I bought one three or four feet tall, for the office, of a Filipino warrior. Debated (and was tempted) buying one of a savage maiden; or one of several head hunters, with feet on the bodies, and head raised with one hand, and sword in another. But decided it would cause too much comment in the lobby. So bought a tame one. I think it's beautiful, and hope you will all agree with me. Should be there in a couple of months, or long after I get home; as it has to be crated, packed in a container and shipped by slow boat. The friend I was with bought one six feet high, that weighs over 200 pounds, for his home in Chicago.

There was a very picturesque harbor I wanted to spend more time at, but paused only a few minutes, taking pictures of the sampans, bumboats and junks. I don't really know the difference, but find them all extremely interesting. There is not much living on the boats at Singapore, as housing is so cheap, good and plentiful ashore. But fishing is a big industry, and we saw dozens of little boats as we came in, many out of sight of land.

As we were leaving the harbor, saw an old American LST, dead in the water, with three tugs herding it along, perhaps for repairs. It looked well equipped, not stripped, so hope it still has some life and function left. A man my age stood by the rail by me and almost cried when he saw it. Had spent two years as an officer aboard one during World War II. It was designed to haul tanks, he said, and the nose opened up to let them off and on. They had a very shallow draft, which let them come up onto a beach. He said his never hauled tanks, but almost everything else, including troops and wounded. Want to look him up sometime and get more of his war story.

March 7, 1975

Dear Raul:

Will have to finish this in a hurry, as our steward hasn't had a chance to make up the room yet this morning. That makes for wonderful living... imagine your wife would appreciate just leaving the bedroom for a while, then coming back to find it all made up, everything straightened, bathroom cleaned up, and new washrags and towels. Our steward changes the washrags twice daily, before they even get used to your face. Sometime during the evening he comes in and turns down the beds, and turns on little night lights by each. Real homey after a hard night of entertainment.

We found Bangkok an enchanted city, not at all what I'd pictured, but wonderful to visit, and hope we can come back for a more protracted stay. It's 95% Buddhist, and there are temples everywhere. Some rather shabby and rundown; others bright and shiny, with millions of dollars in gold leaf and plating on walls, statues and furnishings. There are modern parts of the city also, and we strolled through one enormous department store, probably two city blocks, on three levels, that would rival Neiman Marcus in beauty. Part of it was open and one big store, but part of it was many little stores, individually owned.

We are usually told that merchants can be bargained with, except in the finest shops. I dislike haggling, and would prefer (and do) to just leave if I don't find a satisfactory price. Have found this most effective, and you don't have to dicker... they often come down drastically in price as you leave. We find ourselves trying this gimmick even if we want something. There are silk shops everywhere (they must have hordes of busy little worms), but we did not buy any.

The city is crawling with cars, and as is the case with many other old cities, has narrow, crooked streets, so lots of the traffic is a nightmare. The cars are small, with lots of Toyotas and small English cars. We were told that recently, with aggressive independence, they have started assembling Japanese cars there, as well as small Ford, Chrysler and GM cars. They have native names, so can't tell which.

The city abounds with taxis, and they have a gimmick we hadn't seen. The hotels have a desk by the driveway, and you tell the clerk where you want to go. He speaks English (which many taxi drivers don't), and displays a board with most destinations in Bangkok, along with price of taxi there. You pay him, and he summons a cab immediately, usually air-conditioned; and you do not even have to speak to the driver. We found some places the cabs deliberately try to cheat us poor tourists... this system eliminates that.

They also have little independent "taxis," which resemble Cushman three-wheelers, with a seat in back seating three small people. I rode in one for several miles, and it was fun. But the canopy came down too low, so I had to scroonch down to see far. Was built for smaller Easterners. Saw some of them with seats parallel to the roadway, holding up to 12 natives. I'll bet they were well acquainted before the ride was over. Gasoline was about 72¢ US, pretty cheap for the Orient.

We saw many buses, and they were usually packed, sometimes with men hanging outside in the doorways. Looks like they could use men like they have in Japan... that come up at the stations and push passengers on... the more the merrier. There are thousands of Buddhist monks, in their bright saffron robes, and we noticed pairs on the back seats of buses. Our guide explained that seat is theirs, and they will not sit next to a woman. If a woman is there and monks show signs of wanting the seat, the woman will move. That's supposed to keep the monk away from temptation. As traffic sits so much, tied up, there's quite a bit of smog, and your eyes begin to burn. While waiting, I saw a Toyota with "University of Houston" on the window.

Regards,

March 7, 1975

Dear Bill:

My wife and I are busily enjoying the shipboard life, and the frequent intervals of shoreleave. We have seen some wonderful ports, which I can tell you more about when we get home; but one of the highlights of the voyage was the visit to Bangkok, Thailand (Siam), yesterday and the day before. Above all else, the relief of not hearing of Watergate and the railroading the media gave Nixon, has been worth the price of admission. I don't know why I thought of it now, as nobody discusses it.

Thailand is the only Southeast Asia country never colonized by Western powers, so has a fairly pure culture of its own, about 95% Buddhist, which I don't know anything about, except that it is interesting to watch. The city abounds with temples, and little shrines are everywhere...street corners, by filling stations, in yards, etc. They seem to be practical people, for I saw one large temple on stilts, with a car parking lot underneath.

Bangkok is not a real old city as many go, and was established around canals, with streets added much later; and roads and railroads fairly recently. It's a city of some three million, and the first impression is that's about like any other city. But when one goes on a boat ride along the "klongs" or canals, he realizes what a teeming life there is there. There are many of these canals, interconnecting like streets, and you can come to what looks like a dead end, take a turn, and there's a new vista of them ahead of you. They say half the population live and depend on the klongs, and I believe it.

We went on a tour of the canals in a small boat holding 12, and it was enchanting. As I grew up in a river town, on the Missouri, I feel an empathy with them; but back then and there, the river trade was a dead industry, and only a memory. But these canals were teeming with life with people swimming in the river, bathing, washing hair, washing dishes; and the incredible array of transport made it fascinating to us. We were warned not to drink the water in Bangkok, so stuck to bottled water in the hotels and had no problem.

Boys were swimming everywhere, even out in the middle of the big river, and the boats were steering around them. One clamored up on our boat for a short ride, naked as a jaybird. There are numerous rafts of teakwood being towed on the river, and boys were hitchhiking on them, then diving off. I got the impression the boys went swimming, and the girls went to school, for there were lots of them in neat blue and white school uniforms.

There were thousands of little native houses built on the water edge on stilts, usually only a foot or two above the water. I would think a flood would be a disaster. The jungle grew right down to the water where not cultivated or occupied by a house. I had the feeling you'd have to get out every morning and fight back the jungle.

I went back the next morning for another river ride, getting up at six. The second time had a long narrow boat all to myself, and enjoyed it hugely. They have very unique boats I've never seen before. They are powered by a four-cylinder car motor (or six- or eight-), sitting up high in the rear. Connected to the transmission is a long straight driveshaft from six to 12 feet long, and on the end of this is a small prop. They seemed extremely fast, and could pop your head on acceleration. They were noisy, without mufflers, but it didn't seem to bother us. Lots of them were painted very colorfully. Along the canals were endless stores, and either paddling along or with small motors were little canoes containing peddlers, servicing the people who live along the canals.

They sold plants, charcoal, complete meals, hardware, ice (covered with sawdust), groceries, fruit, etc. Most were paddled by women and their wares looked good... I wouldn't hesitate to eat them (the edible ones).

Regards,

March 7, 1975

Dear Betsy:

I called in the other day, and David told me you had mentioned the presence of Dr. Walker on the ship, and to look him up. I think I found him the first day, for the name seemed familiar, and so I approached him and asked if he was from Dallas; he told me Fort Worth, and then I remembered I have a good friend who attends his church, Homer McSart, and he is always speaking highly of the doctor. Anyway, we see Dr. Walker and his wife several times a day, as his dining table is near ours.

I still want to take that creative writing course at TCU, but these trips keep interfering. I was smart this time and took along a portable typewriter, and it makes all the difference in the world, for I can't think writing by hand. I've been writing several letters a day, like this; keeping carbons, and when I get home will perhaps consolidate them into a small book, not for publication, but just for friends and relatives (if I can find a good printer). This is the 73rd letter I've written, and instead of getting tired of it, have a hard time breaking away to acquire the experiences to write about.

We found Bangkok, Thailand (Siam) a fascinating place, and one we want to return to sometime. I had an experience yesterday (truly a heavenly day), that I'm not apt to forget. I had rented a long narrow boat all to myself for an early morning ride on the miles of canals. Martha and I had taken a tour the previous day on a little larger boat, and seen a temple with a small zoo on the water's edge. I had them stop the boat and found it to be a snake exhibit, with an alligator or two, many snakes, and a six-foot python which was very tame. They wound him around my neck and took my picture. He seemed bored by the whole bit.

Also exhibited was a cage with perhaps a dozen large bats. They let me into it, and I took their picture hovering in the corner (them, not me). The flash didn't seem to bother them. Then another picture with me holding this big monkey. I'm not usually too great on pictures of myself, with my looks. There were hundreds of kids along the canals, and we had to wave to them all, finding ourselves the stares as well as starers.

Martha and I usually like to pat the cute little kids on the head, but we were warned not to do so to the Thai kids. Their Buddha religion teaches that the head is the seat of the soul, and private to the owner, so they would resent us touching them. Likewise the pointing at anything with the feet...they regard feet as touching dirt and the dirtiest part of the body, so consider it an insult to whoever you're talking to if you point with your feet. So we patted some of the cutest on the shoulders.

The big river and canals were very muddy, but relatively clean as far as trash and refuse are concerned. I didn't see any fishing, so presume it's polluted. Most huts have large stone or earthenware jars sitting around, some three feet high, to store good water in. They catch rainwater, and of course some is piped in. I doubt they could drink out of the river or canals. Lots of the houses had potted plants hanging, some with dozens of them in rows, on wires. There were lots of smells along the river which I found fascinating: Charcoal making, copra from coconuts, and fish...not rotten, but rather the smell of cooking it or smoking it. Perhaps a more fastidious person would refer to them as stinking, but I enjoyed the smells as much as anything. And another strong smell was curry cooking, as it's one of the main dishes around there. It's usually hot enough to raise the top of your head, but I found it good if mixed with a liberal portion of something mild.

Women's lib seemed to be effective there, for women were working in the streets, and you could see them up on scaffolding along with the men, working on new buildings. We saw them building new temples, some very elaborate, so I guess they have a prosperous religion. We were told you can hire a servant who lives in; who will clean, cook, babysit, do yard work, everything, for \$30 a month.

Love,

March 8, 1975

Dear Harry and Rose:

Martha and I are in ecstasy again...on another cruise to the Orient. This time around the world in 88 days. It's already half over, and we're dreading the end, except going home to see a new grandson born after we left. But we're coming in to San Diego on the Rotterdam, on Wednesday, April 2, at 1:00 p.m.; and departing the same day at 7:00 that evening. Would love to see you if convenient. After that we'll call at Acapulco, go thru the Panama Canal, and disembark at New York. It's a lovely trip so far and a wonderful ship. We're looking forward to Hong Kong again, day after tomorrow. We'll be there four days, and two of them are to be spent on a trip into Red China, to Canton. We have our fingers crossed.

We just left an enchanted city, Bangkok, Thailand (Siam), which we enjoyed thoroughly. It's a Buddhist country, and one sees many Buddhist monks around, mostly young men. Most young men sign up for a year or so between the ages of 18 and 21, supposed to be the most tempting years, and go to boot camp for three months. They eat one meal a day, about 11:30, and go out into the streets to beg mornings. But they do it quietly, never approaching anybody. They have shaved heads and wear bright saffron robes.

One of the righteous busybodies was telling us that Buddhists have only five commandments, as opposed to our ten. I told Martha with her looks this gal need worry about only four, as she can forget adultery.

The Buddhists sort of overlook women, but they have a few nuns wearing white robes. It seems a widow can join up for a short time until she is over her grief...but she has to shave her head. That would be a lot more grief. The religion seems to be prosperous, as Bangkok is covered with temples, and we saw more a building. They profusely use some sort of gold paint that looks real. We wondered what it is. The gold paint we get at home is a poor imitation.

We visited the king's royal palace, a vast collection of buildings within a walled enclosure. I think he really lives elsewhere, and this is used for ceremonies. But the art work was fantastic, with elaborate colorful statues some 15 feet high, two or three thrones doused elaborately with gold; and one of these all a'glitter with thousands of diamonds. As you moved your head you could catch their glitter, reflecting lights. One of the throne rooms was perhaps 50x100 feet, with a great vaulted ceiling, and walls covered with what looked like wall-paper, thousands of faces surrounded by elaborate scrollwork. Each was hand painted, and on close examination you could see minute differences. It must have taken several lifetimes to do.

We were initially told we could not enter the throne rooms without a coat and tie for men, dresses and no bare-heeled shoes for women. So we dressed accordingly, and found the rules had been relaxed, which pained us, as it was right hot. The religion is tied closely to the state, as the king must participate in some of the rites, and there was a gorgeous temple on the palace grounds. Way up on a throne or altar was the Emerald Buddha, some three feet high, of a solid piece of jade. It wears three gold costumes, according to the season, which the king must put on it with elaborate ceremonies.

We had to take our shoes off to enter the temple, but it was well worth it. The temples have no pews, but supplicants either sit on their legs, or kneel. That eliminates us fat Americans. There was another statue of Buddha which we didn't get to see, of pure gold, 5 1/2 tons of it. It seems there was this old mangy looking statue kicking around for centuries, with nobody paying much attention to it, covered with enamel. One day not too long ago they wanted to move it with a crane, and in doing so cracked part of the enamel, and saw the glitter of gold inside. After chipping it off, found it pure gold...no doubt disguised to hide from some invader centuries ago. Is ten feet high.

Love,

March 8, 1975

Dear Larry:

Hope this finds you, Rene and the baby doing well. We're still enjoying ourselves and sometimes our faces hurt from grinning so much. I feel right at home now on the ship, as I just saw one of the Indonesian boys going down the hall with a bleeding finger, going for the doctor. Our cabin is directly under the theater stage, and for the last two weeks the entertainers have been practicing for a gala performance of "No No Nanette." There's sure a lot of thumping, tap dancing and clog dancing in, and we've about decided we're not going to like it...especially when they are ambitious enough to practice until 1:30 in the morning.

We were told that if we rented a car in Bangkok, to let the woman do the driving. It seems the cops are partial to women drivers; a pretty driver last year knocked a pedestrian a block and a half...the cop gave him the ticket for leaving the scene of an accident.

We saw some TV antennas in Bangkok, and understand they get tapes from the US, and dub in Thai monolog. They have many movie theaters, with gigantic, violent signs...most of them out of Hollywood. You buy a ticket for a specific time and specific seat...if you don't show up, too bad.

The Thai girls are remarkably pretty, and as labor is cheap, with the minimum pay \$5 US per week for five working days, restaurants and shops use lots of them. You can see some of them bathing in the canals and river, but they are modest, lathering up under a sort of sari.

There are not too many labor-saving devices, as they try to use people instead and keep full employment. I watched a gang of coolies unload corn from a truck into a warehouse. It was in gunny sacks, and they grabbed it with a hook, tearing a hole in the sack. Then an inspector plunged a pointed rod, hollow, about the size of a broomstick into each sack, closely inspected the corn, and poured his sample into a bucket. Watched another gang of men unload a barge of sand. It hurt just to watch them work that hard under a blazing sun. They loaded a little sack, threw it over their shoulder, and took it to the end of a conveyor on shore.

I took along three rolls of film to Bangkok, and kept running out...scenes were so interesting. Had to buy two more from stands in the temples. Money also evaporated in a remarkable way. Coke and Pepsi signs are everywhere, and as we were not to drink the water, drank more soft drinks than usual. At meals and in the hotel room there were jugs of water, bottled, which were safe; and we drank them. But one of our friends evidently got some bad water, for he was deathly sick yesterday, with diarrhea and chills and fever.

They seem to utilize some strange things, for we saw some buckets painstakingly made out of 7Up and Coke cans, hammered flat, then riveted together. One of the native boys asked where I was from, and when I said Texas, he replied "Crowboy bangbang." Guess that identifies us. You too can have a figure like mine, if you're not careful.

This was the home of the "King and I," and our guide said the movie was never permitted to be shown here, for it was disrespectful to show the king dancing with Anna. The present king, much beloved, was born in America and attended MIT. He has one wife, a famous beauty, but over a hundred years ago the king had some 30 wives (the amount varies in telling), and he would spend a week with each. This resulted in 72 children, more or less. But our guide said that created problems, and it is much better with just one wife. There is a big monument to one of the ancient queens, beloved by her husband, who drowned with hundreds watching...it was punishable by death to touch her person.

We went to a Thai dance at a beautiful hotel, sitting for dinner at a table of 10 (from the ship). On introductions, six of us were from Texas, the other four from Houston. The native group closed their program with "Eyes of Texas".

Regards.

March 8, 1975

Dear Mitch:

I imagine you and Richard will have gone to Hawaii by the time you get this... and hope it is up to expectations. We'll have a short time there, not really enough to look around. At the moment we are sailing off the coast of South Vietnam, but not close enough to see it, and entering the South China Sea. I imagine sea traffic keeps pretty clear of South Vietnam these days. We get to Hong Kong day after tomorrow.

On our last stop, Bangkok, saw quite a few soldiers around and several army camps, including some American. But the American presence is subdued, and we only saw one young American in civvies that might have been a serviceman. There were more car dealers than in Los Angeles, and several had used US army trucks, presume surplus out of Vietnam..for it and Cambodia are pretty close here, and the communists are very active. The government is a surface monarchy, with a king, but the country is really ruled by a military junta. They had a more or less peaceful revolution in 1932, and got rid of the absolute monarchy then. But the king is popular and is consulted frequently. They had riots as recently as 1973 by university students, which were bloodily suppressed. We asked our guide about them, and if he took part. He said "Lord no; I'm a lover, not a fighter."

I'd like to have a camera set up when some of these American women are confronted the first time with a Thai toilet. They're about six inches off the floor. The Japanese ones are flush with the floor, and we have to yet see one with any paper provided.

One little street vendor tried to sell us a Buddha, and told us that by rubbing his stomach our wishes could come true...prosperity, travel, etc. We told her she had better start rubbing it, as we already had the prosperity and travel. It seems to be a local custom for gals to walk down the street holding hands... but not the boys.

We were told of the man who force-fed his parrakeet a can of beans...so he could have a Thunderbird.

Bangkok was fairly clean, but there were some vacant lots littered with trash, and occasionally you could see an old man or woman sorting thru it in search of some goodie. But suppose not much different from the winos at home sorting thru trash for something.

There were thousands of shanties built on piles along the canals and rivers, with few painted. They say some 1 1/2 million live on the canals or alongside them. And I can believe that. Occasionally you'd see a nice home, but they were exceptions. But it's a way of life they obviously enjoy. There are thousands of boats of every description, with the work boats bare wood (some had eyes painted on them), but the fun boats and water taxis painted very colorfully. They have small tugs, that don't even look like tugs, pulling a string of barges along, with from two to ten, at a pretty good rate. There were not many bridges over the canals, so guess you have to swim for it. Many of the houses have little electric pumps out over the water on small balconies, to give them running muddy water.

We were proud to find we were second in source of income for Thailand, after rice, with tin, rubber and teak following. There seem to be few flies, and no mosquitoes anymore. There are many snakes in the jungle, but the only ones we saw were in a couple of commercial snake pits. I got acquainted with a nice, friendly six-pyhton. In cages they had a "Mojave rattlesnake," non-poisonous; and a copperhead racer, also non-poisonous. I didn't try. There were many dogs and cats, but all were scruffy looking and many with mange. Occasionally on porches you would see chained monkeys...never one running free. Guess you can't trust them not to run away.

Tell Joyce to enjoy the flight.

Regards,

March 8, 1975

Dear Howard:

I am glad to hear occasionally that everything is going well at the shop. The voyage is still marvelous, and we wake up smiling every morning. They're having baked Alaska again tonight, which must certainly be our common weakness. Tell Esther that so far we have 13 bells (I think), and we enjoy looking for unique ones. The most unique we've seen, we didn't buy. We're sure the shop just found it laying around some old used elephant lot somewhere and paid a quarter for it; but it was a wooden elephant bell, about a foot square and six inches thick... they wanted something like \$100 for it. We did get a unique wooden female buffalo bell, quite a bit cheaper. Don't know why it's for female buffaloes, but that's what the tag said.

All the above transpired in Bangkok, where there are supposed to be oodles of elephants, but we only saw one...about the smallest baby one I've ever seen, outside a floating market. We both pet him, but as I was out of film at the moment, did not get a picture. But they say they use elephants extensively out in the teak forests north of where we were, to handle the immense logs.

We visited four wonderful hotels in Bangkok, the President (where we stayed), a marvelous buffet lunch at the Erawan, the Siam Intercontinental, and and a fabulous Thai dinner and show at the Dusit Thani. Had a unique light lunch another day, where they hollowed out half a pineapple, cutting out most of the meat, then filling it heaping with bite-size bits of every kind of fruit imaginable...for \$1.10. They had sugar cubes that were like granulated, but tasted something like brown sugar, and found ourselves eating them like candy. I think Martha still has some in her purse.

The ship is good about getting local money to us. Usually the first thing on docking, money changers come aboard, and we rush up to change money before going ashore. They charge a premium, but that's far better than getting by on dollars. It's not too bad getting accustomed to local money. I concentrate on the country we're in only, and can't usually remember the exchange after we leave. But for example, the money in Thailand is the baht, worth about 5¢ US. Not exactly, but near enough. So when we saw prices, or were quoted prices, I just divided by two. For example, if was priced 150 baht, I just computed \$7.50 in my head. Most currencies are like that.

We found the hotels seem to be getting monopolies on tourist eating and entertainment, for we are told repeatedly in different places that the best native shows in town are at this or that hotel. Same way with restaurants. Most of the hotels seem to be run by natives...at least they're up front. Asia seems to be awakening, and sometimes I wonder what they think of us affluent foreigners; and how long they'll be content to be so far behind economically. They're smart, and there's no flies on the bright-eyed kids growing up.

I don't imagine the Thai kids object to school buses, for we saw innumerable ones which were just water taxis, with some 20 school kids, dressed in neat uniforms, on the way to school early in the morning. With all the little houses on the canals, each with some sort of porch to the water, there were many little kids playing, with no guard rails. I guess they learn to swim before they walk.

Around the city, Thailand is as flat as a board, which lends itself well to the innumerable canals. But some 50 miles away, on the way to the ship, were good size hills. It's the dry season now, so things look dead, except the jungle. About the only domesticated cattle we saw were water buffalo, lots with kids riding perched on their backs. I guess their main staples are rice and fish.

Along most streets are hundreds of women selling prepared food. They get it there in pots or baskets on the end of poles, which look to be heavy loads. They walk with a sort of bent-knee lope. The food looked good, and I wouldn't hesitate to eat it.

Regards,

March 9, 1975

Dear Jack and Mil:

Martha and I are still traipsing over the world, awaiting the arrival at Hong Kong tomorrow. The ship stays there four days, but we'll get just one day, Monday, to sightsee and shop in Hong Kong, as we are going into Red China the other three days. We have a briefing meeting later this morning, which will go into details. We'll have a group of some 350 people, divided into 25's, and are looking forward with great anticipation to the trip.

The ship's performers put on "No No Nanette" last night, and got a standing ovation...was wonderful. So great, I stayed and saw it twice. We had special patriotism as we are acquainted with most of the performers...and as our cabin is directly under the stage, had listened several days to the whomp-whomp of their dancing during rehearsals.

We've had beautiful weather the whole trip, except for five minutes' rain as we were leaving the ship in Colombo. Light showers several times while at sea, but that doesn't count. I had to ught an umbrella in New York City on the Nova Scotia trip (ah, beautiful memory!), which was still a virgin...never been out of the case. So when I opened it on the gangway at Colombo, it turned wrong side out.

A man listened to his son's prayers every night, and one night the boy prayed "God bless momma and daddy and auntie, and goodbye uncle." The next day the uncle died. That night the boy prayed "God bless momma and daddy, and goodble auntie." The next day the aunt died. That night the boy prayed "God bless momma, and goodbye daddy." So the man went to the office next day and locked his door, and walked both ways...taking no chances. With relief he went home after work, and his wife met him sobbing at the door, saying "we've had the most terrible day...the milkman dropped dead right in our kitchen."

We've got a couple eating at the next table to us, we watch with amazement. They are dancing fools, and swing their heels anywhere there's music...but the woman wears a different costume every night (she's only repeated once, Martha says), and we're all wondering if she brought along 88 dresses. They're mostly long formals. She did say she and her husband always took separate staterooms, as they needed the room. She must have one full of dresses.

I would guess two-thirds of the passengers are widows, and as one of the eaters at our table is a widower, he's pretty popular. He says he'll just casually meet a woman, and later she calls his cabin and poutingly asks why he hasn't looked her up. Most of the time he doesn't even know who's on the line.

I've taken an abundance of pictures, and will probably have to mortgage the old homestead to get them developed. They have a big board up on the promenade deck with our route and next stop on it, changed before we get there. It's to key the movie cameras, so I've been taking a shot of it for our album. Will save some words. I bought a flash attachment before leaving for my little Instamatic, but find it too bulky to carry around, plus being delicate; and it misses a crucial flash occasionally. So have taken to buying flash cubes again to take ashore... just use the attachment on board ship.

Last night was "baked alaska night," and they make a real ceremony of it. It's the second time. After everyone has eaten, they clear off the tables, then all the lights go out, and the waiters come in with a sparkler on each baked alaska, lit by the headwaiter, who has a blowtorch at the head of the escalators. Quite colorful...and boy, do Martha and I love them. Looked wistful last night and asked for seconds, but the waiter disappeared into the kitchen, no doubt to lick the platter.

Some of the meals are delicious adventures. Ordered steak tartare the other night to find it raw hamburger, mixed with raw egg, and highly spiced. Was very good, and my first experience with it.

Regards,

March 9, 1975

Dear David:

Hope Maxine and the boys are doing okay. We're fine, and enjoying ourselves. Was just up on the bridge, which you would enjoy. But it's a gorgeous, cloudless day and they weren't using any instruments, just eyeballs. It's been remarkable calm and smooth the last several days, but today have some long swells which I enjoy, but are causing some complaint.

We're due in Hong Kong tomorrow morning, and the following day, Tuesday, have to get up at 5:00 or 5:30, eat, and catch a special train for Red China, leaving at 8:00. It runs for about an hour and a half, then we get off and spend a couple of hours going thru customs. After the formalities, we walk across a bridge and board a Chinese train going to Canton. It's only 70 miles from Hong Kong, but we won't get there until 1:10.

Only about 325 of have been accepted to go in, with many others turned down for no reason they know of. There's been lots of red tape and papers to fill in... I imagine our part of it was peanuts compared to what the ship line had to do. Among things we have to list as taking is money (amount and number of bills), rolls of film, cameras, books, tape recorders and records, jewelry, watches, fountain pens and pencils, radios, sewing machines and articles carried on behalf of others. They say they may check these things at the border, then again when we come out.

Then there's a long list of things we can't take, like 18mm. movie cameras, guns, wireless receivers and transmitters, drugs (that's causing a flurry among the women, who are wondering about their drug assortments), lottery tickets, etc.

We have been cautioned not to refer to it as Red China, the bamboo curtain, or Mainland China; as they are very proud, and we must call it the Republic of China. Also, we can change American or Hong Kong dollars on the Chinese train and at the hotel, into Chinese yuan, worth about 50¢; but we can't carry any Chinese currency out with us...we must exchange back to Hong Kong or US currency.

I sometimes wonder what the world really thinks of us Americans...all some foreigners see sometimes are the old complaining, spoiled people, and the hippies. The cream of the crop stays at home and does the work.

I thought the ship was on fire twice, as I smelled a pungent wood smoke, with a slight tang of cinnamon. So I asked a ship officer, and he said it was Indonesian cigarettes. The cabin boys aren't supposed to smoke on duty, but of course they sneak one, like people everywhere. I'll get you some Chinese cigarettes, as we have been told they are plentiful in Canton.

Perhaps you've heard the saying, "if you drink, don't...accidents cause people."

Of course I'll know much more after the trip, but we're scheduled to visit a people's commune, hospital where they do acupuncture, children's nursery, a memorial park, middle school, primary school, museum, kindergarten, and ivory carving factory; plus a city tour and cultural show. We stay two nights, and I hope we have some free time to snoop around, but doubt if we'll be allowed to do much...they'll show us only what they want us to see. But it's their country, so they have that privilege. All the old gals have been worrying about the temperature, and if the hotel will be heated (as some aren't). But they announced we'll have heat, and to bring raincoats or umbrellas. It can't be very cold, as it's so near Hong Kong, which is usually hot.

We regret the brevity of only one day to see Hong Kong, as it's extremely fascinating, but we'll get around all we can't get; perhaps renting a car. We're still only having a day in Honolulu, so we can't get to the big island this year either.

Regards,

March 14, 1975

Dear Mac:

Martha and I escaped successfully from China, and it was a trip we'll never forget...marvelous! I wish more people could take it, as it would change their minds about a lot of things. We are in the South China Sea now, steaming toward Okinawa where we'll arrive tomorrow, then a succession of Japanese ports for the next week, so I won't have much time to write. But I took many notes, and a tape and a half of tape recorder, plus 136 pictures, all in China. The weather was foggy and drippy, although it never really rained, so I have some doubts about my pictures. The only camera I had was a Kodak Instamatic, and it is rather limited. I bought a better Japanese camera in Hong Kong, after we came back from China, but of course that did no good in China.

I'll just skim in this letter, for to cover our visit is going to take many pages and hours. Let me say in the beginning, that I hate communism, that I would not like to live in China, and we saw only a crack in the great wall in China. I don't think many Americans could live happily under their system, after growing up in free enterprise, but they are indoctrinated from birth, and know no other life.

One must go back many years, before communism, and see what they had...to get a clear picture. Their country was occupied by foreign powers; Portugal, England, America, Russia, Japan and others, who stole everything that wasn't nailed down. They had no regard for the Chinese people, so they consequently starved by the millions, had no housing to speak of, and no national identity at all. The girl babies were sometimes killed at birth, or sold into slavery or prostitution. All the property not owned by foreigners was owned by a few extremely wealthy landowners, who had total disregard for the workers and peasants on their land, and exploited them to the hilt.

We are fed the picture of the people being held down to a common level. We were told repeatedly, and saw much evidence, that they are trying to lift themselves up to a common level. Due to their former exploitation, they are determined to be self-sufficient in food, housing, fuel, machinery and other essentials; and while this means doing without a great many things, they seem willing to do so.

If I was asked to describe the countryside in one word, I would say "water." It's everywhere. There are not many roads, but lots of paths; and every little bit of ground is carefully cultivated. Up to the edge of the railroad tracks, and to the walls of buildings. There are odd little shaped plots of rice or vegetables, all with ridges of dirt around them, put there by human hands, about two feet wide and the same high. Occasionally wider for paths. And then simple sluice gates to let the water in. As the plots are sometimes different levels, they have many pumps, from a hand operated one with a bicycle pedal arrangement, to an 8 or 10-inch pipe with a little electric motor.

All Chinese, with out exception, wear the pajama type costume, men and women. Almost all are blue, from faded grayish blue, to fairly brilliant blue. The soldiers usually wear blue pants, but a green jacket and cap with the red star. We had expected to see great hordes of soldiers, armed to the teeth, marching militantly in the streets. On the contrary, we saw quite a few strolling around, as on liberty, but not one marching...and not one rifle. The only armed soldiers we saw were at the border (both sides), who had on side arms.

About 325 of us went to China, and it was a very efficiently run tour. We visited a people's commune, a kindergarten, an artistic pottery factory, ancestral temple, the zoo, a small commune hospital, a small machine shop, a store (reserved strictly for tourists); and an "acrobatic soiree", which was held in a beautiful new theater, and had some of the finest acts we've ever seen.

While true we saw only what they wanted us to see, we drove many miles of city streets and countryside, and got many impressions of their way of life. We were free to take as many pictures as we wanted, and had no impression at any time that we were guarded, or that our guides were anything but open.

Regards,

March 14, 1975

Dear Herb:

Countries are coming fast and furious now, and I'm having a hard time keeping up with notes. We had Hong Kong Monday; China Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning; Hong Kong again; and starting tomorrow will have various Japanese ports for a week. We visited Hong Kong last year and were much impressed with it. In fact, after London, it is my favorite foreign city.

Have taken hundreds of pictures with my little Instamatic, and hope they will be reasonably good. The flash attachment I got just before leaving is so-so. It's a little bulky to carry, sometimes a long wait for the light, and occasionally it misses a flash. So bought some more cubes. But found the Instamatic was no good on gray or hazy days, so thought I'd buy a better camera in Hong Kong.

I asked the ship photographer what would be the best reasonably priced camera, and he said a Yashica GTN would be best. So I priced some at various places, and found a shop that had one for \$80. But he would have to send up the street for it, as it was not in stock. We ended up going back three times, and then he tried to give me the hard sell on another make, saying the Yashica was obsolete and not so good. After we came back from China, we just had three hours (and I had said the hell with the whole thing) we had met a woman on the Chinatrip who had had a Yashica for ten years and went into rhapsodies over it.

So with the ship sailing in a bare two hours (and lunchless) we took the Star ferry to Victoria, a little two-deck street car and some walking to another little shop, who didn't have one in stock, but he sent up the street and got one in ten minutes. I ended up paying \$100 for it, but this guy was honest. By the way, the first character said he had given me a price on GSN, which obviously was not as good a camera. But I finally got it, and have yet to take any pictures. But I'm out of Instamatic film anyway, so will finish up with the Yashica, and the instruction book says it will take a picture of a candle without a flash.

We made it back to the ship 20 minutes before sailing. It may seem stupid to buy a Japanese camera in Hong Kong, when our next stop is Japan. But everyone said they were cheaper in Hong Kong, and no one knew why. But I overheard a chance remark which explained it...storekeepers in Japan have to pay a terrific tax on everything they sell, sort of sales tax, that runs the prices skyhigh.

Hong Kong is divided into three parts: Hong Kong island, which is about half city (Victoria), and half mountain. Then Kowloon, which is on mainland China, and is very densely populated city. And third, New Territories, which is about half and half city and country. The first two belong to the British in perpetuity, while the New Territories is leased from the Chinese for 99 years, running out in some 22 years.

Hong Kong is some 98% Chinese, most of them refugees from China. In times of big upheaval in China, there are hordes of them coming over, but now it is a mere trickle of some 100 per day. They said that one-third of attempted escape from China succeed; what happens to the two-thirds no one knows. Macao, a small Portuguese colony perched on the Chinese coast, which we visited last year, has a treaty with the Chinese to return any refugees.

The New Territories consist of some 300 square miles, and with their lease expiring in 1998, it looks like they would stifle growth and progress there. But quite the opposite is evident, for they are building like mad; new free-ways going in, new buildings going up, and leveling of hills and filling in part of the harbor is a long-time project. What China will do when the lease expires is anybody's guess, probably even the Chinese. But perhaps they intend to get back the investment for Hong Kong in less than 22 years.

Martha and I rented a car with driver and had an enjoyable half day roaming the New Territories.

Regards,

My wife and I are extremely happy to be allowed to visit your country, and found it to be far above our expectations. There is much mystery and speculation in the United States concerning China, and I hope to be able to dispel a few of the myths, in my small way, on my return.

~~I realize that a brief two-day visit can not begin~~

I found that the Chinese people are wanting the same things in life as the American people. ~~Their~~ aims are basically identical; enough food, clothing and housing to adequately take care of our needs; and a better life for our children and ~~future generations~~ their children, than we have had.

Through hard work, industry and brains, you obviously are attaining this goal; and we basically are doing the same. Your schools are ~~excellent~~ very fine, and we were thoroughly enchanted with the cute, bright-eyed friendly little children, who stole our hearts with their obvious friendliness and interest.

Your guides spoke often of the grim past, the sometimes hard present, and the glorious ~~future~~. We have the same thing in the United States. Many of us have had terribly hard times, with depressions and wars. But the present is much better. And the future looks bright indeed.

We too are having changes and upheavals, just as you are. We have much soul-searching, and endless debate on how to improve the lot of the vast mass of workers in our country. Although good, we feel our schools could be vastly better, and are always working toward that. In the last ten years we have established thousands of community colleges, whereby the very poorest of parents can send their children, with a hope of a college degree.

I feel sad in one respect...that perhaps those of your countrymen who saw our group, and similar groups from other ships, think us representative of Americans. We are a small minority...aged and retired...with our lives and work behind us. The cream of the crop is home, working, and keeping the wheels of America turning. They are too busy ~~working~~ earning their daily bread, bringing up their children, and too poor, to take a trip like this. Their time will come later,

I was much impressed by the cleanliness of your cities and countryside, the industry of your people, and the selfliness which is apparent; as you people work together in harmony to overcome your problems.

I hope there is much more visitation between our countries, started by our President Nixon and your Chairman Mao, which will make us both realize that we, like all of the human race, have many more things in common than we have differ-

FILMS/CAMERAS

As no color film or slides are for sale in China, you are advised to take a sufficient supply with you. Use of 16 mm motion picture cameras are not allowed. However, 8 mm cameras are accepted. If you desire to take a picture of a person, we advise you to get permission from that person in advance.

FOOD

Breakfast in China will be an American breakfast. For lunch and dinner, Chinese food will be served, and from experience, we can inform you it is delicious.

If you are unable to eat Chinese food, please leave a note at the Front Office early Sunday morning with your name and group number and we may be able to arrange an alternate dinner.

Again we urge you to try this food. It is not spicy. (Notes: coffee and milk is not served with a Chinese dinner).

CLOTHES

Average temperatures during the time of year of your visit are approximately 17 C or 61° F.

You are advised to take a raincoat and umbrella and a warm sweater, as temperatures during the evening can be considerably lower than during the day.

ADDITIONAL BACKGROUND

China, with a population of approximately 800 million people, has always been, and still is, a predominantly agricultural country, and its rural population accounts for about 86 percent, or 650 million, of the total population.

Throughout China's history, there has been continuous records of famine resulting in millions of deaths over the centuries among the rural communities.

The land reforms of the late 40's and early 50's confiscated the large holdings of landlords and distributed them among the peasants. Later these were merged into co-operatives and in 1958 the rural areas of China were divided into approximately 26,000 people's communes varying in size from about 10,000-60,000 people. They function as multipurpose, self-supporting communities engaged. In the production of agriculture, handicrafts, light industry and other supporting trades. All products are the property of the commune as a whole, and families share in the proceeds of the commune operations.

Visiting a commune during your stay in China you will discover that by Western standards life in rural China is hard; the average Chinese peasant family is still poor, but not as poor as he used to be and China's apparent victory over famine under the new regime is perhaps as great a human conquest as man's journey to the moon.

And, again, perhaps just as exciting as the start of a trip to the moon is when your train stops at the Lo Wu border station after you have passed the British New Territories that lie between the city of Hong Kong and the People's Republic of China.

March 14, 1975

Dear Homer:

Martha and I are thoroughly enjoying our trip, and wonder why more people are not taking advantage of this way of life, for it is thoroughly enjoyable. If heaven is like this, I'm willing to work for it. But I'm probably too old to start.

We sailed away from Hong Kong yesterday, wiping salty tears from our eyes. It's quite an experience, and we hope to come back sometime and spend awhile. The Hong Kong dollar is worth about 20¢, and that word "about" is a loose term, for the exchange rate fluctuates every day, and in every shop and bank. A lot of people got upset at that, but I don't worry about it. I translate all prices, everywhere, into American dollars, and if it is fair for something I want, I pay it.

One of the things that intrigues me is the Star ferry, between Kowloon where our ship is docked, and Hong Kong island. They are extremely efficient, and usually crowded. They have this long pier, and after you pay your fare go thru this long building on the pier, and thru gates on either right or left, whichever ferry is in at the moment. There is one about every five minutes. The crowd surges aboard, the ramp is lifted, and she takes off for the mile across. There are probably 10 or 12 boats. The bottom is tourist, and costs about 2¢; the upper deck is first class for the exorbitant price of 5¢. They are furnished about the same with long wooden benches with reversible backs, but first class is far less crowded. I'd guess the ferries carry about 500 people. They now have a tunnel competing with vehicular traffic, but no end of customers for the ferries.

I like to ride the ferries just for the ride. As we were crossing yesterday another boat cut in front of us and it looked like we were going to ram. Martha said perhaps it was the mating season. But we missed. As the crowds are dense, there are signs warning of pickpockets. I was coming back to the ship the other day with a friend from Chicago, when he said "My God, I've been robbed!" Then Ilt his other pockets and found his wallet in a front pocket, where he'd put it on reading the signs.

It was foggy during our visit, so couldn't see far. On our departure on the way out of the harbor could hear the big jets coming over on takeoff, sounding like they were just skimming us, but couldn't see a thing. Of course it was clear enough for us to see land and navigate.

As we entered the harbor early in the morning (Monday) the sun was coming up, and it was beautiful. But low-hanging clouds misted the top of mountains, and we never did see them clearly. Two clean-looking efficient tugs guided us to our berth, while there were many ships at anchor in the roadstead, and many little junks were getting out for early morning fishing. We saw a few sails last year, but they're all gone now...nothing but diesels and beautiful-sounding little one-lungers coming over the water.

On first look Hong Kong is a big modern city, with endless rows of tall buildings looming up against the mountain background. A lot of them are up to 40 stories, and many are fancy American-style hotels.

Everywhere we go another cruise ship is a week ahead of us, the Queen Elizabeth II and we hear of her visit. Martha and I considered going on her, as the route is essentially the same, but this ship makes about ten more ports, so we chose her; and are not sorry.

I wonder why there is not more smuggling, for we have never, ever, had any restrictions on our coming and going in these ports. On entering the US, of course, there is customs as we leave the ship, but on visits everywhere (including US ports) one could carry on and off anything he had a mind to. We'll leave the ship carrying big packages, and return carrying bigger ones, and are never glanced at, either by ship or native personnel. Of course they know we are passengers.

Regards,

March 15, 1975

Dear Jack:

We're standing by this morning to go ashore in Okinawa. It's foggy and drippy out, and we're 1 1/2 hours late, so with nothing better to do, will write a few lines. I tried to call in last night, but there was no radio transmission. It was near midnight, which would be 9:00 a.m. there. Hope you and Dorothy are enjoying your lake cottage now.

A gal picked up a man on the street, and after certain preliminaries, they went to her room nearby. Presently there was the sound of a key in the door, and the man, panic stricken, said "Who's that?" She said "My husband." "What'll I do?" asked the man. "Jump out the window," she replied. "But it's the 13th floor," he said. "Now's no time to be superstitious; jump!"

We enjoyed Hong Kong, and are sorry we hadn't more time there. It's supposed to have the longest shopping pier in the world, and I can believe it. Probably a quarter-mile-long esplanade, lined both sides with beautiful shops, and repeated on an upper level. One could spend a day or two there, just looking. Next time I'm going to leave my money at home on the ship.

I broke my glasses a month or so ago, and have been doing remarkable well without them. But in Hong Kong got a new lens for \$10, and have them back on. I was getting a little squinty, and tired of the fuzziness at a distance. Had another pair made up, just in case I break 'em again.

When we got off the ship, there were droves of tailors...as bad as the Rio jewelers. I was amused, for as soon as the gangplank was in place, this big mob rushed down it to get on the ship, and a big burly crew member told them to "git." He turned them all round, and pushed them back, with them screaming at him.

We wanted to hire a taxi and go by ourselves to the New Territories, so on the street a man drove up and asked if we needed a guide. We climbed in, and he took us promptly to a combination tailor/jewelry store, and disappeared. We were getting a little peeved, when another man drove up in a Mercedes, and took us on our tour. He didn't speak much English, but we knew what we wanted to see, so we got along fine.

We were met at the pier by the Hong Kong royal police band, who did some marches and played a few pieces. Some of them wore kilts and played bagpipes, which is a British trademark now, I guess. Most of the public transportation is on London double decker buses, and as usual we got on one and rode quite a ways. We usually ride to the end of the line, but lacked the time. They are the standard faded red, but now and then you see one decked out in wild colors, advertising something. We're so used to seeing traffic driving on the left now, we'll probably get run over in Honolulu.

There were a few American cars in Hong Kong, and it seemed strange to see a Buick or Pontiac with the driver on the right. Saw one big Fleetwood Caddy. Between the big buildings I got whiffs of the old smell that made me homesick for Longon... diesel fumes, from the buses.

I guess Hong Kong is Britain's last outpost, and they're not about to want independence, for China would grab it instantly. Most of the population is made up of refugees from China, with some 100 coming over daily now. But they're living in huge apartment ho uses now, with very few in packing crates anymore. Apparently they have caught up pretty well, for we saw some apartments ten years old that they are razing, and will build better ones in their place.

A lot of the streets have holes in the street, by the sidewalks, with gigantic gnarled old trees, which effectively shade the streets. Presume they are banyan trees, that are kept trimmed back.

Regards,

March 15, 1975

Dear Louise:

We're just in Okinawa, and waiting to go ashore. It's a cool, rainy day; but we can't complain for we have had beautiful weather the whole trip, with five minutes of rain in Ceylon only. I guess they have union dock workers here, for they are waiting until the ship is in position, then a fork lift went over and lifted this fairly small gangway. Then a big crane came up, jockeyed around awhile, put his outriggers in position, and now is leisurely on top of the cab fixing a windshield wiper, like he had all the time in the world...with 825 passengers panting to get off the ship and spend money.

To get back to Hong Kong, we were sorry to leave, for it is a fascinating place. There are hundreds of apartment houses, government owned, and they are picturesquely decorated with laundry hanging out of every window and balcony. They apparently are doing a good job housing the population, mostly refugees from China, for there are few beggars, and everybody seems busy; and the place looks prosperous. Last year we would just turn around to leave a shop, and they would frantically come down on the prices; but this year don't do it nearly so much, which is a good sign.

Most men wear western clothes, many with suits and ties. Girls wear US style slacks, while older women wear Chinese style pajamas. Very few skirts. Quite a few young women carry babies on their backs in slings. Martha and I tried to buy one, but stores said they are out. But we got one later (for Nancy) in China. There are many new buildings and apartment houses going up, usually about 20 stories, and they use bamboo scaffolding exclusively.

We visited a Buddhist temple, with offerings of apples and oranges, mangoes and artificial flowers, and Christmas tree lights. They said the fruits would stay awhile, then they take it home and eat it. One of the worshippers got three joss sticks, bowed, then kneeled down with hands in a praying position; then with her hands palms up, touched with her forehead. At the temple they had a miniature orange tree, about three feet high, with miniature real oranges growing. They had another miniature tree trained to grow in the shape of an animal, and had put artificial eyes on. Another tree was trained to grow thin, about 3", within a framework about four feet square. It apparently was not trimmed, they just teased it to grow that way.

In a little town in the New Territories they had gangs of women street sweepers, with big hats about two feet across, black uniform pajamas, and fluorescent patches to warn traffic. We visited an ancient walled village, and as I was getting out of the car, snapped a picture of a group of old women. One of them came running up to me yelling something...it turned out she wanted money. I hadn't had time or opportunity to get Hong Kong dollars, so gave her a quarter, which made her mad. We noticed women working alongside men in construction and street work, usually wearing hats and hoods to keep off the sun. Guess a white skin is a status symbol there...the opposite in the United States.

They have a cleanliness campaign going on, with signs "Litter - you brought it - you take it away!" We saw some trees in bloom, but would think it's too early for that in the spring...still a little chilly. We saw hundreds of paintings, many excellent - lots of them junk, and many Chinese men and women. They go for bright colors. I saw a painter at work with a big crown surrounding him. He was using his forefinger, and a brush only for Chinese characters.

Out in the New Territories we saw many duck farms for Canton duck, chickens, pigs and fish hatcheries. Lots of the gold fish in the States come from here. Now and then, squatted down on the sidewalk, is a goldfish peddler with a few fish, and the buyers carry them off in a little plastic bag with a bit of water in it. Hong Kong money is different sizes for bills. \$1 is a coin, worth about 20¢ US. I saw a \$500 bill, and it was almost 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, enormous.

Love,

March 16, 1975

Dear Homer:

We're still having a grand time, and last night went to a dinner party in Okinawa with Dr. and Mrs. Walker. It was at the Teahouse of the August Moon, and we had to sit on the floor, with our feet under low tables, long rows of us. The only thing to eat with was chopsticks, and we did surprisingly well. I didn't see much food left over.

We checked our shoes at the door, and were given two small plastic numbered tags...one to leave in the shoes, and one to reclaim them with. We were among the last out, and Mrs. Walker couldn't find her shoes; someone had taken them. So she ended up with another pair of black pumps. I wanted to stay behind and see what the last woman did. The black pumps were too large for Mrs. Walker, so obviously the one who took her shoes didn't belong to the black pumps. We kidded her a great deal on the ride back to the ship. Let her loose on the town Saturday night and she steals somebody's shoes, etc.

So I had an inspiration; my old tennis shoes are about shot, so I bribed a cabin boy to take them to her cabin and tell her American Express had found her shoes. I told him to insist that she take them...that they must be hers. I haven't heard from them so far today.

At the party they put on various Okinawan dances while we ate, at a small stage at the end of the room. I kept taking pictures with my new camera, but I don't think it was loaded right, so doubt any will come out. Okinawans are sort of a cross between Japanese and Chinese, so have their own interpretation of classical dances and music. Was very beautiful to see, but didn't care for the tunes. I kept trying to get Hartha to go up and see if they would play Rhapsody in Blu e.

We were most impressed with Hong Kong. Talk about interesting! It's got one of the three most beautiful harbors in the world, and it's enormous. The Queen Elizabeth burned and sunk here about 1971, and we took a harbor cruise by her last year. But you couldn't even tell it was a ship, just some rusted metal sticking up a couple of feet above the water. They were salvaging what they could, and I presume even that is gone now.

As with most cities now, Hong Kong is glutted with too many cars, most of them Japanese, with a few British, and a great many small Fords we do not have in the States. In addition to the double-decked London buses, they have thousands of small Nissan or Toyota buses, "Public Light Bus 14 Seats," a little bigger than a VW bus, all apparently in good shape and fairly new. Street signs are in both English and Chinese, but they say it is a nightmare to find a specific address, as they don't number like we do. All the gas stations I saw were either Caltex or Shell.

There are very few rickshaws left, and didn't see anybody riding them. Even fewer than last year. We have been warned repeatedly that they'll cheat you...lose you in some dark alley, then demand more money. So we didn't try them out. Would have liked the ride, though. It seems insanity all those men sitting idle because of their reputation; when they could be honest and make a good living. We got badly cheated (or they tried) twice on horse-drawn carriages in other countries, so we don't try to ride them anymore.

Along a country road saw an old London bus, double-decker, with the roof taken off, and they were trimming trees along the roadway. The seats were out, and that seemed an admirable idea.

I visited a fish market, and saw something I couldn't believe. They had big carp about 18 inches long; cut off the head, then split lengthways. These half fish were laying on the counter with their hearts beating away, out in the open; and their tails would give an occasional flop.

Regards,

March 16, 1975

Dear Rick and Rosemary:

Hope this finds you okay, and Nancy and Saul with you. We're on the homeward part of the trip now, with about a month left, and will hate to see it end.

We spent an interesting day yesterday...Okinawa. There was a bus tour, but we passed it up, did some searching, and rented a little Toyota. Was surprised to find them still driving on the right, as Japan drives on the left. But perhaps they voted locally to stay that way, as it would be real disruption to change over. About half the cars had right-handed drivers, though.

We drove out to Kadena first, and your mother had no trouble finding your house. Then over to the east coast where we found Nakagusuku park. Had a lot of trouble finding it, as all signs were in Japanese. Went by the road up there about three times, then finally stopped at a florist and he directed us. Found the old walls fascinating and beautiful.

The ship docked in Naha and we didn't get off until noon, which left us limited time. But we then drove back to Naha and Itoman, and went to see all the monuments at Suicide Cliff; but they don't call it that anymore...it's Reimel monument and Kenji monument. Lots of people had been there, for there were great stacks of flowers on some of the monuments. We got there about closing, and bought some half-wilted flowers from an old woman...not for the graves, but for our cabin. Also got a couple of interesting Okinawa books you'll probably be interested in.

It was a drizzly day...never really rained enough for an umbrella. I got a new camera in Hong Kong and don't think I loaded it right, for I took 20 pictures in Okinawa, and it didn't act right. So will have to see if they come out. My second loading is working better.

We thought Okinawa was about half American and half Japanese. There are still a great many American bases there, and we talked briefly to a marine. He said a great many changes have occurred, but didn't elaborate. Still many Americans are there, and many American cars. Was impressed with all the pedestrian overpasses on Hwy. 58 through Naha.

We, along with some 150 other passengers, went to an Okinawan dinner and show at the Teahouse of the August Moon. It was fun, and as we were with amiable companions, enjoyed it hugely. Sitting on the floor was hard on your mother's back, and I didn't find it too comfortable, but we managed; and it will be remembered long as one of the highlights of the trip.

There is much building going on there, with a couple of huge Japanese hotels going up. Plus a lot of the highways were torn up, and they're widening and improving them. I hadn't driven for a couple of months, and found it fun. The traffic was very tame and had no problems. We were both amused by all the names on the Japanese cars: "Toyopet," "Sunny," "Excellent," etc.

Don't know if they have changed since you were here, but most of the teenager girls we saw were in school uniforms, with skirts halfway down the calf, and mid-length blouses. Different colors for different schools. Boys were wearing sort of Japanese army-style uniforms.

Our guide went into the history of Okinawa, and some character back there was the first they had ever seen wearing "grassies."

They waited until real dark to turn on car lights, even though the day was dark and dismal. I ran all day with parking lights. I wonder at some of these places, for it costs nothing to run with lights.

We wanted to visit the "Japanese navy underground headquarters," but could not find it on any map, so missed it.

Love,

March 17, 1975

Dear Bobby and Diane:

Hope you are doing fine in the pizza business, and your plans work/out. For some reason I haven't fathomed, we have missed seeing many pizza places lately. We are still enjoying the ship, and love the old Rotterdam. We spent a marvelous morning in Kagoshima, Japan; and after lunch I went up to the theater and saw "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." I know it's an oldie, but don't remember seeing it before, and enjoyed it.

Have been going down to the small gym for a workout daily, but guess I'll have to quit...I broke the rowing machine, and the attendant showed me a casting today that broke in two...don't know me own strength. We've got characters on this ship, just like others we've been on. For instance, the food is out of this world, but an old gal at the next table brought her own peanut butter, and every day fixes a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, in addition to ship's food.

One of the Indonesian waiters would "meow" as he came by with a tray of dirty dishes...I guess to let them know he was coming. Just as he went by us I meowed just like him, and he turned his head back and ran into a wall. That brought the house down, and I haven't heard him since. I get amused at our waiter (he's a good one), for I'll all but lick the plate, and he'll come over and look at it, then say "Are you finished sir?"

We ran into an interesting restaurant in Hong Kong, near the ship dock. It's on a corner, and all the cooks work on the sidewalk or just off it, while the diners go inside and sit at tables. They've got all these interesting crawly things they are throwing into what looks like dirty dishwater, and their cooking utensils are dirty, they're dirty, and most are smoking and dropping ashes into the food. But the place seems packed with natives, and occasionally a tourist. That would take courage to eat there. Maybe other kitchens look like that, but you don't see 'em. And the "restaurant" is dark and dingy, and no paint.

Your mother and I usually head for the Suzie Wong district in Victoria, for it's extremely interesting, with sidewalk vendors of every description; but mostly food. They have all parts of animals, with no trace of refrigeration. You can see the long backbone of geese, with one bill and part of the head. Doesn't look like any meat remains. And all kinds of chicken and pig entrails, and chicken feet, etc. Saw some live lobster with claws tied, at least a foot across.

One of the most interesting districts is Aberdeen, where there are thousands of junks. People are born on them, live all their lives, and die on them. I guess they come on land occasionally, but probably don't have to, for they are served by small sampans, who sell groceries, fruits, hardware and endless variety of supplies to the junk dwellers. They even have floating service stations who sell them gas or diesel fuel. Every junk seems complete with kids crawling around, at least one dog, a small cage of chickens, and wash on the line. As often as not you see them cruising with a woman at the wheel. Sails seem to be a thing of the past, as we did not see a single one.

We rented a Toyota 2-door "Carina" in Okinawa day before yesterday, with automatic shift, and it was a little dandy.

There's a long finicular going up the side of a mountain in Hong Kong, but did not have time to ride it this year. Told your mother last year it was tame, and she went up, but refused to come down, so got a ride on a London bus for the return. It's been going up almost 100 years, without an accident. We wanted to go to a Hong Kong horse race, but it seems you have to have a permit from the Jockey Club, which you have to apply for the day ahead, so we missed it. You can't just walk up to the gate and pay admission, for some reason.

We saw no hippies in Hong Kong, but some of the residents have fairly long hair. Guess the welfare here is poor for the hippies. There are few beggars, and they are not persistent.

Love.

March 17, 1975

Dear Ernie and Dorothy:

Just a few lines today, as I have to put on a necktie in a few minutes and go down to dinner. That pains me, but the food and company is worth it. I guess it's a small world, for we are fast becoming friends with a Fort Worth couple, a minister of the Christian church connected with TCU, a DD. We spent the morning with them in Kagoshima, Japan, and had a hilarious time.

One of the highlights of the trip has been our visit to Hong Kong. We got only a day there, plus three hours on our return from China, but we're both enchanted with it, and hope to return to spend some time. There's not much flat land, as the hills behind it resemble the foothills behind Los Angeles, with just a few miles between them and the sea; and a great deal of that reclaimed land.

On a ride back into the "country," we passed a shipyard (or perhaps I should say "junkyard") where workers were building a couple of Chinese junks. They were the same shape as they have been for centuries, resembling Christopher Columbus' vessels, some 40 feet long, and built of teakwood out of China. But they were using power tools, as there was electricity there. But the working conditions were primitive, just in the dirt and mud beside the bay. These had two propellers each, with bronze or brass fittings.

Also out in the "country" were tiny gardens, some right on the beach, anywhere they could wrestle a few feet out of the sea. They usually had a little cement wall to keep out the tide, and keep in water they irrigated from little water reservoirs, about 6x6. But the patches were so tiny they used buckets, not hose.

In a little town outside Hong Kong, there were six or eight head of cattle on the parkway between two lanes of traffic, munching their cud peacefully, and ignoring the traffic. They say they get their fresh water from China, and there's a large water main paralleling the railway, perhaps 3 1/2' in diameter, coming down from China.

They're busily filling in part of the harbor, for new land, and have special roads and overpasses temporarily erected just for the trucks. They usually level a hill near the fill, and get a double bonus. Rocks are ringed out in the bay, where they want their fill, then they start bringing the dirt. The machinery was modern, with trucks, conveyors and modern machines...not coolies as you'd imagine.

Also in the little towns near the China border saw several police tanks, or more like armored personnel carriers. Got a picture of one and they glared at me... expected them to come back, but guess they had more pressing business. Law-enforcement must be tough there, for the fuzz to have tanks.

One of the most fascinating things are the throngs of tiny shops, making everything imaginable. They'll have six or eight people, with machines, in a space no larger than your living room. Saw stamping mills, lathes, tin shops, wood shops; and even a tiny print shop with a couple of ancient hand fed presses, and couple of banks of hand type. The printer was very nice, and said business was booming. I had gone into one last year, and this year wandered, by pure chance, into the same one...and he remembered me. Told him I would see him next time around...I hope!

Some restaurants have girls walking around with trays suspended waist level, like cigarette girls, but these girls dispense different kinds of food, and according to the size of the restaurant depends on the number of girls. Heard there is one establishment with 80. But we saw only six or eight. They give you what you select from their trays, they punch a ticket, and pay as you leave. That overcomes the language difficulty, as one can point in any language.

We've noticed the Indian Buddhas are thin, the Japanese fat, and the Chinese like a mandarin, with mustache. Guess they want him to resemble their particular race.

Love,

March 18, 1975

Dear Joe:

I'm getting behind in my letters, and this afternoon was no help. We're steaming thru the Japanese Inland Sea, and I've been up on the promenade deck gawkin' g like a tourist, at the dozens of little islands floating by. Most of them rise precipitately from the water, and you can see them on down the horizon, like pimples. Most of the small ones are uninhabited, and the ones with people are sometimes farmed with crazy quilt patterns climbing up the hillsides, some of the farms like zig-zag checkerboards. I don't know how they get up there, and how they are cultivated and watered. But there seems to be little or no flat land, so guess they have no choice.

The ship is constantly veering to miss an island, or one of many little fishing boats speckling the horizon. Now and then she gives a toot (of warning, I suppose), but the Rotterdam has no priority over even a rowboat, I've been told.

It's a sunshiny day, but cold, and few of us are braving the open deck. Now and then we see a smoky city in the distance, but most of the islands seem covered with scrub brush or trees. There are many places where the hillsides have been scraped bare to get at gravel or dirt or minerals, and this leaves a great gaping wound.

There was a woman who went to the dentist, and told him she was scared to death ...and had put it off as long as she could. "In fact," she said, "I'd rather have a baby than have that tooth pulled." "Make up your mind!" he said, "before I get the chair adjusted."

We saw some women working in the fields outside of Hong Kong, with big-brimmed black hats, and black pleated cloth attached to the rims. It seems they are known as "guest people," as they've only been around there for some 2000 years, and have somehow kept apart. The women do all the work, while the men loaf at home. Where do you go to join up? They are Hakkas, and have a dialect and customs all their own.

Although the same race, we observed that the Chinese girls in Hong Kong are much taller and more slender than their sisters in China...much more attractive; part of which can be attributed to makeup and better clothes; but the main difference is probably the diet. In China rice is still the staple diet, with meat rarely eaten.

Our trip to China was something we'll always remember, mainly because we lifted a little of the curtain of mystery and had a peek at people who are very different from us, yet basically just the same. Different people, making the same trip, came away with different impressions. For instance, to us the trip was extremely efficiently run, and use was made of every minute, except a half hour now and then to rest up in our rooms before the next event. We were kept on the run, and had no time to get out on our own. Some took this to mean they did not want us to wander around, and the simplest way out of arguments was to keep us busy, with planned events taking up all the time.

I don't know which was right, and don't really care. It was their country, and until very recently we were the enemy. In some respects we still are, and a lot of these people getting out on the loose and stirring up the populace would cause a great deal of trouble. We saw many Chinese, of course, but the only conversations were with our guides. Martha and I really only talked to two, and one of these spoke only limited English, so he missed much that we said.

So I'm just getting into the China trip, and it seems strange, but I feel I could write a book after only 2 1/2 days there. I've got a lot of notes, so will try to tackle China in the next few letters. We went to a small hospital in a commune, and were given a demonstration of acupuncture. One of the dumb women asked if it would cure athlete's foot. I interrupted and told her no, but it was great for jock itch.

Regards.

March 19, 1975

Dear Richard:

Hope this finds Helen and the kids thriving and happy. We have had a new grandson since leaving, and Martha is dying to see him. He'll be three months old when we return. The trip is marvelous, and one takes to this life as if there is no other. We rarely get any news, or care about it. There is usually a mimeographed news sheet daily, but soon found it full of wars and rumors of wars... so the heck with it. I can't change anything anyway. Some of the people on board can't wait to get off and see the latest stock quotations, as I presume that's where their money is. But I don't know anything about the market, so don't care.

Surely the highlight of this cruise was the 2½-day trip to China. It was very well planned, and went smoothly. They were very efficient, and when they said we would leave by eight o'clock, that's what they meant...and if you weren't there on the dot, you could stand and wave goodbye. But we were in a group of 23, and they all showed up with no hitches.

We started off by walking a couple of blocks from the ship to the railroad station that would take us to the border. Hong Kong runs a train that's pretty short...goes to a bridge about three-quarters of an hour away, then you get off, go thru Hong Kong customs in a long building; then out and walk across a bridge into China. It's over a small river, and halfway across the architecture of the bridge changes...you're in China at that spot.

The Hong Kong train was very comfortable. The cars were wide and high, and held only 32 passengers, with half riding backwards. The seats were well padded; I presume we were in first class, for we saw some cars with wooden seats. As there are many hills and mountains, we went thru several tunnels, extremely dark, for they didn't turn on the lights. There were hawkers on the train, selling sandwiches, fruits, liquor and soft drinks. We had all declared to the penny the money we were bringing into China, so most of us didn't dare spend any of it. But it turned out it didn't matter, as it wasn't mentioned again; and of course they didn't search us.

After walking across the bridge, about a city block long, we were led into another long building...Chinese customs. There we reclaimed our suitcases, and they were just glanced at by customs people. They turned out to be a paper tiger as far as customs were concerned. On the bridge they had a loudspeaker playing martial music, and the same occasionally on the China train, but it sounded pretty good, something like our marches.

The Chinese train was extremely comfortable, perhaps the nicest I've ever been on. It was larger, holding 56 people, air-conditioned, very high ceilings, and lots of leg room. A small shelf by each seat held two painted tea mugs with covers, and attendants provided us generously with tea, jelly rolls and cookies. We had had a good breakfast, sandwiches provided by the ship, this snack; and about 1:30 had one of the largest lunches I've ever eaten, so we didn't lose any appetite.

The weather was pleasant while we were there, a bit cool, but overcast the whole time. I took many pictures, and hope they come out, and it was too dim for some of them. The ride into Canton took about an hour and a half, then we got off into an enormous new railway station, a beautiful thing, and led outside to a row of busses, which whisked us to the hotel a short distance away before we really had a chance to look around.

Canton is about as far south as you can get in China, and is sub-tropical, which means it never snows or freezes, but it gets right chilly. We saw some palm trees and were told they grow oranges, grapefruit, bananas and other tropical fruits. It's a large city of over three million, and we were told it is virtually a new city, as old monuments and landmarks were destroyed.

Regards,

March 18, 1975

Dear Aunt Gladys:

We're still enjoying the trip and staying out of trouble. Went to a cocktail party tonight given by some Abilene people, and met some more Texans, plus a pretty Ohio girl who is going to work at Neiman Marcus in Dallas soon. Of course I don't drink, but I make up for it at the hors d'oeuvres.

Dr. and Mrs. Granville Walker and Martha and I are becoming fast friends, and pal-ling around together. They are delightful people with a good sense of humor, so we get along famously. He ran out of Japanese money, so I lent him some, and told him my dear old father always warned me never to lend money to a preacher, or be caught in a mule trade with one. He told me that someone said you can't trust a man who makes a living with his mouth.

I suppose the highlight of this trip, or any other perhaps, was our visit to China. It caught us to spend less time in Hong Kong, but was worth it. I've got a thousand things to tell about it, and it's hard to know where to start.

We started by getting two or three lectures before we left, explaining that China has some 800 million people, one-fourth of the world's population; and the world's longest continual culture. Our visit was the worst time of the year, the end of winter, but we saw endless water in canals and irrigation ditches, with new crops coming in, so it wasn't bad. We visited Canton, some 70 miles from Hong Kong, on the mouth of the Pearl river. One of China's problems during the centuries has been disastrous floods, and they ~~are~~ rapidly overcoming this problem.

To fully appreciate what we saw, one must realize what existed before the communists took over. I'm the last person on earth to advocate communism, and would hate to live under it, or in China now; but under it the Chinese people have accomplished wonders.

Old China had no industry, and millions starved to death in times of famine. They were exploited by England, Portugal, United States, Japan, Germany and other colonial powers...and their own war lords; and their country divided up. They still harbor resentment toward those powers, and particularly now towards Russia. Now they have their own self-governed, self-owned government, and are extremely proud of it. They have lived regimented lives for many centuries, and probably would be lost under a democratic form of government.

Obedience and respect is drilled into them from the very first words, and it's been the backbone of their civilization. Communism seems to be working well, but will probably pass, as have many other reigns and national creeds. China has a habit of swallowing all invaders and altering foreign ideas to suit herself.

We were told repeatedly by our guides, and by everything we read, that the communists stabilized the country after utter chaos; it gave them a national pride; and has managed to feed, clothe and house all the people, as well as slow down the birth rate. They kept trotting out facts and figures that they had harvested so many tons of rice, and raised so many hogs, and built so many trucks and tractors, with an increase in each over periods of time. Now they are endeavoring to educate all the children and give free school thru middle school, then some time is spent working in the country by all teenagers, and on to either more education or industry.

Another thing they are emphasizing is total honesty. They start on the children at three years of age in nursery schools, and throw slogans at them all their lives. Former regimes were corrupt, and thievery was rampant, but it has all but disappeared now. We were told no tipping was allowed...if you left a tip it would sit on the table for an hour or two, then go into lost and found. We saw a lost and found in the hotel and at a store, and among many articles was money. It might have propoganda for us, but I doubt it.

Love,

March 18, 1975

Dear Bess:

Martha and I are enjoying happy days, and are now in the midst of Japan, with Okinawa, Kagoshima, and Miyajima behind us; and Kobe tomorrow, followed by Yokohama and Tokyo Thursday and Friday. We wanted to run up to Hiroshima today, but the ship was only in port five hours, and as it was an hour's ferry ride each way, would be cutting it close, making connections, sightseeing, etc.

We had a most marvelous visit to China down the line..two and a half days. Some 325 of us left the ship at Hong Kong and went in by train to Canton. We were treated royally, and everywhere we went crowds gathered to see the crazy Americans. I walked towards one of these crowds on the street, and as I aimed my camera at them they turned and ran...don't know why. But I got many pictures... hope they turn out.

The communists have destroyed most of the temples, and left only a few as museum pieces. They are discrediting Confucius now, who was just a wise man, but the Chinese have deified him through the centuries and worshipped him. His original beliefs said nothing of God, but they altered that. We visited a beautiful temple, preserved only as a curiosity. Of course the communists have banned all religions; but they say they were justified, as the priests and missionaries and foreign religions treated them rather shabbily down thru the centuries.

They are stressing equality now, and carry it to great lengths, apparently. We were told that professional men and leaders make very little more than the common farm laborers...and they stressed that they are not trying to hold everyone down to a common level...they are trying to lift them up to one.

As China has always had endless languages and dialects, it has led to confusion. The communists are teaching Mandarin Chinese only, and discarding forcibly the use of other dialects. The written language, idiograms, is not disturbed, as it is the same in most oriental languages, even Japanese. For instance, the letter standing for tree, or man, or house, is common in most languages in the Far East, although the spoken word for that particular figure differs widely.

The communists took over in 1949, and immediately started eliminating foreign interests; and landlords and business owners. They claim they were behind all China's problems, and ruthlessly killed, or otherwise eliminated, some 5% of the population. Many of them just disappeared...probably a lot escaping to Hong Kong and other countries. A lot of them were aggressive and had the brains and leadership China needed, but they wouldn't knuckle under to the aims of communism. To communism, the end justifies any means.

To give them credit, they have made vast improvements, and need another 10 to 20 years to get where they want. Another thing they have accomplished is total equality for women. In the old days women were chattels or slaves, and girl babies were often killed at birth, or sold into prostitution at an early age. Now you see them working everywhere alongside men, and there seems to be no difference in their treatment.

The old China was very dirty, with unlimited prostitution and slavery. Now it is a relatively clean city with a very law-abiding citizenship. The old China had a very few extremely rich people, with the power of life or death over the rest of the population who were poor, hungry, unclothed, unhoused and unschooled. Now all have enough to eat and wear, are housed (some poorly, to be sure), and see hope of improvement every year. Their standard of living is far below ours or most of the rest of the world, but they are very proud to be self-sufficient, and are determined to make it on their own.

Everybody wears the same clothes, pajama-type blue (some different shades of blue) and eats the same food. This seems to give them enormous pride. They know they are going without many things, but are proud to be working together for better tomorrow.

March 19, 1975

Dear Ida:

It's early in the morning here, and we're entering the harbor at Kobe, Japan. There's an all-day tour of Kyoto scheduled, where they have hundreds of shrines and temples. I already have so many pictures of shrines I'm going to have trouble sorting them out when I get home. Martha and I went down there last year, on the bullet train, but got there after closing hours and didn't see much.

We're on the last part of the trip...Friday we'll start home...and one of the entertainers last night said "this trip has been all wine, women and song -- now you'll go back to beer, tv and the old lady."

One of the highlights of the voyage was our trip into China for 2 1/2 days. They kept us humping every minute, and we never ate so much, of so much variety, in our lives. We had three enormous meals, building from a mere 12 courses to the ultimate 24 on our last night. And in that 24, they forgot any rice. Martha and I called it quits on course #21, and could just watch helplessly as others got them down. They had chicken, pork, duck, beef, fish, and even our guide didn't know what was in some of them. They fixed shrimp several ways, and one I didn't really care for was squid. Told the guide we had the same thing at home, baked artgum.

I don't imagine the natives ever saw a meal like we ate, let alone consume one. We split up into small groups and visited a commune, which was one of the largest in China, some 69,000 people. As we visited the commune, a big crowd gathered, to stare and wave at us. We grinned and waved back and forth. A class of 6 or 7-year-olds put on an impromptu speech (in Chinese) and dance for us, as we were boarding our bus. It evidently wasn't planned by the guides, for we drove off in the middle of it. And then groups of kids would clap as we came up, in the commune. It was easy to start 'em waving, but we didn't know how to turn 'em off.

We visited in the commune hospital, after an effusive welcome, and speeches back and forth by one of the leaders, with an interpreter. One of the doctors was going to demonstrate acupuncture to us, but they said he was out working in the fields, so a nurse stuck a needle into her wrist, about an inch. She whirled it, and said when it began to get numb, was working. That particular treatment was supposed to cure indigestion. They sometimes put electrodes on the needles and give them a slight electrical charge, to increase the effectiveness.

One of the doctors on the trip told us he had witnessed four eye operations at the University Hospital (doctors were taken there specially), and acupuncture was the only anesthetic. He was very impressed with their skill, and the use of this new method. He said they used four needles in strategic places, and the effect would last up to four hours. Patients were perfectly conscious, but felt no pain.

At the small commune hospital they showed us a small, rather crude pharmacy, and showed us a medical garden, where they grow most of their own herbs, having 370 varieties, in pots, like pot plants anywhere. They had three old dentists' chairs, and a very old fashioned x-ray machine. But all we saw looked healthy, so presume it works.

The commune was like a town, with shops, primitive and small, selling only essentials. About all they can buy in the way of luxuries are wrist watches, food; and a radio or bicycle with two months' pay each. I understood them to say they can buy their own houses, with a family going together on it, but on community property.

Communes are self-supporting communities, dealing with agriculture primarily; then light industry and handicrafts, and supporting trades come next. All produce and products are the property of the commune, and families share in the proceeds. The communes, with land reform, irrigation, and hard work have conquered famine, which is a greater victory to the Chinese people than the journey to the moon.

Love,

March 19, 1975

Dear Bill:

We are having a most interesting trip, and hope I can remember some of the places we have been. We will have covered some 28 places when we finish, and already it's getting hard to remember where some particular event happened. But I'm taking lots of pictures, and that ought to help.

We had a most interesting visit to China, one which we certainly won't forget! On a commune we visited they have a good sized tractor repair shop, with 130 workers. We didn't see the tractors, but they had 10 or 12 lathes, with men and women operators, two routers, drills; and they were particularly proud of a heavy overhead crane they had built themselves, as well as a big automatic grinder. They cast their own iron, and had workmen kneeling on the floor, forming big molds with black sand, using wood formers. The casts were to be up to two feet across, and they had a hearth furnace they melted the iron in, cold at the time.

They said the workers in the machine shop were trained there, their own people off the commune. Workers can request work there, but it is up to a commune committee to assign them, or others, to any job. They all take their turns in the fields, and in time of need thousands of city workers are sent to the communes to help out in harvest, etc. They have no choice at all of where they are going, or when they are going, and will be assigned to different ones each time. But our guide said they were patriotic about it, and felt they were helping the country, and their fellow man. Mainly, they like to eat, and all have to pitch in and help.

The workers all seemed to work willingly, except when they saw us, at which they had to stop and gawk. Along the railroad they would pause and watch the train, probably the big event in their day. We noticed they had flickering light bulbs, but they say they are getting more electricity all the time, fueled by their own coal and oil deposits. They have no private cars, so use very little oil.

There are not many roads, and I asked a guide if it were possible to drive from Canton to Shanghai. He looked like I was crazy to ask such a stupid question, and said one had to take the train or fly. There are many dirt paths, with many people walking, and thousands of bicycles; which is, by far, the leading mode of transportation. The bikes are all black, one-speed, sometimes with chrome fenders. They don't have coaster brakes, but have rim brakes. Some of them carry fantastic burdens of baskets, gunny sacks of rice; and I saw one carrying two 15-foot long telephone poles at a 45-degree angle. Extra riders were on some, usually sidesaddle--which seems to me to be a difficult feat.

There were also many two-wheel carts with handles out front, on an axle with heavy bicycle wheels. The men and women pulled them, never pushed, and it looked like they had fantastic burdens sometimes, as they are obviously straining. Occasionally one could be seen with two or three persons helping pull it.

Almost all the work in the fields was done by hand, with occasionally a water buffalo. Usually you could see dozens of people working, bending over in the water, and other people carrying baskets suspended on a pole over their shoulder. Evidently one water buffalo rated one person, as those not working were grazing on little raised ridges between the rice paddies, with an attendant holding the rope. Saw very few tractors, and a couple up to the hubs in mud, chugging along. Don't know what they were doing, as the ground obviously didn't need plowing. None of the buffalos pulled carts or carried loads, or people astride.

Obviously they have no sex discrimination, for everywhere men and women were working together; and women pulling the carts, digging ditches, and working on new construction. We saw two or three bulldozers, sitting idle, painted army green. Lots of their trucks were military vehicles, but used in civilian work. Guess they get an assembly line set up and just turn 'em all out the same. They all belong to the state, anyway.

Regards,

March 20, 1975

Dear Ruthie - Norbert - Liz:

I went off without your address...otherwise would have written earlier. Called in Tuesday night and Louise gave it to me. Hope it's right...if you don't get this, let me know. There was this Irishman (our tour director is Irish, and all his jokes are about Irishmen) who went into a ladies lingerie shop and asked for a bra for his wife. They asked what kind, but he didn't know. He guessed it was one of those "doggie" bras...that make pointers out of setters.

Anyway, we got to go into China for 2½ days, and found it extremely interesting. Not many foreigners are allowed in, and we were evidently curiosities, for crowds gather to watch us wherever we went. The people on the street, and on buses seemed glum, and when we waved and smiled, they smiled, pointed at us, and waved back. But I wonder if ordinary people back home, walking or riding buses, don't look glum too? I never really noticed.

A printer wouldn't have much to do there. I never saw a newspaper, and asked our guide if they had any. He said they had several, and perhaps the hotel could get me one...but they didn't seem able to. Saw several fences with what looked to be newspapers pasted up, and a few people reading them. They have a paper mill in Canton, but couldn't visit it, as we went everywhere as a group.

For some reason, they picked "group leaders" from among us, with groups of 25. We got an old boy, who I don't think realizes is on a ship yet. His wife asked me what I did, and I said "printer." She said to guess what he did, and I guessed retired preacher. That was wrong, so I guessed retired card sharp. It turns out he's a builder, and does the finishing work on Holiday Inns and similar work. Anyway, when we were leaving Canton, he and his wife sat with us on the train; and he missed his glasses. He looked in his pockets, his wife's purse, their hand luggage, and then had the guide accompany him outside and down to the baggage car where they found his bag...but no glasses. Then he chewed out his wife on his return for hiding them in her purse, and frantically went thru it again. They then turned up in the breast pocket of his jacket.

I guess I should feel flattered, but they seemed to pick the most decrepit people to make this trip, leaving more able-bodied applicants behind. Several were very lame, and had to have special care; one old gal is blind and can't see the end of her arm. And several were in the first group to go in last year. Perhaps they billed us as the cream of the crop of degenerate America.

The Chinese are a busy people...work, work, work everywhere. Few machines, so they carry things on their backs, bicycles, small carts or slung on poles. I wonder if some of the refugees going into Hong Kong are not fleeing communism, but just want a rest, and a taste of loafing on welfare.

There are certainly no hippies there; all men have fairly short haircuts with shaved necks. Women's hair was either braided or pigtails. Of course there are no blondes or redheads, and we saw no bald-headed Chinese. It was sort of a shock to come back onto the Hong Kong train and see the attendants with hair down over their collars, straggly. The women wear no makeup of any kind, and with their blue pajamas were rather dowdy. The bosom is de-emphasized, and all girls and women are straight up and down. I think Chinese women must be flat anyway, but what they had must have been bound up.

We went into a home in the commune, and talked (through an interpreter) to a couple of girls who live there. It was primitive by our standards, but quite comfortable, with clean whitewashed brick walls, pictures on the walls, electric wires running down to bare light bulbs, and a radio and foot-pedal sewing machine. They had a small hot plate for tea. Everywhere we went we were served strong tea, with large mugs, and a quantity of grounds in the bottom. Was very good after it cooled a bit.

Love,

March 20, 1975

Dear Nadine and Larry:

Have intended to write you before this, but failed to bring along your address. Talked to Louise Tuesday night, and she gave it to me. Hope it reaches you. I thought of you last night, when we went to a concert given on two Steinways by a pair of extremely accomplished English pianists. It was their final appearance, as they are leaving us in Yokohama. Entertainers constantly come and go, for it is hard to come up with something new on this long a trip. We are supposed to get Jazelle (?) MacKenzie today, for the ride into San Diego.

Martha and I were privileged to go into China for 2½ days, and were awed by all we saw. We expected a militant, military country, but all the soldiers we saw were strolling around, as if on liberty...and no great numbers of them. The only thing we saw guarded was the border.

We stayed in a comfortable old hotel, built in 1961, with 433 rooms..the Tung Fang. It is supposed to be Canton's premier and one of only a handful of hotels capable of handling foreign guests. It was barren by our standards, but we didn't expect a Hilton or Holiday Inn. There were no radios or television, no cocktail bar or lounge, newspapers or literature.

All the women were dreading cold weather and unheated rooms, but it was 57 degrees on our arrival, and room temperature went up to 68 by the time we left, so was quite comfortable. We stayed in the old wing, because a newer section was not supposed to have heating..but it was a beautiful modern building, and I find it hard to believe they would leave off heating.

We got two American breakfasts: coffee, fried eggs and toast. But lunch and dinner were feasts of Chinese food you wouldn't believe. And all good. We sat at round tables of eight, with six Americans and two Chinese. The Chinese would stand up when a new dish came in, spear some with their chopsticks, and put on to our plates. It was all served family style, and they wouldn't let us clean our plates before they gave us more. We had our choice of Chinese beer or "Pearl River Orange Juice," so I took the latter. I bet I drank two gallons, for a girl was constantly behind us with a bottle...we'd take a sip and she'd fill the glass to the brim.

We had one obnoxious old goat who insisted on constantly puffing a stinking cigar. So I jumped him one meal, and he told me if I didn't like it I could move. Told him he was the one who stunk...why should I move? I got out a can of deodorant later and was going to spray him straight in the face on the train, but we didn't sit ~~away~~ near him, so I was frustrated. As we were assigned rooms with no change permitted, I wonder who got him?

The hotel furnished, free: cigarettes, matches, tea, mineral water, soft drinks, beer, fruit, set of postcards, and a map. Also we were told laundry, hairdressing and medical services were free. We were cautioned not to steal anything out of the rooms, as it was all strictly accounted for, and they might embarrass us at the border by asking individually for an ash tray or something missing out of your room. I didn't hear of any trouble that way.

We saw the most fabulous stage show in a big new auditorium near the hotel. I don't think we've ever seen the equal anywhere. They had two fluorescent-bright "lions" with two men in each that were so natural, and performed such gymnastics it was unbelievable. Then a bicycle act and balancing, and finally ended up with some 15 people on one bike...we couldn't count them all. And two magicians who produced flocks of pigeons and goldfish bowls full of live fish, out of thin air. Another one filled a table with objects and lanterns of every description, taken out of a rolled-up newspaper. It was a fabulous evening, and crowds of Chinese grouped to stare at us as we left. I regret I was too far from the stage to get any pictures, and the ship's photographer was not permitted on the trip, so will not have any.

Love,

March 21, 1975

Dear Bob and Helen:

Martha and I are still at it, and just steaming away from Yokohama tonight. Not much doing tonight...tried a lousy movie, then a game of Scrabble, and thought I'd get a letter off before going to bed. It's tossing quite a bit tonight, and they made an announcement we could expect turbulent seas for the next day or two, and to stow all loose gear. They already have guard cables up throughout the ship, and seasick bags posted at strategic positions. But I wonder what would happen if you didn't get seasick at a strategic position?

We've had magnificent weather throughout the trip, except it rained last night in Tokyo...but today was nice with sunshine, a few rain drops and some clouds. But not cold, just pleasantly cool. One of the passengers asked if we had seen his first wife, which recalled the joke of the man whose wife thought she was dying, and told him she didn't mind if he remarried...just not to let #2 wear her clothes. He replied, "Oh that's all right...she's not your size."

We had a fascinating trip into China for 2 1/2 days, and are glad they are lifting the lid a little. They can't care for many travelers, and we were extremely lucky to be among the few.

The country was very hilly near the coast out of Hong Kong, and they had terraces up many of the hills, cultivating wherever possible. But it flattened out after a few miles and was flat as a saucer in Canton and vicinity. This permitted extensive irrigating, and we never saw so much. Most of the irrigation was of rice paddies, but there were odd patches of other vegetables, and I could identify cabbages. The rice paddies were odd shaped lots of times, with dividing lines ridges of dirt some 18 inches high and 18 inches wide, which were used as paths between the paddies.

There were slightly different levels of irrigation, and we saw many small electric pumps on the ends of pipes, pulling the water up; other times we saw sort of bicycle pedal arrangement, but turned by a person's hands; and still other times saw them simply irrigating with buckets. The country is 86% rural, so the vast majority work at feeding the rest of the country.

There are lots of trees, but few forests. They are dotted everywhere, with rows along paths and the railroad, and the few roads. Canton had many shading the streets. Many of them were planted in straight rows, and were said to be gum trees imported from Australia. There were many bamboo trees, and it is widely utilized in scaffolding, fencing, piping, etc. I saw some trees up to eight inches thick...didn't know it got that big. As Canton is sub-tropical, there were many palm trees, but didn't see any coconuts.

We didn't see any fences, and as paint is short, most buildings are faded yellow or red brick, with red tile roofs. A few had Chinese corners, but most were just like ours...square. It's a clean country, with little trash. Guess they sort and use it. There are many piles of bricks piled both in the country and in town, probably for future use. They're larger than ours. With the cheap labor, they probably clean and save all the old brick, although we could see the old walls of some buildings standing partially dismantled now and then.

Along the railway there was embankment work going on with native stone, gangs of men and women laboriously handling and piling them by hand with little or no tools. The train was neatly painted green, but there is very little other paint apparent. Guess it's a luxury they still can't afford. The train was very smooth with welded rails, and I noticed they had concrete ties...first I've ever seen. There were piles of coal periodically along the line, and saw one old-fashioned steam engine, with a gang of people shoveling coal into its hopper. Our locomotive was a diesel, though.

There were pictures of Mao in the school, factory and commune we visited, but saw little or none on the streets.

Love,

March 23, 1975

Dear Al:

Hope this finds all the presses running well. I've got samples of papers from all over I'll bring home, if they don't weigh me down. Most are poorly printed, but one from Tokyo is one of the prettiest four-color jobs I've ever seen on newsprint. We're at sea now, on the way to Honolulu, and two nights and a day have been very rough...not side to side, but up and down swells. Today looks sunshiny and beautiful out; hope the sea calms down.

The Catholic priest aboard told the story of an old Irish widow woman who had a dog she was very fond of, and it died. Not wanting to give it an ordinary dog funeral, she approached her priest and said she wanted it to be buried as a person in the Catholic cemetery. He said it was out of the question, and to go see the priest in the next parish, as he was having hard times and might be persuaded to bury the dog there for a small fee. But she didn't want that, and kept nagging her own priest. "I'm just a poor widow woman," she said, "and all I've got is \$300; do you think the other priest would bury the dog for that?" "Why didn't you tell me," he said, "that that was a Catholic dog?"

We had a most interesting trip into China, and they couldn't have been nicer to us. Everybody works there, and I wish we could provide our hippies, dissenters, winos and lazy bums with a one-way ticket there.

One of the highlights of the trip was a visit to a commune, where there are some 16,000 households or 68,000 people. Most tend the rice fields, but also have a small forest, some 80,000 pigs, and grow garden vegetables, some small bananas, and peanuts. After all expenses have been, taxes, etc., it distributed \$150 to every able-bodied person as 1974 wages. They were very proud of this figure, and I guess it looks large, if you're used to nothing. Their output has doubled since the revolution, and they seem to worship progress, much as we do.

The only pigs I saw were in a small room in the home we visited, a good-looking pair. We saw very few dogs, one little patch of goats, and a few old women herding along a gaggle of geese. There was only one puny little pony pulling a cart, I saw along the road. Everything else is pulled by humans. There were a few little chickens running alone around the commune, but saw no flocks of them. I think most of their food is rice and vegetables. They were all very healthy looking people, but no fat ones.

I took many pictures, and there were no restrictions, except of the border and any military posts. We were cautioned in a briefing not to refer to "Red China" or "Mainland China," but just to call it China or the Republic of China. Kwangchow is the Chinese name for Canton, a city some 28 centuries old. We were scheduled to visit an Ivory factory, hospital and university, but didn't get around to them.

Had an interesting visit to the Foshan pottery and porcelain factory, and after many cups of tea and a short welcoming speech, they showed us through. It was an old brick and cement building, or collection of buildings, on two stories, and we rambled through. Rooms had eight or ten workers, doing the most intricate hand work. They molded the basic parts of figures, then added such things as heads, arms, legs and other protuberances later, with a sort of clayish glue. Then the figures sat and hardened awhile; and other workers painted them with a rather dull finish. But after baking they came out bright and sparkling. We had a chance to buy some in a small shop, and we got a small vase. They, also, were proud of production figures. In 1969 they did 800,000 pieces--in 1974 1,300,000. They worked eight hours a day, six days a week. Periodically they had to go to a commune and work in the fields, and sometimes live with soldiers, to get a better understanding of others' lives. I wonder if they don't have something...Americans would be better off if they understood other segments of society.

Regards,

March 23, 1975

Dear Cherry and Hap:

Guess you are kept up-to-date on Nancy and Saul. I think we'll have a hard time getting him away from your mother on our return home. Bobby always was something special to Aunt Gladys, for we stayed with her awhile when he was very small. Still having a marvelous time; but at the moment having the worst turbulence of the trip...a couple of days out of Japan on the way to Hawaii.

We had a fascinating trip into China, and noone was sure we were going until the last minute, when we left. But they were very gracious to us, and we brought out many memories. One of the highlights was a visit to a school, with kids from three to seven. It was small, with only some 250 students, and they were most engaging. Obviously they had been rehearsing for our visit, for most of them were garishly made up with lipstick and rouge, and their best clothes. After a few cups of tea, and a speech by a supervisor, through an interpreter, they put on a program.

We realized they were probably not typical kids, and certainly not everyday clothes but at home for important visitors we would trot out the brightest show-offs, and dress for the occasion specially. It was a combination school and nursery, as it kept the kids from 7:30 to 5:00 while their folks worked. They didn't use school buses, as the children were from the immediate neighborhood.

They had a playground similar to ours, and off to the side a small swimming pool, where some of the older boys demonstrated swimming, although the day was chilly. They said they swim every day the year round, to condition them. The buildings were rather old and rambled, and probably had not always been a school...perhaps was born as some sort of government building. The inside walls were whitewashed, and up under the eaves in some of the rooms were openings outside for ventilation. It would seem it would get right chilly during winter, as there was no sign of heating. It never freezes or snows there, but does get down into the 40's.

They had an old shabby piano in the corner, and a teacher accompanied some of the children in songs. They had sort of skirts around it, of cloth, to dress it up. It looked exactly like ours, but had a pitch lower tone...very pleasant. They showed us a class of six-year-olds already learning to work...unfolding flat boxes to be used in some industry; and another group sorting through plastic pellets for bits of dirt and impurities. They have a strong work ethic in China, and don't fool around with loafers--it's sort of a religion with them. Of course, they have learned for centuries that if you don't work, you starve.

All the places we toured served great quantities of tea, without sugar or spoons. So I'd put in a couple of saccharin in mine, then stir with my red pen. Caught some of the kids eyeing me...imagine that'll give 'em something to talk about for awhile...crazy Americans! I taped part of the speeches, then each of us got a little kid by the hand to lead us back to the bus, and I played a little of the tape for mine. He never took his eyes off it until I left. Had probably never heard of a tape recorder. They didn't want us to go--kept clutching our hands and hugging our necks. Was right touching! We'd have all taken one with us if we could.

We saw some kids on the streets, playing, during school hours. But we were told education is compulsory, so don't know how come. All adults wear uniform blue clothing, but kids evidently are permitted bright colors, so they were dressed much as ours. Marriage is encouraged late in China, so they'll have fewer children, and clothes deemphasize sex. There was absolutely no makeup. They probably get lectures also to limit families. They told us the birthrate was controlled now, somewhere between 800 and 900 million, almost one-fourth of the human race. China is a big country, but vast majority live in the southern half, as the north is barren, and they have large uninhabited areas.

Love,

March 23, 1975

Dear John & Phronzie:

We're still at it and enjoying the trip, but will be glad to get home and see Nancy's new boy, born since we took off. We call in every couple of weeks, and keep in touch that way.

We had a most interesting trip into China. I guess they wanted to dispel the idea of a hungry China, for we were never fed so much in our lives. We had an enormous lunch, and two big dinners...with 24 courses in one of them. We dropped out on the 21st. The lunch consisted of, in part: cabbage soup, rice, shrimp, meatballs, eggs, fish (and then I lost track). At the end they served small dark yellow bananas, delicious, and a bit sweeter than ours. At the beginning and during the meal, a girl would bring a steaming hot washrag, and sometimes cool ones. The Chinese sit on chairs, but eat with chopsticks. They gave us forks and spoons. There was no salt or pepper, but a small 2" dish with a smidgeon of soy sauce. And they had a dish with what looked like catsup...I took a bite about as large as a pea, and my tongue burned for a day and a half. They also had vinegar on the table.

Each of the three big meals was different, and the first big dinner consisted of meat and peanut combination (delicious!), meatballs, potatoes, soup, bamboo shoots, small pieces of chicken (just chopped with bone intact, not cut on the joint like we do), fish, shrimp, prawn, broccoli, rice, and oranges...in part. We visited a commune and they proudly served us tea (as everywhere we went), and locally grown peanuts in the shell, and small bananas.

Our last big dinner went to a restaurant, and saw virtually the only fluorescent and neon lights outside, with Chinese letters. There were at least 100 restaurant employees waiting on the curb for us, clapping as we got off the buses, and grinning at us. They did the same as we left. I thought at first the men in the white jackets were at last coming to get us. The only dish we didn't really care for was jellyfish, rubbery and tasteless.

They had several centerpieces beautifully done, and one looked like an artificial red flower, but it was made from dyed raw potato. We sat at round tables, with two Chinese guides and six tourists. The Chinese stood up at intervals and helped us from the platters in the center of the table, family style. Wouldn't let us empty a plate before they heaped on more.

We had an exceptionally fine guide part of the time, a young man I would be proud to have as a son. He was very intelligent and obviously thought in English, for he could converse in it without pause, while others had to stop and think and translate their answers. He said he went to the university four years and learned English and politics. He had been married two years to a school teacher, with no children. We got his name and address and will write him. We asked him many questions and he answered without seeming to censor his answers. He said he has to go into the country periodically to work in a commune, but it doesn't hurt him as he is young and strong; and the main reason they do that is to give city and white collar workers an insight into common workers' lives. Might be a good idea in the States.

He said they were given no choice in college...were told what to do and take. They can apply for their preference, and if opening, and they qualify, stand a chance to get it. Said they give tests, but didn't elaborate. Sitting beside this young man was one of our group, an old man, and I overheard him telling the guide that America had a degenerate system, and like Rome of old, was doomed to go down in failure. I got mad at that and flared up at him. He spoke with a German accent, and told me he had spent two years under Hitler. He furthermore told the guide that Stalin was wonderful and had done so much for the Russian nation. I gave him some lip, and he sort of shrugged and said that was the beauty of America...we could disagree. But he was a communist, who obviously had prospered under our system enough to afford the trip. I kept yapping after that to keep him from sounding off, and told the guide afterwards that those were not the sentiments of

March 24, 1975

Dear Don:

Hope you are doing alright by now. Talked to John the other day, and he said things were going well. We had a miserable night last night...there's a storm somewhere and it creates long swells. The ship keeps going up and down lengthwise, and now and then the props come out of the water and there's a horrible lurching. Sure feel sorry for the poor guys below cooking, or working with machinery. We just left Yokohama, a very clean city. They say they even make the pigeons fly upside down.

On going into China, we had to fill out in detail what we were bringing in, including amount of money and denomination on bills. Also radios, cameras, tape recorders, and fountain pens. Don't know why the todo about pens, for we saw them for sale there. On the train we put money we wanted exchanged into Chinese yuan in envelopes, and they brought the yuan back to us; less than we expected naturally. It seems the US is the only country with inflation. Everywhere we go we are told the dollar is worth so much, then when we get there find it worth less.

Anyway, the yuan was worth about 57¢, and we could exchange it on the train, at the hotel, or a store we went to. One old woman was arguing with a clerk at the hotel, saying why didn't they take real money, instead of that local stuff. They told us to get receipts for all purchases, then when we left the country, they would be subtracted, and we would have to strike a balance. I faithfully got receipts, then they didn't even glance at them. Told us we could take out no Chinese money, but broke down and said we could take some for souvenirs.

One old gal lost her currency form on the train back, and they kept nagging her about it, until she finally said she was sick and tired of discussing it, where-by they sent a little Chinese nurse to her with some pills...thinking she was sick.

China has no tourist trade at all, and we never saw anybody selling anything... no stalls anywhere, except in cities or towns where there were a few stores selling necessities. On riding around at night, the streets are dimly lit everywhere we went, and stores had a dim bare bulb or two, or a bare fluorescent fixture. There were little or no signs above stores, and of course no billboards. At night we saw a tailor shop, liquor store, place selling cloth, and fruit stand along with a few places where people were working in dim light. Quite a few people were on the streets at night, walking or on bikes, and the few trucks and buses ran with parking lights on, flicking on headlights in dim places. Bikes had no lights.

There were very few traffic lights, and they were not really needed, except for bikes and people. A few traffic directors, but I don't know if they were police, as they were not armed. I don't think they have police...the army serves that function. There were few buses for a town that size, probably just nowhere to go. I saw one dim little movie house, but the guide said there were "many."

We rode around in a small bus, holding about 25, and got on in the middle. They had larger city buses, some 40 feet long, but hinged in the middle with sort of accordion passageway between. Our bus, and the train, carried a mop and bucket and periodically the attendant would mop down the floor, while moving. They drive on the right there, which seemed strange to us. We saw a few electric streetcars.

The hotel had a nice store, where you could buy a few souvenirs, and I came away with a beautifully printed China book. They had on display freeze dried tea, and we tried to buy some, but it was for display only...they had none for sale. We also visited a "Friendship Store," strictly for visitors, which was sort of small department store, and carried souvenirs and what we consider necessities. The locals are not permitted inside it. They are probably better off not knowing what they're missing. But with our mob of some 325, it was hard to get waited on, so we didn't buy much.

Regards,

March 24, 1975

Dear Mac:

We're on the home stretch now, with a long drag between Japan and Honolulu, something like seven days. This is the third day and I'm already homesick for some sightseeing. We got spoiled in Japan, stopping a different place every day.

We found China fascinating, but I certainly wouldn't want to live there. They had their revolution in 1949, and in 1958 broke up all rural areas into about 26,000 communes, with from 10,000 to 70,000 people each. Even in the cities and towns every available inch is cultivated, from the edge of the street or sidewalk to house or factory walls. Some places they had long cocoons of cloth over plants, miniature hothouses. China has had countless centuries of starvation, and they are very proud now that they have conquered it.

In the country they are slowly chiseling away hills, leveling them for more fields, or at least building more terraces on them for crops. They carry the dirt away by hand, with a pair of baskets on a pole over workers' shoulders. We saw a few junks on the Pearl River, with families living in them, but not near the number found in Hong Kong. Probably fishermen. Most soldiers were men, but there are a few women, with identical uniforms...the only difference being their hair.

Everywhere we went we listened to speeches of welcome, translated into English by our guides. They kept mentioning the revolution, and the glorious days since. They constantly referred to Mao, and his teachings, and lots of rooms had his picture on the wall, but we didn't see any on the streets. Saw only one propaganda truck with men and a loudspeaker...but they could have been barking for a movie.

We visited a "Friendship Store," to buy a few curios and necessities, and a large crowd of Chinese gathered outside to watch us. I walked over to take their picture, and they scattered. People are working everywhere, apparently willingly, except when they saw us, and that was cause for stopping to gawk. Americans and Europeans were apparently rare. Except for our party of 325, there didn't seem to be more than half a dozen guests in the hotel.

The Chinese like to und doors, for we saw several. Perhaps it has some significance for them. I bought some batteries for my camera flash in the Chinese store, which ordinarily last for weeks...these didn't last a day.

The vast majority of Chinese live in the country, but from the train and bus we saw small towns or communes every mile or so, on one or the other side of the road. Some of the houses were straw huts, but the majority were stone, cement, plaster and brick. Lots of them were sort of faded yellow...don't know if it was paint, as otherwise they didn't use much paint. Lots of them go barefoot, especially in the country. Others have sandals, and in town the majority wear sort of slip-on tennis shoes with rubber soles and cloth tops.

In towns, there were occasional piles of coal by the curb, probably used for some sort of power generation in adjoining buildings. The climate is not too cold, so they don't have any heating. Our guide said they had plenty of coal, but not much oil. He was very intelligent, and we told him of the many Chinese restaurants at home, which interested him greatly. We described the menus of chop suey, chow mein and egg foo young, and he found it hard to believe...although our Chinese dishes resembled those we got in China.

A few of the Chinese were smoking cigarettes, but they probably can't afford to, on a yearly income of \$100 to \$150. We questioned whether we drove only selected routes and were shown prepared sites, but I doubt it. We rode for hours and very few people we passed knew we were different from the other buses. And I don't really think they cared that much what we saw. We obviously saw what they are proud of...just as we show visitors the best sights of Fort Worth and the States.

Regards,

March 24, 1975

We found the Tung Fang hotel in Canton very comfortable, and typical of old hotels everywhere. Our baggage was collected from our staterooms on the ship the night before departure, and we found it in our hotel rooms soon after arrival. The same on leaving...we had to keep out a few things in a hand suitcase, and put our grips in the hallway the night prior to leaving, and did not see them again until finding them outside our staterooms after return to the ship.

We were advised to wear casual clothes, but to bring a tie and jacket for the two dinners. On the train there was some marching music, and then Chinese singing...likewise the hotel lobby. But they both beat rock-and-roll.

The hotel room had a fumigating smell, or perhaps a peculiar incense, which we soon got used to, and aware of. It had a large bathrubs, with a flexible hose you could hold overhead if you wanted to shower. The toilet was similar to ours, but a couple of inches lower. It reminded me of those at home...you had to jiggle the handle to ~~seep~~ the bail. There were half a dozen American-style elevators, but with operators. There was a large courtyard, perhaps a city block, surrounded by the old and new wings of the hotel. It contained a winding, scenic fish pond containing a few goldfish, and a couple of badminton courts. A pair of young men showed up at daybreak to play, but were not very good.

Each occupied floor of the hotel had a desk by the elevators, with two or three attendants. You left your key with them, and picked up upon your return. It was vast old hotel, with seven stories on the old wing, and 11 on the new. The personnel were very pleasant, but spoke little English. I spoke on occasion to some men strolling thru the gardens and lobby, and they just stared at me...perhaps they were party officials.

The temperature while we were there was very pleasant, but cloudy and gloomy poor for pictures. We were lucky that our large party of 325 was broken up into groups of 25, each with its individual bus, and we each went our own way. That way there were not usually too many people around at the various places we visited. Most of their buses were ordinary, but saw one large European type bus... perhaps imported to see if they could copy. They had other rather crude buses obviously converted from old army trucks.

As bamboo is plentiful and cheap, they used it imaginatively in some fences, and furniture. All the scaffolding on new buildings was of bamboo, similar to Hong Kong, tied together with some sort of twine. The new buildings going up looked old before they were finished, as they waste no effort in making them beautiful.

I tried to get a picture of people we saw occasionally walking buffalo, who had on sort of straw raincoats...they looked like walking strawstacks. It was trying to rain all day, but didn't really get to it. They said all that water comes from rain and rivers...no wells. I'd think they would get chilblains and rheumatism from working knee-deep in water and mud all day, paddling around in the rice paddies those chilly mornings; and boy, would it be hard on your back!

We passed one little city, some 20 miles from Canton, where apparently they did nothing but pottery, for we saw endless bikes and carts loaded with jars, some very large. Our guide said the clay in the area was suitable for pottery, ceramics, and cups and saucers, and had been making them for 700 years.

Another town evidently had forging works, for bikes were delivering chains and iron goods; some of the chains with links some 3" long. We got a kick out of some of the bike riders...they had on ponchos that almost completely covered them and the bikes.

They told us that workers on the communes work only two or three hours a day during slack season, but 12 to 14 during harvest. Sometimes they get three crops of rice a year. In the fields, you could see people dipping fertilizer out of buckets with their hands, and broadcasting it.

March 24, 1975

Communes are run by a revolutionary council, and my first impulse would be to say by elders, but they are probably made up of young men, as the various speeches of welcome made to us by leaders were by and large young men and women. The elders, who have lived under free enterprise, may not be as patriotic. Teams compete in the communes, and flaunt their figures. They pick a top team for others to emulate, and give them wide publicity. It's a form of competition apparently highly successful, and substitutes for the personal enterprise under our system.

The land is so valuable they have few cemeteries; and encourage cremation. But if one insists on being buried, they will adhere to his wishes. We saw a few from the train window, usually on the slope of shill...less productive land.

Saw some boats on a good-sized river or two, and one small tug pulling several barges of coal. Along a few of the canals were three-piece boats, some 20 feet long, with one or two oarsmen standing and propelling with swaying motion, his oar going like a fishtail. Saw some with pairs of oars, but facing in the direction they were going, standing up. We crossed some narrow bridges, probably pretty old, and had to wait for trucks and other traffic to cross. Evidently the road had been widened, but not the bridges.

In the commune they had a large pond they referred to as the "fishpond," but saw no one fishing in it. I asked the guide if fishing were permitted, and he looked horrified. Said if permission were given, it must come thru the council. Probably it's a fish hatchery, and all contents are community property. A few rowboats were out beside the road in one spot, pulling up what looked like seaweed. Turned out to be watercress, a delicacy in Chinese cooking.

We were told several times the state and communes are building more dams, ponds, reserve water supplies and electric pumping stations all the time, to keep ahead on their goal of more acreage for farming, and more food supplies.

We didn't see any flowers...they probably consider them an unnecessary luxury. The road from Canton to Pochow was a two-lane macadam, but there were so many bikes, pedestrians, carts and a few buses and trucks, progress was slow, and the driver used his horn incessantly. It was misting, but not really raining, and lots of the people had umbrellas, identical to ours. We never saw one taxi, but out in the country were a few rickshas (very few), and few pedicabs, probably with old or disabled people in them.

The commune had a back room with straw on the floor...probably for grandad. The pigs were in another room. The main living room in the house we visited had a high vaulted ceiling with skylight on one side, and bamboo furniture made of 2" to 2 1/2" pieces, with cushions...very comfortable. The water supply was a cistern flush with the ground, and a bucket for drawing up the water. The two big good looking pigs lived in a room down the street. They live in family units, just like us, and the one we visited had a man, wife, daughters and old man.

On the train in Hong Kong, one of the passengers, an old man of 83, parked in the coach and loudly proclaimed his right to smoke cigars anywhere he pleased. We put up with that awhile, then Martha and I got as far away as possible on the Chinese train. Later we were assigned to the small group of 25, and he was in it, smoking incessantly. He usually got the rear seat of the bus, and we the front, but at lunch the second day we sat down, and he came over to join us. I asked if he was going to suck on that stinking cigar during lunch, and he said if I didn't like it, I could move.

So I replied why should I move...I wasn't the one who was stinking up the place. Other people at the table half-heartedly joined with me, and I told him there seemed to be a slob in every group, and he was ours. But he put out the cigar and didn't smoke it any more during the meal. I heard other people squawk about it during the trip, but they didn't have the guts to jump him. I was disappointed though...I argued myself with a can of deodorant and was going to spray it right in his face if he sat by us on the train, but he was far away.

CHINA

March 25, 1975 (#1)

There are many individual sights and sounds in China that come to mind, like the half dozen people pulling an old rusty handplow, in mud up to their knees, with one guy holding it down. And getting up at the crack of dawn, with the sound from the balcony of the hotel of a platoon of men somewhere near, chanting as they did their morning workout at a military post. And the sight and sound of the little Chinese kids singing their song, "Goodbye Foreign Friends."

And poor old gals washing clothes in dirty rice paddies, that would undoubtedly leave 'em an Oklahoma red soil color. And of the 36 flagpoles in front of the hotel, awaiting some state occasion to break out in bunting.

One of our bright women tourists at a question and answer session at the commune, asked if they taught the children English. I interrupted to tell her "Yes, just like they teach your grandchildren Chinese back home!" For once, the ship's captain, hotel manager, Holland-America man from New York, and another from Singapore, got to act just like the rest of our tourists, and seemed to be enjoying it.

I was glad to get my glasses back, on our return to Hong Kong. There's a little shop on the pier that advertises eight-hour service, and they seem to have done a good job. I doubt that I could get a lens made back home for \$10, in eight hours.

JAPAN
After a day or two at sea, we arrived in Okinawa, in the middle of the day, which permitted some good pictures of our coming in. The island used to be known as the Gibraltar of the Pacific, and was a main base during the war for the Japanese, until the American forces attacked it in 1945, in what was to be the last great battle of the war. Over 60,000 American troops landed in the narrow middle part, and battled three months for supremacy, with 10,000 American boys dying. The Japanese lost 110,000, many from suicide.

There were 7,800 Japanese planes destroyed in the great battle, and was a peculiar fact of history, that when movie makers were looking for Japanese Zeroes 20 years later to make the movie "Tora, Tora, Tora," there was not one Zero left in existence. They had to alter other makes to fake the Zero's looks. The war ended a month after the island was secured by American forces, with the dropping of the atomic bombs on Japan.

Several acres in the southern end of the island are devoted to a memorial to the Japanese who lost their lives there, and many visitors keep flowers on the memorials and graves, high above the rocks of Suicide Cliff. Some of the Japanese jumped off the cliff rather than surrender, and others did so after the surrender, considering it a disgrace. Old women sell flowers those visiting the memorials.

Although voting to return to Japan in 1972, the Okinawa people are not Japanese, but a mixture of Indonesian, Chinese and Japanese. They are mainly Buddhists, which brought a Chinese culture; and they have added immortality to Buddhism, which did not start out that way. So they worship a happy Buddha, while most Buddhists are glum and scorn this life.

The American influence is apparent, for the main city, Naha resembled an American city of 250,000. The whole island has only 750,000 people. There are many US bases yet, of the Air Force, Army and Marines; but did not see any Navy of sailors. The United States investment is apparent everywhere, for the buildings are now cement and bricks, instead of their original wood and paper. As earthquakes are common, fire used to be a big hazard, and cities and temples were repeatedly destroyed, and rebuilt.

In spite of returning to Japan, they still drive on the right in Okinawa, although cars are about evenly divided in right and left-hand drive. As soil is limited, it is highly utilized, with tiny gardens everywhere; and for decoration miniature trees and shrubs are popular, although we did not see any flowers to speak of. Cherry blossom time brings the only profuse exhibit of blossoms and flowers, and it is a high event of the year. We were too early for them, by about a month.

March 25, 1975

Today is Tuesday #1, and tomorrow Tuesday #2...both March 25. I never understood how the International Date Line worked, but did know that somewhere in the Pacific it existed, and it was a different day on one side of it from the other side. Last year on a round trip to the Orient we missed a day going (like it skipped from Tuesday to ~~Thursday~~), then on the return we had two Tuesdays. Likewise on the way east we kept setting the clocks back, th us having 25-hour days, and on the way home kept setting them forward, having 23-hour days.

This trip, ever since leaving New York, we have been setting clocks forward, and having many 23-hour days, until now we have gained 18 hours...or where it is 1:00 o'clock noon in Fort Worth, it is 7:00 the next morning here. Obviously, if we kept on this way, we would get home a day later than they would be at home...hence the International Date Line. By means of the extra Tuesday, instead of being 18 hours ahead, subtract the 18 from 24 hours in the day, and we will be ~~six~~ hours later than Fort Worth. So we will have six more 23-hour days on the way home.

The center of the earth as far as time is concerned, is Greenwich, England; and this has survived since the time Britannica ruled the waves. A line exactly opposite this was needed somewhere, so the International Date Line was established in the Pacific, west of Hawaii.

As far as the ship is concerned, they would have made a great saving by sailing west instead of east. Our trip is 88 days, including the two Tuesdays; but by going west, the same trip would have been 86 days, thus saving them two days of groceries, supplies and entertainment. The oil consumption would have been the same, though, as the mileage would be duplicated.

It has been rather miserable, since leaving Japan. The stabilizers keep it from rolling from side to side to a great extent, but we have encountered long swells which makes the bow go way down, then up. One night we couldn't sleep for the pitching, and quite a few were seasick. It's a weak sunshiny day out now, but chilly, and have had to give up my 16 rounds of the deck for the time being, as it is too unpleasant lurching around. Likewise, they have eliminated some of the entertainment, which makes it rather dull around here.

We went to a classical concert last night, where a new singer gave forth with some obscure German and Italian songs. The sole redeeming feature, was when the accompanist, a nice-looking blond girl, would be moved away from the piano by a roll of the ship. The piano was, of course, anchored, but her stool would scoot backwards, and she had to fight to make her arms longer. But tired of this, and left early. A couple of dancing programs had been cancelled. In addition, they saved a couple of the worst movies to show now.

A drunk sidled up to the bar and wanted another drink; the bartender refused, saying "you're already blind drunk." The drunk, however, was thirsty, and said, "I'm not blind drunk. To prove it, look at that one-eyed cat coming in the door." The bartender said, "That cat's going out the door."

We had an act a while back that was the hit of the ship...a clog dance, where the fellow did a sort of tap dance on a little table with wooden shoes; and it was wonderful.

There have been several good movies, and don't know why we haven't seen them at home. One was "Mixed Company" with Barbara Harris, and it was hilarious. Another good show was put on by the Indonesian boys of the crew, called a "Malam Indonesian Show." They were exceptionally good, and included a Malay wedding ceremony. Three of the boys impersonated girls, and I don't imagine they'll ever live it down. One was so nervous, he was shaking all thru the show, but the other two were excellent, and did a couple of marvelous native dances. I started out the cruise thinking the boys were from Pakistan, but they're not...as Indonesia is far from Pakistan, and another race, rather like Polynesians.

March 25 (II), 1975

Our first real taste of Japan was at Kagoshima, where we spent too few hours. We were met at the pier by a 12-member girl band, who did very well, playing American tunes. Felt sorry for them, for it was chilly when we came in, and they had a hard time playing with their legs clinched together. The same band saw us off.

It was a beautiful cool, clear day as we steamed into the harbor, except for a mountain mist. They have a beautiful mountain, or volcano there, Mt. Aso, the largest active volcano in the world, and it was spectacular in the morning seeing the cloud of smoke wreathing from the summit. The last eruption was in 1914, which changed the island to a peninsula, linking it to the much larger island of Kyushu.

It was told us, that because of the smoke and ashes from the volcano, occupants of the peninsula wear yellow construction helmets at all times, and even the school kids consider it a status symbol.

Most of our time there was spent in Iso Park, beautiful with gardens, temples, shrines, and spectacular scenery. Ponds had swans swimming, and a large natural appearing area was covered with net to keep in many peacocks and other birds. There was a sort finicular up a steep hill, and more gardens and Japanese type bridges were fashioned on top of the hill. From there was a spectacular view of Kagoshima, Mt. Aso and the busy bay, with ferries going back and forth on their business.

It was the first visit of a Healand-America ship, so they had to give us a proper welcome with a speech from the mayor and president of the chamber of commerce, and several beautifully attired kimona-clad girls. The captain replied with a speech in Japanese, which caused gales of discreet laughter. Each of us was given a little Japanese doll, but that was shut off when it was discovered several of the tourists were doubling back to get two and three of them. They also gave us beautiful plastic leis; so, no doubt, they could tell us from the natives.

As a rule, architecture in Japan is uninspired. Much of it was destroyed in bombing during the war, and they rebuilt hurriedly with what material they had, and with what they could afford. Occasionally there are oriental ruffled tile roofs, but most buildings could feel at home in Enid, Oklahoma.

It must be the law in Japan to have mirrors on fenders, for all cars seem to have them, far forward, and slightly curved, to give a wide angle view. It's a good idea, and should be adopted in the States. They drive on the left, which we are well used to now. Many filling stations have their pumps on the ceiling, with hoses dangling like dead octopus tenacles. Noticed in one filling station, on a drizzly day, attendants coming out and sloshed warm water on the windshield and back window, then brushed with long-handled brushes.

Anchored next to the Rotterdam was a huge ferry, disgorging cars and trucks coming from Tokyo. The trip takes some 30 hours, so the ferry has quite a few staterooms for the stay overnight. It looked like a regular ship, except for two huge ramps on each side, fore and aft, that were let down by cables, allowing traffic on or off the dock. They were self-sufficient, needing no shore installation. Another large ferry, a twin of the one nearby, was anchored lifeless out in the harbor...no doubt awaiting a busier tourist season. They were white, except for a gigantic red sun reaching through several decks, then wriggly red lines representing sun rays. Probably the signature of the ferry line.

Japan, a country of some 108,000,000, is more prosperous than any other country we visited, and will no doubt be remembered as chiefly consisting of unending miles of factories and smokestacks. The open country we saw was tucked in between plants and homes, and carefully preserved like a home shrine, or a precious garden. Japan consists of 4,300 islands, all volcanic, with only 600 of them inhabited. After cruising thru the inland sea, I would venture to guess there are more than 4,300, for we saw hundreds...some only a few feet wide.

March 25 (II), 1975

As sort of a half-ignored visit, we had Miyajima on our schedule all along, but noone apparently had been there before from the ship, so many stayed on the ship rather than take a 25-minute tender ride. But they made a mistake, for we found one of the most delightful nooks of Japan. We had looked it up and found it only an hour or so away from Hiroshima, which would have been a most interesting excursion, but our four hours' stay precluded such a side trip.

Not only was the island delightful and temple gardens picturesque, but we found one of the slickest commercialization projects I have ever seen. When we stepped off the tender, there seemed to be but one way to go, with barricades gently herding us in one direction, and civilization seeming to be in that way, we went up a little tastefully decorated street, and one of the first business establishments was a tastefully decorated bank, which cheerfully changed our old American dollars into yen, knocking off just a bit for inflation and a finders fee.

Then there was an endless arcade of tourists' shops, all beautifully enticing, and each just a bit different from its fellows, awakening hope in our breasts that we would find the ultimate treasure within, some great find whose value was stupidly overlooked by the shopkeeper. There was one little restaurant, with a tiny fish pond stocked with big gold fish, right out on the sidewalk, and a miniature tree or two giving it realism. I wondered what the hippies and winos would do to something like that at home.

But after running the gauntlet of shops, we came upon a beautifully colorful shrine out in the water about half a block, and framed in countless pictures by a pair of picturesque stone lanterns. It's hard to describe the beautiful gardens, ponds wandering around; the enormous rambling collection of shrines linked together with boardwalks and upward curved bridges. The shrines have great significance to the Japanese, but to us crass westerners they are just things of beauty and something to photograph endlessly.

There was a finicular up a small mountain in the background, but we had museingly wasted so much time in the shops and gardens of the shrine, time was running short, and we had to catch the tender back to the ship. As it was anchored in the midst of an enormous bay, the going and coming was very smooth. One of the attractions were herds of fat, tame deer, said to be sacred. We pet them just like dogs, and one or two turned out to be real hams when photographed. One kept wanting to lick my camera, and I had to progress backward rapidly to get him in. The biggest collection of deer congregated around a booth selling some sort of deer food. They were broke, of course, but seemed to find plenty of charitable pigeons in our crowd.

That afternoon, on the way to Kobe, progressed thru the Inland Sea, and it was one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, similar to all the islands between Seattle and Vancouver. Islands of every size imaginable, from tiny specks, to ones several miles square, complete with cities and smokestacks. Many were terraced right up to the peaks of their hills. The only kind we didn't see were flat ones. Almost all of Japan is typified by the expression tortured landscape, as it is volcanic, and very little is flat.

As I was photographing a large group of uniformed teenagers, both boys and girls they were laughing wholeheartedly, and I thought what a cheerful bunch they were, when I found I had taken a couple of shots with the lens cover on. Probably made their day. Another thing striking was a number of shops featured fish gift packed, sort of wrapped like a Christmas present. Some had assortments from tiny minnows to fish eight or ten inches long...smoked I presume.

Another thing they do in Japan, is restaurants display on glass shelves in their windows, plastic replicas of their dishes offered within, with prices displayed. The replicas are almost works of art, so realistic. The prices were very reasonable, from \$1.25 to \$4 or \$5, for an appetizing meal.

March 26, 1975

It's been rather a boring stretch between Yokohama and Honolulu, as the weather has kept us off the decks, and the pitching and tossing eliminated much of the entertainment. Personally, I think it would have been funnier to have had dancing acts with the ship rolling.

We had a masquerade party late one night, with passengers dressing with imagination and zest. Martha put some thought and work into a "little girl" costume, and came out with a bottle of champagne as prize. A group of younger girls went as characters out of Oz, and others with weird and zany imaginations. Gisele Mackenzie and her new husband went as bride and groom, with Roman togas made of ship's bedspreads.

One afternoon they held a white elephant sale, and came up with more junk than they had bargained for. Passengers overbought gifts and souvenirs during the trip and took this opportunity to unload them, through an auction, onto other passengers. I stayed through most of it, and they were still going weakly at dinner time. Sean Meany, the cruise director, was about pooped, and was showing his age. It must be hard to get up and improvise good humor and jokes off the cuff for some three hours.

Incidentally, Sean (pronounced "Shawn") is the best cruise director and master of ceremonies we've seen on these cruises. He has a ready wit for any circumstance and the knack of drawing the audience to him. If there are any goofups, which would throw many performers into a tizzy, he capitalizes on them, and one of his favorite expressions is "I wouldn't like to you." Thus, you expect him to lie, and he does frequently...but you expect it, and like it.

We have a large flock of sea gulls following the ship, many since Yokohama, and their number seems to increase...probably to 100 now. It's fascinating to watch as they dip and glide over the water, never seeming to flap their wings, and so effortlessly keeping up with the ship. They endlessly keep a few inches off the water, looking for fish...but I imagine the reason we inherited them was the trash we throw overboard.

One of the peculiar circumstances of ship life, is the fact you know someone is on the ship, but you never see them. We run across a gal occasionally, perhaps once a week, and don't know where she has been. Separate sittings at meals is one of the reasons, I presume, but there's all the hours on deck and in the public rooms you never seem to meet. Others you see endlessly, perhaps a dozen times a day. And then there's the third category, someone you see at a gathering, and you could swear you've never set eyes on them before. How did they get on the ship way back there, and you missed them? From experience, it'll be that way on the day we leave the ship. Perhaps they lack characteristics that make you remember them.

A neighbor had a birthday yesterday, and the day before...on the two Tuesdays. That'll make a conversation piece the rest of his life. But the ship was narrow minded and furnished only one birthday cake.

We've gotten used to having no porthole, but wish the ship would furnish a periscope. There's no sense of time in these inner cabins...it could be high noon or three in the morning in the utter darkness when you turn out the light.

The ship's full of fat doctors who smoke, and several I've met are fine fellows. But one little fellow, who calls himself a doctor, must have one of those \$25 mail order diplomas. He fancies himself an egghead, and though I'm about as far from being a prig as you can imagine (I do put on a clean shirt and tie occasionally) he shows up at social events wearing a sweatshirt and tennis shoes. Perhaps he's masquerading as a character.

March 26, 1975

One of my first acts on boarding the ship was to request a trip to the engine room, and here, 69 days later, they grant it. It was surprisingly spacious and clean, trimmed in white and light green paint. Most of it was noisy, like a pressroom, but air vented from outside kept it reasonable cool.

The engine room has several functions besides propelling the ship. For one, there's heating the ship. This is probably minor, for ships usually stick to the milder climates for cruises. This can be done, though, by bleeding off steam from one of several boilers and circulating it through the ship.

For air-conditioning there are four boilers, which circulate freon, and this in turn cools water, which is piped to cabins and public rooms. The air conditioning is very good on this ship, and cabin thermostats give a wide and prompt range of comfort.

Generating power for lights and other functions requires four big generators, run by steam turbines. Two or three are usually sufficient to do the job, leaving one or two as back-ups.

Distilling drinking water is also done by boilers, which heat sea water, draw off the steam, and this is good drinking water. The ship's plant is capable of distilling 60,000 gallons per day, which peak they rarely need to reach. It costs more than buying water in many cases, but it simplifies a voyage if a ship does not have to take on water. On one or two cruises, we ran short of water and had to take it easy on its use until we hit a port with good water. It's no hardship...they usually just shut it off at night, from 10:00 until 6:00. The pools, showers and toilets use salt water.

Waste disposal is an important function, and toilets are flushed by air pressure. The waste goes into a small tank and is discharged under water, pumped by high air pressure, while at sea. At a dock, or near land, the waste goes into storage in a large tank...and then is discharged while far at sea. Occasionally, when the ship is unable to discharge this for long periods, they bring up a tank car and it's taken off that way.

There are four gigantic boilers to propel the ship. They burn oil at the rate of half a ton a mile, and generate steam. This steam, in turn, revolves the propellers via a steam turbine. Usually only three boilers are used, with one standing by. They can run on two, but probably not full speed. The ship has two propellers, turning counter to each other, with propeller shafts some 30 inches in diameter. It can limp along at less than half speed with one prop. Full speed usually is around 20.5 nautical miles per hour, with top speed something like 22.5. Above cruising speed gulps oil at a great rate, though, so is avoided.

Surprisingly few men are needed in engine rooms, as almost all functions are automatic nowadays. Those in attendance are on hand to watch dials, keep performance records, do repairs, and clean the floors and machinery--a constant and never-ending chore.

There is no sense of being underwater in the engine room...you could be in a generating plant ashore somewhere. Probably there is less pitch down there than above decks.

Another side function in the engine room is the stabilizers. All you see below are a couple of long shafts, parallel to each other, with a large lever turning one that is not round but hex shaped. They are governed by a gyro, hidden in a case no bigger than a table top; this senses a roll coming, and starts the counter action of the stabilizers, which are opposed to each other, sticking out the side of the ship some 15 feet. They act like ailerons on an airplane, except their whole surface rotates. Their entire action is automatic, and the only thing an operator has to do is turn them off and on.

March 25, 1975

Japan is a fascinating country, and in no other place, perhaps, does the modern exist compatibly and in harmony with the very ancient, and the Japanese people see no discrepancy in this. Modern glassed-in skyscrapers and western-style buildings share the same block, sometimes, with old Buddha temples and Shinto shrines.

The majority of Japanese are Shintos, an offshoot of Buddhism. Where Buddha was solely preoccupied with death and afterlife, and regeneration of life; Shintos gradually altered their belief to diametrically opposite...they believe only in this life, and reject death. Good fortune, wealth, sex, happiness, and anything that will promote a better time thru this life...they are for, and have various gods in charge of different departments of earthly enjoyment. It is only in death, or the approach of death, that Shintos give thought to Buddhism, and they see no discrepancy in this. So a great many Japanese are both Buddhists and Shintos.

It was told us that with such an earthy religion as Shintoism; Christianity with its emphasis on heaven and life after death, down-playing earthly life; didn't have much success in Japan. There are a few Christian churches, but a very small percentage of Japanese belong to them.

Japan has wholeheartedly adopted western dress, with the uniform of the day being a dark suit, raincoat and briefcase for the men. Women wear tailored suits, with skirt below the knee; or western style slacks. We asked a guide how to tell the difference between Chinese and Japanese...she said the Japanese is the one with the camera. The Japanese are in a hurry and impatient, usually a real nervous character; while the Chinese has a more placid nature, and is more inclined to take things easy.

There's very little countryside in Japan...they're growing people now instead of rice. The cities are growing together with just the width of a street separating them in many cases. While there is terrible traffic, particularly during rush hours, the vast majority go to and from work on efficient trains. For instance, Osaka has over one million people daily coming in to work from "bedroom towns," while Tokyo has three million. The railroads employ college boys during rush hours as "pushers," and after all the people are jammed into railroad cars that can get in, the pushers get behind and push more in. They say if they were polite like the New York subway, not near as many could be carried. So they just stand like vertical sardines, and don't even have room to read.

I got on a 20-minute ride from Tokyo to Yokohama, about nine at night, and it was about like that. I had purchased a "green" ticket, which is first class, and stood where the sign said "green cars stop here," but found after entering that it was not first class, and people were really packed in. You didn't have to worry about bracing yourself...just relax and give with the crowd. They say there is little pickpocketing, as the thieves couldn't get away. I don't know how one would get off one of those trains, if a great many people didn't get off at your stop. There's no courtesy, as little kids sit on seats while old ladies clutching packages ride standing up.

The cities are enormous, with Kobe some one million, Yokohama three million and Tokyo eleven million, earth's largest. There aren't many apartment houses, as the Japanese prefer individual houses, and they cram many into one block. You see occasional little garden plots in vacant lots and sometimes by houses. There are very few flowers, and we were told the Japanese don't care for them...their temporary life reminds them of death; so they prefer trees, hedges and rocks that have long life. We've been told there is no vacant land in Japan, but that's not true. It looks intensely cultivated, until you've seen China. There are many vacant lots, probably belonging to people who don't want to cultivate; and others covered with junk, just like at home.

March 26, 1975

Kobe is one of the busiest harbors we've ever seen, with dozens of ships laying out in the harbor, waiting to be loaded or unloaded, I presume. From our ship you could see giant tankers being built half a mile away, with two on the ways. Last year they had more than that...perhaps they're reaching saturation at last. It seems to be a status symbol of harbors to have a tall tower, similar to the one at Six Flags, with an observation platform and sometimes a restaurant on top. And a tall television tower. And each city is seemingly entitled to at least one revolving restaurant on top of a modern hotel.

The Japanese are busily building overhead freeways, just like ours, with metal guardrails...but their signs are in Japanese and English. They have quite a few completed, but you can see more a'building. There are many smokestacks on factories, but they don't belch smoke anymore. Pollution was getting to be such a problem, people were sickening and plants and trees were refusing to grow, so they have put a limit on pollution, with the result factories are closing or moving away. Those that can comply with the new stringent regulations still have the smokestacks, but apparently don't use them.

As in the States, thousands of roofs are sprouting color television antennas. As land is so precious and expensive, a small lot can cost \$14 to \$15,000, and a 6x6 foot plot, 36 square feet, costs at least \$1000. So they must of necessity keep houses small. A nice, good-sized house can easily cost \$100,000.

Gasoline is now about \$1.40 per gallon, and as inflation is much worse here than in the States, is going up steadily. Inflation in 1974 was 27%, but has slowed somewhat this year. As Japan has no natural resources, she is at the mercy of suppliers. She gets soybeans from Ohio and Texas, makes into soysauce (bug juice), and ships back to the States in bottles. Fish is imported from Canada and Alaska, as waters near Japan are either fished out or are polluted. Imported beef from Australia and New Zealand costs \$17 to \$20 per pound retail, and a dinner out in a fancy restaurant, with Kobe beef, can cost from \$20 to \$40 per person.

But the few meals we've eaten in Japanese restaurants were both delicious and reasonable...from \$1.50 to \$4.00 per person for all we wanted to eat. The average white collar worker in Japan earns some \$10,000 per year, and laborers about \$1.25 per hour. Women are decreed equal under the law, but in reality are far from it. They have yet to completely overcome centuries of servility. They are strictly limiting families now to one or two children, mainly because they can't afford more, and because the government is strongly pushing birth control. Their homes contain little furniture, as they sit on the floor to eat off small tables, then perhaps throw a mat and sleep in the same space. Instead of decorative furniture, they have paintings or decorative walls they admire.

Most men are paid monthly, and give it all to their wives, who must manage the funds and make-do with them, however much it is. Couples don't go out together, but the men go with other men, and women with women. If you make friends with a Japanese man, for instance, when you visit his home you visit him, and his wife usually absents herself. At meals you would eat with him, and she'd eat elsewhere. They don't usually eat together anyway, in the semi-formal meals westerners prefer.

Geishas are becoming rare, as they were trained from the age of eight, and nowadays girls can earn much more money doing other things without the long training. If you can find one, the fee is some \$400 for a party; and they sing, dance and make intelligent conversation only...no hanky panky. Way back when a Japanese girl married, she'd shave her eyebrows and blacken her teeth, presumably to make her less attractive to other men. In my opinion that's probably what started the geisha system.

One of the reasons the women dropped the kimono (don't take that wrong!) was its expense. They can cost hundreds of dollars, and nowadays are rented for weddings, and rarely worn...our guide said few girls know how to wear them anymore.



Day 63

Sunrise 5.44 a.m.

Sunset 5.53 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 21, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigga: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Jewish Service at 6.00 p.m.

Catholic Mass at 8.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Yokohama.

The following tours will depart from the pier side:

8.00 a.m. - Tour 88 - Tokyo—Imperial City

8.00 a.m. - Tour 89 - Hakone Park and Mount Fuji

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7.00 to 9.00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7.00 to 10.30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

EXCHANGE FACILITIES

The Bank of Tokyo in the International Passenger Terminal Building will be open today from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m.

POSTAGE STAMPS

Postage stamps will be available in the Library from 9.00 till 11.00 a.m. and from 3.00 till 5.00 p.m.

VERY IMPORTANT

All passengers are urgently requested to turn in their Japanese shorepasses (Permission To Land In Transit For Sightseeing) to the Front Office before departure time.

Ship can not sail unless all passes are returned to the Proper Immigration Authorities. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

GAY BEACHES AND BUDDHA

One half hour from Yokohama is the resort city of Kamakura, noted for the mildness of its climate, white sandy beaches and the famous Daibutsu or Great Buddha, the most impressive bronze image of its kind in the world. This majestic and sacred image of Amida Buddha, the favorite Japanese divinity, is 42 feet high and weighs 92 tons. This serene figure has sat with legs crossed and hands touching in a Buddhist sign of steadfast faith for 700 years, unscarred by tidal waves which destroyed and washed away in succession, three wooden halls erected to house it. You can climb inside the figure to shoulder level. Near the Daibutsu, the Hasedera Temple contains a 30-foot gilt image of Kwannon, the Buddhist goddess of Mercy and enshrined in Enroji Temple, is the frightening image of Emma, lord of the Buddhist hell. Visit Tsurugaoka Hachimangu, one of Kamakura's most celebrated shrines. You walk down a long stately avenue shaded with pine and cherry trees, under a massive stone torii, 32 feet high, to enter the shrine.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING



Yesterday's lucky number was 212177.

Congratulations to Mr. Louis Winer.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOKOHAMA

The fifth largest city of Japan and chief port of entry for eastbound shipping, Yokohama lies twenty miles southwest of Tokyo on the west side of Tokyo Bay. More than any other city in Japan, it owes its rise and progress to foreign trade and occidental influences. A little more than one hundred years ago it was a sleepy fishing hamlet of 350 people. Despite one of the most disastrous earthquakes in history which destroyed 95 percent of the city in 1923, and the recent Allied bombings of World War II, Yokohama today has a population of over one million, handles 23 percent of the nation's total foreign trade and is the center of an industrial belt of dockyards, steel mills and heavy industry plants.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.
- 3.00 p.m. Flower arrangements demonstration by Miss Alice Wong, Lounge.
- 3.30 p.m. Japanese folk dance show by Yokohama International Welcome Association in the Lounge.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge. The Lido Bar is also open until 8.15 p.m. for cocktails.
- 6.00 p.m. Ship sails for Honolulu.
- 8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure by the Bonafides Quartet, Lounge.
- 8.00 and 10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "The Abduction". Historical drama, starring Peter Finch and Liv Ullmann (103 mins., rated PG). Theater.
- 9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 9.30 p.m. Swing and sway with the jet set to the big sound of Terry James and his Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.
- 9.45 p.m. Duplicate Bridge players will compete for Double Master Points, Club Room.
- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.
- 12.00 midnight  Al Foster awaits the flocking of the Night Owls in their nest in the Tropic Bar.



Holland America Cruises

March 27, 1975

Japan is some 70% mountains and hills, which leaves little land for cultivation and housing. They are slowly building more on the side of hills, but the difficulty of putting in roads to service relatively few people is holding back the settlement. Also, the frequency of earthquakes, would, I think, discourage such courage.

Japanese have taken avidly to golf, but the game consumes so much valuable land, courses are scarce and expensive. Private clubs cost some \$3000 per year for membership, and public clubs are few. If a person desires to play over a weekend, he must get up at 2:00 in the morning, stand in line for hours, and play a limited amount when it is his turn. A scene not witnessed anywhere else we've been, is of gigantic wire or rope mesh cages, sometimes encompassing a city block or more, which are golf driving ranges. The tees are arranged in a semi-circle, and number, as a guess, from 50 to 100, sometimes on two levels. You see these cages arising incongruously amidst factories and houses in most Japanese cities.

After hearing for years of Japan's great hunger for lumber, we always thought she had no lumber of her own. But most hills are covered with pine and other trees; presume there are many restrictions on using this lumber. We heard the U.S. bombing during the war ruined a large part of Japan's forests, and they have never been the same since. Quite a bit of bamboo is growing, which comes up quickly. We were told bamboo is not really a tree...it is a member of the asparagus family. I sometimes wonder who makes these odd definitions. To me, if something looks like a tree, smells like a tree, and feels like a tree when you kick it... it sure enough is a tree.

Bamboo in the States is little utilized, except as fishing poles, and even there it has been replaced in great part by plastic. But in Oriental countries it has unending utility as furniture, scaffolding, fences, tree props, decorations and a host of other uses. We saw several bamboo fences that were a work of art. Japan does not seem to use it as scaffolding; but perhaps they do back in the more primitive regions. Most temples and statues are made of cypress, which is easy to work, and lasts for centuries without maintenance.

One of the most interesting places in Japan to visit is Kyoto, not far from Kobe where the ship stayed just ten hours. It's a city some 1,200 years old, and is well planned, laid out in a checkerboard fashion...not like most cities that follow winding cowpaths to lay out streets. There are some 1,600 shrines and temples there, and they boggle the mind with the thoughts of all the lifetimes of labor that went into their construction and artwork. Lots have fallen on hard times, and are not open to the public.

Japanese religion has no formal services as we know them...you just come individually when you want. The busy Japanese have found other activities in late years, so do not support the shrines and temples as formerly. This has put them in a financial bind, and has forced the priests to seek outside employment as teachers or workers in order to survive. Lots of temples have found relief by opening their doors to tourists and getting a steady income from admissions, sales of trinkets and donations. You can imagine how soul-wrenching it must be to have a steady stream of foreigners parading through snapping pictures of the holy of holies...but guess that is the lesser of two evils.

One enormous hall has 1,001 statues of Goddess Kwannon, and she must have been quite a doll...with six arms. Each statue is lifelike, and all are slightly different, being carved by some 70 sculptors over a period of 100 years. Another memorable visit was to an ancient palace, with innumerable bare rooms, except for wall paintings and artwork. One of the kings, or Shoguns, had 10,000 servants, all women, and they competed to become his mistress. From another spot in Kyoto, a shogun got homesick for snow in July, so ordered the people to make snow on a nearby mountain. They took millions of pieces of light-colored silk and covered the mountain, giving the illusion of snow.



Wednesday's program

Sunrise: 7.36 a.m.
Sunset: 7.35 p.m.

FORMAL DRESS
MARCH 26, 1975

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets. Woden is the Anglo-Saxon name for Mercury. This planet, closest to the sun, was thought to rule the first hour of the week's fourth day. From this came the old English word *Wodnes daeg* - Wednesday to us.

Day 69

RELIGIOUS SERVICES in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.
Tenebrae Service at 5.00 p.m.
with Rev. G. Walker.



SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 9.30 to 11.30 a.m. and from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m.

MEAL HOURS

All meals at regular hours and sittings.

IMPORTANT - FROM THE CAPTAIN

Due to late arrival in Honolulu—Thursday evening 10.00 p.m.—caused by adverse weather and sea conditions since Yokohama—attempts will now be made to extend our stay in Honolulu until Friday midnight. Definite sailing time from Honolulu will be duly announced after contacting our agents.

FROM THE CAPTAIN

Re the health situation of our Brazilian passengers who were hospitalized in Yokohama, we received the following telegram: Quote Faria operated acute appendicitis march 22 takes another three weeks travel fit stop Maia heart-attack now under quiet rest takes four weeks to recover signed Japackline Unquote.

SPECIAL AMERICAN EXPRESS NOTICE

We regret that we must cancel tour 92A "Hawaiian Dinner Show". Those passengers holding tickets kindly come into the American Express Office after departure from Honolulu for your refund.

DUPLICATE WINNERS

Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Ryland, N.S.
Mrs. Lorraine Smith & Mr. Walter Loewenstern, E.W.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 188775.
Congratulations to Mr. John Lord.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. **Enjoy early coffee, juice and rolls** in the Lido.
- 8.00 a.m. **Yoga:** Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
- 9.00 a.m. **The Sports decks** are open.
- 9.00 a.m. **Golf nets** are open all day for a practice session. Prom. deck.
- 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. **Trapshooting** on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
- 10.00 a.m. **Morning exercises** with the Thompson Four will take place on Prom. deck, starboard side (near the Ping-Pong tables).

- 10.00 a.m. **French class - "Ici Paris"** with Andre Mabelle. Smoking Room.
- 10.00 a.m. **North Pacific Grand Slam Shuffleboard Tournament** continues on Sun deck.
- 10.15 a.m. **Firedrill** for crew only.
- 10.30 a.m. **Novice duplicate bridge game** - all are welcome. Club Room.
- 11.00 a.m. **Hostess corner.** Meet Eloise. She may have the answers you are looking for. Club Room.
- 11.00 a.m. **What to do in Honolulu.** Lecture by Mr. James Arthur Lyons. Theater.
- 12.15 p.m. **The voice from the bridge.**
- 12.30 p.m. **Bob Hull** plays your requests in the Lido.
- 2.00 p.m. **NRTA-AARP members meet** in the Ritz Carlton.
- 2.30 p.m. **MOVIE!** "Tall Blonde Man With One Black Shoe", Comedy, starring Pierre Richard and Mireille Darc (95 minutes, rated PG). Theater.
- 2.30 p.m. **Duplicate bridge game.** Club Room.
- 2.30 p.m. **Meet your art instructor** Mr. Richard Dempsey in the Lounge, starboard side. Bring your pads and pencils.
- 3.00 p.m. **North Pacific Gin Rummy Tournament** continues. Lido Café, starboard side.
- 3.00 p.m. **Handcraft class** with Grace Lumsden - Rice note paper. Lido Café, port side.
- 3.30 p.m. **Enjoy afternoon tea** in the Lounge.
- 4.00 p.m. **Book review.** Jeanette Greenspan reviews "Hawaii" by James Michener, Part 1. Smoking Room.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. **Cocktail music** in the Ambassador and the Lounge.
- 8.00 p.m. **Dancing** in the Lounge to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.
- 8.15 and 10.00 p.m. **Showtime.** Starring the Thompson Four with their own magnificent revue. 40 minutes of songs and dances staged by Gino Thompson and songs to remember with song stylist Pauline Johnson. Lounge.
- 9.30 p.m. **Swing and sway** in the Ritz Carlton to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.
- 9.30 p.m. **The Ambassador is now open** with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. **Have a late snack** in the Lido. 12.00 midnight **The Night Owl** swing along with Al Foster in the Tropic Bar.



There will be **NO CHANGE IN TIME** tonight!



Holland America Cruises

March 27, 1975

Japan has had a continuous line of emperors for 1600 years, to the present day. He's merely a figurehead now, but seems to be a necessary and respected part of government. In one of the old palaces in Kyoto we had to remove our shoes, and as it was a chilly, dreary day, the floor was cold. But this palace had squeaking floors, called "nightingale floors," which were boards loosely held down by nails in some manner, so walking over them gave a birdcall effect. We were told this was a warning system to tell of intruders. It was very effective, for you couldn't step on a board without a telltale effect.

Kyoto has some wide, beautiful boulevards, usually foreign to Japanese cities. But houses and buildings were cleared during the war to make firebreaks in event of bombing. Kyoto was spared all but sporadic bombing. They tell a story, that their city was chosen as one of the first to be bombed by the atomic bomb, by Truman. But a scientist who had helped develop the Bomb, had been many times to Kyoto and loved it as one of the shrines of Japan, prevailed on Truman to substitute Hiroshima instead, and that happened.

A few old street cars are still running in Kyoto, the only ones we saw in Japan (but we did not see many cities). Many corners were manned (?) by dummy policemen. I haven't figured that one out yet. Perhaps they warned of children on the way to school. And some corners had traffic watchtowers some 20 feet in the air, sort of suspended out over the traffic. Probably a policeman could watch and control the signals from them.

Traffic is heavy, and jams are unbelievable during rush hours. You never see anything as bad in the States. Of course 99% of the cars are Japanese, but a particular status symbol is a Mercedes limousine. There are a few English cars, and a sprinkling of VW's. We were amused by some of the names on Japanese cars...never seen in the States: Bluebird, Violet, Prince, Cedric, Skyline, Liteace, Deluxe Cherry, Gloria, Galant, Crown, Leone, Laurel, Sunny, Canter, etc.

Another thing peculiarly Japanese, is the presence on tourist buses of a "back-up" girl. An attractive little girl, who never says anything, rides on a jump seat at the front. At stops where the driver must backup, she jumps out and blows a whistle continuously while watching his progress. When she stops blowing, he knows to stop.

Japanese cities are rather plain, cement gray, with little paint. But they have clean streets and little or no trash. One of the palaces had a wide, beautiful moat all around, which they said was copied from European castle moats. The royal palace in Tokyo has a moat, also. In one palace, we were asked not to take pictures, and the guide came back and read off one couple she thought were taking pictures with their tape recorder. But one gal hid behind me and snapped a couple. I think the only reason for the prohibition was they wanted to sell postcards, for which I can't blame them.

We saw several examples of paper windows, about 4x8 inches, and it looked to be about 60# offset. Wondered what would happen if rained upon...as it was not waxed. The paper was glued to a wooden framework (probably Elmer's glue).

One of the tourists told it was against the law to have cemeteries in Japan, but we saw several, with very crowded tombstones. I wondered if they were buried standing up. But they make it almost mandatory now to be cremated, because of lack of land.

On the way to Kyoto we pass through Osaka, and the exposition buildings left over from Expo '70. They say it was terribly crowded, and one had to stand in line six or seven hours to see one exhibit. But they were quite happy as the exposition made money, which is an exceptional feat. In Okinawa we saw much construction and street improvement going on for another Sealife exposition to be held later this year...an international world's fair, more or less.

We had heard that Japanese characters were the same as Chinese, but our guide told us that Japan had some 46 basic characters learned first, then school kids undertake to learn 2,000 Chinese characters, 5,000 of you read the classics.



Day 63

Sunrise 5.44 a.m.

Sunset 5.53 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 21, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigga: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Jewish Service at 6.00 p.m.

Catholic Mass at 8.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Yokohama.

The following tours will depart from the pier side:

8.00 a.m. - Tour 88 - Tokyo—Imperial City

8.00 a.m. - Tour 89 - Hakone Park and Mount Fuji

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7.00 to 9.00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7.00 to 10.30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

EXCHANGE FACILITIES

The Bank of Tokyo in the International Passenger Terminal Building will be open today from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m.

POSTAGE STAMPS

Postage stamps will be available in the Library from 9.00 till 11.00 a.m. and from 3.00 till 5.00 p.m.

VERY IMPORTANT

All passengers are urgently requested to turn in their Japanese shorepasses (Permission To Land In Transit For Sightseeing) to the Front Office before departure time.

Ship can not sail unless all passes are returned to the Proper Immigration Authorities. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

GAY BEACHES AND BUDDHA

One half hour from Yokohama is the resort city of Kamakura, noted for the mildness of its climate, white sandy beaches and the famous Daibutsu or Great Buddha, the most impressive bronze image of its kind in the world. This majestic and sacred image of Amida Buddha, the favorite Japanese divinity, is 42 feet high and weighs 92 tons. This serene figure has sat with legs crossed and hands touching in a Buddhist sign of steadfast faith for 700 years, unscarred by tidal waves which destroyed and washed away in succession, three wooden halls erected to house it. You can climb inside the figure to shoulder level. Near the Daibutsu, the Hasedera Temple contains a 30-foot gilt image of Kwannon, the Buddhist goddess of Mercy and enshrined in Enroji Temple, is the frightening image of Emma, lord of the Buddhist hell. Visit Tsurugaoka Hachimangu, one of Kamakura's most celebrated shrines. You walk down a long stately avenue shaded with pine and cherry trees, under a massive stone torii, 32 feet high, to enter the shrine.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING



Yesterday's lucky number was 212177.

Congratulations to Mr. Louis Winer.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOKOHAMA

The fifth largest city of Japan and chief port of entry for eastbound shipping, Yokohama lies twenty miles southwest of Tokyo on the west side of Tokyo Bay. More than any other city in Japan, it owes its rise and progress to foreign trade and occidental influences. A little more than one hundred years ago it was a sleepy fishing hamlet of 350 people. Despite one of the most disastrous earthquakes in history which destroyed 95 percent of the city in 1923, and the recent Allied bombings of World War II, Yokohama today has a population of over one million, handles 23 percent of the nation's total foreign trade and is the center of an industrial belt of dockyards, steel mills and heavy industry plants.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.
- 3.00 p.m. Flower arrangements demonstration by Miss Alice Wong. Lounge.
- 3.30 p.m. Japanese folk dance show by Yokohama International Welcome Association in the Lounge.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge. The Lido Bar is also open until 8.15 p.m. for cocktails.
- 6.00 p.m. Ship sails for Honolulu.
- 8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure by the Bonafides Quartet. Lounge.
- 8.00 and 10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "The Abdication". Historical drama, starring Peter Finch and Liv Ullmann (103 mins., rated PG). Theater.
- 9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 9.30 p.m. Swing and sway with the jet set to the big sound of Terry James and his Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.
- 9.45 p.m. Duplicate Bridge players will compete for Double Master Points. Club Room.
- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.
- 12.00 midnight  Al Foster awaits the flocking of the Night Owls in their nest in the Tropic Bar.



Holland America Cruises

March 27, 1975

Japan is a miracle country, rising from defeat in 1946, with many of her cities bombed ruins, to the industrial giant she is today. With no natural resources of her own, and a population considered lagging behind western nations as far as modernization and progress was concerned, it's nothing short of miraculous the impact she has had on the rest of the world. And I suspect, you ain't seen nothin' yet!

With a country the size of California, and a population five times the size, the Japanese have long been accustomed to getting along with one another, and to teamwork and team spirit, and family and family spirit. So it is natural for them to slip into adulthood, with a subordination to authority necessary for harmony in plants and industry. Unions have made little inroad on this spirit, with their basic creed of more money for less work.

Then, with the vast majority being Shintos, with the belief only in the good things of this life...success, money, happiness, possessions, good food, wine, etc., they are not troubled with a nagging conscience that perhaps they are doing wrong. When a man makes it to the top of the heap, they have only respect for him, and hope to emulate his example themselves.

The western world, on the contrary, is torn asunder by several factors, and is wavering. Christianity instills doubts that fundamentally the good things of this life are wrong, and to pursue them are wrong. So the Japanese, alone in the modern world, seem psychologically geared to produce and flood the world with modern goods. The rest of us, torn by doubts and politics, can stand by and watch. Of course, this is over-simplification; but the result of seeing, hearing and reading of Japan.

To return to specifics: As Japanese letters are still pure Greek to us, and many railroad stations do not have signs in English, it is quite a game to find your destination, and to know when you have arrived there. Also, taxi drivers do not ordinarily speak English. So the ship gave us little slips of paper, with the location of the ship written in the native language. That's a brilliant idea, and one we hadn't seen before. We've had several interesting experiences, and will taxi rides in the past...trying to find the ship, and convey to drivers somehow where it is located.

Japanese taxis have a unique lever, by the driver, which enables him to open either or both of the rear doors (and no doubt lock them against no-pay customers). The Japanese queue up obediently for taxis, sometimes in a line a block long. This was too long for my impatient nature, so I'd walk a block or two in the direction where the taxis seemed to be born, and get one at the source. I wonder why they never think of that?

Trains are coming into their own in Japan, with more crowding all the time, the rising price of gasoline, worsening traffic jams, and the lack of parking space. At the immense stations there is constant arrival and departure of trains...if you don't catch this one, another will be along in a few minutes.

The famed bullet trains are used only on long hauls--getting to as high as 130 miles per hour. We rode one last year, and it was superb! A cushioned, quiet ride, and the green (first class) cars had wide, soft seats, lots of leg room, and constant vendors up and down the aisles peddling fruit, food, reading matter and other goodies. It didn't ~~seem~~ like it would be a hardship to take a trip of many hours' duration.

The Japanese are a very obedient people, when it comes to rules. Almost everywhere else in the world, when there is no traffic coming, pedestrians take off and cross against the light. I found myself doing this in Yokohama and Tokyo, and Japanese were just standing there looking at me.



Day 71

Sunrise: 6:28 a.m.

Sunset: 6:44 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 28, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigga: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Honolulu.

The following tour will depart from the pier side:

9.00 a.m. - Tour 92 - Honolulu and Waikiki Beach

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7.30 to 9.00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7.30 to 10.30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE WINNERS

Mrs. M. Loewenstern & Col. E. Alldredge - N.S.

Mr. & Mrs. George Crouse - E.W.

HAWAIIAN FACTS

The name Hawaii is exactly pronounced Hay-woo-ee. It is not High-wah-yah. Honolulu is Ho-no-lulu. It is not Hahn-alula. The "o" is full and pronounced as in hoe and the "u" is oo.

Although the islands lie in the northern margin of the tropics, they have a subtropical climate because cool waters from the Bering Sea drift into the region.

The temperature of the surrounding ocean is about 10° lower than in other regions of the same latitude.

TRAVELER'S CREED

Travel is many things: It is adventure, it is discovery, it is education, it is the opening of the heart and mind to new friendships, new vistas of stirring, lovely things. The riches brought home by the traveler are in proportion to the stores he takes out with him. Therefore, let the traveler to the wealth of adventure that is the World take with him something of the peoples he visited, their cultures and languages, and he will be doubly rewarded in his search for treasure.

QUOTE FOR THE DAY

All the good maxims have been written.
It only remains to put them into practice.

Blaine Pascal

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 212604.

Congratulations to Mrs. Noel E. M. Taylor.

GIN RUMMY TOURNAMENT

Winner: Mr. E. M. Berezin.

Runner-up: Mrs. Bella Gitlin.

SAFETY ABOARD

Do not smoke in bed. Extinguish cigarette butts and matches and always put them in ashtrays. Do not throw lighted cigarettes or cigars butts over the side of the ship - they could blow back and start a fire. Smoking is not permitted during boat drill, or in the Theater.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

7.00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.

3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.


5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.

8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure provided by the Bonafides Quartet in the Lounge.

9.00 p.m. Showtime, The Lucy Lee Hawaiian Show. Lounge.

9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.


9.30 p.m. Swing and sway to the big sound of the Terry James Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.

10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "Tall Blonde Man With One Black Shoe". Comedy, starring Pierre Richard and Mireille Darc (rated PG. 95 minutes). Theater.

11.00 p.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.

11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Barbeque on deck and dancing under the stars to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.

12.00 midnight Ship sails for San Diego.

12.00 midnight  The Night Owls flack around around Al Foster in their nest the Tropic Bar.

There will be NO CHANGE IN TIME tonight!



Holland America Cruises

March 27, 1975

In Japan, although most times of the year a cool climate, air-conditioning is taking over in stores and stalls, and I noticed the majority of window coolers were American brands. I can't but think the Japanese could make 'em cheaper, and perhaps better. There may be patent infringement (or American brands made over there). But we heard that the use of American goods in Japan was a status symbol...imported. And we have a good reputation for quality.

One of our last sights before pulling out, was a wildly blooming cherry tree, tucked in a niche between a couple of grim factory walls. Perhaps heat from the plant made it bloom ahead of time. But I'm sure it's appreciated, as perhaps in no other place on earth.

Our departure from Yokohama was eased by the same 56-member, excellent band, playing "Anchors Aweigh," "Till We Meet Again," and other nostalgic tunes...making us hope that our return to Japan is soon again, and frequent!

After leaving Japan, our next scheduled stop was a small Hawaiian island, Kauai, almost a week later. But, due to bad weather and rough seas, we had to slow down and detour slightly to miss worse weather. Even at that, the crossing was unpleasant, with chilly weather, making life on deck undesirable; off and on rain and gloomy clouds; and worse of all, long swells which caused a lot of seasickness. The bow would go way down, then the stern, and occasionally the propellers would come out of the water, causing a lurch and vibration.

Not only did the lousy weather make everyone feel grouchy, but much of the entertainment was curtailed. Dancing was out of the question (though it would have been interesting), and several singers cancelled performances, as they didn't care to stand up there holding on to something. One of the pianists told us it was hard to play under those conditions, for, when he took his hands off the keys, the piano, the bench or his body would move enough that he lost his bearing on the keys.

Part way on the way to Kauai, it was announced we would miss the island altogether, but pull into Honolulu a bit early, and leave late. But we got to Honolulu late also. American Express had to cancel a tour on Kauai, and a Thursday evening tour of Honolulu.

A friend and I chased out as soon as we cleared customs on Thursday night and took in a floor show at the Waikiki Hilton, starred by a young fellow named Kim Barry. There was some pleasant Hawaiian dancing, but too much loud rock and roll and country western to be very pleasant. I don't think too many people come all the way to Hawaii to hear cheap imitations of Elvis. But in Hawaii, cheap is not exactly the right word to use.

The bad weather followed us in, and our one day in Honolulu had intermittent rain and sunshine, but the temperature was pleasant. We took a harbor cruise to Pearl Harbor, which was enjoyable, and hoped to see some whales which reportedly were migrating nearby on their annual pilgrimage to Antarctica. But no whales, altho we did see a large school of porpoises, and our boat circled several times to give us good camera shots of them.

One of the delightful spots of Honolulu is the Ala Moana shopping center, one of the largest in the world, with some 155 shops. It is beautifully situated, and decorated...but being good Friday all the residents and all the tourists congregated in that one spot, and made it difficult to get around and see anything.

Last year we wanted to visit the Arizona monument at Pearl Harbor, which is reached after a bus ride, then a walk of a couple of blocks, and a free ferry ride, courtesy of the Navy. Our first attempt found it closed...for it was Monday! Our second attempt found it closed for painting...and this time, we got there just after it closed...because of lousy weather!



Day 71

Sunrise: 6:28 a.m.

Sunset: 6:44 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 28, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigga: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9:30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Honolulu.

The following tour will depart from the pierside:

9:00 a.m. - Tour 92 - Honolulu and Waikiki Beach

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7:30 to 9:00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7:30 to 10:30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1:00 to 2:00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1:00 to 2:30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE WINNERS

Mrs. M. Loewenstern & Col. E. Alldredge - N.S.

Mr. & Mrs. George Crouse - E.W.

HAWAIIAN FACTS

The name Hawaii is exactly pronounced Hay-wy-ee. It is not High-wah-yah, Honolulu is Ho-no-lulu, It is not Hahn-alula, The "o" is full and pronounced as in hoe and the "u" is oo.

Although the islands lie in the northern margin of the tropics, they have a subtropical climate because cool waters from the Bering Sea drift into the region.

The temperature of the surrounding ocean is about 10° lower than in other regions of the same latitude.

TRAVELER'S CREED

Travel is many things: It is adventure, it is discovery, it is education, it is the opening of the heart and mind to new friendships, new vistas of stirring, lovely things. The riches brought home by the traveler are in proportion to the stores he takes out with him. Therefore, let the traveler to the wealth of adventure that is the World take with him something of the peoples he visited, their cultures and languages, and he will be doubly rewarded in his search for treasure.

QUOTE FOR THE DAY

All the good maxims have been written.
It only remains to put them into practice.

Blaine Pascal

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 212604.

Congratulations to Mrs. Noel E. M. Taylor.

GIN RUMMY TOURNAMENT



Winner: Mr. E. M. Berezin.

Runner-up: Mrs. Bella Gitlin.

SAFETY ABOARD

Do not smoke in bed. Extinguish cigarette butts and matches and always put them in ashtrays. Do not throw lighted cigarettes or cigars butts over the side of the ship - they could blow back and start a fire. Smoking is not permitted during boat drill, or in the Theater.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7:00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.
- 3:30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.
- 5:45 and 7:30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.
- 8:00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure provided by the Bonafides Quartet in the Lounge.
- 9:00 p.m. Showtime, The Lucy Lee Hawaiian Show. Lounge.
- 9:30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 9:30 p.m. Swing and sway to the big sound of the Terry James Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.
- 10:00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "Tall Blonde Man With One Black Shoe", Comedy, starring Pierre Richard and Mireille Darc (rated PG, 95 minutes). Theater.
- 11:00 p.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.
- 11:00 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Barbeque on deck and dancing under the stars to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.
- 12:00 midnight Ship sails for San Diego.
- 12:00 midnight  The Night Owls flack around around Al Foster in their nest the Tropic Bar.

There will be NO CHANGE IN TIME tonight!



Holland America Cruises

March 29, 1975

With just one evening in Honolulu, we were determined to attend a genuine Hawaiian luau, so made reservations for Friday night at the Hilton Hawaiian Village for their nightly luau. We were told it ordinarily was held out-of-doors, but inside a hall if weather was bad.

We were disappointed somewhat in this, also; for it was held in a large somewhat bare hall, with rows of long dining tables and folding chairs, reminiscent of many Lions club or civic banquets. There were probably two thousand people there, and we were perhaps half a city block away from the stage. The program wasn't too bad, except perhaps for being too loud and brassy. Binoculars would have been a help. Food was brought in a wooden tray, some two inches high, with five hollows holding different dishes. It was good, and consisted of pork, steak, chicken, yams, taro, ~~potatoes~~, fish, potato salad, and side dishes of bananas, watermelon, and pineapple for dessert.

A very wonderful part of the program was a young man with a ukulele, Eddie Bush, and he was truly a master. He opened with "Malaguena" and played many beautiful pieces including "Holiday for Strings" and "Dr. Zhivago." He was introduced as one of the few people in the world who are virtuosos on the ukulele, and he truly was. And he brought the house down.

Hawaii's climate and the easygoing disposition of her people make it truly a paradise, but growth and "progress" are rapidly making it resemble the mainland states more and more. And her people are lamenting this fact. Freeways and high buildings and more hordes of tourists have created a vicious circle, and is making it less a paradise every year.

The bad weather is following us out of Hawaii, and at present is raining and too chilly up on deck to be pleasant. The ship is lurching slightly, but not too bad. But on the whole we have had remarkably good weather, and have little cause for complaint. Due to our leaving Honolulu some six hours later than originally scheduled, there is little chance of getting to San Diego on time...which will cause complications. For one thing, the poor American Express people will have to cancel tours, and I feel sorry for them ~~when~~ that happens, as great numbers of the passengers lament to them individually. These cancellations are not their fault, and ~~xxxxxxx~~ cause financial loss to them, but they take a lot of guff from irate old ladies just the same.

On these cruises, sometimes the ship line schedules shore excursions, but more often they delegate that to experienced tour companies...American Express, Cooks, etc. Work on the shore excursions has to start sometimes a year ahead; a great many people have already signed up for the '76 World Cruise. Obviously to do that they have to make arrangements with the various parts of call and see if transportation will be available, meals and housing on tap, and that there will not be other interfering things occurring.

Details included buses and drivers, guides, reservations and untold thousands of nitty gritty details. Plus, what's the economy going to do in the meantime, for a firm price must be set. Not the least of details is the mass of printing to be done far ahead, of brochures, advertisements, programs and books...and tickets, and passes and badges. So some great expense has gone into shore excursions long before it is ever consummated, and I imagine dozens and even hundreds of people are involved in a change or cancellation.

American Express has 13 people on board; too many most of the time. But sometimes they schedule overland trips of several days' duration, broken into fairly small groups, and that calls for many people. They are nice, personable young men on the most part, and two or three of the attractive young girls among the passengers avail themselves of their company. To my knowledge, there is not one single young man passenger, so American Express, entertainment staff and ship's officers valiantly try to entertain the girls.



Day 71

Sunrise: 6:28 a.m.

Sunset: 6:44 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 28, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigg: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Honolulu.

The following tour will depart from the pier side:

9.00 a.m. - Tour 92 - Honolulu and Waikiki Beach

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7.30 to 9.00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7.30 to 10.30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

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The temperature of the surrounding ocean is about 10° lower than in other regions of the same latitude.

TRAVELER'S CREED

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QUOTE FOR THE DAY

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Blaine Pascal

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 212604.

Congratulations to Mrs. Noel E. M. Taylor.

GIN RUMMY TOURNAMENT

Winner: Mr. E. M. Berezin.

Runner-up: Mrs. Bella Gitlin.

SAFETY ABOARD

Do not smoke in bed. Extinguish cigarette butts and matches and always put them in ashtrays. Do not throw lighted cigarettes or cigars butts over the side of the ship - they could blow back and start a fire.

Smoking is not permitted during boat drill, or in the Theater.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

7.00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.

3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.


5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.

8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure provided by the Bonafides Quartet in the Lounge.

9.00 p.m. Showtime, The Lucy Lee Hawaiian Show. Lounge.

9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.


9.30 p.m. Swing and sway to the big sound of the Terry James Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.

10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "Tall Blonde Man With One Black Shoe". Comedy, starring Pierre Richard and Mireille Darc (rated PG. 95 minutes). Theater.

11.00 p.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.

11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Barbeque on deck and dancing under the stars to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.

12.00 midnight Ship sails for San Diego.

12.00 midnight  The Night Owls flack around around Al Foster in their nest the Tropic Bar.

There will be **NO CHANGE IN TIME** tonight!



Holland America Cruises

March 30, 1975

Boredom seems to be setting in. With the long stretch from Yokohama to Honolulu and just a short time ashore there, the four and a half days to San Diego will seem endless. To top it off, our favorite master of ceremonies, Sean Meany, has run out of jokes. I guess he's used to short cruises, where he can use the same ones over and over. If we have time in San Diego, should get him a new joke book.

We have a stowaway on board! Heard just a rumor, but discounted it, after our departure from Honolulu. But visited the bridge this afternoon, and one of the officers confirmed it. Said it was a girl of 23, who apparently wanted to get back to the mainland, and took this means. I asked what they usually did in a case like that, but he sidestepped the question. I guess in this day and age they couldn't throw a person in the brig (if they have one), and especially not a girl. But he said a "friend" paid her way, and there's no problem now. As it's just passage from state to state, there's no immigration problem either.

The officer said they used to put stowaways to work, after they were caught... but unions forbid that now. If stowaways joined the union, perhaps it would be legal. Usually they get in touch with immigration authorities, who confine them on arrival. Then they are shipped back to the country of origin on the first available transport.

The problem in stowing away would be sleeping. As room stewards know exactly who is in each cabin, an added person anywhere would be immediately noticed. And clean-up crews work at night in public rooms, so no one could sleep there. Most of the lifeboats can be seen into from above, and anyone getting in or out of them would be caught. Meals would be no problem, as the Lido is cafeteria style with breakfast and luncheon, and a midnight buffet from 11 to 12:30.

We had Gisele McKenzie aboard for a week, from Japan to Hawaii. She gave two concerts, and was great. She was on her honeymoon, with her second husband, a tall goodlooking fellow. They were very friendly around the ship, which made her a great favorite with the passengers. Was talking to a man who's known her for 30 years, since she was 20 years old, and he said she's always been a lovely person. Her first husband was her manager, and that seldom works out.

To replace Gisele we have Helen O'Connell, which name seems vaguely familiar, although I can't place her. She gives her first concert tonight, and after that's scrabble, for the movie has Barbra Streisand.

We have had a succession of concert pianists, with a concert by a young lady this afternoon. She was a fine musician, but the classical music is a bit over my head. I stayed for awhile, but as it is fairly calm out, saw that the piano would not be sliding away from her, so left early. Maybe I haven't been around, but the classical musicians on this ship have a person sitting beside them to turn the sheet music...the first time I've ever seen that.

The ship is making a fairly steady 20 knots, about her top speed, and there is some doubt that we'll get into San Diego in time. We are bucking a 30-mile headwind, which is also slowing us down some. We were hoping for some rain today, so we could catch some for our flowers, but nary a drop so far. Some friends put out buckets yesterday, and on their return someone had stolen them, water and all.

We already have cruise brochures for the World Cruise next year, and they say some people have already signed up for it. Many people make them every year, and one couple is on their 13th one now. I think they're great, but wouldn't want to do the same thing every year...much prefer variety, with different ships and different ports. But anyway, next year they're scheduled to go to Egypt and Israel, then thru the Suez Canal. But one of the officers on the bridge said it looks now like the Suez won't be open, at least to pleasure cruises. He said the Americans are paying to clear it, then the only ones using it will be Russians. That figures!



Day 72

Sunrise: 6.19 a.m.

Sunset: 6.23 p.m.

FORMAL DRESS

MARCH 29, 1975

Saturday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Saturday, the seventh day's first hour was thought by the ancients to be in the thrall of the planet Saturn. Saturn's day conveniently contracts to our Saturday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 5.30 p.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 9.30 to 11.30 a.m. and from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m.

WINNERS OF JACKPOT DUPLICATE GAME

Mr. & Mrs. George Spamer - N.S.
Mrs. M. Froitzheim & Mr. W. Loewenstern - E.W.

CRUISE WORD GAME no. 7 - "Rio de Janeiro"

Can you find 19 or more common English words in "Rio de Janeiro"? They must have five letters (no more, no less). No plurals, no proper names. Have fun. Answers tomorrow.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 183913.
Congratulations to Mrs. Nelda Rohracker.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS


- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. Enjoy early coffee, juice and rolls in the Lido.
- 8.00 a.m. Yoga: Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
- 9.00 a.m. The Sports decks are open.
- 9.00 a.m. Golf nets are open all day for a practice session. Prom. deck.
- 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. Trapshooting on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
- 10.00 a.m. Morning exercises with the Thompson Four will take place on Prom. deck, starboard side (near the Ping-Pong tables).
- 10.00 a.m. French class - "Ici Paris" with Andre Mabelle. Smoking Room.
- 10.00 a.m. North Pacific Grand Slam Shuffleboard Tournament final on Sun deck.
- 10.00 a.m. Jewish study hour with Rabbi Rudin in the Ambassador.
- 10.15 a.m. Boatdrill for all crewmembers followed by fire drill.
- 10.30 a.m. Bridge for beginners. Lesson 4 with Mr. Milton Bronston, our Travel-with-Goren expert. Ritz Carlton.
- 11.00 a.m. Boatdrill ONLY for those passengers who boarded the ship at Honolulu. Please assemble at boatstation 9 on Boat deck, starboard side and bring lifebelt with you.

- 11.00 a.m. Hostess corner. Meet Eloise. She may have the answers you are looking for. Club Room.
- 11.00 a.m. The Sea Beneath Us, Part I. Lecture by Mr. James Arthur Lyons, Theater.

- 12.00 noon Complimentary dance class with Ray and Lisa. (Private lessons by appointment.) Lounge.

- 12.15 p.m. The voice from the bridge.
- 12.30 p.m. Bob Hull plays your requests in the Lido.
- 2.30 p.m. Duplicate bridge game. Club Room.
- 2.30 p.m. Meet your art instructor Mr. Richard Dempsey in the Lounge, starboard side. Bring your pads and pencils.

- 2.30 p.m. The Captain's Bridge Championship - for duplicate players. Special prizes. Club Room.

- 2.45 and 9.30 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "The Day Of The Jackal". Suspense drama, starring Edward Fox and Alan Badel (141 mins., rated PG). Theater.

- 3.00 p.m. 1975 World Cruise Gin Rummy Tournament - please sign up today. Lido Café, starboard side.

- 3.00 p.m. Handcraft class with Grace Lumsden - Rice note paper. Lido Café, port side.

- 3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.

- 4.00 p.m. Book review. Jeanette Greenspan reviews "The Connoisseur" by Evan Connell. Smoking Room.

- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.


- 6.30 and 8.15 p.m. A Hawaiian Style Dinner will be served by candelight in both Diningrooms.

- 8.00 p.m. Dancing in the Lounge to the music of the Terry James Orchestra.

- 8.15 and 10.00 p.m. Showtime. The Teddy Greaves show. Teddy is one of the hottest singing personalities the limelight in the last 10 years. Lounge.

- 9.30 p.m. Swing and sway to the music of the Bonafides Quartet in the Ritz Carlton.

- 9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.

- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.
- 12.00 midnight  The Night Owls flock around Al Foster in the Tropic Bar.

Tonight the clocks will be set FORWARD 60 minutes!



Holland America Cruises

April 5, 1975

In some ways, the visit to San Diego was a fiasco. We were over four hours late, due to lousy weather, and leaving Honolulu later than scheduled. A great crowd was waiting for us, including a Navy band. Evidently a large ship calling was a novelty, for hundreds of people were surging to get on the ship, with their tempers frayed by the long wait, at the same time we were trying to get off the ship. There was little attempt at crowd control by officers present, and it was as close to a mob as I've ever seen.

We were met by friends, tired by the long wait, and they took us on a short tour of the Marine Base, where I spent many happy (?) months during the war (and before). Aside from some new buildings it hadn't changed much, and the boots were still doing their thing out on the parade ground. We brought our friends back on board for a tour of the ship, and dinner in the Lido. There was still a mob clamoring to get aboard, but we waded thru, waving our permits, and had no trouble. Any piece of white paper would have done.

I heard a definition of a rooster...adult male hen-person. Helen O'Connell didn't go over at all, at her two performances. She's an attractive woman of 50 or so, and spent her youth with name-bands. But she doesn't have the talent or personality to carry on a show by herself. Her second performance was embarrassing, for people left in the middle of it; then she asked if there were any requests, and some woman shouted "no!" And as she was giving an encore, as most performers do, most of the audience got up and left right before her...as a movie was scheduled to start then. I felt sorry for her, but she lacks the talent.

A friend and I had a thrill, coming into San Diego. I had noticed some passengers on the bridge at other ports, so he and I went up there and stayed all thru the process of coming in. The civilian pilot came aboard and gave the commands instead of the captain or officers. San Diego is a beautiful place to enter, as you curve around the island for several miles, and the view was interesting. The Navy is prominent there, and we got many good pictures...except my film jammed and I'm sure I ruined a few shots. Won't know until I get the roll developed.

We were scheduled to leave at 11:00, and I waited until midnight, but we hadn't left then, so gave up and went to bed. Got away about 2:00, as they were busily pumping on oil. I understand it is one of the cheapest ports to take on oil, so they were filling it up. As the ship uses a half ton of oil per mile, the price is a big factor. One of the officers was telling us they sort of shop for oil; for instance India charges some three times the rate of other ports, and Hawaii is very expensive...so they get it where the price is more reasonable. I'm not sure, but I think he said they could carry enough for almost the whole cruise, but don't take a chance, and never go below $\frac{1}{4}$ full.

It was a nice day in San Diego, the first decent weather we'd seen for over two weeks. And the trip to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, produced better weather, as we were heading south.

Had always heard of Baja California without knowing where it was, or what it was. It's a long peninsula going south from Tijuana for some 800 miles, and is separated by a long inland sea, the Sea of Cortez, from mainland Mexico for 700 miles of its length. It is largely arid and undeveloped, due to desert conditions, high rugged mountains and hardly any rainfall all year...only two or three inches. Cabo San Lucas is the extreme southern end of the peninsula, a small village of probably 500 people, and three beautiful hotels. Until very recently the only way to get there was by sea or air, as there was no road. But now there's a road all the way from Tijuana, and they hope for more tourists.

About the only attraction is wonderful fishing...some say the finest fishing in the world. We saw immense schools of fish from the deck...perhaps tarpon. Some passengers said they saw three whales, but we missed the sight.



Wednesday's program

Sunrise: 6:52 a.m.

Sunset: 7:10 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

Day 76

APRIL 2, 1975

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets. Woden is the Anglo-Saxon name for Mercury. This planet, closest to the sun, was thought to rule the first hour of the week's fourth day. From this came the old English word *Wodnes daeg* - Wednesday to us.

TO ALL OUR GUESTS WHO LEAVE US TODAY
We wish you a safe return to your homes and **Happy Landing!** We don't say goodbye - it's "Till we meet again!"

ARRANGEMENTS AT SAN DIEGO

The s.s. "Rotterdam" is expected to dock at San Diego at approximately 4:00 p.m. As soon as the ship has been cleared by the local authorities passengers may proceed ashore.

Ship sails for Mexico at 9:00 p.m. approximately. Definite time of sailing will be announced on arrival.

ATTENTION PASSENGERS DISEMBARKING IN SAN DIEGO

Passengers disembarking in San Diego are requested to have their baggage ready for removal from their cabins at 9:00 a.m. this morning.

WARNING - Plants, Flowers and Fruit

We herewith inform you that the Californian Agricultural Department prohibits possession in your stateroom of any fruit, Hawaiian plants and/or cutflowers. These authorities are very strict; they will make spot checks and consequently we must ask you to remove all such items from your cabin today in order to enable us to get rid of them well in time before arrival at San Diego.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. only.

We regret that we find it necessary to cancel Tour 93 - San Diego and the Zoo, and Tour 94 - La Jolla - Jewel of the Pacific.

All passengers holding tickets for these tours are requested to contact the American Express Office for refund.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE WINNERS

Mrs. O. Lamey & Mrs. E. Engelman
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Klumpes

DUPLICATE WINNERS OF JACKPOT GAME

Mr. R. Cutino & Mr. Bob Hull - N.S.
Mrs. I. Herzstein & Mrs. M. Loewenstern - E.W.
Mr. & Mrs. M. Henlein - N.S.
Mrs. G. Scannell & Mrs. A. Hartman - E.W.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 186845.
Congratulations to Mrs. Abram M. Skier.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

And however you like your very best dream and all the dreams that are passing life - if we understand it the right way - life comes and surpasses all of them.
Mrs. Von Arps-Aubert

RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9:30 a.m.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. Early coffee, juice and rolls, Lido.
8.00 a.m. **Yoga:** Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
9.00 a.m. **The Sports decks** are open.
9.00 a.m. **Golf nets** are open all day for a practice session. Prom. deck.
9.30 to 10.30 a.m. **Trapshooting** on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
10.00 a.m. **Morning exercises** with the Thompson Four on Prom. deck.
10.00 a.m. **French class - "Ici Paris"** with Andre Mabelle. Smoking Room.
10.00 a.m. **International shuffleboard** tournament. Sun deck.
10.30 a.m. **Farewell duplicate bridge game** for players leaving us at San Diego. Club Room.
11.00 a.m. **Hostess corner.** Meet Eloise. She may have the answers you are looking for. Club Room.
12.15 p.m. **The voice from the bridge.**
12.30 p.m. **Bob Hull** plays your requests in the Lido.
3.30 p.m. **Enjoy afternoon tea** in the Lounge.
4.00 p.m. A yacht regatta will welcome the s.s. "Rotterdam" to San Diego Harbour. On arrival at the pier a U.S. Navy Band will play a salute and a carnation, the city's flower, will be presented to each passenger as they leave the ship.
5.45 and 7.30 p.m. **Cocktail music** in the Ambassador and the Lounge.
8.00 p.m. **Music** for your dancing and listening pleasure. Lounge.
8.15 and 10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE! "Mr. Ricco".** Suspense drama, starring Dean Martin and Eugene Roche (98 minutes, rated PG). Theater.
9.00 p.m. (approx.) Ship sails for Mexico.
9.30 p.m. **The Ambassador is now open** with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
9.30 p.m. **Swing and sway** to the music of the Terry James orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.
11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. **Have a late snack** in the Lido.
12.00 midnight  **The Owls are all at sea again** with Al Foster in the Tropic Bar.

There will be **NO CHANGE IN TIME** tonight!



Holland America Cruises

April 6, 1975

Cabo San Lucas was hardly a tourist's dream; no one on the ship knew anything about it, or had been there. It's a dusty little village, poverty stricken except for three beautiful hotels. Downtown consists of a few grocery, drygoods and odds-and-ends stores, and a bank. We came in at siesta time, and most of these were closed, but opened later. It was supposed to be a fishing village, but there was little evidence of that. Usually fishing villages have many boats either beached or in yards, and with nets and lines in evidence everywhere. Every yard had the skeleton of a long-deceased car.

A few (perhaps five) luxury yachts were in the harbor, probably down from San Diego, and not many more fishing vessels down to and including skiffs. It is supposed to be the best fishing left in the world...but perhaps it's out of season. The Sea of Cortez is a large body of water, about 700 miles long and up to 150 miles across at its widest point. It is fed at its upper end by the Colorado river, which I imagine is far smaller than ~~xxxxx~~ it used to be, as they're taking more and more water all the time to supply Arizona and California.

One of the hotels was built on the side of a rocky mountain, out of native stone, and to blend into the hillside. It's a beautiful place, and must have cost a mint. One of the passengers said it and a companion hotel had gone broke a couple of weeks ago, and the Mexican landowner repossessed them. Rates were from \$25 to \$35 per person per day, including meals. There's a newly opened highway down from Tijuana now, brand new, so for the first time you can drive the 800 miles. But sections are still rough, so it would probably be a rugged trip. A ferry comes from the mainland twice a week, and there's a feeder airline.

Aside from the fishing, it would be a rough place to eke out a living, as it's rough, barren country. Below the hotel, reached by some steep stairs, is one of the most beautiful beaches I've ever seen. It comes up to perhaps 15 or 20 feet above sea level, with a sharp incline down to the water. There were perhaps a dozen people, mostly passengers, laying on the beach, and one of them said he tried the swimming, but there was a strong undertow. The surf was beautiful. At the other end of the beach was another beautiful little hotel, built to blend into the hill backing it, and the beach. It had a unique raised swimming pool with a circular bar under a large straw awning, overlooking the beach and sea.

As we are back on schedule again, we arrived on time at Manzanillo, Mexico yesterday. American Express had a tour, but as it only embraced a couple of churches and a hotel or two, passed it up to stroll thru the town of some 30,000 people. Again, it was a city built around a bay, with high hills on three sides, mostly rock with little vegetation. We had to anchor out a ways, and ride in for ten or fifteen minutes to the dock. It was smooth on the way in, but by late afternoon a swell developed and there was moaning and groaning over the boat pitching. But I enjoyed it, and went an extra time just for the ride. Was going again, but after dinner ran out of time.

The little town resembles Spanish villages, but as it was Saturday afternoon had pretty well closed up, and few businesses were open. We couldn't get any pesos, but merchants seemed happy to take American dollars. Streets were built up to precipitous hillsides, then steep stairs wound up to houses above, perched with flimsy poles holding some into the rock. It must have been quite a project to pour the cement and rock staircases that wound up dozens of hillsides. And I doubt that one would move frequently, if he had to carry all the furniture and furnishings up and down the hill on his back, for I could see no other way to get it up there.

There is a developing tourist trade there, as the weather is hot the year round, and large hotels were evident on the other side of the bay, which we didn't visit. Several fairly large ships were at the piers, which indicates they have a developing economy as a seaport. Fishing is good out of there, and they had a fairly large fishing fleet across the bay.



Day 77

Sunrise: 6.33 a.m.

Sunset: 6.34 p.m.

FORMAL DRESS

APRIL 3, 1975

Thursday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

When we come to the fifth day, Jupiter the god of thunder gains the ascendancy of the first hour. The old English equivalent for the thunder god - taken from the Scandinavians was Thor - which gradually developed into Thursday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 9.30 to 11.30 a.m. and from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m.

CRUISE WORD GAME no. 9 - "Bridgetown"

Can you find 40 or more common English words in "Bridgetown"? They must have five letters (no more, no less)! No plurals, no proper names. Have fun. Answers tomorrow.

LADIES!

Our Beauty Parlor is open daily from 9.00 a.m. to 12.00 noon and from 2.00 to 7.00 p.m. Leonora and her team of stylists are here to assist you with everything you require, including manicure, etc. Also open in port.

GENTLEMEN!

A fully equipped gents hair stylist is available on Upper Promenade deck. Open from 9.00 a.m. to 12.00 noon daily, but any other time by appointment. Our gents' stylist, Willem, will be pleased to accommodate you.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 212840. Congratulations to Mrs. Francis Burns.

QUOTE FOR THE DAY

Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins.
Sioux Indian Prayer

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. Enjoy early coffee, juice and rolls in the Lido.
- 8.00 a.m. Yoga: Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
- 9.00 a.m. The Sports decks are open.
- 9.00 a.m. Golf nets are open all day for a practice session. Prom. deck.
- 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. Trapshooting on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
- 10.00 a.m. Morning exercises with the Thompson Four on Prom. deck.

- 10.00 a.m. French class - "Ici Paris" with Andre Mabelle. Smoking Room.
- 10.00 a.m. Shuffleboard. Sun deck.
- 10.00 a.m. Jewish Memorial Yizkor Service with Rabbi Rudin. Ambassador.
- 10.15 a.m. Boatdrill for crewmembers of boats 2 and 4.
- 10.30 a.m. Bridge for beginners. Lesson 7. Ritz Carlton.
- 11.00 a.m. Mexico: our three ports. Lecture by Mr. James Arthur Lyons. Theater.
- 11.00 a.m. Hostess corner. Meet Eloise. She may have the answers you are looking for. Club Room.
- 12.00 noon Complimentary dance class with Ray and Lisa. (Private lessons by appointment.) Lounge.
- 12.15 p.m. The voice from the bridge.
- 12.30 p.m. Bob Hull plays your requests in the Lido.
- 2.30 p.m. Duplicate bridge game. Club Room.
- 2.30 p.m. Meet your art instructor Mr. Richard Dempsey. Lounge, starboard side.
- 3.00 p.m. Handcraft class with Grace Lumsden - finish rice notepaper. Lido Café, port side.
- 3.00 p.m. Gin Rummy. Lido Café, starboard side aft.
- 3.00 and 9.30 p.m.  MOVIE! "Island At The Top Of The World". Adventure drama, starring David Hartman and Donald Sinden (98 minutes, rated PG). Theater.
- 3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.
- 4.00 p.m. Book review. Jeanette Greenspan reviews "Crown of Mexico" by Joan Haslip. Smoking Room.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.
- 8.00 p.m. Dancing in the Lounge to the music of the Terry James Orchestra.
- 8.15 and 10.00 p.m. Showtime. Helen O'Connell, that super recording star, sings her farewell as she bids us au revoir in Acapulco with the sensational Thompson Four. Lounge.
- 9.30 p.m. Swing and sway to the music of the Bonafides Quartet in the Ritz Carlton.
- 9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.
- 12.00 midnight  The Night Owls are merry tonight in the Tropic Bar where Al Foster plays for them.

There will be NO CHANGE IN TIME tonight!

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director



Holland America Cruises

April 7, 1975

As we were in Manzanillo, Mexico, only six hours, didn't get to see any of the surrounding country, but as in Cabo San Lucas, the hills and mountains were barren, except for brush and a few trees. Tropical growth of coconuts and occasional wildly blooming flowers were evidence that, if they could get the water, it would be fertile country, between the rocky hills. We were told that there were some 30,000 people there, but as the ship's figures have been wildly inaccurate before, I imagine there were double that.

Acapulco was a booming resort town, circling a beautiful bay. As they have not dredged out deep enough for ships to come into a pier, we had to anchor out in the middle of the bay, and come in by tenders, a five-minute ride. We saw no other ships, so they probably have no sea commerce. There were hundreds of beautiful charter fishing yachts, and a sizeable native fishing fleet. April is a little out of season, so there were not as many tourists as usual.

We had an interesting day there, during our visit of 12 hours. We got in at noon, and had our last American Express tour scheduled. They showed us mostly beautiful and elaborate hotels, and the fanciest and perhaps most elaborate, made in the style of a Mayan pyramid, with every outside room having a balcony, was the Princess. But they made some enemies for life, for our bus let us out in the driveway to get a quick look around, and two guards refused to let any of us in. One woman was determined, and they grabbed her and refused to let her in. I took off around the back way and went in anyway. There were many passengers sitting around inside, having come by taxis. One of the billboards said there was a Printing Industries of America convention there.

So most of the passengers on the bus were furious, and when the guide started to tell us about the hotel, we all shouted we didn't want to hear about it. That was very poor public relations on the part of the hotel, for there are many influential people on the tour, and most of them have big mouths.

Another highlight was the high divers, which is staged once an hour at the back of a small hotel. They have a successive series of balconies overlooking the sea, and these high cliffs go down to form a small inlet, perhaps 20 feet across. The diver posed awhile, then made a perfect dive 136 feet into 15 feet of water. He had to jump out a ways, for the cliff was not straight down, but angled slightly. We kidded each other about volunteering to jump, and I doubt any of us would, even for a fortune. Hit the water wrong from that height and you would break your back.

One of the Mexican tour guides mentioned a bull fight, so I asked him privately about it, and he said if a group was interested after the tour, he could arrange a visit, as there was to be a bullfight Sunday night, from 5:30 to 7:00. So about a dozen of us went, and found it very interesting. Martha and I had not been to one before...somehow always missed the right day in our travels. They had a ring, which held some 20,000 people, and the sides were very steep, which gave a good view from every seat. It was only about a third full, or perhaps a quarter. But guess it is slightly out of season there.

There were four bulls that night, with two matadors. One took the first and third bulls, the other the second and fourth. The bulls are raised out in the hills and are supposed to never see a man on foot until they get in the ring. They have no training at all for the bulls. All four were big black ones, with mean horns curving forward.

The bull enters the ring with a couple of little darts in his shoulder, which probably make him mad. Then he's teased by picadores, assistants with capes, who dash back to cover when the bull comes for them. The matador is the star of the show, and he masterfully dangles the cape in front of the bull, and neatly steps aside when the bull rushes in. Two picadores come in on heavily padded horses, with lances, and they try to sink a lance deeply into the bull, weakening him.



Sunday's program

Sunrise: 6.46 a.m.

Sunset: 6.50 p.m.

FORMAL DRESS

MARCH 30, 1975

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

The first hour of Sunday was supposed to be ruled by the sun - hence the name.

Day 73

HAPPY EASTER



RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Catholic Mass at 9.45 a.m. Theater.
Protestant Service at 11.00 a.m. Theater.
Christian Science Service at 11.00 a.m. Library.

CRUISE WORD GAME no. 7

Answers to yesterday's word game - "Rio de Janeiro".
radio - redan - rider - rodeo - rondo - oared - order
diner - donor - drain - drone - eider - ender - erode
erred - adore - aired - anode - ardor

FROM THE NEWSSTAND

We have just received an excellent selection of Mexican postcards, both views and primitives. Also offered are books of Mexican museums, native arts, costumes and dances. Ideal souvenirs of your visit to this colorful country!

MASSAGE AND HOTROOM

To help you reduce all those extra pounds gained on the cruise. . . . !

Both for ladies and gentlemen. Make an appointment with the masseur at the Indoor Pool, D-deck. Use elevator 3 or 5, or phone 020.

Massage \$ 5.00. Coupons for five massages at reduced rate of \$ 20.00 only.

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE MERCURY 1975

We still have a few of these beautiful books available, and those passengers wishing to have an extra copy are welcome to ask for them at the Front Office desk.

WINNERS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SHUFFLEBOARD TOURNAMENT

Mrs. Suzie Adams and Mr. Christof Schuppeler.
Runners-up: Mr. Herman Klumpass and Mr. Maurice Brown.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 196089.
Congratulations to Mr. Stanley M. Swartley.

QUOTE FOR THE DAY

Diseases may be cured, but not destiny.

Chinese proverb

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m. only.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. **Enjoy early coffee, juice and rolls** in the Lido.
- 8.00 a.m. **Yoga:** Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
- 9.00 a.m. **The Sports decks** are open.
- 9.00 a.m. **Golf nets are open all day** for a practice session. Prom. deck.
- 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. **Trapshooting** on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
- 10.00 a.m. **Shuffleboard** on Sun deck.
- 11.00 a.m. **Hostess corner.** Meet Eloise. She may have the answers you are looking for. Club Room.
- 12.15 p.m. **The voice from the bridge.**
- 12.30 p.m. **Bob Hull** plays your requests in the Lido.
- 2.30 p.m. **Duplicate bridge game.** Club Room.
- 3.00 p.m. **1975 World Cruise Gin Rummy Tournament.** Lido Café, starboard side aft.
- 3.30 p.m. **Enjoy afternoon tea** in the Lounge.
- 4.00 p.m. **Concert.** Special piano recital by international concert pianist Claude-France Journés. Theater.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. **Cocktail music** in the Ambassador and the Lounge.
- 6.30 and 8.15 p.m. **A special Easter Dinner** will be served in both Diningrooms.
- 8.00 p.m. **Dancing** in the Lounge.
- 8.15 and 10.00 p.m. **Showtime. Special Easter show.** We proudly present one of America's all time great recording stars Helen O'Connell and that super marionette Rex Castle and his little people. Lounge.
- 9.30 p.m. **The Ambassador is now open** with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 11.00 p.m. **Special Easter Showbuffet.** "A picture in food" to tempt both your eye and your appetite. Camera fans are invited to record this masterpiece before it disappears. Club Room.

12.00 midnight



The Night Owls are it again with Al Foster in the Tropic Bar.

Tonight the clocks will be set FORWARD 60 minutes!



Holland America Cruises

April 7, 1975

We felt sorry for the horses, for they meekly stood there as the bull tried to gore them. They must have been wonderfully trained, for an ordinary horse would go wild under those circumstances. They were blindfolded, but couldn't help but know what was going on with their hearing and smell. Once a bull knocked a horse and rider down, but was diverted by other picadores from goring. After being lanced, the matador plays the cape awhile, sometimes even going onto a knee as the bull rushes the cape inches from his body.

About six lances, called banderillas, are plunged deeply into the bull's shoulder, by helpers called banderilleros. They are put in two at a time, with the matador playing with the bull between banderillas. If the lances miss, or are not in deep, the chance is not repeated. The bloody banderilleros are sold after the fight, and the better the fight, the more demand for them.

All this time the bull is not given an instant's rest, and with his wounds and loss of blood, is beginning to stumble and slow down. So the matador gets a sword and after preliminary display, tries to plunge it deep into the bull's neck, getting it as close to the bull's heart as possible. A perfect thrust is not always attained, so they tried again, or plunged it deeper after the initial thrust. So after a few more weakened rushes, the bull keels over, a man rushes over the sticks a dagger into the base of the skull. If it was a good fight, the matador is awarded an ear, and is given flowers. Meantime, a chain is put around the bull's neck, a pair of mules come out, and he is dragged from the ring.

The bull is sold to butchers. All four bulls were good on the night of our visit, and the matador was awarded an ear in one of the fights. The matador was gored in his shoulder, which was bleeding, but it didn't seem to bother him, and he went into the ring a second time after the wound occurred.

All in all, I didn't care for the bullfight. It's extreme cruelty inflicted on the bulls, as they must be in agony from the darts, lances and sword wounds. And sometimes the horses are wounded or killed. It's bloody as well, and I've never cared for that. Have always been curious to see one, so having seen it, don't care if I ever go again.

Acapulco is a city about the size of Fort Worth, but spread out on narrow flat portions of land around the circle of bay, with hills rising steeply on all sides. More and more homes are being built on the hills, and many have climbed over to the other side of the hills in an urban sprawl. Another smaller bay is reached after a spectacular climb over the mountains, but it is reserved for hotels, beaches and residences. We were told all beaches in Mexico were public property, and in some cases where fancy hotels establish and maintain beautiful beaches for their guests, they sometimes build another one nearby for the public, with facilities, to entice the public off their more exclusive beaches.

A "gypsy market" was near the landing place, with every imaginable thing for sale they thought a tourist might want. Hundreds of little booths, under tents and sheds. We have all the goodies we want, so strolled through just out of curiosity. One has to bargain, and they'll come down half on their price if you just walk away. Probably triple the price to begin with, when they see us coming.

Tourism is the number one industry in Acapulco, with coconuts second. Copra, made from dried coconut, is a big industry...and is used in margarine, food, and a host of other products throughout the world. Several enormous hotels have closed there, outdated by the newer, fancier ones. It seems too bad they couldn't go in and remodel and rebuild, rather than have these immense blocks of buildings just stand vacant, and get smashed up by vandals and become eyesores. We saw no American hippies at all...heard that several years ago the Mexican government banned them, as they're parasites, they either go back home or languish years in jail.



Thursday's program

Sunrise 5.44 a.m.

Sunset 5.53 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets. When we come to the fifth day, Jupiter the god of thunder gains the ascendancy of the first hour. The old English equivalent for the thunder god - taken from the Scandinavians was Thor - which gradually developed into Thursday.

Day 62

MARCH 20, 1975



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

ARRANGEMENTS AT YOKOHAMA

The s.s. "Rotterdam" is expected to dock at Yokohama at approximately 2.00 p.m. As soon as the ship has been cleared by local authorities passengers may proceed ashore, carrying their Japanese landing cards with them.

Ship sails for Honolulu at 6.00 p.m. tomorrow Friday 21

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 9.30 to 11.30 a.m. only.

The following tours will depart from the pier side:
2.30 p.m. - Tour 86 - Kamakura and the Daibutsu
2.30 p.m. - Tour 90 - Tokyo—Japanese Capital

WELCOME ARRANGEMENTS AT YOKOHAMA
The Yokohama Fire Brigade Brass Band will give a welcome performance on the quay during the vessel's berthing manouever, weather permitting.

A representative of the Mayor of Yokohama City and officials of the Yokohama International Welcome Association, accompanied by "Miss Yokohama", will visit the ship immediately upon berthing to extend a welcome to our officers and passengers. "Miss Yokohama" will present bouquets and souvenirs to the Captain, Hotel Manager and Cruise Director and a small souvenir will be distributed to each of the passengers.

SIGHTSEEING IN YOKOHAMA

There are a great many interesting things to see and do in the city and chief among them is a visit to the Sankeien Garden, 47 acres of lovely trees and plants. Notice the three-storied pagoda, 82 feet high and over 500 years old. Close by is the Haseiden, or Hall of Eight Sages, a hexangular-shaped building which houses the image of Gautama, Confucius, Socrates, Christ, Prince Shotoku, and Saints Kobo, Shinran and Nichiren. A large mirror placed among these images symbolizes the Universe. Nogeiyama Park, the largest park in Yokohama, contains a wonderful example of Japanese land-scape gardening and a zoo. Also visit the Sonjiji Temple, one of the greatest Buddhist monasteries in Japan; the famed Iseiyama Daijingu, a Shinto shrine; and the Gaijin Bochi (Foreigner's Cemetery). The souvenir shops in Motomachi and Isezaki-cho are the best spots to do your shopping.

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meany, Cruise Director

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 117644.
Congratulations to Mr. W. G. Stackler.

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast at regular hours
Lido Breakfast at regular hours
Luncheon: 12.30 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).
Lido Luncheon: 12.30 to 2.30 p.m.
Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

The Ritz Carlton and the Tropic Bar will be closed in port.

- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. Enjoy early coffee, juice and rolls in the Lido.
- 8.00 a.m. Yoga: Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
- 9.00 a.m. The Sports decks are open.
- 9.00 a.m. Golf nets are open all day for a practice session. Prom. deck.
- 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. Trapshooting on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
- 10.00 a.m. Shuffleboard. Sun deck.
- 10.00 a.m. Novice Duplicate Bridge Game. Prizes to winners. All are welcome. Club Room.
- 10.30 a.m. Yokohama and Tokyo. Lecture by Mr. James Arthur Lyons. Theater.
- 2.00 p.m. Welcome reception by the Yokohama Municipal Office with Miss Yokohama. Lounge.
- 3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge. The Lido Bar is also open until 8.15 p.m. for cocktails.
- 8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure provided by the Terry James Orchestra. Lounge.
- 9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 9.45 p.m. MOVIE! "The Optimists", Comedy drama, starring Peter Sellers and Donna Mullane (110 mins., rated PG). Theater.
- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Have a late snack in the Lido. 12.00 midnight The Ambassador is the new nest for the Night Owls in port.



Holland America Cruises

April 11, 1975

Our trip is nearing to a close, and while glad to get home, can't help having regrets at leaving this beautiful ship and the friends we've made aboard her. There will be many tearful farewells, with promises to get in touch...but they are rarely kept, we have found.

One of the things we've been looking forward to is transversing the Panama Canal. We were not supposed to stop in Panama City, except to let off a couple of tours, but we came in about three hours early, and went sightseeing about 9:30 Wednesday night. I had always thought of Panama as a ragged banana republic, but except for the signs in Spanish, it could be most any moderate size American city...about the size of Fort Worth.

About the only place open that late at night was the El Panama Hotel, formerly the Hilton Inn, and it was a nice enough hotel, but nothing spectacular. We went there with two other couples, and after browsing through a drugstore and a gambling casino, the rest voted to return to the ship. I walked down the street a few blocks, but except for another small hotel and a McDonald's, there was nothing open.

The gambling casino was interesting, as it was the first professional one I remember being in. The walls were lined with slot machines, probably 75 to 100 of them. And plenty of takers pulling the handles. One man had a handful of wrapped coins, and was playing two machines at once. The blackjack interested me, so I invested \$10 in chips, and they lasted about half an hour. They used about four decks of cards, shuffled together, cut by a player, and placed in a dispenser; and the dealer removed them one at a time. There were about eight tables, with a dealer and a watcher at each, and about every 15 minutes the dealer would go on to the next table, thus rotating to every table about every two hours. I guess this eliminates fraud between a dealer and a player, as no player seemed to leave when the dealers changed.

They had \$1 and \$5 chips, and one man, who looked to be a laborer, was betting as high as \$50 on each play...and winning. It looked like he had as much as \$500 in chips, and periodically they would pay him off with several \$20's. But the rest of us bet from \$2 to \$5 on each play. It seemed funny, but I was way ahead, and when they changed dealers, lost it all. The new dealer doesn't reshuffle...he just went thru the four decks of cards in the dispenser, shuffling only when running out.

We all got up early Thursday morning to see us thru the canal, and by the time we got on deck we were in the first lock. Two excursion parties got off the ship at 6:00, one to fly and visit the San Blas islands lying off the coast, where there lived very primitive tribes of Indians, and the other party did some sight-seeing and went across the Isthmus by train. There were about 25 members in each party, and we picked them up at the other end at Cristobal, where they came out in tenders.

The Panama Canal was built by the United States between 1904 and 1914, and ceded to the US forever by the Republic of Panama. There has been some bickering since, but we seem to be holding onto it firmly, and operating it more efficiently than anyone else could. As usual, we get blamed for everything, but if it wasn't for us, the Panamanians would still be living in a jungle or poverty, instead of the modern, prosperous country they have. Most of their economy hinges on the canal, and the enormous amounts of money it generates.

The canal makes enough to be self-sufficient, costing the American taxpayer nothing. Some 38 to 40 ships go thru daily, around the clock, and pay an average of \$10,000 for the privilege. It cost our large ship about \$20,000; while our old lovely "Canberra" pays \$23,600 every time she goes thru.



Monday's program

Sunrise: 6.23 a.m.

Sunset: 6.28 p.m.

FORMAL DRESS

APRIL 7, 1975

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrolgical beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets. Monday's first hour was thought to be under the influence of the moon - the earth's satellite - so we have Monday.

Day 81



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be open today from 9.30 to 11.30 a.m. and from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m.

MASSAGE AND HOTROOM

To help you reduce all those extra pounds gained on the cruise !

Both for ladies and gentlemen. Make an appointment with the masseur at the Indoor Pool, D-deck. Use elevator 3 or 5, or phone 020.

Massage \$ 5.00. Coupons for five massages at reduced rate of \$ 20.00 only.

GOLF PITCHING CONTEST WINNERS

Men: Mr. David Shore & Mr. W. G. Stackler.
Ladies: Mrs. Sophie Trout.

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 190231.
Congratulations to Mr. John L. Aab.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

We are travelers in the wilderness of this world, and the best we find in our travels is an honest friend.

Robert Louis Stevenson

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

- 7.00 to 9.00 a.m. Enjoy early coffee, juice and rolls in the Lido.
- 8.00 a.m. Yoga: Helps you to relax. Sky Room, Bridge deck. With Mrs. Suzie Adam. Please bring a towel.
- 9.00 a.m. The Sports decks are open.
- 9.00 a.m. Golf nets are open all day for a practice session. Prom. deck.
- 9.30 to 10.30 a.m. Trapshooting on Prom. deck aft (weather permitting).
- 10.00 a.m. Morning exercises with the Thompson Four will take place on Prom. deck, starboard side (near the Ping-Pong tables).
- 10.00 a.m. French class - "Ici Paris" with Andre Mabelle. Smoking Room.
- 10.00 a.m. Shuffleboard on Sun deck.

- 10.30 a.m. Bridge for beginners, Lesson 8 with your Travel-with-Goren expert Mr. Milton Bronston. Club Room.
- 11.00 a.m. Hostess corner. Meet Eloise. She may have the answers you are looking for. Club Room.
- 11.00 a.m. Boatdrill ONLY for those passengers who boarded our ship in Manzanillo and Acapulco. Please assemble at Boatstation 9 on Boat deck, starboard side and bring lifebelt with you.
- 11.30 a.m. Complimentary dance class with Ray & Lisa in the Lounge. (Private lessons by appointment.)
- 12.15 p.m. The voice from the bridge.
- 12.30 p.m. Bob Hull plays your requests in the Lido.
- 2.30 p.m. Duplicate bridge game. Club Room.
- 2.30 p.m. Meet your art instructor Mr. Richard Dempsey in the Lounge, starboard side. Bring your pads and pencils.
- 3.00 p.m. Gin Rummy. Lido Café, starboard side.
- 3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.
- 3.30 and 9.30 p.m. MOVIE! "Plaza Suite", Comedy, starring Walter Matthau and Maureen Stapleton (115 minutes, rated PG). Theater.
- 4.00 p.m. Book review. Jeanette Greenspan reviews "Carrying the Fire" by Michael Collins. Smoking Room.
- 5.30 p.m. Members of the Masonic Lodge, wives and widows and members of the Eastern Star are cordially invited to a Cocktail Party in the Ritz Carlton.
- 5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.
- 6.30 and 8.15 p.m. A special Mexican Style Dinner will be served in our Diningrooms.
- 8.15 and 10.00 p.m. Showtime. Starring Ellen Sutton with songs to remember, Rex Castle and his little people, and our super dance team Ray and Lisa. Lounge.
- 9.30 p.m. Swing and sway in the Ritz Carlton to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.
- 9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.
- 11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.
- 12.00 midnight The Night Owls are kicking up their heels tonight in their nest with Al Foster providing the music. Tropic Bar.



Tonight the clocks will be set FORWARD 30 minutes!

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director



Holland America Cruises

April 11, 1975

Most ships in the world are built with the Panama and Suez canals in mind; and except for the new gigantic tankers who go 'round the Horn, almost all the ships fit the canal, within its 110 feet wide, 1,000 feet long locks. A ship officer told us the "France," the largest existing ship in the world, was planned to go within those dimensions, and someone blundered in their measurements, so it got three feet too wide, and couldn't use the canal. Of course, I imagine some of the new tankers are longer and wider now...she was the largest cruise ship.

The canal cuts across the narrowest part of the continent, some 50 miles, and is no t at all straight...it meanders in several places. At the time of construction the technology and equipment didn't exist to make a sea-level canal, which would be more ideal; and while possible today it would be difficult. The main difficulty would be sea tides. On the Pacific side the tides vary as much as 22 feet, while on the Atlantic only two or three feet...so this would send a great surge of water through a sea-level cut that would be hard to control.

One of the entertainers said he was one of 12 kids, and it was the fault of the whistle. A train came by their house every morning just before daylight, and whistled, waking his dad up. It was too late to go back to sleep, and too early to go to work.

A ship is brought up to the first lock by a couple of tugs, and lines are brought on from ~~electric~~ "mules," small electric locomotives who accompany us through the locks. We had two on each side in front, and one on each side in the rear. It looked like the front two did the pulling, while the other four kept us centered in the locks, which at times had a meager few feet clearance. As we got entirely in the lock, with the four "mules" acting as brakes, the gigantic doors were closed behind us, water came bubbling from below, and we rose slowly. Then when our highest level matched the lowest level of the next lock, the large doors opened in front, and the "mules" took us into the next lock, which were gigantic boxes or resembled bathtubs.

With three locks we entered one of the largest man-made lakes in the world, Gatun lake, 85 feet above sea level, and part of the time were escorted thru cuts by the "mules," tugs and on our own power. All the water used comes from Gatun lake and one or two smaller ones, runoff from rain. There are no pumps, so fresh water is run down thru the locks into the oceans, with each ship using some 52 million gallons of water. Smaller ships sometimes gang up and go into a lock together.

A ship has to give 48 hours' notice before its arrival and make an appointment for transit. And usually sit awhile until its turn. The canal puts a pilot on board who is in complete charge while in the canal, and we had some 12 laborers to handle the lines and cables. As in most government projects, it looked like two did the work and ten watched. But we couldn't criticize the efficiency of the canal, for we got thru in less than six hours, while they said eight hours was average.

In the dry season they have a problem with a water shortage, but still operate and put restrictions on how deep a ship sits in the water, forcing some to limit their cargoes. That, and the high fee seems a pretty price to pay for transit, but the canal saves some 22 days and 8,000 miles of cruising round the Horn, which we were told would cost them ten times as much as the canal fees.

One of the entertainers, from the Caribbean, sang a cute song which told a story of a young man who fell in love with a girl, but his father told him he couldn't marry her, as "she's your sister, but your mother don't know." And the same with a second girl. So the young man went to his mother and asked what to do. She said, "marry the girl...your father's not your father, but he don't know."

And a drunk went duck hunting with a retriever dog...after he shot a duck the dog ran out on the top of the water and brought it back. So he got a pal, told him he wanted a witness, and took him hunting. The thing was repeated, and he asked his friend what he thought. "I think that stupid dog can't swim," was the answer.



Day 71

Sunrise: 6:28 a.m.

Sunset: 6:44 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 28, 1975

Friday's program

Celestial bodies not only brighten the night sky, they lend their names to days of the week. According to ancient astrological beliefs, each hour was ruled by the sun, the moon or by one of the other planets.

Astrology has it that the planet Venus named after the god of love exerted gentle influence over the first hour of Friday. Ancient Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans all named this day after a goddess allied to the divine Venus. The Anglo-Saxon goddess was Odin's wife, Frigg: Friday.



RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Theater.
Catholic Mass at 9.30 a.m.

SHORE EXCURSION NOTICE

The American Express Shore Excursion Office will be closed during the ship's stay in Honolulu.

The following tour will depart from the pierside:

9.00 a.m. - Tour 92 - Honolulu and Waikiki Beach

MEAL HOURS

Breakfast: 7.30 to 9.00 a.m.

Lido Breakfast: 7.30 to 10.30 a.m.

Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.00 p.m. (open sitting).

Lido Luncheon: 1.00 to 2.30 p.m.

Dinner at regular hours and sittings.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE WINNERS

Mrs. M. Loewenstern & Col. E. Alldredge - N.S.

Mr. & Mrs. George Crouse - E.W.

HAWAIIAN FACTS

The name Hawaii is exactly pronounced Hay-uy-ee. It is not High-wah-yah. Honolulu is Ho-no-lulu. It is not Hahn-alula. The "o" is full and pronounced as in hoe and the "u" is oo.

Although the islands lie in the northern margin of the tropics, they have a subtropical climate because cool waters from the Bering Sea drift into the region.

The temperature of the surrounding ocean is about 10° lower than in other regions of the same latitude.

TRAVELER'S CREED

Travel is many things: It is adventure, it is discovery, it is education, it is the opening of the heart and mind to new friendships, new vistas of stirring, lovely things. The riches brought home by the traveler are in proportion to the stores he takes out with him. Therefore, let the traveler to the wealth of adventure that is the World take with him something of the peoples he visited, their cultures and languages, and he will be doubly rewarded in his search for treasure.

QUOTE FOR THE DAY

All the good maxims have been written.

It only remains to put them into practice.

Blaine Pascal

s.s. "Rotterdam" Captain A. H. Lagaay, Commander
Worldcruise 1975 G. A. Adriaansens, Hotel Manager
Sean Meaney, Cruise Director

CHAMPAGNE DRAWING

Yesterday's lucky number was 212604.

Congratulations to Mrs. Noel E. M. Taylor.

GIN RUMMY TOURNAMENT

Winner: Mr. E. M. Berezin.

Runner-up: Mrs. Bella Gitlin.

SAFETY ABOARD

Do not smoke in bed. Extinguish cigarette butts and matches and always put them in ashtrays. Do not throw lighted cigarettes or cigars butts over the side of the ship - they could blow back and start a fire. Smoking is not permitted during boat drill, or in the Theater.

CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS

7.00 a.m. Enjoy early morning coffee, juice and rolls. Lido.

3.30 p.m. Enjoy afternoon tea in the Lounge.


5.45 and 7.30 p.m. Cocktail music in the Ambassador and the Lounge.

8.00 p.m. Music for your dancing and listening pleasure provided by the Bonafides Quartet in the Lounge.

9.00 p.m. Showtime. The Lucy Lee Hawaiian Show. Lounge.

9.30 p.m. The Ambassador is now open with music provided by the Gli Amici Trio.


9.30 p.m. Swing and sway to the big sound of the Terry James Orchestra in the Ritz Carlton.

10.00 p.m.  **MOVIE!** "Tall Blonde Man With One Black Shoe". Comedy, starring Pierre Richard and Mireille Darc (rated PG. 95 minutes). Theater.

11.00 p.m. Have a late snack in the Lido.

11.00 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Barbeque on deck and dancing under the stars to the music of the Bonafides Quartet.

12.00 midnight Ship sails for San Diego.

12.00 midnight  The Night Owls flack around around Al Foster in their nest the Tropic Bar.

There will be NO CHANGE IN TIME tonight!



Holland America Cruises

✓ David
Ed & Irene
✓ Howard
✓ Richard Glaser
✓ Ernie
✓ Rick
✓ Jack
Bemis & Mary
✓ Bobby
✓ Dotty
✓ Homer
✓ Bob
✓ Herb
✓ Bess
✓ Ida
✓ Joe
✓ Aunt Gladys
✓ Linda
✓ Al
✓ Cherry
Mel
✓ Louise
✓ John Riley
✓ Don Roessler
✓ Jim Hester
Sonny
✓ Jimmy
✓ Mitch
✓ John Robbins
Jack & Myra
✓ Becky
✓ Clarence
✓ Richard Valdez
Beth & Jerry
✓ Raul Arriaga
✓ J.D.
✓ Marvin
✓ Bill Baliek
✓ Larry
✓ Jack Hunt
✓ Mac Williams
Bill Robertson
Betsy Colquitt
Rose & Harry Rogers
Homer Tomlinson
Bill Campbell
Ruthie - Liz - Norbert
Nadine - Larry

March 27, 1975

Returning to Yokohama was like a return home in some respects...it seemed familiar, and a place easy to navigate. It is some 20 miles from Tokyo, a 20-minute train ride. We were approached by a taxi driver to drive us there for a mere \$28, but it didn't take much thought to turn him down.

Last year one of the highlights of the voyage was a visit to the Kokusai theater in Tokyo, where some 200 beautiful girls put on a fantastic stage show, something on the order of the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall in New York. But this was a much more spectacular performance and lasted much longer. As Martha was incapacitated and didn't feel up to it, I got on the Tokyo train on the afternoon of arrival, determined to see the show on our one night there. Another couple from the ship wanted to see the show also, so we went to the Imperial hotel, near the train station, to see how to get to the theater.

At the information desk we were told the Kokusai theater was a long distance off, but there was a similar (and as good) a show across the street, with some 150 girl performers. So we killed time in the beautiful Imperial, admiring the many beautifully costumed Japanese girls in kimonos in the lobby. I suspect they hire most of them to lend color, as few kimonos are seen in the rest of Japan.

The show turned out to be a Japanese version of "Brigadoon," with a gorgeously-colored stage and costumes...but no action. For a small fee we were given little hand-held receiving sets with an ear piece, that translated the action into English. But as this was our only night in Tokyo, felt it was wasted on Brigadoon, so we stomped out. A young man who spoke English kindly telephoned the Kokusai and found we were too late to see a performance; but if we had gotten there first, would have seen it. So that was \$6 wasted! I left the other couple, and went to a little theater down the street, sort of tame strip show, with action that escaped me...so returned to the ship early. It was a drizzly evening, but not cold, and I was glad to have brought an umbrella.

On our arrival at Yokohama, a large band met us, 56 members, disconcertedly playing under a balcony at the pier, to keep out of the drizzle. They must have thought us Australians, for they played "Waltzing Matilda" as their opening number, and followed with other numbers including "The Saints Go Marching In." Very good. Beautifully decorating the pier, also, were Miss Yokohama and Miss Tokyo, who came aboard, and after a short welcoming ceremony, posed for pictures. I got a couple of dandies (if my lens cap wasn't on?). They passed out gifts to the passengers present, and as usual, some made hogs of themselves and got two or three.

We teamed up with Dr. and Mrs. Walker to hire a car and driver to spend our full day on a trip to a little mountain village near Fuji. At daybreak, Fuji peeked through and I got a picture, but she hid all day in the fog, until our departure, when she posed a few minutes with the sun going down behind her.

Dr. Walker came through the dining room, looking for his "first wife," and Martha told the story of the dying wife, who called her husband to her death bed, and asked one wish. She said it was all right if he remarried, but to please not let No. 2 wear her clothes. He said "that's all right, dear; she's not your size anyway."

On the way, many miles of industrial and housing, we came to some beautiful foothills, and resorts. One had sulphur springs bubbling up, and a spectacular finicular ride up the mountain. But we lacked the time to take; and anyway, fog was creeping in. We came to a gorgeous lake, with an old emperor's summer palace on one shore, and a sure-enough Dutch windmill turning beside it. The palace was pictured on one of Japan's banknotes. We ate lunch at a little village, delicious and very reasonable priced at some \$4 per person. I used a lot of film taking pictures of the ferry boats, speed boats, mountains and unique village.

April 12, 1975

The last day aboard ship, and filled with regrets. There are so many things we could have done, and didn't take advantage of...and every day we meet wonderful people that have been aboard all along, but we never made the effort to get to know them back when we had time to cultivate friendships. There are always resolutions that we'll do different the next cruise, but we probably won't.

Attended a resume of the trip yesterday by the port lecturer. He made some 80 slides so far, and showed them. Brazil and Africe seem such a long time ago now, they seem like another cruise. But we've seen so much, in such a short length of time, it's hard to assimilate. Will probably come into focus with time, and when we get our pictures back. But he pointed out our lives and attitudes will never be the same after this world cruise; for instance, if we see something in the paper about a riot in Bombay, we can picture it, and the people there, and the conditions...for we have been there. We now realize personally that two-thirds of the human race is still living on dirt floors with barely enough to eat, and that should color our beliefs and attitudes.

We saw a marvelous show last night with a marionette artist named Rex Castle, about the third one he's put on. He has one of his puppets puffing on a real cigarette and playing a rinky-tink piano; and another vampish gal who actually picked up a glass of wine and drank it, without spilling a drop.

His wife, Ellen Sutton, a 300-pounder, sat in the background his first act, and I was prepared to dislike her. But she turned out to be a great singer on the order of Sophie Tucker, and she made a great hit with us. Said she had dieted once to 139 pounds, but lost her voice, so to heck with it.

A tall Texan went to Paris, and into a bar. As he was looking around, a little gal asked if he wanted to dance. He said "I ain't no Fred Astaire, but I'll give it a try." Then she asked if he wanted a drink, and he said "I ain't no Dean Martin, but I'll have one." And when she asked him to her room, he said "I ain't no Frank Sinatra, but let's go." The natural course of events followed, and afterward she said "How about fifty dollars?" He said, "I ain't no gigelo, but I'll take it."

The ship personnel were somewhat reluctant to let us take a kitchen tour, but after we saw another passenger go to the kitchen during a meal, we put on a little pressure...and they have us a brief tour yesterday. The kitchens are the full width of the ship, a deck under the dining halls, and are reached by a pair of down escalators on one side, and up escalators on the other side. It would seem quite tricky to balance the heavy trays of food and drink up the escalators, but guess they get enough practice. All the cooking is done by electric ovens and grills...and it must be quite a problem to guess how much of something to cook up to keep ahead of the diners, yet not overcook and have to throw it out. But our guide said they can pretty well guess from the first sitting how much demand there is for certain dishes, and they can taper off or accelerate cooking to meet our tastes.

A fellow told me an Aggie had a wood lot in East Texas, and when a city slicker salesman came thru with a chain saw, the Aggie believed the sales pitch that he could triple his wood cutting with a chain saw, and so bought one. A couple of weeks later he took it to the city and said it didn't up his production at all...in fact, was slower than his old hand saw. The salesman couldn't understand that, so t took it into a back room and cranked it up. It started perfectly, and the Aggie stuck his head around the partition and said "What's that noise?"

And the only pair who can live as cheaply as one nowadays are a mule and a sparrow.

Everyone is busy packing today...or half of us, as over 300 passengers are getting off at Port Everglades. Some are desperate for more suitcases to hold all the junk we invested in. One lady had a big trunk stolen, and I'll bet she won't get it back.



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Sunset: 6.44 p.m.

INFORMAL DRESS

MARCH 28, 1975

Friday's program

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