

June 30, 1953
Athens, Greece

Dear Johnny:

We boarded the plane at Tokyo at one a.m. on June 25th and then we stayed for one hour and a half. The members of the Committee and some others came to see us off and I thought they would go home so I did not get off the plane while we waited for the mechanical repairs. However they all stayed and waved until we finally started.

They certainly were kind to us and I appreciated their help and the work they did to make my time there really valuable.

We were in Hong Kong about 9:00 a.m. the same morning. There, somebody was at the airport from the Governor General's office as well as our Consul-General, Mr. Harrington, and his wife.

We had already accepted an invitation for that night to dine with the Governor General and to lunch the following day with our Consul-General. I had also arranged for my refugee Chinese friend, Dr. Wan, whom I had met in Paris last year, to come at 2:00 p.m. on the 25th and take us out to see the city.

After our arrival, we tidied up, wrote columns and had our lunch and then Dr. Wan came in with a Chinese American lady who is married to a Chinese and living in Hong Kong. They drove us through back streets and Dr. Wan told us the story of the refugees and took us up to see where some of them lived. Then we drove back to the ferry and went across to Hong Kong proper where we met Mr. Keswick, a British merchant whose firm, Jardine and Co., own practically everything in Hong Kong. Mr. Matsumoto of the Committee had told us he was a friend of Mr. Keswick so I was pleased to meet both Mr. and Mrs. Keswick in the office when we reached there. Mr. Keswick gave me a book in which Russel Company, Grandad Delanos old firm, is mentioned and also Mr. Howqua's ^{picture} appears in it. The title is

"Foreign Mud" and I will bring it home as some of you may be interested in it as it is the story of how the opium trade came about.

At four o'clock we were back at the hotel where Mr. Hughes, the president of the American Club, was waiting to take us out. The arrangement was ludicrous because Dr. Van had just taken us back on the ferry from Hong Kong and now we were headed right back there.

I shook hands for an hour with the American colony - not very interesting- and then we crossed the ferry again to Kowloon where our hotel was situated.

Maureen and I got ~~d~~ dressed in our very best and the Governor General's car came to take us to dinner. This time in evening clothes and accompanied by a military aide, we drove down to the pier and climbed aboard a little motor launch which took us to the other side where we climbed out and I lost my slipper on one of the steps. I fully expected to go without but ^{a slipper} I retrieved it and then we got into another car and drove half way up the hill to Government House.

I should tell you that flying in you are struck by the beauty of the harbor and I was thrilled by my first sight of sampans and junks. It is one thing to hear about boats all your life and another to see them.

The Governor General proved very pleasant at dinner and he said since he had not sufficient time to talk with me he hoped I would come back the next day. I promised to drop in after lunch with our Consul General.

My neighbor on the other side was a gentleman who had been in China for 40 years and he and the Governor put over the English point of view with a heavy hand on the Far Eastern question, but I was glad to get it.

Sir Gerald Templar and Lady Templar were present. He is in charge in Malaya. My old friend Marjorie Vaughn's son, Peter, and his wife were there also.

Lady Grantham is an American from California, petit, and rich. I

imagine. She knew Rosie and Betty when they used to be in Bermuda.

The return by bar ferry gave us our first glimpse of the harbor by night. It was really beautiful with all the colored lights which gleamed like a thousand jewels. There was a moon, too, which added to the beauty of the scene.

Next morning at nine o'clock General Airey came for us and drove us to the Chinese Communist border. We saw the guards on the other side of the bridge. The British side is not too prosperous, mostly hills and not much cultivable land so that they can grow food. Therefore, they must have food brought in from the Communist side and also they must allow people from the Communist side to come in and till their land on the Hong Kong side of the border. They come across driving a cow or a calf and carrying tools to work with.

The Border is guarded not by soldiers but by police who, I must say, look like soldiers. The head of the police told us that nine refugees had come over the day before and were in "a bit of a mess" but while they were shot at by the Communists, they were all right.

In spite of the fact that Hong Kong is closed to refugees, about 200 come across every week. They are mostly professional people or small merchants who have been questioned so often and bedevilled so much that they can't stand it any longer.

Back at the hotel at 12 o'clock, having come over a rather remarkable military road which winds right over the mountains, the crossing of the ferry began again. This time the Consul-General's car and his aide came and drove us up to almost the top of Hong Kong mountain where we lunched with our Consul General. We had a very pleasant lunch and I sat by Mr. Koswick again. He believes we would not have had a war in Korea if we had followed the British and recognized the Communists. It is a curious thing in the East today that whatever happens, the US

is to blame.

After lunch the American Consul's car brought me to talk with the Governor General. I talked for a half hour and then went back to our hotel on Kowloon to find that my little Chinese American lady had brought merchants in with a number of things to choose from. These were fascinating. Hong Kong is a marvelous place to shop.

At five o'clock the UN Association came for me and we went to what seemed to be a garden party. Everybody sat on the lawn and I sat on the veranda where I was peppered with questions for almost an hour and a half. Most of the questions were slanted with Communist views for there is quite a bit of pro-Communist feeling among the Chinese in Hong Kong.

Dr. Man our refugee friend came for us there a little after eight and we went to a dinner provided by him at his friend's house. Four other refugee men and five ladies were present and I got a good deal of interest out of hearing their points of view, all of which differed on the China question.

After the Chinese dinner which provided us with many things but not much of anything, we went to see a real Chinese house built three generations earlier and a wonderful combination of old and new.

We did not get home till late and at 8:45 the next morning the New York Times correspondent and his wife came to breakfast. He had just returned from Malaya and Indo China and he has been seven years in this area so I felt I should hear his point of view. When I left him I found two gentlemen from a Committee for ^{Refugee} Chinese/Intellectuals waiting to see me and discuss their work. Finally, when I hurried up to my room, I found my little Chinese lady again with some new things. She stayed with us till we went to the plane.

The Consul General came for us and took us to the airport at 11:30. He waited until we got off at 12 o'clock for our long flight

to Istanbul. Bangkok was our first stop and all the people I saw there before were down to greet us. The next stop was Rangoon and the Embassy was out in full force, including Margaret Fayerweather's daughter, to meet me. Calcutta came next and our Consul-General waited for us there in the pouring rain. The Monsoon had begun and we all got very wet. Finally we arrived in New Delhi where I found Mrs. Pandit waiting for me. After 20 minutes talk, they came to tell me we would be delayed at least another 20 minutes longer as something had gone wrong with the plane. I succeeded in inducing Mrs. Pandit to go home and an hour later we were taken into the city to stay in a hotel. I think we got to bed around 4 a.m. and at 8:30 we had some tea and I had my hair done at 9:00. This was a waste of time because my permanent has come out completely because of the heat and climatic conditions, and the next day it was as straight as it could be and a perfect nuisance. I wish I had never tried to let it grow and yet I can't bring myself to get it out now that it is half grown.

We did two columns before leaving, had some lunch and went back to the plane and took off at 2:00 p.m. By this time we were delayed so much that instead of reaching Istanbul at 2:00 p.m. as we had hoped, we were just leaving New Delhi.

From Delhi we went to Basra and Beirut and we got into Istanbul by 5:00 a.m. on Monday morning. There, we found a rather wispy, wan looking Consul General, Mr. Macatee, waiting for us. I felt just as guilty as possible. He thought to take us to a hotel nearby to bathe and rest but we were determined to go to Istanbul and when he found we wanted to see the city, he perked up and at 6:30 he took us to see the Byzantine walls and three mosques which we could just walk around

because they were not open so early. I was glad to see them, however, because I thought them finer than the ones in India.

Then we went to Mr. Macatee's house where we had breakfast on the second floor balcony overlooking the Golden Horn. His wife and daughter managed to look welcoming and all of them took us back to the plane.

From Istanbul we had our first trip in a British comet and we arrived in Athens a little ahead of time. This caused much consternation because all of the American Embassy could not come to meet us. There was quite enough of them, however. June 29th is the King's name day and the members of the Embassy were in church celebrating the occasion. Everything was closed so we unpacked and bathed and had lunch. Then we did a column and I dictated the first draft of the article on my interview with the Emperor and Empress of Japan. After this I wrote some letters and Adlai Stevenson came for tea at five and spent an hour with me. He has had an interesting trip and in spite of his hectic travelling, he looks well. He is just back from Belgrade and why LOOK magazine is having him write an article about Yugoslavia as well as me, I don't know. The reporter who is accompanying Mr. Stevenson from LOOK is mystified also and told Maureen so. He is sending a cable to Mr. Lowe and perhaps they may change and have me do an article on something else, if they want something different. They have already paid me 1,500 dollars so I think they will probably take my article though heaven knows when they will publish it.

I am waiting now to go out to meet David who is coming in from Paris. Maureen is about ready to go to sleep and this certainly won't get off until sometime later, but I thought it was better to start it.

Will you please ask Edith to make copies and send them to each of the children. Sometime in the future I will want Esther Lape to read these reports but I think I will send all of them to Doris to copy and tell her to send them.

Much love,

Devotedly,